

THE LEGEND OF
JOHN
HORNBY

GEORGE
WHALLEY

Edited by
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and
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As little as fifty years ago the Canadian North was not much different from the land the 17th-century pioneers had explored. Eskimos and Indians moved like ghosts in the tracks of the ranging caribou, shy and unhelpful to Europeans. The few settlers and trappers north of the treeline needed all the skill at their disposal to add comfort to a hand-to-mouth existence and life was rigidly geared to the turning of the seasons and movements of wild life. Into this limited society of the north came John Hornby and almost immediately he became a legendary figure. Stories of incredible feats of survival, near-superhuman speeds for journeys and a mysterious elusiveness quickly spread throughout the country, linked with a reputation for seeming deliberately to flout the proved survival patterns which others ignored only to die. For Hornby the mystery and beauty and hardship of the Barrens were a compulsive attraction, drawing him back and back again, until the last winter on the Thelon river undertaken with two young companions brought the inevitable conclusion.

Jacket design by Peter Branfield

The Legend of John Hornby

GEORGE WHALLEY

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To
George Douglas
with admiration, and in
the name of friendship

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Preface

GEORGE DOUGLAS has contributed so much in his conversations and letters and from his collection of documents that the book is about half his. A number of other people have helped in a number of different ways: it is a great pleasure now to tell over their names.

My first debt is to the diary of Edgar Christian, published by John Murray as *Unflinching* in 1937; and to Mrs Marguerite Christian, Edgar's mother, for permission to use materials from the diary (the original being at Dover College) and to read and transcribe from her son's letters and from papers brought from the Thelon cabin. If the closing chapters of this book add anything to the profound impression that Edgar's diary has made on all who have read it, it is because of Mrs Christian's affectionate and courageous willingness to speak about Edgar and about John Hornby.

At the beginning, Robert Weaver and Ted Pope encouraged me to write a broadcast version of Edgar Christian's diary and gave continuous and imaginative attention to both the script and the production. Several members of John Hornby's family have generously answered questions and have allowed me to use materials in their possession: Mrs Esmé Hornby, Mrs George Hornby, Mrs Henrietta Hornby, Miss Hilda Hornby, and Miss Margaret Hornby. Mrs Daphne Pitt-Moore (Mrs J. C. Critchell-Bullock) very kindly sent me a large collection of her late husband's papers and photographs and allowed me to keep them in my possession while the book was writing. Miss Dorothea Melvill and Mr and Mrs Brodie-Hoare provided me with Cosmo Melvill's long journal-letter written on Great Bear Lake. Mrs Olwen Rodstrom neé Newell wrote at my request detailed reminiscences, and read and commented upon the draft of Chapter 7. Mr George Steer sent me a large group of documents, including transcripts of papers brought from the Thelon which have not survived in the original. Mr Gordon Sleigh did some perceptive, enterprising, and indis-

pensable fieldwork for me in Edmonton.

For the use of documents, photographs, and maps; for replies to detailed questions; for advice, discussion, and hospitality; I wish to thank Dr R. M. Anderson, Mr Cecil Armitstead, Mr Arthur O. Bevan, Mr Guy Blanchet, Miss Elspeth Chisholm, Dr C. H. D. Clarke, Captain Edwin Coates, Mrs Kay Douglas, Captain Lionel Douglas, Mr John Dryborough, Mr Roy Faibish, Mrs Perpetua Ingram, Dr A. W. Jolliffe, Mrs Patricia Karashowsky, Mrs N. J. Kingsep, Professor Arthur R. M. Lower, Mr James P. Lynch, Dr G. M. Munroe, Mr Don Spain, Mr Alex Spalding, Dr Vilhjalmur Stefansson, Mr Sandy Stewart, Mr John Tener, Dr George Walton, Dr P. S. Warren, Mrs Gertrude Balmer Watt, Mrs O. G. Weedel, Mr Clifford Wilson, and Dr H. S. Wilson.

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I am grateful to Mr Hans Stolle for drawing the maps of the Great Bear Lake and Thelon River areas; and to the Department of Mines and Technical Surveys for permission to base those drawings on their published maps.

The Arts Research Committee of Queen's University generously provided funds for reproducing documents and for typing the manuscript. The editors of *Cornhill Magazine*, *Queen's Quarterly*, and *Tamarack Review* have given me permission to use material previously published. I am particularly grateful to the Air Officer Commanding Air Transport Command of the Royal Canadian Air Force for the unique privilege of joining an inspection flight across the Canadian Arctic in May 1961.

I wish particularly to set down the names of those who, having contributed to this book, did not live to see the work finished: Dr Charles Camsell, Mrs George Hornby, Jack Moran, Frank Peddie, D'Arcy Arden, Fr J. M. Michel, OMI Prentice G. Downes, Ted Pope.

And in the end I make a present of this book to Elizabeth, Katharine, Christopher, and Emily because in various ways they helped me to make it.

G. W.

Introduction

FIFTY OR SIXTY YEARS AGO, a man travelling by canoe and on foot in the North-West Territories could be certain of very little except that wherever he went others had been before. From that, he could infer that with luck a man might survive; with skill—which is perhaps the logic of luck—he might be comfortable and live long. Once he had made his way into the country and committed his life there—if only for a time—he would find that he had moved into the company of people as yet unknown to him although, living at a great distance from him, they already knew about him; for word travels quickly across the open places and nothing worth knowing remains unknown for long. He would also find his life reverberating at times to the echo of other lives whose history was obscure and dark and to be guessed at only from allusive evidence as though from the dim traces of buried meander rivers.

The sub-arctic and arctic are, in any reasonable sense, empty: even now no more than one or two persons to a few hundred square miles. Yet it is a country where people live and have lived. The sixteenth-century navigators searching for the North-West Passage, wherever they went ashore, saw and met human beings and found traces of impermanent dwellings, and quickly learned to respect the ferocity of such simple and interesting people. Poised in an exquisite balance of biological necessities, the life was widely dispersed. Even in the eastern Barrens, along the inaccessible rivers, relics of little traditional camps could be seen, made by the inland Eskimo—the Caribou-eaters—at the deer-crossings, where in a good season a man might wade in the blood-stained water spearing the bemused animals by the hundred, until strength failed, in a liturgy of destruction that celebrates the bounty and terror of the land. All over the country, at widely scattered and unexpected places, there were reminders of man's stubborn but precarious hold on life: the stone circle of a prehistoric Eskimo house, set about with a whale's ribs

and jawbone; a rough bundle, man-size, covered with boulders or lashed to a tree or raised out of reach of the wolverines on a platform with a few weapons and implements; the abandoned frame of a kayak or—where wood is more precious than gold—the broken runner of a komatik; a group of monolithic stone chimneys marking, even after fire and depredation, the place where a European ‘fort’ was once built against the turning seasons and the ways of the land.

When Hudson’s mutineers on the way home in 1607 put ashore at Cape Digges to collect birds and sorrel for food, natives attacked them and killed all but five. Franklin travelling overland to the mouth of the Coppermine and the Arctic Ocean in 1822 found, to the horrified dismay of the Indians with him, eloquent traces of the massacre Samuel Hearne’s Indians had inflicted upon an Eskimo village fifty years before, and wrote on his map the name ‘Bloody Falls’. But nobody could ever be sure that there would be people at any one place at any given time—not even when rendezvous had been given. Often, when most needed, nobody showed up. While Jens Munk’s sixty men were dying one by one of scurvy throughout the long winter of 1619-20 at Churchill, the Indians were too shy to come within reach and never offered the help they could easily have given. And when Franklin was forced to abandon his stranded ships *Erebus* and *Terror* and in April 1848 set out to attempt the grotesque southerly trek from Victory Point towards Point Ogle and Montreal Island—hauling heavy ship’s boats overland, his men in Naval uniform—the Eskimo had vanished from the land, like ghosts, like the caribou.

Short of surviving by the skin of the teeth in the manner of explorers, there is a less spectacular way than that of living north of the treeline. Many natives die young, the Eskimo particularly; but there are old-timers, still agile as cats at seventy or even eighty, to bear witness to the fantastic luck, in the shape of the caribou, that used to sustain life in the North. But sometimes a man’s luck would run out: the caribou didn’t come.

John Hornby had suffered more than once the black season when the caribou didn't come. One of these was the last time he suffered anything; and it was in the posthumous diary of a young man named Edgar Christian, recounting their last winter, that I first came across the name and image of John Hornby. Edgar Christian's account, vivid and harrowing, nagged me into finding out what I could about Hornby. What little could be found suggested not so much the working of accident or fate, as the process of necessity—as though a man may from the start lay down his life for what he is. His name was woven into some parts of the country as the maps showed, and some said his life was too; but he still exercised his own restraint, eluded inquiry, disclosed only a little of himself, withdrawing finally with a gesture of silence. I made a broadcast about Hornby's last journey, and as a result received a letter from a man named George Douglas. It was clear from the letter that Douglas knew a great deal about Hornby. In a style courteous and firm but a little quizzical, he invited me, with the radio producer, Ted Pope, to visit him at Lakefield. We were wasting our time, he told us, to be interested in Hornby; to think of Hornby as a skilful Northern traveller was a mistake. Yet as he talked, and the day of our first meeting grew on, sitting outdoors at Northcote in the very place where Douglas had taken Hornby's photograph thirty years before, Douglas became by indistinguishable stages younger—thirty years, forty years; and from the perspective of a past vividly recalled and out of a memory uncannily accurate he restored the person of John Hornby as he had first known him. In Douglas's mind affection, impatience, amusement, scorn pulled at each other. We could see that even now there was more to be known about John Hornby.

I already knew that there was a Hornby myth in the North: Stefansson for one had said so. It was not until I started to follow up some of George Douglas's clues and introductions that I found out how vigorous a legend lived on with men who had once worked in the North—engineers, surveyors, explorers, geologists, miners, gov-

ernment administrators. Some of Hornby's friends had known him less well than they had been tempted to claim; and before long I became suspicious of those who spoke easily of 'Jack' Hornby, and doubly suspicious of those who resorted to the diminutive 'Jackie'. But elementary detective work gradually began to yield results. Materials came from England, from Edmonton, from Nairobi, from the North. Some men who had known Hornby were, in the name of friendship, invincibly reticent. But some still had diaries and letters and were prepared, even at this distance, to consult them; and others willingly undertook impressive feats of sustained recollection. Out of the long detailed memories came talk about topography and the people; about the geology and animals; about the boats, canoes, aircraft; but most of all about the life, and the lichens, the insects, the birds; and the caribou, and the Barren Ground. Anecdotes in the Northern manner accumulated, multiplied, cross-fertilised each other to produce some strange offspring. The primary materials began to speak in their own rhythms and in their own dialect. Gradually the presence of the man became clearer and more vivid, and with this the feeling of his life, and the way his life worked itself out in its quotidian rhythms, in its own pattern, at its own pace advancing towards its own luckless and inevitable conclusion.

John Hornby lived out much of his life in solitude. At some time the Barren Ground became for him a Garden of Desire, a Country of the Mind rich with 'transparent fruit' and 'stones of fire'. Later these must have seemed figments of a dream. Enduring by himself, sharing nothing fully with anyone, he had a habit of covering his tracks behind him. The John Hornby of the legend is a grotesque mask, a bit absurd and stiff; and the mask is mostly of his own making. But enough matter of a different sort remains to help penetrate the mask so that we come upon the quixotic irrationality of the man, his affection, his bleak sense of fun, his half-mocking poignant vulnerability.

Garden Island, 1955-61.

GEORGE WHALLEY

CHAPTER 1

Beginnings
1880-1907

ONE PHOTOGRAPH of John Hornby preserves for anybody who has ever heard anything about the man an indelible and tantalising image. Hornby himself approved of the picture and had copies made which for a time he would give to any friend who wanted one or to any stranger who seemed impressed. Nobody knows who took the photograph. All that can be seen of the setting is the inverse angle of a log building, the timbers squared with a broad-axe and dovetailed at the corners in the best style. The place must be Fort Norman where the Great Bear River flows into the Mackenzie. The date must be the late spring or early summer of 1919. And there sits John Hornby on a log in a rare instant of repose: shock-headed, bearded, hawk-nosed, moccasined, the strong lean hands holding a thick illustrated catalogue. He is reading, it seems, with almost insolently withdrawn concentration. What the photograph does not show clearly—though it implies this in the way that some pen drawings can imply colour—is that John Hornby is a short wiry man, little more than five feet tall; that his eyes are an intense and memorable blue, and disconcerting because often vague in intention and always apparently looking at something a long way away.

At that time John Hornby was less than forty. It was ten years since he had first come into the North. Within the next five years he was to become a legend in his own lifetime; within less than ten years he would be dead. In the first quarter of this century there were plenty of colourful characters in the North-West Territories: old Klondikers, beachcombers, remittance men; frantic solitary men who got bushed and stayed behind; men of good

family with a past and men of good family with no future, and men of no family with neither past nor future; men empty of desire, impetus, or purpose; braggarts, ruffians, visionaries, unscrupulous men. These provided a variegated contrast to the respectable and hard-working people who were simply and quietly committed, through choice or birth, to living in an inhospitable country: the grave, self-reliant Scots and Orkneymen who served the interests of the great trading companies, and sometimes their own; and morose business-like trappers, often of Scandinavian or German stock, living often a tenuous and dangerous existence that depended upon skill, experience, dogs, and a judgement immune from hysteria. Restlessness, endurance, energy, cunning, a cold eye for probabilities and not too much of the gambler's instinct: these are the hallmarks of the best of them. Against such a background, the small little Chaplinesque figure that John Hornby cut—pathetic and endearing, with the laconic smile and piercing blue eyes, and an infuriating instinct of withdrawal—this would seem slender material for the making of a legend.

But John Hornby eluded all the categories. He had no commercial or scientific ambitions, no will-o'-the-wisp dream of gold or fur. His past was not notably disreputable even though his own account of it had some intriguing gaps in it. He was said to be wealthy—and that at times was about half-true. He was well-educated, a Harrovian, spoke in a soft scholarly voice, was not much given to profane language, and was even by some suspected of being a learned man because he knew a few colloquial phrases of French, German, and Italian. Professionally, during the ten years before the Fort Norman photograph, he was not an explorer, a trapper, a prospector; he was something of all these, but a caricature of them all. By instinct and habit he was most like a trapper, and could have been a good trapper but for his love of animals and his hatred of steel traps. Unlike many Indians, he never killed except for food; and like many Indians, he was often in the matter of food notoriously

improvident. He was not a particularly good shot with a rifle, and was even rather careless in looking after his weapons; yet he managed to keep himself alive. And his name persists on the maps. The bay where he first wintered on Great Bear Lake; the elegant canoe-passage which had once been a York boat channel and which he rediscovered through the confusing islands and peninsulas at the eastern end of Great Slave Lake; a hill on the Coppermine River; the double turn in the Thelon River where he built a cabin and died—all these still bear Hornby's name. And although his name is now overshadowed by the manner of his death, he lives still in the long Northern memory.

The legend is mostly to do with Hornby's feats of strength and endurance, and with behaviour which, even in the North-West Territories, was regarded as a little eccentric. Stories were told of him as a young man working with the railway gangs around the Yellowhead Pass, how he would go hatless in winter, and barefoot in the snow if need arose; and how, when he was at Onoway, he would frequently run the forty miles to or from Edmonton, had once trotted fifty miles beside a horse, and on another occasion ran 100 miles from Edmonton to Athabaska Landing in under twenty-four hours for a wager of a bottle of whisky (though he was not a drinking man). It was said that he could outrun an Indian, and pack more than his own weight at a portage; and his untiring crooked jog-trot, an Indian habit grafted on to his own more civilised endowments as a runner, was the despair of anybody who had the misfortune to travel with him. He had the reputation of fearing no man, of being crazily quixotic, always eager to help any person in distress, courtly and chivalrous to women.

On the whole he preferred the company of Indians to white men, and—to an increasing degree as time went on—he liked to travel light. His standard outfit even for a journey of indefinite duration (he was inclined to boast) was a rifle, a fishnet, and a bag of flour. Because he despised 'White man's grub', other men—from quite early

years—were suspicious of travelling with him; yet it was said that he had several times kept indigent Indians alive by starving himself. (Others, however, said that there were several times when Hornby would have died if the Indians had not fed him.) Altogether his reputation for starving and for being impervious to hunger and hardships was impressive. He was said to have wintered once in a wolf-den south of Chipewyan when the freeze-up caught him there on the way to Slave Lake. And stories more agreeable and fanciful were also told: how he refused to travel with any brown-eyed man; how he had once turned up at Resolution with a group of Indians to collect Treaty Money, and would have got away with this harmless deception but for the colour of his eyes; how he knew of fabulous deposits of gold and silver but refused to form a company for fear of spoiling the country; and how he had been the first man to bring samples of pitchblende out of Bear Lake.

In the way of legends, the chronology of some of these stories is indistinct; but many of the legendary stories about Hornby have some root in fact. They have suffered accretion and transmutation in passing from one storyteller to another; for heroic elaboration of the truth is one of the chief forms of emotional release in the North, and a good story travels quickly and has a long life. Hornby did not deliberately manufacture or distort his own legend; but he was too human to destroy it, and intelligent enough to understand the rhetorical force of deftly managed silences. He delighted in providing his few friends with a fund of outrageous stories about himself. Because he was reticent and enigmatic—and not least reticent when most voluble—he was called a hermit and a mystic. Because he refused to plan, and did whatever he did with bland self-confidence, he was said by some to be a man of diabolical skill and dare-devil courage, a man capable of surmounting any difficulty by deft improvisation. The fact that he survived year after year did nothing to undermine the legend.

The legend constructed for itself an image of John Hornby that changed with time only in the exaggeration of the salient characteristics of solitariness, courage, and endurance. But behind the set mask of the legend John Hornby changed in many and sorrowful respects of which the exuberant fireside stories of the country gave no hint. In the early days around Edmonton and Bear Lake— young, buoyant, with a little anachronistic fringe of black beard—he was amiable, gregarious, amenable. Then suddenly he becomes solitary, resentful, with-drawn, inscrutable. Casual observers sometimes thought him mad; his few closest friends found him eccentric and almost entirely unpredictable. Privations at times brought him to the outer fringes of sanity. Northern travellers and trappers are remarkably tough: some remain agile and active enough to work well into their seventies. But by 1920 or so Hornby's physique—remarkable though it was—was breaking under the manner of his life, and it looked as though time might intercept him in any mortal folly. Made (it seems) of gristle and whipcord he would not rest for long; yet he did not break, and remained, contrary to all reasonable prophecy, able enough in physique to undertake what he said would be his last journey. The trip had no distinguishable purpose. Late in April 1926 he landed at Quebec from England in the liner *Montrose*. One companion landed with him from the ship—a lad of seventeen, taller than Hornby, his clothes still showing the uneasy transition from school to manhood; his name was Edgar Christian and he was Hornby's nephew. At Edmonton Hornby collected another companion. Less than a year later Hornby had died of starvation and exhaustion in a very inaccessible part of the Arctic, and within a few weeks both of his companions were also dead. Hornby's death did not destroy his legend: it may even have given it a new energy and persistence. But the way he died has raised obstacles almost insurmountable to anybody who wishes to discover the true nature of that vivid and desolate man.

When John Hornby came to Canada first in 1904, he was twenty-three; he had no particular purpose in mind; he was temporising; he had decided nothing. No doubt he had heard of the Klondike Gold Rush; but that had exhausted itself long before, and anyway Hornby was neither miner nor opportunist enough to be drawn by that magnet. He may have heard of the land being given away in the west as an inducement to immigrants; but that can scarcely have interested him. There was a cousin who lived near Edmonton—Cecil Armitstead; and John Hornby, partly out of curiosity, partly out of discouragement and disgust, went to stay with him for an indefinite period. The period might well be indefinite: he was in effect running away from home.

John Hornby's father, Albert Neilson Hornby, was the sixth son of a wealthy Cheshire cotton-spinning family; his mother was Ada Sara Ingram, daughter of Sir Herbert Ingram, founder and owner of *The Illustrated London News*. After his first notable appearance in the Eton-Harrow match of 1864, Hornby's father had become one of the most celebrated cricketers and sportsmen England has ever produced: for years he captained Lancashire; he played both cricket and rugby for England; he travelled to Australia and Canada with W. G. Grace; for twenty-one years he was president of the Lancashire Cricket Club; because of his small stature and remarkable agility he was affectionately known as 'Monkey' Hornby. Francis Thompson named him in some nostalgic verses that every cricketer knows, for in 1878, when he was eighteen, Thompson had witnessed the match against Gloucestershire when Hornby and Barlow, in a superb and imaginative feat of batting, had rescued the game for Lancashire—

It is little I repair to the matches of the Southron folk.
 Though my own red roses there may blow;
 It is little I repair to the matches of the Southron folk,
 Though the red roses crest the caps, I know.
 For the field is full of shades as I near the shadowy coast,

And a ghostly batsman plays to the bowling of a ghost,
 And I look through my tears on a soundless-clapping host
 As the run-stealers flicker to and fro,
 To and fro:—
 O my Hornby and my Barlow long ago!¹

The father bought a large piece of land in the village of Nantwich, Cheshire, and built there a house named Parkfield standing in lawns and garden and set about with oppressive trees.

John Hornby, born on 21 September 1880 at Church Minshull, Cheshire, went to school first at Elstree under the Rev. Vernon Royle, and in September 1894 went up to Harrow like his father before him and his three brothers also. Otherwise he grew up at Parkfield in an atmosphere social and populous, where life was devoted, with little thought of the future, almost entirely to sport.

John inherited his father's small stature and his agility. But I find no record of him as a child: no anecdotes of any feats of strength or prodigies of speed and endurance, no precocious sayings, no notable deeds, though as in any well-run family there must have been the usual supply of these. Perhaps John was a little overshadowed by his three elder brothers; yet they remain shadowy enough too. Albert, the eldest, became an outstanding athlete, captained the Lancashire XI (bringing the joint captaincy of himself and his father to half a century) and inherited—at least tentatively—the nickname of 'Monkey'. The other two brothers, George and Walter, left home when John was nineteen or twenty and seem to have disappeared entirely from his life: for George died in Africa in 1905, and Walter—though he died of wounds in England at the end of the First War—spent most of his life away from England. But John, one imagines, must have witnessed the triumphal return of his brother Walter from the Boer War in May 1902 after two years' service with the 4th Battalion Somerset Light Infantry. When the battalion reached its depot, it had lost nearly half its numbers from disease and battle casualties. The band played *Home, Sweet*

Home; the church bells rang; the mayor expressed his pleasure at the hearty appearance of the men; the Earl of Cork distributed South African medals. When Walter reached Crewe station on his way home, his brother Albert was there to drive him to Nantwich. The village had not been given much warning, but two fire brigades met the hero at Willaston and escorted him to Parkfield. 'There was a large crowd to welcome him, and flags were displayed from many shops and residences.'

By that time—May 1902—John Hornby had been four years out of school. At Harrow he had done well enough at his studies but not brilliantly. He had excelled at sports, chiefly running and hurdling, had shown skill in cricket and rugby, and had won several prizes, though he never matched the performance of his eldest brother Albert. Some time after leaving Harrow he started to prepare for a career in the diplomatic service. The diplomatic training—perhaps the need to learn a second language—took him to Germany. Here, according to no very reliable tradition, he entered the world championship ski-running competition, and reached the finals although (the story runs) he had never worn skis until three weeks before the contest. Certainly he did not succeed in his examinations for the diplomatic service. One tradition is that an unfortunate and unrequited love for a widow older than himself so embittered him that he deliberately failed his examinations and set himself adrift in the world without profession or purpose. Another authority refers darkly to a 'breakdown' associated somehow with the examination; and Hornby's mother once said that 'Jack could not get over his disappointment at not being appointed to a post at Dusseldorf.' The whole incident, ill-defined as it is, could perhaps be pieced together by conjecture: Hornby's later history does not encourage the view that there was a brilliant career waiting for him in the diplomatic corps.

In one of two surviving family albums, Hornby's father made the laconic note: 'Jack left home April 7th 1904 for Canada'. The ship that brought him first to Canada landed him at Halifax. Here before going on west he

called on Captain W. F. Christian who was stationed there with units of the Imperial Army. Captain Christian's wife, Marguerite Anne, was a first cousin of John Hornby's. A son of hers, born four years later, was to be named Edgar Vernon Christian.

* * *

In the early years of the century Calgary was a centre that attracted many English immigrants. It lies at the heart of excellent ranching country, and, being no great distance from the Rockies, was so attractive to vigorous young Englishmen fond of riding and hunting that it was well known, in England as well as Canada, as a congenial meeting place, and a colony for Englishmen of the better sort. John Hornby's first destination in Alberta, however, was Edmonton. A cousin of his named Cecil Armitstead was homesteading about thirty-five miles north-west of Edmonton near where the town of Onoway was to grow up. A brother of Cecil Armitstead's was established near by, and so were two brothers named Edwin and Billy Coates who were close friends of Cecil Armitstead and of the Hornby family in England. But nothing told to him beforehand could have prepared Hornby for the size and emptiness of the new country he had come to; and if he had come five years earlier he could not have reached Edmonton by train.

In 1850 the whole population of British North America was only about two and a quarter million, four-fifths of whom lived in what is now Ontario and Quebec. There were then only sixty-five miles of railway in eastern Canada, and all but the most heavily settled areas of the Canadas were unimaginably isolated. Even though by 1860 2000 miles of railway had been built and the Grand Trunk Railway incorporated in its name the dream of linking eastern Canada with its most westerly settlements on Lake Superior, the West—the two thousand miles of continent west of Lake Superior—was almost entirely uninhabited and had scarcely entered into the national con-

sciousness or imagination. The murderous rivalry between the Hudson's Bay Company and North West Company for control of the fur trade in the north-west had been resolved finally in 1821 by their amalgamation under the name of the Hudson's Bay Company. But the Company was more concerned to preserve its commercial monopoly than to extend the dominion of the North: it had never encouraged exploration or settlement except within strictly commercial limits. In 1862 the gold-mining shantytown of Barkerville on Williams Creek in the Cariboo district of northern British Columbia was the largest centre of population in Canada west of Toronto. But the Cariboo Gold Rush (which nearly lost British Columbia to a few thousand American miners), the westerly expansion of the American railways (which threatened to draw the Red River Settlement into allegiance to the south rather than to the east), and finally the Riel Rebellion of 1869-70 made it clear that only a transcontinental railway, by accelerating settlement and stimulating economic and social development, could preserve the country from being quietly occupied by outsiders. In June 1870 the Hudson's Bay Company surrendered its charter to the Crown; and the country previously under control of the Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay, together with the North-West Territory, was transferred to the Dominion of Canada. After a slow and discouraging start the first Canadian transcontinental railway—the Canadian Pacific—was completed with spectacular éclat on 7 November 1885 and the first train from Montreal made the journey to the Pacific coast in five days.

In those early years, and for many years afterward, the railway was the artery bringing lifeblood to isolated communities. In every small town the railway station was a centre of great interest: each day a crowd would gather, as for a long-awaited ship at Tristan da Cunha, to see the train pull in bringing word of the 'outside'—tools, manufactures, seed, people, new blood, letters, news. There is magic still in the names of the railways—Canadian Pa-

cific, Grand Trunk Pacific, Canadian Northern; the life of the railwaymen had its own *mystique* much like the seafaring life; and still, even now that the last steam locomotives have gone and the railways themselves may follow, there is a strong evocative spell, stirring almost a racial memory, in the mournful deep-throated shout of a locomotive whistle across the still land at night. It is at most little more than fifty years since 'the steel', cutting through forest and across muskeg, vaulting rivers, skirting lakes, burrowing through mountains, impervious to all weathers and to all hazards of the turning seasons, was to the Canadian settler, pioneer, and farmer, and to all who lived in small isolated groups, what the Roman roads must have been to the early inhabitants of Britain.

The Canadian Pacific Railway was in the strictest sense an artery, for it allowed the West to grow at a rate unparalleled anywhere else in the world. But the railway's existence depended upon carrying whatever freight it could collect in the country it passed through; the railway therefore had to follow the settlers. For this reason the northern route originally surveyed through Edmonton to the Yellowhead Pass was abandoned in favour of a southerly route passing through the parts of the country already settled and so by way of the Kicking Horse Pass and the Selkirks to Vancouver. This southerly route passed through Calgary, 200 miles south of Edmonton; and when the transcontinental line was completed in 1885 Edmonton had no connexion with the outside world except for the steamboats on the North Saskatchewan River and the overland trail to the transcontinental railway at Calgary. Edmonton people, such as they were, were aggrieved; but it was a very small town and could only wait until fortune happened to find its way there.

Edmonton had descended, by intermittent and colourful historical process, from two trading posts built by the rival companies in 1794 and 1795. Becoming one of the main fur-collecting bases in the west, the post drew to itself a small cluster of farmers and ranchers. Early rumours that the northerly railway route for Yellowknife would

pass through or near Edmonton produced a land boom, but that bubble burst when the line passed to the south through Calgary. The Klondike Gold Rush first put Edmonton on the map; for although most of the miners went north by way of the Pacific coast, Edmonton became the outfitting centre for overlanders taking a northerly route. As a centre for fur, wheat, timber, coal, and minerals, Edmonton was important enough to draw the railway from Calgary in 1891. In the following year Edmonton was incorporated as a town, but more on the basis of expectation than of actual achievement, for its population ten years later was only 2626 people.

By the time John Hornby arrived in 1904, the town was still small but showed all the signs of rapid growth. The Canadian Northern Railway, an aggressive and unorthodox company threatening the Canadian Pacific monopoly, by taking the original northern route for the Yellowhead Pass had forced down the oppressive freight rates and in 1904 was less than a year away from Edmonton to the eastward. On 1 September 1905 Edmonton was declared a city. Sir Wilfrid Laurier was there and the Governor General, Earl Grey; and that day the first automobile to be brought to Edmonton—a red Oldsmobile—was on display. In 1906 the first provincial legislative assembly met in Edmonton; in 1908 the first lectures were given in the new University of Alberta in Strathcona across the river; in 1910 Edmonton had a population of 30,000 and 600 new buildings were put up in that year. John Hornby took little account of these brash civilities. Yet when the government topographer Guy Blanchet came to survey the Athabaska River between 1906 and 1908, Edmonton was a town small enough for him soon to hear of John Hornby, and remember what he heard, though it was to be some years before he first met him.

* * *

The development of the western railway systems was matter of the highest social and political importance. By act of parliament the construction of the railways and the set-

tling of the land were closely related through an intricate system of land grants which gave the railways certain rights, made provision for roads and schools, and allowed for the uniform and appropriate development of the arable land within easy reach of the railway. The government normally granted to any deserving settler a quarter-section of land; if a home-steader prospered, he then enjoyed the privilege of buying at a low price the adjoining quarter-section. Some of the land was good; some of the homesteaders prospered. It was a matter of luck; for accurate information was almost unobtainable and the most ingenious government regulations failed to interfere seriously with speculators, or to make truthful men of all the railway and government propagandists. Many foreign people travelled west and set up distinct communities of custom and tradition, their languages being intelligible only to their own immediate kind. Men living now remember how, as children, they saw these alien people on their way to an unknown country: the men gaunt and resolute, wearing sheepskin coats, the women large, of a remarkable passivity, their eyes frightened. Yet it was the central Europeans particularly, with their understanding of sub-tropical cultivation, who found how to till the prairies and the less richly endowed western lands and brought them to bear the harvests of wheat which first enriched the country and then began to destroy the land.

John Hornby left no account of his first impressions of Edmonton. He reached Cecil Armitstead's homestead at the beginning of May 1904 and a few days later—on 8 May—Edwin Coates made note in his diary that 'Hornby & Armitstead rode over to my place, about four miles', and that they 'walked all day in the poplar timber' looking without success for 'a very large bear' that had been reported there.

At the Armitsteads, Hornby found the hard rhythmic life of pioneer homesteaders living on land not particularly rich alongside the foothills of the Rockies. Armitstead's establishment must have been stable and to a great extent self-supporting, needing only at seed-time and har-

vest the help of extra hands. Though any extra help was always welcome, there would be no clear necessity binding Hornby to that homestead; and since he had almost certainly not come out to live the hard but uneventful life of a pioneer farmer, he soon drifted away into a different sort of life.

Only five or six miles from the Armitsteads, at Lac Ste Anne (where the first Roman Catholic mission had been founded in 1844), there was an establishment genially described as a 'hobo ranch', over which two brothers named Yates presided—one was Billy, the other name not recorded. In the country between Lac Ste Anne and Cecil Armitstead's place a group of Englishmen, of whom the Coates brothers were members, had pooled their resources, divided the work along specialised lines, and made their living largely by freighting stores up to Peace River in winter and in the summer working with the surveying gangs or depositing caches of gear and stores ahead of the engineers building the railway. These men, though most of them must have come only recently to such a life, were versatile and tough: they could turn their hands to almost anything that could be resolved by manual skill, strength, and the inventiveness of common sense. Into this group Hornby was instantly and warmly welcomed and made friendships that were to last his lifetime. Allan McConnochie was one of these; and here Hornby first met Allan and Malcolm Stewart—the last white men to see Hornby's party alive in 1926. A few others are known to us by name: J. N. C. Seton, Billy McLeod, Tommy Forsyth—reticent men, on the whole, who have left no record written though the memory of them is still vivid enough among living people who knew them. Some of the Lac Ste Anne men were remittance men; and Hornby, because of his association with them, was sometimes spoken of contemptuously in the later years as a remittance man. But in fact Hornby had some private income from home. His means seem to have been small; he supplemented his income by working and travelling with the Lac Ste Anne men. But he was not forced, as they

were, to go where the work and trade dictated and could almost at any time follow his interest or curiosity wherever, within reason, he chose.

For the four years 1904-8 there is no way of determining much in detail about Hornby's activities, and some of the existing record is unreliable. One of the most copious sources of biographical information was to be James Charles Critchell-Bullock, otherwise and frequently hereafter referred to as 'Bullock'. His witness for the early years is not very exact: he gives the year of Hornby's birth as 1878 (two years too early), sends him to Canada in 1899 (five years too soon), and embellishes the years 1899-1907 with beguilingly plausible detail which proves to be either apocryphal or at best chronologically dislocated. Yet Bullock's information about the early years can only have come from Hornby himself, and his witness therefore cannot be ignored altogether. The exact detail may not matter much; but the main drift does and Bullock was right about this. It is clear that Hornby soon decided to go his own way, to take what casual work kept him in the company he enjoyed, to move on when he felt like it, and to do whatever would show him the country and give him a taste of a still only vaguely defined pioneer life.

Some time in the summer of 1904 Hornby left the Armitsteads at Onoway and in the early fall arrived unannounced at the Coates's with a friend, having walked the 200 miles from Calgary; he 'stayed a day or so & then went on to Armitstead's.' After that he 'spent some time with the Stony Indians South of where Glen Nevis is now'—that is, Indian Reserve 133 on Birch Lake immediately north of Lac Ste Anne. Then a school friend of Edwin Coates's, a man named Williamson who was staying with him, joined Hornby in going with Donald McDonald, 'a guide living near Lac Ste Anne', to what is now called Chip Lake: they left Lac Ste Anne on 7 December 1904, Coates driving Williamson and his kit to the lake. Also in this winter, according to Edwin Coates, Hornby 'made his first trip North', by going to Paddle River with a man named Michaelson. Michaelson was wealthy and

looked very much like Hornby; he is reported to have had later 'a remarkable career in Edmonton', but unfortunately the nature of the career is not set down. Paddle River is an odd version of 'the North', lying as it does only thirty miles north-west of Lac Ste Anne. But very little of the country north and west of Edmonton had by this time been surveyed or opened up, and this trip took Hornby for the first time into country virtually unbroken and relatively unknown. But again the country he found was not entirely unpopulated, for Cecil Armitstead's brother Geoffrey had a ranch on Paddle River; and at a place now called Rochfort Bridge, Hornby joined up with a man named Cowper Rochfort and by 1906 shared some sort of establishment—possibly a ranch—with him there.

Hornby evidently was not settled anywhere at this time. There is only an occasional and fleeting glimpse of him. In November 1905 he, Seton, and Edwin Coates built a fishing camp on Coal Point, Lake Wabamun; Seton and Coates fished there until March 1906, Hornby visiting them from time to time to help them haul the whitefish. Some time during that winter 1905-6 he travelled as far as the Big Eddy on the McLeod River with the guide Donald McDonald. In 1906 Balmer and Peggy Watt, who years later provided a sympathetic and civilised harbourage for Hornby, had recently arrived in Edmonton, and first saw Hornby running in a foot race at the old Exhibition Grounds. It is said that Hornby worked with railway gangs in the Yellowhead Pass, trapped and traded on the McLeod River, went to British Columbia with the idea of squatting, did some trapping and prospecting at the headwaters of the Copper River, joined a survey of the Manitoba-Keewatin boundary. None of which is either out of character or impossible though much of it seems unlikely enough. One homely episode from this time was recorded years later by Yardley Weaver—cricketer, soldier, solicitor.

Hornby and I were members of a party of Land Surveyors engaged in surveying for the Dominion Government certain lands in the vicinity of the junction of the

McLeod River and the Athabasca River near where the present town of Whitecourt stands. I just forget what Hornby's exact duties were but I believe he was assistant packer, that is, he was assistant to Digby Harris who was in charge of the twenty or more pack horses which transported our tents, blankets, stoves and grub from one place to another, as we progressed with the survey. It so happened that Hornby and I usually occupied the same tent. The winter was an average one. At times the weather was mild above freezing point—at others very cold below 20 degrees below zero, but no matter what the temperature Hornby always went bareheaded. One night we were camped near a little frozen creek. During the night we heard a movement outside the tent. Hornby sat up in his blankets and said the horses were trying to get water. He got out of bed, seized an axe which we had in the tent, and went out bareheaded, and barefooted although the temperature was below zero—cut a hole in the ice on the creek so the ponies could drink and then came back to his blankets and was soon asleep again.

It is to these earliest years near Edmonton that some other details of the legend point: the hundred-mile run to Athabaska Landing in twenty-four hours, the fifty-mile run to Lac Ste Anne beside a horse, some such feat as drinking a bottle of whisky at a sitting for a wager. But the few reliable records, without denying such allegations, suggest a career not quite so continuously sensational. In the early months of 1907 Hornby joined Cecil Armitstead, the Yates brothers, and Allan McConnochie in taking freight with ponies for the Grand Trunk Pacific surveyors and also in carrying stores to the junction of the McLeod River and Sundance Creek within a day's ride of the Rockies: he cached a saddle at the Big Eddy on this occasion and the Lac Ste Anne trader Ernest Jock later sent the saddle back with Edwin Coates.

One or two things are clear. In those early years around Onoway and Lac Ste Anne, Hornby did not travel very far from Edmonton—at most fifty or sixty miles to the north and west, with perhaps an occasional brief ex-

cursor to Calgary or into the mountains. Still very young in appearance at twenty-six or twenty-seven, not yet fined down by exertion and hardships, he was a much less striking figure than he was to become later: his eyes less startlingly blue and unnerving, his dress and behaviour less bizarre; distinguishable from his companions and contemporaries perhaps by a certain liveliness of manner combined with a deferential reticence. His manner of speaking marked him out and so did his small stature—for he stood only about five foot four, and weighed only about 100 pounds. Committed as yet to no one particular way of life, and attached to no particular place, he began to cultivate a habit noticeable in the later years, of haunting the Edmonton hotels. Sooner or later everybody would come there and he would meet them, and the bars stayed open until nine in the evening. It is the action of a lonely man rather than a gregarious one. It was in the new and commodious King Edward Hotel, where sixteen years later he was to have another momentous meeting, that John Hornby seems first to have met Cosmo Melvill in 1906 or 1907.

Melvill was already mounting an expedition at Athabaska Landing and invited Hornby to join him. But before plans were complete for 1907 Melvill became ill and postponed the expedition. Hornby went back to McLeod River with the idea of settling, and it is said even that he took up some land and started clearing it. But part of the time at least he was with his Lac Ste Anne cronies; and when the Hudson's Bay Company paid off the men at the end of the season, Hornby came down from the McLeod River in late April with Seton, bringing Edwin Coates's pay with him. By then Melvill had sent for Hornby again to join the expedition.

John Hornby had now had some four years of miscellaneous experience of the bush and of pioneer and homesteading life; of riding, freighting, packing, and sledding; he had worked with survey gangs and perhaps with the railwaymen. He had done some trapping and hunting, had made some firm friends on the trail, and had travelled

with them to test his own ability. He was now ready to travel farther from civilisation. The meeting with Cosmo Melvill was the first important landmark: it took Hornby for the first time into the far north and to the Barren Ground, and committed him to that country for the rest of his life. When he came down to Lac Ste Anne in April 1908 and found Melvill's invitation waiting for him, there was little time before the party was to leave Athabaska Landing. Perhaps that was why and when Hornby ran the hundred miles in twenty-four hours.

CHAPTER II

Hornby Bay
1908-11

JAMES COSMO DOBRÉE MELVILL, born on 9 May 1877, was three and a half years older than Hornby, and was a heavy-set man over six feet tall. He was the son of a wealthy Shropshire cotton merchant of Meole Brace, near Shrewsbury, and had been educated at Winchester College. His father—also named Cosmo—had a profound interest in biology and made collections of plants and flowers, shells and fungi, butterflies and moths which, after his death, were valuable enough to find their way in the end into permanent national and university collections. Something of the father's interest and knowledge seem to have conveyed themselves to the son Cosmo; for his letters show him an accurate and trained observer, of alert and informed interest in matters historical, biological, and anthropological. After leaving school he had become a partner in a large ranch at Pueblo, Colorado. In Colorado he acquired, from hunting wapiti, pronghorned antelope, and Virginian deer, a taste for big game shooting; and this interest took him—as it took many sportsmen at that time—to Newfoundland to hunt wood caribou, his companion being an unidentified T. P. Miller. But he wanted to hunt farther afield for rarer animals; and his interest in the rapidly vanishing musk ox and in the rare and elusive mountain sheep (*Ovis dalli*) drew his attention to the lower Mackenzie, the Coppermine country, and the northern Rockies for his next venture.

Cosmo Melvill had a comfortable income; he was accustomed to command what he wanted. He had only to decide what sort of venture would be appropriate to the country he had in mind, and secure the services of the people who would make the trip possible. Probably be-

cause of the great distance to be travelled and the length of stay that would alone make this trip successful, Melvill decided to offset the cost of the journey by trading, and had sought the advice of both James Mackinlay and Joe Hodgson, Hudson's Bay Company men with much experience of trading and travelling in that area. Whatever plans he made when he first met Hornby in 1907, they did not originate (as Bullock later hinted) with Hornby; but Melvill's illness, serious enough to take him home to England in that year after postponing the expedition, has obliterated record of the earliest arrangements. When Hornby was sent for in the spring of 1908 the party was already fully organised and ready to leave as soon as the ice moved out.

Since the supporting object of the journey was trade, Melvill had finally secured the services of James Mackinlay, who had been factor at several northern posts and had already made notable journeys with such eminent travellers as Hanbury, Pike, Preble, Cumming, and Harrison. Melvill had set about his preparations methodically, having collected whatever information he could about the country. His trading outfit involved an outlay of \$8000. Since they originally intended to trade on the southern shore of Great Bear Lake, weight and mobility seemed not to be a serious consideration.

Melvill, like Hanbury, travelled for sport and to gratify his personal curiosity: he was neither a commercial opportunist nor an aggressive explorer. Neither his appearance nor his temperament gave any impression of the gaunt romantic or of the hero with a saga to make. Tall, heavily built, just over thirty, Cosmo Melvill was reticent, and because of a slow manner of speech and movement gave an impression of indolence. The indolence may have had something to do with ill-health; for Hornby much later told Bullock that 'Melvill was no traveller', that he 'nearly always travelled on a sled, and had touches of scurvy as a result'. Melvill's letters do not conceal the fact that he made no attempt to match Hornby's performance at running or packing. He travelled in the manner of a

well-to-do hunter and trader, relying—as dignitaries of government and the Hudson's Bay Company were wont—entirely upon the efforts of other people hired to do the work for him.

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James Mackinlay had evidently been acting as manager while Melvill's expedition was being mounted: Hudson's Bay Company records show that it was Mackinlay, not Melvill, who actually hired Hornby. Melvill allowed the impression to be given at the time that Hornby was in some sense in joint command or perhaps a partner in the expense of the expedition; but in fact Melvill himself had provided the whole outlay and was in sole command, Mackinlay being in charge of trade and the details of travel. Hornby did not leave the McLeod River until 21 April, only a few days before the break-up in the north-flowing rivers could be expected. He reached Athabaska Landing just in time to be employed as canoeman and odd-job man. So at the beginning of May 1908, as soon as the ice had broken up, Melvill's party moved away from the Landing in a scow and a York boat, drifting downstream towards Great Slave Lake and the Mackenzie River.

At that time, Athabaska Landing was the most northerly postal and telegraph office in the country. From there the first stage of the journey north was 165 miles of swift shallow river navigable to craft drawing no more than about twelve inches. To reach the first serious obstacle, Grand Rapids, would take about five or six days. There a half-mile portage (the Hudson's Bay Company had by this time built a tramway there) opened the next stretch of ninety miles to Fort McMurray; most of the six or seven rapids in that part of the river can be run in large boats if the water is not too low. Beyond McMurray the water is suddenly much deeper and the current—often ten knots or even more on the upper Athabaska—becomes less impetuous as the river approaches Lake Athabaska.

Fort Chipewyan on Lake Athabaska marks the head of the Slave River; from there, after fifty or sixty miles of rocky and islanded river, a traveller comes to the last barrier, where the river drops over a hundred feet in sixteen miles in a series of impressive and dangerous rapids. Here a portage road, with ox-carts or horse drawn wagons, would transport the outfit from Smith Landing to Fort Smith at the downstream end of the rapids.

Melvill's outfit, conforming to the latest developments in Northern transportation, was ideally equipped for this river journey. When the Hudson's Bay Company and North West Company amalgamated in 1821, an important change in water transport had immediately resulted: in place of canoes, various kinds of boats were used for freighting furs and supplies. The most famous type was the York boat, a hard-chined boat, developed especially for use on the Hayes River between Norway House and York Factory. Usually thirty or forty feet overall, it could be propelled by oars or in a following wind by a square sail. It was light enough to be pulled over rollers at portages, yet seaworthy enough to survive storms on large lakes. A forty-foot York boat, with a crew of steersman, bowsman, and eight middlemen, would carry 110 pieces of ninety pounds each. For the shallowest rivers flat-bottomed bateaux were preferred, usually in the early days propelled by paddles; and scows were also commonly used. But in the later years York boats—not unlike large Grand Banks fishermen's dories in form—were also found to be suitable for use in shoal water and rapids. Melvill's two craft, each steered by a long sweep astern, would travel twenty miles or more in a day on the river current making no use of oars unless to beguile the tedium of the journey.

Melvill's party reached Fort Smith in time to witness the launching of the Hudson's Bay Company's wood-burning stern-wheeler *Mackenzie River*. From Fort Smith to the Arctic Ocean lies an uninterrupted water system of about 1500 miles: the Slave River, Great Slave Lake, the Mackenzie River. Before this date several steamers had

worked on the Mackenzie River, the most recent being the screw-steamer *Wrigley*. But the *Wrigley* could accommodate only six passengers, whereas the *Mackenzie River*, built below the rapids from timber sawed in the Company's sawmill under the supervision of her master, Captain J. W. Mills, could accommodate thirty-six and, driven by a stern wheel, was expected to be much better adapted to the exigencies of northern river navigation. Melvill, however, was less impressed by the ship *Mackenzie River* than by the sophistication of the Indians he saw at Fort Smith. In general they dressed like white men, he noted; and those who spoke English, spoke it with the broad accent of the Scottish Hudson's Bay Company factors and servants who had occupied this and the Mackenzie Valley for more than a hundred years.

Also at Fort Smith, Melvill met Vilhjalmur Stefansson, a young Canadian born in Manitoba of Icelandic parents. A year older than Hornby, Stefansson had made in 1904 and 1905 archaeological expeditions to Iceland; in 1906-7 he had been ethnologist to an expedition on the north coast of Alaska and at the mouth of the Mackenzie River. He was now travelling north with a Canadian biologist Dr. R. M. Anderson to study the Eskimo in the Coronation Gulf and along the Arctic coast. They had come this far with the first of the Hudson's Bay Company transports but were now obliged to wait for an indefinite period for the Company scows to move on. Impatient to get north as quickly as possible, Stefansson gladly accepted Melvill's offer of transportation. The whole party, now five men, left Fort Smith on 11 June.

At the mouth of the Slave River they were given a tow by the steamer *Eva*, which belonged to the Hislop and Nagle Company and was the only Mackenzie River steamer ever to be built above Fort Smith and run through the rapids to the deep fairway. So the problem of propelling and navigating their two clumsy vessels across Great Slave Lake into the Mackenzie River was happily solved, and they coasted westerly first to Hay River, the site of the flourishing Church of England mission.

There is no record of the journey from Hay River down the Mackenzie. On 30 June, about four hours after leaving Fort Simpson, they first sighted the Rocky Mountains. From there the mountains draw closer and closer to the Mackenzie River, until at Fort Norman they throw a chain of hills across at the place where the clear water of Bear River flows westerly into the muddy Mackenzie. Here, where the tortuous and ox-bowed river turns abruptly westward, they sighted the promontory of Bear Rock rising to 4400 ft, nearly 1500 ft above the little cluster of log houses called Fort Norman, the last landmark of civilisation on Melvill's journey.

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Melvill's party was not breaking new country. In 1789 Alexander Mackenzie had explored the great river now named for him all the way down to the Arctic Ocean. Franklin in 1819-22 had ascended the Great Bear River, crossed Great Bear Lake, and travelled to the mouth of the Coppermine River. Franklin's travels and the later overland journeys in search of his lost ships had left as memorials Fort Franklin where the Bear River flows out of Great Bear Lake, and Fort Confidence at the mouth of the Dease River on the northerly side of the lake. Others had been through the country since—Dease and Hanbury, to mention only two of the most distinguished. But not very much had been written down about Great Bear Lake, and only three maps of it existed at this time: Franklin's of 1828, Petitot's of 1873, and Mackintosh Bell's most recent map of 1901 which had not yet been published.

Melvill's party reached Fort Norman on about 3 July, and Stefansson went on down the river in his whale boat, while Anderson stayed at Norman waiting for the *Mackenzie River*. How long Melvill's party stayed at Norman is not recorded; but it was long enough to size up the condition of the two missions there.¹

Fr Ducot, the vicar in charge of the Oblate Mission of Ste Therèse at Norman, had been on the Mackenzie for

forty years, and had never been 'outside' since coming North from his home in Brittany. Two lay brothers did all the hard work—wood-chopping, fishing, and the like; the sisters at the Fort Chipewyan convent made all their clothes—'and extraordinary looking garments they are'. Simple people, to be sure; and that was well for such a life. Most of the Bear Lake Indians were now Roman Catholic; the Mackenzie River Mission of the Oblate Fathers was now influential and rich and even owned 'quite a smart steamer of about 50 tons', the *Sainte Marie*, built at Fort Smith by lay brothers: she would carry the bishop along the Mackenzie on his formal visitations and was used to distribute annual supplies to the missions. The Anglican Mission, more recently founded, had only five or six churches altogether north of Edmonton and was much less influential. The work had been started by Bishop Bompas (brother, Mackinlay said in a charming understatement, of a well-known English barrister) and when at its best—as at Hay River under Miss Wilgress—was (Melvill said) better than any other religious establishment in the North. Melvill had one word of criticism however: the Anglican missionary at Norman, the Rev. Mr Winch,² could not speak the language of the people he had been sent to convert.

At Fort Norman Melvill unexpectedly added a fourth member to the party. Peter McCallum, a Scottish carpenter in his early fifties who had come to Norman eight years before from Edmonton, was (Melvill said) 'of all the men I have ever met in the West, the most capable, the rest being greenhorns and tenderfeet compared to him'. McCallum normally trapped on Bear Lake and had come to Norman for supplies when Melvill arrived. He advised Mackinlay not to go to their original destination, McVicar Bay, because the Slave Lake Indians had been there two winters before—an exceptionally hard winter—and had killed off all the fur. If Melvill wanted foxes and musk ox skins, the east end of the lake was the place, McCallum said, because the Indians had never wintered there. Melvill engaged McCallum because McCallum, unlike

Mackinlay, could speak the Loucheux language and also because if, as was likely, they decided to split the party in two, there would be 'one man we could depend on'. Mackinlay was traveller and trader of the most experienced kind; McCallum's technical knowledge of the Indians, of building, dog-driving, and the like was even more expert. Hornby's role was evidently conceived as less commanding and authoritative than either of these.

McVicar Arm is to the east of the head of Great Bear River, lying from Fort Franklin only some fifty-five miles by water and a portage of less than ten miles. So the decision to winter at the north-eastern corner of Great Bear Lake meant a large alteration of plans: for the trip by water would be something of the order of 300 miles, and they would be completely isolated from any support or refreshment there. Nevertheless, so convincing was Pete McCallum's bearing that Melvill accepted his advice and—'to our cost' as he later admitted—settled for the north-east corner of the lake.

The first stage of the journey was a matter of travelling seventy-five miles up Great Bear River into Great Bear Lake. Melvill describes it well.

In width [the river] averages about 400 yards, and is I think the swiftest stream I have ever seen, and also the clearest, its water at its mouth contrasting strangely with the muddy Mackenzie. The river is full of fish, mostly Back's grayling or Arctic trout, here called Blue-fish, some few herring, and at the mouths of the small tributaries huge pike in swarms. The banks of the river are high, and nearly always precipitous, and the river flows very deep right up against them, making very poor walking; above the banks are the eternal spruce and poplar forests with the usual swamps and lakes ad infinitum. About 35 miles from Norman the river flows through a small canyon about half a mile long and after this come the rapids, but these are simply a succession of boulders stretching across the river and are about three miles in length; and since the river otherwise is one continuous rapid from Bear Lake to the Mackenzie there is no need for me to say much about them.

So much for the river. But that was only part of the obstacle: the other part was human. Melvill needed Indians to help haul the York boat and scow with their gear up this swift and shoal river; he also needed Indians to go with him across the lake and help build houses, and establish the trade in furs that Melvill had come to negotiate. The total population of Bear Lake at that time, McCallum reckoned, was about 200 Indians who hunted over, rather than lived in, the country. They were, Melvill said, principally Slavies, with a few Dog-ribs and Loucheux among them, all belonging to 'what is called the Tinneh family'. The habits of these different tribes—nomadic hunters, disappearing for six months at a time, returning every year to trade—were much alike, but their language varied 'making it very confusing to talk with them'; for they did not always understand when they appeared to do so. Three or four families would generally hunt together, but unlike the Crees they would not keep to one hunting ground: any one individual might go north some years, at other times south of the lake, sometimes to the mountains, even as far afield as Alaska. Melvill's problem was not an easy one: to persuade a considerable group of the Bear Lake Indians, contrary to their custom and instinct, to go with him and form a fairly stable hunting and trapping community at a distant corner of the lake.

After a great deal of bargaining Mackinlay and McCallum induced twelve Indians to help them take the boats up the Bear River to the lake. Because of the current this meant 'tracking' the boats: that is, they would have somehow to walk along the bank or in the shallow water and with ropes tow the boats upstream like barges in an English canal. The boats, though flat-bottomed and specially designed for this sort of work, were now heavily laden and stuck aground so often that eventually the York boat had to be left behind while the double crew was put to hauling the scow. It took all Mackinlay's experienced and patient eloquence to persuade the Indians to come back to repeat the performance with the York boat.

Melvill and his party were in great uncertainty, never knowing when the Indians might desert and leave the white men to extricate their boats and gear as best they could. Perhaps even Melvill himself was forced—as the Douglasses were three years later—to lend a hand in the punishing and bone-chilling work of tracking up Bear River; for he said that ‘the whole trip up the river was so disagreeable that I hate to think of it and still less to write about it’.

At last they reached the head of the river and went on at once the six miles to the Indian village marked as Fort Franklin on the maps. This collection of about twenty log houses was a usual meeting place for the Indians in the spring, and the fishing near by is so good that the place is also commonly called The Fishery. On the site of an old North-West Company fort abandoned for many years, Peter Dease had built Fort Franklin in 1825 as a wintering post for Captain John Franklin’s second overland expedition. When Melvill reached Fort Franklin there were few traces of Dease’s original buildings: the Indians had burned them down or had used the logs to build their own houses. But Melvill thought that the store house he bought from an Indian there was a relic of the original buildings.

The bay where Fort Franklin stood is called Keith Bay; its shores flat, densely covered with spruce but with very little undergrowth. The timber does not grow to the edge of the lake, but stands back 300 or 400 yards from the water—rather as in the Nova Scotian coastal barrens—the space filled with blueberry, currant, and cranberry bushes in great profusion. Behind the trees the country is for the most part undulating rolling hills, except to the south and west where ‘one can plainly see the highest peaks of the Rocky Mountains some fifty to a hundred miles away’. And the lake itself—‘It is rather a hard thing to describe Bear Lake; it looks like the sea,’ Melvill said. And even Lionel Douglas, a professional seafaring man with time in square-rigged ships, when he first looked out across the lake from Franklin seven years later said: ‘To

see it—this enormous expanse of water—the second largest lake in Canada—and no one there but a few wandering Indians: it seemed to me all wrong.’

After their first reluctant coyness, the Indians became importunate with curiosity, so that in the end, at Fort Franklin, a good many Indians, in spite of their dread of crossing any open stretch of water by boat, wanted to come with the party across the lake. On 8 August Melvill set out with his full outfit and ‘a large number of retainers’: ‘thirty-one Indians (including children), our four selves, 45 dogs, and about 5 or 6 tons of stores on board the York boat. There was hardly room to move, but Hornby, Mackinlay and I kept the stern of the boat to ourselves.’

A York boat is unhandy at the best of times. In its present state—heavily laden, crawling with dogs, children, and Indians the vessel did not tempt them to any Viking exploits. First they crossed cautiously to the south shore of Keith Arm, and coasted north and east in easy safe traverses. But, Melvill said, ‘we had delays of rough weather etc. and the Indians had to hunt to get food for themselves; but on the whole we were lucky as to weather—we always managed to make a harbour before it got really rough’. As far as McVicar Bay the country was much the same as near Franklin; then it rose gradually towards the 1500-ft Grizzly Bear Mountain which is covered with spruce, birch, and poplar, and forms a large peninsula between Keith and McVicar Arms. They crossed the mouth of McVicar Arm with a fresh beam sea; ‘and since it is 36 miles from point to point it might have been bad’. The trouble was still more with the Indians than with the elements; for they misjudged seriously the seaworthiness of any boat larger than a birch-bark canoe and were capable of running risks that no white man would dream of taking; yet when they realised that they were standing into danger, they would relapse into enervating incompetence and put forth no serious effort.

After crossing McVicar Arm they found that the country was changing, becoming more rocky, the timber far-

ther from the lake; until after crossing Klarndash Bay they encountered The Rocks— ‘a long stretch of rocky and mountainous islands, which rise sheer out of the lake to a great height’ looking in places rather like the Cornish coast. A northerly traverse of 120 miles, sheltered from the westerlies as though they were passing through the Norwegian Inner Leads, brought them to the extreme north-eastern corner of the lake—Caribou Bay ‘where the Indians said it would be good to build our houses’. On 1 September they advanced up the bay, passed a few yards up a small stream into a lake about three miles wide which they named Caribou Lake. ‘Near a large stretch of timber we landed and after prospecting round for a good site for our houses, the Indians unloaded the York boat.’³

* * *

After the propitious crossing of the lake, they were less lucky. The day after they landed there was a heavy storm with rain; this, with intermittent snow, continued ‘for two solid weeks without stopping’. By lucky chance they had unloaded their gear to a dry place ashore and nothing was damaged. When the storm ended, it was the middle of September and clear weather followed; the snow melted; and there was a second summer of beautiful weather—cold at night, warm by day. The leaves had turned by 1 September; but butterflies were seen on the 18th. The benign weather was deceptive, however, and they had to establish their position as quickly as possible, first with shelter, then with a supply of food.

About 20 September they started, under Pete McCallum’s direction, to build on a hill about 300 yards from the western shore of the bay. Designed as a trading post, it was an extensive establishment. First they put up ‘a general room and then the store, afterwards another room for Hornby and myself; and then McCallum and Mackinlay built a house.’ Between the storehouse and the Melvill-Hornby house they made ‘a shelter which was useful for storing boxes and also for cutting firewood and as kennels

for the dogs'. When this was all finished—and they all worked as quickly as possible because they had to pay two of the Indians, Old Tim and Klary, to help them—they started to hunt caribou 'for our winter's grub'.

Caribou provide a continuous and vital thread throughout this narrative. They are food and clothing; they are the lifeblood of all who live in the North. Melvill, noticing at once that these Barren-ground caribou (*Rangifer arcticus*) were smaller than the Woodland Caribou (*Rangifer caribou*) he had hunted in Newfoundland, remarked at the end of the season on some of their habits.

The Barren Ground caribou . . . live only at the east of the Lake, where they migrate to in thousands from the Barren Lands east of the Coppermine in the fall and winter. At one time a few miles from Caribou Lake we saw thousands pass us . . . No doubt the buffalo to the south were as plentiful years ago. . . . But these caribou are very different when in small bands in the winter. Then they are very wild and hard to approach. We generally used to hunt them on the lake, and by taking advantage of an idiosyncrasy of theirs of always when away from the timber travelling even when frightened to the place they were originally heading for, and hardly ever turning off into the bush, we managed by some pretty hard running to always keep ourselves in meat.

When the party first arrived at Caribou Bay the caribou were (according to Hornby) 'extremely plentiful, chiefly cows and young but all scattered in separate herds'. The Indians, setting out at once, made a successful hunt. But Melvill's whole party was very large, and the quantity of caribou needed for winter provision, dogs and all, was formidable. When they started hunting in October the caribou were 'fairly thick and we shot lots'; but the party were eating ravenously and so were the dogs. When the Indians returned, having killed only sixty caribou in three weeks, and reported that caribou were scarce, McCallum advised them to put up 'a thousand or so fish for dog-feed for the long winter that was nearly

upon us'. They started a fishery three miles away at a small group of islands, and in two weeks had taken 1500 whitefish and a few trout. The average whitefish— 'the only fish that one can live on for a long time without sickening of it', Melvill said—ran seven pounds, enough for one dog's feed for one day. Some of the trout ran to almost sixty pounds; and there were plenty of herring. If only the Indians would learn to use nets, Melvill remarked, they could catch and dry fish when it was plentiful and so 'save themselves from those terrible visitations of famine which periodically come upon this country'.

While the caribou hunting and fishing went on, Hornby seems to have travelled east towards the Coppermine river. This may have been an exploratory trip to find a route. From their camp on Caribou Bay, the Big Bend on the Coppermine was only about forty miles away on a route a little north of east; but Hornby probably did not know that.⁴ When he returned on 14 October, short of provisions, he had seen no caribou and had not reached the Coppermine. By the middle of October the weather was getting colder and the days, though fine, were rapidly shortening in, for the site of their houses, at 60° 40' N., was slightly north of the Arctic Circle. On 18 October the ice had frozen hard around Caribou Lake; by 1 November it had set solid over the whole bay, and the weather was getting steadily colder, 'one or two degrees every day', until it now averaged about zero.

Once the houses were built and a store of winter food laid in, their prime task would be hunting, perhaps some trapping, and in general a search for any Indians and Eskimo who might be prepared to trade with them. Their greatest hopes of financial success lay in finding musk oxen. The Indians, with the air of knowing what they were about, said that they intended to wait until the snow was deep, then they would travel easterly to the Coppermine for musk ox. On 22 October, Hornby—less patient than the Indians—had prepared to hunt musk ox and may have been doing so when between 28 and 30 October he saw 'Caribou extremely plentiful everywhere' and ob-

The Legend of John Hornby



1. Caribou Bay, Great Bear Lake; later named Hornby Bay. North is to the top



2. The chimneys of old Fort Confidence, summer 1911
3. The *Mackenzie River* alongside at For Smith, early summer, 1911

served that though it was now late for the rutting season 'the animals were only just starting to move off in smaller herds'. But Hornby's efforts, as hunter and explorer, were perhaps ill-considered as well as sporadic, and seem not to have borne much fruit nor to have hurried the Indians into action; for it was 16 November before the Indians, forming a considerable hunting party, set out with dog-teams and sleds to find musk ox. Next day they ran into 'enormous herds of caribou travelling South', Melvill estimating that more than a thousand passed on the one day. They killed forty-five of these and cached them while they went on towards the Coppermine. But the travelling became very bad: a strong wind had driven most of the snow from the rock outcrops; the sleds were suffering severe damage; the cold was so intense that 'at times the dogs would hardly face the heavy wind'. Even the Indians, on the third day after leaving Caribou Bay, said it was useless to go on; and Melvill, considering that their main object was to hunt musk ox, and that this could not now be done, agreed that 'it would be foolhardy to go farther'. They turned back, and reached Caribou Bay in a single day's travel.

A more considered and sustained effort was now needed. McCallum as their most experienced practical man undertook to arrange a musk ox hunt to the north-west and set off on 26 November with all the Indians, 'women and all', saying that he would not be back until the end of January. To have the Indians out of the way for a couple of months cheered Melvill a good deal. The Indians had been eating their heads off and had killed nothing for themselves except a few marten and wolverine. In going off with McCallum they were certainly not deserting, for they had built for themselves ramshackle houses near by and had left there 'a lot of their stuff'. After the others had all gone, Melvill, Mackinlay, and Hornby settled down to something like a peaceful winter routine, hunting caribou and trapping.

There were now not many caribou to be found, but they managed always to provide themselves with fresh

meat, and there were 'swarms of Ptarmigan' to vary the diet. They saw a number of birds—ravens, Whisky Jack, long-tailed tits, reed-warblers, one or two eagle-owls, a peregrine falcon; all the rest, including geese and ducks, had left when the lake began to freeze. They also noticed that as soon as the Indians had gone wolves became more numerous. They were not dangerous to humans—'they are too cowardly for that'—but they hung around near the houses hoping to pick up any well-favoured dog that might wander from the houses. The wolves were wary and not easy to shoot; but the three men killed about twelve—monstrous animals, a few black, but most of them a dirty white. One day Mackinlay took a young wolf in a trap and brought it back alive, intending to train it to work with a sled team; but it was too old to train and too savage to work, and McCallum killed it one day in a temper.

For Christmas Day Mackinlay made a plum pudding, and served up 'caribou steaks and ptarmigan and McDoddies vegetables'. They were proud that they could live so well and claimed that they were the only outfit who have wintered on Bear Lake without starving. As for the trapping, they had not taken as many foxes as they expected; yet without any very strenuous effort they had managed to take fox and wolverine fur to the value of about \$200.

Melvill's notes of his winter observations show an accurate but unromantic habit of mind. The Northern Lights here, he said, were 'a myth': he had seen far better in Edmonton. For dogs and dog-driving he had little liking.

One reads about the pleasure of driving dogs at night by the light of the Northern Lights and one can see pictures of the same; but I think the writer of the same was something of a liar, and any how anyone who would drive dogs for pleasure should be shut up in a lunatic asylum. It is the meanest work it is possible to do. . . .[Y]ou are practically shouting at or flogging the brutes the whole way, as at the slightest obstacle they stop. They can't go up a hill without being helped, and it is tremendous hard

work, as when they do go they trot considerably faster than one can walk. . . . They are guided by shouting the words 'ou' to go to the right or 'shaw' go to the left, and 'marche' [now corrupted to 'mush'] straight ahead. But the average team does not pay much attention to this, and a good club or whip is the best means of controlling them. But some teams are good, and to see them at their best, one (I don't advise it) has to be crossing a wide traverse on a lake, a heavy head wind blowing the dry snow like sand around you, the temperature anywhere below zero, and nothing in sight, all vestige of the distant land hidden in a mist of driving snow. . . .

But the cold and darkness impressed him.

After November it really began to get very cold; too cold to stay out much at night, and of course we never saw the sun at all, only the reflection on the mountain top behind the houses; and very curious this was, but it was not dark, in fact I found that one could easily walk ten to fifteen miles in good daylight during the shortest days, and at the end of January the sun re-appeared, and the days very quickly got long again.

* * *

At the end of January McCallum came back alone with unpleasant news he had picked up from some Fort Norman Indians. It was now impossible, they had told him, to get to Norman over the lake ice because of a dangerous pressure ridge. The Indians had broken their sleds in crossing it; one man—their leader, Nikasi—was seriously ill from the effects of the trip from Norman; to go by the south shore, they said, would take too much dog feed; to go direct by Gros Cap was impossible because of rough ice and 'the crack'. McCallum's report of their hunting was not good either. Hornby noted that the Indians had got plenty of caribou in The Rocks on the east side of McTavish Bay; but McCallum's party had seen very few. They had taken no musk ox and had not even seen tracks

where the animals were usually plentiful; they had caught a few marten and foxes; but it had been a strenuous journey. McCallum's face, for all his toughness, showed that 'they had made a poor living', and his 'dogs were wretchedly thin'. He was prepared to make his way somehow to Norman, he said, to relieve the strain on supplies, but Melvill insisted that he should stay since they seemed to be able to get a caribou or two every week and so could feed the dogs as well as themselves. McCallum therefore also gave up his plan of travelling to Norman to fetch mail, and the whole party renounced one of the few luxuries their situation allowed them—the prospect of receiving early word from civilisation.

A fortnight after McCallum had arrived, the Indians turned up and went straight on to The Rocks for caribou. At this time four of them left for good, but the others, when they came back, were full of a plan to go to the Coppermine for musk ox in April. Tato's mother, they said, would act as guide. She was a very intelligent woman and could remember Sir John Richardson wintering at Fort Confidence on his search for Franklin in 1848-9—a direct link with the past that fascinated Melvill.

At the end of February four members of Nikasi's party and their families joined Melvill, saying that Nikasi had died of exhaustion a few days before. They had plans to hunt musk ox north of Dease River and also brought news that in September they had met Eskimo—they called them 'strangers'—'about two days north of our houses'. These were, they said, Copper Eskimo; they had never seen white men, nor had had any intercourse even with Indians before.

The Eskimo and the Indians, 'mortally scared of one another', managed in that country never to meet; the Indians north-east of Bear Lake sometimes saw the smoke of Eskimo fires but refrained from going to find them, each kept his distance, camping and hunting in his own area as though by tacit agreement. The fear was ancestral, arising perhaps in the first place from the conflict of claims for hunting territory as the Indians moved north

into Eskimo country in the Barrens and along the coast. The Eskimo, long before the massacre at the Bloody Falls, were suspicious of the Indians, distrusting their intentions. The Indians on their part feared the Eskimo; for they had learned—as some of the seagoing explorers learned—to respect the unexpectedly murderous instinct of ‘the strangers’. The meeting between Nikasi’s Indians and some Eskimo was therefore a momentous event.

The Indian Michel, who seemed most knowing and interested about it all, said that they had met six Eskimo men and two women; that the Eskimo had no single article of white man’s manufacture, and that they were delighted when Michel gave them matches and fired a rifle for them. In return the Eskimo had given him two knives—which Michel promptly gave to Melvill.⁵ They parted good friends. The Eskimo, he said, ‘were dressed in caribou skins trimmed with musk ox and wolverine skin and were armed with long spears and bows and arrows. They gave the Indians to understand that they were going to be on the Coppermine in the winter, that there were plenty of musk ox there, and that they would also be pleased to meet white men and trade with them.’ Somehow these Eskimo explained ‘by means of signs which any wild race is a master of doing’ that there were many Eskimo, and that they represented only a small band come to get skins for clothing before the caribou went south. The interest of the other Indians was now aroused by Michel’s account. Melvill, anxious to open up trade with them, particularly for musk ox skins, was keen to capitalise upon the Indians’ sudden bravery and effect a meeting if a chance occurred.

Near the end of March or at the beginning of April, the Indians returned to Caribou Lake with a plentiful supply of dried meat, and announced that since the caribou seemed to be moving out again to the Barrens this was the time to start out on a musk ox hunt. The weather was now appreciably warmer. The party took only four days to get ready. All the women were left behind, except for Tato’s mother, who was to act as guide and a party of

eight— ‘four Indians, three of us [Melvill, Mackinlay, Hornby] and McCallum’—set off with six sleds and ten days’ food on 4 April, expecting to be away four or five weeks.⁶ It was a fine warm day, the snow very deep, travelling conditions comfortable: before nightfall they had travelled twenty-five miles.

Wishing to strike the Coppermine River at the Big Bend where the river loops strongly to the westward, they set off (rather inaccurately) in a south-easterly direction, expecting to reach the river in about sixty miles’ journey. By the morning of the second day out they had travelled beyond the Indians’ thirty-mile range of travel and, as they ‘passed through some very rough country [with] rocky and bare hills’, found themselves ‘in a country that no Indian had been in before’. About noon on the third day they crossed a large lake and by evening were camped ‘among some very steep hills fairly well covered with spruce’, from the top of one of which they could see, about three or four miles away, a river that they thought must be the Coppermine. That evening Jimmie and Tato shot eight caribou, thereby relieving them of all anxiety about food for a few days. But their spirits were marred that same evening when André, an Indian from Nikasi’s band with some local reputation as a conjurer, made medicine and said that ‘it was no good our going further, as he had in his dreams seen Huskies [*i.e.* Eskimoes] killing musk ox along the Coppermine and there were none left’. Melvill was afraid that the four Indians, including the guide, might desert. But Little Bird— ‘a fairly sensible man’—talked them all round; and anyway (Melvill added) Little Bird and Jimmie were so keen to see the Eskimo that nothing would have stopped them going on.

Early in April at that latitude there is daylight at three in the morning. Next day, 7 April, they started early, travelled quickly down to the river, and found ‘a fairly large tributary coming in from the west’. ‘However,’ Melvill wrote ‘we had nothing to guide us, the Coppermine has never been explored [*i.e.* mapped in detail in that part] and we had to do the best we could.’ The river was quite

narrow—‘about the width of the Severn at Shrewsbury’; patches of open water and rough ice showed that the river was swift, probably swifter than the Indians’ description of the river as good for canoeing would show. That night they camped at what must have been a white man’s old camp, for they found the ridge pole of a tent still sticking in the trees—‘a thing Indians never use’. Examining the cutting in the trees and the later growth, Pete McCallum declared that the camp was at least sixty years old—quite possibly one of Sir John Richardson’s.

Here they seem to have stopped to hunt, partly perhaps because of cold weather, for there were night temperatures of 20° and 25° below zero and ‘a keen north wind’ blowing up the river valley every day. They had one tent only—a big canvas teepee of Melvill’s—which all shared, the white men sleeping on one side, the Indians on the other.⁷ Every day the Indians hunted and killed caribou almost whenever they wanted, but saw no signs of musk ox. Melvill gives an account—half admiring, half despairing—of the Indian way of travelling on the hunt; the origin of the curious crooked trotting half-run that Hornby seemed able to sustain indefinitely. ‘Indians hunting cover a lot of ground, travelling at a jog trot, hard to keep up with, over any kind of country rough or smooth. There is no stalking or finesse about their hunting, they walk all animals up (except moose) and when close run at them. Hornby can keep up with them, but personally I can’t. They are good shots but waste ammunition firing at long and impossible ranges.’

The country east of the Coppermine they found very different from the Bear Lake side. From the lake and over the high divide the country was very rough and rocky; but once across the river they found the country to be a rolling grassy plain ‘not unlike the Hampshire Downs’, punctuated with some hills which Melvill guessed to be ‘close to 400 ft altitude’. Travelling as they were by sled they had no need to follow the river valley, and found that the farther east they went and the nearer they came to the ocean, ‘the smoother and easier the travelling’. In every sheltered

valley spruce or willow could be found; there were very few rocks except for the big outcrops. It was still winter, but because of the constant winds blowing and drifting the snow, and also because of light snowfall (only about ten inches a year, Melvill thought) there were only about one or two inches of snow on level ground. Though they saw the country at its least attractive, Melvill judged that 'if this country were placed further south in a more genial climate, it could certainly rank high as a grazing country for cattle or sheep'; and Mackinlay from his experience of the attractive and potentially fruitful Back's River country said that 'this would be a beautiful country in summer'.

They went on down the Coppermine, hunting on both sides but seeing no sign of musk ox. Melvill gives no dates; and 'none of us' (he says gaily enough) 'had much idea where we were, that is how far from the coast'. One afternoon André found a fresh trail that led them to a well-worn Eskimo track marked by stones; they also passed stone butts used by the Eskimo for hiding during their caribou hunts with bow and arrow. One of the Indians found a pile of bones from about sixty or seventy freshly killed musk ox which they gravely agreed confirmed André's dream. But they sighted no Eskimo.

Now they had run out of caribou meat and the continual cold weather had pinned the caribou in the timber. They had plenty of pounded meat, but the dogs, though not starving, were faring badly. Indians and white men were sharing their food and their hunting. The day they found the musk ox bones they camped near a small lake from which a stream flowed down into the Coppermine. 'There was good spruce timber all round, and down the creek, behind us to the North, was a range of round-topped hills'—later named by Douglas the September Mountains. Next morning they climbed to the top of a hill and looking northward 'to our astonishment saw the Arctic Sea' only, they thought, 'some twenty or thirty miles away' though actually at least forty miles.⁸ Visibility was unlimited; they could see 'the high ground of Wollas-

ton Land beyond' and 'hundreds of islands' that made them think there would be no trick to going across by canoe 'island to island'.

It was 'too late to go down to the coast that day' so they returned to camp, the Indians very excited, and had a long talk that night. Next morning there was thick fog and for some hours they thought André had got lost hunting. Next day the heavy north wind blew the fog away but made travelling bad: there was nothing for it but another day in camp. The Indians passed the time with their favourite gambling game—

exactly similar to 'Up Jenkins', and they play for matches, cartridges, or plugs of tobacco. When playing one of them usually beats a tom-tom, and they all sing a monotonous chant of *ay-ay-ha-ha-he-he-ho-ho*, the man who is guessing and the side being guessed getting wildly excited.

Stormbound in one tent, the white men could stand only so much of this. Melvill after a time 'stopped the chant and the tom-tom' and the game languished. Then there was much elaborate discussion, a careful rationalising by the Indians of the fact that they did not intend to go any farther north. So it remained for Melvill and his white companions to decide whether they would themselves go on alone or return with the Indians.

I expect most people will think us awful cowards when I say that we turned back, but the fact was that we had no dog food and unless we got plenty of caribou going back, not only the dogs but ourselves would be on pretty short commons; and also after all we had come out to get musk ox so as to support a commercial venture, and we were not an Arctic exploring party, and since it was the Indians' intention to go back a different route, part of which they knew and where they had killed musk ox a year or so previously, we decided . . . to go back with them.

Next day they turned south, travelled three days over the old route east of the river, then struck across country from Teepee Creek to the east end of the Dismal Lakes and down the valley of the Teshierpi River to Caribou Bay. South of Dease River, in the first days of May, they met 'immense herds of caribou, some thousands of them'— 'the country black with caribou'—and stopped for a day to hunt. Perhaps it was of this occasion that Melvill spoke later.

At one time a few miles from Caribou Lake we saw thousands [of caribou] pass us . . . we threw stones at them, and when hit they would run off like a cow a few yards, the ones beyond them not caring in the slightest. . . . We shot all we could at a few yards range, but had no more cartridges, and when we had finished shooting we watched them pass. It was like passing a herd of cattle in a lane at home, they just moved out of our way, and no more.

If it had been earlier in the season they could easily have killed and dried all the meat they wanted and gone out to the Arctic coast 'quite safely'. After a day's hunting, however, the caribou had mysteriously vanished. But there were signs of musk ox and the country— 'rolling grassy plains with plenty of shelter much as clumps of spruce trees and narrow creek beds filled with willows'—looked most promising.

The weather had been foggy and unfavourable; but in the end Tato sighted a small band of seven musk ox, and set off after them into the fog with all the people and dogs in full cry after them. Melvill saw little enough 'as I am no runner', but he caught a glimpse of the musk oxen. They reminded him of 'big Skye terriers without tails'; 'they ran like sheep and every now and then would stop, turn round, and then run on again'. The dogs were useless, chased off after caribou, and took hours to collect. But Tato and Jimmie killed six cow musk ox and skinned them out that night.

Next day they set off for the Lake. Now that the dogs were well fed, they travelled very fast. They reached Caribou Bay in four days' travel, having been away 'nearly a month'—which suggests a date of about 1 or 2 May—and had travelled (Melvill thought) easily 350 miles. But they had taken few musk ox and had seen no Eskimo.

* * *

Two days after their return, François came in with a party of seven Indians—one of them being the only Indian Melvill had so far seen that could be regarded as a Chief. His name was Yay-he-ya; he was a man of great influence at Fort Good Hope; he received a retaining fee of 400 skins a year from the Hudson's Bay Company for services not specified. He came into the room of Melvill's house with his followers and drank tea, although not until—'being kind of educated'—he had first called in vain for whisky. When he stood up, all his men stood up; and they would sit down only when he gave them permission. He had with him an Eskimo for whom he apologised repeatedly, explaining that 'he was a savage and did not know our ways'. He had a prolonged talk with Mackinlay after which he gave up in trade what skins he had with him. He offered to trade all his skins—about \$2500 worth—but the skins were in camp about 200 miles away, and the season was too late for Melvill to travel there. It was a diverting encounter, but not very profitable.

In any case it was time to move back to Fort Franklin for the spring trade: the Indians would be shifting there for their spring hunt before going on down to Norman in July. Of course Great Bear Lake was not open yet; arrangements had to be made with the Indians to bring the York boat back to Franklin later loaded with the stores, which, because of the small trade, were almost untouched. For a consideration in tea and tobacco the Indians finally agreed to stay until the lake was open, and to take the York boat across then, and on 8 May Melvill set off by dog sled with Mackinlay and McCallum, carrying ten days' provisions. Hornby stayed behind.

The weather was getting warmer but it was still zero at night: travelling conditions should have been excellent. To avoid 'the big crack' on the northern traverse, and for the sake of caribou, they took the southerly route. Franklin, they thought, would be a ten days' sled journey away; but they were not that lucky. There were storms; they ran out of food; they had to shelter with an Indian they met by chance. When they had come to the last stretch, and still ten days to go, they were reduced to eating seagulls—'filthy to eat', Melvill said, 'but better than starving'. The trip took three times as long as they had expected; and so disagreeable was it that Melvill was glad even to reach Franklin and get into their house there again 'although it is a God-forsaken place enough'.

The date of their arrival is not recorded: it must have been early June. The first thing Melvill did was to pay off McCallum who, though his engagement had another two months to run, was anxious to get on with some other project of his own.⁹ All the gear at Franklin was untouched. The outcome of the winter's trade was disappointing but not trifling: they had about £400 worth of marten and a few beaver; they had foxes too, though most of them were the wrong colour, and two Barren Ground grizzlies 'a faded yellow colour and with very coarse hair' more attractive to the curator of a natural history museum than to a fur-trader. Their plans for next year were indefinite: they hoped to take more fur, and might stay at Franklin to trade with the Indians there; or Mackinlay might go by himself to the Sweet-scented Hills 250 miles away at the north-west end of the lake. In any case the venture had by no means failed. Melvill had paid all expenses including building six houses, and had paid back about £300 capital. He admitted that during the winter he had suffered 'a good deal of anxiety'; now he had no fears for the future and was encouraged that the Indians should tell him the fur would be better next year. On 10 July Melvill wrote from Fort Norman. He had just arrived there, taking only twelve hours to run down the tempestuous river that the year before had taken twelve labori-

ous days to ascend. The steamer was leaving; and after it had gone, Melvill set out to hunt woodland caribou and mountain sheep within three days' travel of Franklin.

* * *

When Melvill and the others went out to Franklin, Hornby decided that he would stay on the north shore of the lake. He and the Indian Jimmie and perhaps one other were going to go to Big-Stick Island— 'an island of large timber out in the Barrens' where there were trees big enough to attract the Eskimo to come for sleigh runners. The Indians had seen Huskies there the year before: and since their most northerly trip along the Coppermine in the spring had failed to bring about a meeting with the Eskimo, Hornby thought that in this place—about half-way between Caribou Bay and Dease Bay (actually closer to Caribou Bay than to the mouth of the Dease River)—he would be more likely to find them. 'Jack will be all right alone among the Indians', Melvill said; Jimmie was, he knew, 'a pretty decent Indian' and Jimmie's wife would cook for him.

There is no record of a trip to Big-Stick Island; lying to the west near what was later called Stefansson Creek, it was not far away. If Hornby went there immediately after Melvill's departure it was a short trip and evidently no Eskimo showed up. On 10 May, only two days after Melvill had left, Hornby was already on the Coppermine; and on the 15th, when he 'saw a few bands of caribou between the Coppermine and Tree River', must have been on his way back to Caribou Bay. His own notes show that he was at Caribou Bay on 25 May and between 1 and 10 June. The only other record shows him near the Big Bend of the Coppermine, in company with Jimmie Soldat, Canahi, and Tato; here he 'saw Caribou in Thousands and countless bands had apparently passed, all circling N.E.'.

There is no definite evidence that Hornby spent the winter of 1909-10 on the north shore of Great Bear Lake:

it is much more likely that he returned to the base at old Fort Franklin, crossing the lake late in the season with the York boat. The Fort Norman Journal of the Hudson's Bay Company records for 1 October 1909 that 'McKenley & Party' were 'giving Debts to all the Indians at the Lake' and that Mackinlay was going out to Edmonton in the winter with a dog train to fetch another trading outfit. On 1 July 1910 Melvill, Hornby, and Mackinlay arrived from Bear Lake for their mail and were 'in and out of the house' until 26 July when they all left for Bear Lake with McCallum and Joe Hodgson. Hodgson, a retired Hudson's Bay Company factor, had for a long time wanted to spend a season or so out of the way of trade with his family on the Dease River. Melvill had agreed to take him, with his wife, son, daughter, and nephew, in the York boat; Pete McCallum was probably going to help Hodgson build his house. So the whole party crossed late in the summer and on 20 August Hornby was 'travelling along the North Shore of G. Bear Lake before reaching Dease Bay'. The York boat must have crossed direct to Dease Bay; Hornby had probably gone with a group of Indians to the old establishment at Caribou Bay to bring the last of their stores and gear over to the new base. The journey he was to make often in the future between Dease Bay and Hornby Bay may well have been made easy by following a route along the gravelly hanging beaches that run across the face of Caribou Point up to a level nearly 500 feet above the lake water. The 'Caribou Notes' show that between 23 August and 1 September he was travelling east of Janitzi Creek, about ten miles up the Dease River; and so, after an interval of two years, a meeting with Vilhjalmur Stefansson was brought about.

* * *

Stefansson, when he left Melvill's party in 1908, had agreed to try to meet them on the Coppermine the following year. But he had been delayed at the coast and reached the Coppermine in the late spring of 1910, a year late for

the rendezvous. On the Coppermine he saw signs of Melvill having been there, and travelled down to Bear Lake in the hope that he had not yet gone out. At the mouth of the Dease River he saw no recent marks of occupation, left a note in a tin in a conspicuous place, and turned north again to rejoin his Eskimo companions.¹⁰ He had no sooner rejoined them at Big Stick Island than he sighted a group of Indians, led by Jimmie Soldat, looking (they said) for Eskimo. Jimmie told Stefansson that he was working for Hornby and had been told by Hornby to try to find Stefansson so that Stefansson could introduce Jimmie to the Eskimo. Stefansson, after some hesitation, agreed to arrange a meeting. Because the Eskimo trusted Stefansson, the meeting of Indians and Eskimo was friendly and propitious. And Jimmie Soldat, suddenly reassured, the danger past, set about at once to convert the whole Eskimo party to the Roman Catholic faith, distributing coloured religious prints, and offering to shrieve them all if they would renounce their heathenish ways.

This was in early September. Jimmie Soldat, as it turned out, had no such definite instructions from Hornby: he simply wanted to go down in history as the first Indian to establish friendly relations with the Eskimo; he would also have liked to be praised by the Bishop. He went back to Hornby and, now that Stefansson was on the look-out, Melvill and Hornby met Stefansson on 13 September. Melvill gave Stefansson the latest news from Norman: King Edward VII had died, and a heavier-than-air machine had flown across the English Channel.

After meeting Melvill and Hornby, Stefansson returned to Big Stick Island and found the Eskimo there threatened with starvation. He decided therefore not to go down to the Arctic coast with them but to build on the headwaters of the Dease River and rejoin the Eskimo at the coast next spring. Leaving his two Eskimo companions to build a cabin on what is now called Stefansson Creek, he walked the thirty miles down the Dease River at the end of September, and spent a pleasant fortnight with Hornby and Melvill, and with the Hodgsons who

were now well established on a pretty headland a short distance up the river. Melvill, because of the relatively poor trade in their first winter on Great Bear Lake, had decided to abandon the establishment at Caribou Bay. In the late summer of 1910, he and Hornby had built a single house on the shore of Bear Lake near the mouth of the Dease River about half a mile east of old Fort Confidence. The fort had been a considerable group of log buildings, but had been reduced by fire and pilfering to leave (as George Douglas later said) 'only the huge stone chimneys . . . like the monoliths of Salisbury Plain, monuments of a bygone time'. Here they found firewood, cut by Richardson's men: it looked as fresh as if it had been chopped last year, and—as Stefansson noted scornfully—was 'piled up methodically after the nature of Englishmen'.¹¹

* * *

About the first winter Hornby spent with Melvill at Dease Bay 1910-11 there is very little information. Early in October the Indians reported that they had seen caribou in thousands between Dease Bay and Hornby Bay; between 10 and 14 October an enormous herd of caribou crossed the headwaters of the Dease—'Certainly a great many hundreds of thousands, and probably millions', Stefansson said, though he much regretted that he had not actually seen them.¹² At the beginning of November Hornby saw the caribou come back 'in thousands but scattered out'. On 8 November Stefansson called at the Hodgson and Melvill houses to say good-bye, and set off from the mouth of the Dease westerly to travel by way of Horton River to meet Dr Anderson at Langton Bay. On about 20 January he returned with Anderson from the coast and paid a short visit to Hornby and Melvill on his way to his house on the upper Dease River. For the interval Hornby preserved only some notes of caribou in December, January, and then for February.

Perhaps Hornby was already—to some extent at least—preoccupied with matters other than travel, trade,

and hunting. In 1909, or even as early as 1908, Hornby had first met among the Indians who came to establish Melvill at Caribou Bay, a young Sastudene Indian woman named Arimo.¹³ In his journal letters of 1908-9 Cosmo Melvill wrote down the names of five Indians who had gone with him taking their wives; he noted also an Indian named Tato or Tattoo who came with his old mother and a sister, and a single Indian named Sugar. In addition to these there were 'two unattached women who belong to Tato's outfit, one called the Widow and the other who is a cripple and can walk on her hands and knees we call the Bear, and another boy who is Klary's nephew'. 'The Widow' must be Arimo—Fr Ducot first introduced her to D'Arcy Arden in 1914 in the style of widow—and the boy who was Klary's nephew was Arimo's son Harry, already a child of five or six when Hornby and Melvill first came to Bear Lake in 1908.

Arimo was noticed by various people in the next few years as a woman of great charm and force of character. A forthright, merry person, with an excellent memory and outstanding warmth of personality, she was intelligent above the other members of her group and left a vivid impression upon anybody who met her, and in the years that have passed since then, those who have met her seem always to have been left with an impression of her dignity. The early course of their love is not known. But by the time George Douglas arrived at Dease Bay in the summer of 1911, Hornby had built a cabin for her near the Melvill-Hornby house by Fort Confidence. Melvill had nothing to say about her, nor ever referred to her; perhaps he did not even know of any relation between Hornby and Arimo. Their behaviour was nothing if not discreet; for Fr Ducot, the Oblate missionary at Fort Norman, recommending Arimo to D'Arcy Arden as an accomplished needlewoman in 1914, spoke of her only in terms of high respect and gave her a high reputation. There can be no doubt however that Arimo's presence accounts, to some extent at least, for Hornby's allegiance to Dease Bay.

Before leaving for the coast late in March, Stefansson and Anderson called again on Hornby and Melvill to get some articles of trade—butter-knives, needles, empty tin cans—before finally leaving for Coronation Gulf.¹⁴ In March Hornby took a trip north of Fort Confidence through the twelve-mile fringe of timber that fringes the north shore of the lake, but saw no caribou. In April he travelled up the Dease River as far as Anderson Creek, and at the end of that month noted that the Indians had killed large numbers of caribou south of Janitzi Creek. The Indians, encouraged by the presence of the two groups of white people, had become quite numerous at Dease Bay and looked as though they would now live there permanently. But any journals or letters written at this time by Melvill and Hornby have now vanished and there is no way of telling how that first winter on Dease Bay was passed, nor even whether in trapping and trading they prospered. By the end of the spring Melvill had decided to leave Great Bear Lake.

After a modest success in the first winter, the trading venture had not developed on the scale Mackinlay had led Melvill to expect. Mackinlay was becoming restless and bored with his efforts to establish the trade at Fort Franklin. Melvill himself, a hunter by instinct rather than a trader, was also becoming restless. Whether or not Hornby had contributed anything to the initial outlay of the expedition in 1908, Melvill now turned over to Hornby whatever was left of the trading outfit in final payment for his services to the party. It was not a very rich possession. But for Hornby the three years on Great Bear Lake were crucial: they mark the beginning of his fatal devotion to the Barren Ground. All fascination, like love, undermines what the world calls reason: and in the end the Barren Ground was to steal Hornby's reason. He had not yet travelled to the Arctic coast. But any one of those relatively short journeys he had made down the Coppermine valley, or the crossing of Caribou Point from Caribou Bay to Fort Confidence, or the visits to Big Stick Island and the upper Dease River had carried him out of

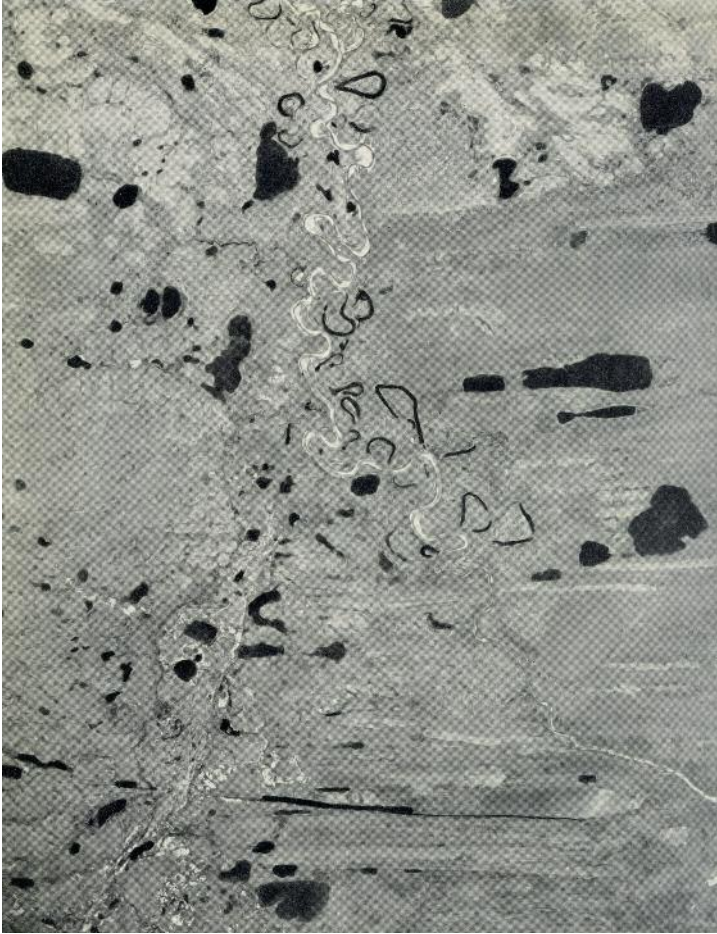
the fringe of trees that skirts the lake in a narrow band and follows in slender tongues only along the sheltered valleys. Beyond the trees lay the rolling heavily eroded Barren Ground—miraculous in spring, desolate but not inhospitable grassland in summer, pitiless in winter. By the spring of 1911 John Hornby, the agile little man of thirty, was already becoming the obsessed devotee.

The Legend of John Hornby



4. Fort Norman; the main street in 1911

5. Indians leaving on a summer journey with Hornby, summer 1912



6. Upper Dease River, ten miles from Lake Rouvière: Hanbury's Kopje and junction of Sandy Creek at top. North is to the left

CHAPTER III

Dease Bay
1911-12

IN ORDER TO MEET the first steamer at Fort Norman, Melvill and Hornby set out from Dease Bay, leaving Joe Hodgson and his family behind. They joined Mackinlay at the Fort Franklin base, went on down the Bear River, and were camped on the river bank below the village of Fort Norman when the *Mackenzie River* came alongside at 2.30 in the morning of 5 July 1911.

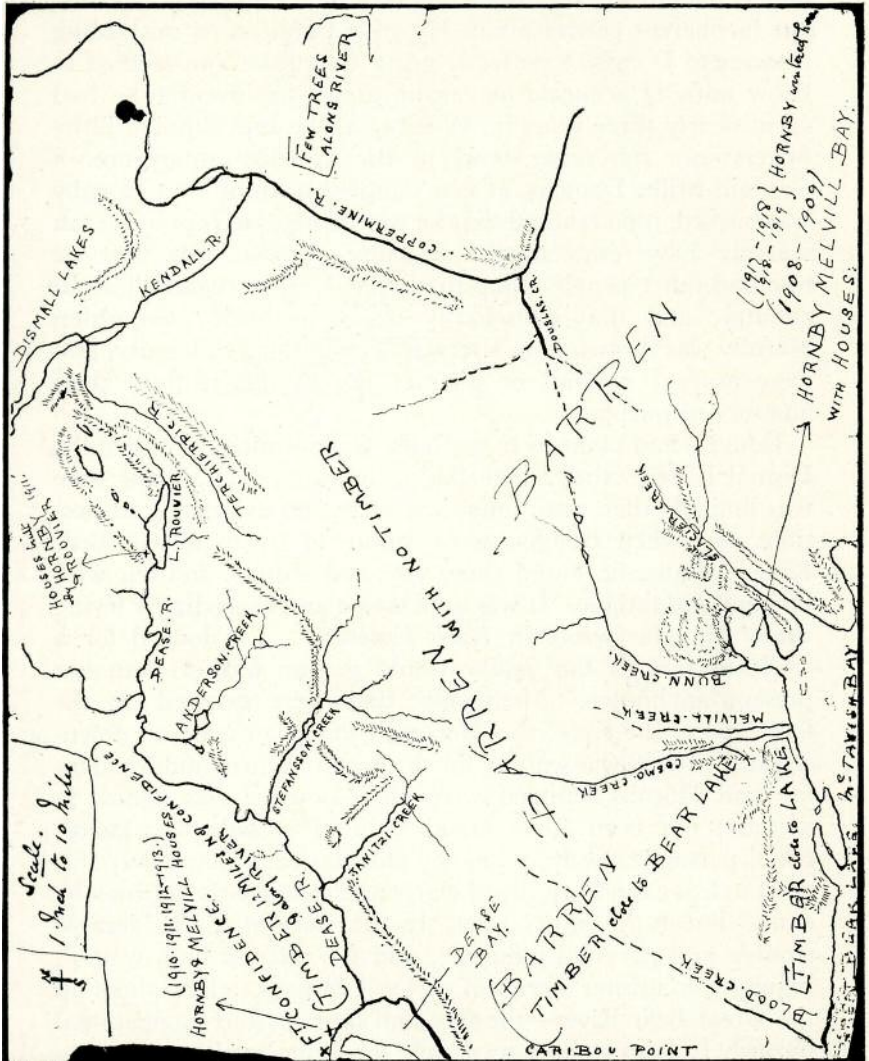
The steamer, bound for the Mackenzie delta on her first voyage of the season, stopped only for a few hours—long enough to dump cargo and gear on the staging or beach, and to take on cord-wood, cargo, and passengers. On this occasion three canoes with the names of stars—*Polaris*, *Procyon*, *Aldebaran*—were put ashore, and a large York boat named *Jupiter* was cast loose from her tow. This outfit belonged to a party of three men bound for the Coppermine on a mineralogical expedition. The *Mackenzie River* was still alongside when breakfast was served in the saloon. Hornby, Melvill, and Mackinlay came on board to share the meal and so for the first time met the leader of the expedition.

George Douglas was a tall Viking figure, standing well over six feet, with aquiline features and penetrating blue eyes. Born in 1876, he was the son of a restless but brilliant army surgeon who had a taste for sailing boats and was one of only two medical V C's then living. George Douglas spent his first ten years where he was born, at Northcote, near Lakefield, Ontario. As a boy he had worked on the farm there, had canoed and camped in the bush with his younger brother Lionel. Lionel had gone from school at The Grove, Lakefield, to merchant service training in England and had risen rapidly to command in

the Canadian Pacific Steamships. George went to Trinity College School, Port Hope, and had started to train as an engineer at the University of Toronto when his father sold Northcote and the Lakefield property and removed to England. Here George was apprenticed to the armament firm of Armstrong's, then had three years' training with Hawthorne and Leslie in Newcastle, and returned to Armstrong's after another three years at sea. He abruptly left that employment and worked as a specialist in gas-power plant in lower California, in Milwaukee, and in central Mexico. But that life proved too great a strain on him, and in 1905 he came back to Lakefield on a holiday. By 1907 he had regained possession of Northcote and the various parcels of land his father had owned there on Lake Katchewanooka and Stony Lake. In 1908, when he returned to Northcote from England, he had no definite plans in mind. His cousin, James Douglas, financier and mining promoter, hearing that George had some thoughts of doing some work in the northern Ontario mines, offered to grubstake him if he would examine the mineral deposits on the Coppermine River. Although George argued that a thorough survey would take three years at least, he agreed to make an exploratory study. In the autumn of 1910 he started to make detailed plans: leave of absence was secured for Lionel Douglas: the party was completed with Dr August Sandberg, a mineralogist seven or eight years older than Douglas who had worked with him in California.

George Douglas, then thirty-three, planned his expedition with a scrupulous care and forethought typical of him. Because he had never travelled in the far north before, he collected and studied all the books he could find about Arctic exploration and travel. Now alongside at Fort Norman at the edge of his unknown country, he was not the man to miss an opportunity of picking up first-hand information from people who had already travelled that country. So he questioned Melvill and Hornby narrowly that morning over breakfast on the *Mackenzie River*.

The Legend of John Hornby



I Great Bear Lake. Hornby's MS map drawn in 1923 or 1925

George Whalley

Melvill, Douglas found, was reticent—‘the typical British big-game hunter’—well-informed about the country, a good observer, careful to answer questions fully and accurately. He made Douglas a sketch-map to show where he had travelled and, once started, discussed freely all the details of the country he thought could be useful. Jim Mackinlay, it’s true, was drunk and kept saying what a dangerous river the Bear was. Hornby made on Douglas no very prepossessing impression. Small, fidgety, voluble, ‘just like a monkey’, he chattered, pouring out incoherent conversation. He gave facetious or misleading answers to Douglas’s perfectly grave questions, and seemed to know nothing accurate or certain about the country he had spent nearly three years in. Worst of all he kept dipping filthy fingers into the sugar bowl to the growing annoyance of Captain Mills. Douglas, at first tempted to think that Hornby was bushed, soon realised that he was being evasive; but he can scarcely have guessed that Hornby’s reason was that he resented other people going into what he now regarded as *his* country, and that consciously or by neurotic compulsion Hornby was throwing up a screen of confusion, ambiguity, and vagueness to mislead or distract the Douglasses from their announced purpose.

Douglas had planned to go to the Coppermine by way of the Dismal Lakes, using Dease Bay as a winter base. Their time was limited; they were impatient to get on as quickly as possible. But when Douglas went ashore to try to recruit Bear Lake Indians, he found them coy and elusive, smitten with languor and fatigue. ‘It was an irksome and exceedingly trying time,’ Douglas wrote in *Lands Forlorn*; ‘. . . it looked for a while as though the *Jupiter* would get no farther than her present anchorage.’ Meanwhile they were camped on the foreshore of the river; the *Mackenzie River* had gone on downstream; Melvill was waiting for the ship to return, and Mackinlay and Hornby camped with him. Douglas was almost in despair; not even Leon Gaudet, the Hudson’s Bay factor, could persuade the Bear Lakers. Douglas even made preparations to leave the York boat behind and to make the journey

by canoe. But in the end Gaudet, 'by the exertion of considerable trouble and personal influence, and the offer of high wages', managed to muster a crew of six local Indians to help them up the Great Bear River—the first and most serious navigational hazard. It wasn't many men; but the Douglasses' outfit ran to only three and a half tons, and *Jupiter* drew no more than eighteen inches. At 4.10 in the afternoon of 8 July, leaving the canoe *Procyon* at Fort Norman in case they decided to return by way of the Porcupine and Yukon Rivers, the Douglasses set off—three white men and six Indians—in a cloud of Indian talk and tobacco smoke, to make the ninety-mile strenuous tracking journey up the cold, swift shallows of the Great Bear River.

Melvill and Mackinlay waited at Norman for the southbound *Mackenzie River* to take them to their next hunting ground—Gravel River.¹ Whether or not Hornby lamented Melvill's going away does not appear and Mackinlay had never been continuously with the party in the last couple of years. In any case, in an absent-minded way, Hornby was already engaged in another line of activity which would soon bring him into close relation with the Douglas party. Douglas at the time would not have welcomed such a suggestion, for at the first meeting on board he quickly realized that Hornby wanted to join his party, and 'after sizing him up for an hour or so decided we would get along better without him'.

Some months earlier, on 28 December 1910, Hornby had written from Dease Bay to Father Ducot of the Fort Norman mission in the following terms.

We have met a party of Eskimoes who come every year. This summer there were eight men, six women and some children. Mr Stevenson [Stefansson], who came here with three Eskimoes from Herschell Island, told me there was another band of them quite near. The Eskimoes come at the end of August and leave when the first snow falls. They seem very intelligent. . . . The Eskimoes and Indians are frightened of each other and it would be dan-

gerous for Indians to try and meet Eskimoes without having a white man with them, because the Eskimoes have a bad opinion of the Indians. If you intend sending someone to meet the Eskimoes, we shall be pleased to give you all the help we can.

The Young Bishop Breynat, who gives the text of the letter, regarded this as having 'every appearance of an invitation from heaven'. He promptly directed a young priest named Rouvière to leave the mission of Fort Good Hope as soon as the season opened, to travel to Dease Bay, to find the Coronation Gulf Eskimo and minister to them: 'we should like to send a few specimens to Paradise'. Rouvière set out '*joyusement*' in the mission vessel *Sainte-Marie* on 6 July and reached Norman a day or two later. Bishop Breynat was in Fort Norman when the *Mackenzie River* arrived. Because of his earlier negotiations with the mission, and after he had failed to attach himself to the Douglas party, Hornby entered into some undertaking—vague enough, no doubt—to help establish an Oblate mission to the Coronation Gulf Eskimo about whom Stefansson had only recently given news to the world at large. After the Douglas party had left for Bear Lake, Hornby had not long to wait at Fort Norman before Rouvière arrived.

Jean-Baptiste Rouvière, as he looks a little fiercely out of photographs taken a few months later, does not look—despite his black beard—a day older than his thirty years. He was born in Mende (Lozere); his eyes are guileless, the mouth sensitive, as though his home had been in some slow soil, stubborn to yield. He preserves a peasant gravity, untainted by urbane ways; his resolution and courage (and clearly he was going to need both) grow out of a kind of animal stillness, great simplicity and concentration of desire, utter candour of manner and response. Those qualities have not yet, however, matured into quiet power. He may lack a radical sense of humour, yet at times is merry enough, quick to observe others, shrewd in judging. He was a man who commanded respect at

once; it took longer to learn affection for him.

It is unlikely that Hornby was actually employed by the mission to help Rouvière. Perhaps he had stirred up the Indians against Douglas in order to temporise until Rouvière arrived, until he himself could start for Dease River so that the Douglasses should not get there first. But his attitude towards a mission to the Eskimo was also very ambiguous. He was not convinced that the Eskimo would be improved by a mission; yet if there was to be a missionary in the country perhaps better to travel with him than not know what he was up to. Also he might do some fur-trading with the Eskimo, particularly for musk-ox skins.

Hornby came to like and admire Rouvière; but he did not address himself impetuously or even steadily to the task of getting him to Dease Bay. As though intent upon finding out what the Douglasses were doing, Hornby made his way up Bear River as quickly as possible. The Bear Lake Indians who had declined to help Douglas now wanted to show the Fort Norman Indians that they were better and faster travellers. It is not clear which day Hornby and Rouvière started from Norman; Rouvière had practically no outfit and Hornby's main outfit was at Franklin. The Douglasses reached Franklin on 14 July after tracking steadily for the last two and a half days, and anchored *Jupiter* ready to make the long crossing to Dease Bay. At breakfast time the next morning, Hornby and Rouvière arrived with Janitzi's small York boat; but the Fort Norman Indians had already set off down the Bear River in their big birchbark canoe the night before, and mocked the Bear Lakers as they passed.

Next day the Douglasses set sail for Dease Bay in *Jupiter*. They had only one Indian to help them—François, who brought his wife and small daughter with him and a dog. On that day Fr Rouvière wrote his first letter to Fr Ducot, and spoke of the vagueness of Hornby's plans.

Yesterday in the evening I saw Hornby. . . . Mr Hornby is a bit anxious. Hod[g]son has not arrived yet. Until he does he [Hornby] has no boat; he thinks to put part of his supplies in Yanisse's barge and cross in a little canoe; nothing useful decided. The Indians think of leaving [for Dease Bay] on Tuesday if the wind is fair. I shall probably continue my voyage with them as far as the head of the Lake. After that, I don't know how I shall make out. . .

I saw Mr Hornby today Sunday. Nothing has been decided about where to winter. His idea is to get as close as possible to the Eskimo, perhaps going right to the sea-coast to winter. His scheme seems all right to me; but if we adopt this plan, our winter supplies are another matter; almost impossible to take them so far without enormous expense. A second obstacle is the return [journey]. We have to have an Indian to go with us all the time, so that he could lead us back and I doubt whether we could find a family to do that. I am determined to do all I can to get an Eskimo family to stay with us. This way we could learn their language quickly—an indispensable step towards ministering among them. That can't be finally decided until after the first meeting [with them]. . .

But Hornby was again defensively vague. He could not move his gear, he argued, until the Hodgsons arrived from Dease River with his York boat. So Rouvière went on as he had planned in Janitzi's small York boat. The Douglasses met Joe Hodgson homeward bound at Gros Cap and finally reached Dease Bay on 25 July. On 21 July Rouvière, in sight of Point Etacho, met Hodgson, added a postscript to his letter, and sent it out to Fr Ducot with Hodgson.

When Rouvière reached Dease River on 29 July he found that George Douglas and Sandberg had already left to explore the route up the Dease River to the Dismal Lakes and on to the Coppermine. Lionel Douglas had stayed behind—helped, though not for long, by François and his wife—to build their winter house on what they now called Hodgson's Point, some four miles up the river

from the lake and immediately below the first rapids. Hodgson had given them permission to use his house there, but the Douglases found it poorly built and decided to build another about a hundred yards from 'Hodgson's shack'. Lionel—or 'Lion', as his brother invariably called him—built carefully and affectionately. The fireplace was to be a replica of a fireplace at Northcote. All things, as far as materials and time allowed, were to be made snug and efficient by the exercise of a seamanlike imagination and ingenuity.

* * *

George Douglas and August Sandberg had set out on their exploratory trip on 28 July before Rouvière arrived. Travelling by canoe, they found the Dease River broad but with many rapids; and the water often so shoal that the canoe had to be waded. 'It was all mercilessly hard work, harder than even the tracking [up Bear River].' It could have been a pleasant journey, but the season was advancing and they had little enough time to reconnoitre a route to the Coppermine. Even at their best speed, with the one long portage above what they called No. 1 Camp, it took six days to reach their first major landmark on the way to the Dismal Lakes—the 'kopje-shaped hill' described by Hanbury as marking the junction of Sandy Creek and Dease River.

Hanbury, making his way in July and August 1902 from the Coppermine to Bear Lake, had been travelling downstream: travelling upstream was a different matter, for every branch in the river presented a dilemma that had never confronted Hanbury. Douglas, with typical thoroughness and forethought, had copied a sketch-map made by the Canadian Geological Survey: it purported to be a paced survey of the country between Bear Lake and the Coppermine. But he had also studied the accounts of Hearne and Simpson, of Franklin, Richardson, and Rae; and Hanbury's book was his chief guide in those many cases where the map was unduly reticent or failed to co-

incide with the country or the written reports. The country was extremely complex and confusing. The Dease River, after turning to the east near the Dismal Lakes, becomes heavily ox-bowed, meandering through a sandy plain; the whole area is a perplexing labyrinth of featureless gravelly Barren and standing water. For seven or eight days Douglas and Sandberg tried to find the way up Sandy Creek, exploring by canoe and on foot to the northward. 'It was desperately discouraging work, incessant hauling, unloading, packing, reloading, and hauling, and so on *da capo*.' They tried going farther up the Dease River towards (what was later known to them as) Lake Rouvière, could find nothing to match Hanbury's account, grew disheartened, and gave the name Camp Despair to their camp farther up the Dease River. Then they tried Sandy Creek again. This time they were encouraged to find chopped wood left by some earlier English traveller—Simpson most probably in his overland journey to the sea in 1857—startlingly unchanged by seventy years of exposure; they persisted and found Hanbury's route. In three days, with a six and a half mile portage at the end of it, they came to the north-eastern end of the Dismal Lakes in the evening of about 15 August.

Once on the Dismal Lakes, the way was comparatively straightforward even though the map still lied. Canoeing south through the three Dismal Lakes they found their way into the Kendall River—much longer and more filled with rapids than expected—and so into the Coppermine River. They made a base camp at the big easterly bend in the river at Stony Creek, on the west bank, below what they were later to call the September Mountains; and from there leisurely prospected the Coppermine Mountains from 18 to 25 August.

On 13 August, Douglas and Sandberg had met their first Eskimo near the Dismal Lakes.

He was a stoutly built man, about five feet four inches high. His hair hung straight and black behind, all the front part of it was cropped close to the skin. His face

was open and intelligent, with rosy cheeks and a candidly engaging smile. He was dressed in caribou skins and seal-skin boots, his general appearance was quite as clean as our own and a pleasant contrast to the dirty, sulky Indians we were used to. He had some spears, and a bow and arrows in a sealskin case lying on the ground; supported by four cross sticks was some kind of a roll of skin.

Douglas gave him some chocolate; the Eskimo accepted it dubiously, with elaborate hesitations, then was delighted at the taste. But the Eskimo were as timid as birds. When Douglas and Sandberg turned back to their portage, the Eskimo left them and disappeared toward the lake. The photographs of Coronation Gulf Eskimo taken at this time by George Douglas, and a little later by Hornby, show the 'strangers' faces frozen in a fleeting enchantment. The pictures have the poignant but arrested evanescence of photographs taken of children: very few people were ever to see their exact likeness again.

* * *

Despite an infuriating delay it was on 15 August—the day Douglas reached the Dismal Lakes—that Rouvière met his first Eskimo. The day after Douglas and Sandberg left on their exploratory trip, Rouvière had reached Dease Bay. A fortnight later, on 10 August, Hornby arrived by canoe with some Bear Lake Indians, cheerfully insensitive to Rouvière's zealous impatience. He had had to wait at Franklin, he said, to recover his York boat from Hodgson; he had not brought the York boat back with him, and nothing more is heard of it. Two days after reaching Dease Bay, Hornby set out in his own canoe with Rouvière to find the Eskimo.

Though they were travelling much lighter than Douglas and Sandberg, they found the going hard. 'What a river!' Rouvière told Fr Ducot; 'The current is very strong and there are places where there isn't enough water for

the canoe—and it goes on like that for a distance of fifteen miles. There are at least thirty or forty rapids to go up and each turning in the river is a rapid. We have to take the canoe one at each end and lift it in order to get it forward at all. Finally, after two days we managed to get past all the worst places.’ Next day the Indian Jimmie Soldat—the same who had been with Hornby at Caribou Bay and first arranged through Stefansson a meeting between Indians and Eskimo—came to tell them that he had met an Eskimo. Hornby and Rouvière went another four miles upstream and camped, and set out to look for the Eskimo. Other Indians were about and reported Eskimo; but rain and fog drove them back to camp. ‘We couldn’t see any distance and could hardly keep our direction without Mr Hornby’s compass and he had, that day, left it in camp.’ Next day, 15 August, they set out on foot, again encouraged by inaccurate Indian reports, determined to walk until they found Eskimo. They walked all day in a south-westerly direction; then north-east; then on intuition Rouvière turned north-west towards their camp, though Hornby declined to join him. ‘At last I’ve seen the Eskimo’, Rouvière cried in his two excited accounts of that first meeting—one to Bishop Breynat, the other to Fr Ducot—both written on 18 August from Dease River.

After three-quarters of an hour’s walk I see something at the top of a hill. I go in that direction to see what it is, and then I see several people in a cleft of the hill. Are they caribou? Are they men? I can’t tell at that distance. To make sure I go towards the hill. After walking about ten minutes, I see a crowd of people in the fold of the hill. There’s no doubt about it: these are Eskimo. Thanks, O mother Mary. One of the first points of my mission is about to be fulfilled. Be pleased to bless this first encounter. As soon as they see me they come towards me. One of them is walking in front, holding his arms to the sky and bowing at the same time. I reply by raising my arms aloft, and immediately they increase their pace. When they get close to me, the man who was walking in front turns to the others and calls to them the single

word 'Krablunar'— 'It's a white man.' He comes towards me, gives me his hand and takes me by the arm to present me to the whole group. I was wearing my cassock and carrying my Oblate cross. This latter strikes them at once. They look at it and I try by signs to tell how he who is on the cross was murdered for us. I shake hands with all of them and give out some medals which I place around their necks. All are overcome with admiration. They bring me to their camp and invite me to eat with them. Refuse? Not likely, because I had been walking since eight in the morning, it was nine in the evening, and myself nearly starved. Anyway I enjoy my food. Then I struggled to make them understand that I had come on their account and to stay among them. At once they all wanted to come with me to bring back our gear. I couldn't take them all. Nevertheless one of them followed me.

'I am resting today,' he told Fr Ducot on 18 August. 'Tomorrow . . . I am going back to Janisse's camp, to spend the day with them and then on to the head of Bear Lake, collect my communion vessels and some other things; then make my way back to Dismal Lake, and finally build a shelter for the winter and—between times—visit what other Eskimo happen to be about.'

The day after the first meeting with the Eskimo there was continuous heavy rain; the day after, Rouvière went to visit the Eskimo again. 'Mr Hornby discussed a number of things with the Eskimo,' Rouvière said, but 'they were too overcome with joy to be able to understand him'. These Eskimo, he noted, were not spoiled like the MacKenzie delta Eskimo; but one of them 'already owns a rifle for which he paid eight white fox skins'. Rouvière's plan, he told Bishop Breynat, was 'to winter in the district of the Dismal Lakes. . . . In a few days we are going to make our way there in order to fix up a shelter for the winter'. He was delighted with the Eskimo and on the whole encouraged by their response.

The first impression they left on me is very favourable and I think that if it's possible to meet them often, we'll be able to do much good. . . . Unfortunately we can't make them understand; but their language seems quite easy and very little different from the language of the Mackenzie Eskimo, if I can judge from the few words I've managed to pick out. Father Petitot's dictionary is going to be of great service to me. The words are very often the same or very closely similar.

There were grounds for modest elation: his first meeting with the Eskimo seemed propitious, and among the Indians at Dease Bay he had lost no opportunity to minister.

Among the Bear Lake natives I have made four baptisms: two daughters of Yanugli—Christine (2 years old), Magdeleine (8 days old); one daughter of Tatti, son-in-law of Kivikote; one son of Tatti's Johnny. I have also seen a group of Fort Rae people; but I haven't ministered among them. As for the Bear Lake people, I have confessed most of them and have also made their communion.

* * *

On 19 August to Lion's surprise Hornby arrived at Hodgson's Point with three Indians. 'What Hornby came back for I don't know—supplies?' Rouvière did not seem to know either; for although he had himself intended to travel the sixteen miles or so down to Dease Bay to collect his portable altar and some other things before establishing for the winter, he turned up on 22 August—as Lion noted—and had clearly come down 'to see what had happened to Hornby'. They both left together the day after Rouvière's return on 23 August, but with very few supplies. Hornby's failure to tell Lion what he was doing or why is typical of Hornby's continuing reticence. It was too soon for him to have outgrown his defensive suspicions or a certain derisive condescension towards the Douglas party.

Even in his letters of 18 August Rouvière had expressed the conviction that they must establish on the Dismal Lakes if they were to maintain anything like continuous contact with the Eskimo. The trouble was that neither Hornby nor Rouvière had any clear notion where the Dismal Lakes were. They had consulted ‘the map drawn by Franklin’ and thought they could reach the source of Dease River ‘in three days’ travel at most’; and expected to find the Dismal Lakes somewhere north of there. They left their first camp on 25 August, but after three days’ travel were obliged to think that their information might be inaccurate. ‘At each turn of the river we thought to see the lake at the source [of the river]; but no . . . it was only the following Tuesday [29 August] that we reached the source of the Dease River—or, more correctly, four miles from its source. The river became so bad that it was impossible to go farther with the canoe.’

We decided then to set out from there to reach Dismal Lake. Our first attempt was unsuccessful, thanks to a thick fog that enveloped us. We were in open desert. Not a willow, not a scrap of wood to fix up a vestige of a shelter. For the first time the compass was of use to us and brought us back to our camp. Two days afterward we set out again to look for Dismal Lake. After looking for three days across the barrens, we discovered Dismal Lake; but we were fooled again—we couldn’t see a single tree; and no place anywhere at all suitable for building a house.

They withdrew therefore to the Dease River, discovered a small lake ‘at the source of the Dease River where there was a little wood’, and decided to build a house there. By this time their canoe was impressively ruinous.

The site for the cabin was on the north shore of what Rouvière called Dease Lake, what the Eskimo called Lake Imaeririk, and what is now—following Douglas’s use—called Lake Rouvière. Rouvière and Hornby were camped there by 8 September; for (Rouvière reports) it was on that day that ‘a group of ten or twelve families [of Eski-

mos] came and pitched their camp around our tent'. On that day, or the day before, Douglas and Sandberg, coming to Hanbury's Kopje from the northward, saw smoke far to the east; but the first serious snowfall had caught them on the last night of their portage from the Dismal Lakes, the season was now advancing rapidly, and they decided not to investigate. This must have been smoke from Hornby's camp-fire on Lake Rouvière.

* * *

By good fortune, Hornby and Rouvière had scarcely arrived at Lake Rouvière when they killed three caribou. This allowed them to concentrate for a time on building their house without the distraction of hunting. Throughout the rest of that month and the first fortnight of October, Eskimo came to visit Rouvière almost every day—perhaps a total of 150 to 200 altogether, he thought.

All of them seem quite well disposed, and if I could manage to learn their language a little, I have plenty of hope in them. There will be some tough nuts among them, I think, but I don't think these will be in the majority. They are too good-hearted to put up much of a fight against grace. But the language—that's the trouble. I have collected some words, but not as many as I would have liked, and that—I must say frankly—is Mr Hornby's fault for leaving me alone for almost a month. Having to finish the house—or practically build the thing—I have had only a little time to devote to the Eskimo.

Clerical restraint cannot keep the note of annoyance and rebuke out of Rouvière's voice. Why did Hornby drift away when the house was hardly started? And where did he go? Neither question can be answered. Already before, and many times in the years to follow, Hornby does this: he will become bored or restless or apathetic, or simply he will lose interest and usually without apology or explanation neglect what might otherwise have seemed a clear responsibility or the demands of hospitality or

friendship. He will quietly drift away. But then he is just as likely, without reason or warning, to drift back again.

What is known for certain is that George Douglas arrived at Hodgson's Point from the Coppermine on 11 September and was delighted to find the winter house finished, all shipshape and well-appointed out of the ingenuity and skill of the sea-faring brother Lionel who, never having built a house before, had built affectionately. The reunion was a happy one and overflowed into George's desire to 'give Lion a change' and show him the country. Only a few days after George's return from the Coppermine, he and Lion set out to hunt and explore up the Dease River. On 20 September, somewhere near Douglas's Camp No 1 (about three miles above Hodgson's Point), they saw Hornby walking along the river bank, with a couple of dogs following him carrying packs. 'Hornby made his camp near our house,' Douglas wrote, 'and had supper with us. That night we had the first one of many pleasant evenings in our snug and comfortable little home, and Hornby told us of his and Father Rouvière's adventures.' Hornby said that he had come down to Dease Bay to get his house ready for the winter and to induce the Indians to lay in some fish for him. The Douglas party accepted this statement as plausible and accurate. This was the first occasion that the whole Douglas party had spent any leisurely time together with Hornby since their first meeting in July. The auguries seemed good.

* * *

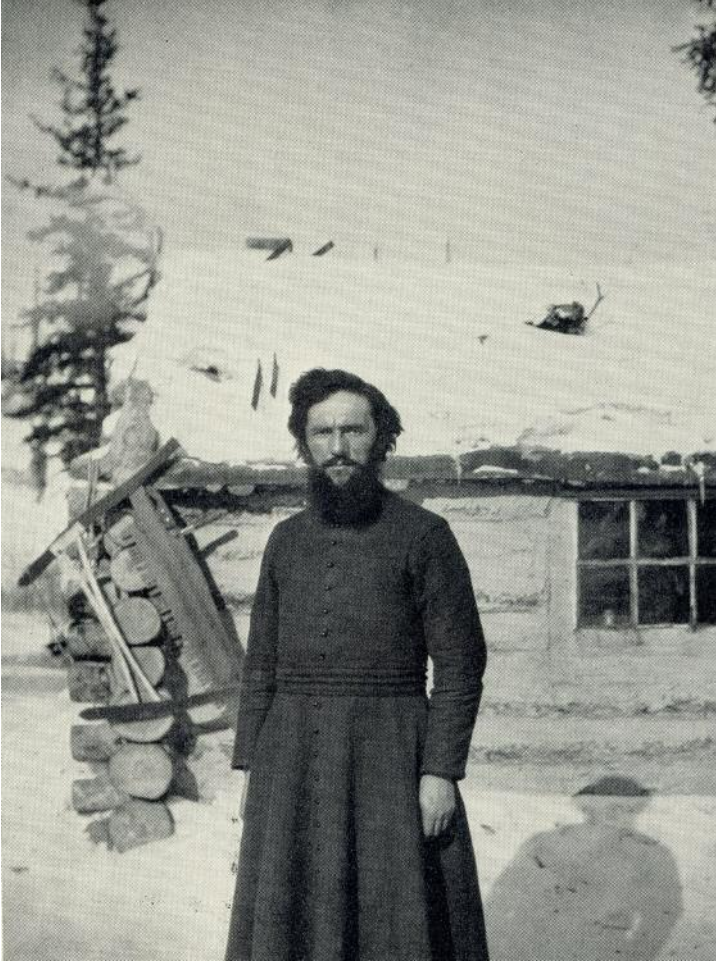
The winter was coming on rapidly now: the river froze over the day after they got into camp. Why Rouvière should have been left alone up country at the unfinished cabin does not appear: he may have insisted, and that would accord with the laconic courage the man so modestly displayed. Nobody can have felt any anxiety for him. After the early frost, the first two weeks of October were very mild, and the time must have dragged at Lake Rou-

The Legend of John Hornby



7. George Douglas at Hodgson's Point, Dease River, winter 1911-12

George Whalley



8. Father Rouvière at Hodgson's Point, winter 1911-12

vière. By the middle of the month the river ice was strong enough to travel on, and Hornby, who in his three years on Bear Lake had picked up a good deal of experience of dog-driving, decided to fetch Rouvière down to Dease Bay. Using his own four dogs and two others belonging to the Indians, he harnessed three dogs to each of his two toboggans and took Arimo's son Harry to help as second driver. The Douglasses had all along wanted to avoid having anything to do with dogs: but they wanted to get some practice in winter travel, and find out how they could travel in winter without dogs. So they hitched two of their toboggans behind Hornby's and followed on foot. The whole party made good time over the smooth river ice, and—cutting across the corner before reaching Sandy Creek—they reached the cabin on Lake Rouvière in four days' travel on 20 October. Rouvière wanted to return to Bear Lake at once; and set off with the dogs, a big sled the Eskimo had made for Hornby, and the Indian boy. Hornby stayed on at Lake Rouvière to try some trapping. The Douglasses decided to manhaul their two toboggans, each loaded with 120 pounds back to Hodgson's Point! It was a punishing journey that destroyed any illusions they may have had about manhauling in deep snow.

Early in November Rouvière and Sandberg took the dogs back to fetch Hornby, and were surprised to meet Hornby at Hanbury's Kopje. 'Hornby had grown so tired of the trapping,' Douglas noted, 'that he had made himself a little sledge and was on his way back to Bear Lake.' By the middle of November all were settled in their winter houses: Hornby and Rouvière in the Melvill-Hornby house near the ruins of Fort Confidence, the Douglas party in the new house built by Lion on Hodgson's Point about six miles away.

* * *

For nearly five months the Douglasses continued in their winter routine, methodical, reasonable, comfortable, relaxed. It was a style of existence successfully evolved by

the earliest large-scale Arctic and Antarctic travellers for wintering in uninhabited country—a method radically different from that used by Stefansson, and not much like Hornby's, which in turn was not much like Stefansson's either. The Douglases had evolved their solution independently, by common sense, out of their previous experience of camping and seafaring. George Douglas describes it all in vivid and affectionate detail in *Lands Forlorn*—their equipment, the appointments and amenities of the house, down to the two ventilation holes in the door that could be bunged with corks but in fact never were; the order and pattern of their lives, the quality of their meals. Duties were clearly defined, and rotated with nautical precision. A definite rhythm established itself, and the time passed very pleasantly in housekeeping and hunting, in writing journals and taking astronomical observations, in reading through a small but solid library. Lion's floor, made of short cut logs set on end like paving blocks, proved solid and warm; the fireplace, modelled on the Northcote fireplace, drew well, gave plenty of heat, and was economical of fuel. Good camping is comfortable camping: life at Hodgson's Point was certainly not 'roughing it'. Their method of hunting even was individual and most effective: and Rouvière at least was vastly impressed that 'Les Frères Douglas et Cie' were the first to kill caribou at Dease Bay that winter—ten of them—some days before the Indians had even seen any.

Unfortunately there is no corresponding account of the way Hornby and Rouvière passed the winter in Hornby's smaller and less commodiously appointed cabin on the lake shore near the cabin he had built for Arimo. There the style was very different. Their staple fare was fish and pemmican; they fished and hunted to a less precise pattern, were guided less by routine than by the continual restless busyness which is the northerner's instinctive bulwark against mental deterioration. The Douglases liked their own way of living and were not enthusiastic about Hornby's arrangements. 'We didn't go down there [to Hornby's house] very much,' Lionel says, 'but

my brother did go down and spend one night there; and I spent one night there on another occasion. Their place was cold—I slept on the floor and nearly perished with cold. My brother, who always packed round a thermometer, found that the temperature was something like 2° below zero on the floor; and when your head was near the beams the temperature was about 70°. After our own comfortable quarters we didn't go there very much.' No wonder that Hornby and Rouvière used to go up and have meals with the Douglasses 'at odd times'; and there is nothing to show that Hornby and Rouvière preferred the arrangements in their own house beside the gaunt ruins of Fort Confidence.

There were times when Hornby stayed with the Douglas party, and times when Rouvière was there too; both were made welcome though they usually came singly to visit. These visits may have been mostly in the last weeks of the year. George Douglas gives a pleasant glimpse of their companionship.

When Hornby was staying with us we played auction bridge, the Doctor [Sandberg] and Hornby against Lion and me. Hornby was a brilliant, but somewhat erratic player, and to our occasional joy he never knew when to stop bidding. We even taught the Father to play 'wisk' as he called it. He was very conservative in his play, and was so fond of finessing that it often led to astonishing results.

We also used to play chess after a fashion. Hornby and I would have great contests, both playing and working out chess problems. By his own account there was no problem that he failed to solve when at his own house, but on the journey up to ours he would somehow forget the moves. The Father played chess also, very seriously, and even worse than Hornby and myself. We had a small folding leather board at our house, the men were made of celluloid chips with the rank stamped on them. Hornby and the Father made a wonderful set for themselves out of wood; they alone knew the difference between a knight and a queen, and to our less experienced

eyes it seemed that what were pawns one day were bishops and castles the next. This may have accounted for Hornby's success at the problems when he worked them out on his own board.

What Douglas does not record in *Lands Forlorn* is that Hornby was a restless and exacting guest, inclined to wake at two in the morning and disturb others by making tea, and one way or another throwing grit into the beautifully poised and smoothly turning clockwork of their ritual contentment.

Living about twenty-five miles north of the Arctic Circle, they experienced a period of several days—from 26 November 1911 to 9 January 1912—when the sun was not to be seen at Hodgson's Point, though it was probably visible a few days longer at Hornby's house. The five men spent Christmas Day together, dining off Arctic hare, plum pudding, blueberry jam. After dinner they had Teshierpi Toddy—a brandy drink ingeniously contrived from blueberries on the autumn journey and named for a conspicuous mountain near by—'and a great game of "twenty-one", using squares of Peter's chocolate for stakes. . . . Lion and the Father cleaned the rest of us out'. Then supper of smoked caribou tongue, a delicacy much esteemed in the North and a great favourite of Rouvière's. The occasion was recorded in a photograph taken outdoors in the short daylight, the men standing stiffly in their thick clothes. After Christmas the cold advanced: from 9 to 14 January 1912 the minimum readings were -57, - 51, - 56, - 56, - 59, - 51° F.

As the winter grew on, Hornby became restless to travel out to Norman. The mail may have been partly the cause of this restlessness; for two posts used to come into Fort Norman in the winter, and one left for the south. The first mail packet was due to arrive in January, and leave in February; the second packet was to arrive about the beginning of April. George and Lion obviously were enjoying their winter together very much; but Sandberg, as odd man out, became bored. 'Sandberg had Hornby to

talk to', George Douglas said ominously. By 13 January Hornby and Sandberg had decided to try to make the trip to Norman, and Rouvière wrote a short letter to Fr Ducot to send with them. But they could not get away then because of bad weather. On the 25th, with only two dogs, they finally set off from Hornby's house with the loaded toboggan. But the trip was too much for them; they came in again two days later having turned back—wisely—rather than attempt the long traverse to Gros Cap. Finally, a month later, Hornby managed to travel out to Norman with a group of Indians, leaving on 27 February.

The Douglasses' plans for the spring were now fairly clear. François had made up a pretty good team of dogs and had agreed to work for the Douglasses for a month as soon as the Indians got back from Norman. Hornby, as Rouvière had told Ducot in December, was eager to make a trip to the coast and the Douglasses had agreed to join forces. Hornby probably had an eye on trade with the Eskimo; and the fact that the Douglasses were travelling down the Coppermine to the sea gave an opportunity to share transport, equipment, and company. The main object of Hornby's journey to Norman in February was to get more dogs. Rouvière's letter of 26 February besought Fr Ducot to use whatever influence or resource he could to provide dogs. Rouvière, anxious to go with Hornby to the coast, so that he could attract the Eskimo nearer to Bear Lake, was trying to correlate his plans with Hornby's, but was nervous about deciding without the approval of his superior. His letters had been delayed. Fr Ducot mustered a dog-team and sent them out to bring Rouvière to Norman; but Hornby, suddenly vague and evasive, stayed on at Fort Franklin. Rouvière, when the dog-team reached Dease Bay, saw no reason to wait for Hornby and set off for Norman at once. On 28 March Hornby was at Fort Franklin when Rouvière arrived with 'the big sleigh runner'; that he was using the big sleigh suggests that he may have been bringing out Eskimo gear collected at Lake Rouvière, belonging to himself and Hornby. Rouvière sent back with Hornby a charming

note, written in English, dated 7 April, addressed to George Douglas, saying among other things: 'Thanks very much for your good compass but by a very bad luck I do not now have it. I lost it but I hope to be able to find again but never mind I will try to compensate for that.' Hornby reached Dease Bay on 17 April to find the Douglas party almost ready to leave for the Coppermine. But Fr Rouvière, now at Fort Norman, had missed the trip to the coast he had so much wanted to make.

* * *

The journeys made in the previous summer and autumn had given them all experience of the country they were to travel, had clarified their methods of travelling, and had acquainted them with the difficulties and hazards to be faced. So far they had encountered the normal physical hardships of travelling by canoe and on foot; they had been in no danger from starvation or extreme exposure. But they were travelling north of the Arctic Circle in country only occasionally visited by a very few Eskimo. As long as they travelled by canoe they lived under the strain of threatening disaster every time they entered a rapid. 'Very old hands may not experience these feelings,' Hanbury had written, 'and very young hands are ignorant of the real danger that awaits them in the event of a bad canoe accident. For my own part, I have not yet got hardened to risks which, from ample experience, I know to be serious. . . . By the total loss of canoe and stuff death may stare the crew in the face, and an uncommonly unpleasant death; for the party, having water to drink, would probably survive a long time to wander about, living on berries and pushing forward in the vain endeavour to circumvent some of the large lakes of the north in order to reach the nearest Hudson Bay post. . . . In the winter time it would not be so bad. One would soon freeze up.'

The summer reconnaissance had given them some mastery of the approaches to the Coppermine. George Douglas had found a good route by way of the Dismal

Lakes and Kendall River. Different members of the group had walked over much of the country between Dease River and the Dismal Lakes. Their combined knowledge of the country gave them a clear picture of the topography and of the means of selecting and improvising a chosen route instead of following (as they had had to do in the summer) whatever water-course happened to lead in about the right direction.

The Douglasses' need to be back from the Coppermine to meet the last southbound steamer of the season made a spring journey necessary. To travel north in April before the ice was out of the rivers and lakes meant that they could not use canoes. While the ice and snow remained they would travel with dogs, their gear loaded on toboggans; when the thaw had set in they would have to walk, carrying their gear on their backs. The speed of travel would be determined by the weight they could carry; and that precluded canoes. The object of their journey was to make a geological survey of the Coppermine Mountains; that work could be completed only if they were relatively free from the continuous need to hunt for food; so they had to take a considerable weight of stores with them.

The first base was to be the cabin on Lake Rouvière; and before Hornby had arrived back from Norman the staging of supplies had started according to plan. On 6 April Dr Sandberg with two Indians and two toboggans and dogs took the first load and returned six days later. On 14 April Lion and Sandberg set out with the second load and returned on the 19th. By then Hornby had arrived but to everybody's disappointment he had been able to get only two more dogs.

As dog-owner and the most experienced dog-driver in the group, Hornby was indispensable; but his relation to the Douglas party was still ambiguous. The Douglasses had their plans and were not to be deflected from them; and nothing was to interfere with the pleasure the two brothers expected to derive from each other's company and from the trip. They had learned to know and like Hornby during the winter and were prepared to let him

come with them if their route and their ways happened to suit him. There was mutual benefit. Though George Douglas was inclined to regard Hornby as feckless unless under firm direction, and as in temperament and habits very different from themselves, nevertheless there was genuine friendship and respect between them. Yet Hornby, when the party set out for the Coppermine, was in the position not of a partner but of a voluntary helper travelling with the Douglasses.

On 22 April Hornby set off from Hodgson's Point with Sandberg to stage the last load of stores to Lake Rouvière. On the 28th he returned alone, and at nine in the morning of 30 April they made the grand departure from Hodgson's Point. The night before they left, the Indians had all gone back to the lake shore; but Harry, Arimo's son, had attached himself to the party—as he had in October—as Hornby's helper. Perhaps Douglas was relieved to find this way of making Hornby an independent though related member of the party. 'Harry', he said 'was a rather nice lad and though he was of very little real use he was usually amusing and certainly added to the general liveliness of the party. At first it was evident that he didn't think much of white men and their ways. It is true that he knew Hornby well, but Hornby had been so long in the country that he had got to be almost like an Indian himself in his way of living.'

They started for the Coppermine on a fine bright morning, the toboggans not too heavily loaded, the trail good; Harry ran on ahead, and the enfeebled husky Jack, rescued from the Indians, trailed along behind. The first night they camped above East River; the next on the overland traverse between Dease River and Lake Rouvière. Next day they sighted caribou—'the largest herd we ever saw, numbering perhaps several hundred'—and killed three. When they reached Lake Rouvière they found that Sandberg had also killed several caribou. While the dogs were given a day's rest, the Douglasses dug Hornby's canoe out of a snowdrift at the edge of the lake to make sure it

should not be destroyed when the ice broke out: they wanted to use it on the way home. They started in earnest for the Coppermine on 3 May.

By 9 May they had reached the Coppermine River and had set up their base camp near the junction of Stony Creek not far from their August camp of the previous year; this they called Boulder Bed Camp. They had established only just in time; the snow was now disappearing like magic: sledding was over for the season. But they found themselves 'happily located at the very place we wanted to be and at the earliest time at which we could profitably begin investigations'. On 12 May Douglas broke up one of the toboggans and made a frame for a small boat or canoe, and duly christened it *Good Hope*. But the frame was scarcely finished when the spring stopped; raw cold weather came back with severe gales to show them plainly enough how exposed a position they had chosen for their base camp. The Douglases countered this evil with a rationally conceived brush windbreak. Hornby built differently in face of the same need. George Douglas, describing Hornby's windbreak, catches the dominant tone of his attitude: the windbreak, he said, 'excelled in the variety of its materials and the picture-esqueness of its appearance, a result attained, not by sudden flight, but the sum of successive inspirations; there was no underlying central idea consistently worked out'. But even Douglas was prepared to admit that perhaps it was as well that the condition of the river prevented them from ever using the *Good Hope*, and the frame was in the end left behind to amaze whatever Eskimo might in future come upon it.

Boulder Bed Camp was under the southern slopes of Coppermine Mountains, admirably placed for Sandberg's activities. By 24 May they had given up all hopes of the ice clearing in the river and decided that they would have to travel on foot carrying packs, and giving the dogs packs to carry Indian style. On 24 May they started to establish a second base camp about twenty miles down the river and named it Melvill Camp after Hornby's companion

Cosmo Melvill. This move meant carrying heavy loads, averaging seventy pounds a man, and each had to make a double journey. 'Hornby and the Doctor were the best packers', Douglas said; 'Hornby was a small man but very strong and wiry, and the load he could carry was remarkable. I have known him carry a load of 125 lbs of caribou meat a short distance into camp.'² Douglas adds wryly: 'I think that I was probably the poorest packer of the lot.' The dogs, packing twenty to forty pounds each, were a great help. They all stayed at Melvill Camp until 29 May. Their next camp was only another seven miles on, on what is now called Burnt Creek. They stayed there only the two days 30-1 May. Burnt Camp was at the north-eastern extremity of the Coppermine Mountains. The primary object of the journey would not have taken them any farther north. The whole party had so far moved leisurely, accommodating their movements to Sandberg's work. But Douglas would not have been Douglas if he had refrained from going right down to the sea: the copper was to be taken seriously as an essential pretext, but (Douglas says with a chuckle) 'I was out for the fun'. The sea was no great distance away; to reach it would not constitute a Polar dash in the grand manner. They had been travelling by easy stages, with the Bloody Falls chosen as 'the location of our farthest north camp'. Three days at between eight and twelve miles a day—far enough with heavy packs—brought them on 3 June to their destination.

Unlike the earlier travellers along the Coppermine, they were walking above the river and so were able to observe the country in a much more detailed and accurate way than was possible from boats on the water. At the Bloody Falls— 'not really falls, but a swift crooked rapid'—they were delighted to see Eskimo on the other (eastern) side of the river—twenty-five or thirty of them, mostly women and children. Presently two of the men ventured across the jammed ice—treacherous and creaky though it was—to meet them: they were men Hornby had met the previous summer, and were 'quite friendly and

apparently delighted to see us', Douglas said. One went back and brought them a musk-ox skin. Douglas questioned them in sign language to find out where they got their copper from and learned that they had come to spear salmon, and would go inland for caribou when the flies came. 'It was a delight,' Douglas said, 'to meet these vivacious, well-bred people after the sulky Indians; their manners indeed were just as good and very similar to our own.' Hornby was much more interested in the musk-ox skins, of which the Eskimo said they had seven more in their camp; but the Eskimo had no sooner crossed the river to fetch them than all the ice suddenly carried away and no further intercourse with them was possible.

While Hornby pursued without success his musk-ox skins, and Sandberg geologised, George and Lionel Douglas—relieved that the others were so preoccupied—slipped away to the northward to accomplish the wish that one suspects had brought them into this country in the first place: to reach the Coronation Gulf. Instead of following the river down to the sea, they walked overland in a NNW. direction taking that to be the shortest route. It was farther than they expected—nine or ten miles across wet muskeg country—wading at places up to their knees. Then they stood on the edge of the continent, on the edge of the Arctic Ocean, on a beach of sand and mud strewn with a surprising amount of small driftwood. The ice was fast to the beach; it stretched smooth and solid to the north, excellent for travelling now, with only a little water and slush. They unfurled the flags they had reserved for this occasion and took pictures of each other 'proudly standing on the ice of the Arctic Ocean, the northern limit of our long journey'.

The fine intimate edge would have been taken off the occasion if the irreverent Hornby—or anybody else—had been present. In certain matters George Douglas was extremely fastidious: he had a keen sense of occasion and an exquisite sense of order. On their way back to the Bloody Falls they came on a summer camp of Eskimo and George Douglas tried to talk to them with the Eskimo

words he had copied out from Fr Petitot's dictionary. The Eskimo were interested and delighted, and in hospitable mood.

They wanted us to have something to eat; set over a very small fire was the sheet-metal trough I have mentioned. It was full of some kind of a stew, but though we were both very hungry neither of us felt inclined to tackle that slimy repulsive mess of luke-warm oil, blood and half-raw meat. Our food had always been of a fairly civilised order, and one needs a little breaking in to stand this sort of thing, so we declined their hospitality as gracefully, I hope, as it was offered.

When they arrived back in camp, they were relieved to find—when Hornby woke up and came out to talk with them over their supper—that the river was now quite impassable and that therefore no Eskimo could get into camp to spoil the peace or make unreasonable demands upon their attention.

This attitude to the Eskimo, though understandable enough, gives a clue to Douglas's attitude to Hornby also. Douglas was inclined to regard Hornby as generically different from himself: as being actually (not simply *like*) an Indian or an Eskimo, disorganised, irrational, living according to the whim or impulse of the moment, relapsing as suddenly into apathy as into action, incoherent, without demonstrable purpose. A double edge is given to his attitude, however, in Douglas's own recognition of himself as generically different from anybody else: he was more interested in getting to the Arctic ocean and seeing it than in the hope of gaining wealth from the results of his prospecting; his romanticism was of the purest, most innocent sort, lacking self-consciousness, with no trace of morbidity. His incorrigible generosity, his strong will, his infectious enjoyment of other people's idiosyncrasies, his inflexible because incorruptible personal integrity—all these things made him a strange if always admirable figure in a corrupt and positivist world. Being what he was,

rejecting compromise absolutely, he was driven into a relative solitude, a solitude of value by no means unpopulated; for he had many friends and his life was buttressed by candour, gentleness, and reticence. Yet by the emotional logic of his own singularity he came perhaps to make a laconic identification of himself with Hornby. Douglas could no more live like Hornby than he could allow a rifle to rust or do violence to a boat; he had little enough patience with Hornby's muddling, confused, and ill-directed ways. Yet he understood Hornby and sympathised with him, appreciating the person though reserving the right to laugh, to comment, and on occasion to protest.

Next morning, 4 June, they started southward for home; moving leisurely, making the same day's marches as on the northerly journey, stopping at the old camping places. The weather was fine, the sun never set, the country was familiar, they could pick the best route; the walking was drier, and the loads grew lighter each day. They were at Burnt Camp by 8 June and stayed there for two days, caching much of the gear they had left there before and which they now saw no reason to carry back. Cutting across the eastern shoulder of the Coppermine Mountains they reached Boulder Bed Camp on the 12th and spent three days there. Here they left behind a quantity of stores and gear: a tent, a sheet-metal stove, clothes, tarpaulins, ammunition, snowshoes, waterproof canvas bags, some tools; and, since the caribou hunting had been so successful, a quantity of food—mostly corn-meal, erbswurst, and salt pork. This was all carefully cached, partly in case the Douglasses returned next season (as they hoped), but also because 'Hornby had made up his mind to spend the summer and another winter in this country and he intended to come back in the autumn as soon as the sleighing was good and haul this stuff to Lake Rouvière again'. About this cache, as about stores at Hodgson's Point, there was later—despite Douglas's explicit and written instructions—trouble.

On 15 May they started westward again, had some difficulty crossing the Dismal Lakes, and were camped on the other side on the 17th when two Eskimo came into camp. Douglas was able to photograph one of them hunting ptarmigan with the double-curved whalebone bow of ancestral design and wearing the traditional decorated tail-coat. On 18 June they were at Lake Rouvière again. The season was more advanced here than on the Coppermine: the dwarf birch were coming out in leaf; the mosses were all shades of green and brown; now was spread out the miraculous tapestry of lichen, moss, flowers, and plants that is the yearly miracle of even the most desolate regions of the Arctic. Yet the lake was still full of rotten ice. Everything was untouched at the little cabin, though there were many signs that Eskimo had been thereabout. Even an axe, an article of inestimable value to the Eskimo, was lying just where it had been left.

* * *

In the same way that George Douglas was evidently relieved to make his visit to the Arctic coast with Lion as his only companion, so when he reached Lake Rouvière and the need for closely concerted action was past he was glad to move out of the larger group. Harry's presence had automatically placed Hornby in a marginal position. He had proved a cheerful companion, a powerful and willing worker, the butt of much good-natured banter which he returned in good measure. But they had no sooner finished tea on the day they reached Lake Rouvière when George and Lion examined Hornby's canoe and launched her, and finding her 'sadly opened' from exposure and from the rough handling of the previous autumn filled her and left her to soak in a little bay. This was no impulse or improvisation: they had foreseen this on their way north and had rescued the canoe from the annihilation that Hornby's neglect would almost certainly have brought it to. 'It was arranged' that he and Lion should take the canoe and most of the gear down the river, while

the others walked with the dogs. They left on the afternoon of the next day—19 June.

‘It was a perfect joy to get into a canoe again, clumsy and leaky though she was,’ Douglas said, and a perfect joy also no doubt for the two of them to be on their own again. To make camp at night ‘without the nuisance of the dogs’ was an additional pleasure. Not all the weather was agreeable; but they recognised the old landmarks one by one, discovered their earlier camps, compared the present conditions with those of earlier visits, and enjoyed the sense of fulfilment and homecoming. There were no delays beyond an occasional stop to patch up the canoe. The weather changed, and the floodwater lower downstream hurried them on. After the rapids, the last day on the river was bright, warm, and calm, the water above the canyon ‘never more peaceful and lovely’. They ran the last rapids with little caution, landed on the foreshore at Hodgson’s Point and walked up to the house, ‘perfectly stunned by the strangeness and difference of things’. It was now 22 June. The trees were in leaf; there were big blue flowers through the woods; the house looked as though it was buried among the willows yet seemed to stand curiously high now that the snow had gone. They cut the seals on the door. Nothing had been touched. But the first impression of the inside—once so snug and attractive—was of a place gloomy and dirty after all the open light, the high arching air that keeps the eyes lifted and is a constant presence, the sky that had overmastered their lives, even in storm and the bad weather, for two months. They made a fire, swept out the dust and sand fallen from the roof, and restored the familiar air of comfort.

Hornby, Sandberg, and Harry, though travelling on foot, found the season no less propitious and made almost as good time as the laden canoe. George Douglas was in the middle of having a bath on the afternoon of their return to Hodgson’s Point when the three of them arrived with the dogs. ‘We had a confused and disorderly supper,’ Douglas said; ‘but it was good to be home again and to find our party happily together under this well-proved

shelter after our long journey and varied experiences.' The *but* is expressive and characteristic.

The Douglas expedition had come to an end. They had scarcely returned to Hodgson's Point when they were preparing to leave for the outside; there was now little time to catch the last steamer south. Lion washed out and varnished the 18 ft 6 in. Peterborough freight canoe *Aldebaran*. All the gear and stores had to be sorted; they would have to travel light for speed. It nearly broke their hearts to have to leave much of their gear behind; but they had no choice. Hornby was staying on at Dease Bay and could use the food; Fr Rouvière would be back and might have some need, since he had been so poorly provided last season; the Douglases themselves hoped to return. On 26 June, after loading more than 900 lb of gear into *Aldebaran* below the rapids where they had unloaded *Jupiter* nearly a year before, they said their last goodbyes to Hornby and their Indian friends. It was hard to have to leave the house, to leave the dogs. They took the last photographs and started on the 250-mile voyage across Great Bear Lake.

When the Douglases pulled away from Hodgson's Point in *Aldebaran*, Hornby put Harry in his canoe and paddled down to the lake as a gesture of farewell. Douglas had asked him to come with them as far as his house at Franklin, and was relieved when Hornby declined. Arimo was probably the reason, as she was also the reason for some of Hornby's inattention to Rouvière. Like George Douglas he felt probably a mixture of regret and relief—relief that he was now free of the exacting influence of a will as strong and a purpose as distinct as Douglas's; regret at loss of a companionship warm and gay, yet reserved. Douglas had taken some engaging photographs of Hornby on the Coppermine trip; calling the reluctant Potash to be harnessed; squatting on his heels by a campfire behind a row of Eskimo, sucking scalding tea from a mug; standing with Punch and Harry by a cache at Boulder Bed Camp: smiling, light-hearted, later with a fringe of black beard, shock-headed; buoyant, full of energy, sat-

isfied in the exercise of his ability as a traveller. Hornby later told Denny La Nauze that he wished he had been born an Indian. But as *Aldebaran* moved out of sight beyond Ritch Island, Hornby had come to the end of an important era. He was never to enjoy any of his Northern experiences as much as this Coppermine journey with the Douglasses. In the twelve months of their accidental acquaintance, and particularly in the two months together as travellers, Hornby had found in George Douglas his greatest friend, a loyal confidant who could always be trusted, a genial but astringent critic innocent of malice.

CHAPTER IV

The Lost Paradise
1912-14

AFTER THE DOUGLAS PARTY HAD LEFT on 26 June 1912, Hornby may for a time have regretted their leaving; but he had no intention of moping at Dease Bay. By 1 July he was at Lake Rouvière. He had his own two dogs and the five dogs left with him by George Douglas: the two caches left by Douglas on the Coppermine River would have to be brought some time to Lake Rouvière. Summer was perhaps not the best time to do that single-handed; but he probably had an Indian travelling companion or two and the dogs would help. The 'Caribou Notes' give only two entries for that month.

July 1st. The Eskimos who were numerous came to meet me at Lake Rouvier. They had not been killing many caribou. They gave fifty-five winter skins of Musk-Oxen, they possessed many others killed later.

July 1st to Aug. 1st. Travelling between Lake Rouvier and Dease Bay only occasionally saw a few bull caribou.

Unless he was packing over from the Coppermine the gear he had inherited from Douglas, it is difficult to think what he was doing at and around Lake Rouvière, other than trading with the Eskimo. His obligations towards the Oblate Mission to the Eskimo were now at an end. That being so, he can scarcely have been preparing Rouvière's missionary headquarters against his return to the lake. But he may have built at this time—perhaps for his own use and for storing the Douglas cache—the storehouse at Lake Rouvière which is shown in a photograph of 1916 but not in Douglas's photographs of 1912. There is no reason why Arimo should not have been travelling with

Hornby that summer, and working as only Indian women know how to work. Hornby cannot have doubted that Rouvière would return to continue the mission that seemed to have made so fortunate a beginning. Yet there was no definite rendezvous made even though Rouvière was convinced that the Eskimo were eagerly waiting for him to come back.

* * *

The Douglas party made painfully slow progress across Great Bear Lake because of the ice. They were forced to traverse almost the whole northern shore of the lake—passing a bleak coast, camping in cheerless, even sinister, country, the water cold, the weather gloomy—until the ice finally broke up in a gale and they were able to pass southerly across Smith Arm. After that they made better time. Almost a month after leaving Dease Bay, they entered the Great Bear River. A few hours later, at two in the morning of 20 July, they sighted a large encampment on the river bank, went ashore, and found that it was Fr Rouvière, with eight Indians, bound for Dease Bay. The Douglases learned to their intense disappointment that the *Mackenzie River* had left Norman, bound north, five days earlier: so they camped for the night.

The Douglases were delighted to see Fr Rouvière again: that, as much as anything, was the reason for stopping. Rouvière now had a companion with him, Fr LeRoux, who was going to share the Eskimo mission with him. The Douglases, although it was past midnight, prepared 'a good feed of pounded meat and grease'. Douglas told Rouvière all the adventures that had happened since the spring; and Rouvière gave scraps of news from outside, the most sensational item being the loss of the *Titanic*.¹ But this happy and garrulous encounter was seriously modified by the behaviour of Rouvière's companion. LeRoux clearly showed his disapproval of the friendly greeting Rouvière had extended; he took offence at Rouvière's evident pleasure in the meeting; and the

The Legend of John Hornby



9. Coronation Gulf Eskimo on the Dismal Lakes, June 1912; Hornby behind in characteristic posture



10. Hornby with Punch and Harry, upper Coppermine River, May 1912

11. Hornby calls Potash to be harnessed at Hodgson's Point

Douglasses on their part were shocked at his callous disregard of what they had already done for Rouvière.

Fr Guillaume LeRoux, born in the diocese of Quimper in 1885, had been at Fort Good Hope since 1907. A linguist of some accomplishment, he had been specially chosen by Bishop Breynat to go with Rouvière because he was already familiar with the Eskimo dialect of the Mackenzie delta. Two years younger, less experienced than Rouvière and junior to him in the Order, with a history already of an uncontrollably hot temper, LeRoux behaved on the occasion of the Bear River meeting as though he were in authority over the more gentle, less aggressive priest whom the Douglasses had come to respect and admire through a winter and two seasons. His photograph shows a young, intent, rather square-cut face, clean-shaven, and candid eyes that seem not to betray a troublesome nature. Yet Douglas evidently saw something else at that first meeting and, without withholding generosity on such evidence, felt uneasy.

Before leaving Dease River, Douglas had written out for Hornby instructions addressed to Fr Rouvière; for he had no way of knowing that Rouvière would bring another priest back with him. The Douglasses had left 'large stocks of food supplies' cached on the Coppermine, at Lake Rouvière, and at Dease River. In the Hodgson shack they had left stores of flour, bacon, sugar, beans; and in their own house much equipment, rifles, ammunition, blankets, furniture, tools, fur and woollen clothing. In his written message, Douglas had given Father Rouvière permission 'to use our houses at the Dease River in the winter of 1912-13 with certain important reservations', for at that time he fully expected to return to the country in the summer of 1913. Now, at the Bear River meeting, 'the fathers were specifically told in writing that all the stuff in our house was to be kept intact, that they could keep their supplies in Hodgson's house; and, if really needed, use the heavy stuff. Also that Hornby was to have 200 lbs of flour and certain other things like bacon and tea and *hard tack* of which Hornby was very fond.'

To allow the priests to use the house at Hodgson's Point and so save them the distraction of building for themselves when they arrived was a generous act. In leaving a loophole for Rouvière to use some of the supplies if necessary, Douglas took account of what he knew well enough from the previous winter: that Rouvière had been ill-provided when he came into the country, that the mission would not send him much beyond what he brought in. The priests had a big new canoe and it was heavily laden; but clearly their provision was at best tenuous and they had not been able to bring the stores Hornby had asked Rouvière to bring. Beyond what small store of tea and flour he may have had left in his cabin at Fort Confidence, Hornby would now have to rely upon his own hunting and fishing. Douglas was trying to protect Hornby's interests as best he could by saying clearly in writing what stores Hornby was to have. But before the priests got under way next morning, Douglas had misgivings: if it happened that both parties needed the stores and one party (the priests) were living in the house where the stores were kept, there would be strong possibilities of trouble. Douglas found himself 'thankful now at any rate that we were *not* travelling in the same direction' as the priests' party. On a bright warm morning that seemed to Douglas oppressively hot they watched the outfit—Indians and all—get started. George Douglas took a photograph of the priests' canoe bound upstream—Rouvière in a fur cap sitting rather stiffly in the bow, LeRoux paddling in cassock and felt hat in the stern, and midships a small Indian boy—and sensed that Dease Bay would no longer be paradisaical country.

* * *

Now that George Douglas passes for the time being out of the story, our knowledge of exactly what happened from day to day is seriously diminished. Rouvière's letters preserve important detail, but he wrote only four more letters after that meeting and they are less copious—and

on the whole less candid—than the earlier letters from Dease River. Hornby's journals for the period have not survived. So Hornby stands, as so often in this history, with his back to the light: something can be said about what he did, but about his feelings, motives, and desires much has to be inferred.

The day the Douglasses' canoe *Aldebaran* was rounding Point Etacho, Rouvière and LeRoux had set out from Fort Norman: that was 15 July. The meeting with the Douglas party was in the early morning of the 20th. They were windbound at Franklin for a week, and in the end did not reach Dease Bay until about 10 August, accomplishing their journey (as Rouvière said) with excessive slowness. To their dismay they had taken 'six precious weeks between Fort Norman and Fort Confidence: and most of that time was spent sailing on the lake, while the Eskimo were waiting impatiently for us'.

Hornby, who had been hunting from Lake Rouvière to Caribou Bay in August and had also apparently brought in the Coppermine River caches, can hardly have expected Rouvière to arrive so late; and when the priests reached Fort Confidence, they found Hornby 'waiting for Mr Melville and very surprised not to see him'.

There is no reason why Hornby should not have greeted Rouvière as warmly as the Douglasses had, unless LeRoux behaved to him as he had behaved to the Douglasses on Bear River. Hornby left Dease Bay almost as soon as the priests arrived, and was at Lake Rouvière for ten days while the priests were establishing at Hodgson's Point. Rouvière was now anxious to go up-country at once, thinking how 'the Eskimo were waiting impatiently for us at Dease Lake [Lake Rouvière].' 'Seeing that we didn't come,' he wrote later, 'they scattered and some have pulled out from there to go back again to the sea. Thanks to this long delay on the lake, we only just met the Eskimo at the beginning of September.' Rouvière and LeRoux did not set out for Lake Rouvière until 27 August, and Hornby, apparently travelling and hunting all that autumn on his own, does not seem to have gone with them.

At the beginning of September they made their first meeting with the Eskimo, when the priests found them well-disposed. 'Last year I had shown some of them how to make the sign of the cross, and I was delighted to see that they hadn't forgotten it and even that several others to whom I hadn't been able to teach it already knew it.' On 13 September, when he wrote to the Bishop, he had just arrived back at Dease Bay: 'At this moment Fr LeRoux is with them [the Eskimo] and, if I hadn't had to come down to Bear Lake to see the natives [*i.e.* the Bear Lake Indians who were about to return to Norman] I should have been keeping him company.' He had asked a young Eskimo to come to Dease Bay and spend the winter with them, and 'he hadn't raised a shadow of difficulty about accepting'. The point was partly to learn the language more quickly by having an Eskimo with them all the time; but there was evidently another motive too. 'He isn't yet with us; but I like to think that he'll stick to it and that perhaps next spring I shall be able to bring him to Fort Norman to help me cross the lake.'

To induce the Eskimo to stay with them, Rouvière promised him a 40-44 rifle—his own rifle. A rifle, Rouvière pointed out gravely, was 'a very useful thing, even indispensable'; for they had to rely upon their own efforts for food, and Hornby (he hinted) was already drawing upon, rather than contributing to, their maintenance. 'It's up to us to provide for our own living, and I may say for others; for Mr Hornby is still with us and his contributions are pretty small for he has received absolutely nothing. Also he lives more or less at our expense.' Whatever Rouvière meant by this, the statement is unfair to Hornby. Hornby had received no stores from Norman because Rouvière had neglected to bring them for him; but he had a clear right to a quantity of the Douglas stores. Also his 'Caribou Notes' show that he had killed caribou round about Lake Rouvière in the past month. Perhaps Rouvière's oblique remark shows that the priests—probably at LeRoux's instigation—were already behaving as though all the Douglas stores were to be dispensed at their

discretion. If so, Hornby may have been retaliating by withholding supplies of fresh meat. Yet, if there was friction of this sort it was as yet deeply submerged, for Rouvière also said that 'Hornby has been very good to us; he has even made me a present of a fine rifle, but with precious few cartridges.' The rifle was an 8 mm. Mauser. The priest accepted the present, hoping that the Bishop would approve, and added the suggestion that some ammunition be sent. The rifle actually belonged to George Douglas, who had also left 750 cartridges for it, but those must somehow already have been used up.

Rouvière's letter clearly implies that he and LeRoux now comprised a self-contained party and that Hornby was not a member of their group. Nevertheless, Hornby must have been with them a good deal at Lake Rouvière through September. In summer he would live in a tent. Yet one wonders how such a small cabin housed the two priests; and how the stores from the Coppermine were distributed without quarrelling; and how—Hornby having brought them in—the stores were stowed, unless already Hornby had built the storehouse. Hornby travelled for a time in the country south of Dease River, in the last ten days of September he was at Lake Rouvière again and noted the passage of caribou near by. But Rouvière, unfolding his plans to the bishop, did not include Hornby in his scheme.

Last spring, at the beginning of June, Douglas and Co. met the Eskimo at Dismal Lake and from all appearances they [the Eskimo] are going to come back again next spring. So I keep wondering whether it wouldn't be better for one of us to stay [here] and go to meet them, so as to spend the whole summer with them and not merely one or two months. If you could give us an answer by the express, I'm not afraid to undertake the journey myself and go even to Bloody Falls where they spend the spring. If the trip isn't possible this spring coming, I think we could easily undertake it the following spring; for I have a hunch we shall succeed. . . .

We are both in good health in spite of the long journeys we have to make to see the Eskimo. How useful a convert would be to us to look after our dogs and do our autumn fishing. I shall have to do it myself this autumn, so that we can have some fish this winter for ourselves and for the Eskimo family which is going to live with us. However we hope we shall not lack for food, if the good God comes to our assistance.

Their comfort and survival, the priests felt, would probably depend more upon divine intervention than upon John Hornby. Indeed, within about a fortnight of this letter, Hornby lay seriously ill at Lake Rouvière.

* * *

An accurate reconstruction of what happened during Hornby's illness is scarcely possible. Rouvière, in his letter of 29 January 1913, gives the account closest in time to the events. After the promising start with the Eskimo in September, Rouvière had to admit that later in the month 'the devil took a hand in the game, I suppose, and our visit has probably not produced the results we hoped for'. In October—it must have been at the very beginning of October—Rouvière 'had to come . . . to Bear Lake to do the fishing, Father LeRoux staying alone at Dease Lake [Lake Rouvière] with Mr Hornby'. But, he continues, 'four or five days after I left, Mr Hornby fell seriously ill and Fr LeRoux had to watch him night and day for a month, and throughout this time he wasn't able to get into touch with the Eskimo who were not far from there, so that the whole month of October slipped away with nothing done'.

Beyond that, Rouvière gives no account of LeRoux's act of devoted generosity at this time of crisis in Hornby's affairs. About four years later an Eskimo named Koglugouga told the Mounted Police that in the summer of 1912 'I saw a white man named Hornybeena [Hornby] very sick at Imerinik [*i.e.* Lake Rouvière]. I tried to help

him and he got better and went south. After that an Indian woman told me two white men with long beards [Rouvière and LeRoux] were going to look for Huskies [Eskimo], but I did not see them.' The story can be taken one step further and clothed with a little more detail; but the evidence is more distant in time, and though it must have come originally from Hornby himself (sometimes a questionable source) it may have become eroded or inflated—as other things did—in Bullock's memory. In his short Biographical Notes Bullock said that Hornby had caught pneumonia from sitting on a hill watching the caribou migration.

Eskimos nursed him. They used to come in every day and strip the clothes off him, to see how thin he was getting, . . . Le Roux came to nurse him, got lost, and Hornby, in terrible shape, had to crawl out of his tent and keep a fire going all night. Damned near died as a result.

Bullock then adds a note: 'Hornby and the little Eskimo girl of 12 breaking trail for him.' Does this perhaps describe the way Hornby finally reached Dease Bay in the late autumn of 1912? Guy Blanchet remembers that Hornby, years later, had been quite pleased with himself about a pretty Eskimo girl who kept house for him at one time, and had given him a photograph of her. It is difficult to think what other time or place this could refer to. But that evidence is all late and more or less questionable. And yet, did the Eskimo ever find Hornby alone and ill? And if so, had LeRoux left him to fend for himself? Impossible to say. Yet Hornby came back from Lake Rouvière alone.

* * *

By 1 November 1912 Hornby was at Dease Bay again, and Rouvière's January letter shows that he had left LeRoux at Lake Rouvière. Rouvière had come down in October and was already settling in at Hodgson's Point,

though any large-scale fishing he did must have been carried out from Hornby's Fort Confidence house as base. By the time the two priests were established at Hodgson's Point for the winter, they were both rather discouraged at the delay in their arrival, at the irresponsiveness of the Eskimo later in the season, at the inconvenience of Hornby's illness. The Eskimo had been elusive up country; the Indians evasive and unhelpful at Dease Bay. Now the priests hoped to make good the time lost, largely by studying the language and by persuading an Eskimo family to live with them. But the young Eskimo who had promised to stay with them had now disappointed them too.

The Bear Lake natives also wanted to have the Eskimo with them. They asked two Eskimo families. And among these—what a choice—was my young man. They came to Bear Lake at the end of October; but the Hare Indians didn't feed them very well, and these Eskimo wanted to go away—as they said—to hunt musk ox, promising to come back when the sun was a certain height above the horizon. At that point I should have liked to keep them; but I was alone and couldn't attend to them. On top of all that I had to go and collect Father Le Roux who was still at Dismal Lake, so to my great regret I had to let them go.

This comes from a letter written on 29 January. Dark undercurrents run below the placid surface. Compared with the previous winter—when Hornby and Rouvière were sharing a cabin near Fort Confidence and the Douglas party was only a few miles away, and they could find talk or a game of chess or bridge from time to time at Hodgson's Point, and eat Christmas dinner together—the winter of 1912-13 was proving to be an unhappy one. Hornby was probably glad of the six-mile distance between his house and Hodgson's Point now. Some time there was a brisk quarrel between LeRoux and Hornby arising from LeRoux's refusal to give Hornby the stores left for him in the Douglas storehouse. Possession, in the circumstances, was at least nine points of the law, and

Hornby had no redress. There were worse troubles for Hornby too. LeRoux soon became aware of the liaison between Hornby and Arimo, and expressed his strong disapproval, and managed to alienate Arimo—to some extent at least—from Hornby. No detail now survives beyond certain elliptical statements made to George Douglas, not without bitterness, two years later. With Rouvière there was at first no trouble; but eventually he had to side with LeRoux, and may not have known all the facts in the situation. The remarkable thing is that there was no sharp restitution; respect only for Rouvière perhaps restrained Hornby—though he was the least violent of men—from violence. He withdrew to Fort Confidence and to the establishment formed by his house and the house he had built for Arimo near by; but even the integrity of that household was now spoiled. Hornby missed Rouvière's company and resented the fact that LeRoux was responsible for this deprivation. He now suffered an isolation that he had never experienced before, solitude almost more bitter than he was ever to suffer again.

The priests dispiritedly went into winter quarters at Hodgson's Point, in the house where previously there had been hospitality, laughter, a welcome, and the strong rhythm of sanity. Writing to Bishop Breynat in late January, Rouvière put a brave face on things; but neither of the priests can much have enjoyed the winter, and already Rouvière began to discuss that side of LeRoux's character which Douglas had intuitively sensed, and under which Hornby now smarted.

We haven't had a single difficulty. The father [LeRoux] is aware of his own quick temper and is striving to subdue it. He had never tried to hurt my feelings. I like to think that our good relations will not be soon disturbed. After all the reports I was given last year, I was afraid of some difficulties; but the good God had taken everything in hand and nothing has come about to disturb our good understanding.

Rouvière may have been agreeably surprised so far by LeRoux's mildness; but he shows no sign of understanding how violent the tension was between LeRoux and Hornby.

After bringing LeRoux back to Hodgson's Point in the autumn, Rouvière had decided 'to spend the spring at the head of the lake, so as to make good the lost time and to some extent too so that I could build a house for us; for so far we have been living in the Douglasses' house'—and Douglas had given permission only for the one season because he intended to return in the summer of 1913. In spite of this and other difficulties, they were (Rouvière said) not discouraged. With perseverance and God's help they would get results: of this he had a firm confidence. LeRoux was concentrating entirely on the study of Eskimo language 'and had made a lot of progress'. Rouvière asked for a larger boat capable of carrying 1800 to 2000 pounds; this would be necessary, he said, now that the Indians were forcing them to be self-reliant. And 'if we could get from the *Sainte-Marie* three or four gallons of coal oil we should spare our eyes and save our candles'.

In September Rouvière had suggested to the Bishop that one of them stay at Dease Bay for the whole summer so that they should not miss so much of the season. No reply had come back, as requested, by the second express. So 'we decided that one of us should stay at the head of the lake [Dease Bay] while the other went out to Norman in the spring to meet the steamer. With this in mind, I have undertaken the trip to Fort Norman so as to warn Fr Ducot and at the same time to acquaint you of our proposal.' So Rouvière wrote from Fort Norman on 29 January 1913.

Hornby had come out with Rouvière to Fort Norman, glad no doubt of a chance to travel with his old friend, but more than glad to be away from LeRoux. Hornby was ill and disenchanted; he was becoming increasingly restless; perhaps the halcyon days of the Coppermine trip had by contrast spoiled the country and the life for him; and LeRoux was a serious difficulty. Rouvière and Hor-

nby had left for Norman by sled on 10 January. The trip was uneventful; and when Rouvière wrote to the Bishop on the 29th, himself getting ready to go back to Dease Bay, he said he did not know whether Hornby was going to return to Dease Bay or stay 'at the Fort'. Hornby himself can have been in no doubt; he was now less content with Dease Bay than he had ever been since first coming there with Melvill in 1910. He was not likely to go back to Dease Bay with pleasure as long as LeRoux was there. It is not surprising that when he and Rouvière reached the head of Bear River on their way back at the beginning of February, Hornby suddenly decided to stay on at his old base at Fort Franklin. The reason Hornby gave Rouvière for staying at Fort Franklin was that he did not have 'an outfit suitable for crossing the lake'.

Rouvière's return journey to Dease Bay, he told the Bishop, was 'accomplished without any outstanding accident' except that he and the small Indian boy he was travelling with had a narrow escape while they were making the long traverse of thirty-five or forty miles from Point Etacho to Cape McDonnell.

In the morning the temperature was very mild and no wind at all. So we set off very promptly, happy about the fine weather. About ten o'clock a little breeze very cold springs up from the east and so we had it on the side. The wind went on increasing hour by hour. At noon you could see nothing over the lake. It was a real powder-box. At times the dogs couldn't go ahead, having no grip on the glare ice. Night came but the wind held on. At every moment we hoped to touch land, but it was a vain hope. We travelled several hours in the dark, terrified of straying into the open, for I had no compass. We finally decide to camp on the ice. We drag out our sleeping-bags, release the dogs, and set ourselves up in the shelter of our sled, wrapped up in our sleeping-bags. In less than ten minutes we were covered in a snow drift. And so we were able to sleep quietly without feeling any wind. When we woke up, we see the land about fifteen miles from us. We get up then, sort out our team and without breakfast re-

sume the march. Our dogs were numb with cold and exhausted from the day before. So we went very slowly. Also the sled was heavy and weighed at least 500 lbs. We had to walk all day to reach the place where we usually have tea. We have gone through two days and one night without having anything hot. At last we were in the woods. We could make ourselves a good fire and rest in a good camp.

After two days' rest he was all right. 'My fingers were frozen together,' he explained deferentially, 'and then the great exhaustion, and that's all.'

When he was at Fort Norman in January, Fr Rouvière had had word from Bishop Breynat confirming the suggestion that one of the priests should remain in the country while the other came out to Fort Norman. Rouvière had decided 'to stay at Bear Lake all summer, until the spring of 1914, so as to make some progress in the study of the Eskimo language'. He had no sooner returned to Dease Bay in February than he and LeRoux started 'building our future house which is not on Dease River, but on the shore of Bear Lake about two hours from the mouth of the Dease River'—actually on Ritch Island. By 25 March 1913, when Rouvière wrote a letter to send out with LeRoux, the house was pretty nearly finished and they had collected the logs for a storehouse.

Hornby had returned to Dease Bay a few days before, arriving just before LeRoux set out for Fort Norman. Rouvière intended, as soon as LeRoux had gone, to make a trip to the Coppermine River with Hornby, 'and perhaps even right to the sea, if the weather allows'. 'I think I can in this way meet the Eskimo very early, and so spend the major part of the summer with them. We shall also be able to see in a perfectly positive way the results that can be expected from all our attempts.' Next winter, he continued, their house would be ready to receive the bishop, but—he added— 'it will be a rather poor house, particularly in the matter of books'. There was nothing to read during the long winter days; if some 'books of spirituality'

could be sent they would be received with pleasure and gratitude. They were still in difficulties for lack of a large boat. And the letter ends with a pathetic request. 'Last winter was very cold . . . but we have no way of telling how low the temperature went. Wouldn't it be possible for us to have a small thermometer?'

This letter to the Bishop was to be carried to Fort Norman by LeRoux. Another letter was dated merely 'April 1913' and explained that their plan now was that LeRoux should stay at Fort Norman for the summer. Rouvière himself was planning 'a trip to the Eskimo over the last snow'—the way Douglas had travelled to the Coppermine in the previous April. If Hornby could not go or did not go, Rouvière was prepared to go by himself. In spite of what seems to have been an earlier clear promise to take Rouvière to the Coppermine in the spring, Hornby stayed on at Dease Bay through April, and 'towards the end of the month started for Franklin'. Rouvière did not lack courage: he decided to go to the Coppermine alone—a more difficult and dangerous journey than Douglas's well-planned and executed trip to the Bloody Falls would suggest.

* * *

Hornby's movements, and LeRoux's and Rouvière's, cannot be determined in any detail after Rouvière's letter of 'April 1913'. Hornby was back at Dease Bay from Norman by 1 June at latest and may even (though this does not seem likely) have brought LeRoux with him. In any case LeRoux returned to Dease Bay that summer contrary to the original plan. The priests' new house was now finished though, as Rouvière had told the bishop, it was modestly enough appointed. According to D'Arcy Arden's later testimony, LeRoux made good that defect by furnishing the house with gear from the Douglas house, not least of all with the heavy sheet metal stove Douglas had bought from Radford at Fort Simpson; but perhaps he had the tact to wait until late July by which time it would

have been clear that the Douglas party was not returning. Also LeRoux was now carrying George Douglas's 8-mm. Mauser rifle, ostensibly presented to him by Hornby, though specified in writing by Douglas as not to be used.

Evidence given later by various Eskimo, though never very exact about dates, agrees that all three men—Rouvière, LeRoux, and Hornby—were at Lake Imaerinik (as the Eskimo called Lake Rouvière) 'in the summer' of 1913. The Coronation Gulf Eskimo who had made their first timid and tentative meeting with Indians near Big Stick Island in 1910 had now grown quite familiar with some white men at least and had become increasingly confident and bold about travelling away from the sea. According to Stefansson the Eskimo had for many years been in the custom of 'hunting down to the northeast shore of Bear Lake'; but the Indians had always kept at a respectful distance and the Eskimo themselves had carefully avoided contact with other human beings. Melvill's establishment on Caribou Bay seems to have frightened the Eskimo back towards the sea, so that they were prepared to make only secretive forays for essential supplies of wood to Big Stick Island. Now the Eskimo had to regain their confidence, but under the frightening disadvantage that they could not restore their use of the country without meeting and associating with the white men and with the Indians who had come back with the white men to live around Dease Bay. To begin with they had grown used to camping in the summer near the priests' house at Lake Rouvière. Two families of Eskimo had been persuaded to come to Dease Bay in the fall of 1912 but grew uneasy and invented a pretext to go away again. But by 1913 several considerable groups of Eskimo camped around Lake Rouvière throughout the summer, and some came as far inland as Bear Lake itself.

The 'Caribou Notes' show that Hornby was 'around Dease Bay' from 1 June to 1 July; then for 10-20 July they refer to caribou movements 'along the Coppermine River'. Perhaps all three of them went up to Lake Rouvière on about 1 July after LeRoux's return. For some time

Rouvière had been convinced that the mission, to be really effective, would have to establish at the mouth of the Coppermine River; he was eager to make his first trip there to see the country and the Eskimo. Perhaps the ten-day trip in July along the Coppermine River was a short reconnaissance with Hornby of the route that brought Rouvière and LeRoux to their death a few months later.

In June 1916 the Eskimo Hupo made the following statement, Special Constable Ilavinik interpreting.

There were three white men who lived in a house on Imaerinik, we called one of them Ilogoak [LeRoux], and the other Kuleavik [Rouvière]. The other white man named Hornyboona [Hornby], started back for Bear lake in the fall. My Brother Kormick was hunting for Ilogoak.

Ilogoak talked to me in the summer and told me he wanted to see the coast. Ilogoak was about the same size as [Ilavinik] and had a small moustache and beard. Kuleavik had a short beard and was about the size of Ilavinik.

These two men were telling us about the land above the skies. They showed us coloured pictures of Heaven, and they said that after we died we should go there. They used to sing just like the Eskimos when they make medicine. They held our hands and taught us to make the sign of the Cross, and they put a little bread sometimes in my mouth.

The white men could talk our language well. They were not sick when they came with us.

Another Eskimo, Uluksak *alias* Mayuk, knew the priests well, he said; had visited them at Imaerinik and at Bear Lake; and at their request had gone east to hunt for musk ox skins for them that summer. Kormick, whose reputation among the Eskimo was less praiseworthy than his statement to the police was plausible, said that he had been at Bear Lake in the summer of 1913, that Uluksuk was with him (with his two wives), that he had seen two priests and a third white man in a short coat (*i.e.* not a cassock) named Isumitak [the thinker, that is Hornby];

and that he had given in trade musk ox skins, bearded seal raw-hide rope, and caribou skins. 'These men had a house where the river flows into the lake; one of these men one day took us across a bay in the lake in a boat; I was afraid.'

According to Hupo, Sinnisiak was with Uluksuk at Imaerinik; it seems likely then that one of many things Kormick neglected to tell the police was that on this summer visit to Bear Lake occurred a certain incident reported by Hupo.

Sinnisiak wanted to kill Hornybaena [Hornby] in the summertime. Sinnisiak and Kosuktuk went to Bear Lake with Hornybaena. Hornybaena dropped a sealskin line and Sinnisiak picked it up and wanted to keep it. Hornybaena saw him with it and took it back from him, and Sinnisiak wanted to kill him. Sinnisiak is a bad man, everyone says so and he told me lies.

The account given by Hupo is probably accurate. Bullock's account, relayed to him no doubt by Hornby, is more colourful. Hornby, he wrote, 'lived in the same Eskimo village as these two "bad actors" [Uluksuk and Sinnisiak], and fell foul of them when they stole his rifle. After a threat on his life, he walked boldly into their lodge, searched it until he found the hidden weapon, and for two days and nights remained sleepless while they plotted his death.' This version is evidently cross-fertilised with other anecdotal material that becomes recognisable a little later. Uluksak *alias* Mayuk gives evidence of Hornby's vigorous reaction to threats of violence: 'Hornby-beena had told me once that if the Eskimos killed one white man the white men would come and kill every one of the Eskimos.' An Eskimo named Chomik confessed also that he was afraid of Hornby for much the same reason.

From this it looks as though Hornby may have stayed on at Dease Bay early in the summer while the two priests first went to Lake Rouvière. In any case Sinnisiak's threat

to murder Hornby must have been before Hornby last saw the priests. There is a tradition, repeated by Bullock, that Hornby warned Rouvière to be careful because the Eskimo were 'getting ugly'. Though the Eskimo agreed that Rouvière and LeRoux spoke Eskimo well, the priests were not experienced travellers and they did not yet know much about the Eskimo temperament. Hornby was round about Lake Rouvière from 20 July until past the middle of August; on the 18th he 'moved down to Dease Bay, but saw no caribou'. Only twelve days later the Eskimo Chomik brought Rouvière a note from Captain Joe Barnard on Coronation Gulf saying that he thought the time was now favourable to establish a mission on the coast. Whether or not the priests ever intended to heed Hornby's warning, this note made them decide at once to go to the coast. But now that Hornby had left, they could travel only at the convenience of the Eskimo. Finally on 8 October they set off with a crowd of Eskimo, late in the season, ill-clothed and poorly provided, to walk to the mouth of the Coppermine.

* * *

Hornby did not wait at Dease Bay. With the help of the Bear Lake Indians he launched the York boat *Jupiter*, hauling her down from the willow-covered bank of the river where, two summers before, Douglas had left her thinking it would be 'her last harbour'. If the Douglasses should return next spring as they hoped they would, they would need *Jupiter* at Fort Norman—Hornby argued—to carry their gear in to Dease Bay. He himself had a quantity of stuff to get out: whatever furs he had collected recently from the Eskimo; a collection of Eskimo weapons, tools, and clothes; various biological specimens—flowers, bones, insects—for he still collected such things and from time to time sent items for the collections of Cosmo Melvill the father. All this he loaded into *Jupiter* and with half a dozen Indians set out for Franklin.

Crossing the long traverse *Jupiter* was caught in a heavy storm, driven ashore, and wrecked on a beach near Gros Cap in what is now called (after George Douglas) Douglas Bay. Hornby's own version, relayed by an English newspaper in October 1914, tells how he 'suffered the loss of his boat which he had sailed nearly 100 miles'.

All the way down [the lake] the frail craft with its passengers and its cargo of skins was buffeted by a gale. The water which the windswept lake flung in sheets into the boat froze in the bottom of the craft. After an eventful voyage the boat, on the very shore of the lake, to which it was being sailed, was completely wrecked, and scores of skins were swept into the lake.

Another newspaper report (Edmonton, June 1917) lamented that 'all those wonderful photos, bones, flowers, specimens, and even the manuscript of a book covering his six years' experience were lost'. One is tempted to ascribe this disaster to Hornby's comic incompetence as a seaman, except that the Douglasses—both experienced in square-rigged ships and Lionel with a master's ticket—stated that *Jupiter* was loutish and unhandy under sail, and when laden almost immovable under oars. Hornby did not succeed in getting her off the beach.²

Somehow Hornby reached Fort Franklin. He had Indians with him, and probably they had canoes on board *Jupiter*; at least they did not have to make their way over land. Much of Hornby's stuff was lost, but some of it he rescued and brought out with him. From Douglas Bay to Fort Franklin that autumn must have been a long and tedious journey, the canoes over-laden, the Indians in no hurry while the good weather lasted. The date of Hornby's arrival is not known; but by then the priests were probably already dead, killed on their retreat from the sea towards the timber.

Once he had crossed Bear Lake, Hornby spent the winter of 1913-14 at his base at Fort Franklin, and part of the time at Fort Norman. It must have been at this time that he brought together the collection of Eskimo articles which he later presented to the University of Alberta. No doubt a certain amount of his Eskimo gear and skins taken in trade were lost in the wreck of *Jupiter* and in the improvised journey to Franklin. But the bulk of the Eskimo collection had been brought out by Rouvière in the spring of 1912 using 'the big runner'—the same big comatik the Eskimo had made for Hornby at Lake Rouvière and that Rouvière had used to bring the big load of toboggans and gear back to Dease Bay in the late autumn of 1911. Perhaps most of the Eskimo collection was already at Franklin by the summer of 1913.

In the spring of 1914 Hornby travelled into the Mackenzie delta with the Bill Adamson who was later to be a close friend of Hornby's in Edmonton. About this trip no detail is preserved, except for a tradition that there was 'an awful row about blankets'. One brief note, written on Hudson's Bay Company paper, is preserved: dated 24 June 1914, it is addressed to Dr R. M. Anderson (Steffansson's companion), and seems to have been written either near Fort McPherson in the Mackenzie delta or possibly even left at Fort Norman.

Dear Anderson,

I have gone on to Fort McPherson. Be sure to come to see me. I will wait there till after the Steamer. If you can't possibly come, send some-one and I will return to see you.

It is signed with the distinctive and characteristic salutation:

Yrs V. Sinc.

J. Hornby.

This trip probably had no purpose beyond that of filling in time agreeably until the first steamer could take him out. Hornby had not been 'outside' since the summer of 1908. He was now thoroughly disillusioned. At Dease Bay he had made up his mind to go 'right outside' now. But when it came to the final decision, to the point of actually turning southward and going away from Great Bear Lake and Fort Norman, it was not so easy to carry out his resolution. He had been too much alone, living like an Indian, not to feel that other people—because they had not shared his experience with him—were very different from himself, and could have no understanding of him or his experience or his need. That sensation must be the common experience of anybody who has been in the North for long: when a man comes in from the Barrens or the Northern Islands, even a place as small and unmetropolitan as Fort Norman or Churchill can induce the desolate feeling. Out of sheer restlessness, out of fear and distaste for the outside; from uncertainty at what he might find outside, and wondering whom he could turn to, Hornby filled the waiting period as he had filled the last six years—in travelling about almost aimlessly. Perhaps he hoped that something else would turn up, that he would—by accident or lucky intervention—be carried off into some suitable enterprise that would outflank the need to face what he now dreaded—a crazily different life, and people who, being different from himself, were potentially hostile.

Nevertheless Hornby was back at Fort Norman again in early July when the *Mackenzie River* pulled in on her first journey north. In the way Hornby had first met the Douglas party there, he now met another man who, for a time, was to play an important part in his life—D'Arcy Arden. The son of an Irish soldier, Arden had been born in Ottawa, was educated at Ridley College, and was only a few months older than Hornby. Up to the age of eighteen he had trained to enter the Royal Navy (there was no Canadian Navy then) but, standing only five feet tall, was finally rejected as below the minimum stature for the serv-

ice. He had then spent two years in the Labrador as a member of a large survey, had learned to drive dogs, being in charge of a large group of pet dogs picked up at Manawaki because, he said, 'the Indians never used dogs before the white men had taught them how to drive them'. On that survey all of them starved for a time, most of them caught scurvy, and three men died. After this a spell of office work in Ottawa was not to his liking, so he was sent to the Yukon where he served from 1900 until in 1911 he was moved to Herschel Island. At Herschel Island he heard from Inspector Beyts RNWMP that there were two young Englishmen at Bear Lake—Melvill and Hornby. On Herschel Island Arden also had a letter from George Street, an old school friend—the man whom Douglas had seen at McPherson setting out with Radford on the expedition that took them to their death on the Arctic coast. In the winter of 1913-14 Arden had met Melvill at the Edmonton Club; for Melvill, after returning from Keele River, had stayed on in Edmonton preparing eventually to make for the government a fisheries survey of James Bay. Since Arden wanted to travel overland from the Mackenzie to the Arctic coast and establish there, Melvill gave him an introduction to Hornby. D'Arcy was altogether a prepossessing figure: intelligent, observant, well-educated, fastidious, young.

Hornby, hearing that Arden intended to go to Dease Bay, to Lake Rouvière, to the Coppermine, to the sea, reacted much as he had on first meeting the Douglasses. He temporised and was evasive and very nearly turned around to go back to Dease Bay with Arden. Hornby warned Arden of the danger of Eskimo in their present mood and advised him not to go beyond Dease Bay for the time being. It may have been the thought of Dease Bay, distaste (when he came to think of it) for country now spoiled by the bitterness of the last winter, that deterred Hornby. He may have sensed that the European war was about to break out. He may have remained in doubt for those days that it took the *Mackenzie River* to go on north to the delta and return. But in the end, after

much uncertainty, Hornby took the steamer south. It does not appear that Hornby offered Arden the use of his house at old Fort Confidence.

Hornby must have stopped over at Onoway; certainly he saw such friends as he had in Edmonton, though Melvill had already left for the east, bound for James Bay. Hornby left at the University of Alberta in the custody of Dr John A. Allan, then Head of the Department of Geology, his collection of Eskimo gear: fishing and hunting implements made from bone, hide, driftwood, and native copper; snow-knives of native copper; bows and copper-tipped arrows of various designs for various kinds of game, the shafts of the arrows often tipped with quills of the wild goose; drills, needles, horn dishes, skinning knives, ugyuk of bearded seal, fur garments, and many household utensils. For a man who was not an anthropologist and is alleged to have had no sense either of history or science, it was an interesting, extensive, and well-chosen selection. In his absence, Edmonton had grown out of all recognition into a city; but Hornby did not stop there for long, for the war had already broken out and the crowding of the *déraciné* Englishmen to the recruiting offices heightened the sense of urgency. At the end of August Hornby left Edmonton and reached Lakefield on 8 September.

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Douglas had come to the station to meet Hornby but somehow missed him; Hornby overtook him in the street as Douglas was going away. They had lunch together in Lakefield while they waited for the post, then walked the two or three miles out to Northcote.

They had not seen each other for two years. Hornby had much to tell Douglas about Dease Bay and the Fathers and the country they had travelled together. Douglas gave his account of the last long-drawn-out phase of their journey home, and all the delays after they had got clear of the ice on Bear Lake and had taken the steamer at Nor-

man: and how he and Lion finally reached Northcote on 23 October 1912, 'a dull mild day, calm, with a light rain, the trees mostly bare'.

In memory, Douglas thought that Hornby stayed on at Northcote for about three weeks, but his diary shows that the visit lasted only eight days. It was a most pleasant interlude, like the Coppermine trip only without the hard work, made the more sweet by the restless recognition that it could not last for long; the lengthening of time in memory is a mark of the quality of those days. They spent some time in tents on Stony Lake at what Douglas now calls Wee Island: there are two cottages of his on the property there now, but there were none then and the lake was largely unpopulated. But many of their evenings were spent visiting a cottage a mile or so up the lake where four girls were summering. Hornby was rather like a schoolboy on holiday: charming in his own sprightly if not very urbane way, full of energy, fascinating because of his self-enclosure. One of Douglas's photographs catches him on a picnic at this time, sitting below a big uprooted stump on a beach, obviously clowning, the girls enjoying the occasion. Then they returned to Northcote and Hornby was very restless. He would sit by the hour in a rocking chair in the kitchen telling the elderly Irish housekeeper scandalous stories about the priests at Dease Bay, releasing the bitterness, suspicion, and frustration of the past solitary and desolating year.

Also he was trying to decide what he should do about the war. Douglas urged Hornby to pay his own way to England, to join the Imperial army and—once among his own people—take a commission. Hornby resisted this; perhaps he did not have the money to pay his own passage. In any case it was the fashion in that war if you seemed to belong to the 'officer class' not to take a commission. Hornby must have been very confused and upset, ill-accustomed yet to the 'outside', slightly bushed: civilisation had thrown him off balance. In the end he rejected Douglas's advice; he would enlist in Canada, as soon as possible, in the lowliest rank.

His last day with Douglas was wild and inconsequent. Douglas had made an invitation for them to have tea with Lakefield friends before the evening train left. Hornby, with no taste for what he regarded as social superficialities, told the housekeeper: 'Just wait till I get to Peterborough and I'll give that man Douglas the slip.' Is it a mark of his ambiguous mood that he should become unreasonably impatient of his closest and most solicitous friend? Once in Lakefield (as Douglas's diary shows), Hornby 'went astray'. Douglas thought that perhaps Hornby had 'parted for ever' with no further formality; but once free of his social engagement, set off to look for him. Hornby was not a drinking man; yet all that evening he drifted from bar to bar telling his story to anybody who would listen, always one jump ahead of Douglas who pursued him with flagging enthusiasm, determined that Hornby should not miss his train. The number of bars in Peterborough being limited, Hornby was eventually run to earth. He caught his train. It was Wednesday, 16 September. On Monday, 20 September 1914, he joined the 19th Alberta Dragoons in Valcartier, Quebec.

As soon as news came that England and the Empire were at war with Germany, men crowded into Calgary and Edmonton and the other centres of population where recruiting offices were to be found. When the recruiting offices closed the men would wait outside, sleeping even on the sidewalk in order to be on hand first thing in the morning. The English were not the only ones to recruit; but they represented a fervent group eager to join as soon as possible so that they could go home again to England in time of trouble. By the time Hornby joined up in Montreal, many men from his part of the country had already travelled east and were mustering to take ship for England. When Hornby arrived in Montreal he gave a statement to a newspaper reporter; the 'story' was published in Montreal on 20 September, and was reprinted in the London *Observer* on 21 October 1914, not so much because Hornby himself provided newsworthy material but because his coming from a distant part of the country to

join up provided a convenient symbol for what many other men had done with more alacrity.

From the Arctic circle to Valcartier camp is a long way, but that trip has just been concluded by Mr John Hornby, who for the past six years has been living in sub-Arctic regions, north of Great Bear Lake. Mr Hornby arrived here yesterday. He stated he had heard of the outbreak of war, and concluded that if his physique was good enough to stand years of roughing it in the farthest wilds, it should be good enough for war. The first part of his journey was made by dog sledge and snow shoes, then further south he got a horse, until he reached the lakes and rivers, and finally the railroad to Edmonton, and then came to Montreal.

This account is not perhaps a very exact rendering of John Hornby's feelings and intention as he travelled south from Fort Norman, made his way to Northcote, and passed a leisurely time there with George Douglas. But the newspaper reporter went on to ask Hornby for his own interpretation of Stefansson's reports of 'white Eskimo' on Coronation Gulf.

Mr Hornby was slow to reply, saying he had seen what Stefansson had said about them. 'There may be something in it,' he said, finally. 'I saw children of Eskimo around Coronation Gulf as white and as delicately featured as any white children. But, of course, when they grow up, they get coarse and dark, on account of the way they live. Even then some of them grow moustaches and beards like white men. But one thing is certain, they speak just the same language as all Eskimos. I should not think it at all possible that they are descended from white men, because there is not a trace of English in either their language or habits.

Hornby on this occasion also spoke of Stefansson with admiration and said that he thought Stefansson had not

been given enough credit for his work as an explorer.

Two weeks after signing up, on 4 October 1914, 2064 Private John Hornby sailed from Halifax for England with the First Canadian Cavalry Division. The first phase of his life in the North was over.

CHAPTER V

War and Return
1914-19

IN AN ALBUM OR SCRAPBOOK John Hornby's father pasted some newspaper clippings referring to members of the family. The fifth entry announces in its headline that the 'Son of Mr. A. N. HORNBY Returns With Canadian Division'. Beside this clipping the father has written: 'Jack left home April 7th 1904 for Canada'; and above and below: 'Landed Oct 15th 1914' and 'Home Oct 19th 1914'.

Next Saturday, 'Oct 24th 1914' according to the father's note, a much fuller newspaper report was published. It shows—in part at least—how Hornby at this time wanted to present himself in the eyes of the world.

When the war broke out, he said, he had been 'far inland' and had 'immediately made his way to the concentration centre of the Canadian forces in response to the old country's clarion call which went out to her sons all over the Empire'. From Canada he had cabled the laconic message 'Coming-home', was now encamped on Salisbury Plain with the Canadian Brigade of Cavalry, and had been granted short leave by the colonel of his regiment to travel to Nantwich. He spoke of having made several prospecting expeditions 'far into the solitary and untrodden tracts of the north-west of Canada'. With Melvill he had 'set out to study the copper-yielding possibilities of the Coppermine river', had 'penetrated into the country of the Esquimaux, and reached points of the great north-west continent which are still unmarked on the map'. Though there was much copper to be found—and he had specimens in proof—the cost of developing it would be prohibitive: it would involve 'the cutting of a railway across the continent to Hudson Bay, and the spending of

many millions'. He had, he said, 'spent two years in the company of the Red Indians on Great Bear Lake' and his hunting expeditions had 'brought adventure and risks aplenty'. Once, he said, he had been surprised at the foot of a cliff by three big Barren Ground bears. (The episode is dated August 1912 by the 'Caribou Notes'.) 'At a distance of 50 yards he killed one of them outright and wounded another. The third charged at him whilst he lay prone on the ground, and that one he brought down when it was barely ten yards distant from him.' He spoke enthusiastically about the country: in the lakes and rivers there was 'an abundance of fish' and the trout grew to seventy pounds—as big as 'monster kingly salmon'. The rivers were a fisherman's paradise; he had photographs in evidence. Other photographs showed 'wooden huts' and the 'bleak winter' and 'Mr Hornby wearing skins from head to foot, and gathering warmth from a stick fire'. Despite 'the solitariness of the long nights' Hornby had been 'quite happy'. The Indians regarded him as 'the restless white man—the Englishman of Great Bear Lake'.

The report is interesting in a number of ways: for the egocentricity that mentions Melvill in passing only and leaves the Douglas party entirely out of account; for the exaggeration of his own taste for solitude and hardships; for the drawing of the Dease River country as a bleak and inhospitable place when Hornby had been (on the whole) both happy and comfortable there for six years; for his hint that he had made the trip from Edmonton to the Coppermine 'by river, lake, and land' in one stride; for the ascription to himself of technical and scientific singleness of purpose when in such matters he was little more than an enthusiastic potterer. Some of this may have been the reporter's emphasis, but not all of it. These same tendencies towards inflation and a distorting egocentric emphasis were, with Hornby, to become more and more pronounced with time: they are in any case true of the Northern psychology altogether.

The newspaper account, for obvious reasons, gives the impression of Hornby as the bronzed and toughened traveller who had returned from the wilds in order to devote his exceptional gifts as hunter, woodsman, and man of resource to the defence of his country; and Hornby himself, while he was still at Northcote and before he was actually in the army, may have looked at the situation that way. In the end he left the army as an officer wearing the ribbon of the Military Cross; but the whole interlude had been a nightmare not only of horror but of indirection, futility, spiritual desolation. If he had been able to go straight into action, things might have been different—but only because he would then have avoided the boredom of waiting, hanging around in a country where he could find nothing that seemed to make sense, submitting to the discipline of being taught how to deal with hypothetical solutions for situations that probably would never arise. There can have been few men worse suited for army life than Hornby—by habit, temperament, and desire. Even though there was in fact no way that he could have foreseen what army service would be like, he soon regretted bitterly what he now saw as an impetuous decision, and relapsed into self-enclosed apathy, into an anti-social habit of withdrawal that would have been insolent if it had not been profoundly pathetic.

George Douglas came to England in late autumn of 1914 hoping to join the Royal Flying Corps as a pilot, or failing that to serve in the Royal Navy as an engineer for which duties he had much professional experience. He went to the Canadian Army camp on Salisbury Plain to find Hornby but did not see him. Hornby's commanding officer, Colonel F. C. Jamieson, gave a fairly reassuring account of him: Hornby was a pretty unorthodox soldier (he said) but was much liked by his companions because of his eccentric and unpredictable behaviour and for a general largeness of spirit. But Hornby 'was not doing anything in the least military then': much of that autumn he was in and out of hospital in London, and the rest of

the time at home in Nantwich. He made no pretence to a military bearing, but wandered about in clothes that would have been outlandish even at Dease Bay. During that autumn Hornby and Douglas met more than once in London. It was perhaps the first of these meetings—when Hornby came to the Royal Paddington Hotel at Douglas's invitation—that Douglas remembered most vividly. For Douglas came down to the entrance hall just in time to rescue Hornby from being thrown out of that very respectable hotel by the hall porter. 'He looked like a tramp—dirty trousers, a dirty pale blue silk shirt with pale yellow attached collar with ragged lace ribbon bands across the breast, and heavy moth-eaten astrakhan fur collar and cuffs.' The account would be incredible if it were not for George Douglas's inflexible veracity. 'I don't remember where we did have dinner; but I believe I got him into a quiet corner in the very gloomy dining room.' Hornby was not so much comic as heart-breaking: he was completely lost, entirely out of place, without initiative or self-respect.

George Douglas, a man of strong character and instant candour, must have been a comfort and support to Hornby then: he was a continuing link with the happier and more substantial past, and fortunately they were able to meet from time to time. In January 1915 Hornby was at home in Nantwich for a longer spell than usual: it may have been at that time that he wrote this note to Douglas.

I hope you received the post-card which I wrote asking you to come & stay with me. I twice phoned to you. I shall be in town again on Saturday. If you can, come & stay as [?soon/long as] possible as my Mother would be only too pleased to see you. Hoping to see or hear from you soon. I reach Euston Station about 10-45 Saturday morning. Hoping to see you soon.

Y^{rs} V. Sinc:

Jack Hornby

But Douglas had problems of his own. To his great disappointment he was rejected by both the Flying Corps

and the Navy because of deafness. He was appointed as an engineering supervisor in Newcastle in one of the Armstrong factories where guns were being made, but resigned shortly afterwards on a point of principle regarding the unjust treatment of a fellow employee. Early in 1915, and without ever having visited Nantwich, Douglas sailed for Canada. Hornby came to the ship to see him off. He cut no more military a figure than before: he looked utterly forlorn, and admitted that he would have given anything to be sailing westward with Douglas. He even made to Douglas the preposterous—because from every point of view entirely unreasonable—request that he should look after the Indians at Dease Bay. Was he thinking particularly of Arimo? of the possible threat of D'Arcy Arden? or did he, like an animal, simply long for the only life he knew and the only place he loved? But once Douglas had left England, and Hornby for better or worse was faced with the need to turn himself into a not too ineffectual soldier, he seems to have become a little more cheerful, a little less erratic.

The unit sailed to France on 1 April 1915 and must have gone into action almost immediately: for their 'first big job in France' was the second battle of Ypres. Here the Canadians came up against poison gas—the Germans used it in this action for the first time on 22 April—and for a time the situation was extremely confused. 'Patrols,' Colonel Jamieson says, 'were sent out, and Hornby liked to go on these. Everybody liked him. He was cheerful and never complained.' There is no other account of Hornby when he was serving with the Canadians. One can only infer what sort of things he might have been doing by reading such contemporary personal accounts of trench warfare in that area as David Jones's *In Parenthesis* or Edmund Blunden's *Undertones of War*.

Not long after returning to Canada Douglas wrote to Hornby to say, among other things, that there was now some uneasiness about the Oblate Fathers Rouvière and LeRoux: for there had been no word from them or about them since the early autumn of 1913. Hornby's letter in

reply, written from France on 3 September 1915 in pencil on ruled paper, gives a vivid and poignant glimpse of the misery that nothing in the mud and horror of Flanders could dull and that there was no close friend to mitigate. 'Dear Douglas.' he started; 'Am always pleased to hear from you. I wish we were all back in the North again.'

I think I would be the best person to go to look for Father Rouvier[e] & Father Leroux, I would hardly think that the Esquimaux would kill them unless they had done something to make them [a]fraid; Father Rouvier[e] was not the kind to do so, but Father Leroux was a little too quick-tempered & not accustomed to handle savages.

So much for the missing priests. In contrast to his own condition, theirs probably did not seem too distressing.

It is now one year since I have been in the army but still I have no h[e]art in it, my thoughts are for ever of the North, I hope the Indians & the Esquimaux think of me as often [as] I think of them. If all is well, I shall have a commission by the time this letter reaches [you], I think I deserve one for I have given up a lot to join the army, as you know. I am too old & have lived too long with what here one calls the uncivilized races, (one would think it was quite the reverse if you had been as long as I have in the army) to ever get accustomed to the continual wrangle & utter selfishness of the white races. I am now of Dr Sandberg's opinion & therefore I am in a ridiculous position. I shall try again to get away in order that I can fit out an expedition to go North & find out news about the Fathers.

At present I am a labourer working every other day in the trenches, it does seem strange that I who have at times [had] hundreds to do as I wanted, should be doing this, all I say [is], never again.

If anything happens to me, I wish you would go to Great Bear Lake & endeavour to look after the Great Bear Lake Indians, for I know that now I have left, they must be longing to have a white man whom they can implicitly trust & who will help them when they are in

want; my last year I was certainly good to them, for on several occasions I gave every-thing I had & then went hungry myself. Here I have received many shocks & I doubt that I will ever be of such a generous nature [again].

I long to rest for the remainder of my life & return to those whom I trusted & who trusted me. Remember me to the Doctor.

Y^{rs} V. Sinc.

J. Hornby.

The misery and self-pity, the complete lack of political perspective, the absence of any realistic judgement, the anguish of a child unjustly treated yet powerless to escape from the crazy insensitiveness of the adult web—together these form a pathetic pattern of motive and desire. Within such a pattern it was neither unnatural nor unseemly that Hornby should imagine—in the same breath that speaks of getting a commission—that he could get permission to return to Canada and look for two lost missionaries on the Coppermine River. All values were destroyed: the irrational was now reasonable to him.

Hornby's application for a commission in the British Army was promptly granted: the need for subalterns was inexorable, and their prospects of surviving many weeks of action were poor. On 23 October 1915, while still in France, Hornby was discharged from the Canadian Army and was appointed next day to a temporary commission as Second Lieutenant in the South Lancashire Regiment. He was given some leave, probably while he was under officer training. Mrs Hornby sent a note to George Douglas on the day after Christmas, with a letter from Hornby: 'Jack had forgotten to post it'—perhaps it was the letter of 3 September.

Jack is now Lieut in 7th South Lancs; he has been made Patrol Officer & I hear has been mentioned in despatches.¹ The last time Jack came over he was looking very well and much more cheery, he found the life of a private rather horrid & disagreeable work.

Hornby disappears from view again. The only reliable facts now known are that in June 1916 he was awarded the Military Cross and that on 4 July 1916 he was wounded. The award was announced in the *London Gazette* Supplement of 3 June 1916; no citation is recorded, the preamble to the list in which his name appears reading simply: 'His Majesty the KING has been graciously pleased to approve of the undermentioned awards for distinguished service in the field'. Nowhere is there a hint of the particular act of heroism or devotion to duty for which he was decorated. His duties at the time are equally obscure: Patrol Officer according to his mother, sniping officer according to Yardley Weaver, intelligence officer according to Bullock. Whether or not he refused to continue as a sniping officer 'because he found shooting unsuspecting men utterly unsportsmanlike' cannot now be determined; Yardley Weaver, the Edmonton solicitor who rose to the rank of Colonel and won a DSO, believed Hornby's statement on this point. Hornby later told Edward Hodgson that he never expected to come out of the war alive, and so transferred his estate to his mother. He told Bullock that he became entirely careless of risk, was convinced that he would be killed and so took more outrageous chances until he was wounded. According to War Office records he suffered 'a superficial gunshot wound to his neck and back'. The word 'superficial' is, in surgical terms, relative: those who saw the scars of the wounds later did not think the wound can have been trifling. A newspaper in the Nantwich area announced that Hornby had been 'shot through the shoulder', was in hospital in London, and was making satisfactory progress: the report stated that 'the wound is not a dangerous one'. Perhaps it wasn't; but for Hornby it was the end of the war.

His injuries must have been fairly grave otherwise he would not have been evacuated to London. Whether he was discharged from hospital there and sent on long convalescent leave does not appear; according to Colonel Jamieson, Hornby 'just walked out'. His family remon-

strated with him, but he showed none of that frenetic loyalty that would carry a man back into action before his wounds were healed. With or without authority—and one wonders how in the middle of war it could have been done without authority—while officially on convalescent leave he took ship for Canada.

* * *

Hornby reached Northcote at the end of August 1916 and suffered his first severe shock: Douglas, who was now married, was away in Mexico, having taken up an appointment as an engineer. From Northcote, Hornby went on to Edmonton, then to Victoria. By now his leave had expired. He made no effort to report for duty, and was posted as Absent Without Leave. Colonel Godson-Godson, Provost Marshal for Canada at the time, a gallant soldier who, because of a gunshot wound in the throat earlier in the war, was himself no longer fit for active service, would happily have arrested Hornby, even though (or perhaps because) his wife was a cousin of Hornby's. But Hornby belonged to the Imperial Army, not the Canadian Army: and that interposed—even for military police—certain hampering limitations. On the afternoon of 21 August 1916 Hornby's mother posted to him, addressed c/o George Douglas, Lakefield, the following letter.

My dear Jack

Have sent this post a form for you to fill up for y^r kit, glasses etc. please see to it. Sent you £50 Bank of Montreal, Montreal £50 Bank of Montreal, Edmonton. Sending y^r Uniform to Bank of Montreal.

Y^{rs} Mother

Ada Hornby

The letter reached Lakefield on 4 September and in Douglas's absence was not forwarded, was mislaid at Northcote, and was never forwarded.² Hornby, not knowing of the letter, was soon short of funds and wired to Douglas in Mexico asking that he lend him \$100 and send it to

him at the General Post Office in Vancouver. Shortly afterwards the Provost's men called on Douglas's sister-in-law in Vancouver—to her amazement—to ask where Hornby was. But Hornby had not called on Lionel Douglas and by that time had vanished.

The Imperial Army was not so zealously thoroughgoing as Colonel Godson-Godson had been in trying to find Hornby. Hornby did not draw his pay and so left no clue of his whereabouts. It is not even clear that the army can have wanted to find him unless out of vindictiveness. A man might be shot for desertion near the front: perhaps the impartial rain of mercy blurred the finer distinctions at a distance from the battlefield. Whoever it was that made the decision on behalf of the Imperial Army he was not lacking in wisdom. There were important, even necessary, formalities. Hornby underwent medical examination by a Dr Harrison in Edmonton and was pronounced unfit for further military service. This action must have been taken promptly and word sent to England at once: for the *London Gazette* Supplement for 2 March 1917 announced that on 12 December 1916 John Hornby had 'Relinquished his commission on account of ill-health caused by wounds' and was granted the honorary rank of second lieutenant. Nothing in John Hornby's history—except the manner of his death—has caused his friends more uneasiness than the last part of his army record. 'Hornby deserted': with embarrassed regret or malicious delight, the phrase sooner or later is produced. The record should be set straight, and is here set down from the War Office records. Certainly he did not leave England with permission; nor did he lawfully refrain from reporting for duty at the end of his sick leave. And yet convicted deserters are not usually awarded honorary military rank.³

* * *

Hornby himself probably did not know until the beginning of March that his resignation had been accepted. He was still in very bad physical condition; but his emotional

The Legend of John Hornby



12. Arimo and Harry at Dease River, about 1909



13. D'Arcy Arden in winter skins at the Douglas House, Hodgson's Point, 1917-1918

condition was far worse. The noise of the guns, he told Peggy Watt, had nearly driven him crazy. The war had sharpened and deepened all his worst suspicions. His skill as a hunter had been turned to predatory killing, the murder of men. The civilised world had gone mad; civilisation was in suicidal decay and all its ways unclean. Now that he was officially released from the army and the world, he came out of hiding, and like a wounded animal finding a quiet place to die, he turned towards the North.

On 28 April 1917 he wrote again to George Douglas: the letter is written in indelible pencil on Hudson's Bay Company paper.

I have just got to Edmonton hoping to find myself fixed so as to be able to go North, however find myself broke. I had been up against it all winter & then took a job at this small saw-mill but the owner was a rotter & I could only get 20\$ from him & he owed me sixty. I don't intend to live this hand to mouth existence & work for others, going North even if I have nothing, for once there I know I can make out. Could you possible wire 100 dollars to me, I hate asking for it, but I find I must go North as I am unfit for anything else but can't I get any work which I care for, at present only want to pay what little I owe & have one week's grub to start from Athabasca Landing for as you know I am known in the country & could get what I want even if I was not capable of procuring it myself.

I have here in Edmonton, one good cedar canoe (identical to Polaris) & a camping-outfit & only require money to pay my fare & freight for canoe & of course buy a little grub. I wish I had never gone to the army nor had ever left the North. With a hundred dollars I could get everything I want & of course I could pay it back within a month by writing to [the] old country but I don't wish to wire to [the] old country as it upsets my mother but in writing I could explain why I wanted money.

Would that I had never left the North. Hoping you & your wife someday [will be] in the far North.

Y^{rs} V Sinc
[unsigned]

P.S. Don't forget to write & suggest what I should do when I go North. Of course I intend to go in for fur & can undoubtedly catch more than Stocks [? Bill Store or Jack Stark?] who got more than 2000\$ one year.

Below a line drawn across the sheet is the signature 'J. Hornby' and the address 'Bank [of] Montreal—Edmonton'.

His need for money had driven him, when he first arrived in Edmonton that spring, to ask the University of Alberta to purchase the collection of Eskimo artefacts he had left with them in 1914. Professor Allan took this matter up with the authorities, found out that money was not available for such a purpose, and told Hornby 'that if he required the money, as he stated he did, he had better take his collection' and try to sell it elsewhere. This Hornby did not wish to do. A few weeks later he visited the University again, took two or three of the items he personally wanted and said that 'he wanted the collection to remain in Alberta and wished to present it to the [Geological] Museum after the University.

Although ill-health and sheer physical need had driven him to ask for Douglas's help, he was afraid to send home for money. His mother, strong-willed and importunate at best, had been urging him to return to the Army after he had left England, and then had tried to get him to rejoin after he had been discharged. In his desperate need, on the verge of physical collapse, and clinging only tenuously to the fringes of sanity he could turn to nobody except George Douglas. Douglas did not fail him. Presently the *Edmonton Bulletin*, in a manner sufficiently jaunty, was celebrating Hornby's departure for the North.

Lt. Jack Hornsby Returns To
Great Bear Lake in Far North
After Two Years in Trenches

Peace River, June 15.—'I'm going back home,' said Lieutenant Jack Hornsby to the Bulletin man, as he looked down from the high bank of the Peace on his

twenty foot dugout canoe and tenderly patted on the head his only companion for the long trip to Great Bear Lake, a big shepherd dog. 'Along the barren lands and in the Arctic is my home.'

With a shock of unruly brown hair unrestrained by a hat, with a pair of mild blue eyes, looking out from a face still wrinkled with the pain it had lately borne, Jack Hornsby, the Great Bear Lake explorer and hunter told a story that only an adventurous Anglo-Saxon could live.

For six years prior to 1914 this restless young man lived practically alone among the Eskimos who come to the northern shores of the lake to hunt and fish. For six years he used a camera on the wild things of the Arctic land, snapping the shutter on herds of caribou numbering thousands, catching the big timber wolf as he stole cautiously by the lone cabin in the woods about Dease Bay, getting the leaping trout that flung its body above the water in playful exertion. Jack Hornsby had pictures of the Esquimo that showed no pose, but gave impressions of the primitive people true to life. He had a thousand pounds of skulls and bones of animals and birds which he had laboriously cleaned and packed to bring out for civilization's inspection. Flowers from the barren lands, insects, butterflies, birds, all aroused his interest. Then came the day when he trusted all his precious possessions to a big native canoe and started across the Great Bear Lake. . . . The canoe was upset and all on board escaped by the merest luck. . . .

Now he is going back after two years at the front. And he is carrying with him to the outer rim of the Empire a Military Cross. He will doubtless show it to his friends the Eskimos, and they will offer him many skins of the white Arctic fox for the trinket, but he knows too well its cost and value.

Lieutenant Jack Hornsby is going back to Great Bear Lake with a crushed breast bone and a big sunken place between his shoulders where a German bullet passed through his body. He is going to do over again those six years of wasted work.

'Just wait, and I'll send you a fine picture of the caribou going south,' said he to the Bulletin man. 'I'm good for it all over again.' Stepping down the bank and steadying

himself in the heavily loaded dugout he whistled to his dog. Then he shoved out into the stream and we watched him until he drifted from sight, his bare head almost hallowed [halo-ed?] as the setting sun shot its golden rays aslant the river's silver water.

There are many others who came from the Empire's outer edges to fight the battles of King and Country, but no others will return a further distance to their old life and work than Lieut. Jack Hornsby, the explorer of Great Bear Lake.

Given such an encomiastic tribute, Hornby could scarcely be said to have slipped away unostentatiously into the North.

But 'the Bulletin man' was putting a slightly more prosperous face on things than Hornby himself can have supported. Hornby had no money and practically no equipment, but he set off anyway. Why from Peace River rather than (as suggested in his letter to Douglas) Athabaska Landing where the railway now reached—unless he had come by way of his old pre-war hide-outs at Lake Wabamun and Paddle River and his friends the Stewart brothers who now had their headquarters at Peace River Crossing. Conybeare, the hotel-keeper at Fort Smith, saw Hornby leave and long afterwards remembered vividly 'this desperate man running away from civilisation, looking like death, making the tremendous trip in a little boat no better than a broken down packing case'. Conybeare was not amphibious and perhaps exaggerates a little about the boat. But neither was Hornby amphibious, having always perversely refused to learn to swim. He went now into the North alone and with little provision. He loathed 'civilisation' with an ineradicable hatred, and hated his own home almost as bitterly; he loved the unfenced land to the point of obsession. There was now nothing he could give to the country but his life. No temporal goal had any value for him or meaning: not wealth nor fame nor the oblique satisfaction of factual discovery.

From Fort Fitzgerald he sent another letter, written

this time in indelible pencil on Northern Trading Company paper. Judging from a variety of postmarks the letter left Fitzgerald on 19 June—Fort Fitzgerald being the new name for what had previously been called Smith Landing.

Dear Douglas

I have reached Smith Landing. I wish you were only here with me. I have picked up a man on the way but of course he is not quite the one I should like for a companion, but however it makes everything easier for me. I have a miserable outfit, consisting of less than 1000 lbs of stuff but of course I manage with the same. Before I leave Fort Smith, I shall write a very long letter to you. Today the mail leaves & perhaps the other letter may not reach you for ever so long. Your book [*Lands Forlorn*] is read by every one. Hoping you & your wife are both well.

Y^{rs} V. Sinc.

J.H.

Hornby did not write that long letter from Fort Smith—or if he did it never arrived.

The man he had picked up was Edward Hodgson, son of the Joe Hodgson who had wintered on Dease River 1910-11. They crossed Great Slave Lake to the Mackenzie River together. Hornby's wounds, Hodgson said, were still so painful that he had to get out of his sleeping-bag by hauling himself up the tent-pole. 'He was all right when he was on his feet though. He had seven machine gun bullets right through his body under his ribs.' Hodgson left Hornby on the northern side of Great Slave Lake, and Hornby continued on down the Mackenzie alone.

The next glimpse of Hornby is at Fort Simpson, rather more than a third of the way from Great Slave Lake to Fort Norman. Again the meeting is to do with the *Mackenzie River*; it was not much less momentous for the future than the meeting with George Douglas at Fort Norman in 1912. The person he met was Charles Deering LaNauze, Inspector RCMP, known all over the North country as 'Denny' LaNauze. LaNauze had met George

and Lionel Douglas for the first time on their trip out to civilisation in the autumn of 1912 when he was bringing a crazy Indian woman out from Liard River. They had parted at Athabaska Landing in October on a bibulous evening—at which Jim Mackinlay and Cosmo Melvill were present and both tipsy—as a result of which LaNauze got ‘a thundering big black eye . . . over an argument with my dog Mike’. LaNauze, Corporal then, had opened a detachment at Fort McMurray in 1913; was sent to Hay River in July 1914; was promoted Sergeant in October 1914, and commissioned a month later.⁴

In the early spring of 1915 D’Arcy Arden had sent word from Bear Lake to Fr Duchaussois at Fort Norman to say that Eskimo had been seen at the coast wearing cassocks and surplices, and that they were in possession of sacramental gear that they can scarcely have come by in the normal way of trade. In May 1915, at twenty-four hours’ notice, Denny LaNauze had been ordered to go North and look for the two Oblate Fathers, Rouvière and LeRoux, who were by then officially posted as missing. Now, more than two years later, LaNauze was bound south on the first trip of the *Mackenzie River* with two Eskimo interpreters and two Eskimo men, Sinnisiak and Uluksuk, charged with murdering the two priests. In a long letter to George Douglas on 6 February 1916 LaNauze said that ‘At Simpson I met Lieut Hornby MC’—LaNauze had inserted both the rank and decoration as an afterthought—‘a little more eccentric than ever, & going back with nothing to live off the country & crazy to go to Hudsons Bay’. LaNauze had not met Hornby before. The steamer did not stop long at Simpson; but LaNauze must have spent most of the time with Hornby telling him the latest news of the Dease River and the people he had known there.

* * *

LaNauze had arrived at Dease Bay in the late summer of 1915 with two constables, an Eskimo interpreter from

McPherson (named Ilivinik: he also brought his wife and daughter), five tons of stores, a York boat, two canoes and two teams of dogs. At the priests' new cabin on Ritch Island the police built a storehouse and rented another small cabin from Arimo's son Harry for forty skins. By early September the Dease River was frozen: late that month, Harry—'a biggish young man now & quite capable'—led LaNauze, Ilivinik, Fr Frapsauce (from the Ste Thérèse mission at Norman), and D'Arcy Arden to Lake Rouvière. The place was in ruins, half burned down, plundered, and no clue of any kind to show the whereabouts or destination of the two missing priests. LaNauze and his party had to return to Dease Bay for the winter and were comfortable there though 'most of the Indians were around us off & on & were rather a nuisance'. The Indians, he told Douglas—and perhaps he also told Hornby, who would be more eager for this news—'all remember you very well'. In January they went into Norman for the mail, and Fr Frapsauce—'the most ideal character I have ever met'—left them.

LaNauze had decided that if any trace of the priests was to be found it would be on the Arctic coast; and that if they were to find any trace they would have to reach the coast before the Eskimo left the sea ice. He left Dease Bay on 29 March with Constable Wight and Ilivinik, driving two dog teams; went by way of Big Stick Island and photographed the ruins of Stefansson's house on East River; and reached the mouth of the Coppermine on 30 April. They travelled for a week across Coronation Gulf. Then in a little snow hut off Cape Lambert in the Dolphin and Union Straits, the whole story came out. On 23 May LaNauze addressed a letter to the Officer Commanding at Athabaska to say that he had 'at last solved the mystery of the missing priests'. 'The priests,' he reported, 'were murdered near the Bloody Falls about November 1913 on their return to Great Bear Lake. . . . On 15 May we arrested the murderer Sinisiak on South Victoria Land. . . . To-day we have just arrested the second murderer, Uluksuk, on an island northeast of the Coppermine

[about eight miles out] in the gulf.’ To return at once by way of Fort Norman was impossible; he therefore spent the winter at Herschel Island with the two prisoners.⁵

Already, while LaNauze and Hornby were yarning at Fort Simpson, and long before there was a formal trial, the whole story could be reconstructed in exact detail from statements made by witnesses of the various phases of the episode—not least of all from reports made by Eskimo eye-witnesses and from exquisitely minute and unabashed statements made by the murderers themselves.

To begin at the beginning—that is, where Hornby left Dease Bay—Arimo had told LaNauze how Fr Rouvière had come to Dease Bay after Hornby had left and went back to Lake Rouvière in September 1913 with the idea of travelling out to the mouth of the Coppermine: ‘We are going to follow the Eskimo as far as they will go,’ he told Arimo; ‘perhaps we shall not return for two years.’ On 30 August he had received the note from Captain Joe Barnard of the *Teddy Bear* operating on the Arctic coast saying that, in the light of his two years’ residence with the Coronation Gulf Eskimo, he judged that the time was now favourable to establish a mission on the coast. He urged them to hurry and promised to help them. Rouvière sent the letter on to Bishop Breynat at once, adding the note:

I am sending you this note from Joe Bernard. It made up our minds for us at once. We are going to go. Give us your blessing, my Lord. And may Mary guard and guide us!

Even though in the summer they had been asking the Eskimo to take them to the coast, their autumn journey was necessarily a reconnaissance; they would have no chance of building on the coast at that season, and they cannot have contemplated living in the Eskimo manner as Stefansson and Anderson had done. Yet ‘both men could talk good in our [Eskimo] language; when we talked together we could understand them’. ‘They told

me,' the Eskimo Hupo said, 'they only came to see the coast and after they would come around by the sea in a big boat and bring plenty of stuff.' It was now late in the season; their journey had not been planned; they were ill-equipped and instead of skins they 'wore long black coats buttoned down in front to the feet'. When they set out on 8 October 1913 both were mildly ill—LeRoux with a cold, Rouvière with an injury he had suffered in building their Dease Bay house. But they cannot have had many misgivings for they were not travelling alone.

Koeha said 'Eight tents went to the coast with the priests, including Kormik, Hupo, Uluksuk, Sinnisiak, Angebrunna, Koomuk, and Adjune'. Hupo said 'There were many sleds with us, including Koomuck, Neocktelik, Kingoralik, Uluksuk, and Sinnisiak. There were many families and tents for each family travelling with us.' They travelled by the Barrens, rather than 'by the woods', to shorten the journey. They were two weeks on the trail. The priests had two dogs and an Eskimo sled; but the season was advanced and the journey so trying that their diary speaks over and over of 'dreadful weather', 'difficult routes', 'adverse winds', 'intense cold', 'the dogs starving and worn out'. At the end they came to an island off the mouth of the Coppermine, and spent five days living in the tent of Kormik, whose sled they had used coming to the coast. Here, on 22 October 1913, Rouvière made the last entry in his diary:

We have arrived at the mouth of the Coppermine. Some families have already gone. Disenchanted with the Eskimo. We have little to eat; We don't know what to do.

They were threatened by more than hunger and cold, as later testimony showed. Koeha testified that

Kormik took the priests' rifle and hid it in a corner of the tent. Ilogoak [LeRoux] found the rifle and got very angry with Kormik. Kormik got very angry and I watched him, he wanted to kill the white man. . . . I did

not want to see the good white men killed, and I helped them to get away. I helped them to load up the sled. I held Kormik close to the door of the tent by force and after that I told Kormik's mother Kigeuna 'You hold your son; I go outside.' I stood outside the door, I hurried up the priests to pack their sled and they were talking very quickly. Neoctellik helped me to get the white men started, and I started with them pulling the sled in the harness. The white men had two dogs of their own and one they got from me and one from Noweina. . . . Ilogoak [LeRoux] was running ahead of the sled and Kuleavik [Rouvière] was driving the sled. He shook hands with me. The sun was very low when the white men left, and there was not much daylight at that time.

In this undignified manner they set off southerly for Dease River, without a guide, still in white men's clothing, without skins, with only a few half-starved dogs. 'The two white men had no tent; it was cold weather.'

They made very poor time. And when three days later, travelling with dogs and no sled, Sinnisiak and Uluksuk, on the pretext of 'going to help some people coming from Bear Lake' came up with the priests they had travelled only ten miles. 'I hardly think the Esquimaux would kill them,' Hornby had written to Douglas in September 1915, 'Unless they had done something to make them afraid.' LeRoux asked them to help haul the sled and offered traps in payment. 'On the first day,' Uluksuk said, 'the priests were not angry with us. . . . We made a small snow-house for them.' But the next day 'the priests were angry with us'—LeRoux particularly who (ill, no doubt, half-starving, cold, desperate, fatigued beyond patience) shouted at them, threatened to strike them, menaced them, they thought. 'Ilogoak [LeRoux] was pushing me,' Sinnisiak said. 'I was thinking hard and crying and very scared and the frost was in my boots and I was cold. . . . Every time the sled stuck, Ilogoak would pull out the rifle. I got hot inside my body and every time Ilogoak pulled out the rifle I was very much afraid.' Sinnisiak took the lead; combined cunning with speed to distract LeRoux;

then stabbed him. LeRoux put up a fight and had to be finished off by Uluksuk. Fr Rouvière died in a more matter-of-fact way: running away as any prudent man would when he heard his companion cry out and saw him lying in his own blood and the threat of the levelled rifle, himself unarmed; and when the bullet caught him in the back he dropped into a sitting position and waited patiently for Uluksuk with his knife and Sinnisiak approaching after a brief interval through the snow carrying the axe he had just picked up from the sled. Uluksuk stabbed him. And when Sinnisiak reached him, he said, 'The priest lay down and was breathing a little, when I struck him across the face with an axe I was carrying; I cut his legs with the axe. I killed him dead.' Uluksuk quickly disembowelled both men; each ate a little of the liver: that helps if you don't want to be haunted by a dead man's spirit. In a few minutes it was all done—out of panic terror rather than malice, even though Sinnisiak was acknowledged by his people to be 'a bad man'—and the two Eskimo headed back for the coast, with a little plunder, leaving the dogs howling over the corpses.⁶ This all happened fifteen miles from the sea, no distance from the place (approximate position 67° 45' N. and 115° 20' 15" W.) where Samuel Hearne in 1771 watched in impotent fascination and horror while his Indians methodically and with painstaking delight butchered a village of Eskimo; so that that place on the Coppermine River where the two Oblate Fathers were killed was long before that, already known as the Bloody Falls.

* * *

It was perhaps the middle of July when Hornby met LaNauze at Fort Simpson. LaNauze later regretted that he had not taken Hornby back to Edmonton as a witness for the murder trial; but Hornby was determined to go back to Dease Bay anyway. For the rest of the journey that season to the north shore of Great Bear Lake there is no account except a brief and not entirely reliable retrospec-

tive note at the beginning of Hornby's journal of 1920-21.

Being in ill health I took chances, and while drifting down the Mackenzie River and while sailing across Great Bear Lake, I frequently fell asleep in my canoe. Twice I was swamped, and only the fact that I was travelling with two canoes lashed together saved me from drowning. Consequently I arrived at the north end of Great Bear Lake with a much depleted outfit. The Indians were starving, and, as they were old friends, I foolishly gave them most of what remained of my food.⁷

After all his longing for what he thought of as his own country and 'his' Indians, Hornby had come back to Dease Bay at last. He 'arrived late'—in September. LaNauze had to some extent warned him what he would find; but the changes, when he actually saw them, shocked him deeply. The gear he and the Douglasses had left at Dease Bay had been destroyed or looted. The Lake Rouvière establishment was burned, looted, and half ruined. D'Arcy Arden, who had built a house 'just at the bottom of the bay behind the [Douglas] house near the little Island where the sand is', now held among the Indians the position that Hornby had once held. Other trappers and traders had come into the country and were working down the Coppermine as far as the Gulf and along the seaboard. The country was violated; he could no longer live there. Arden had married Arimo.

The 'Caribou Notes', with entries for October, for 3 and 20 November, and for 4 December, give no very definite clue to Hornby's movements; but it is clear that he did not stay long at Dease Bay before making his way across Caribou Point to his old establishment, Caribou Bay, built with Melvill ten years before on what is now called Hornby Bay. Arden, who later visited the place, spoke of Hornby having built 'two little houses'; and Hornby marked on his MS. map of Great Bear Lake 'HORNBY-MELVILL BAY with Houses'. Perhaps some

of the larger group of houses described in Melvill's letters were by now derelict; but certainly there was at least one habitable house left. Dease Bay gave a cheerless welcome; Hornby Bay was cheerless for different reasons. His own retrospective note on the 1917 season goes on:

That fall I crippled myself with an axe, and for six months could only crawl. This almost resulted in my undoing, because all that winter I was dependent for food on tending my net through the ice. It was set three miles away from my house, and I had to make the trip four times a week, with the temperature often down to 70° below zero.

It was the coldest winter he had ever seen. The few Indians with him starved. He gave them what food he had. The caribou did not come. Finally the Indians left him.

D'Arcy Arden, who originally thought of trading on the Arctic coast, had since 1914 settled permanently at Dease Bay. Joe Hodgson joined him there in the late summer of 1914. An Eskimo, Uluksuk Mayuk, tried to tell them that the priests had been murdered but they could not understand. Also 'Arlee [Arden] wanted to go with me to the coast and I did not want him to go, as I was afraid he might be killed too'. Arden went out to Norman in October 1914, returned to Dease Bay in January 1915 to live with the Indians, came out again in the spring and was at Norman when LaNauze arrived in the summer of 1915. In 1916 he travelled to the coast with LaNauze's party, left the police to join Chipman surveying east of the Coppermine for the Canadian Arctic Expedition, and finally returned to Norman with Chipman at the end of July.

'Arden,' LaNauze reported in 1917, 'is a nice chap, and a capable traveller but has gone a little bush crazy.' Perhaps he was; and he resented Hornby's return, jealous as he must have been for Arimo.

At Fort Norman, when he first arrived, D'Arcy Arden had asked Fr Ducot who would make a good needle-

woman for him since it would be essential for him to have an Indian woman to make skin clothing. Arimo was recommended as a very capable woman, a widow with two children. She travelled with him north of Great Bear Lake. 'When I saw her first,' D'Arcy said in 1959 only a few months before he died, 'she was quite a buxom woman and I was thirty-four years old. And when you're travelling on the Barrens with a woman, and she's working hard and you're working hard, and you're living off the fat of the land, and you're always feeling in tip-top shape, what can you expect? I'm no Robinson Crusoe.' Before long she found she was pregnant. D'Arcy decided to marry her, a decision which, after the birth of three sons and a daughter and over forty years of married life, he saw no reason to regret. The stability of their marriage rested upon a mutual recognition of irreconcilable cultural difference. 'I married an Indian woman, but I've never gone Indian: but she hasn't gone white—I've never asked her to, and she won't—she's an Indian.'⁸

It is not to be expected that D'Arcy Arden, with the best will in the world, could welcome Hornby or make him feel completely at home in his old Dease Bay setting. But once Hornby had withdrawn and had gone by himself to Hornby Bay, Arden was concerned enough for him that, knowing where he was and sensing that he might be in difficulties, he travelled across Caribou Point from Dease Bay early in the winter.

Arden found that Hornby, though he was half-starving, insisted upon doing all his hunting with a small-bore pistol, but was 'getting by fairly well'; 'he said he was all right and there were Indians there so I went back to Dease Bay'. Some time later an Indian named Bay-u-na brought back to Arden a fine dog he had given Hornby on the understanding that it was to be returned rather than given to the Indians. The dog was almost starved. Arden and Pat Klengenberg (son of the notorious sea captain of Coronation Gulf) took a dog team with food and started for Hornby Bay. On the way they passed quite large numbers of caribou; but when they arrived they found Hornby

very short of food. He had lost most of his stove pipe through a fish hole in the ice earlier in the season; his cabin stove was therefore propped up several feet off the floor so that what was left of the stove-pipe could pass through the roof. Arden and Klengenber had great difficulty convincing Hornby to come back to Dease Bay with them. Hornby probably resented the implied taunt that he did not know how to take care of himself; but he finally agreed to go back with them, and once at Dease Bay again, soon began to put on weight.

So Arden told the story at Yellowknife in 1958. But his letter to Douglas in July 1918 describing Hornby's return to Bear Lake in 1917 has a more sombre colour.

Hornby . . . came back to this country last summer without anything at all and I think put in a very hard winter. He is not fit for this country now. The war has affected poor Hornby very much he is not the man like he was when you were here before. Some time last March I went over to see him and found him starving and completely out of his head. I think if he stays at the lake this winter something will happen to him.

Arden in the later years used to tell mildly scandalous triangular stories about himself, Hornby, and Arimo—without embarrassment, Arimo applauding with uninhibited delight. But when the evidence is put together, it is difficult to think when such episodes can have occurred: at what season, in what place, at what exact point in their uneasy association. Can it have been at this time, after Arden brought Hornby back to Dease Bay? The legend includes a circumstantial account of a trial of jealousy between Arden and Hornby for possession of Arimo; but this is completely out of character for all three persons concerned. One thing is clear: that Hornby was no longer comfortable at Dease Bay; another is that Arden—with increasing virulence—resented Hornby's presence. Forty years later the old bitterness still came back into his voice when he spoke of Hornby.

Hornby wouldn't learn. He was a wonderful chess player. He had a little chessboard with white and red men. He'd play for hours at chess. Why would a man like that write little notes, like he did to me, to tell me about the crooked Indians? The Indians never robbed him. He was a stubborn man. That's why he's dead. I said, 'You go there where there are no Indians, Jack, and you'll die. Every time you've starved, Jack, an Indian has come to your assistance. You get away from those Indians and you'll die like a rat.'

Then as a bitter afterthought: 'When a man doesn't take your advice, and he's dead and I'm not, who is right?'

* * *

Hornby's old house near Fort Confidence, not Arden's house at Hodgson's Point, would be his headquarters on Dease Bay. Hornby stayed only long enough to recover his strength a little, then returned to Hornby Bay. The 'Caribou Notes' (which do not show any return to Dease Bay during the winter or spring of 1918) show that on 15 April Hornby went to the head of Cosmo Creek near the Coppermine; that from 1 to 6 May he camped close to Lake Rouvière; that on 20 May he moved back to Hornby Bay, and from 10 June to 1 July was travelling along the south shore of Caribou Point.

On 10 June 1918—the day he left Hornby Bay to make his way back to Dease Bay and perhaps out to Franklin or Norman—he wrote a long letter to George Douglas, in ink, addressing it from 'McTavish Bay, Great Bear Lake'. He had, he said, sent Douglas all the photographs he had taken 'up here', and asked him not to send them to him until he had further word but to make what use of them he liked. He had also sent Douglas two skins and hoped they had not perished or been stolen on the way. Then he comes to the melancholy details of his circumstances and state of mind.

I have had no news from the outside world for ever so long nor did I have much to read during winter & also not much to eat for I had foolishly given away most of my stuff. . . .

Your cache at Dease River was apparently rifled by Arden & not the Eskimos.⁹

I do indeed wish I have never come here or else having come had stayed here for it is absurd to endeavour to return to civilization after having spent so many years here. There is little news. The caribou were scarce in the woods but plentiful far away in the barrens. I got a few but foolishly gave most of the meat away & consequently got up against it & for two months had practically nothing having cut myself badly with an axe & having only two dogs could [?only] with difficult[y] [walk] three miles to look at a net & we had the coldest spell I ever experienced & eventually the net which was old got all torn was useless & not being able to hunt, I subsisted on caribou skins & only moved out of my house to get wood. It reminded me of Franklin; what really made [?things] so bad was that I got two trout one 35 lbs & the other 25 lbs & could not refrain from having a feast & its effects were perhaps worse than starvation. Since then I have had many a good feast or rather what here goes for a good feast, it is impossible to really ever be satisfied with caribou meat.

Last year I shot two bears one about 15 yards from me & the other only 5 yards hitting him in the nose & the bullet passing through the nostrils penetrated the brain & probably there may be photos of this same bear, he was getting into my cache & I jumping out of bed & running around the corner of my house almost ran into him. I also got within 6 yards of a band of wolves which I guess never had such a surprise in their life & I only got one on account of too many willows.

He returns then to a matter that had bothered him earlier because it threatened the possibility of his ever travelling with Douglas again—that is, Douglas's marriage. 'I hope,' he now says, 'that you are satisfied with your married life, I would that I had settled down when I was young, it is indeed lonesome & this life is by no means devoid of

hardships.’ He ends the letter ‘Thanking you for your kindness & hoping you are both happy & contented.’ But before that his spirits had begun to rebound out of the slough of self-pity. ‘I am now returning to the land of the caribou with little ammunition but plenty of nets & 10 lbs. flour which I will eat up within two days. . . . I have killed plenty of ducks & loons (which are here a luxury)¹⁰ & also one swan (a feast); this land certainly merits the title of “the land of feast or famine” for no one unless he has lived as a native knows that a good feast is what one always craves for.’ ‘The Land of Feast or Famine’—did Hornby pick up the phrase somewhere or invent it himself? From now on it recurs at intervals, and later became the title for the book he was always writing but never finished.

Douglas sent a copy of this letter of Hornby’s, together with a number of questions about Arden, to LaNauze who was then serving with the Mounted Police in France. LaNauze replied on 6 January 1919 from Begium. Hornby’s letter, he agreed with Douglas, was ‘most unsatisfactory’ though ‘typical of the man’.

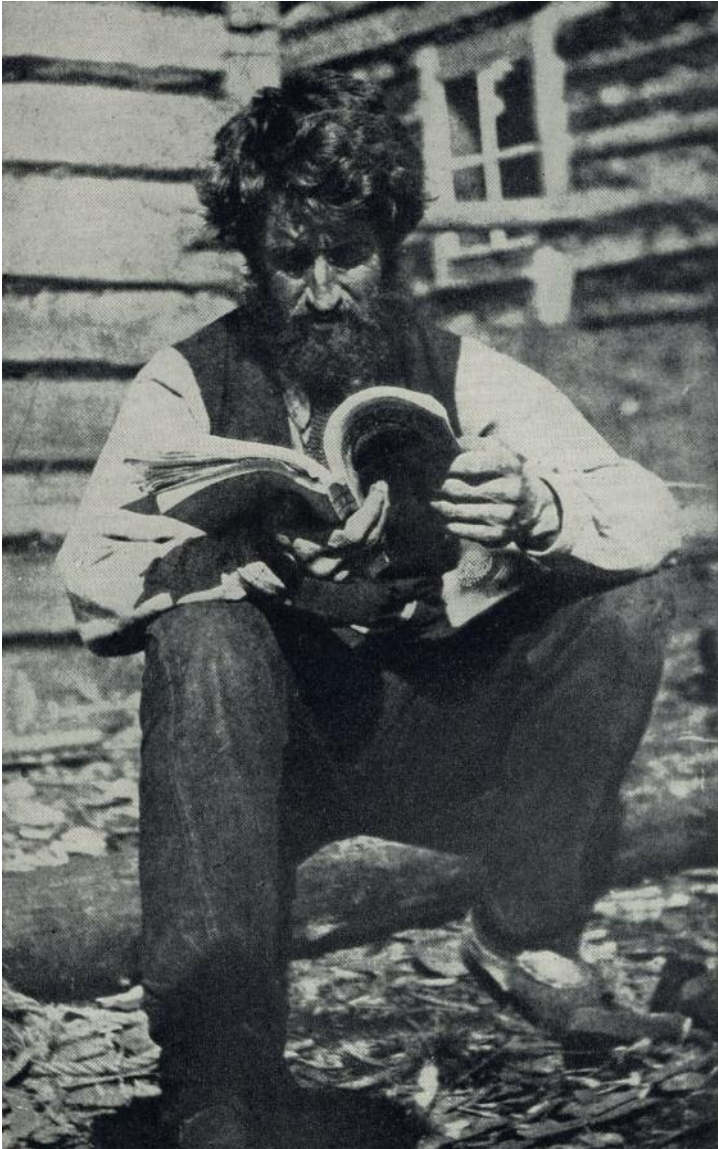
Arden & he must have parted company, they never could have lived together anyway & I heard for certain that Arden had married Aranmore [Arimo] (Harry’s mother) . . . the cleverest woman up there & a good worker & had some humour. I think Hornby must have gone back to his old house on McTavish Bay & spent the winter alone there knowing the Indians would be bound to visit him (& they eat up his meat for him). No one but Hornby would live in such discomfort in the Northland for as you know one can always be so comfortable with a little pains.

* * *

D’Arcy Arden said in the later years that Hornby did not spend a second winter in McTavish Bay: this shows how little Arden saw of him at that time, for the ‘Caribou Notes’ include at least a few details of a second desolate

winter north of Great Bear Lake. From 1 to 20 August 1918 Hornby was in camp south-east of Stefansson Creek on the Dease River and saw many Eskimo. By 10 September he was at Hornby Bay again, pinned down there by the winter and lack of dogs. In December and January he noted that he saw nothing of the caribou except their tracks. He 'did not move far': he was starving again, but this time Arden did not come to help him. Somehow that interminable winter drew on. In February he saw no caribou; in March, trying to break the ring of famine, he walked to the Big Bend of the Coppermine but 'saw nothing except a few tracks of caribou going south'. His recollection of that winter alone on the Arctic circle in the darkness and bemusing twilight seems not to have been very clear. Early in April he was able to move about on Caribou Point, and from 20 April for more than a month he made his way slowly along the south shore of Caribou Point to the westward. Dease Bay no longer welcomed him. 'June 1st 1919 Returned to Franklin' is the last eloquent entry in the 'Caribou Notes'. John Hornby never went back to Great Bear Lake again.

The Legend of John Hornby



14. John Hornby at Fort Norman, summer 1919



15. Hornby on the *Ptarmigan*, summer 1921, after a starving winter near Reliance

George Whalley

CHAPTER VI

Great Slave Lake
1919-23

DURING THE EARLY YEARS in Canada, and particularly on the Dease River with the Douglas party, John Hornby had been amiable, gregarious, amenable, gay. Suddenly he had become solitary, resentful, inscrutable, defensively reticent and ironic. For the six years before the war—with Melvill, Douglas, Rouvière—he had been content: he had suffered no acute hardships, had never starved, had found satisfaction in activities which, if they lacked distinguishable rational basis, were at least appropriate to the country and its people. But the winter of 1913-14, acrid with suspicion and contempt, explosive with resentment at LeRoux's behaviour, had disillusioned him and wounded him more deeply than perhaps at first even he realised. The war confirmed, rather than initiated, his conviction that civilisation was evil and social man diseased. Yet even when he had placed the length of the Mackenzie River and the breadth of Great Bear Lake between himself and civilisation he had found fresh bitterness and a most profound desolation. Casual observers (such as D'Arcy Arden, for his eyes were not sharpened even by affection) thought him mad; perhaps he was from time to time.

At first sight there seems to be no abrupt and dramatic change. Hornby had drifted into Bear Lake in the first place and had stayed on when others had left. Now that Bear Lake was no longer hospitable, he would drift elsewhere, start over again if one can think of starting an activity that, since it had no definable end, probably could have no distinguishable beginning.

He may have hoped to go to new country, establish the same sort of relations with the Indians as at Bear Lake,

trap and trade a little, make his own way without strain or inordinate desire, peacefully. Unfortunately the country he went to was different, and the Indians were different; and the change, instead of restoring what had been lost, confirmed and deepened the desolation the loss had inflicted. From the time of his return to Dease Bay in 1917 his life became more and more arduous, and deliberately so it seems, in the manner of an accident-prone neurotic: not that he went to more inaccessible places, but that he took no pains to avoid discomfort and disaster.

Hardships and starvation seemed to take on a positive value for him, as though they were the only substantial values left, as though an ascetic and masochistic spirit were driving him to some impossible consummation with the country he loved. He courted death because he did not fear death. He went into the North alone and with little provision, because he loved the unfenced land cheerlessly, to the point of obsession, and felt that any other approach defied the integrity of the land. If he was deliberately seeking death he had many opportunities to gratify such a wish. But his supreme self-confidence allowed him to do impossible things as a child would do them—without bravado, absent-mindedly, without even delighting in skill. He survived feats of endurance, and endured miracles of survival. You either got through or you didn't. If you ignored pain and hunger and exhaustion, the issues were horribly simple: as long as you weren't dead you were alive, and some last tendril of the will-to-live could cling to the most improbable surfaces. What some men will suffer to make a living or a fortune or a reputation, or to extend the limits of knowledge or to alleviate the human condition, Hornby endured continuously, alone, without encouragement, for no reason that anybody could see, for no reason that he himself could give. He got into predicaments that nobody else would have courted; and he survived them as nobody could have been expected to survive.

In the early summer of 1919 Hornby came out to old Fort Franklin and not long after left Fort Norman for Edmonton. But he came no farther out than that. All he had to say even to Douglas, as he set off for the North again, was 'Sorry didn't see you.' Edmonton was much grown in the fifteen years since he had first come there but that made it the more lonely and crazy a place. 'The post-War flurry irked me,' he said. He had to go North again.

His plan, if it had crystallised into a plan as early as the late summer of 1919, was to establish on Artillery Lake. More probably he had no definite plan but only a blind urge to get away from civilization and a blank determination not to return to Bear Lake. His departure has all his familiar air of improvisation, almost of panic. It is not clear where he started from: perhaps he had been whiling away the time at Onoway or in one of his old hide-outs, for he travelled—as he had when he went North in 1917—down the Peace River, not the Athabaska.

He set out much too late, was frozen in on the Peace River somewhere near Chipewyan. According to Bullock's notes, Hornby spent the winter in an enlarged wolf den, and those who saw him that winter had difficulty understanding his speech and thought he might be mad. But Hornby's own account to Douglas, though brief, is less sensational than that.

Feb 15th 1920
Chipewyan.

Dear Douglas

Am very sorry I was unable to see you when I was out. I returned in Oct by the way of the Peace Rv. & of course got frozen in. With difficulty & expense I procured dogs but was not able to leave till after Xmas. I followed the Peace Rv. & crossed to Chipewyan as there was a beaten trail. My plans are to go to the east end of Gr. Slave Lake but first of all may stop at Fort Smith & get a permit. I am going to send you some beaver from Fort Smith. I have them with me, but as it [is] unlawful in Alberta to have beaver in your possession I have to send them from Fort Smith.

At Fort Resolution last summer I left some Esquimaux dogs & I have just heard they are all dead, they were the finest and best matched team I have ever seen.

Some day I may leave this country & if you are living in Mexico I will come down there too.

Hoping to hear from you.

After the characteristic 'Y^{rs} V. Sinc.' Hornby has put 'Fort Resolution' instead of his signature, and in a postscript sends kind remembrances to Mrs Douglas.

As soon as the ice was out, Hornby went on from Chipewyan to Fort Smith, arriving in time for the celebrations mounted for the 250th anniversary of the founding of the Company of

Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay. The official date of the festival was 2 May 1920. No doubt there was gambling and story-telling on a large scale in addition to more restrained formalities; the occasion was not characterised by any marked sobriety, and the festivities were not confined to any one period of twenty-four hours. Some time or other during the festival there was a football match. The number and disposition of the combatants is not recorded; but Hornby, never able to resist an athletic contest, played in the game and broke his leg, or at least severely injured it. If he was to establish on Artillery Lake he had a journey of almost 300 miles to make; and the season none too long. So he set off, a week after being injured, by himself in a canoe with four dogs, his leg in splints, 'determined to be on my way at all costs.' So the preamble to the 1920 Journal states; but one is a little suspicious.¹ Fortunately a letter to Douglas comes to the rescue—written on 28 June at Fort Smith, the week before he planned to set out for Reliance.

Dear Douglas

Many thanks for your letters & also for those maps. You are the only person who ever writes to me. At present I am at Fort Smith but next week I hope to be on my way down to Great Slave Lake & hope to winter as I had previously intended at the east end of Great Slave Lake.

I believe the N.W.T. Co will be sending a large outfit there, I had previously been asked by J. K. Cornwall to send in a report of that country & he had agreed to supply me with what I required but owing to starting late I was unable to get there last winter. I would have gone in last spring but was told it was impossible to obtain anything, so spent the spring at Fort Smith. I wish you had only been coming in this year.

I shall probably get my supplies from H.B. Co. & also take in a small trading outfit. Slater who is manager for Cornwall pretended that he did not know anything about my going there. However as you know it is far better to deal with H.B. Co. as they are more reliable & besides British.

A new firm was building a large stern-wheeler at Fort Smith and planning to send large outfits into the country. North West Traders were also sending large outfits in two schooners and in gasoline boats. Oil prospectors in some numbers were moving into the country.

Also I hear that there are plenty of tourists coming down, at present on account of a washout they have been delayed at Lac La Biche I am afraid that this country is becoming too civilized for me. . . . Do be sure & come north next year.

Hoping you & your wife (Katchinka) are both quite well.

Y^{rs} V. Sinc.

J. H.

Hornby's letter closes with a laconic postscript: 'I suppose you heard that C. D. Melvill, with whom I was for three years, died in Edmonton.' He could scarcely have followed Melvill's various moves, yet may have been hoping to join him again. Melvill had left the Naval Service in April 1919, spent eight months at home, left for Canada in November 1919, and reached Edmonton for Christmas to prepare for a fishery survey of the Mackenzie Basin which the Director of Fisheries in Ottawa had commissioned him to undertake. His plans cannot have

been far advanced when, on 30 January 1920, after an illness of only ten days, and to the great distress of Peggy Watt who had befriended and looked after him in his illness, he suddenly died of double pneumonia in the Misericordia Hospital in Edmonton. Often, at crucial moments and on important issues, Hornby is unassailably reticent. He made no comment upon Melvill's untimely death. But then he is not known to have made any comment upon the death of his brother George in 1905, or upon the marriage of his brother Albert in September 1915, or upon the death, by war wounds, of his brother Walter in November 1918. The Bear Lake country, that happy land, had been denied him. Now the man who had first taken him there was suddenly gone. Whether there was any abiding friendship between them may be doubted. Yet what comment could Hornby, writing to Douglas, make?

* * *

Great Slave Lake lies across the main lines of communication by water to the Arctic Ocean and Hudson Bay. The Athabaska, Peace, and Slave Rivers provide almost continuously navigable water (in the season) most of the way from Edmonton to Slave Lake. Out of the western end of the lake flows the Mackenzie River, navigable by steamer nearly 1000 miles to the Arctic Ocean. Into the north arm opposite the mouth of the Slave River flows the Yellowknife River, the classic early route into the Coppermine River and Coronation Gulf, though no longer much used. The eastern end of the lake is blocked by a height of land, above which the upper waters of a river system gradually collect, flowing easterly into Hudson Bay at Chesterfield Inlet. Many of the earliest explorations into Northern Canada were made by seamen, from seaward, in their hazardous search for a North-West Passage; but all the landward exploration into the north had sooner or later to traverse Great Slave Lake: Hearne from the eastward on his journey from Prince of Wales Fort to the Cop-

permine (1769-72), Mackenzie on his search for a west-flowing river leading to the Pacific Ocean (1789): Franklin bound overland to survey landward some part of the North-West Passage (1819-22, 1825-7): Back travelling overland to the Great Fish River and so to the sea in search of Ross (1833-51).

Geologically, and to the eye, Great Slave Lake is a place of strong effects and dramatic contrasts. It is a very large lake, only slightly less extensive than the 12,000 square miles of Great Bear Lake. But the lake marks an abrupt division between luxuriant, heavily wooded, sedimentary country to the west—the sort of country familiar to travellers in the Mackenzie valley—and more broken and bleak country that leads, to the north and east, to the interior tundra uplands flattened by glacial action and drifted with glacial debris to a linear monotone. The line of transition crosses from Stony Island to Gros Cap and is traced by a string of small islands. The great valley of Slave Lake itself cuts deeply into the Canadian Shield to the eastward, so that the interior uplands lie more than 500 feet above the lake.

There are two outstanding features to the eastern end of the lake. One is the extension, in a dead straight line for a distance of about a hundred miles, of the McDonald Fault, running east-north-east from the western end of McDonald Lake to the country east of Artillery Lake. The valley of Artillery Lake lies parallel to this fault and is a function of it; and it is through a series of little lakes along this fault that the only easy access to the east is to be found. The other remarkable feature is that the curving easterly end of the lake is blocked off and partly filled by a complex peninsula and a group of confusing large islands—the threefold system of the Kahochella, Douglas, and Pethei Peninsulas (really one peninsula) fracturing off into Et-then and Keith Islands and the chain of islands that almost chokes the lake from Taltson River eastward. Associated in part at least with the McDonald Fault and a general subsidence of the lake valley, the southern sides of the peninsulas have sunk so that on the north faces

spectacular vertical mural cliffs rise in places on Pethei and Kahochella 500 feet above the level of the lake.

From Resolution to the site of old Fort Reliance at the eastern end of the lake is about 250 miles. In 1919 there was a choice of three routes through the perplexing islands and peninsulas. The one apparently most used by the Indians, as offering most shelter and few broad traverses in face of prevailing westerlies, is known as the Inconnu (or Connie) Channel: holding a middle course through the islands, it leads to Christie Bay and involves a portage not commonly known across the foot of Kahochella Peninsula. For large craft not concerned much with exposure or weather the best course is to cross the lake to the north shore at Gros Cap holding outside the islands, and so following the north shore in a great curve to Reliance. There was also an old York Boat route, following the south mainland, then diagonally north through the islands to Thelthelei Narrows; but this route, later named Hornby Channel, was not in use at this time and had to be rediscovered.

Easterly journeys on Great Slave Lake end at Reliance, the general area of an old fort, already derelict in Hornby's time, where a new RCMP station and a trading post have been established since Hornby's death. Fort Reliance itself was built in 1833 as winter quarters for Captain George Back, R.N., and his party who, in view of the prolonged absence of Captain (later Sir John) Ross at sea in search of the North-West Passage, was commissioned to carry out search and relief operations overland. The expedition of two officers and eighteen men (supported by old-timers and natives) was to go to the eastern end of Slave Lake, find to the north or north-east the river known to the natives as Thlew-ee-choh-desseth or Great Fish River, and follow that river north to the Arctic coast; for it was known that Ross intended to visit the wreck of the *Fury* in Regent Inlet, only 300 miles from the estimated position of the mouth of the Great Fish River. Back, like some other Service travellers in the North in the early days, was not prone to accept advice from na-

tives who knew intimately the country and the way of life there. He made the 'difficult and toilsome Ascent' of the Hoarfrost River, for example, and more than once descended the Lockhart River: both routes of great difficulty and danger, and both journeys entirely unnecessary. But he did find the Great Fish River (now named Back River) and left a string of place-names behind him—Aylmer Lake, Clinton-Colden Lake, Artillery Lake, and some others—to celebrate his friends and benefactors; and the fact that Ross had managed to extricate himself before Back reached the ocean can scarcely be counted to Back's discredit.

When Back went up-country in his first season, he left behind at Slave Lake a very experienced countryman named McLeod with instructions to build a winter establishment against his return in the fall. Before winter set in, Fort Reliance was completed at the end of what is now called McLeod Bay, near the mouth of the Lockhart River, on 'a level bank of gravel and sand, covered with reindeer moss, shrubs, and trees, and looking more like a park than part of an American forest'. The main house was so big—50 x 30 ft—that there was difficulty in providing timber for it; and even when the house was divided into four rooms and a hall, with a fire-place in each room, the temperature was often below freezing, and sometimes below zero. In the first bleak and starving winter of 1833-4 many Indians died despite Back's stern and not always well-advised attempt to look after them. He made his journey to the Arctic coast next year but had to spend another winter in those quarters. As soon as the ice was black with thaw-water and the migratory birds had flown over, Back and his men left Fort Reliance without regret.

For fifty years there was not much record of that part of the lake, though place-names now superseded on the old maps show that the east end of Slave Lake was by no means deserted. Warburton Pike, travelling late in the season in adverse conditions, reached Fond du Lac from westward on 5 September 1889, passed through what Hornby later called Melvill Narrows, and noted that 'a

single house at the head of a snug little bay is all that is left standing, but the ruins of others, and a number of rough graves, show that at one time it was a more populous place'. In 1897 'Buffalo' Jones, a hunter and traveller who came to Great Slave Lake to try to catch musk ox calves for the Bronx Zoo, built a cabin around one of Back's chimneys.² In 1900 J. W. Tyrrell used this abandoned cabin and wrote in his report a vivid description of the site of Fort Reliance and the ruins there— 'one of the loveliest spots I have ever seen in the north'.

Five stone chimneys only now remain of what were 66 years ago three substantial buildings, the bare outlines of which can now be scarcely traced on the ground. They were situated on a lovely level green terrace about twenty feet above the harbour, and two hundred feet from the shore. . . . Back of the buildings the land rises in regular and beautiful terraces to a considerable elevation.

In September 1907 Ernest Thompson Seton also sheltered in Jones's old cabin for three days: the shack was 'in fairly good condition', the fireplace a welcome buttress against the storm raging outside.³

Hornby, setting out for Reliance in 1920, cannot have thought he was breaking new country; but knowing that the country was neither empty nor unknown he may have felt encouraged in his late start—if he needed any encouragement. He seems to have reached Reliance on 1 September, though whether by Hornby Channel is not recorded. When he arrived, the Indians he had expected to see were all away on their seasonal caribou hunt. Without their help he could not build a house quickly; without their help he could not—with his injured leg—make his way over Pike's Portage into Artillery Lake; and his four dogs, seldom an asset in summer, were now a serious burden. When the Indians returned from their hunting, they traded a few skins but would give Hornby no meat. He had spent the time, languidly perhaps, looking for a building site but had found nothing suitable; anyway he

wanted to go on to Artillery Lake. But the Indians refused to help. If only he had been able to get over Pike's Portage, he felt sure he would have found plenty of caribou meat; and the Indians would, he thought, have followed him (as they had on Bear Lake) to help him trap and trade furs all winter.

Hornby wrote again to Douglas on 18 September.

I am now at Fond Du Lac, have not yet started with house. Arrived, had to look around, bothered by fishing, flies, bad weather and Indians and also the last two where I had intended to build. I am putting up a house at Fairchild Pt as I consider it the most suitable place. Would have also put another building at the Lockhart River if I had had time. The country to the south east has been burnt but how much I don't yet [know], so would be good for caribou. Here it should be good for fishing even [if] the caribou fail. I [would ?] write you a long letter & let you know everything, [but] as usual short of writing materials & no ink. This country appears fine for travelling over & though warmer here just as stormy as Gt Bear Lake. Hope you & M^{rs} Douglas are both well.

Y^{rs} V Sinc

J. Hornby.

P.S. There are large quantities of mica in flakes [the] size [of] maples leafs. J. H.

So, whether he liked it or not, Hornby's fortune left him for the winter where the autumn had found him—near the site of old Fort Reliance. And this, as George Back had discovered in his first bitter winter there, was a bad place for caribou. When there are no caribou at the end of Slave Lake, they are often plentiful a short distance to the eastward, moving in a large eddying circle when the migration turns. Probably Hornby did not know this; and he probably did not know that Reliance was a bad place for inshore fishing in winter. In any case he had come in with a double outfit, both for trapping and for

trading, and at first had no intention of establishing at Reliance. But he had no choice. He could not move; he must stay. At first he had thought himself not strong enough to build a house without the Indians helping: now he was forced to build as best he could by himself. He found a building site on Fairchild Point. But long before the cabin was finished he was taken ill, and the winter was on him; and what with weakness and continuous storms he had laid out no nets and taken no fish; and 'I must confess it would have been impossible to visit fish nets even had I been able to set any.' The house was finished by the end of October; by then the winter had set in.

The cabin was very small: about 6 by 8 feet, with a pole bunk in it and a small tin stove. It stood on the landward end of Fairchild Point, looking across a bay easterly at the ruins of Back's old Fort Reliance—the gaunt stone chimneys standing alone now that the fort and its buildings had long ago fallen, and the derelict timbers of Buffalo Jones's cabin tumbled around one of them. With a wry humour not to be heard in the pages of the journal, Hornby named his shack 'Fort Hornby'.

Recovered from his illness, he finished building the cabin and cut a trail across Fairchild Point, and had only just started trapping when he fell against the stove in his cabin, burned his leg badly, and 'took no notice of it until it had almost turned gangrenous'. He had to den up and 'lay in critical condition for a long while'. By late November, perhaps, he was out and about again. But his condition was now serious. He had neither bait nor suitable nets for fishing; he was forced to hunt; but, weak no doubt and in cold weather, he took nothing; and soon he and the dogs were 'in no condition to go any distance from camp'. He had been brought to this state in a matter of about a month.

The Indians came back, but they had neither fish nor meat; and Hornby decided to 'make a bold and desperate bid for caribou'. He spent four days and nights, with the dogs, hunting at large and took nothing; and returned to

find that in his absence the Indians had come to Fort Hornby and taken everything except the last of his food and a pair of snowshoes. Now that the hunt had failed, he and the dogs were living on the last of the staple food—flour; the last of the bacon had gone long ago. Hornby followed the Indians to the house inhabited by Pierre Lockhart, only to find that they had gone out to Fort Resolution. So Hornby's trading venture was rendered abortive.⁴

By the middle of December the Indians had come back from Resolution, guilelessly unashamed, and confronted Hornby as though they had never robbed him or left him destitute. 'What a difference between these Yellowknives and the Dogribs of the Great Bear Lake', Hornby lamented. Even when there was no food they lazed about doing nothing except make the women work. Perhaps they knew no better than to be unfriendly, unhelpful, thievish, liars. They increased Hornby's homesickness for Great Bear Lake: 'I do wish I had Little Bird, Tattoo, Nis-boy and Tusboy to show them what *real* Indians are like.' Then in the long opening diary entry of 20 December 1920 he wrote reflectively:

Indians always lead a hand-to-mouth existence, but they are free and have no artificial worries. For them it is natural to starve and to feast, and apparently they would be unhappy if forced to adopt any other mode of living. Just now, having returned from Resolution, they are dressed in furs and look much neater than in their ordinary ragged condition. If only they weren't so lazy. . . . They could trap plenty of fur if they wished to, but they loathe to exert themselves, preferring to plead want and to beg. Even if the caribou came I doubt that they would bestir themselves, but the caribou migration would bring its attendant hosts of foxes, and fur would automatically appear. Wolves, wolverines and foxes follow the caribou movements, and, so long as the caribou remain in the vicinity, these fur bearers are easily trapped.

So Hornby regretted that he had not got into Artillery Lake—‘the heart of the white fox country’ he thought it; regretted that he had brought a trading outfit instead of concentrating upon trapping. But he was new to this part of the country.

Hornby, according to his own statement in the 1920 journal, had always kept a diary on Great Bear Lake. But, he said, the early diaries had been destroyed by fire in his house near Fort Confidence.⁵ Now, he acknowledged, he had grown careless, or lazy, or had lost heart: anyway, he did not keep a diary regularly. The first entry in the 1920 journal is dated 20 December 1920; the second 26 January 1921. ‘I find,’ he said laconically, ‘that I have the inclination to write only when the future looks blacker than usual.’ Now, he admitted the prospect was unpleasantly black.

For five weeks I have been listening to the constant begging of the Indians. They say they are starving, and I suppose they are short of victuals due to the failure of the caribou to pass this way, but certainly they are not on such reduced commons as I am. There is no end to their importunity, and I have given away altogether too much flour to them. I am now practically destitute. It is the direct result of my generosity to the Indians and to my anxiety to get fur before Christmas. In order to secure bait for my traps I had to hunt for caribou, and, while hunting I had to feed the dogs staples. The urge to get fur blinded me to the consequences of running short of supplies, so that now I have only about 15 lbs of flour left. Also what little fish (trout) I have is hardly sufficient to provide a moderate feed for myself and for the dogs for one day.

Hornby had not made the mistake Back made a century before, of relying upon inshore nets to catch his fish. Yet his hooks set through the ice in deep water, though they produced a modest yield, never brought in enough. He had to use whitefish for bait; but whitefish are caught in nets, usually before the freeze-up; and his nets were un-

satisfactory in the bitter cold. Also Hornby had to travel nearly three miles to his fishing ground on the ice. On 27 and 28 January there was nothing on the hooks, and the temperature was very low— - 62° according to the Journal.⁶ Next day there were three small trout—about nine pounds altogether; and on the 30th January a twelve-pound trout; but together not enough, for a man living on fish alone needs twelve to fifteen pounds a day. And on that same day he noticed that his right arm had become partly paralysed, possibly from starvation, partly from an injury to his right hand which, for lack of attention, had become badly swollen: he could chop ice, but chopping wood was ‘decidedly painful’ and mending snowshoes was ‘awkward and painful’. One thing was in his favour: his house was warm and comfortable, and small enough that it did not take much wood to heat it. But on 1st February the bait was running out and ‘the outlook far from encouraging’.

Even when Hornby does enter his journal he tells little about the weather, and nothing about the light or the sky; the impression he gives is of a succession of overcast days, each passing away in a short grey monotone, until the light fades imperceptibly into the long winter night. On 15 February he got up at six in the morning well before first light, had a breakfast of tea and a little piece of fish, and walked around the trap line, taking up traps he had not been able to visit for weeks. Three traps set together in a clump of woods had been sprung by a wolverine: heavy snow had prevented the traps from closing properly and the wolverine had escaped from two traps in succession; the third trap had held the animal for a while, but eventually he had escaped from that as well. On his way home he sighted a wolf on the lake ice, too far for a rifle shot. Then at four in the afternoon he repeated the snack of tea and trout, and turned out in the failing light to look at the hooks. The catch was two trout. There were no caribou tracks to be seen anywhere. He got in very late.

For a fortnight the journal was silent. Then it takes up the dreary liturgy of his monotonous preoccupation.

February 16th. I looked at the hooks and caught one trout—medium size and fat, but entirely insufficient to maintain strength on.

February 17th. In the morning there was a light breeze from the south, bringing with it a little snow but suddenly at noon a fierce gale from NW sprang up. It was too cold to do anything, so I rustled some wood and rested. Rest takes the place of food.

February 18th. It is blowing fiercely. I hunted in the bush for two hours, but it was a forlorn hope, and I got nothing. I am becoming very thin.

February 19th. A cold day with wind from SW, but it is switching more to the south and may warm up. When I looked at my hooks I found that my baits were rotting—and that is bad.

To him in his emaciated condition and without skin clothes, the cold was pitiless. He could not manage much more exertion or exposure than a daily visit to the hooks on the lake: the movement and the small return of fish just kept him alive. But there was little enough to cheer or delight him; and he had to be careful. When he made his way to the hooks on that third waning day of the blizzard, with the wind already backing around to the southwest and south, he found one large lean trout and two small ones. But this time, perhaps to ease the journey, he had taken two dogs with him hauling a sled. And when he saw two caribou out on the lake coming directly towards him, his heart jumped with excitement. But his luck was still out. The animals were down wind; Hornby could not see well against the light; the caribou picked up the scent and moved away quickly without ever coming fairly within range. 'Had I been stronger,' Hornby wrote in feeble desperation that evening, 'I would have tried to run them down on foot; or, if I hadn't had the dogs, they might have come within range. One [caribou] would have done me well. As it is I am barely existing.' He was already fatigued and desolate; disappointment nearly crushed him. When there was a specially cold wind, he always took a blanket for the dogs. That afternoon, on

the way home, he felt suddenly so cold and so hungry that he took the blanket from the dogs and wrapped it around his own head and shoulders.

Next day there was a bitter wind. At breakfast Hornby ate two cups of flour for a treat; felt this simple increase in diet augment his strength; and as though for reward found on the hooks three trout making a total of about thirty pounds. But that day—20 February—he could see for the first time how acutely starvation was beginning to tell on his dogs. The big old dog was so weak that Hornby brought him into the house out of humanity. ‘But he messed all over it and finally, after weighty deliberation, I took him out and shot him.’ The puppy was ‘so stunted by starvation as to be useless for a work-dog, even if strong enough to work’. Now it was so poorly that Hornby wondered whether it would be best to shoot that one too. There was now so little flour left that he had to economise rigidly: ‘otherwise I may not only lose the dogs but myself as well’. He longed to be on the move, to set traps, to hunt caribou, to travel. But he was pinned down by hunger, and by the inexorable need like a Turkish torture to visit the hooks and to guard what little he was sure of getting. ‘This is a ghastly existence,’ he wrote. Then, as though with a small rebound of spirits, he recorded how he had collected and chopped wood enough for two days, and added that his pencil was getting so small that he would soon have nothing to write with.

By the 23rd his position was, even on his own admission, critical: ‘no trout, no bait, no caribou, nothing’. And a blizzard was blowing. He decided that as soon as the weather would allow, he must move out and hunt. Next day the weather was calm. Just after daylight he harnessed up the two working dogs and crossed the lake south-easterly, pitched camp at noon, made a brew of tea, and then climbed due east on to the high ridges. ‘What a picture of desolation—miles upon miles of nothing. Not a living thing in sight except two ravens.’ In the evening, however, he managed to shoot a squirrel and a ptarmigan, and with these made some sort of meal for himself and the dogs.

But next morning he was wakened by a howling easterly gale and was forced to make his way back across the lake to the house. The wind was partly behind him otherwise, in his weak condition, he might well not have reached the cabin. He was now 'literally nothing but skin and bone' and so could scarcely stand the cold. He should be keeping warm and quiet in the cabin; but he must hunt, he must rustle. Nothing but death could be expected to come to him if he waited.

The days crept on, a monotone of low temperatures and gales, broken into the now indeterminate rhythm of dark and light. Some days he would wait for a lull in the wind, wrap a blanket around his head, and grope his way out over the ice to the hooks; some days he could not visit the hooks; some days there were a few fish; other days a meagre catch; other days nothing. Some days he simply had to den up from the cold or the wind. He was kept busy all the time though: beyond the business of keeping warm there was always something to mend or to make. He could not visit his traps every day; and when he did visit them he seldom took anything. To find no animal in the traps stirred him with discouragement but also with relief; for the cruelty of the steel traps oppressed him, particularly when the weather was not cold enough to kill an animal quickly.

There was no relief. There is no word of Pierre Lockhart or of the Indians throughout those weeks. And on the 1st and 2nd of March, when in the intervals of a blizzard-wind there were almost ten hours of daylight, and a spell of continuous sunlight promised some renewal of strength, the temperature was -30° ; at this temperature he was too weak to make the long journey to the hooks on either day. He was running dangerously short of ammunition. But it was lucky, he considered, that he had a warm house. With affectionate care he described it and its contents. In the centre a stove; to one side a bed; a box to sit on, a table (of sorts), two boxes containing tea and white fox furs, a trunk of clothes and ammunition; a fourth box with the few remaining articles of trade—to-

bacco mostly. He had a goldpan for a wash basin but seldom—he admitted—used it for that purpose. There were three small windows 10 by 8 inches: ‘but they give plenty of light and there is ice on them only when it is exceptionally cold—as today’.

March did not bring any improvement in the weather or the cold. On the 4th he returned home from a short hunting walk to find one of the big dogs dead. He had been working well the day before; but because of his ‘bad habits’—thieving and fighting—Hornby had had to tie him up alone, and ‘apparently this broke his heart’. Then at three in the afternoon of the 6th Hornby wrote down one of his few passages of self-inquiry.

At times this life appears strange: I never see anyone, no longer have anything to read, and my pencil is too small to permit me to do much writing. It is not surprising that men go mad. I have long been *mentis non compos*. Leon Gaudet aptly said that a man who lives alone in this country for three years, either goes crazy, or marries an Indian woman. I have not got completely native yet, but unquestionably my mind has become somewhat vacant, for there is nothing to sharpen the intellect. The effect of this is felt in civilisation—I find it difficult to grasp what people say.

By five that evening the wind had begun to back, from NE. to NNW., then to west, then south, then to NW. again. Towards evening the sky clouded over and the weather turned milder. This, he thought, must be the end of the last serious cold spell.

Next afternoon two Indians turned up: Sousie Benjamin and Peter. They pleaded starvation, though they were better fed than Hornby and accepted the fish he offered them. They helped him rig a net for whitefish; Hornby pitched a tent over the net-hole to protect them from the wind while setting the net. But it produced nothing. And when the Indians left on the 10th, five days after arrival (they had brought word that there were only three Indian families in the area) Hornby wrote:

I am thankful that the Indians have left me, and that I have peace and quiet. I prefer to be alone. I have lived alone for so long that I soon grow tired of company. I have a certain way of living, and dislike disturbing it and putting my house into disorder for visitors. Before they came, it was neat and tidy, though not beautiful; now it is a shambles.

This extreme irritability was perhaps a symptom of his condition. He could scarcely make way against the wind to visit his hooks. The wind seemed to go through him as though he were a skeleton. A tooth ached persistently; otherwise he had no physical discomfort, having grown accustomed to hunger. But he was worried constantly by weakness, dizziness, bleeding at the nose, and the nagging enervating temptation to sleep.

He set some rabbit snares but they produced nothing. On 11 March he had still plenty of tea left, but of flour only two cups, of sugar one cup. At 3.30 in the afternoon he came in from looking at the rabbit snares and collapsed on the floor, too weak to reach the bed. Numb with cold, his nose bleeding, too dazed to do anything for several minutes, he lay until he recovered. Somehow he reached his bunk, slept, and then fed himself and the dogs.

‘I seem to have collapsed all at once’, he wrote the next day. There was a fierce wind that day; to go any distance from the house would be foolhardy. ‘Tonight I shall have to put everything in order, in case anything happens. It is very easy to lie down and give up, but an entirely different matter to bestir oneself and move about.’ Despite a strong wind he went out to the hooks that morning— ‘I have an ice-pick to weigh me down’, he noted gaily—and found one small fat trout. Perhaps, he was prepared to think, the cold would not be severe for a man well-fed; yet, when he thought further, surely anybody would flinch before that wind sweeping across the open lake. He took a short walk along the lake shore to look at the snares but found nothing. Then there is a curious fretful outburst in the journal.

As I have no one to talk to, and nothing to read, I must express on paper what I am thinking. Unfortunately I have only a small piece of pencil, and no pen or ink. I had some ink, but Robinson must have taken it at Fort Smith. I think he might have been a little more considerate after all that I have done for him. He must have known that he took it, and therefore should have returned it. Undoubtedly the more one does for people the less thanks one received. White men differ little from Indians in that respect.

* * *

On the 13th he spent twelve hours going to the hooks, to the snares, and to the fishnet; and arrived back at 8.30 to find an Indian boy in the house. 'I don't know whether he felt he was privileged to come in because I had given his father permission to do so, but I considered it so much effrontery and rebuked him for it.' Hornby had himself taken one whitefish and a fox, gave the boy something to eat, and went to bed at 4 a.m. after working for hours to untangle the fishnet. Next day they ate together, and together took a couple of fish; then the boy went his own way. But on the 15th Hornby had no luck and again was brooding over his ill fortune. 'If I had only had food this winter I could have trapped a good deal of fur, but now the trapping season is over, and I must take my losses with the best possible grace. The trip has been a dead loss, financially, physically, and mentally.' The fox was too poor to eat: he cooked it for the dogs.

Next day another Indian showed up and went with him to the fishnet. He had gone again by evening; and Hornby felt himself old and feeble, dangerously weak. But then there was an imperceptible change for the better. One by one the half-starving Indians drifted back. The days were lengthening, the birds coming back. Hornby killed a raven, and ate it; he shot a few ptarmigan and saw the tracks of many more; he even killed some squirrels and a porcupine. But on 18th March he again 'put everything in order and prepared for the worst'. If he had failed that

day to find any food, he had decided to kill the young dog, close the house, and make a final—if mortal—attempt to find caribou; travelling north with only sleeping-bag and rifle. But that necessity passed. There were times after that when there was none too much food and whole days when there was none at all. But things were improving indeed if Hornby could accuse the Indians camped nearby of being better fed than himself.

The Indians were no companions, and proved more trouble than help: poaching the nets and hooks, interfering with the laying of nets when they pretended to help, lying, begging, squabbling, stealing. Yet, when an Indian was with him, Hornby would feed him though with an evil enough grace and with a madman's obsessive reluctance. There was food in the area, though not much of it. Starvation had reduced all of them below the level even of well-bred animals. Fear, distrust, suspicion enveloped them like an evil-smelling miasma. To say that the Indians rescued Hornby, or that Hornby fed the Indians out of kindness or generosity would be to deny that Hornby at least had slipped below the threshold of apathy. If they had been less lethargic they might have been murderous.

On 26 March Hornby shot the young dog, reflecting that it had not only cost him much food that he could ill afford, but had also destroyed most of the few furs he had taken. The weather was getting milder, but storms of wind and snow continued. Food was certainly not plentiful; and when it came to eating a squirrel Hornby reflected that 'a skinned squirrel is smaller than a rat'. For a couple of days he persuaded the young Sousie Benjamin to join him on a hunt northerly by the mouth of the Lockhart River. The Indian had a dog to add to Hornby's one survivor; they camped in a tent warmed with a stove. But after two days, despite the feast of a porcupine taken on the 31st, they found the tent uncomfortably cold and came back to Reliance again. Then he became snow-blind; and the Indians, thinking that his eyes were too bad to see any distance, stole the fish from his net. He waited for them at their lodge, threatened them with his rifle, re-

buked them, and then characteristically gave them the disputed fish as a present. After that Sousie went with him on the short hunts that the deep wet snow allowed, and they took a few ptarmigan. And by the 12th of April many Indians had returned: 'the Indians are everywhere, [and] have set snares and nets all over the place'. Now some of the Indians—Sousie and Peter particularly—were prepared to bring Hornby some of their fish in exchange for tea and tobacco. But the food did not nourish him, and again he was enraged by the degenerate Indians. 'I wish they would strike camp and move off. They are just like wolves; they clean a place up by scaring away more game than they kill.'

* * *

On 22 April the thaw set in, the surface of the lake turning to dark slush. There were still heavy snowstorms to come, but the cold would not ever be so piercing again this season. As energy returned, the bickering with the Indians got worse: always there was some charge of thievery or villainy, lying or poaching; and often the rotting surface of the lake gave ambiguous evidence of illicit journeys made by the Indians back and forth to hooks and nets. Hornby began to put on weight again; but the Indians, he noticed, were much better favoured than himself. They complained constantly of starvation, but a visit to any of the lodges showed that they had fish and meat and pemmican, sometimes concealed, sometimes hanging openly in view; and when Hornby protested against their lying, they would slyly offer to sell him food for tobacco. Hornby was still—at the end of April—too weak to hunt; and anyway he had no suitable snowshoes. The Indians could soon have made a pair for him but were asking too high a price, and Hornby refused at this time to be cheated. The frustration of not being able to travel now was almost worse than the restraint upon hunting he had suffered in the winter. Now he was beginning to go hungry again; yet he knew that the Indians had caribou meat

and would not share it. A two-day hunt up the Lockhart River produced nothing, except the misery of his tent blowing down and a day of hunting in heavy rain.

On 13 May the migrating birds had started to appear: robin, sparrowhawk, gulls; and the next day pintail ducks, gulls, and a few geese. As though this were a signal, the Indians broke camp on the 18th to Hornby's intense relief. 'I would like to think that I shall not see them again but famine will bring them back before long, if I am not very much mistaken.' They were, to his dismay, back on the 20th—the day Hornby was taking out his window frames and replacing them with cheese cloth to provide circulation. On the 22nd his pencil gave out, so that the rest of the diary had to be written up a month later, partly from memory.

On 23 May the Indians left to hunt caribou on Artillery Lake. Hornby, desolate now that he was deprived of the bickering and suspicion that had exacerbated the grinding hardship and frustration of his days for the past couple of months, was disappointed that his snowshoes and moccasins were not ready enough for him to go with them. Next day he was stopped by rain and snow; then he set out alone, travelling light 'with a minimum of impedimenta' because he was still weak and had no food. He managed to make the first stage of three miles and the steepest climb into the first lake only to find the lake-ice flooded over with water. Lack of food, and sudden cold, drove him back. On the 28th he was back at his house again. 'I felt weak and famished and only just managed to reach home.' Fortunately he shot a loon, than which there are few more unpalatable birds to eat.

Next day, no longer able to endure the loneliness of Fort Hornby, now that the ice was breaking up and the thaw advancing over the land, he left the little shack surrounded with the litter and refuse of the winter, the scene of his long hopeless pointless suffering. He set up his tent on the southern end of Fairchild Point, living off loons and mergansers, looking west-ward for the ice to break up and release him for the canoe journey back to Resolu-

tion. For a few days he revelled in the change, in the comfortable warm tent, the sleep, the plentiful food. On 8 June he could see about two miles of open water: 'It makes me want to move. This spot gives me the creeps—it has been the scene of so much hardship and bickering.' Next day the wind rose; there was open water for miles. Then the wind turned and drove the ice back again. The open water took away the supply of birds, and although by 12 June all the ice had gone from the bay, Hornby had no food at all and had to turn back first to the house, then to Lockhart River to fish and find some birds.

On the 17th he caught a thirty-pound trout and gorged himself 'in the most disgusting manner'. He had thought of laying in a supply of fish against next season, but he was not taking anything like the expected hundred pounds of fish a day. If he had any serious thought of establishing comfortably on Artillery Lake that spring, he quickly abandoned the notion. Suddenly he was intolerably restless, depressed, haunted, lonely. 'I will return [to Resolution] for food and then re-establish this fall on Artillery Lake.' On the afternoon of 20 June he set out for Resolution and did not camp until he had paddled ten or fifteen miles, past Hoarfrost River. His one companion was the dog Whitey who had survived the winter with him.

* * *

What route he took towards Resolution is not known; so it is not clear whether he had yet discovered the route Blanchet was soon to give the name of Hornby Channel. Because of the complex and puzzling configuration of the peninsula and islands that fill the eastern end of Slave Lake, the standard route to Reliance—even by canoe—was through Taltheilei Narrows and along the northern side of Pethei and Kahochella Peninsulas, keeping to the northern shore, thereby avoiding the inhospitable cliffs that rise abruptly 200 to 500 feet along the north face of Pethei. A glance at the map shows that a traverse of

Christie Bay would save a canoeist many of the miles of that northern arc through Taltheilei Narrows; yet a closer examination of the map shows that portaging is necessary at the eastern end of Christie Lake in order to cross the base of the peninsula to Reliance. Hornby, enfeebled by exposure and prolonged starvation, too weak even to get beyond the first stage of the portage into Artillery Lake, would be unlikely to attempt a difficult or hypothetical route for Resolution, and seems to have taken the standard route out.

The first night he found ten ducks' eggs on a small island, and set his fishnets when camped. The next day he was detained by the need to hunt, and travelled only a short distance. And what with hunting loons, fruitlessly setting fishnets, looking for gulls' eggs, and waiting for favourable weather, he had travelled only a short distance by 25 June. On the 26th he moved; and that day, having found another piece of pencil, 'spent five hours deciphering over a month's primitive notes'. That evening he also said: 'It is a bad business having to go back to semi-civilization in such a shocking physical condition but it can't be helped. I shall avoid the people I know as much as possible.' The next day—27 June—he camped at midnight on Smoky Island after sailing all day and finding himself too weak to paddle any distance. Next day there was a fierce wind blowing but he 'took chances and sailed all day'. Several times he fell asleep but 'no mishap occurred as luck would have it'. Then he was beset by ice for two days, and on 30 June he struck camp at three in the morning 'to take advantage of a favourable wind, and kept going for fifteen hours without a stop'. The strain of watching a dangerous following sea, the heat, and tricky steering then drove him ashore, exhausted. He reckoned he had made about fifty miles that day, and would have done even better if he had not had to hug the shore. That evening he caught some pike and trout. With this, the birds, eggs, and fish of the previous days, and the enforced rest of several days, he was already improving in health. On 1 July he set off at seven in the morning 'in a strong

beam wind, and sailed steadily until late'. When he camped he thought he heard voices. Next day he met two men and was their guest for twenty-four hours. This may have been near Pekatanui Point. A week later—about 10 July—he reached Fort Resolution. In his famished condition he could not assimilate the food he was given, and lay sick all day under the Hudson's Bay Company's woodpile there.

* * *

Perhaps not even Hornby could have said what the point of this winter on Slave Lake had been. He had tried to combine trapping and trading, recalling perhaps Melvill's method on Bear Lake but forgetting how modest his success had been. And Artillery Lake seems to have been the place Hornby wanted to get to. He had taken dogs; he must have intended to travel. And even at the end of winter when he was scarcely strong enough to travel at all, he attempted to get over Pike's Portage into Artillery Lake. Whatever his plan, his instinct that he would feed better and find more fur on Artillery Lake was sound; but he was not able to leave the Reliance area, and there he had to put up with whatever the winter brought—or failed to provide. Guy Blanchet has said of this incident that 'a normal man would not have got into such a situation but if he did neither could he have come through as Hornby did'. Hornby's difficulties and sufferings that winter were real enough; and his own record of the winter is laconic, simple, strong, without heroics or self-communings. But the diary does not really tell us very much about why he went to the east end of Slave Lake in the first place, nor why he decided to return to Reliance at the end of that same summer of 1921. On 20 July he wrote again to Douglas, from Fort Resolution: the letter is a model of restraint, understatement, and vagueness.

Dear Douglas

I was pleased to hear from you but very disappointed

not to see you here this year. I spent the winter at Fond Du Lac close to old Fort Reliance, where I have now a very good house. Owing to my being a cripple & the caribou failing to put in an appearance, I ran short of supplies and lost my dogs & consequently did not get the fur I expected. I must thank you for those maps which you sent me; I must say the maps of Gt Slave Lake are very inaccurate in general outline they may be correct but in detail absolutely inaccurate especially as regards the islands. I am returning there again this year. I should very much like to spend a winter on the Arkilnik [Thelon River] for I am sure that one could there get a lot of caribou & fur. In the middle of the winter when the days are short, I intend to do a little writing & hope to have published an interesting book w[ith] title 'In the Land of Feast or Famine.' Of course I will have to get you to look over it & give your opinion if it is worth publishing. It will I think be interesting to future generations. No one as you know has lived or travelled so much alone as I have done; I ought to be one of the best authorities on the Artic Regions esp[ecially] as regards the natives & animals. Hoping to be out next year when I trust you will be at Lakefield where I may be able to spend some time. Remember me to your wife.

Y^{rs} V. Sinc.

J. Hornby.

* * *

John Hornby was not easily frightened. It was that summer he made a trip by canoe up the Taltson river and nearly died of it.⁷ Later in the summer of 1921 he returned to the east end of Great Slave Lake. On 17 September, when he had been at the head of the lake for some days at least, he wrote a long letter to George Douglas. The envelope in which Hornby's letter travelled is preserved and bears eloquent witness to the long and intricate journey it must have taken from the site of old Fort Reliance to a copper mine at Cananea, Mexico, where Douglas was then working; for it bears—as well as a number of official inscriptions, serial numbers, and the

like—postmarks of Edmonton, Toronto (twice), Chicago, Clarkdale Arizona, and Naco Mexico (twice).

Dear Douglas

I was very disappointed as I really expected that you would be spending this winter here; I guess it is just as well because the small-pox is everywhere, having started they say at the lumber-camps at Lac La Biche; there were several cases at Resolution & here although the Indians have brought it from Resolution, it is not as general as one might expect since as you know they like to band together. At present they have just returned from a very successful caribou hunt with plenty of grease & meat, having killed thousands for there is a large band of Indians. For the last few days they have been feasting (tho they are now surfeited) & beating the tom-tom & gambling & screeching. They are all camped about 6 miles from me & one of the chiefs sent to ask me to attend but I agree with Vergil or whoever it was who said 'Timeo(?) Graecos dona ferentes'. These are the most despicable bunch of Indians I have met with not to be compared with such men as your friend 'Jacob' or any of my Great Bear Lake friends. This year the Indians were given very little debt & consequently they are out of tobacco as I have plenty of grub this year & they always bring me the poorest they have, they get very little from me. As they perceive I am bothering them for meat, they admit they have plenty & a man who came today said he had more than he could take back.

It is strange how white-people who just see these Indians & know very little about them, imagine that they are poor, miserable & simple whilst in reality they are the best untrained actors & imitators on earth. Why they are in a perpetual state of feasting or starving, there are you know, several reasons to account for it. All being well this winter I intend to write my book entitled

In the Land of Feast or Famine

Or a Life-time in the Far Far North

& I am going to get your assistance in revising & illustrating it.

I have certainly spent a life-time & unless I publish a successful book, I must admit it to have been a rather

fruitless & at the same time a damn lonesome existence.

This year I have no dogs which at last I have found to have been a big source of expense & also the cause of always keeping me on the move. I am now feeling a good deal older & am tired of this hard life especially the cooking & such chores but this year I shall take it easier. I should very much [have] liked to have established on Artillery Lake for although they are desolate, I prefer 'the Barrens'. I wished I had a good white-man with me. I hope you will receive this letter alright.

Remember me Please to Mrs Douglas

Yrs V. Sinc.

J. H.

From this letter it is clear that again Hornby failed to establish on Artillery Lake early in the season. In the closing gloss to his transcript of Hornby's 1920-1 diary, Bullock states—in Hornby's person—that 'during the winter [of 1921-2], I established on Artillery Lake, being the first whiteman to winter north of Reliance since Sir John Franklin's terrible experience at Enterprise'. Perhaps he did and perhaps he was; but the collateral evidence is ambiguous. The 'Caribou Notes' and a letter of 1924 refer to houses he built at Timber Bay on Artillery Lake in the season 1921-2. Yet there is no doubt that he built for this winter a second cabin near Reliance: it was on the outward end of Fairchild Point, perhaps on the very spot where he had camped in his tent at the end of the previous season waiting for the break-up of the lake. This house and Fort Hornby are both shown on Hornby's MS. map of 1922, and Blanchet attests—as an eye-witness—to the existence, positions, and even the dimensions of both these cabins. (Also, two small photographs have turned up.) Artillery Lake may have been Hornby's farthest east in that season but it was not the centre of his interest. But no detail of his travels survives for that season except an indication on one of George Douglas's maps that he had explored in a south-westerly direction from Meridian Lake.

* * *

The second winter at Reliance was almost as hard as the previous year. And when—in the summer of 1922—Guy Blanchet, travelling eastward in the schooner *Ptarmigan*, met Hornby bound by canoe for Resolution, Hornby was emaciated from a winter of short commons and in a condition almost as exhausted as when he came out in the summer of 1921.

Blanchet had heard in Resolution of Hornby as ‘a crazy man who was writing a book “The Land of Feast and Famine” who lived at the east end [of Great Slave] near Fort Reliance’.

He had lost track of Hornby since the early rumours of him around Edmonton in 1906-8. ‘I met him some distance east of Stony Island,’ Blanchet recalls; ‘about the end of June. A heavy sea was running and I had a tow of 10 canoes so planned to make the crossing to Grand Goulet from farther up the Bay. We picked up Hornby who said he had been held up for days by the ice and was starving.’ Hornby told Blanchet about ‘a starving winter at Fort Hornby’ and that he had only been saved by a visit of Indians. But Hornby had news much more important to give Blanchet; for Blanchet was now bound for the head of the lake to make the first accurate survey of the eastern half of the lake. Blanchet, whose local knowledge and information was at the time as good as anybody’s, thought that no easterly channel was possible south of the Inconnu Channel for it was generally supposed that the long arm south of Preble Island was a bay. Hornby now told Blanchet that this arm was in fact a channel, that it could be followed to Point Keith (Pekantui Point), and so northerly around Kahochella Peninsula to Reliance. Blanchet could scarcely believe this but decided to risk it, and Hornby undertook to take the *Ptarmigan* through this new channel to show Blanchet and his old voyageur pilot, Sousie Beaulieu.

Hornby piloted us with assurance [Blanchet reports] and about midnight we reach[ed] Keith Point (Pekangatui). We landed one party there and struck across towards what appeared to be the north shore where we dropped the other [party]. Then we headed back by the Conny [*i.e.* Inconnu] Channel. It was only after we had left that Hornby remarked in an offhand manner: 'That was an island where we left Macdonald. The north shore is still far.' Again this disproved the [existing] map but he [Hornby] was right. . . . About 4 a.m. we ran on a flat rock and Hornby and I had to take to the water to heave it off. We continued through the night and about noon the next day reached Fort Resolution. Hornby said it was a fine way to treat a man just about starving. Though he did not get much sleep, he made frequent trips down below to make tea.⁸

Some time on this voyage—probably running north through Hornby Channel—Hornby set himself up in the cabin of the *Ptarmigan* and there drew freehand a map of the east end of Slave Lake to give to Blanchet. Blanchet describes it as 'remarkably good'—considering how intricate the topography and that it is drawn from memory, and based largely on information gleaned from a solitary canoe. Its orientation is wrong and there are many gaps. But it was probably the first reasonably accurate and detailed map of eastern Slave Lake ever to be set on paper. (See p.).

Blanchet had asked Hornby whether he would like to join him on a trip to the mouth of the Mackenzie where he had some work to do. Hornby said he was not sure, would first have to speak to Alec Loutit, the Hudson's Bay Company manager at Resolution—presumably for credit for an outfit.

The wind was rising [Blanchet says], and I was at a poor anchorage. Still Hornby did not appear. Finally I decided to pull out and was heading for shelter when I saw Hornby running down to the shore. I anchored in the nearest shelter and Hornby jumped into a skiff and

reached us after a hard row. As he approached he shouted, 'I wanted to give you a fish.' It turned out that he could not come. We had a stormy passage around the headland.

* * *

After that meeting with Blanchet in the summer of 1922, Hornby went out to Edmonton. According to Bullock 'Hornby was commencing to go to pieces now, I think. Hardship was commencing to tell on his fortitude.'. Hornby might well have had enough of the north country for the time being, not having been any farther outside than Edmonton since he had returned to Great Bear Lake in 1917. The draft of his book *The Land of Feast and Famine* was not very extensive; and according to Blanchet, who saw it at this time, it ended—'. . . and I wish to God I had never seen the country'.

Out of restlessness or from some desire for rest and change, Hornby thought to return to England for a visit in the autumn of 1922. He wrote to Douglas to see whether he could visit him at Northcote on his way east as he had done eight years before on the way to the wars. But George Douglas was at Northcote only from May to August that year and his absence may have deferred or altered Hornby's plans. By the early autumn of 1922, Hornby was working out of Entrance, Alberta, as a guide for American hunters in the Rockies. His employer S. H. Clark recalls a characteristic perversity of Hornby's. 'He cooked on one big game hunting trip of 30 days' duration and promptly took a dislike to the two American hunters. He brought all the corn meal home from the trip and when I asked him why, he replied—"I found out they were fond of corn pone and corn bread".' Clark concluded 'Jack was an excellent character and scrupulously honest and reliable—his one fault was that he had an obsession that he could and must live off the country and didn't take sufficient flour and staple foods'.

Otherwise there is nothing to report about Hornby for the first ten months of 1923. He was in and out of Edmonton certainly, and it is to this year that some of the legendary stories of his social gaucherie are to be ascribed. He was also back and forth to Onoway and Paddle River and perhaps Wabamun; he was in touch with Rochfort and again with the Stewart brothers. Some of the time he was in the Rockies; at times he was to be seen in the Edmonton hotels; drifting. 'I am sorry I have not written to you for ever so long', he told Douglas on 22 October 1923.

I had intended to return to England & pay you a visit en route. However I was asked to take charge of a hunting party & thinking I could make a little money I did so. We had an interesting & successful trip. . . . I have long intended to write a book on the North but I find I have no photos left to illustrate sufficiently a book. Have you any photos which you could let me have to illustrate a book?

'Excuse short note but will try to write again this week', the letter ends. But Hornby did not write next week. For he had mentioned also that 'next week I intend to go out on another trip but this time for myself & expect to get sheep & goat & hope to get a few photos'.

This is the first submerged reference to a recent and momentous meeting, and to events that were already beginning to flow from it. If Hornby had bothered to say so, this was not to be like those recent trips in which he had been employed by others: this was to be on his own account and for reasons peculiar to himself. Some time before the middle of October 1923, and perhaps as early as September, Hornby had met a young Englishman named Critchell-Bullock. From this point onward there is no lack of documentary record.

CHAPTER VII

Preparations
1923-4

THE ACCOUNT of the first meeting between Hornby and Critchell-Bullock given by Malcolm Waldron in *Snow Man* is probably more colourful than exact. Bullock overheard Hornby give his order to a waitress, was struck by the contrast between Hornby's unkempt hair and unpressed clothes and the scholarly English voice, and made occasion to speak to him. His opening words led to an exchange of tribal symbols of recognition in an alien land. 'Harrow,' Hornby said: 'Sherborne,' Bullock replied; and that was the beginning of 'a lifelong friendship.' There are difficulties: Harrow and Sherborne are correct enough; but Hornby, when he was in Edmonton in those years, did not behave or dress like a displaced hermit. But the way of the meeting doesn't much matter: they met, and after that neither of them was to find his life quite the same again.

James Charles Critchell-Bullock, born in Chichester on 6 September 1898, was almost exactly eighteen years younger than Hornby, and stood six feet two. Like his brother, he became a regular soldier; was trained at the Cadet College in Quetta, commissioned on 30 January 1917, and admitted to the Indian Army as a second lieutenant in the 18th Lancers on 14 February 1917. Promotion followed automatically to lieutenant in 1918 and to captain in 1921. He served with

Allenby's Desert Mounted Corps in Palestine, and so was a very experienced horseman and familiar with frontier life. He had also served in France. When he joined the Royal Geographical Society in 1924 he described himself as having visited India, Baluchistan, Egypt, Palestine, Syria, France, Canada. He contracted malaria in the Mid-

dle East but when he retired from the army on 8 July 1923, under the terms of the Royal Warrant of 24 April 1922 (by which were offered certain inducements to retire) he was officially in sound health, though he still had some anxiety on that score. He held the honorary rank of Captain and in Edmonton was usually addressed in that style.

Why Bullock had come to Edmonton immediately after leaving the Indian Army does not appear. He was looking for a new starting point for his life. He soon found that Hornby had some reputation in Edmonton, and was impressed. Hornby at their first meeting, perhaps with a quizzical eye on his own military career, was intrigued by the young man's enthusiasm and professional self-confidence. Bullock's interest encouraged Hornby into reminiscence and anecdote; and before long Bullock was collecting materials for the story of Hornby's life. The friendship between them rested, he explained, on a wide basis.

When Hornby met me, he met what he had been looking for ever since Melvill left him: first, a gentleman with whom he should be able to get along; second, a man with some private means yet a man who was not sufficiently well-to-do to be able to afford loafing for long; third, an athlete who should be able to stay with him; fourth, an educated man who might have it in him to raise the Hornby name and record from the unsatisfactory plane on which it rested to one of note and importance; fifth, a man who wanted to get away from civilization and who did not care where he went or what hardship he was likely to endure.

In October 1923, with an almost prophetic sense of dedication, Bullock promised to himself 'to devote my time, energy, and money to a series of investigations, and to be satisfied as recompense with the pleasure of having been instrumental in placing on record a survey of the life and activities of a man who knew more about natural phenomena in the Treeless Northern Plains than any other

man living'. The letter Hornby wrote nearest to his first meeting with Bullock—the letter of 22 October 1923 to George Douglas—implies that Hornby himself regarded the encounter as less crucial than Bullock thought: for he does not explain to Douglas that the trip to be taken 'next week' was to be a three-weeks' trip into the Rockies to test Bullock's physique and character.

* * *

Hornby and Bullock started from the now-deserted rail-head mining town of Nordegg on 1 November 1923. Their object was to go to Mount Coleman and Mount Athabaska—a distance of about seventy miles—and get specimens of mountain sheep and goats for the Edmonton Museum; they also wanted to take some photographs, and—in between times—pan the upper waters of the North Saskatchewan River for gold. Though they had taken only a pair of blankets each and a light tent, they had supplies for two weeks so that they need not spend time hunting for food; each man's load amounted to 110 lb. By walking with packs they saved (they said) the expense and inconvenience of pack animals. They had only sketchy maps; the forest rangers at Nordegg warned them that they would find no game and advised them not to go into the mountains at this time of year. But Hornby gaily insisted. They had heard of a trapper at Lake Pinto who had recently lost an arm in an accident with a rifle; the arm had been amputated by a surgeon, but the man, with a companion to look after him, was still in his shack on the lake. Hornby's first objective was to visit the trapper.

After three days, walking seven hours a day, Hornby and Bullock came into country that had recently been burned over, a nightmare of fallen and tangled trees. A week after leaving Nordegg they reached the Pinto Lake shack, 'a poor affair of canvas, half lined with logs, situated in the heavy forest, dark and cheerless'. The trapper—'bearded, haggard, and wild eyed'—declined their various offers of help, so they continued with the hunt.

The best country for sheep and goats was up the Macdonald Creek, but one good look with binoculars showed them that fire had made it impassable. Caching most of their supplies, they took blankets and two days' provision (about forty pounds each) and made their way up Mount Coleman towards the 8000-ft Sunset Pass. That was on 9 November. After travelling eight miles in five hours they decided the country was impossible to pack specimens through even if they shot any, so they returned to base camp. The next day they went forward with bare necessities and, though they were walking in moccasins, without rope or ice-axe, crossed the pass. They had no sooner sighted a group of mountain sheep than they found themselves in obvious danger and turned back ostensibly to try to find some Indians to act as porters. They reached their base camp in the dark. The next two days they were snowbound. On 14 November they quietly gave up the expedition and set out for Nordegg at a leisurely pace, panning for gold here and there as they came down one of the tributaries of the North Saskatchewan River. They reached Haven Creek, eight miles from Nordegg, on 17 November, with only two ounces of bacon and a pound and a half of flour left. After replenishing supplies, they stayed on in camp for a few more days and were in Edmonton by 25 November.

They had been away almost a month. It had been a completely abortive trip; but Bullock was delighted with the state of his health, and his admiration for Hornby was boundless. Hornby somehow managed to carry the heavier packs, showed less fatigue than the bigger man; was able to endure longer, could sleep in bitter cold in a single pair of blankets. Hornby certainly was tough and resourceful, Bullock said, and quite able to 'go off into the blue, goodness knows where with half a dog, a couple of fish, & only the clothes he stands up in'.

When Bullock wrote to his brother a few days after their return from Nordegg, he already regarded himself as Hornby's partner: 'for some unearthly reason he has taken a fancy to me'. This winter they were going to trap,

he said; Hornby was already 'prospecting for a good locality' and Bullock expected to leave in a few days. Also they had a more extensive plan:

Going North to East end of Great Slave Lake next summer. Shall be away from civilisation two years. Hope to clean out \$30,000 in white foxes, & start trading post for the Individual trapper, who is at present not catered for. Jack is given best above everyone in the whole North Country, & success only depends on getting him to be business like.¹

* * *

Bullock thought that Hornby believed he had now discovered in Bullock the means of 'making something out of all that he had seen, sensed and endured'; he thought Hornby wanted, with his help, 'to bring his career to a fitting end by doing work of real significance'. Perhaps momentarily, in a melancholy backward glance over the unrecorded unrewarding sixteen years since he first went to Bear Lake with Melvill, Hornby may have believed that he could at last make his life into the achievement that might commend itself in the world's eyes. Whatever Hornby had in mind, Bullock thought Hornby relied on him as the person who would bring method to his life; but from the beginning Bullock was deceived about Hornby's intentions: not because Hornby tried to deceive Bullock, but because Bullock had nothing to help him appreciate or penetrate Hornby's way of thinking. By temperament, habit, and instinct the two men were so different that they were quite unable to understand each other. But for the time being they behaved like inseparable friends, sharing plans and confidences as though there were no difference in their ages or natures.

It is unlikely that Hornby spent much time looking out good trapping country early that winter. He may have visited his old friends on Lake Wabamun. Certainly he spent a week at Whitecourt with his earlier partner of

Paddle River and took Bullock with him: there are a few photographs of this visit. After that Hornby seems to have settled at Onoway for a time while Bullock established himself in an apartment in Edmonton—2 Macdougall Court, 100th Street—which was from the end of November to be his headquarters until he left for the North.

Hornby did not share the apartment, but on 29 January 1924 a curious letter was written to George Douglas from that address. The letter, written in Bullock's hand and composed unmistakably in Bullock's style, is signed by Hornby and has a short postscript written in Hornby's hand.

Dear Douglas,

I have heard that you have been enquiring for me in Edmonton, & that you are contemplating a trip North this Spring. The latter I hope to do myself accompanied by a young fellow called Critchell-Bullock & suggest that we join parties.

The following is a resumé of our intentions, briefly: with a 40 ft auxiliary schooner to make Fort Reliance [?our base], taking a good outfit & scientific apparatus. To make a careful collection of the flora & fauna, & take as perfect a series of photographs of the caribou & musk ox as possible. To travel the country thoroughly between latitude [*i.e.* longitude] West 105° & 115° & North of Great Slave Lake, surveying it geologically & otherwise. To be away three years possibly & return to write up my book, & lecture with lantern slides in the States. The primary object of the expedition being to replenish sorely depleted coffers, & provided one does not lose sight of ones objective I see no reason why the enterprise should not prove successful. Naturally enough the extent thereof depends in no small measure on the completeness with which one is equipped & the amount of money at the back of one, & for the purpose of arranging this satisfactorily I intend leaving for England during the next fortnight. I shall remain there for a short time only, to return & commence equipping at the end of April. . . .

Naturally enough our schooner will be entirely at your service in getting you in and out of the country, & any-

thing else you would like done you have merely to mention. . . .

Douglas was at this time working near Clarkdale, Arizona; and Hornby includes much complicated instruction about arranging a meeting in Kansas City. Hornby had planned, he said, to sail from New York; he was travelling there by way of Kansas City (not the most direct route imaginable) where his address would be 'care of Mrs Dexter-Whiting, Muelbach Hotel'. Hornby's postscript contains a characteristic afterthought: 'I find that Clarkdale is far from Kansas. . . . Hoping we join forces.'

On the next day, Bullock wrote a long letter to O. S. Finnie, the Director of the North-West Territories and Yukon Branch in Ottawa,

In the spring of this year it is the intention of Mr John Hornby, the well known Northern traveller of some twenty years' experience, to complete a life-time's study by equipping an expedition into the Barren Lands, accompanied by myself, who have travelled extensively in Asia and Africa.

We intend to build schooners and ship our supplies to Fort Reliance at the east end of Great Slave Lake, making our Headquarters at the head of Artillery Lake, where Mr Hornby has already spent two winters. Our object is to explore as much unknown country as possible, chiefly between Aylmer Lake and Bathurst Inlet.

We are endeavouring to arrange as large and suitable an outfit as possible in order to make a thorough scientific report on the fauna and flora of the country, together with complete photographic records of the same, at the same time making careful surveys, geological and otherwise, and meteorological observations.

We leave McMurray towards the end of May, and if the Government cannot assist us financially, would be obliged for any assistance in the nature of the latest maps and reports on the country, together with any modern scientific apparatus the Department can spare.

Of course, if backed entirely by ourselves, although we would consider it purely a Canadian expedition and

would be willing to put all reports eventually at the disposal of the Government, we might for pecuniary reasons have to sell our collections to other than Canadian institutions, and also reserve the right of first making use of the reports.

Mr Hornby is returning to England on February 7th, but unfortunately must travel by way of New York. He will endeavour, however, to call on you during his return journey.

Unfortunately this persuasive request, fortified by vague threats, failed to reach Ottawa at once. At the bottom Bullock has written: 'Dear Mr Finnie. The enclosure of this letter was omitted in my last communication.' The letter was date-stamped in the Department 13 March 1924.

Clearly what was needed was money if the expedition was to assume the scope Bullock had in mind and serve the purpose that Hornby—for the moment—intended. Even Hornby himself wrote to Dr R. M. Anderson, Stefansson's earlier companion on the Arctic coast, with whom Hornby and Melvill had travelled to Norman in 1908. The letter was dated 4 February 1924 from 2 Macdougall Court, and gave the same account of their plans for a three-year 'scientific' expedition. He had, from past experience, no high hopes of finding minerals: they would trap and trade to defray the cost of the expedition. His plea was primarily for funds: 'Kindly get me into touch with Museums and men who would assist me.' But altogether the letter has a forlorn and spiritless tone to it.

You know I have lived a lifetime in that country and I am confident could make a complete success of it with proper men and material behind me. . . . Really I have only just recovered from the effects of the War, and this time go with the set purpose of making a success, and will link up the reports of the Arctic with those of yours and Stefansson's. So between us we shall have covered most of the Barrens and leave little to posterity.

* * *

While the threat of Hornby's departure precipitated these pathetic and ill-considered attempts to recruit official support and blessing, other matters of a more domestic cast had been brewing. Early in the year, in January apparently, Hornby had heard that his trapper companion of earlier days on Paddle River was 'bushed', and that his wife—an Englishwoman in her thirties, well-bred and literate—was frightened at the danger to her children of being alone in an isolated place. Hornby, with quixotic promptness, somehow removed her and her two children and, despite the season, brought them the forty miles to Edmonton. While he got into touch with Mrs Rochfort's family and made arrangements for her to return escorted to England, he housed them secretly in the caretaker's apartment of a furniture warehouse that belonged to friends of his. Before long Rochfort arrived in Edmonton—a powerful, self-confident man—looking for Hornby. He met Bullock in the street, demanded a meeting with Hornby, came to the apartment and, with a very forthright insistence, demanded the immediate return of his wife and children. Hornby, unruffled but inflexible, outfaced Rochfort and sent him away without any satisfaction. Presently Mrs Rochfort and the children set off for Montreal by train and from there took ship for England, at Hornby's expense. During the stay in the warehouse apartment, Mrs Rochfort made a sensitive portrait of Hornby in pencil and pastel: it shows him clean-shaven, pale-eyed, young.

Bullock's papers preserve a vivid and generous account of the episode: in the whole matter Hornby was the ideal of solicitous rectitude, gallantry, and detachment. But in another matter his attitude was more ambiguous though no less detached. To act as companion for Mrs Rochfort and to make inconspicuous contact with the outside world, Hornby introduced a young Englishwoman named Olwen Newell to whom he referred later

as ‘a clever but a simple, affectionate, and rather highly strung girl.’

Olwen Newell, the eldest daughter of a Suffolk parson, was born in Portmadoc, North Wales, and was twenty-five when she first came to Canada in May 1923. During the war she had served for a time in the WRAF Auxiliary, and after her discharge had done some tutoring and school-teaching. She had also written a novel—‘a love story about the aerodrome I had been stationed at when my father was Padre there’. It was never published.² Finding little prospect in England for herself as a person of independent mind, she decided first to emigrate to Australia, then changed her destination to Canada because her younger brother, discharged from the Navy, was working in Winnipeg. Through family friends she became nursery governess to an English family named Adamson at Fort Saskatchewan. But her true ambition was ‘to teach the Indians’; so she came to Edmonton and failing to find employment as a teacher worked as housekeeper to a family named Henderson in Tofield near Edmonton and was treated by them as one of the family. After illness and a long convalescence she was staying with friends of the Adamsons in Edmonton when she first saw Hornby in the late summer or early autumn of 1923, before Bullock had arrived in Edmonton.

Olwen first met Hornby among a group of old-timers, her host being Peter Gunn, one-time sheriff of Spirit River and Hudson’s Bay Company factor at Peace River. Olwen and Hornby talked vivaciously about the north country about which she longed to know more; and she told him about a Portmadoc friend of her father’s who had travelled much in the Middle East during the war—like Hornby a small man—his name T. E. Lawrence. At that meeting she knew nothing about Hornby. But when they met a second time she heard him referred to as ‘the well-known explorer Hornby’, recognised him at once as the man she had met at Peter Gunn’s, and noticed that in strong contrast to the first meeting, he was silent and ill at ease in a more conventionally social setting.

This second meeting must have been early in November 1923. Olwen, now living with friends in Edmonton, was quickly and inevitably drawn into the preparations now being made for a long journey into the North. Hornby, finding that Olwen was interested in writing, struck upon the idea that she should write the account of his travels. He also suggested that she go north with them and stay at one of the northern outposts writing up the expedition while the others travelled farther afield. 'With your young and fresh mind,' he told her, 'you will see things as I saw them on first going north, but which are too stale in my impressions now to write about.' Olwen's guileless enthusiasm swept her into the preparations for the trip. She was frequently at the Macdougall Court apartment which Hornby and his old friend Allan Mc-Connochie now used freely as rendezvous and office. By the time the winter had set in, Hornby—with less tact than generosity but with a characteristic innocence of intention—had asked Olwen to wear a handsome unplucked beaver coat of his 'to air it in the frosty weather'. By the end of December Olwen had taken a room permanently at the YWCA.

Olwen Newell, twenty years younger than Hornby, found herself much interested in him. She remembers him as 'a chivalrous man, fastidious in conversation and in his attitude to women'. Herself young, vivacious, handsome, her vision unblurred by passion, Olwen saw Hornby as 'an unassuming man, conservative in dress; yet he always went bareheaded except in winter when he wore an old cap with earflaps, Alberta farmer style'. He wore in winter a dark fur coat and 'padded along through Edmonton streets in mocassins made for him by Indians' wives'. She noted his fine-textured black hair; the narrow aquiline features with the fine bone structure; the deep-set blue eyes; the prominent high-bridged nose with its sensitive arched nostrils; the mouth below a clipped moustache small and well-shaped. Olwen noticed that Hornby seemed to have found in her, perhaps for the first time, a woman who identified herself with his unworldly and ec-

centric view of life. Olwen's oldest and wisest friend, Justus Willson, leonine survivor of the Riel Rebellion, gently warned her that although Jack Hornby was an admirable person he was not a suitable person for Olwen to marry. Such was the discretion and innocence of the friendship that she had not thought of that.

Even as a man of the world, Bullock did not notice anything inflammatory in this situation. Olwen Newell was part of the human landscape of Edmonton; he was working out his own destiny there; she was a familiar figure and therefore unremarkable. If he sensed any attachment between Hornby and Olwen, he showed no sign of it and evinced absolutely no symptoms of jealousy. So subtly and by such shrewd transitions of coincidence do central figures slip into place in the fabric of life inevitably, and only from the vantage of after-knowledge can we see how they came there. The preparations for the expedition went forward, and Olwen was often enough one of the group at Macdougall Court. Bullock, who was now acting (by default) as business manager, offered to employ Olwen 'in the office that he and M^r Hornby were opening jointly in the city.' Olwen accepted, in the best genteel tradition, without inquiring into terms of payment or conditions of work.

This all occurred in January 1924, not long before Hornby was due to leave for England.

* * *

It is not clear on what date Hornby left Edmonton though the date he originally chose was 7 February. On the 5th Allan McConnochie had borrowed \$70 from Hornby and gave him a note agreeing to 'repay in a months time, If not all at once \$35 & then \$35'—with the cheery proviso 'But of course Jack any old time you need it all let me know & I'll see you get it.' Hornby gave this note as a memorandum to Yardley Weaver, his solicitor friend and acquaintance of the early days and Weaver wrote on it in pencil: 'McConnochie is to pay \$70⁰⁰ to me. Pay it to

YWCA re Miss Newell.'

Hornby had arrived in Toronto by 14 February and wrote to George Douglas from there. He was, he said, on his way to Ottawa 'in order to see if I can get any backing in order to take a party north'. He expected it would be difficult to get financial help from the Government, but 'this will not hinder me from again returning North'. There is no mention of Kansas City this time, but he would go to New York 'to raise some money, I shall be owing a little'. 'Of course,' he adds wistfully, 'if I had charge of a party, & could carry on proper scientific explorations of those hitherto [un]explored Regions N.E. & W. of Artillery Lake, it would be of great importance.' In a postscript he hoped that Douglas and his wife would be going to the east end of Great Slave Lake and that they could 'again winter together'.

Hornby presented himself at the North-West Territories and Yukon Branch in Ottawa on the morning of the 15th but the omens were not favourable. R. M. Anderson found Hornby's plans 'rather vague' and could only suggest to Finnie, Head of the Branch, that Hornby's party might fit in with existing plans of theirs to study the caribou migration. Anderson attested that Hornby had been in the Mackenzie country for at least sixteen years and had done 'an enormous amount of travelling, some of it over trails where probably nobody else has ever gone'. 'He has a great fund of knowledge about the game and natives of the country, and an English gentleman whom I have every reason to believe is truthful in his statements.' Finnie was less disposed to be impressed. When Hornby reported to Douglas after 'one week endeavouring to get the Govt. interested', he had only a depressing account of proceedings to give.

Interested I got them but not financially. Stefansson with his extravagance made the Gov. careful. The Gov. has unofficially promised to assist. I can get a few supplies.

G. H. Blanchet of the Topographical Survey has promised to take supplies for me to Artillery Lake. He proba-

bly goes to survey Artillery Lake & as much of those other lakes & routes as possible. . . . I like him immensely & have travelled with him.

Hornby again hoped that Douglas would join him. Blanchet's schooner was the bait this time: 'We could combine & make use of his boat & his men & at the same time assist him in his exploratory work.' Whatever resolution or fine hopes Hornby may have held out to Bullock in Edmonton, they were now guttering out into the cold disillusion that he always felt now in 'civilization'.

If Hornby's resolution had not already foundered, it was inundated by perplexity of a different sort on 24 February in Ottawa when a garbled telegram arrived from Bullock. Hornby wrote at once, distracted, to Weaver.

Dear Yardley

I was leaving today but received a telegram. Unfortunately in being transmitted, it was partly unintelligible. . . . I think Bullock is apt to take things too seriously. What others say about Bullock, will never sever our partnership. Will you kindly give me your candid opinion about Olwen Newell, (this I mean as private between ourselves).

After having arranged to send her across with M^{rs} R. & this falling through, I considered it up to me to assist her across. More so after I must admit I got to like her, but I candidly told her, that I had never loved any girl nor ever would. Besides I mentioned she was young & I am old.

I told her, I was flattered to think she thought she loved me & that she would never need consider it a favour if I helped her. I must say I have helped dozen[s] of men whom I never knew before & never expected to see again. This is a weakness with me & am sorry to say that you suffer from this same weakness, for we ought to realize 'charity begins at home & should end there.'

Of course it is only will-power (prompted by passion to which hardships are not conducive) for men apparently can fall in love with anything.

As long as I act right, I care nothing for public opinion.

I ought really to have taken her along when I left Edmonton & would do so now but am late & must go through New York.

Y^{rs} V. Sinc.

J. Hornby.

Then there is a postscript or some sort of afterthought:

I have been here longer than I intended. To interview public officials is a long & tedious business.

Though this life is short, it is certainly full of worries.

It would have been better if I had not come back to civilization but stayed with the savages leading a wild & natural life, able to act on the impulse of the moment, bound to no restrictions.

Certainly anxious to know what is worrying Bullock. I am determined to let nothing stand in the way of our proposed trip.

To me it is essential to go this year.

To Bullock it is a chance of making a Name.

Besides making a Name we can make it a financial success.

Y^{rs} V. Sinc.

J. Hornby

Next day—the 25th—Hornby sent a note to Finnie saying that he intended to go to the east end of Great Slave Lake ‘in order to complete my notes for my book on the Barren Lands’, and asking ‘what assistance your Department could render me so that I can make definite reports on the inhabitants & especially on the Wild Life’. But his thoughts were drawn back to the Olwen crisis and he wrote to Weaver again on the 26th from Montreal, distracted, repetitious, and incoherent, as if he had not already written.

Bullock wired me, she said she was engaged to me. That is foolish. Love with me has long since been dead. I like Olwen Newell & would always help unless she has done something outrageously & deliberately. Tell her you would like to see her and say if she can not explain that

statement, I could not feel further inclined to assist unless in absolute difficulties.

Next day he wrote to Weaver again.

I have had two telegrams from Bullock . . . & just received one from J. D. Willson. I can't understand what has happened. . . . Unfortunately in trying to assist people, one apparently causes trouble. As I am getting old, it is not advisable to put off our trip North next year. Besides that others may get there first & get the credit for exploring those unknown regions.

Hornby also wrote two letters to Bullock: one was short and reached him in Calgary; the other reached him in Vancouver, and was rather long, and a little avuncular. 'You must remember that all women are temperamental & often act very unreasonably, not because they are themselves unreasonable but because they live unnatural lives.' 'Marriage has never been considered by me', he said. Bullock had been 'too harsh' in his judgement of women; and if Bullock had not telegraphed as he had—presumably declining to offer further funds—Hornby would have wired her money to go home, since 'it is better for her to be with her parents than living as she is in Edmonton'. The letter closes with a plea on Olwen's behalf. 'Don't, for God's sake, persecute her. I cannot believe that she would willingly do anything wrong. You may unwittingly have driven her into making false assertions. As you know, she has no home of her own in Canada & no one there to protect her.'

On 1 March Hornby sailed from New York in the *Antonia* and wrote again to Weaver before the ship reached Halifax. 'Am still in the dark as to what has taken place. . . . Whatever Olwen Newell has done, I would never like to see her in difficulties for I would always hold myself to blame for not having assisted her to return to her parents. . . . This life is too full of worries. Would that I had spent the rest of my life alone in the far North.' He was vexed to hear that Bullock was giving it out that 'he was financ-

ing my trip'. Bullock, Hornby admitted, had wired \$300; but Hornby claimed to have spent 'double that'. The thought of breaking the partnership had crossed his mind only to be rejected. 'At any case will send him back his money. Don't know if I ever have a partner again but do not like to throw over as Bullock is dependent on me & it would be a chance for him.' He was preparing, he said, some MS. notes on the caribou to send to O. S. Finnie as token that he was competent to work for the Government and worthy to receive their munificent support. Denny LaNauze had undertaken to have the notes typed and would send them on to Ottawa.³

On 4 March, when the ship came into Halifax, LaNauze met Hornby. His account, written to George Douglas a few days later, gives an unintentionally vivid glimpse of Hornby's evasiveness, his sudden preoccupation, the violent onset of his perplexity. Hornby, he said, looked 'just the same as ever and looks well and fairly respectable' but would not talk about anything except 'his immediate personal affairs'. Word of his own travels LaNauze dragged out of him with difficulty: Harry was dead; Arden—'who he does not like or trust and I agree with him in the latter'—was now a buffalo guardian at Fort Smith (and Hornby was jealous of the appointment). Hornby had 'fallen in with an English Adventurer named Critchley Bulloch', had promised to go into partnership with him, and was on his way to England to raise capital for a trading and trapping venture on Great Slave Lake. Hornby, he said, was to put up \$15,000, Bullock \$5000.⁴ In Ottawa he suggested that he be appointed on a salary to report on the caribou; then he had gone to New York 'for the purpose of delivering a fur coat to a Lady Friend who was then in South Carolina'.

All this discussion had taken place in LaNauze's house over 'a few Scotches'; but LaNauze was annoyed that Hornby took no notice of his 'den' or his collection of northern curios, and had made disparaging remarks about children. So they went aboard for lunch, the ship due to sail at three.

Here there were two letters awaiting him. Hornby opened them and from then on I could not get a word out of him about the North and he never let me alone a minute asking me what he should do. The first letter was from Bulloch telling him some female ‘prattle’ about some girl he had befriended in Edmonton . . . and who from the tone of Bulloch’s letter was about to marry Hornby. Hornby believed all this until he opened the next letter which was from *the girl* and then he was out to ‘beat up’ Bulloch. I had a most uninteresting time with him until he decided to write to everybody concerned and gave me \$20 to wire the girl. He says marriage is not being considered by either party and that she was just a lonely girl he was helping and he really is most chivalrous (*sic*) and I believe him.

Hornby said he thought he would return the money Bullock had lent him, stay a few months in England, ‘come back and go in alone’; LaNauze advised him ‘to go alone or with an Indian’. Altogether LaNauze had found it ‘a most trying morning’ and left Hornby in disgust before the ship sailed.

* * *

The Olwen Newell situation was really quite clear. Hornby had acted disinterestedly enough, largely out of vague affection and misguided pity, partly perhaps out of self-pity; and he had flirted from time to time with the thought of marrying Olwen, though he knew that the idea was preposterous and selfish. When he was arranging for Mrs Rochfort and her children to return to England, he had suggested that Olwen travel with them and ‘wait for him there’—a curious proposal when there had been no definite offer of marriage. He had even written to Olwen’s father—before consulting her—to say that he was bringing her back to England. This she rejected because she genuinely wanted to stay in Western Canada: and insisted that she was not homesick or friendless or in distress. Then, after Mrs Rochfort had gone, Olwen decided ‘to

go to England with M^r Hornby'; but something—almost certainly lack of funds—prevented this. When Hornby set out for the east, Olwen stayed on in Edmonton, still vaguely attached to the expedition. She had Hornby's assurance that if she needed money she could draw on McConnochie's debt with Yardley Weaver. On 13 February she wrote to Weaver.

I called at your office to find you are not in town. Mr Hornby asked me to see you. I am not quite clear as to what arrangements he has made for me at the Y.W.C.A., but he told me that I was to ask you to hand me 'a few dollars' if I was without money. If this is Mr McConnochie's debt I fear it will be some time before I receive anything at all. May I see you when it is convenient?

Weaver saw her at once. Her accumulated bill at the YWCA, for a few days in November and for two months from December to February, was \$22.51. Weaver paid this on instructions which he had received from Hornby before he left Edmonton.

Hornby had scarcely left Edmonton when it had suddenly occurred to Bullock that Hornby and Olwen might have fallen in love with each other, that they might be planning marriage. He concluded that they were engaged, and that consequently the expedition was in danger of ruin. Hornby's letters show that Bullock's conclusions, though based on gossip and upon evidence of the most tenuous sort, were not far wrong. Bullock was already heavily committed to the expedition he was planning: Hornby had given the impression that he was wholeheartedly in support of the plans, and was in any case indispensable to the success of the whole undertaking both as a man who might recruit official support and because he was an experienced traveller and knew the country they were going to. If Hornby were to get married the expedition would collapse; so Olwen was a menace to their plans. Bullock now dismissed

Olwen from her position as secretary to the expedition, and wrote to the YWCA renouncing responsibility for 'her debts' there. Their failure to confront each other heightened Bullock's sense of outrage and deepened Olwen's perplexity at such a sudden change.

Long-suffering and self-reliant though she was, Olwen now found herself in an embarrassing position and turned to Hornby's lawyer friend Yardley Weaver. The letter she wrote to him on 4 March, though very long, is a model of good sense, dignity and restraint. It opens with a rehearsal of what had happened: the abandoned plans for going to England, Bullock's annoyance (entirely unexpected by her), the understandably quizzical attitude of the YWCA director, her fear that the episode might bring her undesirable notoriety.

The outcome of the whole matter was that Mr Hornby has left for the Old Country, and I am in an intolerable position which ever way one looks at it.

I have lost the confidence of a man who has been very kind to me, and for whom I have a great regard. He is going to visit my home, and as things stand, will not be able to speak freely about me to my parents, who will soon suspect that he is under restraint.

Instead of being, as I calculated, by now on my way home, I am forced to find work immediately, of any description; to make up for lost time financially will be extremely difficult, and my situation with regard to money is serious.⁵

She could not think how she might have upset Bullock—'of whom I seldom speak'; but she had felt obliged to point out that Bullock was not leading the expedition and that Hornby was not 'working under' the younger man. The letter—more than nine pages of manuscript—ends plaintively: 'If you are free during the latter part of the afternoon I would be grateful for an interview?'

The 4th of March was the day Bullock left for a holiday in Vancouver. On the 8th Weaver wrote to him to say that Olwen Newell had seen him the day before, that she

The Legend of John Hornby



16. Fort Hornby, probably spring 1923: Sousie Benjamin and Hornby

George Whalley



17. Hornby-Bullock camp on Mount Coleman, autumn 1923

The Legend of John Hornby



Hornby at paddle River, autumn 1923

George Whalley

had written to her father in England 'telling him of certain injuries which you had done her, which have affected her socially and financially here, by what you have said about her to her friends'. 'Allowance must always be made for a young lady who is alone and financially embarrassed,' he added discreetly; 'perhaps you will drop me a line.' On the 12th Bullock replied impenitently, saying among other things that 'though it has been a messy affair I shall always feel convinced that so long as Hornby gets his expedition under way I did not do wrong'. Thereafter things became quieter, and Yardley Weaver was able to write to Hornby, now at Nantwich.

Dear Jackie:

I believe the trouble that arose between Miss Newell and Bullock is subsiding. If I were you I would not write anything to either of them which is likely to stir it up again. Bullock imagined that Miss Newell was trying to sow discord between you and him and put a stop to your expedition to the North. . . . Do not worry about Miss Newell and Bullock or be too severe in your criticism of either of them. . . . You must not try to carry everyone's burdens and worries on your own shoulders. If you do you will always be in trouble.

* * *

Hornby's parents, from advancing age and illness, had importuned him to come home. He was prepared to humour them for a time and comfort them a little if he could; but there was no likelihood of his staying. On 18 March, a week after landing in England, he told Bullock's brother Philip that he expected to return to Canada at the end of April because they planned to leave Edmonton at the end of May. 'With what size party your Brother & I go north depends on what arrangements I can make. It seems somewhat late to get it financed on a large scale. It would be futile to postpone the trip for another year as to do it this year is of paramount importance to both of us, & to me in particular.' But this letter is a little disingenuous.

Hornby was not making any attempt to muster funds or support in England; he had already agreed verbally with the North-West Territories and Yukon Branch for a much more modest commitment which did not necessarily include Bullock; and on 15 March Guy Blanchet was writing a memorandum to O. S. Finnie commending Hornby's experience and saying that he was taking Hornby with him this season 'as a member of my party' and that 'he is proposing to remain in the Artillery or Mackay country after the close of the season's work'. Blanchet suggested that Hornby be charged to report his findings to the Department, and that for this he be allowed a small salary and rations: observations of caribou migration and of the musk oxen on the upper Thelon and in the Mackay Lake area were to be his jobs. 'I think Hornby might be quite good at such work,' he concluded. 'He can travel anywhere and has shown unusual endurance in starvation, both useful qualifications.'

Yet Hornby was now so beset with an old conflict that he seems from time to time to have forgotten about the Olwen Newell troubles and his undertaking with Finnie and Blanchet. He explained this to George Douglas on 24 April.

I have now enough to worry over. It was very sad to see both my Mother & Father looking so old. My Father is a complete cripple & lately has been in a critical condition. . . . Father & Mother have both begged me to stay with them. So I am now in an awkward position & of course can not leave them immediately.

Some time in that early spring Guy Blanchet was in England and discussed more definitely with Hornby the plans that had been maturing in Ottawa. But Hornby was evasive. When Blanchet and his wife were due to sail for Canada, Hornby and his mother met them at Crewe and travelled to the ship. Mrs Hornby implored Blanchet 'to persuade Jack to stay at home where he was needed'. Blanchet promised to do his best and thought he had con-

vinced him on the way to Liverpool. Hornby wrote to Douglas from the ship as though in profound despair: 'As I have been unable to arrange my trip north & as you say you are not going, I would just as soon put it off.' He cabled to Bullock 'CANCEL EXPEDITION'; and wrote at greater length to confirm the cable. 'I certainly wish now I had not crossed to England, so you can realise how miserable I feel here. This senseless life is detestable. . . . How can people feel justified in leading an aimless existence?' Because of his father's illness and his parents' reluctance, he said, he could not leave now. Blanchet was going on his Government survey; Hornby urged Bullock to join Blanchet— 'I have thoroughly recommended you.' He himself would try to be in Edmonton by the end of August: 'then, for us, the Arkilunik [Thelon] River and complete our studies of flora & fauna in peace!' 'Though I am fond of my Mother,' he ends ominously, 'and, as you know, consider her second to no woman, my life has always been with men.'

* * *

In the three months since Hornby had left Edmonton, Bullock had not been idle. He had been collecting stores and equipment on a considerable scale; he had been taking instruction in meteorology and geology at the University of Alberta; he was getting practice in using various cameras, for in his eyes photography offered the greatest prospect for the expedition. He spent heavily on equipment. He addressed to the North-West Territories and Yukon Branch in Ottawa a series of elaborate, closely argued, and importunate letters seeking various kinds of official support and encouragement. Finnie however, had already recommended to the Deputy Minister in March that Hornby be employed at a modest salary but made no mention of Bullock. Bullock knew nothing of this, and would not have liked it if he had; and continued with letters to harass the patient civil servants. 'Time is now short,' he announced on 5 April, 'and as business manager

I am making final arrangements. I am distressed by the disinterest of our own Government, for compared with the interest taken by the United States it is most remarkable.' He dropped other hints of wealthy foreign interests that might move in if the Canadian Government threw away the golden opportunity of supporting him; but a more personal and urgent note is sounded near the end of this letter. 'I am entering upon this Expedition . . . because Mr. Hornby has honoured me by saying that in me he has found a perfect assistant and partner. Unknown to him I am assisting the enterprise financially in such a manner that its failure will leave me penniless.' Other letters followed.

On 29 April Finnie wrote a memorandum to Maxwell Graham, saying that Bullock 'states that the photographic apparatus alone will cost fully \$3000? He also asks for sextants, chronometers, horizons, assaying outfits, tents, books of reference etc., etc. I am afraid his chances of securing these are very visionary.' He also noted that any arrangements they made for Hornby's rations were made 'with Hornby and not [with] Mr Bullock'. Finnie wrote at length on 30 April and sent a copy to Hornby. Finnie was prepared, he said, to give sympathetic consideration to Bullock's proposals if he would give an estimate of cost, the proportion to be borne by Government, length of time on the trip, names of people accompanying them, and 'the names of persons or institutions behind or interested in the expedition': given this information Finnie could 'submit the matter to the proper authorities'.

Finnie's patience was now exhausted by the 'number of rather unusual communications' received from Bullock. He sent a personal letter to the Public Administrator for the North-West Territories in Edmonton, asking for a confidential report on Bullock. The Public Administrator's reply described Bullock (on slight acquaintance) as 'a well-behaved gentlemanly chap who dances attendance on the flappers of the City, not doing any work at present'; and concluded that he could not recommend any Government assistance 'beyond the usual pamphlets de-

scribing the geological and topographical formation of the country’.

But before the Public Administrator’s non-committal letter had reached Ottawa, Bullock had sent another letter expressing pain and disappointment at the lack of official cooperation. It was not a tactful letter. He tried also to account for the difference between his and Hornby’s versions of what they intended to do—a difference that had come about through no fault of his. In this he assumed the character of Hornby’s keeper, and correctly took into account Hornby’s impracticality. Hornby, he admitted, was unbusinesslike; but there was more to him than that. ‘I knowing him must prevent him from passing on unrecognised, a genius unproven, a man of exceptional value to his country. Only a message of reassurance can prevent that now.’ Hornby, Bullock said, had now become ‘embittered’ and seemed to have ‘lost all hope of ever doing anything on a large scale’. And as for the things Hornby had said in Ottawa— ‘His attitude most assuredly seems peculiar, but that is Mr Hornby all through. But it is not unusual—are not the most brilliant people often the most simple, childish, and un-get-at-able?’

On 11 May Bullock regretted to inform the Director that ‘all hope of arranging a large expedition under the leadership of Mr Hornby is out of the question’. In reply to Bullock’s cables asking for an estimate of costs, Hornby had just cabled to cancel the expedition. He had now nothing to ask of the Government; but he would himself go on with the expedition ‘as best I may’, too ashamed ‘to drop everything at this stage’. Finnie replied at once with ill-concealed relief. ‘In view of the present need for retrenchment and economy’ in the service he had never been ‘altogether confident’ of getting a special appropriation; and just in case Bullock had any intention of travelling without Hornby, he enclosed a copy of the laws applying to hunting and trapping in the North-West, and a copy of the map showing the areas set aside for the exclusive use of Indians and Eskimos and closed to white men.

Crestfallen, Bullock advertised in the *Edmonton Journal* for a partner. He did not want a hired hand, but a fellow adventurer. By 16 May he had engaged a man who had previously been a detective on the Provincial Police: 'I think he is a good man; at least I hope so.' Bullock now planned to make a journey to the east of Great Slave Lake, then down the Thelon to Chesterfield

Inlet and cabled Hornby for permission to use one of his cabins at Reliance. His only anxiety was getting away from Chesterfield before the winter; but 'I'll get along somehow or other, and without anyone else's assistance'.

* * *

Hornby had a capacity for keeping quite separate in his mind and in his intention ideas that were closely related. This sometimes has the air of duplicity. But in the case of Bullock, Hornby's indecision and confusion must be put down to an inability to decide in a complex situation. When Blanchet sailed, Hornby had evidently said that since he had heard nothing from Finnie he must consider the trip with Blanchet out of the question: this he had also told Bullock. But on 21 May Finnie wrote to say that ministerial permission had been given for Hornby's appointment from 1 September at \$300 a year with rations, that he was to travel to Artillery Lake with Blanchet, and that Blanchet would transport the rations. Hornby replied by cable on 28 May—ACCEPT PROPOSITION SAILING IMMEDIATELY—and sailed on 30 May. He must have cabled Bullock too, because Bullock wrote to Finnie on 4 June saying that 'Mr Hornby has finally decided to join me & is now en route'.

But Hornby cannot have had Bullock much in mind either when he sailed from England or when he reached Canada. On 6 June he telegraphed from Quebec to Edmonton: 'Send word to Blanchet that I have crossed and will join him as soon as possible.' The telegram reached Blanchet at Chipewyan on the 7th. But Hornby's air of speed and resolution evaporates as the record of his jour-

ney westward unfolds. From the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, he wrote to LaNauze.

I am back again, bound this time for the Magnetic Pole. Though late, I intend to reach there this fall, & return to winter either on Artillery Lake or else Mackay Lake. . . . I found it impossible to stay in England as I was always wanting to return to complete my life's time ambition to complete my writing on the Fauna & Flora of the Barren Regions together with perfect photos. This is my last trip to the Arctic. *C. Bullock* goes with me. The girl is in Edmonton. I side with neither. The Arctic alone interests me. I only decided to leave the day before the Montrose sailed. . . .

This time I to whom the combined life of living either as an Indian or as an Esquimaux is probably unequalled by any one, go to make it a success & then retire trusting to be as fortunate as you in finding a companion. I don't think I would be fortunate enough to find one who would look like a daughter nor will I try. I then being nearly 50 yrs old, will not try to persuade a young girl to marry me.

Instead of hurrying west, he stopped off at Ottawa; and also at Lakefield to see Douglas, for he had cabled the date of his arrival from England. Two days after Hornby had left Northcote, Douglas gave LaNauze an account of the visit.

It is just 10 years since I have seen Hornby, and I find him changed very little; indeed he looks much better now than when I saw him last. He is just the same Hornby. .

.. We went to Lakefield in a canoe that I had equipped with an outboard motor: Hornby was disgusted that we were not paddling, but when I proposed to take the motor off and get out the paddles, his enthusiasm for paddling vanished. He joined our party, who came up on an auxiliary yawl under engine and Hornby distinguished himself as the only one who could or would swarm up the mast and get the main halliards in place. .

..
 His plans for the immediate future were hazy and inconsistent. As far as I could learn he intends to go to Edmonton, get a canoe, and go to Fort Smith and Resolution and perhaps join Blanchet of the Dominion Topographical Survey, who is taking a party into Artillery Lake this summer. Apparently the Dominion Topographical Survey have arranged to give him rations and to take these to Reliance for him, but Hornby says he doesn't want any rations, he doesn't want *anything*. Here's the style of conversation:—

Q. Have you got any rifles and ammunition?

A. Oh, yes, I left a 30.30 at my house on Artillery Lake.

Q. How long ago was that?

A. Oh, about two years ago.

Q. Do you expect they will be there all right now?

A. Oh, yes. No one will disturb them.

Q. How about nets and fishing tackle?

A. By Jove I must make a note to get these at Edmonton before I forget about it. (Does so on the back of an envelope.)

He says he is going to take the Tuesday train to Waterways (June 17). I suggested that this didn't give him much time for preparation seeing that the best arrival he could make in Edmonton was Saturday night, but he said 'I don't need to make any preparations'. Well, he has done this sort of thing before, and come out all right, and he is not likely to come to any harm this time, with that survey party to help him out.

He wanted to get the early train out of Lakefield next morning. He told me how he had beaten some chess champion on the boat on the way over, and we played a game of chess while I was getting, and during, breakfast. I don't know much about the game, and seldom play, but from my recollection of Hornby's chess playing in the North in 1912 he seems to have improved greatly since then, for he put up what seemed to me a very strong game, and his account of his victories over the boat champion is probably correct. . . .

I asked him about Critchen-Bullock, but couldn't get

much out of him except that C-B was a very fluent writer and talker, had lots of money, and intended to make a trip into Artillery L. with a moving picture outfit to get some pictures of the caribou herds. So far as I could tell Hornby had no intention of joining C-B: but he spoke very little about him.

I saw him off from Lakefield. I hope he comes through all right, but as I say, there is much less need for concern this time than on some of those previous trips he has made. He says 'This is really the last winter I'll spend in that country'. He said the same thing when we left him at the Dease River in 1912!

On this occasion Douglas could not get any very clear picture of Hornby's travels since the war. 'He had travelled extensively over the country between Resolution and Artillery Lake,' Douglas said, 'but is strangely incapable of giving a coherent account of the places he has been in, even with a map before him.' But when Douglas showed him Pike's *Barren Ground of Northern Canada*, an excellently sober and detailed account of the country north and east of Great Slave Lake and of the country between Coronation Gulf and the Dease River mouth, Hornby—seeing the book for the first time—glanced through it, declined Douglas's offer of taking the book with him, and said he already knew all there was to be learned from Pike's book.⁶ Nevertheless, Douglas on this occasion, like Blanchet and Anderson in the past speaking of Hornby's biological knowledge, spoke admiringly of Hornby as 'the only white man I know of who has been across to the Coppermine from McTavish Bay on Great Bear Lake. . . . His accounts of his wanderings around McTavish Bay, and in the southern parts of the East end of Great Slave Lake, also practically unknown country, are almost incredible, yet we know they are true. What a book that man could write'.

It must have been at this time that Hornby left with Douglas a suitcase full of 'his various scribbled papers', including the beginning of the manuscript *In the Land of Feast or Famine*, several rolls of undeveloped film ex-

posed on Great Bear Lake four or five years before, and perhaps also the original manuscript journal of 1920-1 which he later gave to Bullock.

* * *

Hornby reached Edmonton on Sunday, 15 June, and the *Edmonton Journal* celebrated his arrival the next day. According to the newspaper he was going to make a trip with Bullock and Glenn, leaving on 24 June. The object was to take motion pictures while they travelled from Great Slave Lake to Hudson's Bay.

Mr Hornby, who prefers the life in the Barren Lands to anything that civilization has to offer him, isn't very particular whether the party spends one year or two in their efforts to secure the pictures. Having lived for several years there himself and knowing every mile of the country, it will be like going home for him.

Hornby's arrival in Edmonton, however, was not much like going home. He put up at the Macdonald Hotel. Bullock showed him the gear and supplies he had collected for the expedition: but Hornby laughed at him without mercy, accusing him of youthful impetuosity and wrong-headed extravagance. And the man he had hired? A stool-pigeon—impossible to put up with him; a man with brown eyes—impossible to travel with him; Bullock must fire him. Bullock refused: he had signed a contract. Then, Hornby, said, Glenn must take his wife and stay in one of Hornby's houses at Reliance: impossible to take a man like that into 'his' country. By the 17th, or perhaps earlier, Hornby was at Onoway. From there he wired Finnie: 'Blanchet left. Though cooperating with Critchell Bullock must take man with me also more supplies. Can you authorize me procure small canoe and auxiliary power.' So the visit to Douglas had flowered at least into a desire for an engine in his boat. But Bullock could see only a bleak prospect when he wrote to Anderson on the 18th.

I rather fancy I am going to have a rough time of it. Hornby seems even more erratic than when he went away and has not assisted me in the slightest to complete equipping. But he is a wonder on the trail and no doubt will make up for it. We are four strong now, but I think we shall take up another man to assist generally. . . . Hornby wished to do the Ark-i-Linik [Thelon] trip on foot, packing with dogs, in all about a 2200 mile journey, but I insisted on a canoe as one cannot possibly pack along all the gear required for careful photographic work. The outcome is hopelessly speculative and my position is much the same as the man who has put his last franc on the Casino table.

On the 20th Hornby was in Edmonton again and altered his request to Finnie: he would look after extra supplies and personnel himself; 'two hundred and fifty dollars only required'.

Finnie replied next day rejecting all these requests: the precise terms of Hornby's employment (he said) were posted in an official and unalterable Memorandum. Hornby argued that since Blanchet had left and so could take neither Hornby nor his supplies, the Department should pay the cost of transportation into the country; but Finnie noted bluntly at the foot of the telegram: 'Mr Hornby knew that Blanchet had left Edmonton before he (Hornby) left Ottawa. I told him myself.' So, for lack of money, and one reason and another, when the day came—23 June, the feast of the Nativity of John the Baptist—Hornby found it impossible to leave with Bullock. But he persuaded Bullock to go on with Glenn by canoe. Hornby came to the station to see the party off on the train for Waterways, the new line that now made direct connexion between Edmonton and the Lower Athabaska River: he would meet them at Fort Smith in a few days, he said.

On 29 June Hornby tried once more to get a canoe and engine out of Finnie, and again failed. But Hornby's rations, he was told—one unit, or one man-year—packed 'in boxes not to exceed eighty (80) pounds gross and marked with a serial number to indicate contents of box'

had been ordered to be shipped to Fort Resolution for delivery before 15 August.

* * *

Bullock, with Glenn and his wife, and three huskies, and all their gear loaded in two canoes and a small scow left Waterways on 26 June and reached Fort Smith—a journey of about 250 miles—on 3 July. They expected Hornby to arrive on Sunday or Monday 6th or 7th. The flies and mosquitoes, Bullock found, were as bad as they had been in the East, or worse.

Hornby did not turn up at Fort Smith on the date expected, nor for some time after; so Bullock went on to Fort Resolution and waited there. 'I have now been in the country a month', he told Finnie on 21 July, 'doing what little work I can to while away the time until Mr Hornby thinks fit to follow me up. . . . He is already three weeks behind time. Once again I am considering carrying on alone and shall do so when the weather for lake travel appears more propitious.' On 25 July Hornby had still not arrived, and Bullock wrote to Yardley Weaver in a more bitter vein.

Hornby has not joined me, and it would seem that he does not intend doing so. It is now nearly a month ago since he promised to come. I have had a most trying time. Unfortunately I depended on him to bring in certain articles of equipment, equipment for the winter that he was more competent to choose than I, an engine and gasoline, and more transport. It is so late now that I have been forced to buy them here, with the result that they have cost me on an average three and a half times what they would have in Edmonton. Petrol for instance \$2.45 a gallon.

I dare not wait any longer for fear he should not come and starting later we become caught in the ice, so have sent on the main part and am waiting until tomorrow morning for the next mail to see what news it brings.

Glenn and his wife were getting fractious at the delay, eating their heads off, quarrelling. Bullock wanted to send Mrs Glenn back but the Glens had sold their house to come with him; and anyway, how could Bullock—inexperienced as he was—travel alone? ‘I hardly know what to do or think.’

* * *

On 7 July, the day he was expected at Fort Smith, Hornby sent LaNauze a short note: ‘I leave shortly for the North for the very last time.’ On the 9th he telegraphed from Edmonton to his old Lac Ste Anne friend Malcolm Stewart at Peace River Crossing: ‘Can you tow large canoe empty for me? Arrive Friday.’ Did his withdrawal from Bullock’s party at the last moment, the postponement of the departure which he now regarded hesitantly as inevitable, have anything to do with Olwen Newell? Certainly he saw her after he returned from England, but there is no record of what they said to each other nor of what they discussed together. Perhaps he suggested again—and again fruitlessly—that she go north with the expedition, and that Mrs Glenn could serve as chaperone? She went to the station to say good-bye to Hornby. He nearly missed the train. She ran along the platform while the train pulled out calling out to him to ask whether he had put the canoe on board.

On the 16th Hornby arrived at Peace River Crossing. Here Matt Murphy, a trapper unknown to Hornby, noticed him—‘he stepped off the train, and looked kinda lost’—and offered to drive him the six or eight miles out into the country to find Allan Stewart. Hornby stayed, according to Murphy, for ten days or so and had his mail transferred to Murphy’s box. Murphy remembered a curious piece of Hornby behaviour. ‘If he got a letter, it didn’t matter where it was, he’d lay down on the sidewalk and open it up and read it there. He wasn’t the least bit fussy where he’d lay ’er down and think nothing of it.’

By the 22nd Hornby was at Fort Vermilion, 300 miles from Peace River Crossing. 'I will be content to leave this country forever next year,' he wrote to his cousin Margaret, 'but whether I will be content to stay in England I cannot say for I long to go to Siberia before I get too old.' Siberia—and even Manchuria—had been recurrent fantasies in Hornby's letters since the previous spring. And his behaviour, which must have seemed to Bullock at best puckish or tantalising and at worst contemptuous, was really not very rational, being informed by a deep disillusionment, by confusion of purpose, by dismay at his review of the past and his prospects for the future. All this comes clearly through a melancholy letter written to Douglas from Fort Vermilion on that same day, 22 July.

I decided to come down the Peace River, as two brothers named Stewart whom I have known for twenty years were coming this way & wanted to go to Artillery Lake and wanted me to accompany them. Am afraid that it will [be] late before we can get into the country.

Unfortunately after being delayed at Peace [River] Crossing, we were again delayed owing to bad weather & engine trouble.

I am really tired of this continually being on the move & long for the day when I can settle down.

It would perhaps have been better if I had been travelling alone for now there are five of us & there are others waiting to join me at Smith.

The two brothers [Malcolm and Allan Stewart] I know well & like immensely & it would have been better to have had no more.

The glamour & Novelty have long since worn off & now I have nothing to urge me on to undergo unnecessary hardships.

So far I have taken no photographs though a newcomer by now could have snapped dozens.

Everything appears to me tame & commonplace. I doubt whether you would again find the country of the same interest.

Of course if M^{rs} Douglas had been with you, you would have probably enjoyed the trip.

I almost got married when in Edmonton to a girl who was very anxious to make this trip & spend one winter in the country, but I thought it would not be fair to ask a girl to marry me; for I having so long lived the life of an Indian would perhaps be unable to live a civilized life & at any moment be liable to return to the backwoods.

Though tired of this country, I am anxious to spend two years in Siberia, after taking a short rest in England.

Will write a long letter to you from Fort Smith.

Hornby did not write to Douglas from Fort Smith. Somewhere along the way he had (as he admitted in his letter) picked up two other trapper friends to go with the Stewart brothers—an elderly old-timer named Al Greathouse and a young man named Buckley.⁷ The voyage down the Peace River had been made in a large old motor scow called the *Empress*: her perverse and inscrutable engine was one of the genuine causes of delay. At Fort Smith, Hornby had to call to see Pete McCallum, his old companion of Great Bear Lake days; but there was no way of either replacing or repairing the engine. Here Hornby found the stores sent for him by the Department, ‘in perfect condition’, and Mr John McDougal the government agent was courteous and helpful in turning them over to Hornby. They took the stores aboard the *Empress* and on 7 August slipped from Fort Smith and drifted on down towards Resolution and the reunion with Bullock.

CHAPTER VIII

The Casba Winter
1924-5

JOHN HORNBY AS ORGANISER of a Northern expedition was a caricature, whether we catch sight of him in Edmonton or Ottawa or England. Intermittent in impulse, of indeterminate purpose, he had at first encouraged the Bullock plan; then had drawn his own red herrings of pre-occupation, personal loyalty, disgust across Bullock's trail; then had renounced the expedition; then had sidled back into association with it without ever making his position perfectly clear. He now managed to behave simultaneously as though he did not share in Bullock's plan and was not of his party, yet preserved a commanding grasp of affairs so that he could discipline and frustrate Bullock and yet in the end join him and with a vague ambiguity give the air that Bullock was sharing in his experience as an equal and creditable companion.

When Hornby and his four trappers arrived at Resolution, Bullock was so relieved to see Hornby again that he refrained even from remonstrating. He had managed to buy three small flat-bottomed craft, two of them with engines. The *Empress* was therefore abandoned and the gear that Bullock had somehow transported to Resolution, together with Hornby's stores—a total of about seven tons—was distributed into three boats and Bullock's two canoes. Unlike Douglas's canoes, these were not given the names of stars or planets: one was named *Yvonne*, and the other was named *Matonabee* after the old chief-tain who had travelled with Samuel Hearne through this same country more than a hundred and fifty years before—in which Bullock showed an un-Hornbeian sense of history. The trappers had a couple of canoes as well. As a group they were well provided.

Once the gear was all loaded Bullock tried to get the whole party on the move, but found Hornby quietly intransigent: there were still a few things he must do, a few people to see—the inflexible laws of friendship were, he implied, involved. So Bullock sent his own party on ahead—the Glenns, that is, with whatever boats they could manage—and waited for Hornby to start. But after much waiting Bullock lost patience—as no doubt he was intended to do—and went on to follow the Glenns; and had been waiting for two days at Stony Island when ‘Hornby & Co’ caught up with him. Hornby made it clear that he intended to travel with the trappers and would not associate with Bullock and ‘his crew’; as long as Bullock travelled with the Glenns, Hornby would not travel with Bullock.

Once joined—if only loosely—into one group, they made a quick passage eastward along Great Slave Lake, passing through Hornby Channel, sailing when the weather allowed. The late summer trip could have been pleasant with the long days and warm weather; but the silently acknowledged rift in the party spoiled much of the pleasure. Hornby had made all the crucial decisions at Resolution; he would do so again at Reliance: but he was not behaving much like the leader of the whole outfit. He seems to have been in a mood of despair and disillusionment, as though the country were not only familiar but stale with custom, as though he wanted only to drift and improvise as he had done on Bear Lake and as the trappers did anyway by instinct. But his rejection was more positive than that. He had always resented Glenn’s presence in the party, perhaps because he had not chosen him himself. He resented Bullock’s presence too: and if asked why, he would probably have said because Bullock was a greenhorn and he didn’t like having greenhorns in ‘his’ country. But the deeper reason was that Bullock had planned and outfitted for ‘an expedition’ that was to go to a particular place to carry out certain tasks—photography, weather observations, records of birds and animals, and had planned as carefully as he knew how, and

that was precisely the sort of thing that was alien to Hornby's way of thinking, working, and living. Hornby could have vetoed the journey altogether, but didn't; he could have sent Bullock off on his own with his blessing, but didn't. If he had wanted to take over as actual leader, Bullock would have agreed. Instead, Hornby wobbled, talking and acting as though he had no personal connexion with Bullock's party at all, yet reserving for himself the privilege of scorn and the right to interfere.

Bullock, strained almost beyond endurance by the uncertainty he had suffered at Smith and Resolution, by the delay, by the prospect of his time and money wasted, by Hornby's infuriating vagueness, became morose and aggressive. But Bullock was having to run an awkward and unrewarding compromise. Now, at the outset of his dream-journey, he found himself in charge of an outfit which, without Hornby, was bound to be ineffective; his one paid hand was no companion for him; no matter how determined he was to rescue what he could of his expedition, he found he could neither command Hornby's respect nor win his affiliation. He was too new to the country to be able to go his own way; for many reasons he could neither understand nor sympathise with Hornby's attitude, and so went on thinking of the trip as something like a military operation directed with clearly defined intent against an unwelcoming but passive country. He was determined to get results: he would carry back 'results' as positive and incontrovertible evidence, as a contribution to knowledge, to prove himself, to justify his presence in the North. Yet nothing could have been farther from Hornby's thoughts; and the edge of his half-mocking disregard was a harsh irritant to Bullock's nerves. If Bullock fumed and sulked in company, and in solitude found his patience thin and his spirits plagued by an obsessive disquiet, there were plenty of reasons—and John Hornby was most of them.

So the letter Hornby wrote to Finnie from Old Fort Reliance on 2 September 1924 is of special interest: written as it was on Bullock's typewriter, signed and with a

postscript in pencil in John Hornby's hand.

I arrived here on August 29th accompanied by a party of men [*i.e.* the four trappers] who though assisting me will at the same time be prospecting and trapping on their own account.

Captain Critchell-Bullock with his outfit accompanied us across the Lake.

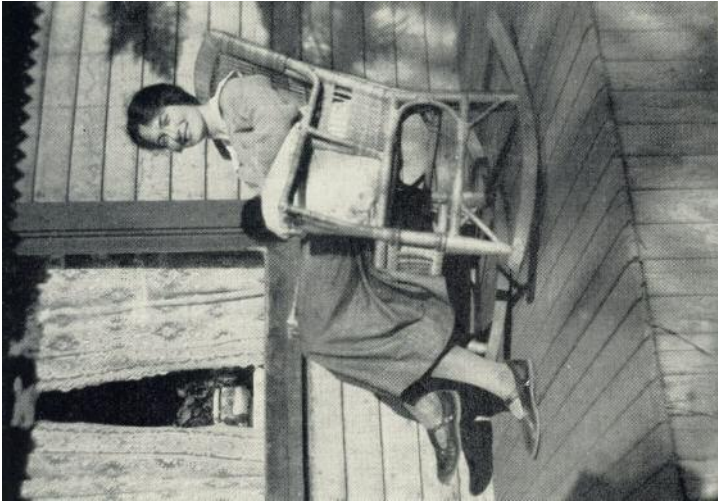
I have again made my headquarters at Fort Reliance where my supplies will be looked after by the man [Glenn] left behind by Captain Critchell-Bullock.

We leave for Artillery Lake in two days each taking a canoe and sufficient supplies to complete our Fall investigations. I shall establish another base on Timber Lake [presumably Timber Bay] where I previously passed a winter. In all probability we will return there for this winter. Our other movements depend upon circumstances, but of course we intend to penetrate if possible as far as Clinton-Colden Lake where we may branch off in different directions so as to cover as much territory as we are able.

The men I have brought with me will establish at different points as far North as Possible and they have agreed to note carefully the numbers and movements of the caribou and all other animals. At the same time they will notify me of any matters which I deem important.

For an ordinary expedition, Reliance would have been the first base camp: for Hornby it was a welcome convenience. Here he could leave Glenn and his wife behind, establishing them in his own house—Fort Hornby—across the bay from the ruins of old Fort Reliance; here he could leave behind all that millstone-albatross gear of Bullock's. As soon as the party had reached Reliance, Buckley and Greathouse started to carry gear over Pike's Portage and had packed 1200 lb into Artillery Lake by 1 September. On that day they also started to build at Reliance a large cache to hold their surplus stores: it was in effect a small log cabin perched on tall legs to keep the gear away from destructive animals. Here all Bullock's cherished scientific gear, except for the food, a Graflex camera, a cine camera,

The Legend of John Hornby



20. Olwen Newell in Edmonton, 1926



19. J.C. Critchell-Bullock in the Barrens



21. A big esker south-east of Artillery Lake. The confusing predominance of water is typical of the Barren country. East is to the right

the film for these, and (oddly enough) a portable typewriter, was deposited to remain under Glenn's protection until it was needed or could be brought farther into the country. Bullock protested about the waste of such expensive equipment, but Hornby—infuriating even so early in the game—asked whether money was of any ultimate importance.

When Hornby wrote to Finnie on 2 September, he ended his letter: 'So far I have seen no signs of Mr Blanchet'—the topographer whom Hornby was originally to have accompanied to Artillery Lake and beyond. This sentence is cancelled, and other words written in pencil: 'I have just seen Mr Blanchet who is on his way back.' It was on 2 September, in the late afternoon, that Blanchet arrived from Pike's Portage in the schooner *Ptarmigan* and anchored off the old Fort. He and two companions—one of them the Macdonald Hornby had met in 1922—had made an extensive trip exploring and surveying, through Artillery Lake to Mackay Lake, Lac de Gras, and the headwaters of the Coppermine. On the evening of the 2nd Blanchet and his two companions came to Hornby's camp and gave him 'complete information of the country he has just been through'; and on the 4th he took the whole party in the *Ptarmigan* over to the beginning of Pike's Portage, and with his men went over the portage with them before himself setting out for Resolution. Hornby bought from Blanchet five canoes and some other gear for \$180 and sent a note to the District Agent at Smith to pay this sum to Blanchet and deduct it from the \$300 salary payable to Hornby by the government department. Blanchet took out with him this note, Hornby's letter of 2 September and a short note written by Bullock to his brother, in pencil on a leaf torn from a loose-leaf notebook.

Just passed Blanchet the Govt Explorer going out to civilisation. He will post this. Hornby & I have just entered on the last lap of our 1st canoe voyages to the Barren lands. Returning this winter to this place with dogs, & then out again for a long journey with dogs over the Spring glare ice. May be away 2 yrs. Terribly exacting

life, but am fit. Living entirely on fish at present. Snow expected every day.

* * *

The eastward end of Great Slave Lake is closed off with a height of land rising almost 700 feet in steep rocks and terraces, all wooded. From Artillery Lake one river—the Lockhart—flows impetuously down the height; George Back managed to get boats over it and, as Hornby knew, Jack Stark had negotiated the river in 1907, but no reasonable traveller has ever regarded it as navigable. The obstacle has to be outflanked by a portage some distance from the river, where—seven miles south of Reliance—the MacDonald Fault provides a string of little lakes; and these, with short carries between them, make—except for the first climb—a comfortable passage into Artillery Lake and so to Ptarmigan Lake, the Hanbury River and the Thelon. The whole distance to Artillery Lake is about twenty-five miles; the total length of portages about five and a quarter miles. The eight small lakes of the portage are named for members of the party that traversed the route with Tyrrell in 1899; but the portage itself is named for Warburton Pike who first described it in detail, knowing it to be an immemorial Indian route.

In 1890 Pike had travelled the portage from Artillery Lake downhill, and found it, only a fortnight earlier in the season, ‘by far the prettiest part of the country that I saw in the North’.

Scattering timber, spruce and birch, clothed the sloping banks down to the sandy shores of the lakes; berries of many kinds grew in profusion; the portages were short and down hill; and caribou were walking the ridges and swimming the lakes in every direction. A perfect northern fairyland it was, and it seemed hard to believe that winter and want could ever penetrate here; but on the shore of a lovely blue lake Pierre the Fool pointed out a spot where the last horrors of death and cannibalism had been enacted within his memory.

Now Hornby and his party were travelling in the opposite direction, eastward, at the end of the season; the country presented a less paradisaical aspect than in Pike's eyes. Thin ice was forming on quiet water; the first portage—three and a quarter miles with a climb of 590 ft—was taxing enough with their combined load of about four tons. For the first time Bullock seriously experienced the miseries of packing—of scrambling somehow into a load of more than a hundred pounds, of struggling somehow to the feet, of keeping moving forward over a trail that might well be slippery and steep or rough and vexing.

Along the first portage the sandy terraces support a scattered growth of spruce, banksian pine, and birch. Once on the summit of the plateau the timber is less abundant and considerably smaller. South-facing slopes, more or less protected from the harsh northerly winds, carry a sparse growth of scrubby spruce and dwarfed birch; the north-facing slopes and tops of the hills—any ground exposed to the wind—are generally barren. Only in sheltered places do the trees stand more than twelve feet in height, and few measure more than six inches at the butt.

Early on the morning of 4 September, with the help of Blanchet and his party, the six men with their two teams of dogs started to carry their gear and canoes over Pike's Portage. The complex and punishing carry and the relaying of gear in the five canoes across the lakes was not finished until the 12th when they made their last portage and camped on Artillery Lake. Even though Glenn had now been left behind, Bullock was not happy. The black flies were a torture; his digestion was upset by the change of diet; on the 5th he 'had some difficulty in getting along with 110 pound pack' and was prepared to admit that 'packing at times is absolute misery'.

But the real trouble was Hornby. On the 4th, irked by the attitude of Glenn and the Stewarts as much as by Hornby, Bullock went off and camped by himself: 'Presume I am little morose and they take it for priggishness.' Nobody paid much attention to this gesture, so Bullock

came back again. But on the 6th Indians, who had known Hornby before, turned up. Hornby welcomed them in such style that Bullock avoided the tent and slept under a tarpaulin 'because of Hornby's fraternising with expectorating Indians'. This 'poor bunch of Indians' stayed with them for two days, and Hornby gave them much more food and gear than Bullock approved of. Again, on the 10th, the party being deterred by rain and wind, Hornby went out to look for caribou and found nothing. 'He is never still for a moment', Bullock confided to his journal.

Cannot understand him. Today was a ridiculous hunt[ing] day but he must go off even though Skinny [one of the six dogs] was hunting ahead of him all the way. He becomes more untidy and hopeless every day. He is obviously more in favour of supporting schemes of commercialism than our own scientific endeavours. He will waste his time helping people who would sooner not be helped who are never grateful and who do not benefit thereby, and whose endeavours are not for the promotion of science. He will moreover never mix with people of consequence. . . . Wondering what the outcome of this trip will be.

On the 12th, partly because the whole party (except Hornby) refused to co-operate with Bullock to make cine photographs of a portage of heavy loads, Bullock admitted that he was 'worried and fed up with Hornby'. The second day on Artillery Lake, Bullock went on by himself in his canoe and despite some troubles with weather, cooking, and a heavy load of firewood, he had 'a splendid day' and found it 'perfect to be alone'. There was still plenty of daylight, with sunrise at 4.30 a.m. and the dark not upon them, in that open treeless country, until 8 in the evening.

Their destination was Artillery Lake, but Artillery Lake is fifty miles long, and they had still to choose a place to establish. The first day's travel (the 13th) carried them fifteen miles out of the steep fjord-like southern end of the lake to Beaver Lodge; the next two days, travelling

only five miles each day, brought them first abreast of Crystal Island where the timber line crosses the lake, then to Trout Creek where the country had completed the transition into the flat open monotone of the treeless Barrens. It was the Barren Ground, associated in the legend with Hornby's name, that had first drawn Bullock to Hornby; apart from his interest as an observer, it was the thought of wintering on the Barrens—an endeavour demanding courage and skill—that had seized upon Bullock's imagination. The half-million square miles of Canadian tundra were, he thought, a no-man's-land that called out—like other desolate places—to a small if desperate *élite*.

The Athabaskans call that country *De-chin-u-way*: no trees. Samuel Hearne had given it the haunting name of 'The Barren Ground', a name which enthusiasts still prefer to the more colloquial term 'Barrens'. The northernmost limit of trees—the timber line—almost reaches the Arctic coast 150 miles east of the Mackenzie delta. From there it runs south-easterly to the northern tip of Great Bear Lake and crosses the Arctic Circle about 100 miles to the eastward. Tongues of small timber run northerly up the river-valleys—the Coppermine particularly; but the line trends steadily south-east in a light curve, crossing Artillery Lake at Crystal Island, and meeting Hudson Bay at Churchill. Beyond the Timber Line is the Barren Ground: open rolling plains eroded by wind and frost, relieved by soft ridges and scouring, ground down by the ice-cap into slashes of lake and muskeg, scoured out in long striations; for the few weeks of summer, a blaze of flowers and brilliant lichens, and the haunt of drab butterflies and—the worst enemy, sometimes driving even animals crazy—black flies and mosquitoes; and a terrible desolation in winter when there is no shelter anywhere from the winds. In the stillness the temperature may drop to sixty degrees below zero. And the sky is a vast commanding presence there as it is at sea. The only outstanding features are the eskers, the long gravel ridges—sometimes looking like railway embankments—dropped by the underground rivers of the thawing ice-

cap. The lifeblood of that country is the caribou migrations. Back and forth from the timber to the Barren Ground the caribou range in an unpredictable rhythmic life-flow, systole and diastole: as Hornby had seen them above the Arctic Circle near Hornby Bay, and on the Barren Ground north of Dease Bay: splay-footed, deer-legged, antlered creatures, wonderful swimmers. They are food and clothing. Some Indians call the fireflags of the aurora borealis *ed-then*—caribou: for ‘The caribou are like ghosts: they come from nowhere, fill up all the land, then disappear.’ A season when ‘the caribou did not come’ is a black season; much misery, many deaths.

On the 15th a storm of wind pinned the whole Hornby party down opposite Crystal Island; the season was closing in. Next day Bullock went on alone beyond Trout Creek and shot two yearling caribou, packed one into camp, and arrived ‘covered with blood and stomach contents’. It was raining and miserable that day; next day a gale and rain came up and that lasted for three days. Hornby spent most of his time with the Stewarts and had suggested that they make ‘return trip for grub by canoe’ which Bullock resented. They killed more caribou and had plenty to eat; but the gale and rain made them uncomfortable and impatient to get on to their destination. On the 19th, still in the same place, they saw the first snow, and ice formed on their tents. Next day the first winter storm struck them, a blizzard in the teeth of a gale so that they could not move until the 22nd. The rigour of their situation promptly submerged personal differences.

The next move was twelve or thirteen miles, bringing them within one day’s travel of the head of the lake. Fortunately there was plenty of dry brush and roots where they camped: at seven the next morning a wild blizzard struck them and held them there for five days. At times the tents were in danger, the canoes disappeared under the snow, water was blown right through the tent canvas; one night they had to turn out twice to save the tents. On the 26th the weather moderated a little; they saw many ptarmigan moving south, and that night there was an au-

rora. But next day the blizzard returned and Bullock, confined all day to the small tent, began to observe his companion with fascinated and detailed attention, and wrote in his diary a little sketch of Hornby.

Hornby regularly eats raw caribou marrow cracking bones noisily with a large dirty hunting knife sitting amongst a most awful mess of blood, sinew, and untidiness imaginable. Apparently the dirtier the job the more he relishes the product, particularly his hands are a mess of blood and hawk entrails.

On 28 September they awoke before daylight to find the lake dead calm. An easterly breeze sprang up but they moved anyway, though the canoes were shipping water dangerously, and made a good distance northward. Water was freezing all over the canoes; ice-floes were forming on the lake. By evening it was thawing and sleeting and the Stewarts had dropped behind, but the others had reached their objective at the head of the lake where the Casba (now Lockhart) River runs into Artillery Lake. Next day, with the Stewarts still not in sight, they hunted in rain and snow and explored separately. Hornby found a big esker west of the river and three or four miles from the northern end of Artillery Lake—and decided to build winter-quarters there. Returning to the tent on the east bank of the river, though it rained still and the water came through on Bullock's side of the tent, they hoped to be able to move across the creek next day and start building, and so, storm bound, 'planned out the dug-out winter abode'.

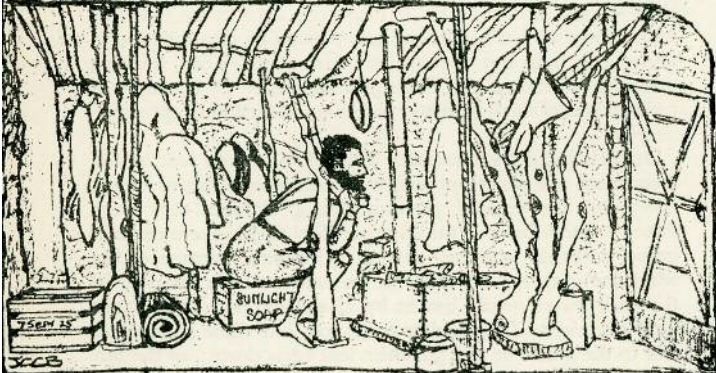
Since the north of Artillery Lake is well above the tree-line, there was no possibility of making a shelter out of logs or wood. The Eskimo solution in treeless country is the igloo, a hemispherical enclosure built from blocks of wind-hardened snow; but here in the inland Barren Ground far from the sea there was very little snowfall and therefore often not enough snow of the quality and depth needed to build an igloo. In any case there was not that

kind of snow yet, and they needed shelter at once. Two requirements had to be met: protection from the wind and protection from the snow. The upper part of the esker, if they could contrive to dig deep enough into the gravel and wall off a large enough space inside, would meet both requirements; for the winds that blow almost constantly would prevent the snow from drifting to any depth and burying them in their shelter.

On 1 October, the Stewarts arrived to join Greathouse and Buckley and camped with them on the edge of the Casba River. Hornby and Bullock moved a canoe-load of gear over to the building site on the esker, pitched their tent carefully there, and made a cache; and found that there was a fair amount of wood about. But winter was now advancing very quickly; even with a south wind the weather was now very cold, and ice in sheltered places was four to five inches thick. The trappers responded to this as to the scent of game. Al Greathouse spoke of going back to the last timber and of building a comfortable cabin there, and soon set off with young Buckley to do so. And the Stewarts started to build on the Casba River, where they were now camped, a permanent house that would serve at least as a northernmost shelter if they decided from time to time to pull farther south. It measured ten feet by nine feet with nearly six feet headroom, was partly dug into the ground and partly built out of rocks and frozen turf—‘half wartime dug-out, half house’, its ridge pole supported by a couple of twisted trees of small diameter picked up in the small ‘sprucery’ nearby.

Bullock found the increasing discomfort in their tent on the esker more and more oppressive—the perpetual misery of wet and cold, the exposed position. On 4 October they were forced to move back to the river and find shelter there under a gravel cutbank; but they moved in the dark because of the wind, had a dangerous time ‘in the swift water in the river in the dark’, were nearly beaten by it, and did not set up camp until midnight. They had to hunt too, but there seemed no end to the gales: on the 5th their tent blew down; on the 6th the gale forced

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III The Cave in the Barrens. A drawing made by J.C. Critchell-Bullock in his MS journal.

George Whalley

them out of their previously sheltered position, so they sledged everything but canoes and food cache over to the esker and 'Decided to make a permanent camp on the ridge top'. They were no sooner moved there than Hornby decided to go back and make another camp on the river: but Bullock, alone on the esker, was 'happy having tidied up and made things comfortable'.

That was 8 October. Not until the 11th did they start to dig into the esker to make their shelter. The Stewarts came over to help, and by three in the afternoon of the 12th they had 'practically completed the house'. To begin with they dug down three and a half feet over an area thirteen by eleven feet. But the big problem was lack of timber: nothing longer than three feet could be found close at hand. So the finished structure was only ten by seven feet, with nominal headroom of six feet six inches. The whole was revetted inside with spruce brush and ground-willow twigs, and caulked with moss to keep the sand out. The roof was supported by thirty green poles no bigger than an inch and a half in diameter; on top of the roof they piled about two tons of sand. They had great difficulty in making everything secure, Bullock admitted on the 14th; but 'it is comfortable except for there being sand in everything'. They dug a long trench, five feet deep, to the hillside for access, fitted a door; and above the door Hornby put in a window ten by 12 inches facing south. But even then it was very dark inside, because the revetting reflected no light; so they rigged the tarpaulin along the inside wall, and that worked very well until the smoke from the stove blackened it.

On the 15th when the cave seemed fairly well finished Hornby went over to the Stewarts 'taking our only shovel' and left Bullock alone. Next day there was a strong blizzard with a wind of more than sixty knots: 'snow hard and drifting fast and was all sand mingled—Horrible'. Bullock, alone, had difficulty collecting enough wood, and—forced to stay in all day—found both the door and window draughty. Hornby was gone for two days: this was only the first of Bullock's many casual and enforced

solitudes. When Hornby arrived with young Buckley on the afternoon of the 17th he gave a story of crossing Artillery Lake dangerously in the blizzard, 'the ice giving way with the waves underneath'; they had sighted fifty caribou and killed two; and they had brought from the timber 'a few very crooked poles to brace house'. The house was already 'sinking badly and looks dangerous'; but Hornby saw no reason to do anything about this until bedtime when, growing restless, he set to work to put in a support, covering everything with sand all over again. This support for the dangerously creaking roof was the first instalment of a network of poles that grew in the feverish complexity of improvisation throughout the winter, never quite keeping the sand at bay, and in the end making movement in the cave almost impossible—particularly for Bullock.

Bullock was in a mood of tolerant amusement. On the 18th he noted a fragment of Hornby's reminiscent conversation, some feat of running: 'Hornby, Edmonton to [Lac] St. Anne, fifty-three miles in seven hours. Edmonton to Athabaska, landing twenty-two hours, ninety-six miles.' Next day Hornby was absorbed in enlarging the stove and kept 'losing things'; and it may have been his activities that half collapsed Bullock's side of the cave and kept him up half the night tidying it. Then Hornby set out on a three-day journey to collect a load of wood; but finding the lake ice infirm he returned and helped Bullock clear the sand off the roof and put down caribou skins. On the 23rd 'Hornby left for the Stewarts'.

* * *

It might be expected that once the Casba headquarters had been established Bullock and Hornby would settle down there to a winter of stoical endurance, patiently carrying out the tasks they had set themselves, using the Stewarts, Greathouse, and Buckley as support parties in cases of need. But this is to think of it expedition-style, as though hardship and solitude were necessary qualifica-

tions for what Bullock wanted to do: to winter on the Barrens, to take the first set of weather observations in the Barrens, to take photographs of the Barren Ground animals. None of these admirable aims—except perhaps wintering on the Barrens—obliged them to stay alone at the cave. Hornby thought of it one way, Bullock another. In fact the cave was a temporary shelter and there was no reason why they should confine themselves to it for an indefinite period. Their longest continuous period in the cave was a month—and even then there were interruptions, usually at five day intervals, when Hornby through restlessness or in self-defence would withdraw to the trappers' place for a couple of days or disappear towards Ptarmigan Lake or Clinton-Colden in search of wood or animals. Bullock was too inexperienced to travel far alone in winter, and at first kept to the cave as headquarters, never moving far from it. But both of them, as best they could, spent a good deal of time with the trappers. That was a wholesome change and refreshment.

It was in fact Bullock's parascientific aims that gave his activities the air of an 'expedition' and set him at variance with Hornby's practice and instinct. Hornby was not a man for expeditions, and even spoke disparagingly of the well-organized but uneconomical journey Denny LaNauze had made from Dease Bay to the mouth of the Coppermine in 1916. So it came about that the winter was devoted not to scientific observation but to trapping; and if that seemed at first inappropriate to Bullock's more romantic schemes it was very sensible in view of the money Bullock had spent on his outfit and which Hornby had made clear he would not repay.

By the end of October the first troubles with the cave had been overcome, and plenty of caribou were in hand. Bullock now wanted to travel back to Reliance to fetch more of his scientific gear. Hornby had been away much of the time with the dogs collecting wood or hunting with the trappers; but he turned up on the 28th, drew a map of Pike's Portage for Bullock, and gave him a list of supplies to be brought back. On the second day of November

Bullock left the cave with young Buckley— ‘a rattle-headed youth and likely to lose himself one day’—to make the seventy-five- or eighty-mile journey to Reliance. In a blinding snowstorm, and after losing themselves in a big bay for a while, they travelled twenty miles in seven hours and reached Al Greathouse’s place on the 4th. Their impulse was exhausted. Here Bullock and Buckley spent a few days hunting caribou with the four trappers. Greathouse had built in the timber near Trout Creek ‘a big shack with five bunks’.

If the trappers’ establishments were to be regarded as support bases—and that was not the trappers’ intention—there were now two: the Stewart’s little dug-out on the Casba River six miles from the cave in the esker, and the big five-bunk cabin twenty-five miles to the south. The Stewarts, Greathouse, and Buckley, however, were not partners in the expedition at all, and certainly did not regard themselves as a support party though they had shown themselves willing enough to travel and work with Hornby. They were trappers and hunters, working independently in the same area as Hornby, and Hornby was in many respects drawn closer to them than to Bullock. Hornby was by temperament a trapper, an Indian, neither a leader nor a member of any expedition with scientific or romantic pretensions. He not only knew the life the trappers lived: he had lived it for years. It was the only kind of life he wanted to live or enjoyed living. Hornby enjoyed hunting, pottering, travelling about, yarning with his cronies. If Bullock wanted to savour the delights of a solitary winter in the Barren Ground, afflicted by all the hardships except extreme starvation, Hornby would not dissuade him. But Hornby went his own way, drifting more and more often into the company of the trappers—not from neglect but because he found Bullock’s zest for endurance less attractive than it might have been fifteen years earlier.

By 9th November Hornby had decided to make the Reliance trip alone, probably because he expected that Bullock would get lost if he went by himself. Bullock col-

lected his gear and started back for the Casba River alone, took the wrong landmarks, was lost in a blizzard for a while and 'was frightened for the first time in my life', but was unexpectedly overtaken. Hornby had decided not to start for Reliance so soon, and with Malcolm Stewart was travelling north behind Bullock with dogs; and for another week the three stayed together near the cave and Stewart's house, hunting and laying out traps.

On 12 November Bullock wrote a letter to Yardley Weaver with news to be passed on to various friends and relatives. They planned, he said, to travel in the spring 'North to the Arctic Coast by dog sleigh and back via Back's River across to the Thelon River, Chesterfield Inlet & Hudson's Bay by canoe'. 'We are living right in the Barren Lands & are without doubt the first people to have taken up residence in them for an entire winter. If I accomplish nothing else I shall at least have the satisfaction of taking the first set of meteorological readings in the Barren Lander *proper*.' But the life was trying, he said, and the daily hardships very real: 'Our house is a hole in a windswept sand hill. The wind is so fierce & the country such that igloo building is practically out of the question. Indeed it is a curious existence. Hornby, however, is the most delightful of companions, & what more could I wish for?'

On 17 November Hornby started south for Reliance with the dogs, and Bullock set up with Malcolm Stewart in the stone dug-out only six miles from the cave. Many days Bullock and Stewart hunted separately, and sometimes they hunted together or worked together packing in the caribou carcasses they had killed—often heart-breaking work. But when Bullock was alone, outside in the open or stormbound indoors, his mind sometimes became diffuse and drifted as a result of the solitude. 'Thoughts rather complex as I wandered,' he noted on 20 November; 'I seem to be getting nervous, probably a bit out of condition', he noted on 4 December, and on the next day the mood of nervousness was still strong enough upon him that he had to steel himself to go out over the

trap line. But the traps were beginning to yield fur and the rifles were killing plenty of caribou; and on 6 December Bullock (who had not had a thorough wash since August) decided to take a bath in their one gold pan and found his body was 'surprisingly clean'. In the north, Hornby had told him, washing was unnecessary: any dirt that collected on the skin soon rubbed off again leaving the person clean and wholesome. Bullock, though it ran against his fastidious nature, was now prepared to agree that this principle of Hornby's might have some truth in it.

Hornby arrived with Buckley on 8 December after being away for three weeks. He was driving Glenn's dogs as well as his own team. Glenn had no feed for the dogs; the Indians west of Reliance and at Timber Bay on Artillery Lake were starving, and so were the wolfers with their big dog teams. But in Bullock's horrified view 'the most dreadful catastrophe was Hornby's failure to bring up my weather instruments, and he had brought him only 100 rounds of ammunition, and five trips'. Hornby's motives or forgetfulness are difficult to divine: the instruments represented Bullock's reason for being here. There was some comfort in the fur coats Hornby had brought, and in the report that there was large timber to be found on Ptarmigan Lake north of the cave. But there was little comfort in their return to the cave.

On the 10th they crossed the river with five dogs and a large load, the snow drifting unpleasantly, the wind in their backs. Hornby stopped to lay traps and to kill two caribou. They arrived late to find the cave 'snowed right up and frozen'. It took some time to dig their way in. Then they had a cold night on the hard sand floor. For breakfast—bacon and frozen bannock, and sand. The cave had frozen hard in the night; and after the day's hunting they came back late to find 'everything frozen up again in the house'. The fire was obstinate, everything 'cramped, un-get-at-able, and wretched'. It was so cold that they had to put on winter clothes inside the house. This was 'foolish, detestably uncomfortable': Bullock was

'fed up absolutely'. He was a little more cheerful next day; but they still had to wear winter clothes inside, the stove was inadequate, there was no way of keeping out the frost; 'we have no shelves, or cupboards, no tables, no chairs, no plates, no washing, no utensils, and a frozen house'. All this Bullock found 'disconcerting'.

Hornby, less given to self-pity, had his own characteristic solution: he kept on the move—going to Malcolm Stewart's for wood, to Casba Lake to look for timber, ranging at large to lay out or visit traps, hunting caribou. (Contrary to the statement often made that Hornby was no shot with a rifle, Bullock records that on 9 September, his own rifle having failed, Hornby used Bullock's rifle to kill four caribou with four shots.) Hornby probably would have continued to keep on the move except that on the evening of 13 December, a bitterly cold day, after bringing in caribou meat with Bullock, he suddenly collapsed outside in the darkness. Bullock discovered him only by accident, dragged him into the cave, and nursed him through the bitter cold for two nights and a day, convinced that Hornby was going to die. Suddenly in the early afternoon of 15 December Hornby sat up and demanded food. Next day he was well enough to be left alone. Bullock, relieved that they had surmounted that crisis, withdrew to Malcolm Stewart's house on the river to gather wood. Here he had a wash and wrote down in his diary a sombre summary of 'the trip so far'.

It must be said that with Hornby one travels by hook or crook. The greatest distance with the minimum of comfort, a maximum of energy expended with often least accomplished. Our discomforts are certainly appalling, almost squalid. Poor Hornby is becoming more untidy. His only care is in setting traps, cutting up meat and chasing and talking about caribou. Apparently my elaborate equipment is going to be wasted.

Hornby revived at once as though there had been nothing wrong with him. On the 17th he was away all

day collecting wood; on the 18th he went to Ptarmigan Lake for wood and Bullock lighted a beacon for him to return after dark. Hornby, whose interest in animals and knowledge of their habits is often noted in Bullock's journal, had already taken fifty-one white foxes. Bullock might find Hornby's preoccupation with the trapline irksome, but it was profitable. And he noticed how Hornby killed animals only out of necessity—for food or for fur, never for sport—and would visit his traps every day to prevent animals from suffering the slow torture of dying in the traps. The circular hollow where a trapped animal had gone around and around the tethering stake in its restless and crazed agony is a commonplace of the trapline: to Hornby it was a continuing and poignant horror.

The weather was fickle and stormy; the stove, smoking interminably, made life in the cave almost insufferable. Hornby would talk by the hour about the North, about the caribou migrations, the animals he had seen and killed or captured and kept; saying that the Government should give him Artillery Lake in return for all he had done, and that he would then be entirely happy to watch from some hillside the movements of the animals, the turning of the seasons. But Bullock liked to have his say too and Hornby was not always a responsive audience. On 19 December Bullock confessed to 'feeling rather pepperish as Hornby inclined to be too communistic at times. This rich and poor stuff gets me. He loves talking about this country but should one ever mention any other he will immediately open a book.'

* * *

On 22 December a north-westerly blizzard started suddenly to blow. Everything drifted up and they had to stay in. They had very little wood; and soon the cave was so cold that they had to turn in. Next day it was snowing so hard they could not tell whether it was night or day. After they had lighted a fire, Bullock dug a hole outward from

the door and pushed Hornby out; to find wood, they had to dig out eighty cubic feet of snow from the doorway. The house was freezing hard even with the fire going: the wind was over sixty knots, visibility no more than ten feet even to leeward. There was no hope of moving in such weather; yet 'Situation almost untenable'. They could only hope that the weather would clear before the wood ran out. They had to feed pemmican to the dogs, there being no meat left. After dark they turned in to sleep for fourteen hours. In the night the wind dropped, but by daylight it had freshened again, preventing any retreat to Malcolm Stewart's place. They released the dogs because they were too heavily drifted up; and Bhaie—Bullock's favourite, named in Hindustani 'Friend' or 'Brother'—promptly got his foot caught in a trap and had to be brought inside for treatment. The sun came out; the snow stopped; the wind died down; and Hornby prophesied better weather for the morning.

What happened after that is a bit of a puzzle. The next entry in Bullock's diary shows him alone in the cave on Christmas Eve. At the end of the entry for 22 December the transcript has an insertion in his hand: 'H left for Stewart's'; but that cannot be accurate, for the entry for 23 December shows that Hornby was undoubtedly present that day and that until the weather moderated shortly before dark it was impossible to 'retreat to Malcolm Stewart's place'. And the entry for 23 December ends: 'Hornby says better weather in the morning.' It seems most likely therefore that Hornby left the cave on the morning of 24 December and made his way to Malcolm Stewart's cabin six miles away. Why, after the miseries of the preceding days, the shortage of fuel and food, Bullock should have been left alone does not immediately appear; and even though Bullock might have wished to 'sweat it out' alone, it is unlikely that in the circumstances Hornby would let him do so. The most likely explanation is that the dog Bhaie, with his paw torn and swollen and now frost-bitten, was not thought able to travel to Malcolm Stewart's: Hornby had taken the other dogs, to fetch fuel or food or

both, or simply to get help, but on reaching Stewart's place had been prevented from returning. Bullock's letter to his father says that Hornby had gone for two or three days to fetch wood. Whatever the reason, Bullock was alone in the cave on Christmas Eve, in a state of abject misery and self-pity, his only companion the dog Bhaie with a forepaw frostbitten and gangrenous.

'Discomforts! such discomforts!', he wrote in his journal, 'so that I sincerely believe that a man of the civilised world could not possibly possess the imaginative power to comprehend the intensity of it even in a small manner.' With great presence of mind, he wrote down his thoughts.

Alone this Christmas Eve on the Barren Lands of the Sub-Arctic of America, when those outside are contemplating the morrow with hearts full of happiness and pleasurable excitement. Alone in a dug-out beneath the sand and snow when but one thousand miles away homes are alight with fairy lights and decorated with those little frills pertinent to Christmastide. Alone in this awful shack of continual discomfort with its subsiding walls and crazy roof likely at any moment to fall and entomb me in a living grave. Alone with sufficient wood to make only one more fire. Alone with a dying dog whose foot is stinking with the decay consequent on frost bite. Alone with but the howl of the blizzard outside to cheer me and the thoughts of peace and happiness and the faces of loved ones coming to mind only to remind me more and more of my deep loneliness. Can a man without the empirical knowledge of such unhappiness possibly grasp the full meaning of what all this means to me and teaches. I cannot believe it. Such is the penalty of attempting the so-called impossible, though few things are such to cultured men. He does without doubt suffer for struggling against it. Man's reward is indeed in the penalty thereof.

This morning walls of snow through which I had cut my entrance had become heavily drifted up. The hide and tent and blanket thrown above the trench so became weighted that it was necessary to rebuild it entirely. A wall of sand above my head as I lay huddled in my blan-

kets on the floor seemed during the night to have crept forward and become more dangerously overhanging than ever. For a while I thought the place untenable and that I would have to face the violent blizzard for the twelve [actually six] miles over the open lake and barren country back to the next camp. Daylight, however, came and it almost seemed that day had turned into an interminable night and making a meagre fire sufficient to give me a little tea and water with which to bathe the suffering dog's foot, I struggled out and until dark worked to strengthen my position, fighting the while the bitter cold and driving rushing snow which seemed bent on undoing all that I desperately fought to accomplish, to stagger back to my wretched hovel and sink on to my caribou hide. Freezing though it was in the shack, the return seemed to [produce?] comfort and warmth. But a few minutes sufficed to force me to my feet and to move about blowing the flickering fire to flame, something to bring warmth to my body again. . . .

Now again it is becoming cold and although half past four in the afternoon I must roll myself in the blankets and wait seventeen hours for the return of daylight. Thank goodness I have my health. Were I to lose it for a single day, were I to injure myself with a fall or cut myself with an axe my plight indeed would be serious. For a few days at least I can struggle on now, but unable to move with a damaged leg or with broken health, short indeed would be my shrift. Let it be known, however, that I have won so far and I will not abandon my task. Nothing now would induce me to leave for the comforts of civilisation, till all is accomplished.

The next day was Christmas Day, and the situation was now clearly 'somewhat critical'; but Bullock seemed very calm and self-confident while his situation deteriorated. The wood was all gone, his only food raw oatmeal and sugar, everything else frozen. The dog was in worse condition. Bullock had collected everything he needed around his sleeping bag, and was sleeping in his moc-casins. His beard froze in his sleeping bag and he could not thaw it out. He was still terrified that the house might

collapse. If he could keep warm, he thought, he could perhaps hold on for four days. Was he expecting that Hornby would arrive? And if so, was Hornby to bring wood? Bullock went on waiting as though confident of relief.

Hornby evidently did not think Bullock was in danger: no relief came. On Boxing Day morning Bullock thought the wind had moderated a little. He felt ill; the dog was worse again; everything in the cave was frozen solid; he was getting colder and colder in his sleeping bag; he wrote a will.¹ He then dug his way out of the shack and with the lame dog leading him on a leash, and a blanket around his head and shoulders, he set off for Malcolm Stewart's. The visibility was poor; but the trail was not entirely obliterated, and only once did he nearly lose his way. He survived the journey. When he reached Malcolm Stewart's cabin, Hornby was there and remarked laconically that Bullock was fortunate to get through. It is not perfectly clear what Hornby meant by that.

Bullock slept on the floor of Stewart's shack on Hornby's wet sleeping bag, and for a few days rested up while Hornby hunted and trapped restlessly and with crazy insistence. The smell of the little house, the stench of caribou blood, Malcolm's habit of spitting tobacco juice all over the place, all these offended Bullock; but it was a better house than their own, and 'it is good to be safe'.

For a week Bullock hunted from Stewart's intermittently, and might have stayed there for the rest of the winter if he had wanted to. But he grew very quiet and morose, keeping to the house; then on 4 January, annoyed at Bhaie's howling, he gave the dog a savage beating. Malcolm Stewart immediately became 'so uncommunicative' that even Bullock understood that 'he thinks I was brutal'. The matter was not discussed openly. Bullock noted that since the dog had been punished there had been no more trouble. But he had to admit that 'an unspoken misunderstanding is damnably unpleasant when in confined quarters'. Hornby was away by the cave when this happened; but when Bullock met him on the esker the next day and

told him what had happened, Hornby 'suggested that I should stay [at the cave] whilst he went over and brought back our stuff from Malcolm's'. Bullock was afraid that Hornby might damage some of his things in bringing them over; and he was disappointed to have to go back to the cave when he 'wanted so badly to have one day's comfort.' But Hornby insisted on going over to fetch the gear from Stewart's.

* * *

Bullock looked at the cave again, not having seen it for ten days; the pipe still poked out of the snow, the entrance tunnel was stained with the successive layers of blood and offal. Inside, the place was 'almost full of poles: now we have twelve of them stuck every way, it is well-nigh impossible to move'. The squalor and discomfort of the place were such that he would have given anything to stay at Malcolm's. The pots and pans were full of spruce needles and sand. There was the constant irritation—as in a ship in a heavy sea—of having to move slowly and carefully to avoid wrecking the roof and knocking everything over. 'Wretched, wretched, wretched,' he noted. 'Words cannot express it.' His mood and attitude seem to have changed suddenly as though to a profound discouragement. 'Have now made my last struggle against dirt and indifference and in future shall just drift, living only to feed and sleep until spring. It is useless trying to kick against the pricks. . . . In the future only the best is remembered unfortunately. The awfulness effaced. I hope I get the required photographs. I can then study to my heart's content, amidst the tidiness that I like.'

Bullock cheered up a little after that, and while he was still alone rigged up two uprights and a cross piece to replace two poles holding up the centre of their shelter. But his journal spoke of gloomy prospects and of the way their tempers flared up without warning. The daytime was all right when he and Hornby worked or travelled separately, when there were traps to visit or when they

built snow shelters in the threatening weather or repaired some fallen aspect of the house. The darkness and the night-time and the infuriating confinement of the cave were the menace. All went well on the 7th until the evening, then there was 'a tremendous argument with Hornby about the war and German attack on the Somme in 1918'. Next day Hornby 'messed around the house skinning meat, thawing snow, taking out [food from the] cache. Hornby has a pocket knife. He uses it for everything, foxes, wolves, bannock, candles, anything. I do not mind some things; I do object to seeing him cutting up my eating meat with it. I objected this evening and the result is that we are not particularly communicative.' For two days they were stormbound: on the first evening the fire smoked and they 'argued about religion'; on the second evening, still denned up, they cooked, read, wrote copiously—'but somehow managed to do very little of anything'. Next day the weather was fine, and Hornby withdrew to Malcolm Stewart's leaving two days supply of wood behind.

Hornby was not well, but he continued to travel about, collecting wood, trapping, going back and forth to Malcolm Stewart's, looking for Buckley who (they thought) might have got lost. Whenever Hornby would go away for a day or two, Bullock would heave a sigh of relief, tidy up the cave, get out his typewriter, and in the agreeable silence write long letters that he seems not to have meant to post but which he later regarded as some of the most interesting records of the winter. Whatever he said in those letters, he noted in his journal many small things that tried his patience, and much that vexed his fastidious sense of order. 'I loathe skinning foxes on my bed. Blood everywhere. Nowhere to cut meat up. Blood and sand.' He accused Hornby for not bringing him fresh underwear from Reliance. He was transfixed by the squalor, by the disappointment of his unreal hopes, by the dread that something might happen while he was alone. He prayed that he would never be forced to return to this life: 'Such an exile as it is—merely existing to return again

with no ambitions. All right for the illiterate trapper with no world interests but for anyone who has seen and feels—Ye Gods!’

Yet it is perfectly clear that John Hornby was entirely un-moved by any of these disagreeables: indeed he does not even seem to have noticed them. He made no attempt to master his difficulties: he simply ignored them, as though he knew it was less taxing than to fight. For all his small size, Hornby was tough; he could out-travel and out-carry Bullock; he did not tire; he was never afraid; his resources never seemed to be expended even (as before Christmas) when he seemed to be dying; even though he were ill or lame he would go on hunting or travelling as though he were perfectly fit. And he was a good trapper, and he was not illiterate, and he was not devoid of general interests, even if he did dislike music. Bullock could point out how inconsistent Hornby was one day in arguing with Buckley that he would love to spend a million pounds, and then arguing with Bullock that he had no use at all for money. He noted also how, when Bhaie’s foot got worse and was obviously beyond repair or healing, it was Bullock who shot him while Hornby turned his back. Hornby would get up four hours before there was light enough to do anything and so waste for both of them two hours of sleep. At times he would sit and talk reasonably and genially, then look at Bullock’s watch and turn in having misread the time because the watch was upside down. He would put down a stick of caustic and, having mislaid it in an area of no more than two square feet, refuse to look for it, though valuable, because he could not worry himself about such trifles. The man was admirable, infuriating, impossible. Yet when he went out for wood on 22 January and was very late returning, Bullock grew worried and finally fired some rifle shots thinking Hornby was lost.

The last few days of January were exceptionally cold, so cold that even Hornby did not go out much and on one occasion he accepted Bullock's offer of going over his trap-line for him. Then on the 31st Hornby was 'liverish and uncommunicative' so Bullock went out alone at sunrise, found some caribou, froze his fingers shooting at them, and when cleaning his kill found it was so cold that he had to stick the knife into the carcass after every cut to prevent it from freezing and becoming unusable. But the days were beginning to lengthen out, the sun getting warmer even if the temperatures were still low: on two occasions Bullock lay in the sun in the bottom of an up-turned canoe (he said) for more than an hour though the temperature was below zero. On 4 February Hornby predicted a series of blizzards; but this, he said, would be the last of them. On the 8th, when there was a wet flaky snow falling, the frozen blood on the caribou hides was thawing. And that was the day Hornby went over to Malcolm Stewart's on the first stage of his second trip to Reliance. He was to bring up supplies for everybody; he was to be away ten days. Bullock, who undoubtedly had hoped to make the journey himself, now hoped Hornby would be more successful than last time; and as a token of these hopes, sat in the sun reading for two hours in a temperature well below freezing.

Bullock never complained of being left alone; indeed he often courted solitude. But he seems not to have understood the full emotional cost and hazard of being alone so much. His diary is honest and perceptive enough to show that no matter how resolute and confident he was, his spiritual resources were being reduced, in a way that is familiar enough to people who suffer isolation. 'Any chicken-hearted fellow would either cave in or go crazy,' he told his father on 10 February. In the hallucinatory stillness a man might easily consider suicide—this is not unknown—not impulsively but with a cool nightmare logic; as though to find no shadow on the snow were reason enough. So the record of those days is eloquent. Bullock slept for twelve to seventeen hours a day; he did little

trapping and seldom left the cave; he developed a strong passion for washing himself in the snow. The sleep was dangerous; so was the relaxed attention. By such small shades of unalertness a man slips into frost-bite and mortal clumsiness. The terse journal entries suggest apathy. Yet on the 10th he had written a long letter home, and another letter to Finnie with an account of the trip so far, his plans for the spring, and a long but not very coherent account of his views on wolf-hunting and the preservation of the caribou, and upon the need to use aircraft in Arctic exploration—a matter in which he, from his previous experience, could (he said) easily lead the way. Discussing his future plans, he spoke with regret of losing the services of Hornby, ‘who, though no organiser, is a delightful companion under the most adverse circumstances, such a boon indeed in so terribly inhospitable a country, where the winter has nothing better to offer than a desperate struggle for existence’. Six days later he wrote to his brother giving a summary of events and an account of their hardships. It is not clear whether he was now staying in the cave by choice even though he had no instruments for weather recording. Since the earlier disappointment, he must have wanted to go to Reliance to collect his gear; yet there is no word in the journal to say why Hornby had gone alone. At least the winter would not last much longer.

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By the 22nd, after a day of hunting, Bullock’s entry for that date is the question: ‘Where is Hornby?’ Next day young Buckley arrived in half a blizzard to say that Hornby was at Allan Stewart’s cabin down the lake setting a trapline with some traps he had got from Glenn at Reliance. Hearing the news from Hornby of big catches, all the Indians and the Olsen brothers had come over from Reliance to Artillery Lake and were on the east side of the lake ‘working like slaves caching wood and building camps’. The place was becoming rather less than a soli-

tude. Buckley had brought some wood; and from Hornby, as a sort of peace-offering no doubt, some honey, grease, candles, a big cooking pot, some clothes, and a letter from the Canadian Customs. Also, Buckley said, the police were expected any day; Bullock looked forward to this as the only prospect of receiving letters from outside. Then he was alone again; and on the last day of February he asked his journal: 'What on earth has happened to Hornby?' The answer turned up the next day.

1st March. H. arrived with A[llan] S[tewart] at 8.30 from down the E. side of Artillery Lake. I sat cooking for them until midnight. H. had done apparently absolutely nothing since arriving from Reliance except to hob nob with the crowd further south. Again he failed to bring thermometer, tooth brush, &c. However, he had a piece of moose hide and some snowshoes for me. He has set no trap line E. of the lake but proposes running one to Casba lake which I by the way am to look after. To be perfectly candid, I am fed up and disgusted; but as he says, 'one must be thankful to have grub to eat and a roof over one's head'. He has gone over to M[alcolm]'s today and intends (?) returning tomorrow. He is the worst business man in all the world.

It cannot have been easy to keep patience with Hornby; yet he was somehow irresistible. He turned up at the cave again the next day; it was clear that the end-of-winter restlessness was on everybody. Malcolm Stewart had abandoned his northern post and gone south leaving Buckley to make an occasional visit to his traps; Glenn had packed over Pike's Portage into Artillery Lake and thought it a notable feat; the trappers and wolfers were counting their skins and would soon be pulling out. There would be blizzards and dirty weather still; and there was also news of a man caught out at night in a blizzard at Reliance and so badly frost-bitten that his life was in jeopardy. But on 3 March Hornby and Bullock dug one canoe out of seven feet of hard snow and started to prepare for a tenting trip to Ptarmigan Lake.

After two days' delay, a six hours' journey brought them to the timber on Ptarmigan Lake; but conditions were too severe to camp in a tent, and they were back on the 8th leaving their tent securely pitched as an advance camp. A six-day blizzard came down. Bullock wrote on the 13th seeking an interview with the Governor-General. Hornby worked steadily at skinning foxes but would not collect wood. Then he kept disappearing. 'Cannot imagine what H. is up to. Here we are, dozens of foxes behind the other people and he is still wandering about. We ought to get in a month's wood and settle down to work. Again he will set a line of traps, spend days doing it and never trouble to look at it.' On the 17th he went over to the tent on Ptarmigan Lake and came back on the 20th. Four days of fine weather ended in a thaw; they could hear mice making noises under the snow and began to worry about the condition of the fox pelts. Then a short blizzard and Bullock, though still able to get about, felt ill for a week and 'almost at the point of collapse'. Hornby's fugitive purposelessness was a constant irritation; and when Bullock went to Malcolm Stewart's place and unexpectedly found Stewart there, it led him—though Stewart seems to have been friendly enough—to say of Hornby and the trappers that 'every trip to Reliance has really been to get things for *them*'. He walked back to the esker alone in a heavy storm and arrived stupefied. The storm kept him indoors next day, the stove smoking badly and all the spare stovepipes lost. 'Never,' he wrote, 'would I allow H. to arrange for my welfare again. . . . One day's wood left, but I will get through somehow. Damn everyone and the fates included.' He had two more days and nights to spend alone before Hornby turned up. The entry for the evening of 30 March is curious. 'He brought back wood. He is now making snow glasses out of match boxes. He has tried everything from cheese boxes to milk and baking powder cans.' Then with a note of wonder or contempt: 'H. calls aniseed oil absinthe.'

Next morning a police patrol of three men arrived—Corporal S. J. Hawkins, Constable R. A. G. Baker, and

an interpreter named Alfred MacKay—bringing forty-eight letters for Bullock. The date, not inappropriately, was All Fools' Day. The police were a little perplexed by Bullock's high spirits and his appearance of being 'in the very best of health': they had expected something a little wilder or a little more morose. Bullock was delighted at this 'break in the solitude', and was disappointed, when, after a two hours' visit in the cave, the police declined to enjoy that straitened and squalid hospitality any longer. When they left, Bullock gave them various letters to post and stayed behind blissfully reading his newly received letters while the police withdrew with Hornby to Malcolm Stewart's house to get some sort of explanation out of him. This is an episode that Malcolm Waldron was later to make much of, so the record might as well be set straight.

On 14 March of that year, 1925, Corporal Hawkins had received at Fort Resolution a letter from Jack Glenn written from Fort Hornby at Reliance. The letter said that Hornby had called there on his mid-February trip to Reliance, had said that Bullock was dangerously insane, and had told Glenn to inform the police. There were no further details, so Hawkins, with military and commendable promptitude set out on 18 March 'being impossible to leave sooner'. He reached Reliance on 27 March and interviewed Glenn. Glenn on his own account said that in the fall of 1924 'from the time they left Fort Smith till they arrived at Fort Reliance, they had always found Chritchell-Bullock to act very strange'. Glenn probably would not have said any such thing if the rumour had not reached him from the Indians. On the journey to Reliance Bullock had worn an extravagant Icelandic sweater and had behaved in a bizarre manner: the Indians ascribed both these phenomena to 'madness'. The rumour went back to Resolution and came out to Glenn again at Reliance, improved with travelling; so that when Hornby arrived Glenn's first question was 'Is Bullock crazy?' Hornby, when the police were at Malcolm Stewart's dug-out, denied that he had told Glenn to write to the police

telling them that 'he (Hornby) was afraid that sooner or later, Chritchell-Bullock would commit suicide, or do some harm to Hornby'; but (he said) he had 'informed Glenn that if the Police came to Reliance, to ask them to come up and see Bullock for themselves'. There must have been something in Bullock's behaviour to disturb Hornby, and Hornby must have told Glenn this.² Hornby told the police that he 'did not remember telling Glenn to write'; but Glenn sent word out, and it is interesting that Buckley, when he brought news of Hornby's return on 23rd February—that is, before Corporal Hawkins had received Glenn's letter—said that 'The Police [were] expected any day'.

At the present time—so Hornby told the patrol at Malcolm Stewart's house—and for the last month 'Bullock has been a very different man, but during January and February he certainly had acted very strange, and had spoken of committing suicide'. Why had he become so despondent? Because of the long winter darkness: this prevented him from taking his moving pictures. Was Hornby afraid of Bullock in any way whatsoever, Hawkins asked repeatedly? Hornby replied no. Hawkins wondered whether they were wise to think of going out easterly, and advised him to go out by the standard route westward to Resolution, not by the Thelon. Hornby was evasive: he had decided on the Thelon anyway. But there was no evidence of Bullock being dangerously insane; he was 'certainly not a man that is fit for hardships that are required of one in the Barren Lands', but if he had ever been insane 'he certainly must have changed very much'. There was nothing to be done. Corporal Hawkins and his companions set off for Resolution on 2nd April and arrived on the 11th.

Had Hornby puckishly sent—or allowed to be sent—word to the police as a practical joke at Bullock's expense? Or was he seriously alarmed at Bullock's condition? Hornby himself probably did not know. Hornby was used to being alone. After Christmas he seems to have felt concern; he knew that men in close confinement

with few amenities can easily do strange things; he knew of the two trappers of Salt River, in Douglas's account, a murder and a suicide; he knew perfectly well that he and Bullock were dangerously different. 'Bullock is now in fine condition,' Hornby told Weaver in a note of 1 April; 'but I was certainly at times afraid that his rather too vivid imagination might lead him to act stranger than he has done.' It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that at times Hornby was deliberately tormenting, frustrating, and humiliating Bullock. Bullock had to stay where he was. But Hornby could come and go as he pleased, moving over to the trappers' places when he was bored or tired. The dangers were real enough: if the trappers had not been there, and if Hornby had not been so much on the move, the situation might have been much worse. 'When it became touch and go, there was no trouble,' Bullock told Colonel Christian after Hornby's death: 'If there had been there would have been a killing.'³

Malcolm Waldron, in *Snow Man*, said that Bullock was anxious after the police visit that if anything happened to Hornby on the way out he might be assumed to be guilty. But it is clear from the journal that Bullock did not know why the police had come, until Hornby told him the evening before they reached Baker Lake. If the police visit was a joke on Hornby's part, as he sometimes gave the impression it was, he did not share the joke with Bullock—which was as well, for there were plenty of anxieties to the journey out without bothering about that one.

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Hornby travelled part of the way back with the patrol, leaving Bullock to take pot shots at the wolves that were now ranging voraciously over the country destroying whatever they could find—even the foxes. He came back two days later with news that the police had caught the wolfer Blacky Lanner making whisky at Timber Bay.⁴ Hornby then went on to the tent on Ptarmigan Lake, and was gone for three days. He returned with a good load of

wood, but did not stay long. Indeed he was away most of the next ten days.

The thaw was advancing now, the tunnel to the cave collapsing, the meat thawing. There were caribou about, and other animals, and Bullock took some photographs. On the 8th Bullock and Hornby set out with the dogs travelling southerly to join Allan Stewart; and at Stewart's house on the 12th 'Hornby proposed wilder and wilder schemes of going out via Alaska'. But on the 15th Hornby wrote to Finnie saying that they expected to be in Ottawa by the end of August: that they were coming out by the Thelon, studying the musk ox on the way. The letter was typed by Bullock (though signed by Hornby); and with it Bullock sent a covering letter with the list of exposed still and cine film that the Stewarts were going to take out for him to Resolution.⁵ At Greathouse's place they found the men were all at work counting and baling fur; Bullock's record of the take provides an interesting comparison with their own.

Stewart brothers	400 white foxes	17	wolves
Greathouse	137	4	
J. McBride	50	5	
Hornby and Bullock	358	40	3 wolverine

Bullock was impatient to get away at last to travel by himself overland to Reliance. While he waited he stayed in 'the Swede's shack'—presumably Olsen's, and noted: 'It is full of bones and drying meat. It reeks like a mortuary. However, I am alone and not forced to listen to inane chatter and have a fire also.' The roof leaked when he tried to sleep. The trappers were stupid, he affirmed, to consider packing out through the timber by the Snowdrift River portage.⁶ As far as Bullock himself was concerned, with Reliance as destination, this was not a good time to travel: rain, thaw, heavy snow. But on 17 April he started off with the Stewarts under good conditions; was delayed for one day; and reached Reliance on the 20th with no worse accident than a sprained ankle.

On the 21st he made a new agreement with Glenn: thinking that Glenn had taken little fur, Bullock felt that there was no need for them to share their take according to the original agreement. They now agreed that neither should have any claim in future on the other, unless Bullock's cine film succeeded in making money beyond the expenses of the expedition.⁷ On this occasion Bullock noted that Glenn tried 'to prejudice me against H[ornby].' And it was in a letter to Glenn almost three years later that Bullock wrote most loyally about Hornby. 'I bear him no ill wishes, in fact I would willingly go through all the old hardships again if I thought I could do anything for him. . . . I trust that you will never speak unkindly of him. Hornby was the bravest man I ever knew, and the finest friend that any man ever had on a backwoods trail. Out in the bush Hornby was the real Hornby and [a] better man never lived.'

Here in the Fort Hornby cache was all the gear, so carefully and expensively accumulated in Edmonton, so methodically left behind by Hornby when they first came in and ignored on both of his winter trips to Reliance. In one version of the episode Bullock said that he 'gathered together all my precious equipment on to my sleigh' and eventually arrived at Casba River 'without being forced to throw away anything'. Actually he took very little back. Whatever he left behind, useless and unclaimable in the cache, Bullock was glad to leave the place. With no more delay than was needed to collect a canvas from the roof of Hornby's old shack (where Glenn and his wife had passed the winter), he turned back to Pike's Portage and the route for Casba River and the cave.

On the way back the thaw forced him to travel at night over the portage. In heavy wet snow he injured his back and 'with the pain of my ankle almost collapsed'. The dogs played up too and Bullock had to 'pull every inch of the way'. Three days' travel brought him to Laner's shack again. From there onward snow and thaw alternated to make the journey slow and tedious, so that he was glad to stop and talk to the wolfers Roberts and Lor-

ringer. The injury to his back, though not serious, plagued him throughout that journey back to the cave, and was to do so for some time afterwards. It brought out a strain of courageous doggedness that won Hornby's admiration. Their lives depended on being able to travel and carry: if one man were less than effective both men were in danger. Bullock had long ago weighed up the risks and had deliberately accepted them. Now he showed that he was prepared to live up to them.

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When Bullock reached the cave on the last day of April, the winter phase was definitely over, with no solid accomplishment, no genuine heroism. He found Hornby short of fuel, idly burning clothes to keep himself warm. The thaw had set in and pools of water were lying in the hills. The misery and squalor of the cave were indescribable. 'House drips very badly and had to stuff odd clothing in the roof to stop it. Any wood we collect is wet and will not burn. Smoke in the house is awful.' At night the dripping water froze into long icicles that made it almost impossible to move about in the cave. All round the dug-out wolf carcasses, uncleaned, lay thawing in the sand. Some of the foxes, when Hornby examined them, proved to be riddled with ticks and the hides punctured: the furs would have to be cleaned and cured quickly if they were not all to spoil. Rain, snow, sleet kept them in the cave for three days. Beyond that they could not endure. They moved out, demolished the rickety structure (Bullock trying to film the interior through holes in the roof), dumped into the pit all the loathsome garbage of the winter and set it afire. 'Even H[ornby] admits that he has never been forced to do this before.' The winter had at least that sorry distinction.

CHAPTER IX

The Thelon Journey
1925

HORNBY AND BULLOCK had got through the winter without serious disaster: that was a marvel. The journey out was another marvel—of confused purpose and futile hardship. Hornby's plans about going out from Artillery Lake had fluctuated. He had sought the advice of Corporal Hawkins and when he was advised to go back the way he came, he promptly decided for the Thelon—the route he must have had in mind from the start. But *decided* is a curious word too. Bullock had spoken in early spring of their going out to the Arctic coast first; and on 12 April Hornby had 'proposed wilder and wilder schemes of going out via Alaska'. Now that they had abandoned the cave and had mustered their gear and furs on the top of the esker, they were appalled by the quantity and weight of it, and were afraid they would have to throw half of it away. Although the police had taken a first batch of fox furs to Resolution with them, there were still almost 150 furs to carry out—a load of nearly half a ton in itself. By 3 May they had definitely settled upon the Thelon, guided perhaps to some extent by the fact that only on the Thelon could they carry out the musk-ox investigation that Hornby was being paid to do and upon which Bullock was depending for his films. They may also have thought the downstream route would be easier than making the haul back over Pike's Portage and then the long westerly passage of Great Slave Lake.

During the winter of 1920-1 Hornby accused himself of trying to do two things at once—trapping and trading—and had ended by doing neither and had starved into the bargain. Now he was confronted with another dilemma, and his failure to reach an elegant solution ran

them into unnecessary and prolonged danger. The Thelon route could only be safely taken if they travelled light; yet they were taking that route because they were too heavily laden to go out westerly by Slave Lake. To take at least \$10,000 worth of furs on a long summer journey through unknown country—particularly when these furs had been ill-cleaned in the darkness of their cave—would appear on any account a severe risk.

Bullock busied himself with his camera. They skinned out the last of the wolves and foxes, and salvaged what firewood they could from the gutted ruins of the cave. On the 5th Hornby mended the canoes and prepared some fur; and Bullock cut himself 'badly in the face with a heavy piece of wood'. Bullock's back, strained on the Reliance trip, was still painful. On the 6th they noted the first blow-fly in the carcasses; the migrating birds were moving north in large numbers; the snow was melting fast; but the smoke in their tent was as bad as it had ever been in the cave. On 7 May Bullock noted in his journal:

Too rough to go out. Stayed in and fought smoke. Back painful. Inside of tent black. Hornby and I amused ourselves going through time and time again old illustrated periodicals relating experiences and I occasionally reading aloud. We are as black as sweeps.

Next day there was a gale, so they stayed in working at the foxes because it was too cold to work outside. But the smoke was 'awful' and Hornby's eyes were so 'clean out of commission' that travel was not to be considered until he had recovered. Then Hornby fetched a canoe from Casba River while Bullock repaired the stove. They eyed the fickle weather, and sorted and packed and unpacked their gear, and sorted and threw away what they could—including much food—but could not get their load below a ton. Bullock's second canoe named *Yvonne* was now abandoned; but even so the two remaining canoes would not fit inside each other. High winds and some snow pinned them down and added to their misery.

One day they lay in the tent 'dozed, talked, and argued' and both agreed that they would need a rest when they reached the Thelon. But the stench of rotting wolf carcasses lay heavily over their camp site; they were restless and 'strung up'; there seemed no way of resting patiently. On one occasion Bullock, infuriated by one of the dogs barking at a caribou, knocked him unconscious and thought he had killed him. Fuel was a problem too: on 12 May they burned 'all our papers', and next day turned in at midnight having burned their last box.

Though the thaw was advancing, snow in its most treacherous and exhausting condition was still in command of the country; and the glare of the mounting sun was an increasing hazard so that to break a pair of snow glasses on the 14th when they were beginning to stage the gear over to the Casba River was a serious matter. But they would have to move soon or be caught on the wrong side of the Casba River when the ice broke up. The snow, honeycombed by the sun and rotting from below with the thaw, made travel in the daytime impossible. On the night of 13 May Hornby took a load over to the easterly end of the esker. Both were up at 4.30 next morning and, without breakfast, set off with the two canoes. It took three and a quarter hours to travel four miles: 'we flogged the dogs and half killed ourselves'. Then a gale came up and the tent had to be pitched in an exposed place. Hornby woke up at three in the morning, burned all the wood they had and went to sleep again at five: 'Funny fellow', Bullock thought, but he did not intervene. At eight he woke up and went to Casba Lake to fetch in their tent and what gear was there and returned next day long after dark. But they were still held up by weather: the last fall of snow had not turned to crust. A storm seemed to be threatening on the 17th; and although it never did develop they spent two days cleaning skulls; Hornby beat Bullock in a game of chess; they managed to lighten their load by throwing away 150 pounds of miscellaneous gear.

At ten o'clock on the night of 19 May they set off in earnest; they counted on the night frost to give them a

travelling surface. The going was bad and as they hauled through the half-light they were 'sweating like pigs'. The sunrise, at 2.30 a.m. found them in a place of great desolation: 'no rocks, no twigs'; so they had to secure their tent to a canoe. They had very little wood and decided to sleep all day, but again, for no reason, Hornby got up in the middle of the day and burned all the wood. The weather was wintry; they had to put on warm clothes again. They had no light. The stove pipe came adrift and Hornby, trying to set it to rights, nearly suffocated both of them; then he kept opening the tent every few minutes to see whether the smoke was coming out of the chimney yet. A blizzard caught them there, so that at noon on 21 May they were still in their blankets wondering when to use the little wood they now had—only enough for one brew of tea. The wind began to slacken that day bringing hope of their getting away at night; and Bullock (not without reason) told his journal that they must 'push on, otherwise likely to get stuck in the Barrens for good'.

One of Hornby's most endearing qualities—and his most dangerous—was his optimism, or more properly, his bland disregard for brute fact. His favourite reply to an insuperable difficulty was 'What does it matter?'—a phrase sometimes expressing resilience, cheerful stoicism sometimes, or frankly acknowledging a persistent despair.

The Hanbury River—the northern branch of the Thelon—starts as an imperceptible current running northerly through a vertiginous confusion of lakes and standing water east of Artillery Lake. Hornby knew that once they were into the Hanbury they would have a straight run—except for portages—into the Thelon. So he decided that instead of taking Tyrrell's route north and then east out of Ptarmigan Lake into the Hanbury River he would travel overland by a more direct route. Tyrrell's map—the only map Hornby had—showed in a hypothetical sort of way that Lake Douglas and Campbell Lake extended in long northerly arms to the parallel of Hornby's present position at the head of Artillery Lake.¹ It looked from the map as though these lakes would provide useful land-

marks on the overland journey to the Thelon. The distance to the junction of the Thelon and Hanbury direct was well over 100 miles. Hornby's plan was beautifully simple. Now that the thaw had started they would travel with the dogs over the frozen snow at night, and make anything up to 200 miles overland in five days; at the junction of the Thelon and Hanbury they would find open water and from there they would go on by canoe.

There were deterrents to this spirited plan; their prodigious load, Bullock's injured back, the lack of night-frost, then a heavy fall of wet snow. Since leaving the site of the winter camp on the esker on 14 May they had made good only ten or twelve miles; it was now the 21st. Nevertheless they continued with the plan. On the 22nd Hornby was 'very pleasant and has worked with a little more system'. But their progress towards the Thelon was pitifully slow. Twelve days after starting, having made good only about fifteen miles, they reached on 24 May what they thought was the west arm of Campbell Lake. The going had been appalling; but they were gay enough. Bullock took some photographs, they named a prominent feature 'Mount Hornby' and pitched their camp on it; Bullock managed to beat Hornby at chess; they had caribou but no wood to cook it with but they were 'not bothered by that any more'.

They had no reason to be so jaunty, because—as they were soon forced to recognise—they were not on Campbell Lake, but on a long west-east extension of Smart Lake which is now named Critchell-Bullock Arm. For thirteen days they were lost there. Nothing fitted what little information there was on the map. The conditions made travel almost out of the question. The ice was not firm enough for walking yet, and the thaw-water over the ice was too deep for them to walk over the lake, yet not deep enough to float their laden canoes; the snow and ground were too soft ashore for sledding or even for walking. On 3 June, at 5 a.m. he noted that they were 'lost hopelessly': 'We do not know where we are. We are both trying to appear unconcerned'. Bullock on 4 June made a long reconnais-

sance, walking more than fifteen miles, but ended by breaking through the ice near the edge of the lake and had a narrow escape from drowning. On the 6th Hornby set out with his favourite dog Whitey to find a way out to the Hanbury or Thelon, while Bullock stayed behind burning old clothes to keep warm. Hornby returned at two in the morning having found the route by the simple expedient of dropping bannock crumbs in the water to find the Hanbury current that flowed with practically no perceptible movement. And Bullock's journal all this time had continued to record the birds: two black-billed loons, some savannah sparrows, horned larks, jaegers, a raven, sandpipers, two horned grebe. They were out of Critchell-Bullock Arm and on the right route. By 10 June they had joined up with Tyrrell's route on that part of the east-flowing Hanbury called Smart Lake on Tyrrell's map. They had still about 500 miles to travel before they would reach Baker Lake and the first habitation.

* * *

Compared with the trip to the Coppermine this was poor travelling. But on that earlier occasion Douglas—as he freely admitted—had been lucky in getting to exactly the place he wanted to be at the earliest possible date and yet just before the season prevented overland travelling with dogs. Hornby was not lucky on this occasion: as far as I know he was never lucky. The only certainty for him was that things would go wrong; so often had that been the case that perhaps he never expected anything else and so was never surprised by the worst. Now in face of these discouragements and genuine hardships he and Bullock were getting too exhausted to continue day after day with complete equanimity.

On the afternoon of 8 June everything went wrong: the dogs would not cross the ice; the sleigh harness broke; the large canoe was leaking badly. Next day the insecure ice held them ashore all day and while they waited the big canoe sank. Small wonder that on the 10th, soon after

starting out in the early afternoon and sledding across 500 yards of ice only to have to take to the canoes again, tempers flared up. Hornby accused Bullock of pedantry 'for using the word disintergration', and Bullock lost his temper. They found Tyrrell's map 'somewhat incorrect'—though that cannot have been the first time. Then Bullock got into difficulties with his canoe and 'had a narrow escape'; and Hornby, trying to help, 'got excited and fell into the water, got more excited and nearly drowned himself'. Hornby, soaking wet with ice-water, refused to stop and dry off until 'he had almost perished with cold'—and then insisted upon sleeping in his wet clothes to dry them.

On the 11th they traversed Smart Lake (as on Tyrrell's map), and on the 12th—until heavy rain forced them to stop—were making good way despite 'terrible ice conditions'. Bullock's back was a bit better and he had stopped smoking. Two of the dogs—Rowdy and Jack—disappeared, chasing caribou; Whitey was in Hornby's canoe at the time. 'We shall probably never see them again,' Bullock said: but 'Fortunately we do not need them any longer.'

Next day, stormbound, they cleaned specimens perfunctorily and Bullock considered how Hornby's improvisation in the autumn, in giving so much of his foot-gear to the Indians on Pike's Portage, had now brought him to a sad state. There was no sign of the two missing dogs. During the day Hornby informed Bullock 'that he lives up to the teachings of the Christian religion more than any other man he has ever met'. 'It was good to hear', Bullock noted, reserving judgement. The rain kept them in camp next day too, and the ice was still firm enough for Hornby to walk on. They were short of food. The mosquitoes were increasing. Next day, going for wood and trying to kill a caribou, Hornby found Rowdy, thin and miserable, lying on the ashes of their last camp site: but Jack never showed up.

On the 16th they loaded up and crossed the ice but could get no farther because of ice jammed ahead of them: the operation amounted to little more than moving camp,

and brought them no food. Next day the wind kept them in camp; but they saw from the tent four caribou and rushed out naked to kill them. They had no success. In the evening another four showed up; again they rushed out naked, and again missed them because of the rotten ice. Hornby found an egg, and diligent search disclosed enough 'white man's grub' to save them from eating the carcasses of their biological specimens. At eleven that night they sighted more caribou and set off barefoot, firing fruitlessly in the bad light until Bullock ran out of ammunition. 'Hornby carried on running over the rocks in bare feet for about a couple of miles and I saw the white soles of his feet flying into the distance.' Bullock hunted separately for two miles, then returned to find Hornby skinning out a young bull that Bullock had unknowingly killed. They gorged themselves until 2 a.m. then turned in; and waking at 6.30 went on eating. Later they moved, but a mile and a half farther on rain caught them at Tyrrell's Detention Point. Mosquitoes were bad. Bullock shot Rowdy: Whitey was the only dog left now. But they found six wolf-cubs in their den in an esker north of their camp.

Here they were obliged to stop for some days. They killed two caribou on the 20th but found both of them 'poor', their throats full of warble larvae. The cubs—about a week old and their eyes still closed—proved to be a great care. Hornby sometimes spent a great deal of time trying to induce them to feed. A punctured finger stall, the only piece of equipment they could improvise for the purpose, did not take the cubs' fancy; he tried forcing shredded meat down their throats and that was not to the cubs' liking either. They roamed all over the tent; Bullock out of pity argued that since they could not live (and the mother wolf had howled appallingly all one night) it would be kinder to kill them. 'Ever unprepared and unequipped for anything,' Bullock said testily, 'Hornby is the most impossible imitation of a scientist I have ever met. How he proposed to bring out a menagerie [of various live animals] I do not know.' The flowers were now

coming out—a blue forget-me-not and some little yellow flower growing in the sand. Hornby went on trying to feed the wolf-cubs. While he fed one, the other five—still in the sack—would make their way to Bullock and huddle against him for warmth; he was touched with pity. On the 23rd the ice still prevented them from moving but it was gradually breaking. That day Hornby, tired of the wolf-cubs, killed them and skinned them out as specimens. Bullock remarked grimly that ‘they took an awful lot of killing’.

The mosquitoes got worse, and the ice did not open. It was 27 June before they were able to move downstream again. Starting at midday they travelled until midnight, and camped cold and tired just before the entrance to Lac du Bois. Here heavy weather held them for three days; and Bullock continued to make his notes on birds, and to skin and prepare specimens. On the 30th they had no supper and there was nothing for breakfast the next morning.

On 1 July, by using a little emergency ration, they negotiated the last of Timber Portage, laboriously lowering fourteen loads of their gear down a snow-drifted hill. The mosquitoes were now thick; despite the snow on the ground and ice in the water, it was warm enough for them to sleep out under mosquito nets only. Tyrrell’s map was giving them continuous trouble. It was fifty days since they had left the site of the winter camp on the esker. They had since then travelled eighty miles, and were now only half way to the junction of the Hanbury and Thelon Rivers, the point Hornby had hoped to reach within five days’ travel from Casba River.

Their difficulties, and the slow advance, were only partly due to the excessive loads they were travelling with. They had started at the wrong season: too late for comfortable sledging, and much too early for good canoeing. When everything is taken into account, the Hornby record of this part of the journey is not impressive. Of their four dogs, only one still survived. And now, with a succession of exacting rapids ahead of them, each man had to handle a heavily laden canoe single-handed. Their

physical condition was deteriorating from fatigue, semi-starvation, and nervous strain.

Now and again they expressed anxiety but for the most part they went on gaily enough, even though they mournfully concluded on 3 July that they must now have missed the ship that might take them from Hudson's Bay. 'The country is very barren,' Bullock noted; yet each day some species of new small flower came to his attention. Already they had seen the first butterflies and the willows were now in blossom. On 5 July at the foot of Grove Falls they found a cairn with an incised post left by Radford and Street:

LAKE HANBURY
NAMED AUG. 13, 1911
H. V. RADFORD—T. G. STREET

These predecessors along the route had been murdered by the Eskimo at Bathurst Inlet at almost the same time as Rouvière and LeRoux. Bullock was moved by this evidence that the murdered men had come this way, and wondered whether anybody but themselves had seen it since it had first been set up fourteen years before.

On the 6th, stopped (as it proved) for the last time by ice, and while they completed the portage at Grove Falls, Hornby 'amused himself most of the morning madly chasing butterflies. He was most amusing. Suddenly he would drop a huge pack and with a net about his own size go hurtling over rocks, through muskeg and willows.' In the tent there was nothing but flies; but they took a small fat trout of a pound and a half—that made a good breakfast. What caribou they now saw (and they were not rare) were very 'poor'; the last one they had shot (3 July) had been uneatable, the one before that almost as bad. They now had to rely upon fish—costly in time to catch and not very nourishing when caught.

On 7 July they first attempted to 'line' one of the canoes down a rapid, and in this way negotiated two-thirds of the Caribou Rapids; one man would lower the canoe

down with a rope attached to the stern, while the other man (also going down the bank) would hold the bow out with a long pole, the trick being always to keep the canoe headed out into the current. That day Bullock's back was 'very bad', and by the time they had transported all their gear over the portage in eight trips they were tired and hungry, even though the dog Whitey impressed them by packing two men's loads. Next day they kept going blindly 'having no idea where we were', over short rapids and swift water, until at midnight they camped on white sand hills in a cloud of mosquitoes after setting the fish net in the river below. On 8 July they had nothing to eat. Their situation was not critical but it was miserable enough. The ten pounds of fish they ate on the 9th (camped all day because of the high wind) relieved neither their hunger nor their fatigue. Bullock's entry for 10 July suggests their physical condition and state of mind.

Slept twenty-four hours owing to my watch going wrong. At midnight the tent blew down. We turned out with practically nothing on in the pouring rain which was miserable. To drain the water from underneath my bed I cut holes in my tarpaulin. No fish. Hornby went for a walk but found nothing.

Late in the evening they caught a twelve-pound trout which encouraged them to set off in high spirits at ten the next morning. But a dangerous rapid with a drop of eleven feet, unmarked on Tyrrell's map, took the pleasure out of things; and all day Bullock felt ill from (he thought) the change from a diet of caribou to a diet of fish.

By the 15th, when they had reached Dickson Canyon, Bullock's back was giving him so much pain that—though the matter was not openly discussed—Hornby insisted upon doing most of the packing over that long portage. Hornby trumped up some face-saving excuse, and Whitey was packing fifty pounds at a load; but Bullock, having agreed to fix camp and do the cooking, considered Hornby 'a Trojan'. (The entry for this day also gives a hint of

the fantastic inappropriateness of some of their gear: 'Our trunks are a nuisance', Bullock noted.)

In the forty miles downstream from Caribou Rapids the river drops about 100 feet. Then in a series of rapids and falls—Macdonald Falls, Dickson Canyon, Ford Falls, Helen Falls—the river drops nearly 200 feet in little more than ten miles. With a day's stop at the foot of Dickson Canyon to fish, they had negotiated all the falls and rapids by the evening of the 19th. Above Helen's Falls Bullock had a narrow escape when his canoe turned in fast water and he had to run the rapid stern-first. At Helen's Falls they lowered everything over the precipice below the falls to shorten the portage; and on the morning of the 19th (after breakfasting at 5 a.m.) they nearly lost the small canoe lining her down the last of the rapids. Bullock 'just managed to save her before she sank'. They did not line down the Last Falls, but decided to pack the rest of their gear safely over the portage.

Their spirits rose a little when at midnight they sighted their first musk oxen: 'eleven of them one thousand yards away in a small clump of spruce on the far side of the river ambling through the brush.' Next morning they saw six more. For once something was turning out as they had hoped. But good fortune never prevailed for long. That afternoon, taking a bath in a pond, Bullock put his clothes to wash seaman-fashion by securing them to a line in a rapid; when he came back the clothes had slipped from the line. His only shirt was so thin and loosely woven that the mosquitoes could 'bite right through it.' And the bathing had made his back much worse; so Hornby—described in the journal as 'the Trojan once again'—packed the last of the loads over. Next day Bullock's back was too bad for him to move; they spent the day fishing. But next day they set off on foot to look for musk oxen but sighted none. All the birds, they now noticed, were in their summer plumage.

By the time they got back and loaded up, the evening must have been well advanced: the junction with the north-flowing Thelon was only six or seven miles away,

and they reached it at one o'clock in the morning of 23 July. They camped two hours later and set a fishnet 'as we are out of grub though I caught a seagull'; also they fished with rod and troll. The country, Bullock thought, was 'very very pretty' but they were much too exhausted to appreciate it. That evening they sighted a large group of caribou moving south-west on the south shore: about 2000 animals, mostly females, 'moving all over the hills making a tremendous noise calling to one another'. They shot three cows, shifted camp to the site of the kill, and after skinning and butchering their kill turned in at 4.30. The caribou had 'made a beautiful sight on the sand hills with the gold of the sunshine reflected on the water of the river'; but now that the travellers had found the musk oxen they had come to film, now that they had penetrated into the country they were to report upon and had even met migratory caribou, there were 'too many discomforts, too many draw-backs to indulge in pleasurable excitement: hunger, fatigue, flies, and pain'.

But at least they were not short of food. The heat next day was overpowering, the mosquitoes a constant plague; both men were covered with blood from the butchering and by moving inland to the kill they had moved away from the water. But the caribou were moving about in great quantities and Bullock used up a quantity of his cine film on them, even though he wasted a lot from his confusion in 'the haste, heat, and flies'. Hornby killed a bull caribou in fair condition; but Bullock seems to have been almost incapacitated. It took them until 3 p.m. on the 25th to pack the meat down to the river and get under way again. It had rained the night before, when they were sleeping out a mile from their tent; but 'Hornby again excelled himself and mothered me like his only son. Got soaking wet himself putting up a tarpaulin for me. However, both beds got very wet.' Nevertheless, that day they moved down-stream the ten miles to Grassy Island, which was known to be one of the last havens for the musk oxen. And here, surely for the first time since they had set out easterly more than two months before, they enjoyed

a 'most luxurious day, one such as I like'. At last Bullock could start his filming.

But they had taken two months and ten days to get this far. Cine work in the open is at best a chancy business. Success often depends largely upon the sheer quantity of footage shot from which, in editing, careful selection can be made. Bullock's equipment was heavy and awkward, and they were tired; but he set it up cheerfully and moved it time and again, working with great zest and high hopes: for his subject was the musk oxen—a species of animal that few people had ever seen, an animal at the point of extinction. They found that the musk oxen were impervious to noise and would watch them without any trace of alarm; but once they caught the scent of the men they would turn and go off. 'They all seem to have their beats like policemen and they swing along with their coats waving like kilts.'

Late in the evening they saw a very big bull going through a swampy place and tried, by running about and shouting, to turn him back to be photographed. Bullock was too excited to sleep at all that night; and next morning he was rewarded by the old bull returning with his wives and calves—fourteen in all. At two in the afternoon, reluctant to leave, they set out with the canoes again and as they passed either side of the island saw a few more musk oxen and photographed them. Then they came on the more distressing sight of some hundred caribou straggling along the water's edge fighting the flies, driven half crazy by them, even biting themselves to get free of the irritation.

* * *

Grassy Island was the turning point in the Thelon journey. They did not stop for a long recuperative rest as they had originally thought they would; but they had eaten well and taken some cine film and enjoyed themselves and for the time being the grimmer aspects of their condition withdrew. But when they got ready to resume their jour-

ney in earnest on the morning of 28 July, they found their meat fly-blown and rapidly going bad, so they had to stay in camp until noon cooking as much of it as they could. Once under way, even with a three-knot current, they had made only thirteen miles by seven o'clock in the evening. The river was gloomy, the shores bad for landing, without building sites; the muddy water had no eddies for fishing. For the first time since leaving Artillery Lake they began to see some timber, in scattered clumps all day, then thicker and more or less continuous though 'quite unenchanted'.

They had now travelled only about 180 miles. They were aware that they still had a long way to go—more than 350 miles to Baker Lake. Their departure at nine on the morning of 29 July has the air of resolution. 'Covered forty miles in the day', Bullock noted. The place where they stopped was at a sharp double bend in the river, where the river turns northeast after flowing west for a few miles; here on the north side of the river they found an open bank rising up steeply from the water, and a fine stand of 'good spruce timber 10 ins to 15 ins in diameter' for building and shelter extending northerly more than 200 yds into the barrens. Hornby was much taken with the place and examined it carefully; and told Bullock that this was a place he would like to come back to, and would build a house there for the winter. Impatient to get on downstream they did not stop there long. The place is now called Hornby Point.

* * *

After a run of forty miles it looked as though they might end the month with a turn of good luck. On the morning of 30 July they were away early, but after they had travelled some distance, the dog Whitey (presumably travelling ashore Indian style to save weight in the canoes) chased a caribou and was lost for some time. With great difficulty he was found and brought back. But such an excursion was too heavy a tax on time and energy. When

they got him back they 'gave him a good feed and then shot him—the last of our dogs, one of the most faithful animals I have known'. After travelling about forty miles they stopped late. The mosquitoes were very bad. Bullock, chopping a log to make a smudge, let the axe slip and 'nearly amputated three of the toes of my right foot. It spurted blood and I had some difficulty in binding it up. . . . I was very fortunate not to cut the foot completely off.' He managed to do camp work and was able to start next morning at an early hour. But after ten or twelve miles they had to pull in at Lookout Point and camp there. Hornby killed a caribou, a last year's bull 'in very poor condition'. That was 31 July.

Perhaps Bullock was suffering from shock as well as from exhaustion and under-nourishment: he was too ill to move on 1 August; he felt 'extremely ill' that night and wondered how long it would take them to reach Chesterfield Inlet and thought perhaps it was as well that he could not now know the answer; and though, at Hornby's insistence, they got started again on the morning of 2 August, Bullock 'hardly had sufficient pluck'. Yet once under way they travelled twenty-five miles and stopped in the evening in the centre of a second good stand of timber. For Bullock it had been a bad day in the heat; his feebleness and a profuse sweating distressed him. But again, once camped and Bullock pottering at the fire, Hornby looked after him. The cut foot was healing quickly, and by evening Bullock felt better 'after drinking almost a gallon of caribou soup flavoured with mosquitoes, sand, and bone chips'.

Rain threatened that night. But in any case on the 3rd Bullock was in a bad way, 'as weak as a kitten', and quite incapable of canoeing. On the 4th he was 'on the verge of collapse'. The weather was oppressive with the threat of rain, but the rain did not come; and the tent reeked of the putrid caribou meat. Wind held them ashore on the 5th. Bullock's weakness, Hornby said, was the result of poor caribou meat and starvation: a fairly sound diagnosis, but not very helpful. In the evening they caught some

whitefish and Hornby shot a wolf; and Bullock was spry enough to take some cine pictures of the wolf being shot. At 1 p.m. on the 6th they got away at last and 'kept agoing until 8' making about twenty-five miles. Next day, after some difficulty in a small canyon where the water was swift, they made good another thirty miles. And though they were held up by rain until 3 p.m. on the next day (8 August), they forced their way into the wind and made Beverly Lake.

This lake, within 175 miles of Baker Lake, was the first important landmark beyond the Thelon junction: for it is the first of the three lakes, enlargements of the Thelon River, that have to be traversed before reaching Baker Lake—Beverly Lake, Aberdeen Lake (a double lake, much the largest of the three), and Schultz Lake. These lakes now interposed a hazard which they had not had to consider since they had crossed Great Slave Lake and worked their way up Artillery Lake: the danger of wind blowing across the open water with a long fetch. As they approached Beverly Lake they had their first taste of this: the lake swell was running a mile and a half up the river.

But on 9 August it was heavy rain, not wind, that kept them in camp. For Bullock it was a reflective day, centred about an encyclopaedic meal consisting of 'three-quarters of a goose, one sea gull, two Caribou livers, one kidney, half a caribou head, about two pounds of other meat—in all a good ten pounds of solid meat'. They still had some 850 miles to go before the end of September—assuming that they would have to make their own way to Chesterfield Inlet.² They really would have to hurry now; they had seen the first migratory birds moving, and the colder weather was beginning to inhibit the flies and mosquitoes.

On 10 August, misled by the map, Hornby and Bullock had 'a very very thrilling time saving our lives from drowning' (no further details are given). Nevertheless when they camped at 8.30 p.m. they had made thirty miles, and had found their way through the islands that choke the easterly end of the lake, and were ready to attempt the crossing of Aberdeen Lake. They were up at 4

a.m. on 11 August, started off in a heavy wind and were quickly forced ashore. The wind held them there for three days.

Time was dragging now and for the first time, Bullock's journal becomes a little light-headed. At the end of his entry for 11 August he has set down a list of rather inconsequent *gnomai*; for example:

Fish nets should be kept wet when not in use or washed before drying. . . . Stove bottoms should be raised off the ground. The hole for the stove pipe is better at the end of the tent than in the roof. Axe is best sharpened with the other bitt in a log. . . . Use a hook with a short shank. Where the bottom is rocky pull a canoe on to a pole.

Were these remarkable crystallisations of common sense spun out and written down out of tedium? Did Hornby solemnly dictate them? Or are they symptoms of a grave light-headedness? There is no way of saying. But the next day—the 12th—stormbound all day, they did some fishing and ate the last of the tasteless caribou, and then passed away the evening by making out the 'menu each man would like to eat'—meal by meal throughout the day—a snack at waking, breakfast, petit déjeuner, luncheon, tea, dinner—Bullock beginning a little self-consciously with an order for 'Light beer and cake' on waking. The dinners will serve as a sample: they are much more pretentious than the meals desired with a poignant and hallucinatory intensity by Scott and his party when they were dying on their way home from the South Pole only a few years earlier.

HORNBY

One magnum best Heidsieck
salmon mayonnaise
egg soufflé

BULLOCK

Clover Club Cocktail
Old Brown Sherry
Magnum Charles Mumm
sweetbread patties
lobster mayonnaise

roast pheasant and chips	roast dressed pheasant
	mashed potatoes
mince pies	best brandy trifle
preserved assorted fruits	assorted crystallised fruits
ice cream	ice cream and sponge fingers
cheese	Stilton
coffee	Turkish coffee
crackers	nuts
hot rolls	Marsala

Perhaps it was at this time that Bullock wrote down in some detail a stormbound conversation with Hornby and the gloomy reflections that flowed from the discourse.³

Hornby said today that the meanest eating he ever had was a sack of flour on which a skunk had squirted. My sympathies are his!

It certainly is amusing the way a couple of fellows spend their time cooped up as we are by a gale. Hornby and I have been trying to decide which island in the world we would accept to live on were we offered the gift of one. The provisions were that it should be fifty miles out at sea (at least) and of reasonable dimensions. At the end of the allotted half hour I was still far from decided but thought one of the Bermudas or the Seychelles would do. Hornby did not mind what he had but suggested Rockall in the Atlantic, or the Färoes. I told him that I considered his idea of comfort somewhat strange, but he replied that he preferred a perfectly bleak rock because it would never breed any noxious insects. Furthermore it appealed to him because it could be depended [on] to look after itself in the matter of general sanitation—as a good rain storm would wash everything away. He may be perfectly correct, but somehow my ideas are different. However as I have never seen the islands in question I must be careful of what I say—for all I know they may have their attractive features.

But what a way to spend ones time. It is fortunate however that there are harmless ways of spending it when weather-bound, otherwise I might go mad. I am constantly wondering what there will be left for me to do

when I reach civilization without funds. Hornby I am sure does not intend paying me half what I spent on the outfit (as he said he would before leaving for Ottawa the year before last). He feels that I spent unwisely & that such elaborate equipment was unnecessary. He fails to understand that I bought it for the precise reason that I had every faith in his promise to make the expedition an extensive thing. No, I see long lean years of trials ahead of me, and hardship in civilization is a thousand times worse than it is here. No one in civilization has any use for a penniless gentleman because, of course, he is a failure. And again. What earthly use is a gentleman anyway? My short experience in Canada was sufficient to show pretty conclusively that a bricklayer, professional bar-keep, or experienced clerk has a better chance of finding employment than any man whose 'advantages' consist of guts, education, and a sort of Jack-of-all-Trades knowledge. But nevertheless I intend fighting civilization. I have fought death here when destitute and I will do it elsewhere. And then perhaps when I have won I shall come back—come back with the knowledge that I did come back only after I had done sufficient in civilization to show that I was not an all-round failure.

On the 14th they were up at four in the morning. The wind had dropped. They reached, at 9 p.m., 'the head of Aberdeen Lake'. There they met an encampment of Eskimo, about a dozen people in three caribou-hide lodges. To give 'as good an opinion of our race as possible' they cleaned up as best they could and 'went ashore dressed in all our finery'. Bullock bought two caribou tongues from them for a small piece of tobacco. Two men and two children followed them to their camp. Hornby and Bullock tried to distract them with a sea gull. This was the first time they had seen any human beings in four months; the occasion was seriously marred by the conspiratorial humiliation of their starving condition: 'We had to use strategy to get a meal and as soon as we saw the Eskimo coming we scoffed as much fish as we could, and hid the rest as we only had a small pot full.' They could talk no common tongue, but Hornby remembered a few Eskimo

The Legend of John Hornby



22. The Thelon River: Striated country north-west of Hornby Point. North to the left

George Whalley



23. John Hornby at Northcote, early summer 1925

words; somehow the Eskimo communicated the fact that there was a trading post at the western end of Baker Lake. Hornby shot a small caribou next morning and gave it to the Eskimo with eight fish as though by way of atonement.

A gale blew on the 16th and 17th. On the 18th they advanced a little. They paddled from 7.30 in the morning until 8.15 in the evening but both of them were ill and 'utterly exhausted', and there is no record of their eating or taking any food. Perhaps they had been poisoned by bad meat or fish. On the 20th Bullock felt better.

On the morning of the 21st, for the first time they had a favourable wind from the west. They set out early and 'after the most risky kind of work Hornby and I have ever indulged in', they crossed Schultz Lake and entered the Lower Thelon. The wind stayed abaft the beam—the most helpful bearing and yet the most treacherous: they shipped water freely, they had 'great thrills'. But they caught a few fish, and despite the 'most inaccurate' map, they made good thirty-five miles. They were lucky to get across the lake so quickly. They awoke next morning—22 August—to find a blizzard blowing.

Perhaps it was a blessing. They were almost at the end of their physical and mental resources. Hornby managed to kill one 'pretty fat' caribou: it 'just about saved our lives'. After eating all the fat they could gather from the carcass they 'felt rejuvenated'. Hornby, reconnoitring, found that there was a strong unmapped rapid not far below where they were camped. Next day they stayed in camp and feasted. 'Between us we consumed all the caribou liver, both kidneys, the grease cracklings, four large one pound steaks, and thirteen pounds of fish with the result that this evening I feel so bright that I braved the storm and rain and went forth and had a bath in the ice cold water.' That evening Hornby told Bullock 'of the scandals &c, of this trip'—which apparently means that Hornby told Bullock, now that the journey was over, why the Mounted Police had come to Casba River.

Starting late on the 24th, they found the current strong in the rapids, and between precipitous banks the river was very dangerous. The evening before they had looked it over and found the banks too sheer to allow them to line down safely. Bullock was now 'very nervous for obvious reasons'—nervous that anything should happen so near to their journey's end. When they looked for a camp-site in the evenings now, it was very important to find a place that offered them good harbourage for the canoes: they were no longer willing to use up their strength in loading and unloading all the gear from the canoes. After all the reconnaissance, it took them two days to portage their gear and one small canoe around the rapid and to run the big canoe down. By the evening of the 26th they were past the last serious obstacle. They saw a little clump of forget-me-nots; but much more prominent were the signs of approaching winter. Now Bullock could say 'I am becoming fat'.

Before entering Baker Lake, the Thelon River, flowing south-easterly, takes a short turn to the northward and broadens into a confusing outflow of gravel and sandbanks. The natural way for a boat to shape course on entering the lake is to the southward, and so any boat steers if it is going on to traverse the lake. So it was that on 27 August, Hornby and Bullock did not find the Baker Lake post where they expected it to be, for it stood on a fair height of land on a peninsula north of the rivermouth. They were 'terribly excited' to see it, Bullock admits. They pulled ashore well out of sight of the post and 'spruced and washed up' as best they could, then paddled over 'to meet the post people'. It was late afternoon. Somebody on the landing stage sighted them, and watched, surprised to see canoes come down the Thelon when to their knowledge none had gone up; and, startled by the bewhiskered filth of the two men in the canoes, asked where the hell they had come from. 'Edmonton,' Hornby replied.

From the cave on the Casba River they had travelled about 535 miles in 107 days: a feat of endurance certainly; an act of folly beyond question; not a notable jour-

ney by any Northern standard. The most remarkable thing about it is that they had survived. The Thelon can be a pleasant canoeing river if it is caught at the right season and the men are in good condition and well provided, and the loading of the canoes reasonable. Very few had travelled that route before, and those who had had treated it with respect. Others travelling country of this sort since then have found that it is disastrous to be disrespectful of the Barren Ground. Hornby and Bullock, unlucky (as well as foolish) in every conceivable detail of their journey, were in one overmastering respect profoundly lucky: they escaped with their lives. Bullock is an interesting phenomenon: he was the only person who ever proceeded on the assumption that Hornby was a competent Northern traveller and survived that curious assumption.

* * *

It is not clear how long they remained at Baker Lake: Bullock's journal continues inconsequently with only three entries and stops on 6 September. Only a few documents help to plot the journey and date the turning points in it. Their canoeing stopped at Baker Lake, for they managed to secure the Hudson's Bay Company's motor-boat to take them to Chesterfield Inlet. From Chesterfield Inlet the Révillon Frères trading schooner *Jacques Révillon* took them, at what Bullock later claimed was an exorbitant fee and through weather of a most disagreeable order, across Hudson Bay to Port Harrison. Here they went ashore. Bullock took a photograph of Hornby helping some Eskimo women transport their gear along the foreshore to the ship; he also took a remarkable photograph of Hornby sitting on the deck of the steamer *Peveril* wearing a fur cap, with ear-flaps turned up, happily peeling potatoes.

The forty-three-year-old steamer *Peveril* took them direct from Port Harrison to St John's, Newfoundland. They arrived at St John's on the evening of Sunday 25 October after three days of dangerous gales and acute dis-

comfort. Hornby cabled Finnie next day: 'Leave for Ottawa Thursday. Draw draft on your Branch. Please credit. Settle and explain on arrival. Hornby.' When the telegram reached Ottawa, Maxwell Graham scribbled across it a wry note to Jackie Moran: '*Mr. Moran*. Police report that Hornby has 358 fox pelts, 40 wolf & 3 wolverines, at least \$14,000 worth of furs. The draft might be honoured.' In St John's, however, Hornby and Bullock discovered that all the furs were spoiled by the summer journey and virtually worthless.

Denny LaNauze wrote to George Douglas on 27 November 1925 the only account of the passage of Hornby and Bullock through Halifax.

I spent most of one day and a late night with them & then went as far as Sackville N B with them on the train. . . . At Sackville after I left them I met a Commercial traveller I knew & he said, '. . . I saw you at Truro with a couple of men and presumed you were on your way to some Institution with them.' I guess I did not realize how peculiar they looked. Hornby insisted on wearing bedroom slippers [? moccasins] everywhere. . . . I took them to see Charlie Chaplin in *The Gold Rush*. Critchell Bullock & I enjoyed it; parts of it were *very* amusing. Hornby said he was disgusted with it & could see nothing to laugh at. (He looked very like Chaplin himself.) He appeared tired when here & had not nearly got the appetite for my whiskey he had before but he was more reasonable. I think he felt his responsibilities on account of C. B. He said C. B. was a splendid partner & suited him as he always fell in with his (Hornby's) plans; he was a great man to work. C. B. swears by Hornby & they appeared to be fast friends & business partners.

Q. Have you any notes or reports for the Govt, Hornby?

A. Oh No, not one. I never wrote a thing. I'll get some from Bullock . . .

On 6 November Bullock wrote to Yardley Weaver from the Windsor Hotel in Montreal. They had just arrived from Halifax and were leaving for Ottawa as soon

as they had cleared through Customs. The letter ends with a remarkable piece of intelligence. 'At the present moment I am endeavouring to induce Jack to take a wealthy & charming widow seriously. He is ridiculously shy, but if only I see enough of him, that is provided he does not dash off to England suddenly, I think the matter will be arranged.'

On the 12th they were still in Montreal when Hornby wrote a long letter to Finnie. His father, he said, was critically ill: 'it is imperative for me to go to the Old Country as soon as possible.' A report? Yes. Before leaving for England he would send a short report, a detailed report to follow later; and if his presence were required, he could 'easily return from England, as I intend to retire from active life and become only an arm chair critic'. On second thoughts, however, the detailed report could be prepared by Bullock: Bullock had been 'to great trouble and expense in assisting to further the results of this trip', and so should be 'fully reimbursed' for whatever results he could place at the disposal of the Government. 'I have found,' Hornby added laconically, 'that assisting the government is hardly a lucrative occupation.'

But the ship did not arrive from St John's with their gear, and the delay lengthened out. Not until the early morning of 19 November did they arrive in Ottawa. Hornby's recommendations to Finnie had taken seed: Bullock was offered employment in the Department for at least three months to write his report. He took 'a nice little flat' at 154 Chapel Street and promptly had some writing paper printed with his name and address at the head; his recent election as Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society added an agreeable adornment to his name.⁴ As part of the final tidying up, Hornby delivered to the National Museum as a gift the skin of a guillemot from Hudson Bay, and the skin with skulls of twelve specimens of mammals taken in the North-West Territories: Arctic hare, Arctic fox, wolverine, Parry's ground squirrel, tundra wolf (two of these skins were purchased by the Museum), Drummond's vole, lemming, Collard lemming.

These specimens can still be seen in the National Museum.

In Ottawa, Hornby did not stay with Bullock, but with Jackie Moran of the North-West Territories Branch, and started at once to prepare his report. He worked quickly. The MS. draft is dated 25 November; the final copy, entitled 'Report of Explorations in the District between Artillery Lake and Chesterfield Inlet' and comprising sixteen single-spaced pages of foolscap typescript, is dated 2 December 1925—exactly a fortnight after he had arrived in Ottawa.

But in the end the old mocking self-disgust had returned to him and the sense of a world irrevocably spoiling. In writing his report of the Casba River journey, he expressed contempt for the changing times, the changing country.

The day of hardships & exploration in the Arctic Regions is now a thing of the past. One can realise with what difficulties & hardships travellers used to be beset. Now the routes are mapped, transportation is easy & instead of months it is only a question of days. Previously it was the Explorer, now it will be the Tourist who traverses these Regions.

Now that he had come to the end of his 'last sojourn in the Arctic Regions', he looked back upon a country and ways that had changed since he first went to Great Bear Lake seventeen years before. Perhaps some of the country could be preserved in its original state.

The results of the trip [to the Thelon] show that there is a large uninhabited area where musk ox are plentiful, swans and geese nest and caribou can have their young undisturbed by man. This wooded area possesses no minerals, containing only sandstone and sand, consequently can afford no inducement or excuse for men to go on a prospecting trip. If it is desired to protect the game in this part of the country it is essential to take measures to prevent traders from encouraging natives to

hunt in this district. A few years perhaps and it will be too late.

And the caribou—that unpredictable life-blood ebbing and flowing across the tundra—*la foule*—the great grunting herds of bemused amorous horned creatures that are easily frightened by rifles and by the black colour of glare ice but fond of fast water and prone to drown themselves in it—these are food and clothing. These were the heart of Hornby's care and his affection. About these he writes almost lyrically.

Though the caribou still winter in herds, their area is now becoming more restricted. They are remorselessly slaughtered by the natives, killed in large numbers by the wolves which continually follow them and their remains are eaten up or devoured by the wolverines, white foxes and ravens. It is said that the migrations of the caribou are very irregular but I found that they would be as regular as the seasons if their courses were not deflected by the Indians and Eskimo or on account of the sea or large lakes not being frozen over or the country having been burnt.

Towards the end of October and the beginning of November most caribou move southwards by many circles back into the barren lands, especially the females and the young and again in December large bands of caribou are moving southwards into the woods, females and young ones remaining outside the woods during the whole winter in large numbers but most of the bulls go into the woods. During the very stormy weather the caribou leave the woods and go on to large lakes, into open places, because when the winds are strong the caribou cannot detect any strange sounds and so are scared. In winter the caribou have long hair which affords good protection against the cold weather. They penetrate far into the woods but do not always frequent the same locality. . . . In April the female caribou move out of the woods and by May there are no female caribou to be seen in the woods.

In May the bull caribou have left the woods travelling northwards. They travel in bands from two to twenty and sometimes far more but later scatter out and in summer are to be seen wandering aimlessly about in ones and two's. Wounded and sick caribou endeavour to stay on the islands or close to the water during the summer so as to escape pursuit from the wolves. I do not think that the caribou move north and south in one large continuous mass but there are many distinct immense herds which in their migrations, though according to the seasons [they] go north and south, scatter out in the different localities . . .

The notes run on in an affectionate liturgy of the creatures of the tundra and sub-Arctic, each animal, fish, or bird with its Linnaean name, often a general note, then the information from journals: caribou, musk oxen, Barren Ground wolf, wolverine, red fox, white fox, hare, squirrel, lemming, grizzly bear: then five species of fishes; and thirty varieties of birds entered under geese, ducks, loons, hawks, eagles; then some separate entries on cranes, horned lark, Lapland longspur, Savannah sparrow, redpoll, whisky-jack.

* * *

Finnie passed the report to Maxwell Graham on 8 December, noting Hornby's recommendation that 'the area adjoining the Hanbury and Thelon Rivers would make an ideal sanctuary and that neither white men nor natives should be permitted to enter', and pointed out the recommendation that no trading posts be established anywhere in the North-West Territories without government consent. Graham noted in the margin opposite the note about the sanctuary: 'Action taken 9/12/25.' Hornby must have left for England as soon as his report was completed and signed. He arrived home only just in time. His father, Albert Neilson Hornby, all-England and Lancashire cricketer and all-England rugby player, died on 17 December 1925. His funeral was on the 20th. Albert Henry Hornby

and his younger brother John Hornby were among the chief mourners.

CHAPTER X

Prelude to Disaster
1925-6

JOHN HORNBY'S ARRIVAL in Nantwich when his father was mortally ill, then his father's death, the funeral of a famous man attracting many grieving strangers, made his return least like a home-coming. There is no record of how he behaved, or what he thought, or what he did. Perhaps it was at this time that he bicycled (as is still remembered at Meole Brace) to the Melvill's house not so far away in Shropshire; and if so perhaps there was talk of Melvill and the days on Great Bear Lake about which Melvill himself had been most reticent and Hornby never expansive. Perhaps it was at this time too that Hornby visited his relatives the Ingrams at Sheringham in Norfolk, when Perpetua Ingram was a very small child. She sat on his lap and Hornby told her that he had 'really and truly once seen a mermaid', and most sincerely assured her that this was the truth.

Restless he certainly was: for it would have taken him many months—many more months than he was prepared to stay still at home—to readjust himself to civilisation after prolonged loneliness, privation, solitude, hardship. There was nobody to penetrate the desolation of his solitary experience. Parkfield—the large house, now suddenly bleak—seems still to carry the imprint of his forlorn disorder. For here there was no resting place; and his mother's authoritative importunity—her need for him to rely upon now that her elder surviving son was married and her husband dead—deepened his isolation and sharpened his restlessness. But of what he thought or felt or did or intended during those weeks there is no record. So there is no way of telling—not even from Mrs Marguerite Christian's memory thirty-five years afterwards—how or

when Hornby came to meet again the Christian family and so to arouse the hero-worshipping affection of Edgar Christian.

John Hornby and Marguerite Christian were in any case closely related, bearing the double relation of first cousins: for not only were their fathers Hornby brothers, but their mothers were sisters, daughters of the Herbert Ingram who founded the *Illustrated London News*. In 1900 Marguerite Hornby had married Wilfred F. Christian, a professional soldier who was to reach the rank of colonel and was awarded the DSO in 1918 after serving in several foreign campaigns. Colonel Christian had grown up in Cheshire; but his family had originally come from the Isle of Man, and it was a Cumberland branch of the same family that produced Fletcher Christian, that romantic but unpiratical mutineer of the *Bounty*. Marguerite and Wilfred Christian had six children—three sons and three daughters; and since in the early years Mrs Christian did not accompany her husband on his foreign service appointments, the children had spent their early childhood in North Wales and grew up with a strong affection for that part of the country.

Edgar Christian, born on 6 June 1908, was the third son. Educated at The Grange, Folkestone, and at Dover College, he had left school at the end of the summer term in 1925. He was not yet seventeen and had had some thought of emigrating to South Africa. His mother, always an admirer of John Hornby's, seems first to have suggested that Hornby take the boy with him on a trip to the Arctic; and Hornby, uncertain at best about his own plans, ambiguously agreed. Mrs George Hornby, widow these many years of the elder brother who had died in Africa shortly after the Boer War, heard of this scheme and urged Hornby not to take Edgar; but Hornby replied, as he was later to reply to Blanchet at Chipewyan, with a non-committal and enigmatic smile. Marguerite, he said, had asked him to take Edgar; Hornby had lived and travelled in the North for nearly twenty years; he knew what he was doing. Edgar's father felt that for Edgar to make

a journey into the North with John Hornby would be a priceless opportunity for a boy coming to grips with the troubled world of the middle twenties: as Colonel Christian said in one of his letters and as Edgar echoed later—it would give the boy something to build his life on. And for John Hornby, with or without encouragement and despite his statements to the contrary to Finnie and others, there would always be ‘one more trip’.

His reminiscent talk in the early months of 1926, given no doubt some encouragement by Edgar and his mother, flowed compellingly and did nothing to sow doubt or hesitation, in the minds of the Christians. Whether at Parkfield or at Bron Dirion, he would sit forward, gazing into the fire, at once alert and indolent; and you would swear he was sitting by a camp fire on one of the eastern islands of Great Slave Lake. He talked about the spell of the Barren Ground and of the Upper Thelon; of how few men had really penetrated beyond the timber, and how—though he had seen only threads of that country—he knew it perhaps better than any man. He talked about the fur-animals, and the lakes and rivers teeming with great salmon; and how the caribou at migration moved in solid bands of thousands—millions perhaps—their eyes glazed, their hooves grinding the ice to fine powder, the air shaking with their bemused grunting, crowding each other to death in the rapids and at shallow river-crossings. Some day he would write a book about the country and his travels and the animals and birds, and about all he had learned: it was to be called *In the Land of Feast or Famine*. He had made several starts at it and now had much of the material collected. More interesting things, he must admit, kept distracting his intention; but this winter on the Thelon, on this last journey, he was going to take things easy, and writing his book would give him something to do in the dark hours.

What Marguerite and Colonel Christian could not know—and there was probably nobody in England who could have told them—was that Hornby, for all his fabulous experience and rhapsodic talk, was an extremely

dangerous man to travel with. He refused to plan; he had never shown any organising ability or forethought: his judgement, focused continually upon the present, was seriously distorted by his habit of rejecting most of what thought, analysis, skill, and purpose could add to the purely animal business of Northern living. His earliest travels were the potterings of a man in love with the country; after the war an element of melodrama enters; the Bullock episode was macabre comedy or a farce too pathetic to be funny. Everything shows that Hornby was a gentle-hearted man who shrank from the sufferings of animals and would not willingly have harmed anybody he loved or respected. Yet so intense was his self-preoccupation that he was isolated in a world which was nobody else's world. Hornby, always solitary as perhaps only gregarious people are, warmed to Edgar Christian as to a listener at once quiet, modest, and responsive. He cast a spell upon Edgar Christian, so that the boy—nervous at first of the little inscrutable man he had long admired in absence and at a distance—established for Hornby an affection from which there was no turning back. In this way Marguerite's importunity, Hornby's eloquence, and the Christians' ignorance cast Edgar in the role of first actor in a tragedy in which Hornby played the inexorable hand of fate.

* * *

Since Hornby's sailing to England, Bullock—installed in Ottawa—had been writing his long report of proceedings of the Thelon journey. He had also been making some disagreeable discoveries, or confirming what he may earlier have suspected; that financially the trip with Hornby had been a disastrous failure. Bullock told Glenn that he had left the disposal of the furs to Hornby and did not even know 'what he got or how many skins he sold'. The furs sent out to Resolution and Smith with the police patrol had been used 'to pay some bill' Hornby owed in Resolution. And Hornby had 'sent a bunch of furs including

some blue foxes to some one in the States'. Bullock may not have spent nearly as much on the expedition as he claimed in later years—the figure increased every time he told the story; but it was all he had. By December he was virtually penniless, except for the prospect of the \$600 the Government were paying him for his report.

By the middle of January 1926 Bullock was bombarding Finnie with long letters—typewritten but single-spaced—about his plans for further Arctic exploration. He was running out of money and hoped to get government backing. Not only would he establish original theories about the musk oxen and caribou, but he would remedy the gross ignorance that was one of the main factors 'baulking the northward advance of civilization to health for all and prosperity for many'. A summer journey along the Thelon valley would make a good start: it could be reasonably done for (say) \$15,000. The big return would come from the films he would take. Finnie played a laconic delaying game.

By the middle of March, however, Bullock had come coldly to realise that Finnie would neither negotiate for the film nor offer him employment. He left for Winnipeg on 23 March to show his Thelon film to the Hudson's Bay Company and seeking a contract with them to make another film. He went on to New York and showed his film to a company there. Both declared it unsaleable. He returned to Ottawa and on 20 April guardedly told Weaver that 'within the next week or so I shall be on the move again'.

In April he cabled to Hornby asking him to pay or repay some of the money he had borrowed or promised: the sum requested (or so Hornby told Blanchet) was £1000. There was no reply from Hornby. Bullock repeated his requests to the extent of eleven cablegrams. Hornby's mother received one of Bullock's cables simply addressed 'Hornby Nantwich' and was furious, not with Bullock but with the recalcitrant son who made no secret of his distaste for Nantwich life; she threatened to make no further allowance if he insisted on going back to

Canada.

By 22 March Bullock had completed his report and delivered it to the Department.

* * *

Bullock might well have lost touch with Hornby, which was precisely what Hornby wanted him to do. As in the spring of 1924, Hornby was teetering on the rocker of indecision and opportunism. With a little bit of luck something would turn up to take matters decisively out of his own hands. This time he hoped it would be George Douglas. Whether or not Hornby had written to Douglas since their brief meeting in the late autumn of 1925, he received letters from Douglas early in March 1926 and wrote to him the following characteristic letter, addressing it to him at the United Verde Extension Mining Company, Arizona.

I was very pleased to hear from you & especially three letters in one day.

I had intended to book my passage for April 15th but refrained from doing so, as my Mother who is now 73, seemed a little upset at my leaving so soon with the intention of never returning. I told her, I did not intend to return, if I crossed.

Now I am just waiting for a favourable opportunity to leave in peace & am longing to get away from here.

I regret the day, I returned to England after first going to Canada.

Do let me know as soon as possible, if you can make a trip north this year. If not this year, we must go for certain next year.

Will write a longer letter soon.

Y^{rs} V. Sinc.

Jack Hornby.

Here there is no mention of Edgar Christian nor of any definite intention of going North. Did he guess, or know, that to announce any intention of taking his young nephew into the North would bring an immediate protest

from Douglas? Better not give Douglas the chance to protest. With the guileless duplicity of an animal covering his tracks against pursuit, Hornby says nothing definite about his plans, or else gives misleading evidence. This restraint becomes habitual to him now. It is as though, after a lifetime of living in the present—‘living like an Indian’, living by his nerves—he is turning intuitively towards his own destruction as though to a lover’s rendezvous. He didn’t have to wait long for ‘a favourable opportunity to leave in peace’. He and Edgar sailed from Liverpool in the S.S. *Montrose* on 19 or 20 April 1926.

At this crucial juncture, at the very time when we most want to know what was going on in Hornby’s mind, there is nothing to be seen or known except through the eyes of Edgar Christian. Edgar’s father, then serving at Clarence Barracks, Portsmouth, wrote a farewell letter on 12 April.

Just a few lines to say good bye & to wish you, with all my heart, all success in your great adventure.

Remember our trust & love go with you. You have ambition & I am sure you will overcome all difficulties. You will have great hardships probably, but be patient & work hard. Always try & do what is right no matter what others may think. You are out to lay the foundation of your life & all your future depends on how you face the next few years.

I hope & believe you will get on with Jack.

Write as often as you can—don’t forget the old & young folks at home.

On 19 April, two weeks after Easter Monday, Marguerite Christian also wrote to say: ‘I feel pretty sure that Jack will take care of you. I think he’s a real good sort & has his heart in the right place. & I feel sorry for him somehow.’ The letter ends: ‘With tons of love & you may spare a little to Jack & tell him I’ll write to him too.’ Then on 26 April, a week after Edgar and Hornby had sailed, Colonel Christian wrote again from Portsmouth, urging Edgar to ‘try to keep a sort of diary of your life till you

come back even if you only make very short entries once a week or so.'

Remember [he continued]—we think of you with hope & love & I know you look forward to success. But life is full of disappointments & disillusionment & things very seldom turn out as we hope. Nothing is gained which is worth having & which can give us real joy & peace, without hard work renunciation & sacrifice & patience. We can do nothing ourselves without God's help & this we must pray for.

Edgar did not receive this heart-rending counsel until he reached Canada. By then the final desolating break with home and the land and the sight of land was far behind. But as soon as he was on board the ship, he had started to write letters home, dulling the tooth of homesickness. But Edgar was not a brooding or morose spirit. Guileless, young, inexperienced, with an untarnished capacity for astonishment and admiration, he poured out his first impressions of his first sea passage and his first sight of a new land.

His first letter from the ship is dated 20 April and was addressed to his father. They had missed the boat train from Crewe (Hornby acting true to form) and, by taking the next later train, might have missed the ship if she had not been delayed in sailing. But that was all part of the exciting adventure.

The more I get to know Jack the nicer he seems to be & his extraordinary knowledge on some subjects is really wonderful considering how long he has been living so far away from civilisation.

It is a great pleasure having someone like Jack to travel with. Being an old traveller by the C.P.R. he is recognised and looked up to by the Stewards on the boat and consequently he gets the best attentions from the Saloon Stewards who waited on him before & have even got leave of the Head Steward to change tables in order to get to his table.

The trip across seems to be an absolute luxury & like a week in a London hotel. Everything is wonderfully fitted up & the grub cannot be improved on I am sure. . . .

Yesterday the weather was not any too good & Lots of people were ill but I took Jacks tip & kept on walking about the deck. I shant mind if it comes rough now as I feel I have got my sea legs & have felt very fit. To walk round the deck 8 or 9 times is a mile long & so although I think I don't get Enough Exercise I must walk several miles a day.

There are 288 Cabin passengers & a thousand third class of whom about 50 are young Barnardo boys.

No more of this letter is preserved.

Instead of going up-river to Montreal, the *Montrose* was obliged because of ice to discharge all passengers at Quebec. The boat train finally reached Montreal on the morning of 26 April. Edgar's first letter to his father, written from the Windsor Hotel in Montreal, remarked upon the response of their fellow travellers to Hornby.

Jack is in such a position that whoever he meets the parting words are always an invitation to call in at any hour if passing through the district & have a day or two. Lots of people spoke well of him on the boat & said they hoped to meet him again somewhere in Canada.

As the two of them went about the streets of Montreal, they must have made a strange pair: Hornby still clean-shaven but his clothes arrestingly un-cared-for; small, quick, intense, absent-minded, with perhaps that old habit of the woodsman (so unnerving to some of his Edmonton acquaintances) of looking back regularly, the quiet scholarly voice providing a staccato of laconic comment and exposition; Edgar considerably taller than his cousin, obviously very young, fair-haired, solidly built, round-faced, a little gauche in bearing, still the schoolboy on holiday. If Edgar was self-conscious it was perhaps only for pride in his remarkable companion. Edgar's 'first impressions of Montreal' show an acute if naive observation.

The Tram Service beats England into a Cocked Hat. They are much Longer Cars & hold more passengers & travel at double the speed with not so much rattling & shaking. All vehicles go at a tremendous pace to what we do in England & so far I have not seen a hold-up in the busy parts. . . .

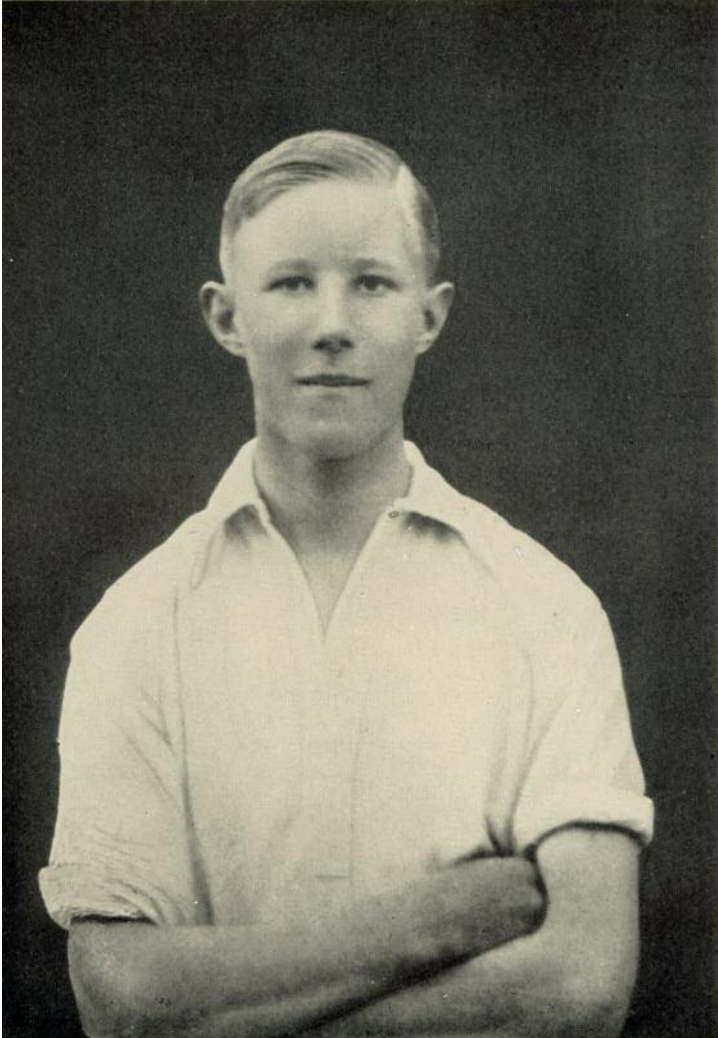
There is one thing which strikes me more than any thing else here & that is the girls & women. I am not getting smitten or any thing like that but for beauty I dont wish to see any better. they are not quite so tall as the average young girl in England but for a good figure & prettiness I have never seen one in England to equal them.

Yesterday we went to a Cafeteria & a girl of about 21 I suppose came in while we were there & there must be Lots in England who would have paid to see her but no body took any particular notice at all and she did not seem a bit conceited in fact struck me as if she was quite unaware of her own beauty. The feminine dress is to my mind much better than English. Jack says it is french style but whatever it is it is very neat & tidy.

This first letter to his father shows that on 27 or 28 April Hornby called on various people in Montreal—‘among them was the Chief of the mounted Police of Canada rather a big nib but an Exceptionally nice Man’. Could this have been Denny LaNauze? Next day ‘we met an old timer who spent many days trapping with him [Hornby] years ago & to hear them talk of the good old days and how they spent their well earned money was an Education in itself’. As for plans—and this is the first definite mention of them—‘tomorrow we are going on to Ottawa & then on to Winnipeg for a bit & in about a months time he says we shall be out in the wilds to look to some property of his (silver!) & then go further north to settle down to trapping’.

They were in Ottawa on Sunday, 2 May, having arrived on the evening of 30 April, and were ‘staying for two days’ more. It was best, he said, to stay at the best Hotels—‘mainly because he always meets old acquaint-

The Legend of John Hornby



24. Edgar Christian in 1925

George Whalley



25. The Thelon cabin from the south-east, as the Police saw it, July 1929

26. The Thelon cabin in 1936: looking south across the river

tances coming in . . . & after all in a months time we shall be far away from any Hotels & will have to go through Hardships'. The trip to Ottawa does not seem to have had any particular purpose such as calling on the North-West Territories Branch or conducting business; but Hornby had cabled to Guy Blanchet from England and this may have been why he called at Ottawa and why they met 'a Mr. Blanchette who is an old pal & whom he [Hornby] introduced to Grandma a few years ago [spring 1924] in Town'. But one thing led to another. 'When once he is known to be in the city his friends all want to see him & of course he does not like to leave before he sees most of them.'

Everything for Edgar was misted over with delight. Ottawa, he found, was 'a much nicer City than Montreal—The traffic does not seem to go at such a hell of a speed & there is more natural beauty about the town.' Looking back towards home, Edgar remarked upon the signs of economic trouble in the newspapers: 'England is in a nasty mess now. . . . the Opinion of People over here is that the mines should be taken over by the Country.' But those were vague and unsubstantial intimations of disaster; compared with the vivid talk of Hornby's old-timers and the prospect of their journey west, such intelligence was trivial.

The plans now are to go on to Edmonton & get fixed up [*i.e.* outfitted], to go out north & settle in for Winters Trapping in The Great Slave lake district. We are first making for Fort Smith where he will prospect as he goes through & see if there is any mineral or oil to be found.

This time Jack says he is going to live more in Comfort if he can because he has plenty of time on hand & will take plenty of provisions & stores.

There are some other men up in that district who are working for him & will always bring Supplies if he needs them. This time most of the heavy Portage will be done by a Party which is going out with Provisions for Blanchette a Government Surveyor & one of Jacks pals who is going to the same district.

* * *

Some vague sort of rendezvous seems to have been made with Blanchet, and Blanchet, as on the earliest occasion in 1924, had offered semi-officially to help transport Hornby's heavy gear into the Great Slave Lake area. What Edgar does not say, because his admiration for Hornby and his growing loyalty would not allow him to listen to such things, was that Blanchet was trying to dissuade Hornby from taking Edgar into the North, and then was trying to warn Edgar that he should be careful about going north with Hornby. Others in Ottawa seem to have issued similar warnings and, with various degrees of tact, tried to steer Hornby away from his indistinctly formulated purpose. None of this did any good. It stiffened Edgar's loyalty to Hornby and so placed him beyond reach of reasonable counsel; it made Hornby even more devious, evasive, ambiguous—not so much concealing his plans because he had none to conceal, but inventing and announcing plans and projects with such kaleidoscopic rapidity that nobody could keep track of them. When he arrived in Ottawa and took Edgar to meet Blanchet, he was 'full of plans to winter far out on the Barrens where no trapper had been before and trap white foxes'. Blanchet tried to persuade him that 'this was a *summer* breeding ground, not a winter range; that there would be no fish in the Thelon and that the caribou pass through in the autumn and late spring only'. Hornby did not argue but put on his puckish grin: he knew better. 'Christian resented any question of Jack's knowledge and ability.' Blanchet was to try persuasion again, not once but twice; and with the same result. The impression Finnie had was different, though more like the standard story Hornby seems to have been telling: that he was 'on a prospecting trip which would take him through the territory south of Great Slave Lake', spending the winter there.

Edgar wrote to his father again from Ottawa on 3 May. Hornby had been buying some of the outfit—'tents & overalls & pack Sacks'. Hornby was now in a hurry to

‘get to some claims of his where silver mining is being started at Fort Smith’. They had thought of going on to Toronto that night ‘but Jack has got Lots of people to see & get maps again so may go tomorrow morning’. Through the letter, interspersed with social and topographical observations, are other pieces of information about Hornby, and some ominous information about the country.

Jack is asked by Every one why he does not write more notes on all his trips & adventures with Eskimos and his only reason is that he says it is no interest to him because he has known them for so long. Of course I explained that I should because It will all be new so he is contemplating that I should take notes & an Exclusive diary & make it worth while taking a Typewriter.

Last winter the trapping was very bad & the Hudson bay company only Raked in 178 furs instead of a thousand or more.

Jack has the Luck of being in Company with two old trappers whom he met & they have had a good winter with plenty of fur so he says he is probably acquainted with the best trapping area in the North west Territory.

...

In all this there is no mention of George Douglas nor of any stop at Lakefield. Hornby probably knew from the letters he had had from Arizona that George Douglas would not be at Northcote; but there was some hope of seeing him in Toronto. Douglas has never ceased to regret that on this particular occasion he should have missed Hornby. Hornby and Edgar went direct from Ottawa to Toronto, and between trains saw Mrs Douglas and her father, Professor Michael Mackenzie. ‘Michael,’ Douglas says, ‘had met Hornby on his visits here [to Northcote], and knew what he was really like, and was full of forebodings as to what might happen to Edgar. He thought even that the matter should be taken up at Ottawa with the RCMP who knew better than the North West Territories [Branch] what Hornby was like. But nothing could

be done, so no attempt was made.’ Hornby spoke of going to Red Lake in north-western Ontario where there was a small gold-rush (and somewhere along the line Bullock picked up this piece of information). They were in Toronto on 4 May and left at 9 in the evening. The Mackenzies came down to see them off, noticed that they were booked for Winnipeg (not Edmonton), and that Edgar Christian was in charge of the tickets and was looking after all their luggage.

* * *

The journey from Toronto to Winnipeg took thirty-six hours. They could only get upper berths in the sleeping-car; this was not good enough for Hornby, so they took a compartment— ‘the best accommodation on the train’. Edgar found the long journey less tedious than he expected, and the meals expensive but plentiful. The traverse north of Lake Superior surprised him: twelve hours to pass Lake Superior, and ‘My word it was an Eye opener to me which just showed how many thousands of square miles of dense forests & woodlands Canada still has where the woodmans axe has never touched.’ Then the country became more various, with many small lakes, and hills, and rivers, and the road climbing and winding so that he could see the locomotive at sharp corners ‘vomiting clouds of smoke . . . magnificent . . . just as one sees advertised of a C.P.R. train in the Rockies’. They had to get up early in the morning to pack and have breakfast before arriving in Winnipeg at nine o’clock.

Again they put up at the best hotel in Winnipeg—the Royal Alexandra—and from there Edgar wrote to his mother on 7 May, which must have been the day after their arrival. The weather was suddenly warm. Edgar was struck by the look of the spacious streets in this city ‘which I suppose has sprung up very quickly with no other for miles away on any side’. He liked the horse-drawn vehicles there, the work horses even heavier set than the English dray horses, the carefully matched pairs

well kept and neatly harnessed. Grain, he thought, must be cheap here; and that might account for the brilliant condition of the horses.

Much more interesting than Edgar's first impression of Winnipeg is Hornby's reason for stopping there at all. Winnipeg was not a city where Hornby normally stopped; nor is there any evidence that he had ever in recent years been there at all. In Ottawa and Toronto he had mentioned the Red Lake country: but that was a studied evasion. The reason was Olwen Newell.

Since she had said good-bye to Hornby in Edmonton in the summer of 1924, Olwen had lost touch with Hornby and with her Edmonton friends. She had worked for the *Edmonton Bulletin*, and then had at last realised her ambition of teaching Indian school-children on two reservations north of Edmonton. She had nearly become engaged; then had gone to Winnipeg to be near her brother William, and—with her Edmonton experience to commend her—had taken employment with the *Winnipeg Free Press*. How Hornby knew where she was, she could not be sure: he could well have found out from Olwen's family. He had telegraphed to her, asking her to meet them at the CPR station in Winnipeg. 'Jack has been making various visits to friends around here,' Edgar told his mother; '& tomorrow we are going to see Hilda's married niece in the afternoon & Evening & then we start for Edmonton at 11.30 at Night.' Hornby met his relatives the Godson-Godsons at the Royal Alexandra: a curious meeting, one imagines, in view of the (now) General's earlier animosity; and Mrs Godson-Godson when introduced to Olwen, responded in a remote manner, thinking Olwen was 'on the make'. Actually it was the other way around: Hornby at this visit to Winnipeg proposed marriage to Olwen.

Olwen declined. The old glamour had vanished; she could see quite clearly that there could be no lasting relationship. Jack now seemed 'even less normal' and older than when she had last seen him. She could see now what Justus Willson had meant when he said that Hornby was

not a suitable person for her to marry. Hornby was grieved and distressed at being rejected, but insisted that he wanted to do something to secure Olwen's future, quite ignoring the fact that she neither needed nor wanted help. Olwen took him to her lodgings, where her Irish landlady Mrs Cole was enchanted by Hornby. Here Hornby asked Olwen to go back to England and wait for him, and said that even if he could never marry her he still wanted to provide for her. He would leave his money to her; when he came back from this trip he would be a rich man; he was making a will in her favour. Olwen declined this vehemently; and Mrs Cole, hearing the story later, said she could understand that Olwen might decline marriage but thought her 'crazy to refuse *money*'. When he left the house, Hornby left her a present of \$20 so that Olwen and Mrs Cole could 'enjoy themselves'.

Olwen spent a good deal of time with Edgar on that short visit, showing him around Winnipeg. The strange city, the attractive shop windows, and Olwen herself were too much for so susceptible a youth; he wanted to buy presents for her—some pearls, a watch, a fountain pen—all of which she quietly declined. Edgar 'looked very well', Olwen later told his mother, 'and was in excellent spirits, but J. H. tried his utmost to dissuade him from going any further than Athabaska, telling him he could go back to the old country with some wild buffalo Jack was going to have sent to the Edinburgh Zoological gardens.' The train was to leave at 11.30 on the night of 8 May; while the two of them drank coffee with Olwen waiting for the train to leave, they were 'still arguing about how far Edgar was to go'. Olwen went on the train with Hornby to say good-bye. Suddenly he asked her to kiss him: and she, who had never kissed him before, out of kindness kissed his cheek. He looked at her with reproach in his eyes and said quietly 'That is all I mean to you?' She could not speak, but clasped his hand in farewell. Again he told her to wait for him in England. Then the train pulled out.

'When I get to Edmonton,' Edgar had told his mother from Winnipeg, 'I shall be on a stepping off point from

civilized people but still I am happy to think of it as one of Jack's old friends told me in Montreal, "that I was with one of Canada's best & anybody who is with J. Hornby can never go wrong".' From the Corona Hotel, Edmonton, on Monday 10 or 17 May Edgar wrote to Olwen Newell the last message she was to have from either of them.

Dear Miss Newell

I am writing this for Jack as he is very busy getting fixed to go north straight away. We were away & did not get the wire till last night & replied by wire this morning. Heres wishing good trip & safe arrival

Before leaving Winnipeg, Hornby had called at the CPR ticket office and bought a first-class passage to England for Olwen, and had sent a cable to Olwen's father saying, without explanation, that she was on her way home. Though Olwen had no intention of leaving Winnipeg, there was no way (she thought) of letting her father know that she was not coming. She prudently changed the first-class ticket to a tourist ticket, spent the balance on some new clothes, and went home to England.

* * *

As for Hornby, he felt little enough satisfaction at the prospect of going North again. 'Dear Douglas,' he wrote on 11 May—

I was very sorry not to have seen you at Toronto & regret that you can not go North this year. I am heartily sick of the North & I really wish I had never buried myself in the wilds. In all probability, I shall only make a trip to bring out a few more samples & then perhaps may settle down somewhere on Vancouver Island. Will write again, when I reach Edmonton.

But he did not write again to Douglas. There was fresh bitterness waiting for him in Edmonton. Bullock, who

had been trying to get into touch with Hornby, wrote from the Explorers Club in New York on 13 May to Yardley Weaver rehearsing a story of his personal 'troubles'. Weaver acknowledged the letter on 26 May, but there is no reason to suppose that he showed Hornby the letter. Yet Hornby, knowing that Bullock had written, may have come to false conclusions about it. Did this letter, contrary to anything Bullock felt or wished, urge Hornby, in desperation or despair, even more strongly along the lines of disillusion than his letter to Douglas suggested; and so drive him to cut the last thread that held him to civilisation—the last thread upon which Edgar's life, and his own, hung?

Bullock's letter, though it gives only his own side of the question, is restrained and dignified, a sober reflection upon the end of his melancholy association with Hornby. Because of 'all round retrenchment' in the North-West Territories Branch, his plans for further travel and research had been turned down. Bullock had been offered work with Blanchet, but had declined on the grounds of 'an injury to my spine, consequent on our recent trip'. Then he comes to Hornby. Hornby in the end had declined to pay more than \$120 of the debt of several thousand dollars he had acknowledged before going to England; 'I have forgiven him, but I can never forget that he misrepresented himself to me'. Bullock had cabled for money and in return received only 'bitter denunciation'. He had seen the police report of their patrol to the Casba and was shocked at Hornby's duplicity. He had been forced to sell everything he possessed and had come to New York in the hope of finding work. He had been advised to sue Hornby but was reluctant to do so; he had now decided to take no action.

Never have I been so utterly disillusioned in anyone. I backed Hornby to the hilt, entered on an expedition that would have been not only a financial success but a scientific success had I gone alone, paid his way, & conformed to *all* his wishes. This is how he repays me. No

wonder he can never get partners in the North. The war [has] evidently unhinged his brain, so I suppose I must make allowances. However he has ruined me, temporarily at least, & I cannot feel much respect for him. . . . How I wish I had never met him: Colonel Weaver, you have no idea how much I wish I never had.

On 23 June Bullock wrote to Weaver from the Temperance Hotel, Niagara Falls, N.Y. At last, he said, he had ‘dropped into a job’—to his surprise, because for a time he had been wondering where his next meal would come from. Even now, he admitted, he was ‘up against a fairly tough proposition’. He had been trying without success to get into touch with Hornby: and when he wrote again on 4 July he was still trying.

No word from Jack Hornby. No-one knows where he is, although it has been suggested that he went on the Red Lake Gold Rush. In a way I am sorry for the fellow, I am quite sure he is rather more than eccentric.

But a month before that Hornby had already left for the North.

* * *

Edgar had written his note to Olwen Newell from the Corona Hotel on 10 or 17 May; but there is little record of what Hornby did until he left for Waterways on 25 May. He would have seen some at least of his old friends—the Watts, and Yardley Weaver; and Blanchet remembers that Hornby invited himself, Edgar, and another man to have dinner with the Adamsons, his companion of the brief trip to the Mackenzie delta in 1914, and Olwen Newell’s first employer. The Adamsons, Blanchet said, ‘accepted us in good part but before dinner was over, Hornby said he had to go to see Emily Murphy (Janey Canuck) so we all went there. Rather typical of Hornby’s social behaviour’. Blanchet at their meeting in Edmonton talked again about Hornby’s plans and tried to dissuade him from going into

the Barren Ground with Edgar; but he had no more success than he had had in Ottawa. Then Blanchet himself left for the North.

Hornby and Edgar, as soon as they arrived in Edmonton, went straight to Onoway and, except for a few short visits to the city, seem to have stayed with the Armitsteads until it was time to leave for Waterways. In Onoway, Hornby met again a young man whom he and Bullock had known in the autumn of 1923—Harold Adlard. They had first met him in Onoway; he appears in one of the photographs of the visit to Rochfort Bridge in the early winter of 1923; he had asked to join the Casba-Thelon expedition but had been refused by Bullock as not physically fit; he was in some way vaguely implicated in the Olwen Newell affair, being in Edmonton at that time. After that he had been working in a dry goods store in Onoway in a mood of discouragement. When Hornby and Edgar turned up in May 1926 he saw a chance of fulfilling his long desire of going north. Again he asked Hornby to take him; and Hornby, partly to honour a vague promise earlier given and partly to provide companionship for Edgar, agreed.

A little information about Harold Adlard can be put together. He was born in November 1899 in South Holmwood, Surrey, and was educated at Lancing College. In October 1917, just before he reached the age of eighteen, he was appointed to a commission as Temporary Probationary Flight Officer in the Royal Naval Air Service. In the following April he transferred to the R.A.F. as 2nd Lieutenant on probation, and was confirmed in that rank as Pilot of Aeroplanes and Seaplanes in August 1918. It is not clear whether he ever saw active service, and Air Ministry records do not confirm the rumour that he had been injured in a flying accident during his service. On 30 May 1919 he was transferred to the Unemployed List and thereafter, except for two months on the Active List for temporary duty April-June 1921, had no further connexion with the Air Force. His family had been printers in a large way of business for some generations. Perhaps

Harold had no aptitude in that mystery. He came to Canada late in 1923 with a group of Englishmen who had come out to learn farming.

Harold Adlard was a quiet, well-educated, kindly, pleasant young man; he had some domestic sense and enjoyed cooking for the family he lived with in Onoway. But he was bitter and self-enclosed as a result (it was said) of an unfortunate love affair in England. He had come to Edmonton 'to look around' and had worked for a time on a farm at Onoway owned by Cecil Armitstead's brother Geoffrey.

Altogether too little is known about Harold Adlard considering the part he was to play in the Thelon winter. The only photograph of him, diffused by the coarse half-tone of a newspaper block, shows him in R.A.F. uniform, head and shoulders; the eyes direct enough, the mouth sensitive but a little sulky. There is no hint that he was to prove strong and quick to learn; that in the end, despite his inexperience, he would become skilful enough almost to support the whole party single-handed. But efforts to recover the few papers that came from Harold Adlard's hand have been fruitless.

They passed their last days in civilisation in the familiar domestic calm of the Armitstead homestead, where Hornby on his first visit more than twenty years before had heard of a bear on the Coates property and said 'Let's go out and hunt it'. Mrs Armitstead told Edgar that he had 'always a home in Canada by going there'. One of the few photographs taken before the little expedition set out shows Edgar Christian comfortably mounted on one of Cecil Armitstead's horses. So they stayed on at Onoway as long as possible; and in the end—seeing that the train to Waterways for the first leg of their journey ran only once a week from Edmonton—they 'left Onoway for the North in an awful rush'.

The *Edmonton Journal* published on 14 August 1928 what purports to be the last photograph taken of Hornby in Edmonton: a snapshot taken at the railway station where Sergeant Thorne RCMP and his wife had come to

say good-bye. Hornby is clean-shaven as he always was in civilisation. He is wearing an old unpressed suit, with a white scarf at his throat, and on his head a cloth cap of respectable aspect. He has his left hand inside his jacket as though searching for railway tickets, and is looking away to his right as though watching gear being loaded into the train. Their outfit cannot have been extensive; certainly little time or thought had been devoted to its preparation. But they were away at last, after such circuitous and haphazard preliminaries, on the first 300-mile leg of the journey.

CHAPTER XI

The Last Journey
1926-7

FROM EDMONTON a single railway line runs precariously 300 miles across muskeg country to Waterways to form a short-cut to the north-flowing water systems. The line was completed in 1916 to take advantage of the earlier break-up of the ice farther downstream and to out-flank the meandering delays of the upper Athabaska River. In many sections brushwood causeways float the line across the invincibly fluid terrain: no other engineering solution has ever been found. In the early days locomotives sometimes fell off the rails and were not easily recovered. Edgar's letter of 7 June to his mother, written after 'Jack said dont bother about Letters any more', gives some account of this part of the journey.

They had left Edmonton on 25 May and only just caught the train. They reached Waterways, the end of the line, next morning. 'Here we had a meal and then unpacked the outfit from the Van and started in the Canoe down the river to make a Camp at McMurray where Jack had to stay a day to see all old timers in their shacks before pulling out.' There is no record of the old-timers Hornby saw on that occasion. By the time the visiting was finished it was late on Thursday 27 May. They wanted to start on their canoe journey that evening, but 'a storm was threatening so we made supper round the Camp fire & turned in to bed under Canvas while it Rained hard'.

Edgar had taken to heart his father's advice about keeping a diary.

In your letter you said keep a diary & I am but on a Large scale. I have got 3 large Note books of 200 pages but I can see they wont Last more than a few months be-

cause there is Lots to write about.

Of Course the more I include the more Value. I shall keep count of Weather & the movements & Habits of animals as well as a sort of Natural History report. All these items Count because Last time Jack was asked by the Government to give a report of the migration of Carribou & he got \$600 for it so I shall be prepared for the same.

But his first journal entry was made in the large quarto manuscript book in which Hornby had drafted his Carribou Report in the previous winter: Edgar writing after supper on 28 May just before he ‘curled up in a Hudson Bay blanket & fell off to sleep under Canvas on our Little Island home with the ducks & night hawks flying round & feeding at the Waters Edge within a few yards of us’.

Diary

28th May, 1926. *McMurr[a]y*

I woke up to hear Jack Lighting the fire at 3.30 a.m. & soon J.M. & Harold [Adlard] woke up after inquiries as to where the bacon was. found bacon & cooked breakfast & then started to clean up the Camp & unpack the Canoe. at 7. am after buying a little extra food we started down the Athabasca. a moderately strong head wind was against us after an hour or so & hopes of making good time were bad.

11. oclock we pulled in to have a spell & some Lunch. Jack & J.M. hunt for insects while harold cooks a meal of Eggs & bacon & I sit in the smudge funkng the mosquitoes.

12. o'clock we push off again with wind still blowing against us.

The party now consisted of four: John Hornby, Edgar Christian, Harold Adlard, and the ‘J.M.’ of Edgar’s diary entry— ‘a friend of Jacks who is going on a Survey Party this year & was starting [with Guy Blanchet] from Chipewyan on Athabaska Lake in a day or two’. That all four could travel, with whatever outfit they had, in the one canoe gives some idea of the size of the canoe, and of their

outfit. 'They might have made this part of the journey easy,' Blanchet said, if they had travelled 'by steamer but Hornby wanted to break them in. Christian told me they had set out with a pound of tea, a box of matches and a fish net and had travelled day and night.' The account Edgar gives in his letter makes that part of the journey sound strenuous enough but not grim. But first he had something to say about Harold Adlard.

Jack had promised 3 yrs ago to take another boy on a trip with him. He happened to run in to him & of course said he would take him the trip but asked me if I minded. I dont mind a bit because he is a nice chap & will be more company & makes it so I am not the only green-horn in the Camp.

In another letter he said that 'Jack said, he was taking him as a kindness as the wolf was at the door & would give him just what he thought fit at the End of the trip & deduct the Extra Expense for outfitting'.

They started early in the morning; after rain the mosquitoes were not out and the weather perfect. 'The Athabasca is a fine big river with towering tar sand banks thickly wooded with Spruce & Poplar.' In some places Edgar could see clearings where test drills had been made for oil, and wells had been sunk, only to fail in the end. After lunch they paddled on, but with a head wind found the work much harder. When they finally spelled for the night and camped on a little island they had travelled thirty-five miles.

Next day, Saturday 29 May, they ate for breakfast the last of the eggs and jam, 'knowing our next meal would not be white mans grub but Pem[m]ican (dried Buffalo meat)'. They hoped to make forty miles that day 'but knew it would be hard if the wind got up again & of course as Luck would have it the wind started dead against us at about 2 oclock & kept up strong all day & all Evening after we camped & so this meant rain'. In the night Edgar woke up to hear Hornby outside in the rain

covering the outfit and turning over the canoe to keep it dry. On Sunday it was still raining when they awoke; they decided to rest until the rain stopped, but when it did—by 11 in the morning—the wind was still blowing, so Hornby decided to stay in camp all day and travel by night. At eight in the evening the wind dropped; they had a quick meal and pushed off at nine.

Travelling by night is very nice when there are no mosquitoes & it was just A1 with us. Not a breath of wind; the Moon was out bright & the Stars bright above amongst the northern Lights. In front of us we could just see a Limited space [?] expanse] of the river with a glassy moonstrike gradually disappearing into the darkness. All round the duck were alighting & flying off & the owls & night hawks flying round.

At 2 a.m. they pulled in to an island, lit a fire, cooked a meal of pemmican, and rested a little. 'It was now beginning to get Light & the night was over so we started off again with the intention of travelling all day & make Chipewyan in the evening & complete 100 miles in 24 hours.' But this hope was frustrated when, at eleven in the morning, they came to the delta of the river, took a wrong channel by mistake, and found they had still fifty miles to go. By afternoon Edgar was beginning to get 'rather tired in the arms.' The wind was against them; and when, at eight in the evening, they reached Lake Athabaska and found that the fresh wind prevented crossing that night, they camped—to Edgar's undisguised relief. Next day, Tuesday 1 June, the wind was still blowing and the lake very rough. But they had only fifteen miles to go to cross a bay to Chipewyan and decided to try it. Once into the lake, they found the waves too heavy to take on the beam, had to adjust their course accordingly, and took two and a half hours to make the crossing, arriving at three in the afternoon.

'When we got to the Village Jack went to the H[udson's] B[ay] store & met an old Pal there & so we were

able to go to his house that Evening & have a chat.' This may have been Guy Blanchet, but if so it is strange that Edgar, who had met him before in Ottawa and Edmonton, does not name him. Certainly Hornby saw Blanchet at Chipewyan, but Blanchet does not remember that Edgar was at the meeting. Blanchet was just leaving to explore the upper Dubawnt River—a part of the country not far from the Thelon country Hornby now meant to visit. He invited Hornby and Christian to join him, and even offered them employment. As in Ottawa and Edmonton, Blanchet was trying to persuade Hornby not to take Christian into bad country. But Blanchet's offer did not include Adlard and that—in view of Hornby's promise to Adlard—may have provided, in conscience at least, a pretext for declining Blanchet's offer. Hornby did not argue; he knew what he was doing, he said; he would continue with those plans of his, so vaguely defined, so methodically blurred in the telling.

Whether or not Blanchet was the 'old Pal' of Edgar's letter, Hornby and his party spent an agreeable evening at Chipewyan. At eleven o'clock the next morning they all pushed off, 'J.M.' now having detached himself to Blanchet's party. Hornby, Adlard, and Christian—the three of them now—paddled in the one big square-sterned canoe out of Lake Athabaska into the Slave River on the last part of the journey to Great Slave Lake.

Now at Last we had the wind with us & we stopped near a settlement of Indians to rig up a sail with the Canvas groundsheet. While we we[re] there an old Indian woman came & spoke to Jack & said she remembered him going down the river 20 yrs ago with M^r M^cKinlay with a trading outfit & Jack said she was right but could not remember her.

Once the sail was set the canoe made good time. In the evening, when the wind had died, they made camp. In the calm their worst enemy turned out—the mosquitoes:

They played old nick with me because I am green & have got juicy blood for them. It was simply awful all the next day too[;] I could not keep them off my feet although I had a blanket round my feet, they bit me somehow or other & I felt Like jumping in the river to get out of the way & as Jack said the mosquitoes are not bad yet but will soon be out in clouds Like smoke I thought I should have a rotten time from them. Of course the heat is intense at times & everything for me is spoilt by mosquitoes.

The next day—Friday 4 June—they had only fifteen miles to go before they reached Fitzgerald (previously named Smith Landing) and the beginning of the sixteen-mile portage around the rapids. The canoe and outfit would go forward to Fort Smith by wagon. As soon as Hornby had arranged for that, he visited some old friends, got provisions at the store, and then decided they would walk to Fort Smith in the night. Edgar's narrative continues:

I had a mosquito net for my head this time & we started walking at 2 o'clock along the Wagon trail. The flies were bad but the air was Cool & I felt Like a walk after canoeing for 300 miles.

Jack certainly is a walker & he said we would not walk fast as he is not the man he used to be & felt like taking Life more easily now, but he walked jolly fast in my opinion & I soon Learnt that I didnt know how to Walk because he could go faster as he showed at times. We got here [Fort Smith] in about 3¾ hrs & I was darn tired; my Ankles were Like footballs with mosquito bites & I could only just get my socks off. I bathed my feet & put on Zambuk after getting to this house of Jacks old Pal who has been here 40 years.

This time the friend is identified certainly by Edgar himself in a letter to his father. It was Pete McCallum, another companion of the Melvill-Mackinlay trip to Great Bear Lake in 1908.

Where we stayed at Fort Smith with old Pete McCallum he used to tell me all about the good old days out here when he was about the only Person in Fort Smith & how he went to Edmonton by dog team. and also about being the first man to take a dog team to Regina Show many years ago & how he was greeted & entertained by Lord Aberdeen the Governor General. It was the best Conversation I have ever had with any man on the old days & he is now 72 years old & as active as a cat & says he is going trapping this winter again & will try & find Jack if he can.

When Edgar wrote the first long journal letter to his mother from Fort Smith it was Monday 7 June. They had already waited two days for the canoe to be brought from Fitzgerald; Edgar in that time could do no walking because of the mosquito bites. 'As soon as the swelling had gone down I shall put on puttees & make sure no mosquitoes get there again,' he added; and 'This is although bad with flies at times a wonderful life & one could not wish for better.' He went on writing until 'the ford Car which is taking this Letter is due to start for fitzgerald to catch the Post'. He did not expect, he said, to get a letter for at least eighteen months. He would send out a letter with some trader or trapper if any chance occurred; but they were not to be anxious if they heard nothing for some time 'Because I am as safe as a house with Jack'.

After going this trip with Jack I shall never be in need of a Job. if I want one. I can be independant of any man because I can make my own headway in Lots of ways.

I have seen Lots of trappers who have been on the trail with Jack & many wont go again because he is too tough although they like [him] more than any man. I shall be with Someone whos[e] name runs through Canada with highest praise which makes me feel absolutely satisfied about the future.

He also passed on a piece of Northern lore:

One thing which is Essential on the trail & that is friendship & Comradship if you argue or pick a quarrel over any little thing when you are with that person for so long alone it would be a downfall & Consequently everybody out here has a good Word for Everybody Else & never a bad one.

* * *

Quite unexpectedly they were given a chance to make the next stage to Fort Resolution quickly and without effort and Hornby saw no reason to refuse it. A corporal of the RCMP detachment at Fort Smith was taking a motor-boat down to Resolution with four Roman Catholic priests; he needed somebody to help with the steering and to look after the engine. Hornby learned of this on the afternoon or evening of 7 June. So they were up for the rest of the night packing their outfit down from Pete McCallum's shack. They started at three in the morning of 8 June, the big twenty horse-power motor-boat for Resolution being lashed beside the Smith boat in which all their gear was stowed. At the first the big engine would not start, so they ran under the smaller engine while the policeman tinkered with the engine, Hornby steering and Edgar acting as donkeyman. Finally the big engine started with a roar and, with the other shut down, they made better time than before.

The weather was windy, unsettled, and dark; but at least it kept all mosquitoes away. After Hornby had steered for a couple of hours one of the priests volunteered to spell him; Edgar was surprised and delighted to find him 'a nice old chap joking away [about] getting wet & Cold while his pals were sitting inside Reading bibles & telling their beads at odd times'. After breakfast, Hornby showed Edgar how to spot the sand-bars from the formation of the river banks and 'how to steer according to the wind & waves & current'. Nervous at first of making some disastrous mistake, Edgar quickly gained confidence, sure that he could keep a sharp lookout for

‘trees & Logs & depth of water’. He and the priest worked watch-and-watch all day, sleeping between tricks in the prospect of steaming all night.

When night began to come on I had a short spell at the Rudder & then Jack did & I went off to sleep on the seat near the noisy old Engine. At 2 a.m. Jack woke me up & I found it was Light again but Rather dull & windy with Lots of Rain. This time I had to steer Expecting to come to a channel which would take us to Resolution without going on to Great Slave Lake.

But somehow ‘the Map was not Correct’ and Edgar could not keep track of where they were or find his position on the map. They were travelling due north by compass (though he had no idea what the deviation was). The map showed the river to be straight where he thought he was; but they zig-zagged about for twenty miles through the braided delta until, seeing Great Slave Lake opening up ahead, he was certain that ‘something was wrong’. Edgar woke Hornby and found him ‘just as puzzled as I was’. Why Hornby and the policeman both left an inexperienced boy to unravel an intricate piece of river navigation by himself is not easy to understand. In the end they decided that it was too rough now to venture on to the open lake, so turned down ‘the nearest Channel’ and set course for the Mission Saw Mill ten miles from Resolution. Christian fell asleep after turning over to Hornby. When he woke up the boat was alongside, quiet and deserted. They had reached the mill; the MOUNTY and the priests had gone on to Resolution in Hornby’s canoe; Hornby and Adlard were ashore having a meal with the mission carpenter. Some time the next day the policeman was expected back with the canoe; then as soon as the weather cleared they would start to make the crossing of Great Slave Lake.

From Fort Resolution Harold Adlard wrote home to his father and mother; only part of the letter is preserved in newspaper reports of August 1928.

We are now at Fort Resolution, near Great Slave Lake, having paddled our own canoe most of the way from Edmonton, about six hundred miles so far. We have about 1,500 to go, which will take all the summer. In the winter, we shall build a hut, and trap, hunt and fish. The next summer we shall prospect, and, if we do not get out before freeze-up, trap again, and get out the following summer by way of Atlantic coast.

At Fort Resolution Edgar Christian also wrote but in greater detail, still excitedly recording all his first impressions. Here he had his first chance to observe a northern community.

All Round these places where there is generally just the H.B. store & two police at Each Post to Look after the Indians & Eskimos, there are Lots of Dogs & they are the meanest brutes out. Mostly 3 parts wolf abused by Indians & half starved in the summer when not being used in trains. Of course they will steal anything & Eat any damn thing. All grub has to be kept in Caches on Posts in the ground wel[l] out of reach. Jack says that at one time at Resolution some dogs would come & chew your boots while talking to any one if they had a chance. Lots of dogs are well fed & even then they are just as bad because of the Wolf in them.

As for plans—and Hornby must have been asked this question by every person he met—Edgar had this to tell his father.

Jack is going into a Country which has never been trapped by any one else before because it is too hard to get into with Supplies & most men take Supplies & dont rely on the Country.

Last year some friends of Jacks tried to go in by his advice & failed so Jack is still the only one because he has a reputation of Living off the Land only without any white mans grub.

The Idea is to go in & Stay a Winter or more & make a damn good clean up of fur in the Country & then dont Care a D[amn] what happens after making a Stake. . . .

We have got a pretty heavy Load for the Canoe & the Portages will be pretty tough work. We have nearly 2000 rounds of Am[m]unition & traps & a stove & bedding & tent & some grub to Last till the winter comes & then we kill meat which will keep in the snow & ice. & of Course plenty of Clothing.

Our first Portage round Rapids is 3½ miles & the Am[m]unition is about as as much as I can get on my back but my word you should see how Jack can handle heavy weights.¹

Edgar Christian's letter of 9 June to his father—the last letter he was able to post—filled thirteen and a half pages of writing paper. In the blank half of the last page Hornby wrote:

Great Slave Lake

You must be sure to look at a map, so as to get a correct idea of our whereabouts. This country is rapidly filling up with white-men. With best wishes to you all.

J.H.

After writing his letter Edgar turned in to sleep in the boat thinking 'just how much Luck I am [in] by being with Jack'.

* * *

Only two other records survive of the trip easterly through Great Slave Lake: a single long journal entry by Edgar which has not been published, and a letter based on the journal entry and written by Edgar to his father near the site of old Fort Reliance at the eastern end of the lake just before they started over Pike's Portage for Artillery Lake. The letter, written in ink on the opening pages of one of Edgar's little diary books, was never posted. If he kept any other daily record of their adventures traversing the lake, it has not been preserved.

At 2 a.m. on 10 June, without waiting for the mail to be brought from Resolution, they set off from the Mission

saw-mill in tow of the Hudson's Bay Company schooner. After three miles the schooner left them and they paddled downstream, through the complex of sandbars, and out of the Slave River delta, moving cautiously so that once they reached the open lake they would never be far from safe shelter if a strong wind came up. In the cool morning, and free of mosquitoes, they made good time; but when their ten-mile paddle had brought them to the lake they found the water very rough. Even to reach a camping place they had to wade the canoe through shoal water over the delta sand-bars for two miles, through water from which the ice had moved only four days before. At noon, ten hours after they had set out, they pitched camp, had a meal, and turned in to sleep. At ten in the evening, and still broad daylight, they woke up to see the motor-boat *Helfraceda* coming inshore with Hornby's mail. They packed their gear quickly and took a tow from the motor-boat for five miles to the next possible stopping place—'a great help considering the swell after the storm on the Lake'. Here they spelled for bannock and pemmican and set out again at 2 a.m. on 12 June to paddle the seven miles to Grant Point: Edgar 'found the Load was pretty heavy to paddle along' on this stretch. The wind still prevented them from crossing to the entrance of Hornby Channel,² so they made camp again and slept on through the day until nine in the evening.

At 11.30 just as the sun was setting and the lake a blaze of light to the horizon, they set off to make the six-mile crossing to south-westerly entrance to Hornby Channel and the complex of islands and peninsulas that fills the eastern part of Slave Lake. 'I was now beginning to Enjoy the trip,' Edgar said, 'because of the Scenery & Surroundings which are wonderful. it is a great sensation to be paddling along over the rolling water without a sound Except that caused by wild life. The ducks were flying here & there & Loons were whistling in the distance & the water sounding on the shore which we were steadily drawing away from.' Then at about two in the morning Arctic terns came round the canoe. 'They seem to appear

from no where because they are all white & you cant see or hear them Coming. But when they see you they just make a bother all the time by swooping down & pecking your hat. or head. They are very plucky & treacherous Little devils & one soon dislikes them however nice they may Look when flying.’ Perhaps Hornby told Edgar how Bullock had once taken a photograph of him on the Thelon, swinging his rifle by the barrel to ward off the attacks of Arctic terns swooping down at his head.

On Preble Island, seeing gulls flying about, they lighted a fire and looked for eggs. Searching in the dim light they found ‘31 tern eggs, 2 gulls, and 4 snipe, 11 duck’. ‘What a feast it looked & we were all ready Harold having made the bannock’: but only six of the eggs were fit to eat—another sign of the late season. So they left the island at 2.30 a.m., made the four-mile traverse in a north-easterly direction, and at 3.30—just as the sun was rising—rigged a sail and set off on a northerly course with a following wind. The sun soon became hot. ‘I lay back in the canoe,’ Edgar noted in the diary, ‘feeling as if the sun was gently tanning me under the blue sky & thoroughly enjoying the life. Finally I dozed off & slept for an hour.’ Looking back over the traverse of the whole lake he told his father that

Sailing is simply A.1. when the wind is moderate & does not make the water all choppy & the Canoe Roll. One can lie back under the Canvas covering with the sun shining on your face & just take it easy & feel yourself gliding along making much better time than having to pull hard at the paddle all the time. When we sail I always thoroughly Enjoy life & must lie & think of B[ron] D[irion], & wish you were all here to Enjoy what I do.

They caught trout with trolls while they were sailing, and in nets when they camped; and Edgar ‘thought it was the best fish I had Ever had’. One day they sighted ‘any amount of flies & bugs of all sorts’ on the surface of the water, escaped from a forest fire which they could see still

burning fifteen miles away. When there was no wind they had to paddle and found it heavy work. Then the wind became too threatening, and they had to wait before they could sail with any safety.

We put up the sail & in spite of the roll on the water we got along just fine. I Lay back in The Canoe on top of the Load with the sun shining of the Left of us & fell asleep not because I was tired but it seemed to be the sensation of sailing along the motion of going forwards which you dont feel when paddling & seeing the white Clouds pass behind high above in the Air.

On what seems to have been 15 June—perhaps the day of Edgar’s sailing through reverie and sleep—they sighted two bald eagles and Hornby said they must have a nest somewhere close by.

The birds did not seem to be very Large at first sight but when we got closer they certainly looked fine flying round in the sun which showed up their markings Very vividly white head yellow bill & white tail & the rest all brownish red.

They soon sighted the nest at the top of a spruce tree and Hornby decided that he would like to climb up the tree if possible and that therefore they could ‘spell on the same Island & have a meal’. In the nest they found two young birds and ‘were able to get a couple of photos but not of the old birds who were flying round making a weird noise . . . just Like a farm cart with unoiiled wheel[s] coming along’.

This place must have been close to Pekatatui Point, the northern entrance to Hornby Channel; for they had not paddled any distance away from the eagle island when they sighted a canoe coming towards them. It proved to be four white men—‘They were all sweedish men’, Edgar said. Gene Olsen and Al Greathouse were two of them, the others could have been Emile Bode, and either Dan or Steve Bilida all of whom were working together on Mac-

kay Lake with Olsen and Greathouse in the season of 1927-8. They were on their way to Resolution after the winter's trapping. Although Hornby and his party had just had tea, they promptly stopped, made a camp-fire, and had 'a good meal' and 'a great chat'. Olsen later gave the position of this encounter as South of Et-then Island; the date seems to have been about 16 June.

They then paddled all afternoon, camped early in the evening, and got up at six the next morning. But again, they were no sooner under way than they met another group—this time apparently (or so they thought at first sight) all Indians, a family in a scow waiting to get a tow from a trader's motor-boat. 'On reaching the Scow Jack nudged me & said shake hands to all the Indians. This we all did & it pleased them immensely because . . .' But at this point in Edgar's book, after twenty-two pages of manuscript, a leaf has been torn out; and all that follows is part of two sentences, written in pencil, referring to Pike's Portage. Later reports show that a motor-boat turned up soon afterwards, driven by one Scotty Robb, a Northern Traders agent who had established a small outpost at Reliance. The motor-boat took the barge in tow and Hornby transferred his party to the scow for the rest of the journey to Reliance.

They had not been long under way when they met yet more trappers, apparently Matt Murphy and the young Buckley of the Bullock journey. The engine of their motor-boat had broken down east of Taltheilei Narrows; they were paddling back towards Reliance to get another engine, heard the trader's boat, and wanted to be carried the fifty miles back to Reliance. When they got into the scow they found Hornby, Adlard, and Christian on board. Hornby's complaint that 'This country is rapidly filling up with white-men' must have seemed to him painfully true, for—after these three encounters—they met, east of the Narrows, yet another group of trappers westward bound: Jim Cooley, the Stewart Brothers, and one or two other men. The Hornby party was by then travelling by canoe again. Cooley had no personal conversation with

Hornby's party; all the talk, he said, was 'between the crews' as they passed. But the Stewarts, who had been friends of Hornby's since the early days, twenty years before, at Lac Ste Anne, turned back to the eastward, and spent a day at Reliance 'chewing the rag'.

At Reliance there was now a small trading post on Fairchild Point not far from where Hornby had built his second house. Here Hornby declined to buy more provisions; and all the westbound trappers gave the same report—that Hornby had very little provision and no dogs. But Malcolm Stewart offered him any supplies he might need, 'so' Malcolm said later, 'took all the supplies their canoe would carry (Tea, sugar & Flour)'. The Stewarts turned back at Fairchild Point: they intended to go down the Thelon River that winter.

Hornby was at Reliance by 23 June or a little earlier. To his two companions, both green, the load in the big canoe seemed impressively heavy when it came to paddling or wading. Now the portaging would begin with the first three and a half mile leg of Pike's Portage with a lift of more than 500 feet. There is no certain record of the date the party left Reliance, though they seem to have been delayed in the end by ice in Charlton Bay. Did they go to see Hornby's two old cabins where he had starved, and Bullock's cache, near the ruins of Fort Reliance? It was probably well past the beginning of July when the big square-sterned canoe—designed for an outboard engine but not driven by one—moved away southerly from Fairchild Point towards Pike's Portage where Pike's lopstick—with the names of Warburton Pike and James Mackinlay cut in it—still marked the beginning of the trail. Nobody saw any of them alive after that.

* * *

There is no record of their journey into the Thelon River. Hornby, as things turned out, knew perfectly well where he was going, no matter what distracting or vague accounts he had given to other people. He remembered that

fine site on the Thelon where he and Bullock had stopped; they had agreed then that this was the best building site on the Thelon, on the high bank overlooking the river to the southward, with good building timber in that small thick tongue of spruce that had licked up the valley of the Thelon far beyond the general trend of the treeline. Here you could be on the edge of the Barren Ground, yet sheltered from the northerly winds. To reach it by canoe was about 350 miles from Reliance, and to get out would be about another 350 miles to Baker Lake as he and Bullock had travelled. One thing Hornby could be reasonably sure of was that, unlike the water approaches to Reliance from the westward immediately after the break-up, the country would not be overcrowded.

Edgar Christian had been impressed with the weight of their outfit when they were at Resolution; one wonders how they managed over Pike's Portage. Once into Artillery Lake they would be comfortable enough; and though some of the water in the rivers later would be treacherous and some of the portages steep or difficult, there was nothing so continuously exacting as Pike's Portage to the east of Artillery Lake. The ice cannot have been long out of Artillery Lake; it is even possible that ice delayed them here—H. S. Wilson two years later found ice in Artillery Lake in the second week of July. But Hornby was not tempted to try again the overland route he had taken with Bullock from the Casba River easterly in search of the Hanbury River. Did they stop to look at the traces of the winter camp on the top of the esker near Casba River? And was the Stewarts' stone dug-out still standing on the Casba River? And was there at this time (as Murphy later averred) a plentiful cache of food which the Stewarts had given Hornby permission to use if he needed? They took Tyrrell's route, northerly down the Casba River and into the Hanbury; and left two notes, each in a cairn according to the Northern custom, in a conspicuous place. One of these was addressed to the Stewarts, Cooley, and Buckley and was left in a snuffbox by the portage at the last rapids on the Casba River. The

note was dated; but Cooley and the Stewarts left the note behind and could not remember what date it bore.

Travelling slowly. Flies bad. Shot a fat buck caribou.
Hope to see you down the Hanbury this winter.

The second note was left thirty-five miles farther along the route, on the portage at the foot of Deville Lake, in a square can with screw top and wire handle that might have been used for fly-oil. It was addressed to 'Messrs. Stewart & Co^y;' and read:

About Aug. 5th 1926
Owing to bad weather and laziness,
travelling slowly. One big
migration of caribou passed. Expect
to see you all soon.

J. H.

They were indeed travelling slowly, without any sense of urgency and almost as though they had no destination in mind. At Deville Lake they were two months behind the date for the same position on the Bullock journey; they were nearly a month later than Wilson was when he found the note there two years later. If they meant to winter on the Thelon they still had 200 miles to go. At their present rate of travel they might well arrive as late as the middle of September and miss the southward migration of the caribou. That Hornby was aware of the caribou movements in that part of the country is perfectly clear from his *Caribou Report*. Yet he was travelling slowly 'owing to laziness'.

Beyond these two notes there would be no further documentary trace of their doings if Edgar Christian had not carried out the promise to his father of keeping a diary.

Edgar Christian's first entry after leaving Great Slave Lake was not made until 14 October 1926. The party was then establishing on the north bank of the Thelon, at the double bend in the river about forty miles below the junction with the Hanbury, at the place where Hornby and Bullock had gone ashore to inspect the timber site, the place where Hornby had often said he would come back and establish. There is no way of saying what they had been doing in the four months since they had started over Pike's Portage, or even in the ten weeks or more since they had left the note in a cairn at Campbell Lake. Within the shelter of the fine stand of spruce they had begun to build, where the timber was long and thick enough to make a small cabin, where there were signs of axe cuts thirty or forty years old—perhaps Tyrrell's. By 14 October the walls of the cabin were up, the roof was well started; all three spent the afternoon digging sand out of the inside of the cabin making more headroom by making the building half a dugout. As a protection against the northerly winter gales this was a sound precaution.

They were still living in tents—it is not clear at what precise point they moved into the cabin—but the first snow had fallen. The temperatures were still moderate though below freezing. They had set out a trap line and had not yet finished packing in from the Barrens the last of a caribou they had killed there. Hornby had captured a white fox alive, probably to amuse Edgar (though one recalls the grim episode of the wolf-cubs on the Casba); on the evening of the 15th they caught another—'a good companion to our other little captive'. They were preoccupied with hunting; even work on the cabin was less important than hunting. Edgar was up before breakfast on the 18th sewing his moccasins so that he could travel on snowshoes to look for caribou; by the end of the morning the snowshoe harness cutting his feet forced him to return home. But in the evening 'Jack returned . . . with glad news having seen thirty caribou on a distant ridge behind camp so tomorrow we all go out in last effort for winter's grub'. But already they were rationalising their earlier fail-

ure; they must have decided that they had missed the best of the caribou and could at this date not expect the most desirable provision; for Edgar entered on 19 October, the day after the sighting:

We all started out early to see if caribou were grazing still on ridge behind camp but were disappointed in seeing nothing for miles around & as a strong cold N.E. wind was blowing & caribou in any case having no fat on we decided to turn back & finish fixing up the house. Weather much colder all day but river still flowing. - 8° F.

Next day there was a strong wind with heavy drift. Jack and Harold went round the trap line and found nothing. So on the 21st—‘another very windy unpleasant day’—they developed films in the morning and in the afternoon worked at the house, particularly building the porch to protect the south-facing door. The house was small—only fourteen feet square—and once the sand had been dug out of the inside, the walls allowed between six to six and a half feet of headroom. The door faced the river and the south, looking down the steep bank the hundred yards to the river and across the river at the extension of the spruce wood there.

Beside the door they cut a small window through the logs; and a similar window in the east and the west wall, each being only about a foot square because of the difficulty of providing an insulating substitute for the glass they could not bring. With sand and gravel from the hillside they banked up the north wall almost to the level of the roof as protection against the north winds which—though broken in their assault by the fringe of trees lying between the house and the open barrens—could be expected as a pitiless accompaniment of the winter weather. The roof, made of light poles set across a double ridge-pole, was covered with a layer of shingle and earth, but the season must have been too late to hope that this could provide a frozen waterproof layer against the snow. The pitch of the roof could be relatively flat to save timber;

for no great depth of snow falls in and near the eastern Barrens, and no excessive weight was to be expected on the roof. The stove, according to sense and custom, was set up in the centre of the cabin; furniture was of the most primitive sort. They built a small log storehouse to the east of the cabin, and put there the oars and ammunition and tools; it was probably intended as a food cache in case wolverines and other predators were troublesome. By the middle of October there was still plenty to do, even though three strong men could quickly put together, with axe and auger, the fundamentals of the house.

On 22 October Edgar walked fruitlessly around the trap line while Hornby and Harold fitted a door to the cabin and made bunks. Nothing living was on the move except ptarmigan. The next day, in better weather, they all walked out on the Barrens to bring in the last of the caribou carcass, and found they had left nothing of value behind. One of the traps held a wolverine—a ‘scratching, struggling & snarling, voracious brute’; they felt no compunction in killing one of these nimble powerful thieves who rouse in woodsmen the same unreasonable hatred that sharks do in sailors.

On 24 October Edgar found a white fox in a trap near their camp ‘by a mere fluke’. The weather was none too good that day, so Edgar worked in the house and fixed up a hand sleigh ‘to haul logs or caribou’. The first blizzard struck them the next day—25 October—‘snowing hard from SE with terrific wind’—which continued for four days. On the first day, Edgar noted that ‘Being in all day was like Sunday in civilisation’.

Two days after the storm had stopped, the diary breaks off, not to be resumed until almost a month later on 21 November. Their need to hunt, and to hunt productively, was clamorous now that the heavy winter had set in. In the last seventeen days of October, with rifles, traps, and nets, they had taken one fox, two weasels, one wolverine, one Whisky Jack (Canada Jay), and some mice. They still had some caribou but that could not last for long; they had some stock of fish bait; otherwise only

staples. They were not starving; but they had defied the immemorial custom of the North in failing to lay in plenty of caribou in September.

* * *

When Edgar Christian resumed his diary he wrote:

21st November and wintry. Storming all day on barrens so had to lay up all day which meant 1 day less hunting owing to lack of grub.

They were evidently then hunting from a cache established upriver from the cabin. The precise position of the cache is not known, though Edgar gives its distance from the cabin as sixteen miles, that is about half-way from the cabin to the junction of the Thelon and Hanbury Rivers, and so probably at the complex islanded wide turn of the river immediately below Grassy Island.³ Hornby seems to have left some provisions here on his way in; and now he had some sort of shelter there, perhaps a brush windbreak though certainly nothing as substantial as a cabin. They had chosen this position in the hope of finding musk ox and caribou in the same area where Hornby had seen them earlier in the season. But the diary entry for 21 November shows them 'short of grub' there. On 22 November the wind dropped and allowed them to travel: they walked upriver and along the ridges all morning, turning back at noon. They saw tracks of caribou that had been travelling south in front of the storm but no caribou.

Already Christian was beginning to show signs that his physical condition was deteriorating: 'On way home wind strong & very cold could not keep face & hands warm at all.' When they returned to the shelter at dusk they had travelled sixteen miles. Next day, discouraged by the stormy weather, the absence of game, the shortage of food, they made a meagre breakfast of bannock and 'started early to walk back to main shack'. The wind was bitterly cold and strong enough to force them to keep to

the river for shelter. It took them five hours to travel the sixteen miles back to the cabin.

The prime object of their journey had been to hunt; yet on the day after their return—though Hornby had been out on the Barrens looking for caribou and had seen nothing—Edgar (relishing the trout Harold had caught in the river) regretted that, having ‘hunted over all country as marked “Musk ox numerous”—that is, according to Tyrrell’s map, for a considerable distance both above and below the cabin—they had ‘seen none to get Photographic records of in winter scenes’. So far their trapping was still primarily for fur, not food. If Hornby was worried about their supplies, he had not conveyed his anxiety to Edgar Christian. But the account of the last days of November shows that Hornby now regarded the position critical and the need for decisive action imperative.

On the 25th Hornby set a net in the willows to catch ptarmigan; they saw nothing on the Barrens, and there were no fish on the hooks. On the 27th they went to look at the ptarmigan net and frightened twenty birds away; they took no game that day, and ‘all took it easy being cold day & having no meat’. The 27th was a little better— ‘A fine day but we are all taking life easy to economize in grub’, but Edgar found a fox in a trap. That day Edgar sounded the first note of alarm: ‘Jack dug up all the fish left 60 in all which will last just 2 weeks & then if we have no meat we will be in a bad way.’

On the 28th Hornby saw nothing on the Barrens; the other two stayed listless in the house. The next day was no better; but that night ‘Harold made a pack of cards which will now help to pass the evenings by’—but, Edgar added, ‘I wish to goodness there was no time for cards.’ The last day of the month Jack and Edgar travelled ‘a considerable distance’ down the river and ‘covered a large area’ but saw nothing but hare tracks. ‘So this now means camping out again up-stream.’

The 1st of December was ‘a beautiful day’; they ‘all took life easy & made ready to go hunting’ the next day. But this time, perhaps because Edgar had suffered so

much from the cold on their last trip to the upriver cache and so perhaps had hampered the free movement of the party, Edgar was to stay behind while Hornby and Adlard, with four days' provisions, made a hunting party. The hunters set off early on a fine day, the weather a little hazy over the barrens. Edgar cut wood in the morning and in the afternoon 'put down floorboards'. He found no birds in the ptarmigan net, and saw no fresh tracks. There was no wind all day and by night the temperature had dropped to - 37. He could always, he told his diary, 'find lots of odd jobs to do & keep busy all the time'; but he admitted that 'the place seems very desolate & I feel certainly lonely by myself'. Next day the temperature had risen but a hard south-westerly wind was blowing. Edgar again put in floor-boards and tidied up the house generally, but noted at the fringe of attention that the gale and drift meant '1 day's less hunting for Jack'. Next day, 4 December, true to the discipline of occupying himself fully, Edgar meant to visit the traps on the Barrens; but he tripped carrying a log to the house, was struck in the middle of the back—this 'laying me out for the time & keeping me indoors resting'. 'The monotonous silence,' he noted, 'was broken during the day by a flock of little American white-winged crossbills coming around.' By evening he was able to go out to the ptarmigan net but found nothing; took a last look to see whether the hunters were coming back; then at about four in the afternoon, after dark, after he had given up hope of their return that day, 'Jack & Harold arrived after their fruitless journey'.

* * *

In fourteen days, despite two extended hunting expeditions, they had taken only five large trout and one fox. What they needed most was fat or sugar; without caribou they could not have the one, and their staple supply of the other was very limited. The entry for 5 December suggests some formulation of policy to meet their difficulty. They were resting 'to economize grub'; and 'now we must

throw up trapping and practically den up and get hold of any grub we can without creating big appetite by hunting in short cold days'.

On 6 December they took stock. 'On counting fish [we] see there are enough for 14 days at 2 per day & then we only have 100 lbs [of] flour between us till spring when Caribou ought to come again.' That day they prospered a little: Edgar got a fox on the barrens—'damn thin & not even a meal for us'—and Harold killed a wolverine 'in fair condition'; so they had 'a good meal'. They seem also to have had some of the October caribou still, for they had a 'meal of caribou' on 7 December and 'found him good eating'.

For the next three weeks their fortunes altogether improved a little. Almost every day they took some game—a ptarmigan, a trout, a hare: never much, and the cost was high. Hornby, despite the deepening cold with temperatures as low as - 42, worked hard to set a net in the river. He spent hours, day after day, exposed on the river ice, working even by night in moonlight in savage temperatures, protecting his hands from frostbite by immersing them in the freezing water—setting, hauling, freeing, mending the fishnet. Harold might not be 'feeling quite the ticket' every day, and Edgar suffered cruelly from the cold; but Hornby seemed impervious to the cold and altogether unruffled. On 12 December Edgar walked out to the traps on the barrens and took a fox 'too poor to make a meal' and found on returning that he had frozen his knee while setting the traps: 'so now I must be very careful with it'. The net was finally set on 18 December, but they were disappointed to find next day that, instead of a large catch of trout, there was nothing in the net and the ice had frozen the net and floats into a complicated snarl that took two days of chopping to clear; and it took another two days to repair the damage.

Some days they took nothing; twice they were cheated of their take, when a wolverine ate a hare in a trap, and an owl mutilated the only ptarmigan in the bird-net. On the three days before Christmas they took nothing, but

their spirits rose as Christmas approached. Edgar cut wood all day the 23rd 'to carry us well over Christmas'; and they started to thaw out for Christmas dinner that great Northern delicacy—caribou head. On Christmas Eve there was no wind and a temperature of - 45. 'Everyone in England doing last shopping I suppose,' Edgar wrote, '& here we are rustling grub.'

His entry for Christmas however, was gay enough—

Christmas Day & although it seems hardly credible I enjoyed the feast as much as any, although we had nothing in sight for tomorrow's breakfast. When we awoke today we had made up our minds to enjoy ourselves as best as the circumstances would permit. Our frugal meals of rich bannock [I] enjoyed as much as a turkey. During the day we put in the net successfully now we hope for the best. I went round marten trail & got 1 hare (breakfast). A Wolverine had upset 2 traps & got away but I reset everything & hope tomorrow he is in. Weather much warmer by 20°F. Only - 28° at dusk. I hope everyone in England has enjoyed today, & at the same time hope to God we rustle enough grub for a month from now & not wish we had not feasted today.

But Christmas was not much more than a pitiful oasis of high spirits, generated perhaps mostly for Edgar's benefit. The days that followed brought little game, and on the 28th Edgar noted: 'We are now very shy on candles, only 18 left & this means long nights & denning up to save grub.' After a three-day blank, Edgar found two foxes in one trap— 'both in fair condition'—and Jack got a fat ptarmigan from the net. That was on the last day of the year. The year cannot be said to have ended propitiously.

By 3 January they had started methodically to gather in all the fish and meat they could remember discarding earlier in the season: 'under one tree . . . a very welcome addition to the larder 14 white fish we had thrown there for bait if wanted' and 'a cache of meat we have quite forgotten having not eaten it before owing to not being good'. These deposits, rejected earlier as inedible, they

now ate 'with relish'. They were taking a little game too, but surviving at a terrible cost.

The first sign of serious tension appears on 7 January: 'Harold went for a walk up creek I think, he said nothing all morning before going & never spoke for some time after coming in which makes things so unpleasant for us.' Edgar's admiration for Hornby had steadily grown. The two were inseparable. The boys' bunks were on the east side of the cabin, Hornby's in the north-west corner. Adlard was odd man out and cannot have failed to feel with increasing force his isolation from their mutual affection. His was never a sunny disposition; he was given rather to brooding, introverted, resentful. Perhaps he had now decided that the predicament of the whole party was not entirely accidental. If in a quite adult way he had now discovered that this was no longer an 'adventure' but an ineluctable struggle against death with the dice loaded against them, his moroseness is not difficult to understand. He was no child; he was old enough to be physically tough. He was stronger, more resourceful, more skilful than Edgar Christian; his short experience of the trail combined with his farm and homestead experience had combined to turn him into an effective hunter (when there was anything to hunt). Whatever his emotional state or his attitude towards the other two, he was determined to contribute not less than his share as a hunter. There was still a possibility that he alone—acting on his own account, and without reckoning too much on what Hornby would do—might be able to save the party.

As the first days of the new year passed, Hornby and Adlard were constantly and restlessly at work—walking, hunting, setting traps, working at the river. January was a bitter month: the warmest temperature recorded by Edgar Christian was - 10, the coldest - 54. One blizzard lasted for three days and at the end of it—on 12 January—they 'all measured out grub today'. They had '8 cups each [?of sugar] per month for 2 months & enough flour for 20 days at the present rate. Meat for 1 day & bones.' By the 14th they were boiling sinews and tendons to eat,

and next day Hornby pounded bones to get grease from them. Caribou marrow frozen or thawed, is considered a delicacy in the North: to pound caribou leg-bones for marrow is not necessarily the desperate expedient of a starving man. But they were now hungry; and Edgar's daily task was to pound up bones to boil for the grease without which they could not even make good bannock—without which they could not even keep warm.

* * *

For nine days they took no game at all. For lack of fat they felt the cold badly—particularly as their failure to kill caribou deprived them of skin clothes against the winter weather. Their dilemma was that they could do very little without using up energy that could not be replaced; any activity gave them a ravenous appetite which they could not now satisfy. Then on the 18th things took a sudden turn for the better. Despite low temperatures— - 47, - 38, - 24, - 42, - 54 on successive days—Hornby and Adlard did well with their rifles—a wolverine, two foxes, seven ptarmigan—and in the traps a hare, a fox, and a wolverine. But there were also days when they took nothing, when they had to stay in to shelter from the cold and the wind, and grew listless from their inability to keep working.

Only Hornby seemed indefatigable: there were very few days that he did not manage, whatever the condition of wind, snow, or cold, to make some foray, to visit nets or traps, to gaze across the barrens from the ridge behind the house, even though he seldom brought home game from these bleak enterprises. Somehow they reached the end of the first month—January; and Edgar wrote: 'At last the end of the worst month is over & still grub on hand for 10 days but damn slim at that.' But he also noted, on that 'very cold day', when the wind was blowing hard out of the north and the temperature - 30, that 'Harold went out & got [his] nose frozen which means denning up more & eating less grub because impossible

to go hunting if any danger of freezing'. Edgar could visit traps; he never seems to have shot anything. Adlard was an indispensable hunter, and now an increasingly effective hunter. If he were to be incapacitated by frostbite, the power of the party to find its own living would be halved.

But Adlard did not give up easily. And so February opened in more promising style than they had seen since October. On 1 February, going out near the house, Adlard saw caribou crossing the river in a northerly direction. He eventually shot one and wounded another. Hornby and Christian went out at dusk to carry all the meat in so that the wolves would not get it, and arrived back 'long after dark with heavy packs'. There was a strong wind; it was bitterly cold; the snow was drifting badly. So they had 'a great day of feasting' and hoped to get the wounded caribou the next day and perhaps a calf as well. First thing next morning, Hornby and Christian set out in bright sunlight for the Barrens but saw nothing. Christian soon started to freeze his face, and so had to turn into the sun and make for home. Hornby found nothing; but, Edgar wrote, 'now we have grub on hand things are better & gives one a chance to have a damn good square meal even if we go shy a little later on'.

They never found the wounded caribou. The one caribou, scrawny and devoid of fat, was all gone in six days, even with prudent rationing; it was so 'poor' that they seemed to use up as much fat and sugar in preparing and eating it as if they had not had the meat. They seem to have abandoned the fishnet in the river; the succession of very cold nights had probably made it impossible to keep pace with the ice. On the night of the 6th they could hear from the cabin '20 or 30 ptarmigan sleeping close to [the] house but we have no means to catch them in the dark and hope they go into [the] net in [the] morning'. Next day there was a 'terrific wind': they saw no ptarmigan, and took nothing that day or the next. So on the 9th Hornby went out to the Barrens again 'to bring in some frozen blood from barrens where caribou was killed which makes great mixture with flour'. On 11 February

Edgar does not conceal the situation—on a day when the north wind was driving snow at a temperature of - 15: ‘Hope to God, we get caribou soon as nothing seems to get in traps, and flour is nearly gone & we are grovelling round for rotten fish.’

Regardless of the cold— - 28, - 31, - 45 —Hornby was out on the Barrens almost every day. Once or twice he saw tracks, but no animals. By the middle of February Edgar could scarcely endure the cold outside at all; one of Hornby’s hands had got frost-bitten, but he would pay no attention to the injury; Adlard was still confined to the cabin with his frost-bitten face. On 14 February Edgar wrote:

Except for the fact that half another month is gone with still grub in sight today has been the worst for a long time. We all stayed in & did little but grovel for fish scraps. Very strong north wind.

The same the next day, except that the wind dropped in the evening and Hornby got out to the Barrens but saw nothing. Stock-taking on the 16th showed that ‘we have 12 cups of flour and 20 lbs of sugar & hides for food now’. The bad weather continued, with temperatures of - 40, - 50, - 40, or high winds keeping them indoors to spend a day ‘in scraping hides & fish-skins to eat’. Or if Edgar went out, he ‘got nothing but damn cold’. On the 19th he thought they had reached ‘the beginning of the end of winter for it is turning warmer’; but Hornby was not feeling well, though he went out to look at traps; he and Christian went in opposite directions with blankets wrapped around their heads against the cold. And at last Adlard was able to get out to cut wood even if he was not yet well enough to hunt.

But enforced idleness had not improved tempers. On 22 February Edgar wrote:

A nice warm day & Harold, thinking it nice [? weather] declined to cut wood as Jack asked him to but suggested

going for a walk in the afternoon, not quite playing the game considering that we have been out on intense cold days all this month & cut wood on the cold days as well while he makes some excuse of his face freezing. Today I stayed in all the time feeling rotten & Jack is in the same condition but took a look for Ptarmigan seeing none.

Adlard, refreshed by his long rest, was now the strongest man in the party. The next day he went out on the Barrens and sighted forty caribou. But caribou are timid, alert animals in the open at this season; he could not get close enough for a shot. Next morning the three men set out in different directions, Hornby having decided during the night that it would be best to have a good breakfast with plenty of sugar to give them the energy for a sustained hunt. But it was not long before Hornby and Edgar became exhausted and were forced to return. Adlard continued to hunt alone and managed to kill one young calf. Next day, 25 February, Hornby and Adlard packed the meat in, the weather allowing them to get it all in before the wolves could get it. Hornby, from carrying 'a very heavy pack' in a strong north-wester at - 16, was exhausted; Edgar caught a fox in the traps. A storm the following day was a disguised blessing; without any loss of dignity they all could stay in and rest, enjoying 'an excellent feed of boiled caribou head which is the first good meal for weeks now'. It was a good Shrove Tuesday; the end, they hoped, rather than the beginning of a forty days' fast. Their rest lasted for three days and brought them to the end of the month. Food was short certainly, but the days were getting warmer and longer.

* * *

Hornby realised, despite their short respite, that his own physical condition was now deteriorating rapidly and that he must make a final effort—to the limit of his endurance—to get caribou before he was completely inca-

pacitated. On 3 March they decided 'to hunt around here 1 more day & if nothing comes along, tomorrow Jack & Harold go to the [upriver] cache & hunt on the way'. Adlard hunted along the south bank of the river, Hornby and Edgar along the northern side, and took nothing. The way they spelled by the creek ' & had a tiny piece of bannock & pot of tea' suggests their exiguous resources both of food and energy. Their departure on the 4th had to be postponed 'not because of getting grub here but [because of] a snowstorm'; and almost the first note of real desperation enters the diary.

Things looking none too good for if we can find nothing around here in a day or so we shall have to move until we get meat and camp out.

The seriousness of their position—though Edgar does not say this—turned very much upon their immobility. If only they had had dogs they could have moved; they could have travelled at large to hunt, even though Hornby in the past had grown disgusted with the way dogs could spoil the hunt; they could even have travelled—now that the winter had set all things firm—back to Reliance (though there was now no certainty of there being people there) or (if there were any prospect of finding any inhabitants) to Baker Lake. With dogs the trip would not be formidable: a week or ten days at most. And even if their condition were none too good or their provision much attenuated, one imagines that they could still have managed the journey given a little luck. The lack of dogs caught them in a circle: to travel on foot, either if the snow conditions were difficult or in a cold wind, expended too much of their energy to leave any reserve for the essential activity of hunting. Once clear of the cabin and its warmth and the shelter it gave to their enfeebled constitutions, they were at the mercy of cold, debility, hunger. The balance was already so fine that one serious accident, the loss of one man's effectiveness, would jeopardise the whole party. There is no escaping the tragic conclusion

that Edgar Christian, with the best will in the world—devoted to John Hornby, devoted to the death—though he was courageous and willing, could not stand the cold, could not hunt effectively and was therefore a continuous charge upon the other two. For Hornby to leave Edgar behind alone in the cabin was dangerous enough, as the accident that occurred in his first solitude had shown. There was no alternative now. Edgar, too weak to stand the cold, would detain the whole party if they all travelled together.

On 5 March, the Saturday after Ash Wednesday, Hornby and Adlard set out at midday for the upriver cache, the day very mild but threatening storm. They took '1 pot of sugar each & whatever other grub they have will be what little flour there is there [at the cache] or what they hunt'. Edgar himself thought he was 'well fixed here for several days': he hoped to catch something in the traps and so save what food was in the cabin. That afternoon he shot a ptarmigan 'which made an excellent meal for tea'. Next day the expected storm did not break. Christian walked for four hours over the Barrens looking for caribou but saw nothing, and had just returned to the cabin when Hornby arrived back. Edgar's entry is grim: 'Jack . . . had had no sleep during the night [or] not much for as a wolverine had packed it [the cache] off & broken into camp . . . Plans are now to go back to cache as soon as everything here is fixed safe & hunt from there as we are out of grub. Harold foot-sore with 5 days grub is waiting for us.' Hornby had brought a hare back with him, shot on the way home: it made an 'excellent supper'.

During the four days it took them to get ready to leave, the weather grew a little warmer, though it was still as much as - 30 at night: some birds could be heard singing, and there was a Whisky Jack about, so that Edgar thought it 'a shame to have to leave in a day or so & have to camp out & hunt food'. Finally they got away at 2.30 on the afternoon of the 10th, and had not gone far up river when Hornby found a wolverine in one of their traps at the bend of the river. Hornby, already carrying a heavy

pack, put the carcass of the wolverine on top. The snow was soft; there was a strong wind; temperature just above zero. They reached the cache at dark and found Adlard disconsolate there; for he had shot only four ptarmigan and had seen no caribou though they had seen tracks on the way.⁴

For this journey—his first winter journey of any extent from the cabin—Edgar took with him a small *Canadian Pocket Diary* for 1926 which he had bought in Edmonton: this would avoid the risk of losing or damaging his main diary. Under dates for January—the date correct, but the month and day of the week wrong—Christian made five terse entries in pencil recording the trip, writing them up more fully in his other diary after his return. On the 11th—the day after reaching the cache—they were tied down by a snowstorm. They rested and refreshed themselves by eating the wolverine. The day's rest was good for Hornby after the exertions of the day before; but Christian hoped they would be able to move next day 'as we are now in Condition after Wolverine'. Because Adlard had neglected to mend his snowshoes the day before, they could not get away until noon. It was a much colder day. They travelled west, spelled at two in the afternoon in a clump of trees, made tea, and saw a raven going north—which made Edgar think 'Caribou must be on the move'. While they were there a snowstorm came up and they could not see their way. During the afternoon, hoping to find the river, they walked across a lake—which must have been south-west of the cache. At five they sheltered in 'a clump of heavy timber' and made camp. Here they had only hide to eat. Christian slept a little; Hornby and Adlard ominously refused to sleep at all.

'Seeing how conditions were in the morning it was obviously foolish to carry on,' Edgar said in his large diary afterwards. The 'Snowstorm was not so bad' as it had been the day before: at least they could travel. They were all tired from lack of sleep; they were hungry after their breakfast of boiled hides; their packs were heavy, and the

snow soft and deep. They took turns at breaking the trail and so—after what they took to be eight miles of walking—reached the river.⁵ Here they spelled, made tea, ate some hide and sugar, and despite their half-exhausted state decided that it was better to keep going ‘knowing [that] we would have a camp fixed for the night if we got to the cache & also hide mat which we could eat’. This prospect, unattractive enough as it was, was a promising step towards ‘get[ting] back home as soon as possible’. This was not a strategic withdrawal; it was a full-scale retreat *sauve qui peut*.

They reached the cache very late that night. Edgar soon fell asleep, exhausted as perhaps he never had been before. But again Hornby and Adlard ‘did not sleep but sat by the fire all night’. This is the clearest sign of their critical condition; for Hornby had said on an earlier occasion, when his own situation at Reliance was desperate: ‘Sleep is a terrible danger. Certainly there are nights when you *must* keep awake.’ They had had little enough luck in the past; they had none now. On the 14th there was ‘a real hurricane blowing’. Unable to move out of the shelter of the cache, they spent the day preparing hide to eat and resting up. It was ten below zero that night. They had no tea left. If the snow did not stop and the wind abate, they would do well if they ever left that shelter.

Next day, the 15th—eleven days since Adlard had left the cabin, five days since Christian had set out—they were able to start at noon, using the hand sled. But they found the travelling ‘very bad indeed’. They were all ‘feeling as weak & feeble as anything & intensely cold’. Pulling a load through soft snow in that condition was a pitiless self-torture; but they could not risk another night in the open. By eight in the evening they made a final dash for the cabin, dumping everything they could leave behind and going on ‘with bare necessities’. On the last stretch in the dark Hornby ‘fell and must have hurt himself badly’. It seems to have taken them another couple of hours to reach the cabin. Christian was incapacitated when they arrived. Hornby, despite his fall, was the only

one in command of himself: 'Jack was a marvel, light[ed] fire, made tea & cut firewood.' The cabin must have been like a tomb, for the frost had been in it for five days. Christian fell asleep about 11.30.

Next day they rested, doing as little as possible, though Hornby went out and killed a ptarmigan. A peculiar irony awaited their return: 'In our absence caribou & wolverine past close to the house . . . so it shows what a mistake moving from a warm house was.' Edgar never referred to this again. Perhaps if they could rest a little they could get out and hunt. They needed something. Now Hornby, though 'he will keep a-going and doing most work and [carrying] heavy packs', was looking 'very poor'. If their lives hung on a thread, it was not a very substantial one: for the calculated risk of a wide-ranging winter hunt for caribou had exhausted them. They were lucky to have survived that hunt. Unless their fortunes changed, and changed soon, they would never be able to move so far from the cabin again.

* * *

On the 17th Hornby killed a hare and two ptarmigan; on the 18th they suffered from 'weariness and lack of any energy' and could catch nothing because of the weather, but they heard a raven and Edgar hoped again that 'it means caribou coming—a change of wind might easily cause them to come north'. On the 19th they caught a Whisky Jack and promptly ate it 'between us': they had now 'four meals in sight'. That day Hornby sighted eight caribou travelling north-east across the Barrens, but in the strong NE. wind could not follow them. At night the temperature dropped to - 36 and in the morning Hornby was out on the Barrens with field-glasses looking for the caribou. There was a restless west wind and Edgar wrote: 'I hope tomorrow we can pick up something as grub is very low now and the weather is liable to storm.' Then a blizzard came down. Withdrawn into the tenuous comfort of the dark little house, they could only wait; and Hornby, con-

cerned now to bolster their determination to live on, 'read part of an old diary to us today'. This must have been part of his journal of 1920-1, the first starving winter at Reliance; Hornby, as part of the source of material for his book *In the Land of Feast or Famine*, had brought with him a typescript copy of this diary. Christian commented ingenuously: 'it makes one fully appreciate the meaning of it all now that I am under similar but not severe conditions'. Hornby's diary had told of times, in March six years before, when he was too feeble to do more than wrap a blanket around his head and crawl on hands and knees to his fishing place almost a mile away. Their condition, Hornby was arguing silently, was still not as bad as that: yet Hornby—witness his presence—had survived even that. They too could survive.

On the 22nd March the wind was strong, the temperature low, and Edgar, trying to shoot at ptarmigan near the house, fumbled at his rifle without mitts and froze his right hand. On the 24th Hornby was out on the Barrens all day, until nine at night, and saw nothing. The caribou, they calculated, 'should be here in a week at least and that should end the strain and troubles and give us a chance to take a whole day to eat and rest'.

Nothing coming in but time is surely passing and although we may go damn hungry we can keep on till caribou come north and then what feasting we can have. Only a matter of patience really but very trying mentally and physically for we are weak and easily tired on 2 meals of hide per day.

Hornby had to stay in one day; then Christian had to den up; then on the 28th 'Harold did not go up river today. Because I am in I suppose?'; and Hornby saw two caribou in the distance. A storm came down on the 29th again and they 'could do nothing but grovel for scraps to pass away the time'. On the 30th Hornby shot seven ptarmigan and Edgar added two more. On the last day of the month there was a strong wind and trouble with Adlard

was brewing again. 'Harold very grumpy all day seems to think he is ill so Jack made him get out and get wood and we two had a good rest.'

* * *

After the ptarmigan were taken on 30 March there was an interval of seventeen days before they took any game of any kind. Their condition was now deteriorating very rapidly, and by the end of that empty period Hornby was dying. On 1 April he first admitted that his left leg, injured apparently in the homecoming fall a fortnight before, was causing him acute pain; perhaps (Edgar thought) a change in the weather had brought it on, but it prevented him from getting much sleep. But as long as he could move outside the cabin, he never stopped his crazy, scabbling search for food for the party. He was almost certainly starving himself surreptitiously for the benefit of his companions. Unable to kill anything, he took advantage of milder weather on 2 April to walk out to the place where Adlard had killed the caribou in February and collect 'a little blood which made an excellent snack'. Adlard was now feeling ill, and found the effort of fetching wood and water almost more than he could manage.

April 4 was a turning-point: that day Hornby made his last expedition to the Barrens—a pitiful search for the paunch of the February caribou. Edgar, realising how momentous the occasion was, entered his diary twice that day.

April 4th. I now write today's diary as far as it goes to make sure of it. Jack during night decided that as the weather seemed milder he should make an attempt to get in Caribou guts from Barrens as his leg is getting worse and he feels it is the last day he can move on no more grub than we have without eating Wolverine [?hide]. Harold dug up fish scraps and bones from bait pile and cooked them up. Meanwhile I rested and Jack kept on saying he would be all in and absolutely crocked when

he eventually got home again and that we would have to carry on. What a mental strain it was. I felt homesick as never before and hope to God they know not what Jack is suffering. I rubbed his leg amidst tears and he had saved a little Fox meat for me to eat. This cheered me up, I suppose I was crumbling up because of no grub but still, by midday Jack started, all muffled up, looking as cold as charity and could hardly walk. I wish I could buck the cold more and share his hardships, but he has a mind and will of his own which no one else has got. I now sit here with Harold frying up bits of fish to eat and wait for Jack, who by now must be icy cold in the Barrens.

Five hours later Hornby got back to the cabin. He had got very cold digging in the snow and had not found what he was looking for. The attempt, though fruitless, brought release to all of them: 'Jack feels content . . . this makes us all feel better and more optimistic.'

On 5 April they started burning logs from the storehouse because none of them was strong enough to cut fresh wood. Edgar found, after three days' abstention, that he was too weak to drink tea so gave it up altogether. Hornby was resting his leg after his exertions on the Barrens. Now the real menace came from Adlard. 'Harold talks like an old woman all day in the house and [is an] awful worry to Jack who is the only one really suffering pain.' At first Edgar could say— 'Time moves on, each day longer and when fine weather comes Caribou more likely to come so we hang on, hoping for the best in a good warm house.' But it was not as simple as that. With prolonged starvation, the circle of loyalty shrinks, until the horizon of the mind is limited to a dreadful apathetic self-preoccupation, exquisitely sensitive to repel any intrusion upon the inner desolation. On the morning of the 6th there was a sharp outburst:

Jack had to curse Harold eventually to stop his carrying on and it was like water on a duck's back. He is very queer at times now and one must keep an eye on him at

all times till we get grub. Poor devil must be feeling bad but we are all feeling just the same and I find it Hell to move around at all.

Hornby took a walk and looked unsuccessfully for ptarmigan on the 6th. They were living now on scraps and bones. For a couple of days he spoke of going out on the Barrens again, but weather prevented him. Harold Adlard—‘Not normal today’ Edgar said on the 7th—was plunged in self-pity and complaints. Hornby and Christian could scarcely stand, yet they watched Adlard warily, their nerves torn to shreds by his insistent and perpetual aimless movement in and out of the house, never still, never accomplishing anything, never finishing anything. Physically the fittest of the three, his resolution seemed utterly to be broken; afraid of himself, afraid that he had passed the limit of his endurance, he was draining from the others what emotional energy they had left. Hornby and Christian, in their affection for each other, and in the silent understanding that needed neither commentary nor emphasis, were much stronger than Harold Adlard: perhaps it was their strength that was breaking Adlard, adding the reproof of their endurance to the bitterness of his personal isolation.

Edgar Christian’s resentment mounted steadily; but his concern was for Hornby who, collapsing on the 9th with the pain of his leg, denied Edgar the luxury of his resentment against Adlard and denied Adlard the luxury of his self-pity. That night they cut up ‘the best pelt of all to eat, a beautiful Wolverine’; after that they had four more but none of them with any food value. On the 10th, when Hornby was ‘looking very bad and speaks very weak and seems to be all in’, when Adlard showed no sign of rousing himself, Edgar took a walk to the traps and found nothing. He saw two chicken hawks and interpreted these as ‘the first sign of Spring coming’. Hornby, he said, still wanted to go on to the Barrens to find the caribou guts; but, Edgar said, ‘he is not fit at all and I hope to God we can get some game very soon. I can’t last forever as I am,

I am sure, and Jack has gone too far already. ' That night Hornby wrote his will and the two boys signed it.

April 10th 1927

The Last Statement
of John Hornby.

I hereby bequeath
to Edgar Vernon
Christian everything
I may die possessed
of & [come] all which
might later come.
April 10th 1927.

Witnessed by. Edgar Vernon Christian
and. Harold. Challoner. Evan. Adlard.

Writing retrospectively at nine the next morning, Edgar said:

Situation is now very serious. Jack last night told both Harold and myself that he felt he was sinking fast and might pass away at any moment, so he talked to us as to what should be done. I promised him I can carry on for 5 days on Wolverine hide, doing heavy work and hunting. Harold took a walk after Ptarmigan last evening which proved he can walk, so Jack has told him he must get on to the Barrens and dig up the Caribou paunch. I am myself capable but do not know even where they are and Jack says I must keep my energy in case Caribou come on the river in a day or so. Last night Jack said he could last a week if I would, but he had a bad night, legs paining and now he says that 2 days is the most. Harold kept the fire all night while in vain I tried to rest, but how can I now under such worry?

By 10.15 Hornby was in atrocious pain; with each spasm Christian was afraid his heart would fail. They urged Ad-

lard, despite a bitter wind blowing, to search for the caribou paunch again. He left at noon, and after he had gone Hornby cheered up a little, saying that 'he will pull through at all costs as he feels the food he now has is doing him good'. In private, however, Hornby was less sanguine, and wrote five brief farewell notes one of which—the one to Edgar's mother—is dated 11 April. Adlard returned four hours later with some frozen blood and the news that the caribou had been moving on the ridges in some numbers, though he had not seen any; and that he felt strong enough to go out again the next day. So Hornby 'had another meal with us and would simply insist on me having some of his'. He had changed over to Christian's bunk and was more comfortable there. The weather was milder.

That night Hornby fared better and looked better in the morning. He told Christian that 'as long as I attend to all his wants he can pull through but impossible without'. Much now depended on Adlard who, true to his word, went out on the Barrens again that day. At five in the evening, when the air was very still, Hornby and Christian heard the sound of Adlard's rifle. But when he came in an hour and a half later, he was empty-handed.

On the 13th Hornby sent Christian out to see if there might be a hare in a trap. There was nothing; and on his way back he fainted and reached the cabin only with difficulty. 'Harold in same state,' he said, 'and also Jack.' The trouble, they were now sure, was that they were 'bound up from bones which we must have eaten 10 days ago'. Adlard got out to hunt that day, but soon returned completely exhausted. Hornby was now determined—with Edgar's help—to clear his system of the bones, using an emetic syringe improvised from a test-tube; otherwise, he said, there was no hope. Mild all day, the weather broke into rain that night, making the house more wretched with the dripping wet. Next morning at day-break Harold Adlard was 'absolutely unhinged'; but the weather prevented hunting, so Adlard lay still 'in hopes of hunting tomorrow'. Hornby was full of hopes that he

could 'clear his system of bones tomorrow'; but Christian admitted that 'I have never felt so tired as I am now and hope I can struggle through till tomorrow'. The demands of the situation were so relentless that Edgar, after being up all one night with Hornby and having nothing to eat all the next day, still had to be able to look after Hornby and keep his diary. Adlard came in from the hunt at five in the evening, unsuccessful, and dejected. They had rendered two cups of jelly from the wolverine hide: this they shared with the prospect of watching all night over Hornby though they were scarcely able to stand. The end—for John Hornby—was not very far away.

16th April. After a very restless night and Harold and I both played out and weeping at times to see poor Jack in such a way, at 4.30 a.m. heard Ptarmigan calling. Harold went out and shot 1 after about an hour. Simply wonderful of him really, but alas, Jack is too far gone now to enjoy such a meal.

10.30 a.m. Jack started to sleep and fall unconscious so we can do no more just now. Harold and I so tired we can hardly keep a watch on Jack now. The heart still beating and breathing regular.

4.30 p.m. Between us have managed to prepare a meal of hide and rest a little. Jack still breathing but unconscious. Have got some broth from Ptarmigan in case he can take it at any time. Must now get out and cut wood for tonight and get water.

April 17th. 1 o'clock. At 6.45 last evening poor Jack passed peacefully away. Until that minute I think I remained the same but then I was a wreck. Harold good pal was a marvel in helping me and putting things a little straight for the night. I managed to cut some wood by dark, Harold promised to do the rest. He talked to me so wonderfully and realised my condition I am sure. I lay on my bed and listened to him talk and occasionally I dozed off feeling so worn out, and he kept fire during night and brought me tea and aspirin to help along, which was a relief as I was able to sleep. today Harold and I do just the essentials and I am looking over certain

things as well. We both are very weak but more cheery, and determined to pull through and go out to let the world know of the last days of the finest man I have ever known and one who has made a foundation to build my life upon. Snowstorm all day. 20°. N.E.

* * *

That day and the next there was a north-east blizzard—‘as bad as any we have ever had in winter’. There were many things to be done—small things—but they were too much for them; and ‘Cutting wood is an effort which seems incredible’. Adlard was completely exhausted. On the day of Hornby’s death, he had spent a long time ‘putting things a little straight for the night’. The diary is no more specific than that: but this included getting Hornby’s body down from the bunk and, with sacking and an old tent, making as decent a final disposition as could be. Then the body was placed outside the cabin, to the east of the door. Adlard seems to have managed all this single-handed.

Two days after Hornby’s death, on 19 April, Adlard had to take to his bunk and could contribute little more to the task of staying alive. Edgar Christian continued to endure, tremulously at first, stricken again it may be by a desperate homesickness; then with a desolate resolution.

20 April. From bad to worse conditions go on. Harold is very weak indeed today and can hardly swallow his food. What is the matter I simply cannot make out, for I am able to keep on my legs and get wood on the same food of boiled Wolverine hide. Under the snow we remembered a Fox that died had been thrown, so I went out and dug it up to cook for supper. I hope this will do some good. . . . Poor Harold is thin and weak, and I am not so thin or weak, yet have been doing more, actually more the last few days as regards physical exertion. Whether I suddenly go as thin as a rake and unable to swallow I know not, but my goodness, something will go wrong if I cannot free my system of foul food we eat.

. . . I seem to remain cool and collected now, but if anything might happen to Harold, God only knows what state I will be in, but of course hardships and worries have been so tremendous for so long now that I am prepared for the worst or best. . . . The weather is storming so bad that I cannot hunt and in any case there are no signs of Caribou or Ptarmigan around. - 15°F. - 10°F.

Now they deliberately restricted their diet: they decided they must not eat any more hides or pounded bone. The weather was stormy and cold. Christian managed to scavenge scraps around the cabin and bring in wood; he had little energy to look after his companion who was now suffering acute pain. On 25th April, in the night, heavy rain fell again, drenching the inside of the cabin to add a new misery to their squalid and enfeebled state. A strong south wind dislodged most of the chinking between the logs; and when the cold returned, the wind whistled dismally through the house.

The diary runs on, rather light-headedly at times, until eleven days after Hornby's death when Edgar wrote down the date—28th April—but made no entry. Then there is a gap of six days before the record of Harold Adlard's death.

4th May. Now I start in writing my diary again. Since I last wrote I have not had a moment, for Harold's condition grew worse, and so did mine. At 10.30 p.m. dear Harold passed away. After a bad relapse the previous night, he seemed to get better during the day, so I went out to cut wood and get water. When I came back he said he felt very queer and knew not what to do. He was in pain. By 10.5 he had gone unconscious and slept. As for myself now I am played out after no sleep and food for a long time so have managed to make up some soup from bones and have a cup of tea and rest. Today I must fix things up as best as possible, cut wood, dig in snow for scraps of fish which we are surviving on still and rest as best I can and trust for a good day tomorrow. I cannot hunt, as walking around in soft snow is beyond my powers now, and the weather is bad.

In spite of his feeble condition, Edgar Christian managed by himself to perform for Harold Adlard's body the same offices they had accorded to John Hornby—not quite so thoroughly perhaps, nor so neatly; and presently the second body, wrapped decently enough in blankets, lay outside the cabin east of the door.

* * *

The diary entries now become less frantic and taut, as though an intolerable weight of anxiety had suddenly slipped away from Edgar. His flickering power is concentrated upon a single issue. Day after day—sometimes at intervals of only a few hours—he records, with a miser's minuteness and a millionaire's detachment, the precise content of his larder. The struggle was no longer even confused by the question of hunting or trapping. There is no sign of panic. He knew there was plenty of food—of a sort—round about the cabin. He could hold on indefinitely—if only he could induce his crazy body to assimilate the miserable garbage he scraped up from the snow. He had watched his two companions die; he had weighed and considered all the symptoms; Hornby had gone over the whole thing very carefully with him before he died; he knew what he must do. If he could hold on, eventually the spring would come, and the caribou would come; then he could make his way out. Even fear had drained out of him now, now that he was alone. And now that he was alone, he could take one thing at a time. For a time he had wondered how he would ever get out of the Thelon alone. Even that question dropped into the background of his thoughts. On the whole his mind was mercifully numb, fixed upon a tiny pitiless cycle.

May 5th. Today I resumed my digging and again had luck in finding more good food which had been discarded, 1 very fat Wolverine gut and kidneys, heart and liver, and 1 Fox gut, a quantity of meaty bones, and enough fish for 1 meal. . . . I now have guts 1 day, heart

and liver 1 day, meat scraping 2 days and bone boils to go along with anything insufficiently greasy. . . .

May 7th. . . . I felt much better, but to my surprise, I was as thin as a rake about my rump and my joints seemed to jerk in and out of position instead of smoothly. This I believe to be exactly the same thing as happened to poor Jack and Harold. . . .

That evening he saw four ptarmigan feeding in front of the house—‘the first things I have seen for a long time now’. Next day, seeing that ptarmigan had been in front of the house again, he put two loaded rifles outside the door so that he could always be sure of a quick shot if need be; because now ‘Moving around seems to be a wobbly process’. To go out and dig in the snow made his head hazy, his ears thick, his feet cold. The threat of snow made him ‘very worried and lonely hoping for fine weather’. Sometimes he was ravenously hungry; at other times there was, to his surprise, no sensation of hunger at all. Then suddenly he would find himself alarmingly weak, would lay in extra wood and food, and den up for a day or two—if the weather were cold—to husband his power. On the evening of 14 May he noticed that it was to be full moon on the 15th—‘and that’s the date from which Jack said to look out for birds coming North. But there’s no incentive for any bird or beast to come to this land of ice and snow just yet by the looks of it at present. . . .’ On 15 May he could hardly stand; on the 16th he started burning the furniture. Sun beguiled him on the 18th, but on the 19th there was snow again, forcing him to den up. On the 17th he had written ‘If I cannot get grub tomorrow must make preparations’.

He entered his diary on 18th and 19th, and wrote down the date of 20th May. Then there is an interval, completed by his adding the date June 1st.

Have existed by walking and crawling in and out of house finding plenty of food, in fact more than I could eat, but owing to its quality did not keep me going sufficiently to get rid of it as I ate it, being insufficient in

grease I think. . . . Alas, I got weaker and the weather was blowing a snowstorm for 4 days; after that it wasn't even thawing in the daytime.

Now June 1st. I have grub on hand, but am weaker than I have ever been in my life and no migration North of birds or animals since 19th (Swan).

Yesterday I was out crawling, having cut last piece of wood in house to cook me food I had . . . but while out, I found fish guts and meat in plenty. At 2 a.m. I went to bed feeling content. . . .

At 9 a.m. on what may have been June 2nd he wrote:

9 a.m. Weaker than ever. Have eaten all I can. Have food on hand but heart petering [out]? Sunshine is bright now. See if that does any good to me if I get out and bring in wood to make fire tonight.

Make preparations now.

'Make preparations' had for years been Hornby's phrase for doing the last things before death. Part of Edgar's preparation was to write to both his father and his mother: this he did on a sheet of writing paper brought from the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, as a souvenir of that gay holiday-like trip a year before.

Dear Father,

My address is not the above but I hope that this finds you one day. Jack Hornby always wished to see this country sometime before he gave up the life in Arctic Regions & wanted someone with him & I was the one this time I realize why he wanted a boy of my age with him and I realize why one other should come in order to make sure I got out safe, but alas the Thelon is not what it is cracked up to be I don't think. I have now been trying to struggle by myself for over a month & help my other poor pal but spring is late here and I cannot get fresh meat although have always had food to eat at times some jolly good meals only a few days ago which did not put me in condition to hunt fresh food but the weather blew cold & to-day June 1st has seen me with fine weather

food but not fresh and unable to get fresh being too weak & played out. Adamson Corona Hotel Edmonton finds two trunks of mine In one that 'Bible & Prayer Book' which Jack refused to let me bring. Do not be annoyed but I know why now and Jack alone was one man in this world who can let a young boy know what this world and the next are. I loved him he loves me. Very seld[om] is there true love between 2 men!

Bye Bye now. Love and thanks for all you have ever done for me

Edgar

At the end of his diary, perhaps after writing this letter to his father, he wrote: 'Got out, too weak and all in now. Left things late.' Some time shortly before or after writing that he wrote to his mother on the same sheet of paper as the letter to his father.

Dear Mother,

feeling weak now can only write a Little sorry left it so late but alas I have struggled hard Please dont Blame dear Jack. He loved you and me only in this world and tell no one else this but keep it and believe

Ever loving & thankful to you for all a Dear Mother is to a Boy & has been to me

Bye Bye Love to all

& Dulc[ie] Rita Fred Charles & Gwen

Edgar

When the fire had died out and he had decided that he would never light it again, Edgar Christian placed his two letters in the cool ashes of the stove, together with Hornby's will and the last letters he had written, and Harold Adlard's few papers, and his own diary. On top of the stove he left a note written on a piece of paper: 'WHO[EVER COMES HERE] LOOK IN STOVE.' He was wearing a heavy grey sweater over a khaki shirt, grey flannel trousers held up by a silk handkerchief, a muffler around his neck, winter moccasins with puttees. He turned in to his bunk and pulled two red Hudson's Bay

blankets over him, covering his head. The silence that had frightened him and made him homesick the first time he had been left alone in the cabin was now like wings folding about him. Perhaps he caught the faint sound of ptarmigan feeding outside. The sound brought nobody forth from the house with a rifle to try for an elusive target. The silver watch in the breast pocket of his shirt stopped at 6.45.

CHAPTER XII

Epilogue

THE TRAPPERS WORKING near Reliance in the winter of 1926-7 felt no concern for Hornby and his party. It was a moderately hard winter and caribou were not numerous. The Stewarts did not manage to travel into the Hanbury River and had to content themselves with wintering on Ptarmigan Lake. But none of the men thereabout suffered severe hardships, and they had no suspicion that anything might be wrong farther up-country. 'You don't worry much about the other fellow,' one of them said.

But even before the beginning of winter—in August 1926, before Hornby and his two companions had travelled far beyond Artillery Lake—forebodings began to generate in Ottawa. An Edmonton newspaper had published a piece 'regarding the movements and peculiarities of Mr. John Hornby'. Commissioner Starnes of the RCMP sent a copy to O. S. Finnie with some questions. Finnie's reply was placatory; but Starnes persisted and received from Inspector Fletcher, at RCMP Headquarters in Edmonton, a report dated 5 October 1926.

I know Hornby very well, he has been in the North for a great many years, and is noted for being one of the best travellers in the country, I don't suppose there is anyone who has travelled more or who knows more about the north than Hornby. He is an Englishman, very well educated and comes of a very good and noted family in England in addition to this he [is] very well off, being worth, I believe, a hundred thousand dollars anyway. He comes to the north, not to make a living, but because he is interested in the country, both in point of view of game and also minerals. He went to England last year with the intention of settling down there, but he told me this spring that he found that he did not like the life in Eng-

land, so had come north again. I think that Hornby is regarded as peculiar because people cannot understand why a rich man comes and lives in the bush like Hornby does. . . . Hornby intended to prospect during the summer, and might come into Resolution during the winter, but his plans were uncertain, and I should not be surprised if he went out by way of Chesterfield Inlet, as he has done before from this country.

Beyond that nobody could at the time go: Hornby's reputation in the country was much as Inspector Fletcher had described it even though inevitably he blended legend with fact. The allegation of wealth, ill-founded but persistent, did not encourage anything much in the way of official intervention or even of inquiries too overt. The people in Ottawa, Toronto, Edmonton who had tried to deter Hornby from taking Christian to an inaccessible spot, and had tried to warn Christian, had been appalled at a situation they dreaded but could not alter: these began to ask questions privately and their uneasiness spread abroad. But Hornby, it was said, knew the country; he had 'disappeared' before; he had always come out. Nothing could with reason be feared until the end of the summer of 1927, by which time he could be expected to have reached Chesterfield Inlet if he decided not to come out by way of Resolution. Until then no very searching investigation could with propriety be made.

* * *

Hornby, in his *Caribou Report*, had recommended among other things that a sanctuary be created for musk ox in the Thelon River district. This suggestion, so sympathetic to Finnie that it may be thought even to have originated with him, was referred to the Advisory Board on Wildlife Protection on 26 May 1926 and at a meeting of the Board on 28 May 1926 it was resolved that steps be taken to create at the junction of the Hanbury and Thelon Rivers a sanctuary for all game but particularly for the preser-

vation of the few surviving musk oxen. In June 1927 the Thelon Game Sanctuary was created by Order-in-Council to take effect on 1 September of that year. The Sanctuary, extending from the east shores of Artillery and Ptarmigan Lakes on the west to Beverly Lake on the east, enclosed about 15,000 square miles. Almost in the centre of this area, and without knowing that the sanctuary was to be created, Hornby had built his cabin.

* * *

Early in December 1927 the *New York Times* carried an Ottawa despatch saying that the Department of the Interior was much concerned about the disappearance of John Hornby, and were sending out a search expedition. Stefansson, seeing this report in New York, wrote an anxious and importunate letter to Finnie. Finnie refused to be roused; and even when Stefansson replied that in Blanchet's view the case was serious, Finnie answered by saying that he had already planned to send a man named W. H. B. Hoare to make a biological investigation of the Thelon Game Sanctuary and that Hoare would be instructed to look out for Hornby.

But the piece in the *New York Times* that had upset Stefansson and had drawn Blanchet and Bullock into the circle of anxiety was only the first symptom that newspapermen were beginning to sniff a corpse. By 16 January 1928 the *Calgary Herald* had run an account of an Eskimo sighting a whaleboat with the skeletons of three people in her drifting in the ice on the Quoitich River near Baker Lake. There were reports also that an Indian knew something about some white men drowning in Artillery Lake in the autumn of 1926. Joseph Drygoose at Yellowknife reported that Hornby had wintered on Mackay Lake north-west of Artillery Lake. In August the *Regina Post* printed a report that Hornby was farming on Victoria Island. Hornby was alleged to have been seen in Medicine Hat by 'old time friends' and it was even claimed (incorrectly) that Hornby had been 'resident of this dis-

trict'. Though Bullock more than once accused Hornby of inventing sensational situations to enhance his reputation, John Hornby was now news in a way he had never been in his lifetime.

The RCMP, eyeing these statements with a narrow and strictly professional scepticism, dealt methodically with the rumours. A patrol from Chesterfield Inlet searched the Arctic coast from Cambridge Bay to Barnard Harbour and reported on 3 April 1928 that they had found no trace of Hornby's party. Search for the whaleboat led to the accidental discovery of the relics of an Eskimo family who had died of starvation some time or other on the Quitch River, but the whaleboat never showed up, nor were any people missing to account for her grisly crew. Inspector Trundle making an inspection trip to Reliance that spring made inquiries of the few trappers he could meet so early in the season. The Stewart brothers had met Hornby fishing at Taltheilei Narrows in August 1926, had given him provisions and had offered him others cached on Artillery Lake. Edward Jones, Northern Traders outpost manager at Snowdrift, said that Hornby had told him (at Resolution) that he intended to winter near the junction of the Hanbury and Thelon 'on the small bend of the Hanbury where there was a stand of timber'. Hornby had also said that if there were no caribou he would be able to live off musk ox (though this was contrary to government regulation). Trundle instructed Corporal Williams, recently established in a new RCMP post on Fairchild Point at Reliance, to question the Indians and the white trappers from the Mackay Lake area as soon as they came out.

The cry was up now. No trapper who knew the country around Reliance or Artillery Lake could escape the newspapermen if he came near Edmonton. Jim Cooley, a man who endears himself to memory for his custom of going to his trapping country in an impeccable blue serge suit and a dove-grey felt hat, had been forced by government order to abandon his country on Artillery Lake. When he came in from the Peace River country and was

interviewed by the *Edmonton Journal*, he saw no reason for reticence; at least he was under no oath to curtail his narrative gifts. The result was printed on 13 March 1928. After certain colourful preliminaries, he came to the point.

Sure, I met him myself; it's quite true that they didn't have much grub, but then, Jack Hornby could go further on a diet of snow, air and scenery, than a Lizzie can go on 20 gallons of gas.

While Hornby is fond of taking chances and does many things that look crazy to the ordinary individual, Cooley pointed out, he has made trips which will be talked about for years around northern camp fires. He has reduced the business of living off the country to a science, and it is scarcely likely that he would take risks when he knew that the lives of the two boys were dependent on his common sense.

The police followed this up promptly and perhaps a little sternly. 'I succeeded,' wrote Inspector T. B. Caulkin to O.C. "G" Division, 'in getting an interview with the Mr James Cooley. . . . Mr Cooley stated that his meeting with Hornby in July 1926, at McLeod Bay, Great Slave Lake, was only of a short nature, they passing the party as they were coming out from the Artillery Lake region.' He described Hornby's clothing and gave a sad little sketch of Hornby's companions: 'they seemed very unsuited for the life they were about to embark upon, being unable to cope with the roughness of camp life, and they were terribly bitten up by mosquitoes, and did not seem at all in favour of the situation which probably was very much different to what they had expected'.

* * *

Corporal Williams, working from Reliance, interviewed the Slave Lake trappers duly and reported on 1 July. Those who had been on Mackay Lake—Dan and Steve Bilida, Gene Olsen, Al Greathouse, Blacky Lanner, Emile Bode—suggested that Joseph Drygoose (native) was mistaken in reporting that Hornby was in that district, the

mistake arising (they supposed) from Joseph's insecure command of English. These men had met Hornby's party near Reliance in 1926 and among them pieced together many accurate details of their outfit, clothes, equipment, and conversation. Hornby had told Al Greathouse that he was going to Hanbury River and 'had no intention of going out via Chesterfield inlet' because of the excessive fare charged to go by ship from Chesterfield to the outside. Allan Stewart repeated Hornby's statement that he might stay in the country two years. Al Greathouse and Gene Olsen also reported that in the summer of 1927 they had found in a snuffbox a note which Hornby had addressed to the two Stewart brothers and Cooley and Buckley and had left in a conspicuous place 'at the portage on the south side of the River at the last rapids going up the Casba River, before entering Ptarmigan Lake'.

* * *

At Hornby Point the spring came very late in 1927 and spread slowly over the land, the snow lying under the spruce trees in early July long after it had gone from the open barren ground. Gradually the many small traces of life vanished—the foot track down the steep hill to the river, the path to the small store house, to the wood-pile (or where it had been) and to the fish cache (while there still was any). Almost the last sign to go would be some tracks of feet or snowshoes leading out northerly over the Barrens, trodden hard and raised up by the cutting wind several inches above the surrounding snow. After those gaunt inverted etchings had gone the ice would break up in the river taking away the last traces of the fishing holes where—by moonlight in the pitiless cold—the net had been set and reset over and over again but took nothing, and the lines had been set with hooks and took little.

Slowly, and very late, as the season advanced the leaves would come to the shrubs and willows crouching in the sheltered places, hugging the riverbank. The signs of the places where they had set the fishnet in the slash to

catch ptarmigan would soon be effaced. But other traces would last longer—a few neglected traps set to a pattern no longer discernible; the cluster of debris about the cabin—caribou horns, offal, bones, pieces of fish skeletons, the framework of birds; a spoiled skin and an old torn shirt caught in the fork of a small tree by the door. The Labrador tea blossoms would flower again and the tapestry of bright moss; and the dun and dull-gold butterflies would return. Only the flies and mosquitoes, the birds and predators, occasionally a few caribou aimlessly crossing or skirting the river, would come there now. No Eskimo would come so far up the Thelon; no Indian or white trapper ever came so far down from Reliance.

For a time the patterns would remain, but by an indistinguishable slowness changing; the cabin, abandoned by the winter, then by the spring, then by the last of the frost, slowly and by infinitesimal processes falling apart with no living creature concerned to hold it together; the two shrunken forms outside in their neat but tattered rags, of no interest even to scavenging animals; the two loaded rifles leaning outside against the door frame; the canoe hauled up on the bank, well above high water, a quarter of a mile below the cabin in the meadow grass. The last traces to disappear would be the marks of axe-strokes, where the three men had felled trees to build the house in the autumn, and the places where, as the winter drew out towards an unattainable spring, they had beavered and bludgeoned with their axes at anything wooden and handy that might yield warmth. Where the frost is so keen, the summer short and dry, the onset of the seasons abrupt, decay advances slowly. Only fire is certain of destroying the axe strokes in the wood.

* * *

On 9 August 1928 O. S. Finnie wrote to Commissioner Starnes: 'It begins to look very much as if Hornby and his companions have perished somewhere in the vicinity of the Thelon Game Sanctuary.' Bullock, who had told Yard-

ley Weaver in November 1927 that 'I alone knew Hornby, the real Hornby of the trail', had offered (sometimes through Stefansson) to lead a party in search of Hornby; Finnie had declined without discussion. W. H. B. Hoare, he said, was going to the Thelon Game Sanctuary to carry out a biological investigation. Finnie was confident that Hoare once in the country would 'be able to report having found traces of the party'. On the following day the first definite word of Hornby's fate came from a group of prospectors travelling by canoe down the Thelon.

When H. S. Wilson's party of four men, travelling on behalf of the Nipissing Mining Corporation, reached Fort Smith on 4 June 1928 on their way north, they were asked by Inspector Trundle RCMP 'to report any traces of *Mr. Hornby*, who disappeared east of Artillery Lake summer of 1926'. Wilson's party left Smith in two canoes on 5 June, reached the RCMP post at Reliance on 27 June, started over Pike's Portage on 29 June, and had transferred their complete outfit to Artillery Lake by 2 July.¹ Ice delayed them in Artillery Lake, but they edged their way north as ice and weather allowed, ascended the Lockhart (Casba) River on 7 July and camped that day on Ptarmigan Lake. From there onward they were not much bothered with ice. Although Wilson was the only expert canoeist, the party travelled fast and dealt effectively with all the hazards and chances of lining and running rapids, portaging, and wading. On 10 July they found 'At foot of portage entering Campbell Lake' the note left there by Hornby on 5 August 1926. They reached Dickson's Canyon on 15 July, Helen's Falls the next day, and on 20 July passed from the Hanbury into the Thelon River, sighting over thirty musk oxen where the two rivers joined.

Next day, 21 July, they paddled about twenty-four miles before stopping at noon for lunch. After lunch, making good time still, they noticed at about 3.30 in the afternoon 'fairly recent chopping on left [*i.e.* northern] bank' of the river; and a little further on sighted a small cabin on the high bank above the river. Wilson's diary reads:

Landed to investigate, thinking at first that it might be W. H. B. Hoares Camp. Found cabin door closed & two corpses outside, one neatly done up in burlap & canvas, other wrapped in blanket. Broke open door & found third corpse on bed completely covered by red H.B. blanket. In removing blanket J[ohn] T[homson] accidentally knocked corpse off bunk to floor. Small trunk & several suitcases around & in one of these found papers, diaries, etc. & much correspondence. Bodies apparently those of J. Hornby & his two nephews. Moved some of articles around but left cabin & contents much the same as found. Bodies in very bad state of decomposition & probably been dead a year at least (more probably 18 months). Death probably due to illness, followed by starvation.

The four young men were horrified at their discovery; there is no way of preparing oneself adequately for such a thing. They had been travelling hard and were under some strain because they could not accurately estimate the menace of the summer country. Their discovery had not reassured them; nor did it tempt them to delay. They continued down river for another couple of hours and camped on the south bank at 6.30 in the evening, having made fifty miles that day in spite of the stop to investigate Hornby's cabin. 'After finding the Hornby party, everyone was glad to get a little nearer civilization.'

Once out of the river into the wide lakes—Beverly, Aberdeen, Schultz—they were much more vulnerable to weather. On the morning of 4 August they entered Baker Lake just in time to catch the Chesterfield schooner. They arrived at Chesterfield Inlet on the evening of 7 August. Here they went ashore and reported in detail to Sergeant Joyce RCMP. Sergt Joyce telegraphed Commissioner Starnes in Ottawa.

H. S. Wilson here from Great Slave Lake Reports finding bodies of Hornby party of three men at Cabin north bank Thelon river about sixty miles below junction of Hanbury. Death apparently due to starvation. Nothing

disturbed. Full report on Nascopie which leaves here on 11th.

* * *

During these weeks, Bullock numbered Hornby's virtues and offered solutions to the 'mystery' of Hornby's fate in a series of letters addressed to the Commissioner of the Mounted Police in Ottawa.

19 *August* 1928. Hornby was a man for whom I had the greatest respect and affection, particularly as on our last trip we almost came to an untimely end on several occasions and consequently were brought together as rarely two men are brought together in this day of artificiality.

. . .

24 *August* 1928. I had been expecting bad news for several months, but nevertheless it hit me hard when it came. Hornby was a man, I find, that I liked very much more than I thought. I saw more of him in the bush than in civilization, and it was there that his sterling qualities showed themselves. . . . Morally Hornby was completely splendid, I never have and, I believe, never shall meet his like. . . .

29 *September* 1928. You have in no way intimated that I could be of further use in assisting to elucidate the little mystery [of Hornby's death]. . . . Nevertheless I am drawn to address you once more. As I expected. Hornby died last. When the other two died it is evident that he was still sufficiently strong to attend to the bodies and drag them outside, presumably through snow. . . . Knowing Mr Hornby as well as I did I am confident that, after the death of his companions, he would feel wholly disinclined to face civilization alone. Having only himself to hunt for he would be in much better a position to provide for himself than before, and I do feel that he may have *died of his own volition*.

* * *

On 18 September 1928, the day of receiving the full report from Chesterfield, Commissioner Starnes told the North-West Territories Branch that there was now little doubt of the identity of the party found by Wilson. Staff Sergeant Joyce at Chesterfield, who had a motor-boat and was a coroner, had been instructed to make a full investigation and 'to bring the diaries and correspondence and such personal belongings as may be possible out with him and make the cabin secure, burying the bodies near the cabin'.

Joyce reported first that a patrol could be 'managed nicely' next March or April; but on 13 September he telegraphed a much more spirited suggestion—that he pay a quick visit to the Thelon cabin by air. The matter was referred to Finnie who approved the idea as sound; the Northern Aerial Minerals Exploration Limited who were surveying in the Chesterfield area with a seaplane based on a schooner agreed. It would be a flight of only 500 miles as compared with a journey of 550-600 miles over the ground. In a single short flight an aircraft would be able to reach the cabin and land on the river; if the daylight hours were not too short they could return to Chesterfield Inlet the same day.

This abrupt change of plan is an eloquent comment on the change in Arctic transportation since Hornby had first drifted down the Mackenzie in a York boat; since the Douglasses had sailed a York boat across Bear Lake clumsily under an improvised square sail; since a rickety and unreliable motor-boat had delayed Hornby in his rendezvous with Bullock at Resolution. Hornby on his last journey had been towed by motor-boat part of the distance down the Slave River, a little easterly along the lake, and again beyond Pekanatui Point. From there they had paddled, walked, portaged, lined, and drifted to the cabin site on the Thelon, though his big freight canoe was square-sterned, designed to be driven by an outboard motor. Douglas's latest Slave Lake expedition was planned on the use of an outboard motor with which he had been familiar for ten years. One of Hornby's com-

panions was a young man who—at the end of the war—had been a commissioned flier. On the Thelon, an aircraft now was capable of touching down on the river opposite the cabin where for weeks and months the three men had suffered and starved and died for lack of dogs, for lack of mobility, for lack of caribou, for lack of the means of letting anybody know that they were in difficulties.

But in the autumn of 1928 flying had its uncertainties, and life in small Northern communities was not yet free of unforeseen but commanding exigencies. The schooner *Patrick and Michael* ran aground on her way to Baker Lake, damaging the aircraft. Repairs could be made but that would take time, and the season was already advanced. Then one of the N.A.M.E. prospectors named Rutherford died up-country; Sergeant Joyce had to go and find his body. So after some days of excited and hopeful negotiation, when it seemed not less than certain that in spite of the late season a patrol would be brought to the cabin promptly by air, everything was cancelled and the winter swiftly came on.

* * *

The winter patrol by Mounted Police to the Thelon was postponed, then cancelled. During the winter, caches of food were laid out to the north-east of Reliance but the investigating patrol, led by Inspector Trundle himself, did not leave Reliance until 2 July.

Stopped by ice at Crystal Island on Artillery Lake they hired Indians to carry stores to the mainland, and then to portage 'by small lakes' to Ptarmigan Lake, and so to the Thelon by Tyrrell's route. They called at the cabin Hoare had built below the junction in Warden's Grove, but found it deserted and a note saying that Hoare and Knox had gone down the river two days before. The patrol reached Hornby's cabin at noon on 25 July—only four days later than the anniversary of Wilson's visit.

Nothing much had changed since the Wilson party had left a year before. Hoare had visited the cabin in May

when everything was still under snow, had secured the door, and otherwise left everything undisturbed. He had been there again on 22 July, tacked a pair of leggings to the door with a note addressed to Trundle; to attract attention he had left a small hand sled hanging in a tree and had felled two or three trees. When Trundle and his patrol arrived rain was falling. In front of the cabin lay a few rusty traps, a felling axe, and a small tripping axe. The packsack of fox pelts that Wilson had seen had been torn open by a wolverine, the skins chewed and scattered all over the place, worthless. And the two corpses outside the cabin were now practically skeletons.

The earth and shingle roof had disintegrated much in the year since Wilson's visit, and 'the contents of the cabin were in a deplorable condition'. A small tin trunk of Hornby's was flooded with two inches of water: it contained photographic supplies (ruined), a film album (just worth bringing out), and a piece of quartz wrapped in an old sock. A leather suitcase beside it, also Hornby's, was sodden and perished, its stitching rotten; but it contained a large leather notebook with the draft of *In the Land of Feast or Famine* and the *Caribou Report*, as well as bundles of papers and letters. A suitcase of Harold Adlard's on the other side of the cabin had only a few papers in it. The table was a clutter of 'cups, saucers, plates containing bones, papers, and ammunition'—a broken pair of binoculars, a silver wrist-watch, an aneroid barometer, a metal cigarette case (though none of them smoked) engraved 'S.S. Montrose'. The condition of the cabin was made the more deplorable by the continuous rain: it interfered with their photography, and made impossible the task of drying out the papers and other articles that were to be brought away. Among the papers Trundle found Hornby's Trapping Licence Class I No 4034, and remarked sternly that 'J. Hornby only took out one license to hunt and trap for the party, and I believe stated that his two companions did not intend to trap, but you will see . . . that all three hunted and trapped'.

Dear Margaret

April 11th 1927. I am now laid up in bed, writing this note, which may be perhaps the last from me. Poor Edgar is sitting beside [me].

We have suffered terrible & awful hardships.

Poor Edgar needs a long rest. He has been a perfect companion. He is made of sound material & brought up by a perfect Mother. I trust he returns safely.

Y^{rs} V. Affect.

Cousin Jack.

After reading the diary and making a cursory examination of the other papers the police decided that an inquest was not necessary. The three rifles, the broken binoculars, the trunks and suitcases they destroyed as worthless, and threw the ammunition in the river. The few usable utensils were left and the cabin tidied. A quantity of papers they dried as best they could, and brought away. The three bodies were 'carefully collected and buried, and a cross was erected over each grave with their initials carved in'. The investigation took two days. The patrol left the cabin at two in the afternoon of 27 July and arrived back at Reliance at eleven o'clock on the night of 8 August.

* * *

There were two difficulties about John Hornby's will. One was that, although a holograph will is a prescribed form in the North-West Territories, the formality of a signature is required: Hornby had not in fact signed the will although he had written it in his own hand. The other difficulty was more serious: 'a supernumerary witness cannot take a bequest either in England or the North-West Territories unless it is established that he is not an attesting witness'. The will itself was clearly signed by Edgar Christian, the sole beneficiary; and Edgar's diary made no reference to the execution of the will.

One or two newspapers made what stir they could out of the 'legal tangle' over Hornby's will. In fact there was no tangle. Hornby's father had died on 17 December 1925 leaving his estate to Hornby's mother. Her estate was considerable, being officially declared in excess of £60,000. John Hornby would have inherited, according to his mother's will, £10,000 and all insurance on his mother's life. Because of the irregularity of Hornby's will, Hornby was deemed in law to have died intestate; and Edgar Christian had left no will. But none of that made any difference; for Edgar's diary showed beyond question that John Hornby had died before his mother. After all the legends of Hornby's wealth, his estate as finally probated was not handsome. In February 1932 the Imperial Bank in Edmonton discovered an account with a credit of \$728.87, the last record of transaction being for 23 September 1921. To this sum his executors could add only two items in giving formal declaration of his estate:

Cash (in two bank accounts)	£6 18s. 6d.
Personal belongings	£5 0s. 0d.

* * *

When the story of Hornby's death was given to the world in 1929, in Inspector Trundle's report, in the published extracts from Edgar's diary, Northern people, and particularly Hornby's friends and associates, were profoundly shocked. So about Hornby himself, among those who knew him well, there has been since his death almost a conspiracy of silence; and genuine information about him has been very hard to come by. One man will allow that Jack Hornby was a lovable man of generous disposition, quiet but memorable; another will dismiss him as aimless, incompetent, irresponsible, a freak, a myth. But he was not a person easily to be forgotten. Companionable as only an intensely lonely man can be, he had many warm acquaintances, but very few intimates—perhaps one. To his closest friends he could be as infuriating as he was at times endearing. For the rest, he was a man one met by

accident; he moved like a bird of passage, arriving without warning, leaving without apology. With something of an animal's protective instinct, he was guilelessly ambiguous, could announce a profusion of plans and then invent at the last moment a quite new one. Without deliberate duplicity he would reveal one aspect of himself to one person, to another, another; always withdrawn, devious, unpredictable, taking shelter behind tongue and eye. Something vivid and fantastic about him disarmed criticism, inspired hero-worship in some, and in others affection; but others, on slight acquaintance, felt only distrust and contempt. Since his death the disaster that his death involved has proved a barrier almost insuperable to a sympathetic understanding of him. Yet the central figure in a myth or a tragedy has a stature and power that not even accurate history can confer, and through the blurring and distorting vehicle of his own legend certain features remain clear and distinct: something enigmatic and puckish about the man; a passionate sense of the integrity of the country; a birdlike inconsequence of purpose. His childlike illogical optimism was of a rare kind because his self-confidence was innocent of pride. And at the end all other evidences are inundated by his unrelenting endurance, his tragic light-hearted courage in the face of a disaster that he must have known his own levity and irresponsibility had produced, the slow merciless killing of himself to save two lives he knew he could not save.

John Hornby once told Denny LaNauze that he wished he had been born an Indian. And if his philosophy could be crystallised, it would be very simple and straightforward, rather like an Indian's—something like this:

In civilisation there is no peace. Here, in the North, in my country, there *is* peace. No past, no future, no regret, no anticipation; just doing. That is peace.

As long as he could live by himself and to himself this was perhaps an excellent philosophy. But like most philosophies—even the philosophies of men who claim to be

sane—it was a dream, vivid but not to be fulfilled. During all those last years, from the end of the Great Bear Lake years onward, he was gay sometimes, and occasionally happy; but he knew no continuous delight and found no abiding peace.

* * *

Before Hornby and his party died on the Thelon only a few people had ever travelled through the country from Baker Lake to the Hanbury or from the Hanbury to Baker Lake: David Hanbury in 1899, the two Tyrrell brothers in 1893 and 1899, Inspector Pelletier of the RNWMP in 1908, Radford and Street on the way to their murder in 1911, Hornby and Bullock in 1925; not many more though some others are known. Hornby reported after the Casba journey of 1925 that there was little likelihood that the Thelon River would ever, as some had once supposed, become a water thoroughfare between east and west as important as the northerly artery of the Mackenzie River. In this he was quite correct. Very few people have travelled down the Thelon River since the police patrol left it in July 1929. But most of them have visited the site of Hornby's cabin.

In 1936 the zoologist C. H. D. Clarke, making an investigation of the Thelon Game Sanctuary with W. H. B. Hoare, visited the cabin in an aircraft from Artillery Lake, arriving on 21 July. The first thing they saw from the air was Hornby's silk tent in rags near the shore, close to the place where Hoare had camped in 1929. To Hoare the place looked to an uncanny degree unchanged. Several spruce and willows had grown up in the clearing; one young white spruce at the south-east corner of the cabin had grown more than four feet in height since 1929. The graves were overgrown with a thin weedy grass, and flowers were growing there; but the crosses still stood, not appreciably weathered, the initials as sharp and distinct as when the police had cut them into the wood. The shack was still in fair condition. Chinking had fallen out from between the logs and the house no longer kept the

weather out; but the roof was still on, though the front beam looked insecure, and a photograph taken southerly across the top of the roof from the high ground behind looks out over the river at the stand of spruce on the other bank and shows clearly at close range the water-washed shingle on the roof that Hornby and his companions had dug out in building the house. Much of their stuff was still lying around—old clothes, some cooking pots with the boiled bones in them, rusty traps, a wolverine skull which had been boiled for food until the sutures had given way. Inside the cabin, part of Edgar Christian's bunk was still in position; the stove, rusty now, in the middle of the cabin where it had harboured Edgar's diary and Hornby's last letters; beside it, cooking pots with bones in them, the kettle on the floor, bones everywhere (mostly foxes). Hoare told the others how on an earlier visit he had found some English pennies stuck into the wall of the cabin, and could think only that these had been put there to stand candles on. Now they found an English halfpenny, and a spruce slingshot fitted with a broken fruit-sealer rubber. Clarke brought away a knife; one of the fliers took a manicure set that had belonged to Hornby; Hoare took Hornby's old gun case. Clarke also found in the cabin Hornby's prospector's hammer: it was unmarked except by rust and looked as though it had never been used to break a single rock.

Next year Clarke and Hoare came back, canoeing this time from Heuss Lake to Baker Lake. The front timber of the roof had now fallen. Clarke examined all the bones carefully expecting to find mink but found only fox and marten. He also found a mouse trap which (he thought) 'seemed in a way to represent Hornby's scientific pretensions'. On the graves they found droppings of lemming, ground squirrel, fox, ptarmigan, caribou, and musk ox; near by there were signs of wolf and grizzly bear. Hornby's cross had been 'kicked over by an animal'. They set it up again. That was on 23 July 1937.

After that nobody came to the cabin until two different pairs of Wildlife Service Officers visited the site, one

in the summer of 1951, the other in 1952; and in 1954 a topographical survey crew came by. All were travelling down-river by canoe from the Hanbury junction towards Baker Lake—the way Hornby had travelled down the Thelon with Bullock, the way he had brought his party to Hornby's Point, and each party pulled ashore at some clue or sign, as Wilson had done that first time when he found the three men dead there. The story was then well-known and the cabin well-known, so that to come there would be to make a pilgrimage of curiosity. By 1951 the cabin was utterly derelict. The walls still stood, but the roof had collapsed inward so that the place would no longer provide even rough shelter for a man in extreme distress. The crosses on the graves had fallen, but the two men set them up again and shored them with stones as before, in the hope that perhaps they might stand for another twenty years.

In 1955 the area was carefully mapped during the bedrock geological survey: perhaps one of the helicopters performed its clumsy dragonfly dance settling on the river where Hornby in another season had set a fishnet by night through the ice. The big transport aircraft going to Resolute Bay and the northern islands fly a long way east of Hornby Point, crossing the Thelon at the eastern end of Baker Lake. Sometimes a light aircraft may fly up-river from Baker Lake towards Reliance, carrying a Mounted Policeman or an administrative officer on his lawful occasions. But those would be infinitesimal sounds compared with the call of the ravens, the pluck of the river, the outrageous shouting of the wind over the Barren Ground at all seasons, the clangorous wingbeat of the geese.

Until the cabin and the crosses are obliterated and all memory of the place mislaid, the little tumbled cluster of logs among the scrub spruce on the high river bank makes a poignant focus of silence, with the iron savour of so much that men have touched and marked in the North, being desolate and haunted.

Notes

CHAPTER I

1 Printed with permission of the Oxford University Press from *The Poems of Francis Thompson*, Oxford 1937.

CHAPTER II

1 The congregation of 'Oblates of Mary the Immaculate', founded in 1816 as 'The Missionaries of Provence', received their present designation in 1826. Formed to repair the havoc caused by the French Revolution, this group of priests and lay-brothers in course of time modified their tasks to meet the changing evangelistic needs of the world. Most of the early evangelisation of the Canadian West and North by Roman Catholics was carried out by Oblate Fathers, Bishop Faraud being the first Vicar Apostolic of Athabaska-Mackenzie from 1832 to 1890. In April 1902 Fr Gabriel Breynat, at the age of thirty-two, was consecrated Bishop of Adrumetum, Vicar Apostolic of Mackenzie and Yukon, the two vicariates of Mackenzie and Athabaska having been separated in 1891. In 1911 there were in the vicariate of Mackenzie nineteen Oblate priests and twelve lay brothers distributed among nine houses.

2 Henry Courtenay Winch served the Mission of the Holy Trinity, Fort Norman, from 1906 to 1909, going from there to the Mission of St Peter at Hay River 1909-10.

3 For the various names of this bay, see Appendix B, entry *Hornby Bay*.

4 Franklin's map of the Coppermine River, 1821, shows however at Big Bend (unnamed by him) 'Indian track to Great Bear Lake'.

5 Melvill gives a characteristic description. 'The

knives . . . are shaped like a harness-maker's knife for cutting leather, and have musk ox handles. The blade is made from very soft iron, and is riveted to the handle, in one case with copper, and the other brass; where they got the brass from I can't say, but it is likely that they picked up old cartridges at some Indian camp. . .

6 The list of food is interesting: 35 lb flour, 50 lb pounded meat, 10 lb bacon, three or four cakes of pemmican; also each sled took five nights of dog feed—*i.e.* about ten pieces of dried caribou meat.

7 Melvill says of this unorthodox piece of equipment: 'we had one tent, a canvas teepee (my own), in which we all lived'. Stefansson also remarked upon this tent.

8 Melvill consistently overestimated distances. In 1912 Douglas, accompanied by Hornby, found Melvill's 'Farthest North' record, dated April 1909 'in a baking-powder tin tied to a tree near the river bank just at the west-east stretch of the river, along by the Coppermine Mts. and near its eastern limits before the river turns North'—that is, opposite the mouth of the Kendall River.

9 Melvill's attitude was ambiguous for reasons not easy to divine. 'He is a good man, but I think we could have done better without him. He has favourites among the Indians, and that is a fatal thing for any one who wants to have any power over these people. But I believe he is a man who can turn his hand to anything and make anything too—' To confirm the last statement, Melvill tells how McCallum, finding a well-preserved Indian skull in an open grave, put it in his pack with the intention of making himself a set of false teeth from it.

10 Stefansson's account of this episode in *My Life with the Eskimo* is not always clear about dates or localities. If, as I suppose, the Melvill-Hodgson-Hornby party sailed direct for Dease River and had arrived there before 20 August, it is difficult to see how Stefansson reaching Dease Bay early in September could have missed them. All that Stefansson says for certain is that his meeting with Jimmie Soldat and the Eskimo was in early September 1910 (p. 218).

11 On the back of a photograph of the site of Fort Reliance, Cosmo Melvill has written with his characteristic care for detail: 'Fort Confidence. Great Bear Lake, Canada. Lat. 66° 55' N. Long. 119° 27' W. Originally built by Peter Dease and Thomas Simpson, officers of the Hudson Bay Company who were sent by the company to explore & survey the coast line of Arctic Canada, & was used by them as a base and winter camp for two successive winters 1847-1849. It was some years later used by Sir John Richardson and Dr John Rae on the first expedition dispatched by the British Government in Search of Sir John Franklin (1847-48). The Buildings (Spruce logs) were destroyed by fire about 15 years ago [?1895], being burned down by a band of Loucheaux Indians who considered this an easy way of getting the few nails the buildings contained. Now nothing remains but the chimneys made of Limestone rock & clay and a wooden bench or table placed a few yards in front of the site. There are two or three graves on a small hill a few hundred yards away. J. C. D. M.'

12 Stefansson's estimate is probably not exaggerated. For a vivid and accurate account of the great migratory movements of caribou east of Great Slave Lake as late as 1937, see C. H. D. Clarke, *A Biological Investigation of the Thelon Game Sanctuary*, Ottawa 1940, pp. 87-90.

13 The name is more commonly given as *Aranmore*; but LaNauze told George Douglas after his visit to Dease Bay in 1915 that the correct form of the name was *Arimo*.

14 In the spring of 1911 Stefansson—then on the Arctic coast—instructed Anderson to transport part of their geological and ethnological collection to the mouth of the Dease River and 'to hand them over either to Hodgson or to Melvill and Hornby, who, we knew, would be willing to take them in their big York boat to Fort Norman'. (*My Life*, p. 259.) In the end Anderson took a different route and the collection was never committed to Hornby, Melvill, or Hodgson.

CHAPTER III

1 Now named Keele River. Melvill and Mackinlay later followed the river up into the Rockies to hunt mountain sheep, but of their exact movements nothing is now known. They next turned up at Athabaska Landing in late autumn of 1912 when the Douglas party was on its way out (see p. 151-2).

2 An entry from the diary of the late P. G. Downes, author of *Sleeping Island*, discusses an aspect of Hornby's behaviour in the broader context of typical Northern behaviour. 'Sept. 6, 1938. Some day . . . if someone should read these pages, I suppose they would be struck at the vein of conceit—but it is a curious thing and one needs to experience this type of wandering to understand it. One *needs* it in the face of the world about him. It does him good. Hornby, after reading D[ouglas]'s book *Lands Forlorn*, allowed that it was a pretty good account but that D. had made one grave error. Where D. had said he had packed in 120 lbs of meat D. was wrong, for he [Hornby] had packed 220 lbs. This is an exaggerated case of what one feels very intimately.'

CHAPTER IV

1 Douglas later learned that the Samuel Guggenheim for whom he had worked in California a couple of years before, and whom he admired, had been drowned in the loss of the *Titanic*.

2 In August 1915 Inspector LaNauze, travelling north to investigate the murder of Frs Rouvière and LeRoux, took the rudder of *Jupiter*. She was still substantially intact though unseaworthy. By 1928, when George Douglas again visited the bay, there was no trace of the boat, unless some few pieces of timber buried in the sand were her bones.

CHAPTER V

1 The War Office records do not show that Hornby was ever mentioned in despatches.

2 On 21 October 1960 Douglas, clearing out his desk in Winter Quarters, came across the letter unopened and sent it to me to unseal. I opened it on Saturday 22 October 1960, in the afternoon, forty-four years after it had been written and posted.

3 Some time after the war Philip Godsell, editor of *The Country Gentleman*, a paper owned by the United Grain Growers in Winnipeg, accused Hornby in print of having deserted. Colonel Jamieson and Colonel Jim Cornwall, on behalf of the 19th Alberta Dragoons, wrote in public defence of Hornby and threatened to proceed for slander. Godsell did not retract his statements and legal action was not taken. Nobody before myself seems to have established the facts from War Office records. Even George Douglas, at the end of an account he had written of Hornby's war record, added the dignified but sorrowful quotation: 'All of which, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have thus set down.'

4 Charles Deering LaNauze, born in Ireland on 30 October 1888, joined the RNWMP on 25 September 1908, was promoted to Inspector on 1 October 1914 and to Superintendent in 1932. In July 1935 he was appointed Acting Assistant Commissioner, and confirmed as Assistant Commissioner on 1 January 1936. He retired to pension in April 1944 and died in Gothenborg, Sweden, on 13 June 1952.

5 At the same time that LaNauze was investigating the murder of Rouvière and LeRoux, he had collected from members of the Canadian Arctic Expedition working on the coast important information about the murder of Radford and Street, the two travellers whom Douglas had met at Fort Smith in 1911, and who were later killed near Bathurst Inlet by Eskimo in circumstances very similar to those leading to the death of Rouvière and LeRoux.

6 For a fuller account, see ‘Coppermine Martyrdom’, *Queen’s Quarterly* LXVI (1960) 591-610. The murderers’ statements and an account of their trial are given in Appendix C. For a photograph of Fr LeRoux, see Bishop Breynat *Cinquante ans dans le pays nord* (3 vol. 1945-8) II 206.

7 This note was certainly revised, if not actually written, by Bullock. For the reliability of his editorial procedure, see Appendix D.

8 D’Arcy Arden in 1917 had been in the North for only three years, and was then—as he remained throughout his life—a literate and very articulate person. A tape-recorded interview of 1959 preserves some fine specimens of his cliff-hanging syntax. ‘People say, “The *Barren Lands of Canada*”—but if you’d seen the Barren Lands like I have when the musk ox were young, and the caribou were young, and the partridge were young, and the ptarmigan were young—*millions* of them—and the flowers were just coming up and when you can tell hundreds of different varieties of wild flowers—’ Here the afflatus deserted him, and he ended by saying: ‘I took a great interest in botany.’ Another example is more laconic. ‘As Hornby says, “A man either goes crazy or marries an Indian woman.” But as *I’ve* always said, When you have geology around you, when you have astronomy, you don’t get crazy. And I said, “Jack, do you get crazy playing chess?” He said, “A good many men that play chess are crazy.”’

9 LaNauze had written to Douglas in February 1918 to say that his house at Hodgson’s Point was ‘still intact when we left but regarding your stuff there is mighty little left as after the priests were murdered some of the Eskimo came inland the next summer and pillaged everything in sight’.

10 Ironic? The loon or Great Northern Diver (*Gavia immer*), though a handsome large bird with a legend of its own, is scarcely edible. The traditional recipe for cooking a loon is to place it in the pot with a piece of igneous rock and bring to the boil; when you can stick a fork into

the rock the loon is cooked.

CHAPTER VI

1 There is no mention of a broken leg in the letters to Douglas, but Hornby seems to have injured his leg severely enough to impair his activity when he reached Reliance.

2 For a photograph of the ruins and of Jones's cabin—undated, but presumably well before 1920—see G. H. Blanchet, *Great Slave Lake Area*, Ottawa 1926, p. 11.

3 J. W. Tyrrell, *Report on an Exploratory Survey between Great Slave Lake and Hudson Bay*, Ottawa 1924 (reprinted from the *Annual Report of the Department of the Interior*, 1901), p. 154. Ernest Thompson Seton made five careful drawings and a ground plan of the ruins (*The Arctic Prairies*, New York 1911, pp. 262, 264-7), and his drawing of the interior of Jones's cabin shows that the date 1897 was written or carved clearly on the right-hand side of the fireplace.

4 Pierre Lockhart, possibly an Indian named eponymously for the Lockhart River, was living thereabout: he is mentioned a couple of times in the early pages of the diary but later nothing is said of him. He seems not to have fared any more handsomely than Hornby, though evidently he had been in that country for some time. There is no sign that he ever lifted a hand to help Hornby in his distress or made any move to share his company.

5 There is no record of this fire or of the circumstances of the loss. Hornby had in his possession as late as 1926 some detailed records of his earlier journeys on Bear Lake, perhaps abstracts of Journals. See also Appendix A.

6 Not an impossible temperature. Compare Back's minima for 13-18 January 1834 at Reliance: - 59, - 59, - 52, - 68, - 70, - 45; January 1935 was not quite so cold. George Douglas recorded temperatures of - 51 to - 59 on the Dease River in January 1912: see p. 94 above.

7 Bullock in his Biographical Notes assigns to the summer of 1921 a trip up the Taltson River and an almost-disastrous canoe accident there. Guy Blanchet claims that the Taltson River trip was earlier—‘probably in 1917 or 1918’—and also speaks of a serious canoe accident. Of the two dates 1921, though improbable enough, seems the more likely.

8 Blanchet took a photograph of Hornby standing on the afterdeck of the *Ptarmigan*, with a dog said to be Whitey—the Whitey who was so prominent on the Thelon trip of 1924-5—and assigns the occasion to 1922. I suspect, however, that it was taken in 1924 when Blanchet, anchored near Reliance in the *Ptarmigan*, offered to take Hornby to the beginning of Pike’s Portage: see pp.

CHAPTER VII

1 From a letter to his brother Philip, 29 November 1923. This letter contains a short account of the Nordegg trip. Bullock wrote—perhaps in 1927-8—a much longer account, based probably upon his diary: see Appendix E.

2 Nor perhaps ever completed for publication, though offered three times to various publishers. She brought the MS. to Canada with her, but it disappeared with other belongings of hers from the YWCA in Edmonton in 1924. She seems not to have lamented the loss.

3 For the history of Hornby’s ‘Caribou Notes’, see Appendix A: 1.

4 These figures are puzzling. Bullock persistently exaggerated the sum he spent on this expedition, the figure rising with time to \$17,000 in 1938. Whatever money was spent in preparing the expedition came mostly from Bullock’s pocket: \$5000 may well be the correct sum.

5 Though she did not say so in her letter, Olwen was short of money because, having given up all her time to work for the ‘expedition’, she had been paid nothing for her work except to have some some casual and indigestible meals. One of her tasks was ‘copying Jack’s di-

aries'—that is, the diary of 1920-1 which he eventually gave to Bullock (see Appendix D). Olwen remembers that she was to copy them 'verbatim and in full' and that 'Jack used to lean over the table while was copying out the crabbed smudged disjointed entries, enlarging upon each portion or paragraph even, and digressing, and holding me spellbound, but slowing up the work'. She did not complete the transcript but it must have been part of this transcript that was found scattered about the Thelon cabin after Hornby's death. (See pp. 364-5, 392, 433-4.)

6 James Mackinlay, who travelled with Melvill and Hornby 1908-11, had been Pike's companion and guide, and from Mackinlay's journals Pike's book was largely written. Mackinlay may have told Hornby much that was in Pike's book. (Pike published a translation of the *Inferno* in 1881.)

7 Al Greathouse, born on 24 September 1859, was twenty years older than Hornby but had only been in the North-West Territories since 1913. He held trapping and hunting licences consecutively from 1921 to the season of 1934-5, the peak of his trapping career being in about 1932, when, at an age of more than seventy, he was working in the Musk Ox Lake area on Back's River. He had taken a hand in the settlement of Yellowknife, working for F. L. Buckley, his addle-pated young companion of the Bullock-Hornby winter. In November 1941 Greathouse suffered a cerebral haemorrhage in Yellowknife and spent nearly a month in hospital. Buckley took Greathouse into his own home and looked after him until he was well. In February 1942, Greathouse was judged to be fit enough to be issued a trapping licence again.

CHAPTER VIII

1 The text of the will is not given in the typescript of Bullock's journal, but is printed in *Snow Man*, pp. 125-6. It provided that Hornby was to 'assume full control of my affairs in Canada', and 'need not contribute in any way to the expenses of this expedition'. Bullock added the

hope that, in the event of his death, the Canadian Government would 'name the sand ridge, on which I spent my time in the Barren Lands, after me'. His diary—described here as 'the large red notebook in my haversack'—was to remain unread even by Hornby 'as it contains much personal matter'.

2 And there must have been much in Hornby's behaviour to disturb Bullock. But Bullock made no such accusation; and when he told Yardley Weaver 5 April 1925 that 'Hornby went off rather once or twice, in fact on one occasion I thought he was rather up against it', he was referring to Hornby's physical, not mental, health.

3 Bullock wrote to Colonel Christian, 1 Oct 1937: 'Hornby and I used to scrap a bit between ourselves; but that was when we had the energy to scrap on. When it became touch and go, there was no trouble. If there had been, there would have been a killing.'

4 Blacky Lanner, according to Matt Murphy, later claimed to be as tough as Hornby, and made a habit of travelling with only a pound of tea and living off the country. In about 1930 he died of that foolish fantasy on Hill Island Lake, having eaten his dogs before he died.

5 This letter gives the only detailed list of the photographs Bullock took.

6 In this Bullock was wrong. The ice was usually held at Reliance by the prevailing westerlies as late as the first quarter of July. But the overland route to Snowdrift River had the double advantage of giving men something to do during the waiting period and of bringing them to open water fit for canoeing much earlier than if they were starting from Reliance. I am not informed at what date the Snowdrift route started to be used—other than by Indians—but it seems from internal evidence of this record that it may have been pioneered at this time by Greathouse, the Stewarts, Cooley, and the few trappers who had in the previous two or three years started to make a practice of coming to Artillery Lake.

7 Glenn later admitted that he had taken during the winter sixty-three white foxes, three mink, and two

weasel. Although Bullock behaved generously to Glenn, Glenn's suspicion that Bullock had made money from his ciné film led to an acrimonious correspondence which wrangled on until in August 1929 Bullock put an end to it with a threat of legal intervention.

CHAPTER IX

1 J. W. Tyrrell's maps of his journey between Great Slave Lake and Chesterfield Inlet were published in five sheets in 1900 to accompany his report of the journey. Hornby's copy of Sheets 1, 2, 3^A, 3^B are in the Department of Northern Affairs. There are a few MS. notes on them.

2 They seem to have assumed that their destination would have to be Chesterfield Inlet, since they did not know that there was an occupied post at Baker Lake. Not until 14 August did they hear, from Eskimo, of 'a trading post at the western end of Baker Lake', yet even then thought they would have to travel by canoe 'two hundred miles further [than Chesterfield Inlet] to [Fort] Nelson'.

3 The MS of this entry was reproduced in the four-page pamphlet issued by Houghton Mifflin to promote *Snow Man* on publication, and shows at least one kind of 'personal matter' that Bullock left out of the typed copy of the journal.

4 The Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society informs me that Bullock is described in their records as a 'Regular Army Officer (Indian Army) Explorer', and as having visited India, Baluchistan, Egypt, Palestine, Syria, France, Canada. He resigned his Fellowship in 1934.

CHAPTER XI

1 Edgar seems here to be referring to the first carry at Pike's Portage which they were not to reach for another month. He will have tried his hand at portaging at Fitzgerald and at Fort Smith, and watched Hornby carrying there.

2 Christian noted that they 'waited for the weather to get calm for crossing on to the Island to Hornby Channel'. The name had been officially established with the publication of Blanchet's map of Great Slave Lake as a result of the 1922 survey, but was probably not widely known in the area.

3 Half-way between the junction and Grassy Island there is a stand of bigger spruce, much like that at Hornby Point, now called Warden's Grove because of the cabin built there by Warden Knox and G. B. H. Hoare in the fall of 1928. This may have been the site of Hornby's up-river cache, even though the distance of twenty-seven miles does not exactly match Edgar's account.

4 Edgar noted in his main diary: 'We crossed tracks on lake $\frac{1}{2}$ way, but saw nothing else.' Between the cabin and Grassy Island there is no lake along the river. They must have been taking a direct route away from the longer but more sheltered river bed.

5 They did not know where they were. The large lake they crossed might have been Steel Lake; if it was, their westerly walk had brought them quite close to Dickson Canyon on the Hanbury River.

CHAPTER XII

1 H. S. Wilson, of Cobalt, Ontario, was then twenty-eight years old. The other members of the party were K. M. Dewar, twenty-two, of Dewar Lake, Saskatchewan, at this time a mining engineering student at McGill; John B. Muirhead, about thirty-three, of Cobalt, Ontario, a mechanic in the Nipissing Mine; and John Thomson, twenty-two, of Banff, Alberta, a mining engineering student at the University of Alberta. Their outfit consisted of two canvas-covered Peterborough canoes, weighing together 200 lb; and gear making a total (without the canoes) of 1550 lb.

APPENDIX A

Hornby's Caribou Notes

I: The Caribou Notes—1924

SINCE ONLY one Hornby diary is now preserved—the Great Slave Lake diary of 1920-1 in Bullock's transcript (see Appendix D)—Hornby's 'Caribou Notes' provide a laconic but indispensable substitute for the missing diaries. In the opening diary entry, under date 26 January 1921, Hornby says: 'I am sorry to say that I have lost the habit of keeping a diary. I did so for a number of years, but lost them in the fire at Fort Confidence and so became discouraged.' Yet in 1924, when he wrote out the 'Caribou Notes', Hornby had in his possession reliable notes of his travels from 1908 to 1919, as well as the diary of 1920-1; for the Notes contain much detail that cannot possibly have been committed to memory over such a period of time. The 'Caribou Notes', tested against Melvill's journal-letters and Douglas's records, prove to be substantially accurate though never copious in detail. The source notes have not survived.

The 'Caribou Notes', promised to O. S. Finnie in a letter of 3 March 1924, were handed to LaNauze in MS. in Halifax on 4 March, were typed up by LaNauze in Hornby's absence, and forwarded to Finnie. This version—nine foolscap pages of double-spaced typescript, with a few MS. corrections in LaNauze's hand—is now in the files of the Department of Northern Affairs, together with the MS. map reproduced on p. 54 above.

One-third of the typescript consists of a long note on the Barren Land Caribou (printed below). The rest gives a record of Hornby's sightings of caribou from 1 September 1908 to 1 June 1919. As a record of the movements

of caribou in the Great Bear Lake district the Notes are of questionable value, the dates being sometimes only approximate, the descriptive procedure unmethodical, and no part of the record overburdened with the minutiae of exact observation. As a biographical document, however, the Notes are of great value in providing dated indications from which Hornby's movements can be inferred. The long expository note also provides a counterpoise to the contempt in which Hornby's ability as a naturalist and observer has commonly been held.

NOTES ON THE BARREN LAND CARIBOU
(*Rangifer Arcticus*)

1908-19 by J. Hornby, N.W.T.

No animals of the Northern Regions are so famed as the Barren Ground Caribou, even the wolves about which such fantastic stories are so often weaved, are dwarfed into insignificance when the talk is of the mighty herds of migrating Caribou. However to one who has lived long in those regions and seen large herds of Caribou, the passing of a few herds is unnoticeable.

In looking over my notes, attached, I was surprised to so often read that Caribou had passed in such large numbers. The country is immense and being open, it is impossible to realize their number when passing in scattered herds. Though at times the Caribou pass in large numbers, again it is possible to travel for days and see none. In those regions the Indians are in a perpetual state of feasting or starving, generally the latter.

Indians love to congregate and living entirely on meat, they can in a short time consume a large quantity, especially as they are assisted by plenty of dogs with equally ravenous appetites.

On many occasions I have seen a band of Indians with their camp full of meat and within a short time absolutely starving.

Whether the Caribou have decreased or else ceased to move in such westerly directions, can never be determined, for it has never been known to what number the Caribou existed.

It is now of extreme importance to procure knowledge on this point. By careful observation in the heart of the Barren Regions and the collection of all possible data, it could be ascertained to a good degree as to (1) the numbers, (2) to what has [affected], (3) to what is [affecting], (4) to what will affect the increase or decrease of the Caribou.

For many years I have studied the Caribou, but only living on the outskirts of the Barren Lands. By living two summers and two winters in the heart of the Barrens, I could get definite data on the Caribou. Whether the Caribou are increasing or decreasing is uncertain. Indians and Eskimo slaughter large numbers.

Wolves are plentiful, white foxes, ravens and wolverine follow to eat up the carcasses.

Without the Caribou the charm of the Barrens would disappear. Without the Caribou the Indians would have no skin clothing, nor skins nor babiche for their use.

The dogs materially assist the Indians to be in a perpetual state of want. Both Indians and Eskimos have now plenty of dogs. When I first met the Eskimos, I seldom saw them with more than two dogs.

At the beginning of April the female Caribou start to leave and by the beginning of May have all left the woods to go northwards. The bull Caribou start moving later but many can be seen all summer on the Barren shores around the Lake.

Towards the end of July and the beginning of August the females start moving back and though moving Southwards, keep circling and are joined by those bulls which may be roaming in those localities.

The beginning of October is the mating season. The bulls and cows may be seen together at any time except from the beginning of November to the end of December and again from May until the end of July.

The bulls shed their horns in November and early in May the horns start growing. The velvet is off the beginning of September. Cows (which have small horns) keep their horns all winter.

Females have only one young though possibly sometimes two.

In summer the Caribou are plagued by mosquitoes and black-flies. In the spring their backs are covered by warbles which hatch out early in June. Besides, there is a fly which lays eggs in their throat and these hatch out at the end of May.

Now as to the migrations of the Caribou. In migrating the Caribou can be said to be as regular or rather as irregular as the seasons. So sure as the sun starts to decline the Caribou travel in a Southerly direction.

Vast herds reach Fond Du Lac, Athabaska, and Eastwards towards the Hudson Bay, at the same time large herds can be seen anywhere from there even to the North of Great Bear Lake. Large herds may have already gone South whilst large herds are awaiting for the freeze up so as to cross from Victoria and Wollaston Land.

In their migrations and whilst they are roaming around Caribou do not always pass the same localities. Likewise the Caribou press Northwards in summer. There are many reasons which cause to deflect and alter the course of the Caribou.

Nothing terrifies animals more than fire arms. The Caribou change their course, if the leading herds are met by a band of Indians. If Caribou strike a large lake, they either follow around or else find a narrow place to swim across. Caribou turn back if there is black glare ice. The wind often effects a change in the direction. When flies are bad, though in large numbers Caribou always travel up wind. Though Caribou prefer to travel up wind they often go down wind. If the country is burnt the Caribou keep away.

If during the previous season whilst roaming around in winter, the Caribou have been slaughtered in large quantities, the Caribou do not appear for two years. Dur-

ing the late summer and early fall, until the Caribou enter the woods, the area being limited, the Caribou consequently are generally seen passing the same localities, consequently at this time, when it would be easier to give a more accurate estimate as to the number of the Caribou which travel those Barren Regions.

II: The Caribou Report of 1925

As part of his undertaking with the North-West Territories and Yukon Branch in 1924, Hornby agreed to prepare at the end of the Casba-Thelon journey, 1924-5, a report upon the caribou migrations and the distribution of musk ox in the country he had travelled. The MS. draft of his report was written in a large leather-covered exercise book (7½ x 9 inches) which was in the end recovered from the Thelon cabin in 1929 after Hornby's death, the draft being written on pp. 37-72, 75, 79-85, 129-30. After the book was brought out from the cabin in 1929, the Public Administrator for the District of Mackenzie, H. Milton Martin, removed the leaves containing the draft report and sent them to Ottawa where they are now preserved in the files of the Department of Northern Affairs. Specimens of flowers and grasses collected on the first or on the final Thelon journey are still pressed between the leaves of the book. The other part of the book has now disappeared, is known to have contained on the first thirty-six pages the draft of part of Hornby's projected book *In the Land of Feast or Famine* (p. 1, title; pp. 3-28, Chapter 1 'Brief Description of my First Trip into the Far North 1908'; pp. 29-36, 'The Animals').

The *Caribou Report* also exists in typescript with Hornby's signature and a few notes in his hand; in a copy of the typed version, drastically revised by the N W T & Y Branch for publication; and in the revised and expurgated version published posthumously in the *Canadian Field Naturalist* XLVIII (Oct. 1934) 105-11. The MS. draft acknowledges, as the title of the typed version does

not, that the report is based on observations made by both Hornby and Bullock. A few of the more interesting and characteristic passages—some of which are found only in the MS. draft or which were excluded from the printed version—are collected below.

(i) *The Natives.* ‘Both Indian and Eskimo have practically become dependent on white trappers for the majority of their supplies. It would be impossible for them to return to their own methods of living off the country. When once weaned from that, it is necessary to see that there is always an ample supply of white man’s food in case there are times of hardship. In many instances Eskimo certainly could be encouraged to use nets especially those we met on the Thelon River who are now equipped with guns and rifles [and] slaughter any living wild creature which may be so rash as to come near. Like sheep they clean a country. Nothing will ever satiate the killing appetite of man which appears more conspicuously with the natives. The now ever increasing number of dogs kept by the natives ever tend to the great destruction of animals. Nothing except the fear of punishment will ever restrain them.

It is a waste of time and energy to endeavour by talk to persuade natives from slaughtering caribou. Fear of punishment can alone prevent it. Indians, however, never attempt to make a clean up of fur bearing animals. When they make a reasonable catch they prefer either to go to a trading post or pay a visit to other Indians.’

(ii) *Caribou Migration and Feeding.* ‘The caribou in their migrations move northwards in the spring and southwards in the winter. Caribou do not migrate in one continuous stream but there are countless bands of caribou which migrate to the different sectors. In summer the caribou, to a great extent, feed on the grasses they can find. In the winter their food is chiefly the moss. It is difficult to say how long it takes to reproduce the moss eaten by the caribou. They do not totally clean up any special

area consequently may be seen again in that area the following year or others even may be feeding there that very same year.

(iii) BARREN LAND CARIBOU: *Rangifer arcticus*.

Though the caribou still winter in herds their area is now becoming more restricted. They are remorselessly slaughtered by the natives, killed in large numbers by the wolves which continually follow them and their remains are eaten up or devoured by the wolverines, white foxes and ravens. These caribou are very small and the largest bulls when they are in their fattest condition at the end of September will weigh only about 300 pounds. It is then that the back fat—the fat cut from the back—weighs 25 lb. Besides this the Indian gets much grease from the meat and bones. It is said that the migrations of the caribou are very irregular but I found that they would be as regular as the seasons if their courses were not deflected by the Indians and Eskimo or on account of the sea or large lakes not being frozen over or the country having been burnt. Once I noticed it was on account of glare ice at Dease river—the caribou had come down to the edge of the lake in thousands and then turned back.

There are, however, few places that caribou cannot go. They swim across lakes and go up and down very steep places and can even cross lakes or glare ice and not afraid to cross any swift place in a river.

The Indians are supplied with an unlimited amount of powder and ammunition and also can procure shells from the traders. They are all equipped with high power rifles. Nothing terrifies the caribou more than fire arms which combined with the awful and wanton slaughter cause the alteration of their movements. The lust for killing is human nature and the Indian certainly affords a good example. The Indians are still further encouraged to kill as the traders pay for both skins and tongue.

Unlike most deer the male and female caribou may be seen together many times of the year but it is only because they happen to be moving in the same direction. It is

about the first week in August that the Indians move up to the barren lands to meet the caribou as they make their first movement southwards. The caribou have now almost shed all their old hair and their skins are beginning to get good but not as a rule until about the third week in August are the caribou fat and the skins good. The young caribou are very small but can travel fast and swim perfectly. Black flies are now [early August] in myriads and keep the caribou constantly on the move. Of course they are very poor and it is not before the end of the month that they begin to get fat. During this time caribou could be seen moving for several days in small bands of ten to several hundreds. During the summer there were always bull caribou to be found along the barren points of the lake and on the high ridges and also on the islands close to Hunter's Bay where they could get some respite from the flies. . . . The hides of the caribou are at their best towards the end of August and the beginning of September. The caribou are in the fattest condition from towards the end of September until the first week in October. About the beginning of October, during the first real cold spell, the mating season commences. The caribou now congregate in countless herds at the edge of the woods on the barrens, all the bull caribou having come out of the woods.

At this time they generally move off in a north easterly direction in small bands with one bull caribou and two to twenty cows follow. Towards the end of October and the beginning of November the bull caribou come into the woods singly and in small herds of from two to twenty. At this time they are poor and are not at all good eating. In November—the old bulls cast their horns. Towards the end of November most caribou move southwards by many circles back into the barren lands, especially the females and the young and again in December large bands of caribou are moving southwards into the woods, females and young ones remaining outside the woods during the whole winter in large numbers but most of the bulls go into the woods. During the very stormy weather

the caribou leave the woods and go on to large lakes, into open places, because when the winds are strong the caribou cannot detect any strange sounds and so are scared. In winter the caribou have long hair which affords good protection against the cold weather. They penetrate far into the woods but do not always frequent the same locality. This is mainly due to the fact that previous winters they have been well slaughtered and hunted by the Indians. Caribou generally, both summer and winter, are always on the Move. Indians require large numbers of caribou to feed both their families and dogs. One Indian family with their dogs can easily use up one caribou per day. In April the female caribou move out of the woods and by May there are no female caribou to be seen in the woods.

In May the bull caribou have left the woods travelling northwards. They travel in bands from two to twenty and sometimes far more but later scatter out and in summer are to be seen wandering aimlessly about in ones and two's. Wounded and sick caribou endeavour to stay on the islands or close to the water during the summer so as to escape pursuit from the wolves. I do not think that the caribou move north and south in one large continuous mass but there are many distinct immense herds which, in their migrations, though, according to the seasons go north and south, scatter out in the different localities.'

(iv) (Under the heading 'BARREN LAND WOLF—*Canis albus*'). 'The barren land wolves vary greatly in colour—are pure white to dark which latter rarely belong to the timber. They are large and not ferocious. This is one of the finest animals we have but unfortunately it has a bad name and there is every desire to slaughter them all. Now it is a question if all the wolves were killed off would the caribou increase or would they die off through weakness? The wolves must undoubtedly kill off the weak and sick caribou and consequently only the hardy ones are left to reproduce. In summer wolves can be met with almost everywhere in the Barrens. After the mating season they go off in pairs. They have their young in any suitable spot

generally facing south on the side of a ridge in a sandy place in a den about one yard from the entrance and sometimes only under a small spruce tree. When caribou are numerous in winter wolves are also fairly plentiful.

I have never found the barren land wolves to travel in larger packs than seven. Once, however, where there had been a big slaughter of caribou I counted forty-one wolves but they had only collected in passing and were eating up the remains. In that country there is nothing that a wolf will not eat, especially in winter. These wolves are not dangerous and on several occasions I have had wolves come within a few inches during the night. Wolves can always be caught with large traps. When the men were sent to set poison I in vain protested. Last year these men, in the spring, even, went as far as Artillery lake to poison the wolves. They should never have been allowed into a district where there are other trappers or traders. No half measures are never of any use. If it is intended to set a little poison that meant only a beginning. (I think it would be better to give a free permit to all [~~'traders'~~] trappers, for if one non resident is allowed to poison out a country, it must be at least justifiable for the residents to do the same.) Trappers are very jealous of their own rights and am certain would not hesitate to take any means. I was requested by them to make a complaint but these men are not in the country now so they should be satisfied. No one could ever convince me that it is possible to poison wolves in that country without poisoning foxes. However, since half measures are never any good and if it is required to poison off all the wolves in order to protect the caribou, it could be done regardless of white foxes. I do not think it could possibly hurt the caribou. White foxes could be easily raised in captivity and there might be a fox farming industry encouraged in that district. Of course I do not like to see the wolves totally destroyed until it was definitely approved that it was necessary. Wolves like all other predatory animals and birds must be put there for some purpose beneficial in destroying weaklings.'

APPENDIX B

Place-Names

TRAVELLERS visiting successively the same piece of country find native and local names already in use; they also deposit names of their own devising. In most areas therefore various strata of place-names can with luck be distinguished, even when official names—even those which return to native names—have obliterated some of the traces of local history. In earlier times native names, when recorded, were often severely corrupted, and in any case European travellers have tended to avoid the obscurities of native names by assigning honorific and celebratory names to features unfamiliar to themselves though usually well enough known to natives and old-timers. Though many personal names are local and ephemeral, some of them gain currency and are officially recognised even though the origin of the names may have been forgotten. Two MS. maps drawn by John Hornby survive: these assign names to features which have not yet been officially named, and in some cases assign different names to those now recognised as standard. Since many of the names used by Hornby are related to people he knew or knew about, or are names chosen by Hornby himself, it seemed worth bringing them together to see what Hornby knew about the previous history of the areas and to contribute new information to what was already known about the identity and origin of the names. In this matter I have received information and advice from the Canadian Board on Geographical Names—the authority established in 1897 to decide upon all points of ascription and orthography in Canadian place-names.

In the following pages the names are arranged according to topographical areas so that they can be easily re-

ferred to the appropriate maps published by the Canadian Department of Mines and Technical Surveys, as listed at the beginning of each section. Not all the names which appear in the published maps have in fact been officially adopted by the Board on Geographical Names; consequently I have had to distinguish between 'unnamed' features (to which no name is assigned either in the Government maps or by the Board) and features whose names, though recorded in these maps, are 'not officially adopted' by the Board.

GREAT BEAR LAKE

Colville Lake 96 NW and 86 NE: 8 miles = 1 inch, 1956

Coppermine 86 NW and 86 NE: 8 miles = 1 inch

Coppermine 86 N and 86 O: 4 miles = 1 inch

HORNBY BAY TO COPPERMINE RIVER

Place-names entered from Hornby's MS. map, p. 54 above

Bunn Creek. Unnamed. The name may refer to Charles Bunn, an assistant to J. M. Bell who surveyed Great Bear Lake in 1899-1900. *Bunn Inlet* on Melville Peninsula was named in 1847 by Dr John Rae for Thomas Bunn, an officer of the Hudson's Bay Company; and Rae is known to have travelled to the north end of Great Bear Lake. The connexion with Bell is more likely.

Caribou Point. Officially named Cape McDonnell in 1945, following a usage at least as old as 1911. Hornby's 'Caribou Notes' show that the Indians traditionally hunted caribou in that area, and Hornby records the local name. See also *Hornby Melvill Bay*. D'Arcy Arden told the Canadian Arctic Expedition in 1916 that Cape McDonnell was locally known as *Caribou Point*, and Gros Cap as *Big Point*. The last pair of names refers to what is now officially named Cape Etacho, the correct orthography for Petitot's name—*Ehtacho*—for the Scented Grass Hills Peninsula.

Cosmo Creek. Unnamed. Hornby named two creeks flowing S. and SE. into Hornby Bay *Cosmo Creek* and *Melvill Creek* for his companions in 1908-11.

Douglas Creek. Hook River on the maps, but the name is not officially adopted. *Douglas Creek* was named by Hornby for George Douglas and may mark the route Hornby took overland from Hornby Bay to the Coppermine before 1911.

Glacier Creek. Presumably Hornby's name. Officially named Fault Creek in 1960.

Hornby Melvill Bay or *Hornby and Melvill Bay.* When Bell surveyed this bay in 1899 he named it *Eda Travers Bay*—a corruption of some such name as *Edthen Traverse* = Deer Crossing. Melvill called this small bay *Caribou Bay* when he and Hornby built houses there in 1908. Hornby who wintered there with Melvill in 1908-9, and alone in 1917-18 and 1918-19, commemorated his association with Melvill on his own map and in the 'Caribou Notes'. The smaller bay is now officially included in the more comprehensive name of Hornby Bay (adopted 1949) and the modern name Hornby Bay includes much that Hornby had referred to as *McTavish Bay*.

McTavish Bay. Now officially *McTavish Arm* (adopted 1949), named by Franklin in 1827 for John George *McTavish*, chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company. Hornby seems to have regarded *McTavish Bay* as beginning from the entrance to the bay which Melvill called *Caribou Bay* and which Hornby called *Hornby Melvill Bay*.

Melvill Creek. Unnamed. See *Cosmo Creek*.

DEASE BAY TO DISMAL LAKE

Place-names entered from Hornby's MS. map, p. 54 above.

Anderson Creek. Named by Hornby for Stefansson's companion Dr R. M. Anderson. Officially unnamed, it may correspond to what Douglas called *Muddy Creek*. The prominent lake on this river, not named in Hornby's map, is marked Lac LeRoux on the published maps, but not officially adopted and commemorates the murder of Fr LeRoux on the Coppermine River with his companion Fr Rouvière (see *Lake Rouvière*).

Janitzi Creek. Unnamed. Hornby named this creek for the Indian (variously Janisse, Yanitze, Janitsi) who is mentioned in Fr Rouvière's letters, in Hornby's 'Caribou Notes', and in Douglas's *Lands Forlorn*. Janitzi's small York boat brought Rouvière the first time to Dease Bay from Fort Franklin.

Stefansson Creek. Named by Hornby for Vilhjalmur Stefansson who had built a house on that creek in the autumn of 1909, two of his Eskimo wintering there. Douglas's name *East River* (since it is the most prominent easterly branch of the Dease River) is shown on maps since 1918 but has not been officially adopted.

DISMAL LAKES TO COPPERMINE

Place-names entered from Douglas's MS. map and Sandberg's map in Lands Forlorn.

Dismal Lakes. The name, officially adopted in 1899, was taken by Dr John Richardson from Thomas Simpson's description of, rather than name for, the lake. Although a single lake, it is divided into three lakes by two dykes crossing it: hence the tendency for travellers to speak of the Dismal Lakes. Hanbury

tried to re-establish the native name *Teshierpi Lake* but the English name has stuck. Hornby spells the name *Dismall* in his MS. map; Rouvière, more pardonably, also spells the name *Dismall*, and once—through a mistaken association with Dease Bay and Dease River—spells it *Deasemal*.

Dorothy and Marion Hill. Named by George Douglas for ‘two girls we knew—very much alike, one bigger than the other.’ Shown in the published maps since 1918, the name is not officially adopted.

Hanbury’s Kopje. Douglas named this from Hanbury’s description of it as ‘a kopje-shaped hill’. Entered in the published maps since 1918, the name is not officially adopted.

Hornby Hill. Named by Douglas for John Hornby. Entered in the published maps since 1918, the name is not officially adopted.

Lake Rouvier. Lac Rouvière on the maps since 1918, but not officially adopted. Named by Douglas for Fr Rouvière whose missionary house was built there with Hornby’s help in 1911 and who with Fr LeRoux was killed by Eskimo in 1913. The misspelling *Rouvier* in Hornby’s map follows the usage of both Douglas and Hornby. The Eskimo called the lake *Imaerinik* (probably = ‘the one dried up’): Rouvière called it *Dease Lake*.

Teshierpi Mountain. This name, assigned by George Douglas to a hill lying in the triangle where the Teshierpi River turns eastward, is incorrectly assigned in the published maps to a hill on the eastern side of the river.

Teshierpi River. *Teshierpi* is the traditional name for the Dismal Lake: Douglas ascribed this one name to a moun-

tain, a river, and a drink improvised from blueberries and brandy. Douglas's Teshierpi River was what Hornby called *Dismal Creek*. The name *Teshierpi*—variously spelled *Teshi-ayr-pi* (Hanbury), *Teshiarping* (Douglas), *Teshierping* (Sandberg), *Tahierpik* (Stefansson), and *Terchierpic* (Hornby), properly *tasirpi* (= 'the big lake[s]')—appears in the published maps but is not officially adopted.

COPPERMINE RIVER: KENDALL RIVER TO BLOODY FALLS

*Place-names entered in succession downstream from Douglas's map. (All but two, here marked *, are in the published maps; but only two have been officially adopted, here marked †.)*

Kendall River. Named before Hanbury for the Kendall who, with Richardson, explored in 1827 to the mouth of the Coppermine in the boats *Dolphin* and *Union*.

Mouse River. Named on Franklin's 1821 map.

September River and *September Mountain.* Named by Douglas on the first exploratory trip from Dease Bay to the Coppermine in August and September 1911. The published maps now give the names as September Creek and September Mountains.

Tepee Creek. Origin unknown.

Larrigan Creek. Origin unknown. *Lorrigan Creek* in Sandberg's map.

Stony Creek. Named by Douglas for a large rockslide at the mouth.

Glance Creek. Named by Douglas for copper ore in the water.

Big Creek. Origin unknown.

Hornby Creek. Named by Douglas for John Hornby.

* *Muddy Creek.* Origin unknown.

* *Copper Creek.* Origin unknown.

Melville Creek. Named by Douglas for Cosmo Melville, Hornby's companion 1908-11. Near the mouth of this creek Douglas found in 1912 the record of Melville's 'Farthest North' of 1909. The correct spelling is *Melville Creek*, but the published map follows Douglas's misspelling, perhaps taking the eponym to be the Viscount Melville, First Lord of the Admiralty in Parry's time, whose name already liberally adorns the high latitudes.

Burnt Creek. Named by Douglas from what he called *Burnt Camp*.

Willow Creek. Douglas's name, for the willows there.

Sandstone Creek. Douglas's name, because of a change—shown in Sandberg's geological map—to a sandstone formation.

Husky Creek. Named by Douglas for a short-legged Eskimo dog he had with him on the 1912 spring journey.

† *Bloody Falls.* Samuel Hearne's name, because of the massacre of an Eskimo village there by Hearne's Indians in 1771. The name was officially adopted in the Board's 9th Report.

† *Coppermine River*. The traditional Indian and Eskimo name widely known before Hearne. Officially adopted in the Board's 9th Report. Hanbury gives the Eskimo name of the river as *Nipark tulik*.

Muskox Rapids, Sandstone Rapids, Escape Rapids.
Franklin's names.

GREAT SLAVE LAKE

Artillery Lake 75 NW. and 75 NE.
Fort Reliance 75L and 75K: 4 miles = 1 inch, 1938
Fort Smith—Nonacho 75 SW.
Great Slave Lake 85 SE.

FORT RESOLUTION TO LOCKHART RIVER

Place-names entered alphabetically from Hornby's MS. map.
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Some of Hornby's names can be identified only conjecturally with features and names on present maps; and some features named by Hornby are still officially unnamed.

<i>Barquisht Island.</i>	Possibly Simpson Islands.
<i>Barrel Island.</i>	Sosan (= Swallow) Island.
<i>Benjamin's Island.</i>	Kluziai (= a place where the ice never melts) Island.
<i>Blancher (or Blanchet) Island.</i>	Caribou Islands.
<i>Blanchet's Channel.</i>	Unnamed.
<i>Boucher Channel.</i>	Unnamed.
<i>Boucher's Narrows.</i>	Taltheilei Narrows.
<i>Christie Bay.</i>	Named by Back in 1833 for a Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company.
<i>Gros Goulais Islands.</i>	Iles du Goulet.
<i>Hanbury Creek.</i>	Mackinlay River, named for James Mackinlay, factor in

	charge of Reliance in 1890, Warburton Pike's companion and guide.
<i>Hanbury's Point.</i>	Unnamed.
<i>Hoarfrost River.</i>	Named by Back.
<i>Hornby's Bay.</i>	Charlton Bay, named by J. W. Tyrrell in 1900 for W. Andrew Charlton, MLA.
<i>Hornby Channel.</i>	Named by Blanchet for John Hornby in 1925.
<i>Jones Creek.</i>	Possibly Barnston Creek.
<i>Keith Point.</i>	Pekangatui Point; called Point Keith by Pike.
<i>Lockhart River.</i>	Named before 1922 for a Hudson's Bay Company post manager in the area.
<i>Macdonald Bay.</i>	Unnamed.
<i>Macdonald River.</i>	Possibly François River.
<i>MacLeod's Bay.</i>	McLeod Bay, named by Back for his principal companion.
<i>McSwain Island.</i>	Et-then (= caribou) Island.
<i>Martin Creek.</i>	Possibly Bibstone Creek.
<i>Melvill Narrows.</i>	For Cosmo Melvill; unnamed.
<i>Mercredi Bay.</i>	Possibly Basile Bay.
<i>Mercredi Point.</i>	Grant Point.
<i>Muirhead Bay.</i>	Lost Channel.
<i>Muirhead Point.</i>	Gibraltar Point.
<i>Pearson's Narrows.</i>	Unnamed.
<i>Pierre LeLoche River.</i>	LaLoche River, named for a native living there.
<i>Rabbit Island.</i>	Preble Island.
<i>Rox or Ross Island.</i>	Blanchet Island, named for Guy Blanchet.
<i>Simpson's Portage.</i>	Unnamed.
<i>Sousie King's Channel.</i>	Inconnu Channel, colloquially known as <i>Conny Channel</i> . Sousie King was an Indian companion of Warburton Pike.
<i>Stark's Island.</i>	Pethei (= owl) Peninsula. Jack

	Stark, the earliest prosperous trapper in eastern Slave Lake, is mentioned in the historical section of Hornby's <i>Caribou Report</i> .
<i>Stark's Portage.</i>	Unnamed.
<i>Talson Bay.</i>	Taltson Bay, 'Taltson' being a contraction of the generic designation for the Copper Indians.
<i>Talson River.</i>	Taltson River.
<i>White Fish Creek.</i>	Unnamed.
<i>Wilson's Island.</i>	Wilson Island.
<i>Wilson's Mine.</i>	Marked on official map as 'Aurous Gold Mine'.
<i>Woodman Island.</i>	Redcliff Island: Blanchet's translation of the local Indian name.

APPENDIX C

The Murder of Frs Rouvière and Le Roux, OMI

A TRANSCRIPT of all Inspector LaNauze's submissions is contained in *Report of the North West Mounted Police, 1916* (Ottawa 1917), pp. 190-253: Appendix O, "Reports regarding Great Bear Lake Patrol" (being Paper No. 28 in *Canada. Sessional Papers* LII, No. 18, 1917). Statements made by various Eskimo through the interpreter Ilavinik are of considerable interest, but the statements of Sinnisiak and Uluksuk are the most graphic and eloquent.

Sinnisiak, 'the principal murderer'. Inspector LaNauze found him on Victoria Land on 14 May 1916 in a village of skins of about forty people. Sinnisiak was sitting in his tent making a bow; he 'appeared to be stunned with fear' for 'he expected to be stabbed right then'. Uluksuk, *alias* Mayuk (not the murderer) identified Sinnisiak. Sinnisiak said: 'If the white men kill me I will make medicine and the ship will go down in the ice and all will be drowned.' LaNauze arrested Sinnisiak at once, but there was no preliminary hearing until 17 May. He was carefully given the customary warning. He then said, 'I want to speak', and testified as follows through the interpreter Ilavinik.

I was stopping at the mouth of the Coppermine river and was going fishing one morning. A lot of people were going fishing. When the sun had not gone down I returned to camp and saw that the two priests had started back up the river. They had four dogs; I saw no other men.

I slept one night. Next morning I started with one dog to help people coming from the south. All day I walked along and then I left the river and travelled on land; I was following the priests' trail. I met the priests near a lake; when I was close to them, one man came to meet me.

The man Ilogoak* [Le Roux] the big man, came to me and told me to come over to the camp. Ilogoak said, 'If you help me pull the sled, I will pay you in traps.' We moved off the same day I arrived to be near wood; Uluksuk was with me and we pulled the sled. We could not make the trees; it was hard work and we made camp.

The next day we started back and the priests were going ahead; it started to storm and we lost the road. After that the dogs smelt something and Uluksuk went to see what it was and I stayed behind. Uluksuk found that it was a cache of the priests and told me to come over. As soon as we came there the priests came back, Ilogoak was carrying a rifle; he was mad with us when we had started back from their camp, and I could not understand his talk.

I asked Ilogoak if he was going to kill me, and he nodded his head.

Ilogoak said, 'come over to the sled,' and he pushed me with his hand.

The priests wanted to start again and he pushed me again and wanted me to put on the harness and then he took his rifle out on top of the sled; I was scared and I started to pull.

We went a little way and Uluksuk and I started to talk and Ilogoak put his hand on my mouth. Ilogoak was very mad and was pushing me. I was thinking hard and crying and very scared and the frost was in my boots and I was cold. I wanted to go back, but I was afraid. Ilogoak would not let us. Every time the sled stuck, Ilogoak would pull out the rifle. I got hot inside my body and every time Ilogoak pulled out the rifle I was very much afraid.

I said to Uluksuk, 'I think they will kill us; I can't get back now. I was thinking I will not see my people any more. I will try and kill him.' I was pulling ahead of the dogs. We came to a small hill, I took off the harness quick and ran to one side and Ilogoak ran after me and pushed me back to the sled. I took off my belt and told Ilogoak I was going to relieve myself as I did not want to go to the sled. After that I ran behind the sled; I did

* Probably = 'one who has a relative', hence LeRoux.

not want to relieve myself. Then Ilogoak turned round and saw me; he looked away from me and I stabbed him in the back with a knife. I then told Uluksuk, 'You take the rifle.' Ilogoak ran ahead of the sled and Uluksuk went after him. The other white man wanted to come back to the sled; I had the knife in my hand and he went away again.

Uluksuk and Ilogoak were wrestling for the rifle, and after that Uluksuk finished up Ilogoak. I did not see Uluksuk finish him. The other man ran away when he saw Ilogoak die. I asked Uluksuk, 'Is he dead?' and he said, 'Yes, already.' I then said to Uluksuk, 'Give me the rifle.' He gave it to me; the first time I shot I did not hit him [Rouvière], the second time I got him. The priest sat down when the bullet hit him. I went after him with a knife. When I was close to him he got up again; both of us were together. I had the knife in my hand, and I went after him when he got up again.

Uluksuk told me, 'Go ahead and put the knife in him.' I said to Uluksuk, 'Go ahead you. I fixed the other man already.' The father fell down on his back. Uluksuk struck first with the knife and did not strike him; the second time he got him. The priest lay down and was breathing a little, when I struck him across the face with an axe I was carrying; I cut his legs with the axe; I killed him dead.

One man is in the creek, the first one alongside the sled.

After they were dead I said to Uluksuk, 'Before when white men were killed they used to cut off some and eat some.' Uluksuk cut up Ilogoak's belly; I turned around. Uluksuk gave me a little piece of the liver; I eat it; Uluksuk eat too.

We covered up both bodies with snow when we started to go back.

We took a rifle and cartridges. We took three bags of cartridges; we started back in the night time. We camped that night. Next morning we got back to camp as soon as it was light. I went to Kormik's tent; Kormik was sleeping and I woke him up. I told him I killed these two fellows already; I can't remember what Kormik said.

Kormik, Kocha, Angebrunna Kallum, and Kingordlik went to get the priests' stuff; they started in the morning

and came back the same night. Kormik had two church shirts and some clothing; I can't remember the other things.

Kormik sold the two church shirts to Natallik; I do not know what he got for them.

I can't tell any more. If I knew more I would tell you, I can't remember any more. Kormik wanted to kill Ilogoak for his rifle. Ilogoak was mad with him and would not stop any more, so he left the camp.

Uluksuk alias *Avingak*. On 17 May Inspector LaNauze and his party found *Uluksuk* with a group of Eskimo on an island at the mouth of the Coppermine River. As they approached, the Eskimo made the peace sign by holding up their arms. But *Uluksuk*, identified by *Ilavinik*, at first hung back, then ran forward holding up his hands and saying 'Goanna Goanna'.*

'I asked him if he knew what we had come for,' Inspector LaNauze reported; "Oh yes, he knew well; were we going to kill him? The other two white men hit me over the head, will you do this?" I told him carefully that he had nothing to fear.' *Uluksuk* was formally arrested by Constable Wight. The preliminary hearing was held on 29 May. Upon being given the warning in the usual manner, he said 'I want to talk', and made a complete confession, impressive for its detailed coincidence with *Sinnisiak's* statement. During the proceedings 'the prisoner was very nervous, and was shivering and shaking'. He spoke as follows through the interpreter *Patsy*.

I was at the mouth of the Coppermine river after the lakes froze over. We were fishing there. Kormik and the two white men *Ilogoak* [*LeRoux*], and *Kuleavik** [*Rouvière*] had one camp between them.

Kormik wanted to kill the two white men because they were angry with him as he had put away their rifle, and his wife had put away some of the white man's food.

* More accurately *Quanna Quanna* = Thank you, thank you.

After the white men left to go up the river, Sinnisiak and I followed their trail; we wanted to get to the people who were behind. It was three days after the priests had left that we met them on the river.

The tall white man Ilogoak [LeRoux] said to me, 'If you will help us I will give you traps; we want you to go with us as far as the trees.'

On the first day the priests were not angry with us; we camped with them one night and we did not reach the trees; we made a small snow house for the priests. The next day the priests were angry and said, 'If you will take us to the woods we will give you traps.' We started; I was ahead pulling the sled. Sinnisiak was close to the sled and the two white men were behind.

I wanted to speak; Ilogoak put his hand over my mouth. I wanted to talk of my wife sewing clothes for Ilogoak in the fall; Kuleavik gave Ilogoak a rifle and a knife and Ilogoak pointed the gun at us. I was afraid and I was crying.

Every time I wanted to talk, Ilogoak came and put his hand over my mouth.

We went on and Sinnisiak said to me, 'We ought to kill these white men before they kill us', and I said, 'They can kill me if they want to, I don't want to kill any people.' Sinnisiak then said, 'I will kill one of them anyway, you had better try and be strong too.' Ilogoak turned round and Sinnisiak stabbed him from behind in the back. Ilogoak then hit me with a stick and I stabbed him twice with a knife and he dropped down.

I took the rifle from on top of the sled and threw it down on the snow. The other white man Kuleavik [Rouvière] started to run away and Sinnisiak picked up the rifle and missed him the first shot. The second shot he wounded him and the priest sat down.

Sinnisiak dropped the rifle and took an axe and a knife; I had a knife and we ran after him. When we got up to Kuleavik, Sinnisiak told me to stab him again; I did not want to stab him first. Then Sinnisiak told me again to stab him and I stabbed him again in the side and the blood came out and he was not yet dead. I did not stab him again and Sinnisiak took the axe and chopped his neck and killed him. Sinnisiak said to me 'You had better

cut him open.' I did not want to. He told me again and I cut open his belly and we eat a piece of the liver each. We then left Kuleavik on the top of the snow and went back to the other man Ilogoak and I cut him open when Sinnisiak told me to. We eat a small piece of his liver also.

I wanted to throw the rifles away and Sinnisiak said, 'Take one, and I will take one.'

We took three boxes of cartridges each. We then went back to the mouth of the river where the other people were. We took nothing from the sled except the rifles and the cartridges. We got back to the camp when it was night time; Sinnisiak went to Kormik's tent, I went to my tent.

I told the people we had killed the two white men and that I did not want to, but Sinnisiak had killed them first.

Kormik and his wife Hoaha and Angebrunna then went to get the priests' stuff. They came back the same night with the stuff.

The people took the rifles and cartridges from me.

I have no more to speak about.

When the proceedings were over Uluksuk regained his customary spirits.

On 3 June 1916 Constable Wight, accompanied by Eskimos Kormik and Uluksuk *alias* Mayuk, visited the scene of the murder. Constable Wight reported as follows.

We came to the place on June 3, a.m., the place being about fifteen miles inland from the mouth of the Coppermine, and about one hundred yards from the edge of the west bank. As the day was stormy and the place too wet to camp at I spent about two hours there, then moved our outfit on about half a mile and pitched our tent.

Next day I returned to the scene of the fathers' murder and made a careful search of the place and surroundings, with the following results:

The first objects that I saw were the two runners of a sled that the Eskimos Kormik and Uluksuk said belonged

* The meaning of this name is not known.

to the Priests. The runners were made of heavy timber about five feet long, about a foot high and two inches thick.

About three feet away from them lay the teeth from the lower jaw of a human being, still compact and in good condition. Uluksuk said the teeth and sled were placed there by his father who had shifted them from the lower ground to a higher spot.

He also said the teeth belonged to Father LeRoux, who had died by the sled.

On being asked where LeRoux died he took me about twenty yards towards the river and showed me the spot which was easily recognized as a place where some body had been chewed by animals, as there were numerous very fine bone splinters strewn about.

I collected the following articles about the place: One snake buckle with part of a canvas belt, one piece of blanket, one piece of canvas, three pieces of pair of pants, one piece of sweater, one weather-worn diary (last entry about sixteenth or seventeenth of October), pieces of literature in French language, and three empty rifle shells from a .44 Winchester.

These articles will be forwarded to headquarters with report.

I did not make a grave at the spot where the Father Le Roux died, as we had no implements to work the soil, which was frozen very hard.

I marked the place by placing a cross about two feet high and putting one sled runner at the foot of the cross; after doing so I asked to be shown where the other priest died.

Uluksuk took me about one hundred yards up the river and showed me a large clay hole and said the other priest had laid in the bottom of it.

As there was still over six feet of ice and snow in the place I was unable to get to the bottom of it, and there being no caribou in that part of the country for our dogs I could not stay there until the ice melted from the hole.

I also marked the place with a cross and placed the other sled runner at the foot of it on the west bank of the hole. The place can easily be found by any one travelling along the bank of the Coppermine at that part of it.

Unable to make the journey out by way of Dease River and Fort Norman, Inspector LaNauze took his prisoners by ship to Herschel Island and wintered there. On 9 May 1917 they left Herschel Island and reached Peace River Crossing on 7 August. The trial opened in Edmonton on 14 August and lasted until 17 August when Sinnisiak was found Not Guilty. The venue of the second trial was changed to Calgary and the case opened on 22 August, both prisoners being charged jointly. On 24 August both were found guilty, the jury adding 'the strongest possible recommendation for mercy that a jury can make'. The death sentence was passed on the prisoners by the Chief Justice Harvey in Edmonton on 28 August, with date of execution set for 15 October 1917. On 4 September the death sentence was commuted to life imprisonment. After serving about two years' light detention at the RNWMP post at Fort Resolution, they were returned to their own people.

There is an eye-witness account of the Edmonton trial and a summary of the proceedings in both trials written by Erwin R. Keedy, 'A Remarkable Murder Trial: Rex v. Sinnisiak' in the *University of Pennsylvania Law Review*, 100 (1951) 48-67. Since the murder had occurred in what was not a duly constituted province, the trial was held—according to the Canadian Criminal Code—in the most convenient place. Able and experienced counsel were appointed for both Crown and defence. The scene was vivid if bizarre: a number of Oblate fathers attended, their garb in marked contrast to the scarlet and blue of the RCMP uniforms; and the accused, despite the summer heat, spent the first day of the trial clothed in skins, their distress only slightly mitigated by placing their feet in tubs of ice-filled water. (After the first day, the point having been made graphically that the Eskimo were a primitive people, the accused were clothed in the standard prison rig of blue denim.)

The judge said that this was the first time 'Stone Age people' had been 'brought in contact with and will be taught what is the white man's justice'. This concern dom-

inated the trial: it accounts for the change of venue after Sinnisiak was found Not Guilty, for the judge's charge to the jury in the second trial, and his plain promise of mercy if a charge of Guilty were found.

The statements written down at the preliminary hearings in Coronation Gulf were received in evidence, and there was some cross-questioning of the accused. But there was a matter of incompatible values which Inspector LaNauze tried to explain to the court.

I have not deceived the murderers in any way; I have had it carefully explained to them that it is not for me to judge them but that the Big White Chief must decide what he will do with them. But it is hard for them to grasp the meaning of this; in their life they have no chief, everyone is equal, and their word 'Ishumatak'* for chief literally translated means 'the thinker', the man who does the deciding or thinking for the party.

As regards their religion, they have none, although the unfortunate priests were among them for three summers; all that they say of them is 'they were very good white men, they brought us powder and lead and fish lines, we were very very sorry they were killed'.

In view of the anomalous religious position of the accused, the question of the form of oath was a difficult one. The formula invented for the occasion by Chief Justice Harvey is lyrical enough to deserve wider currency: 'Whatever you speak now you speak straight; don't speak with two tongues.'

* More accurately *Isumata(q)*.

APPENDIX D

Hornby's Journal 1920-1

IN *Snow Man*, p. 289, Malcolm Waldron, repeating Bullock's statements, said that at the end of the 1925 journey Hornby presented Bullock with 'the only two consecutive diaries Hornby ever wrote'. (But see Appendix A.) Waldron printed reproductions of two pages: part of the entry for 1 March 1921, and part of the entry for 18 March 1921. The original MSS. have now disappeared, and careful efforts to trace them have failed to bring any clue to their fate. They were exhibited with Bullock's own journal in various places in Western Canada and probably also in Toronto and Montreal late in 1931. Even in the absence of the original it is sufficiently clear that the 'two diaries' were two books written consecutively, and that the existing transcript includes the text of both.

In the winter of 1923-4 Olwen Newell started to type out a copy of the journal, but the work was never finished and this copy does not survive, though there is some possibility that Hornby took this copy to the Thelon with him in 1926. Before Waldron started to work at *Snow Man*, Bullock had already incorporated a series of entries from the Hornby diary into pp. 216-20 of the draft of his autobiographical novel (see Appendix E). At about the same time, and probably before the beginning of 1932, Bullock had a copy made by a professional typist: this being the only complete copy now existing.

Since the journal exists only in the transcript prepared by Bullock, it is important to assess the amount and kind of editorial intervention that Bullock allowed himself. This can be done by comparing the transcript with the photographed pages in *Snow Man* and the few MS. tran-

scripts in the autobiographical novel Bullock was writing in 1928. The two photographed pages in *Snow Man* show that Bullock's typed transcript is not in all details faithful to the original; but the transcript is evidently for the most part verbally accurate, varying chiefly in rhetorical and glossarial changes and insertions. The changes involve not factual damage but an alteration of tone and some erosion of the style of the original. The journal entries in the 'Novel' stand closer to Hornby's original than the typed transcript does and show more clearly what happens when Bullock himself transcribes by hand from the original. In a few cases one can see in the successive revisions of some passages of the novel a movement from a primitive to a more sophisticated and Bullockish text. The 'Novel' confirms that the typed transcript is the result of progressive tidying and embellishing, with some blurring of the style of the original. The few entries printed in *Snow Man* ostensibly from Hornby's journal show that Waldron was a more eloquent and more plausible writer than either Bullock or Hornby, and that he was capable of inventing, as an alleged journal entry, quite an impressive free fantasy on a Hornbyan theme.

The typed transcript opens with a long retrospective entry under date 18 December 1920 which looks as though it may be—in part at least—an editorial recension of fragmentary notes smoothed out with information Bullock had collected from other sources. The end of the transcript certainly shows editorial intrusion, for the narrative is rounded off with a summary coda written in the third person. For the motive informing these changes, see Appendix E.

APPENDIX E

Bullock as Hornby's Biographer

CRITCHELL-BULLOCK'S acquaintance with Hornby lasted only from the autumn of 1923 until the end of 1925. Consequently Bullock's biographical drafts and notes revolve almost entirely around the Casba-Thelon trip of 1924-5 and the Edmonton preliminaries to it. Bullock's journal of the trip survives only in the shortened and revised typescript version prepared in Ottawa in the winter of 1925-6, the original MS. notebooks (bound in red leather) having disappeared since 1931. A number of letters written in the Barrens, in which Bullock reflected upon his own condition and state of mind, have not survived either, although he typed them up in 1931 hoping to publish them either with Hornby's 1920-1 diary or as an appendix to his own 'Novel'. In 1927-8 he wrote at least four stories—or rather personal narratives—retelling with lively emphasis and detail some of the incidents in his association with Hornby: the Mount Coleman trip, the arrival of the police at the cave, his trip to Reliance in spring 1925. These were not published. Neither was a long and judicious retelling of the whole Casba-Thelon story in an article written late in 1927 or early in 1928. The most interesting (because the least formal) of his autobiographical essays is 'The Novel'—a detailed account of his acquaintance with Hornby from their first meeting in 1923 until Bullock's departure for Fort Smith in the spring of 1924, told in a fictional style in the first person by Bullock as participant. The existing draft—to which he intended to add an account (perhaps the journal) of the Casba-Thelon trip and the self-communing letters—was finished by 18 November 1928 but has no title. Partly in much-corrected rough typescript, partly written

by hand in pencil, it begins with a detailed summary of material for twelve 'Concluding Chapters' and an epilogue, the text of the MS. beginning at p. 71. The whole draft has been read by a publisher's reader, as terse and often scathing comments bear witness. Malcolm Waldron appearing early in 1929 with his project for *Snow Man*—a very different kind of book—seems to have put a stop to Bullock's work on the 'Novel'. It is pretty certain that Waldron never saw the draft of the 'Novel'. In 1931 or 1932, when *Snow Man* was in print and Waldron dead, Bullock tried to prepare his novel for publication: it was read by an author's agent, but was never brought nearer to completion.

Most of Bullock's biographical activity went on in 1927 and 1928 after Hornby had vanished on his last journey but before word of his death had come from the Thelon. Within the same biographical impulse fall the two short obituaries of Hornby: one in *The Explorers' Journal*, New York, autumn 1928; the other making a preface to Bullock's series of articles on the Casba-Thelon trip in the *Canadian Field Naturalist*, beginning in March 1930. The CFN note is accompanied by the only known photograph of Hornby as a soldier: he stands on a steel girder bridge, apparently in Western Canada, wearing the uniform of a Lieutenant, adorned with the ribbon of the Military Cross. Bullock's note includes a characteristic appreciation of Hornby.

A stern moralist and absolutely fearless of any man, in the North he was esteemed though hardly understood. Slightly ego-centric, he deplored the fact that more official interest was not accorded his activities, and yet invariably failed either to keep a daily journal of his observations or subsequently to prepare a narrative. He believed that it was a greater achievement to risk, meet, and surmount privations and danger than to pass over the same route in comparative comfort. Heedless of the toll it exacted physically he welcomed hardship, and excused his failures the more readily as his sufferings increased. These eccentricities soon served to dismay those

who recognised his exceptional education and abilities, and but for this early impatience Hornby might have been encouraged to adopt the orderliness demanded of those who assume scientific responsibilities. His amazing interest in natural history, strikingly manifest in the field, led him further and further from the outposts of civilization. Although starving and hardly able to stand he would dig for hours to uncover a rodent, his tools, for the want of anything better, invariably being an axe and gold-pan. Later more often than not, this and what other specimens he had collected would be lost in a capsized canoe, in a blown down tent, or through some other misfortune often visited upon the lone traveller.

In 1935 or 1936 Bullock wrote out a set of summary notes on Hornby's life, the detail for the early years necessarily inaccurate and incomplete: these notes may have been prepared for the editor of Edgar Christian's diary, Miss B. Dew Roberts. His other two Hornby writings are also of late date and attempt a critical assessment of Hornby. On 2 October 1937 he wrote a series of MS. notes in Stefansson's copy of *Unflinching*; and in June 1950 he wrote for Stefansson a long biographical article for the then-projected but now still-unpublished *Encyclopaedia Arctica*.

In the end the only biography to be written of Hornby was a very incomplete one—*Snow Man: John Hornby in the Barren Lands*, by Malcolm Waldron, 1931, 'rewritten rather than written from the amazingly extensive diaries and records of Captain James C. Critchell-Bullock'. In February or March 1929, Waldron, a young journalist, heard of Hornby's death and approached Bullock in San Francisco for information. By late September, Waldron had submitted preliminary chapters to his publisher and must have completed his book quickly; for in April 1930 he was in hospital with tuberculosis, and had died before the end of the year without having corrected the proofs of his book. Bullock took over the proofs; the book was published early in 1931, and Bullock travelled across Canada, lecturing, signing copies, and speaking to the

press to promote the sales of the book. But, with time Bullock tended to dissociate himself from Waldron's work, declining to accept responsibility either for the portrait of Hornby or for the accuracy of fact and anecdote as set down. In the copy of *Unflinching* he noted testily against 'the laudatory treatment of Hornby's memory' in *Snow Man*, and declared that 'the author of that book, (1) was not myself, (2) was an American newspaperman who had never been north of the Canadian Boundary, (3) was a dying man to whom I gave carte blanche to make of the story what he wished, (4) died while the galleys were being printed, which galleys, when submitted to me, seemed to demand such drastic correction that the publishers felt unable to accede to my requirements'. Eight years later, however, Bullock wrote a prefatory note for a projected second English edition, to be renamed *Little Father*. But the book was not reissued; and five years after that attempt, Bullock in his *Encyclopaedia Arctica* essay spoke contemptuously of the book as 'a sensationalized account of the expedition' which 'emphasized the grotesque hardships experienced by Critchell-Bullock and Hornby after the departure of Hornby's trappers and Critchell-Bullock's assistants'. (The name 'Little Father', incidentally, has some independent existence in family tradition though it does not occur in any record of evidence given by the Coppermine Eskimo. The name refers not—as Bullock claimed—to Hornby being to Indian and Eskimo 'their friend, and, sometimes, their priest', but to the fact that he consorted with two priests who conspicuously travelled in cassocks and that he was of smaller stature than either of them.)

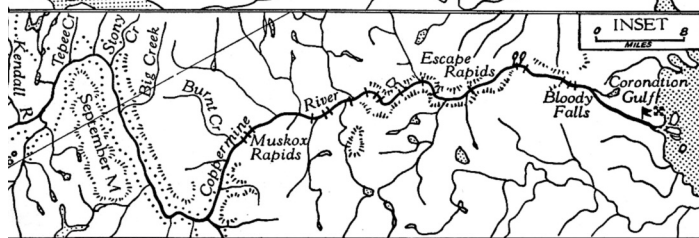
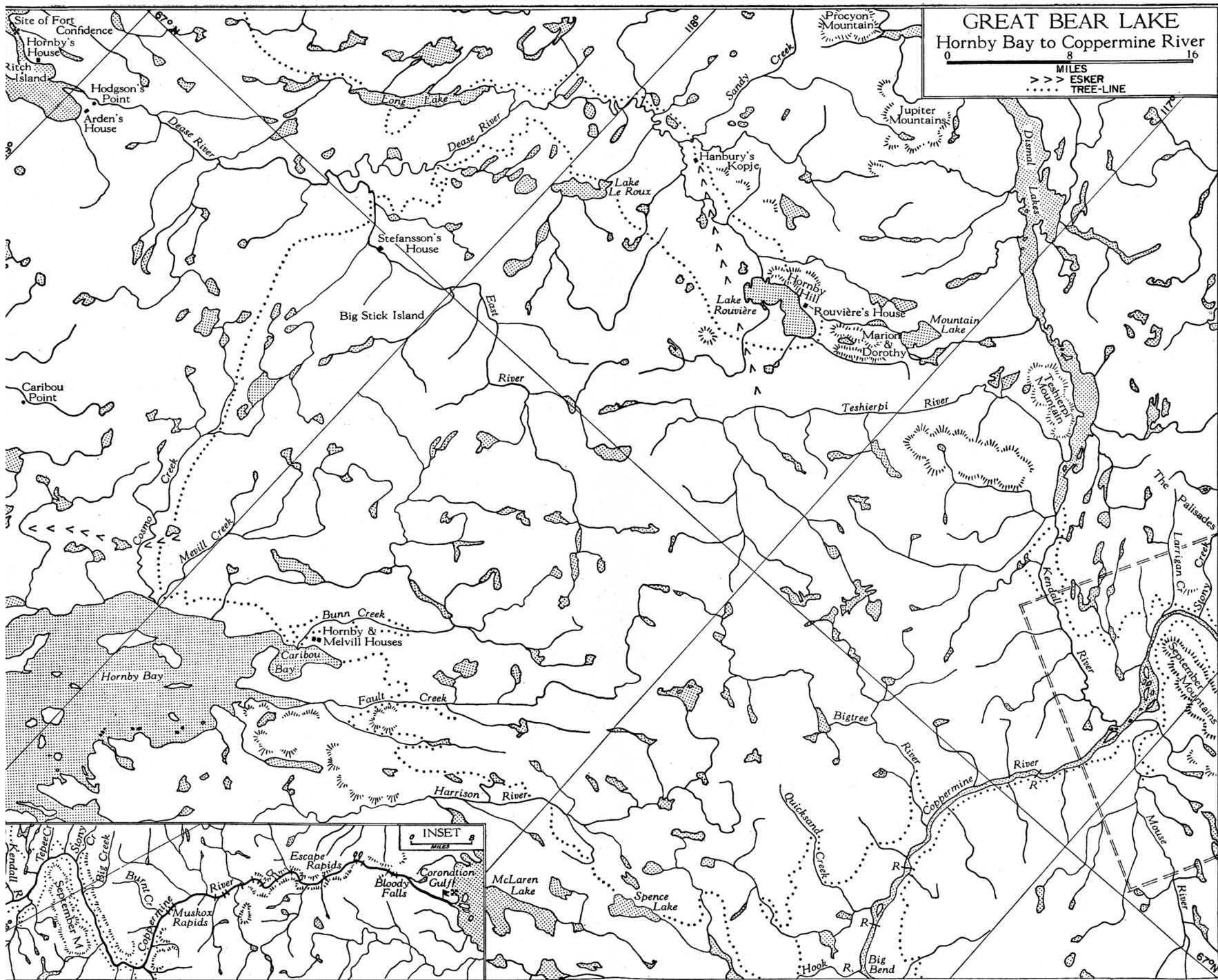
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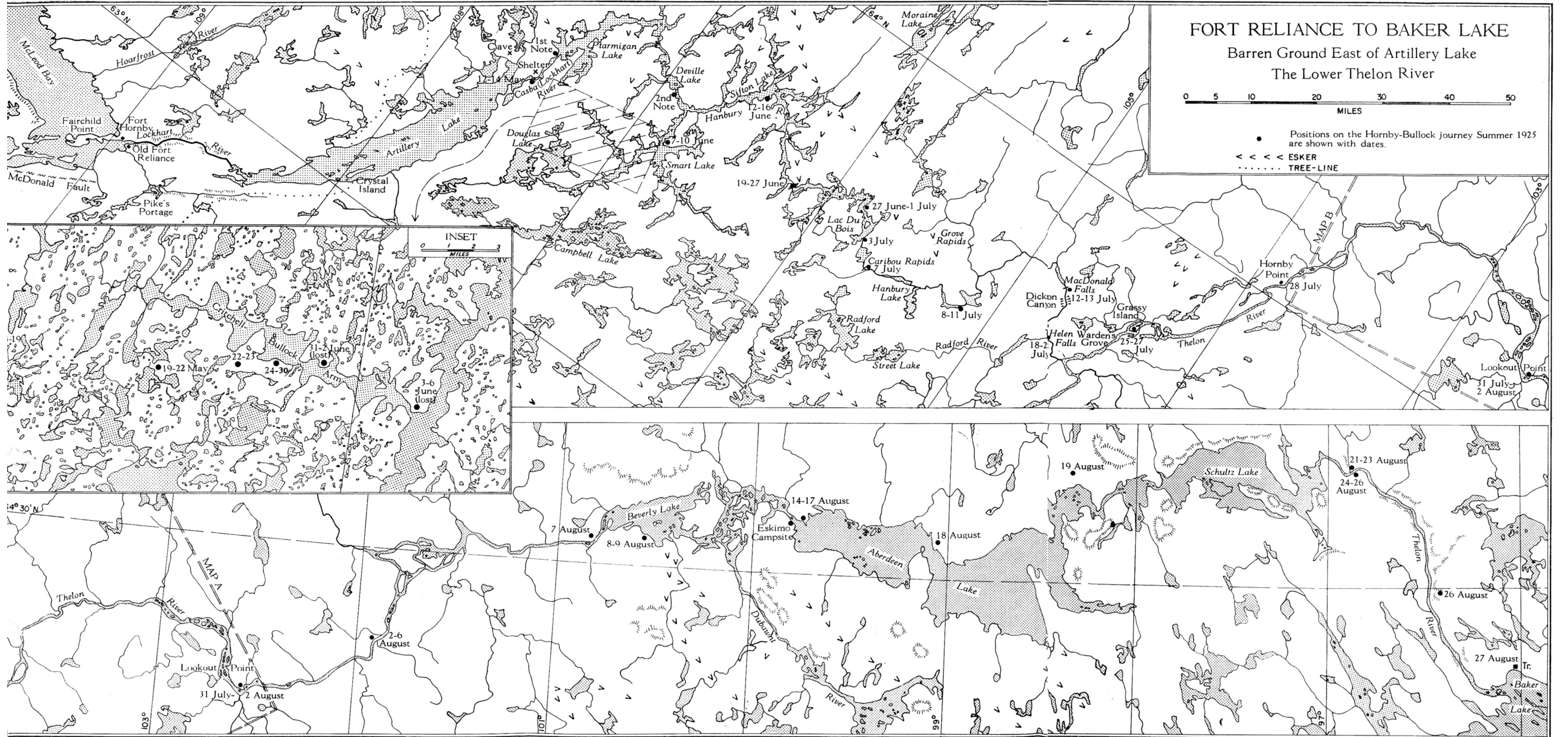
GREAT BEAR LAKE: Hornby Bay to Coppermine River

FORT RELIANCE TO BAKER LAKE: Barren Ground East
of Artillery Lake The Lower Thelon River

The Legend of John Hornby







George Whalley

Editor's Appendices

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Editor's Note

The following selection of George Whalley's letters and documents is primarily reproduced from the George Whalley Fonds preserved by Queen's University Archives in Kingston, Ontario, Canada. Before each letter is a header with identification and source details:

Letter to George Douglas 16-04-1954

Text: TS QUA; Legend of John Hornby Correspondence, Loc # 1032c, Box 2, File 18

The first line states the recipient and the letter date (day, month, year). The second line indicates whether the original is handwritten (MS) or typed (TS). QUA is Queen's University Archives. If a subtitle appears in the archive finding aid, it is reproduced (e.g. Legend of John Hornby Correspondence). Loc # abbreviates Location #, which is derived from the corresponding finding aid, followed by the box and file in which the original document is located.

The archival location information appears in the captions for scanned documents reproduced below in appendices 7 and 9, along with the name given to the document in the database of the George Whalley website.

The editor's appendices 1 to 4 were originally intended for inclusion in *The Legend of John Hornby* (1962). They are here published for the first time.

APPENDIX 1

Extracts from Cosmo Melvill's Journal
Letters of 1908-9

See Chapter Two *passim*, but particularly note 1.

(a) Indians

The Bear Lake Indians are principally Slavis, but there are a few Dog-ribs and Loucheaux among them. They all belong to what is called the Tinneh family. The habits of all are alike, but the dialect of their language is quite different, making it very confusing to talk with them, and even they appear sometimes to understand one another with difficulty. To hear their language talked sounds nothing but a succession of gutturals, but it is not hard to learn as it is very simple, there being no grammar or anything of that kind, and there are not many words, at least one can get on very well with only a few.

Hardly any understand any English, some of the women a little French. As before mentioned they have houses, but naturally they are nomadic, and in fact they do not live in their houses more than a month or so in the year, but merely use them for storing an accumulation of absolute rubbish which in former days was thrown away. Most Indians go to the Fort once a year to trade their fur, and get such stuff as they need or think they need, generally at Christmas time or else early in July. After leaving the fort they pitch off to the bush and are not seen again for at least six months. Three or four families generally hunt together; they do not as the Crees appear to keep to one hunting ground, (any one individual, I mean) but some years go North, other times South of the Lake, sometimes to the Mountains, as far even as Alaska.

They entirely live on the fish they catch or the game they kill; they only look on our food such as flour, oatmeal, bacon, sugar, jam etc. as some great delicacy or as we do chocolate and so forth. Tea and tobacco though have at least now become an absolute necessity to these people; and I must say that in the intense cold I don't believe there is anything to beat a cup of tea; the people in the North make it very strong, strong enough almost to float an axe. They have no real chief over the whole tribe, but when any question has to be decided the whole lot get together and talk for hours, the women appearing to have just as much influence as the men, and in fact the individual who talks the longest appears to carry the greatest weight, but they are a very peacable people, and generally as yet I have never seen an Indian in a temper (except for their children or their wives). Honesty is their great point, thieving being practically unknown, except perhaps a boy stealing a little sugar. We have left at the Village something like £2,000 worth of stores, and gear etc. and no one doubts but that it will be all right in the Spring when we see it again. This is certainly a great point, as if these people were thieves they could take everything we have got; but no doubt they have found from experience among themselves that if as a people they wish to exist at all, they must not steal from one another. In this country one can leave anything in the woods, making what is called a 'cache' and it will be perfectly [sic] from everything except wolverine and bear. If it is flour or meat in the 'cache', a starving Indian might take a meal, but he would certainly pay you either by leaving fur there, or if no fur he would tell you when he saw you. They don't understand what work is, and are not to be relied on if hired (as we found, though probably they had never been hired before). But they work willingly and for no pay at all if they are doing something that excites their curiosity, such as opening up stores. Nominally they are all Christians, most of them Roman Catholics, but they are not civilised enough yet to have entirely dropped their old superstitions and beliefs, and these latter hold good when out of the

priests' clutches, but they also have daily prayers too, even in the bush.

(b) Trade

To be a good trader one has to have lots of patience and tact, perhaps more than I have got. An Indian will not trade with a person he dislikes, but will take his fur hundreds of miles to some post where he likes the trader. *McKinley* is splendid with them, and can sit for hours talking to them. The method of trading at Norman is slightly different from what I have seen elsewhere. I have already told you how the value of the fur is equivalent against the cost of the stuff the Indian wants. Thus 3 small pieces of tobacco or 1 pint cup of tea is equal to one "skin", a silk handkerchief "6 skins", a cotton shirt "5 skins", a strong [sic] of beads "2 skins", 1 lb. of shot "7 skins", 1 yd. of tartan cloth "3 skins" etc. etc. "7 skins" is the value of a marten, 30 a musk-ox, 5 a wolf, 6 a mink, 6 a beaver, 100 a black-fox, 3 a white-fox, and so on, hence the motto of the Hudson Bay Company, "Pro pelle cutem". We have of course to give the same price as the Hudson Bay Company, roughly I find that what is worth 15-20 cents at Edmonton is a "skin" here with the exception of tobacco, which is cost price almost. These Indians know what money is, at any rate they have seen it. Sometimes hunting in the mountains far from Norman they meet white men who, they say, will give them "*paper skins*" as they call our "*dollar-bills*" for their fur.

After an Indian has traded his hunt he loafs around the fort a little, and then comes in again to see what "debt", as it is called, he can get to start his next hunt on. Why it is called "debt" here and not "credit" as anywhere else I can't say. Some Indians well known as good and hard working hunters can get 300 or 400 skins debt, but the average is about 50, I think; some of the women too make good hunts and are also given credit.

This system no doubt suits the Hudson Bay Company, but it is bad all round, and I believe they see this, and it is being gradually totally stopped.

The best trade stuff is tobacco, tea, silk and cotton handkerchiefs, ready made shirts and trousers, coloured belts, dyed horsehair for ornamenting their moccasins [sic], beads, cheap jewellery and watches, soap, velvet, and any kind of cheap coloured cotton, rifles, needles, and sewing cotton, all kinds of knives, copper cooking pots, needles [sic] and scissors etc. Add to this list anything that civilised man uses from a grand piano to a motor and you can be sure these people would take it. Nearly all of them now use Winchester repeating rifles loaded with black powder, but they also have a muzzle-loading ball and shot gun; in fact for duck and geese shooting we all use muzzle loaders, we only have one breech-loading gun in the outfit. The Indians are good shots with rifles and guns, and excellent with a bow and arrow which they still use for killing small game, if short of ammunition....

We have got eight or ten Indians now who will work solidly for us; these, worse luck though, are in our debt, as we had to give them "debt" for gunpowder, cartridges, fishing lines etc. in order that they could make a living at all. They are very honest though and are perpetually like Mr. Micawber talking about their debt, but whether like him they can ever pay is another matter. However, we shall always get fur from them. I find that here a marten costs us, or will cost us, about two and a half dollars (that is the price of the stuff and freight here). We shall have to pay, I can see, slightly more than the Hudson Bay Company. A marten in London is worth (or was last year) \$10 (dollars) or £2. Our expenses here (or rather for each post) can be kept to £150 per post, say £450 in all, and allowing that we can only trade 1,500 martens and no other fur every year we should not do so very badly for our capital. This year we have paid all our expenses including building six houses, and I think we are able to pay back something like £300 capital. I have no fear for the future at all, but of course had a good deal of anxiety last winter. The fur will now gradually increase again, the Indians say.

(c) Dogs

Here four dogs go to a sled harnessed tandem fashion. The sled is about 12 ft. long and 18 ins. wide, curved up at one end like a toboggan (in fact that is the East Canadian Indian name for a sled). On the sled is placed a canvas or moose-skin cover shaped like a box the same length and width as the sled, into this is piled all one's dunnage, the top is laced, and then the cover is fastened to the sled in the same manner almost as the hitch that one packs a pony with. Four dogs can pull about 400 lbs., but it is rare to have that load on. To start them you shout "Marche" (a word generally corrupted into "Mush") but when I say "start" I really ought to say you are practically shouting at or flogging the brutes the whole way, as at the slightest obstacle they stop. They can't go up a hill without being helped, and it is tremendous hard work, as when they do go they trot considerably faster than one can walk, and they certainly cover the ground as 60 miles is not uncommon in a day's travel, but 30 is the usual day. They are guided by shouting the words "ou" to go to the right or "shaw" go to the left, and "marche" straight ahead. But the average team does not pay much attention to this, and a good club or whip is the best means of controlling them. But some teams are good, and to see them at their best, one (I don't advise it) has to be crossing a wide traverse on a lake, a heavy head wind blowing the dry snow like sand around you, the temperature anywhere below zero, and nothing in sight, all vestige of the distant land hidden in a mist of driving snow. A good lead dog, or "foregoer" as they are called, is worth a lot, as on him depends the safety of the sled and the people traveling with it, and some of these have a wonderful instinct. McCallum has the best team I have seen in the country; ours is not bad except for one dog who is not the right breed, but the Indians have wretched brutes. I don't know what kind of breed they are, ours are half Collies and half Cree Indian dog. McCallum's look something like big collies except one which is an Esquimaux dog. The real breed of the country is a small dog, black and white in colour,

with prick ears and a curly tail, something like a Pomeranian but a little bigger; but they say they are no good for sled work and certainly one does not see them being used much. Esquimaux dogs, I believe, are no good except on very hard snow; in the woods where the snow is soft they are not much use.

The Indians never intentionally feed their dogs except on a trip and only then when they have lots of grub. When in camp though the dogs make their living by stealing, and since as far as I can see an Indian always gives his dogs a sporting chance to get at his meat and fish they don't do so very badly; of course though they are nearly always starving as the Indian is always starving.

A representative of the N.S.P.C.A. would have a good chance of making a fortune here, as the dogs do get a hard time of it both from the Indians and indeed white men at the posts on the Mackenzie.

(d) Food

Pounded meat and pemmican is the best and strongest food that you can eat in this country, it is more sustaining than anything else, on a handful of it a man can travel all day; it is dry though to eat and should be eaten with grease, either the natural caribou grease or lard or bacon grease. Grease is a thing that one can eat enormous quantities of here. It is quite a common thing indeed after one has killed a caribou to crack the marrow bones and suck the grease out raw, or better still a piece of the back fat. This may sound very disgusting but you have no idea of the craving one has for it. Sugar too is another thing that one can use a lot of.

Pounded meat is the raw sirloin steak of a caribou or moose smoked and dried then pounded into small shreds with an axe head by an Indian girl. Pemmican is pounded meat but made into the form of a cake with marrow grease; they generally put dried blueberries into it, and if one eats it with sugar or treacle it is excellent and you want no other kind of food.

(e) Weather

January was our coldest month, the average temperature of it being 31 degrees below zero, and most days a North wind blowing, which anywhere out of the timber was unbearable almost. The coldest day or night we had was 41 degrees below zero at the end of January. Our thermometer was hanging in a fairly sheltered place on the storehouse, or I have no doubt it would have registered colder.

Before Christmas we did not have any really cold weather, about 25 degrees below zero was the average, but a queer thing about this weather is the way it gradually gets colder as the season advances. At Edmonton and in the States (where one gets cold spells of zero weather) after a bad storm it will be very cold for a week or more but then warms up again till the next storm. But here from October to January the thermometer drops a little, perhaps only half a degree, every day, it hardly ever rises and then only a few degrees perhaps during the day time. Of course during the long nights such as December and January the temperature hardly varies at all night or day, a strong wind perhaps sending it up a degree or two; what light there is (there is no sun) has no effect on the temperature at all.

But we were all much surprised that it did not register any colder, and according to McCallum it has been a very cold winter. The first day when it showed the slightest sign of thawing in the sun was April 2nd, so practically the thermometer was below freezing point between October 1st and that date. But it by no means warmed up then as the thermometer registered at Caribou Lake 25 degrees below zero when we were out on the Coppermine, and it is still very cold and has all the appearance of winter as I write this (May 7th).

(f) Clothing

None of us suffered at all from the cold, with caribou coats with hoods, and robes for sleeping in, one is all right, but it is best not to be out at night in the very cold weather. I have been, and it is hard. The Indians stand the cold well, better than we do, but they feel it too. In the

teepees at night when it is cold you can see men, women and children huddled together for warmth, shivering and moaning in their sleep. An Indian is like a dog he can sleep shivering, a white man can't. There is really no reason for their being without caribou-skin robes though, which they often are; and the blankets which they can trade fur for are really good, the best thing almost brought down the Mackenzie River, and are very cheap being sold at cost price. There is a woman in Nikasi's party who murdered her husband; in order to punish her the Indians who look after her (she is old now), will not allow her to use a blanket or a robe at night. The poor wretch, I guess, has died a hundred deaths by now. The Indians also use their blankets as dressing rooms. One family of course all herd together in one tent, but being exceedingly modest people, when they wish to change any part of their attire (which is not very often) they crawl under a blanket for the purpose.

(g) Birds

Bear Lake, as far as I can see, is not a very good place for birds; I have already mentioned the birds of the winter. The migration from the South reaches the Lake late in April when the Snowbird arrives, after that in the middle of May the Sand-martin and the American Robin and then all the smaller birds; they come simply in swarms. Ducks, geese and water birds depend entirely on the weather, if cold they are late in coming. This year they were late. We did not see many geese, five or six flocks of snow-geese, and a few Canadian geese, the snow-geese go further North still to breed, I imagine to Wollaston Land, their eggs and nests have never yet been found. Canada geese breed all round the Lake. Swans are fairly common, but they breed in the smaller lakes, and unless one goes after them are not very often seen, except in the migration.

All kinds of sea-birds, such as Skuas, Terns, and gulls (the Common and the Great Blue-backed [sic] gull) are common. The commonest ducks are the Surf-scooter, and a small duck with a long tail not unlike the English Pin-

tail duck, but with a darker plumage. Locally they are called Harlecks, their call sounding like that. Canvas-back, Teal and Mallard are not very plentiful, I think it is too far North really for ducks to migrate to, and I think this about completes the list of these birds, except the fish ducks such as Mergansers and one or two others whose names I don't know. By far the commonest bird on the Lake is the Great Northern Diver, and there are hundreds of them. In a small fishing net an Indian caught 75 in one day. The Indians eat them and think them excellent. It is a pity that their skins are worth nothing now, (I believe largely owing to the English Government stopping the importation of certain birds' feathers). There may be excellent reasons for not killing or allowing these birds to be killed in England, but here where they occur in hundreds and thousands of them, and also where they are used as food, it seems a waste to have to throw away what I should say is the best part of them. There are also the Red-Throated Diver, and a rare bird the Great Crested Grebe, and two or three kinds of Cranes. There are also all kinds of hawks and owls, from the White-tailed Eagle downwards.

(h) Animals

On reading this letter over I find I have said very little or nothing about the animals.

Besides the Barren Ground caribou and musk ox there are woodland and mountain caribou, plenty of moose, black and grizzly bear and the Barren Ground grizzly, west of the Mackenzie but not on Bear Lake the white sheep (*ovis Dalli*) and the ordinary mountain sheep and goat.

The Barren Ground caribou are smaller than the Woodland caribou, and live only at the east of the Lake, where they migrate to in thousands from the Barren Lands east of the Coppermine in the fall and winter. At one time a few miles from Caribou Lake we saw thousands pass us, I am not stretching the point when I say that we [sic] threw stones at them, and when hit they would run off like a cow a few yards, the ones beyond

them not caring in the slightest. I suppose nowhere else in the world can such herds of wild animals be seen, at the present. No doubt the Buffalo to the South were as plentiful years ago. We shot all we could at a few yards range, but had no more cartridges, but when we had finished shooting we watched them pass. It was like passing a herd of cattle in a lane at home, they just moved out of our way, and no more. But these caribou are very different when in small bands in the winter. Then they are very wild and hard to approach. We generally used to hunt them on the lake, and by taking advantage of an idiosyncrasy [sic] of theirs of always when away from the timber travelling even when frightened to the place they were originally heading for, and hardly ever turning off into the bush, we managed by some pretty hard running to always keep ourselves in meat. I am not certain how many we killed altogether, but it will number up into the hundreds, I should think the Indians and ourselves must have killed 600 or 700 easily, and none wasted. We lost quite a few by wolves and wolverine eating them, before we could get them hauled home. We lost forty in one place by wolverine. We made a stone "cache" and put the meat in it, but two wolverine managed to roll the stones away, and made short work of the contents as whatever they don't eat on the spot they either pack away and hide themselves, or absolutely spoil for use. I am bringing back a few caribou heads, but they are difficult things to send out of this country, and at Caribou Lake even some of them were hard to bring home. The Indians, too, don't [sic] like us taking heads out, they say it drives the caribou away. They base this superstition on the fact that the Roman Catholic Priest had a tame one at Good Hope, ever since then they say there have been no caribou there. I sawed the horns of my heads into sections and put them in a box; thus the Indians on the York boat will not see them, and indeed if they did they (the heads) would have to be left behind.

There are plenty of Woodland caribou within a day of this place and mountain sheep and white sheep about

three days off, so I hope to get some pretty good shooting this fall before the very cold weather, and after that moose are in plenty round here.

We traded a few beaver, and I hope next season to get many more. Every lake in the country has its beaver lodge; everywhere else in Canada it is illegal to catch beaver or trade for them, but north of Great Slave Lake the Indians still own the country, never having taken "treaty", so the Canadian Government (except so far as keeping order is concerned) is a dead letter. The Indians kill nearly as many beaver as marten, and they are a good animal for them to hunt as it supplies them with meat to eat as well as fur for trade. Beaver meat I do not care for, it has too much of an oily taste; beaver-tail soup is supposed to be a great luxury, and I daresay if you are hungry it may be good. It is very hard work though to kill them. Each lodge has to be broken into with axes, and so solidly are these built with mud and logs that it often means some hours work, when after all the animals may have escaped, or the lodge be found an old deserted one. The hunt is made in the spring before the thaw, as after the thaw the beaver leave their lodges and scatter till the fall.

Marten-trapping is the simplest of all kinds of trapping, requiring only attention.

Marten is [sic] some years must be like flies here; this year some Indians had good hunts, Johnnie Sandison killed 220 before Christmas. McCallum two winters ago got 160. Next year will be good, and we expect to get a good many. Some of the older Indians are good marten trappers, one hundred to two hundred per year being a good hunt I find; they all say they kill two or three hundred but I should really think the average would be thirty, but of course they get beaver too. A marten trapping trail may be eight or nine days travel, McCallum's (I quote him as he is by far the best hunter on Bear Lake) is six days, a circular trail so that he always spends Sunday at his house. McCallum being Scotch is very particular about Sundays, and last winter would always put on his store clothes on on [sic] that day, but what amused me was that

he had two white shirts which he used to wear alternate weeks, but never would he have either of them washed, the one not being worn was put under his bed, and taken out again next Sunday "quite clean".

Marten are caught either by steel traps or wooden dead-falls. There is nothing cruel about marten trapping (or any small animal trapping) as the trap kills them instantly. A trapper sets a trap about every three or four hundred yards or so on his trail, depending of course on the signs of animals in the vicinity. A fence with a hole on one side is placed round each trap, which is baited with meat or fish smeared over with rancid butter (if procurable). Dead fall (which the Indians all use, having of course no steel traps, in fact I think we have brought the first steel traps to Bear Lake) are simply heavy logs of wood arranged that they fall on any animal that drags at the bait which is tied to a prop that supports the logs. Otter and mink could be caught in large quantities here, also if the Indians would hunt them, but they have some curious superstitions about these animals and they are scared of them or nearly so.

Wolves are the same, although one would think that at least the Indians would be only too glad to kill all they could. They don't seem to care much to hunt them. Some of them make agreements with the wolves not to kill or hunt them if they (the wolves) will agree not to touch any of their meat left in cache! and all of them say if they bring wolf-skins into their lodges their wives will have no more children. The latter also applies to otter. Wolverine are bad for a trapping trail as they will take the bait on any animal caught from a whole line of marten traps during a night. They themselves are easily caught though in a trap. They are queer looking brutes about three times the size of a badger with dark brown hair and a light circle of yellowish hair on their back. Their fur is good, and is used chiefly for carriage rugs etc. A wolverine is worth "6 skins" and I consider our hides are easily worth 7 dollars on the average. The Hudson Bay Company reserve all these skins at Norman for trading to the Esquimaux at

Good-Hope and Peel's River for other fur, a wolverine skin being a part of these people's dress.

Foxes are the hardest of all animals to trap, but probably the most interesting of all kinds of trapping. One may get anything either a common red worth say \$5 to a Black-fox worth £100 or even more.

Some of the cross-foxes we got are very pretty and have beautiful fur but they are not worth much in the market. I think the furriers dye them, and they eventually become "Black" foxes, as I have seen in the London shops Black foxes exposed for sale with a price marked on them that really would hardly buy one here. One hundred "skins" is the Hudson Bay Company price, but we shall not let any pass us, it is safer to offer up to 500 "skins" (or roughly 60 dollars) for a hide worth £100. McKinley too is a good judge of foxes. The half-breed Sandison tells us that the Hudson Bay Company at Norman last Christmas got 21. One Indian caught two in one place. He set two traps at a dead moose, and when he visited them he found two black fox; I should think the circumstance is unique. An Indian brought us an Arctic Blue fox but a deep blue in colour. We have only three or four White Arctic fox, and it is curious as we were in an ideal country for them. There is one animal I must mention (not fur) that is the Pigmy mouse which occurs here. This mouse (or rather shrew as it lives on small beetles and scraps of meat and generally is carnivorous) is not really much bigger than my thumb-nail. It is, I think, the smallest animal in the world.

(i) Journey to Franklin, Spring 1909

I am glad to say we got here all right after a trip taking three times the length we expected. We started on May 8th from Caribou Lake, there being a good crust on the snow and the sleds running well. We took the south route, as the Indian Michel warned us about the crack on the big traverse on the Northern route, and also going by the south we hoped to get caribou. The second day turned very warm, by far the hottest day we had had up to date, and the snow became very wet on the ice. We camped at

about 2 p.m., determining to go on about 12 o'clock that night. We started about that time in a gale of wind, which turned bitterly cold when we were far out on the lake, however the cold on the melted snow was first rate for the dogs as it made the sleds run very easily, and we had very heavy loads. The third day it blew so hard a head wind that we were forced to stay in camp; the dogs, and I think ourselves, couldn't face the storm at all. There is no need for me to tire you by writing about every day of this wretched journey, sufficient to say that we only started with ten days food, and that was gone before we had got half way. It is or should be only a ten days' journey on sleds, but we had such extraordinarily bad weather, storms that were really impossible to face. Luckily, when we had been out of grub only one day, an Indian (Fatoney) sighted us from Klary's teepee, and in half an hour we were eating moosemeat there. Fatoney had killed six moose the day before, so the Indians were all right for food, and since we had tobacco and tea a trade was soon made.

We stayed two days with Klary. He had a good camp and I must say he made us very comfortable. Old Tom was also with him. Since they left us they had hardly killed any fur, and had only just been able to make their living from caribou and moose; they were getting a few fish but only now and then. Klary, as far as knowing the country, is probably the most capable of all these Indians. He can talk a little English too, which makes him not a bad man to be with. His wife is about the only woman as yet that I have met with tatoo [sic] marks on her face.

Klary's teepee was a big new one made from caribou skins; when white men stay with an Indian they are always given the best place, that is in the centre furthest from the door. A blanket is spread for one, but it is best to sit on the spruce brush as some of these Indians are terribly lousy and the cleanest looking are sometimes the worst. The [sic] pile one's plate with moosemeat or whatever they have got, and are perpetually asking one to eat more. They themselves are continually eating and drink-

ing tea when in camp.

You sleep with your feet to the fire, and so long as the teepee is a big one it is comfortable enough, Klary's is certainly the best I have been in, and there were eleven people (counting ourselves) sleeping there, and no crowding. In the morning one of the women lights the fire and the other women chop wood, get water etc; when the water is warmed, a small basin, made of birch-bark, is handed round to each man to wash in. White men of course come first, Indians making the same basin do for all the crowd. We got five days grub for ourselves and dogs from Klary, and started off hoping to get in in three days, but we again ran into a streak of bad weather, so that the dogs could not travel at all. It took us ten days from Klary's place; we had to kill seagulls for ourselves to eat (luckily birds were now beginning to make their appearance) and after three days of gulls we killed three geese and these saw us to Franklin eating light. Seagulls are filthy to eat, but they are better than starving. The taste remains in my mouth now. The gulls we shot were the common gulls, exactly the same as you see hovering over the outlet of the drains at any town on the coast, and no doubt these friends of ours were doing the same a few days previously at Vancouver or some coast town of the Pacific for they were very fat.

After killing the geese the weather improved [sic] a little, but only for a day, when it came on to storm worse than ever and for two whole days we had to stay in our blankets; there were only little sticks to make a fire with and these were just enough to boil a kettle on; it certainly was straight misery. But from that point we made a thirty mile traverse across the Lake to Franklin, and very glad I was to reach it, and to get into a house again, although it is a God-forsaken place enough even to wish to see at all.

I send you photographs of the place and you must judge; in front to the south is Bear Lake, all round you otherwise is one vast swamp, in summer practically impenetrable. Our houses ([sic]as we have three here now) are right among the Indians; McCallum has a house at a

small lake about a mile away, and Johnnie Sandison (half breed) has one at the same place. There were only four Indians and their families here when we arrived, but others came on in a day or two; and now there are only five families out in the bush who are known to be coming in.

The day after we got here I paid McCallum off; his engagement ran for another two months or so, but he wanted to do some work in a canoe, and since we had nothing for him to do, and we could save the food ([sic] a very important thing here) he used, it was not hard to come to some arrangement. He is a good man, but I think we could have done better without him. He has favourites among the Indians, and that is a fatal thing for any one who wants to have any power over these people. But I believe he is a man who can turn his hand to anything and make anything too. While hunting with him one day last winter he ran on to an old skeleton, (probably an old Indian burying place long since disused), the skull was perfect, and so of course were the teeth. McCallum put it into his hunting sack, saying that he would make himself a set of false teeth next winter, and I don't doubt he will.

We found, as we expected, all our stuff all right here; some Dogribs from Slave Lake had traded some beaver and marten for tea and tobacco, but they had left the fur to pay for it.

I haven't said very much about the business part of last year's work in this letter; but I expect you will have gathered that as yet we have not made a fortune. We have got close to £400 worth of fur (valued at London prices) mostly marten, and a few beaver; the foxes we have got are not good, we have no black or silver. Some of the marten are beautiful, and I need not say that all the fur is first class, it is only the colour of the foxes that is wrong.

We hoped of course by going where we did to get seventy or eighty musk ox which would have paid us handsomely; however it can't be helped. We only got two bear (a small black and a Barren Ground grizzly) which is curious, as here is probably the greatest bear country in the world.

The Barren Ground grizzly bear are curious looking brutes, being a faded yellow in colour and with very coarse hair. I think that this one will be more valuable sold to some museum in the States (as they are a very rare animal) than as fur. We shall get a great deal more fur this winter; I think we shall stay here for the most part, but perhaps take some stuff or let McKinley go to a place called in our language the "Sweet-scented grass Hills" some 250 miles North, a great meeting place for Indians both from Good Hope and Bear Lake.

APPENDIX 2

NOTES ON THE BARREN LAND
 CARIBOU (*RANGIFER ARCTICUS*)
 1908 – 19 by J. Hornby, N.W.T.

1908

- Sept. 1st Landed at Bay (now called Hornby & Melville Bay). At extreme N.E. end of McTavish Bay, Caribou extremely plentiful, chiefly cows and young but all scattered in separate herds. The Indians numbering eleven hunters, all made successful hunts in the country between Hornby & Melville Bay and Dease Bay, but did not go far inland.
- Sept. 20th No hunting was done as everyone busy building.
 Oct. 5th
- Oct. 6th Crossed E. towards the Coppermine after Musk Ox. Saw no Caribou but only tracks of bull Caribou going North.
- Oct. 14th On account of stores forced to return Min. Temp. 28.
- Oct. 22nd Min. Temp. 2. Again prepared to go after Musk Ox.
- Oct. 24th Indians who had to be outfitted started with big debts, but light hearts and lighter sleighs.
- Oct. 28th- Caribou were extremely plentiful everywhere and though late for the rutting
 Oct. 30th season, were only just starting to move off in smaller herds.

1908 to 1909

- Nov. 1st to Nov. 16th Few caribou seen.
- Nov. 17th to Nov. 18th Caribou in large quantities crossed N.E. end of McTavish travelling N.E. and in one place Melvill estimated that more than one thousand on Nov. 17th.
- Nov. 13th to Jan. 1st Caribou were always plentiful.
- Jan. 20th Indians got plenty of Caribou in what is called "The Rocks", the eastern shore of McTavish Bay.
- February & March Caribou were always to be seen around but chiefly females and young.
- March 25th Started for the Coppermine.
- Apr. 3rd-15 Met numerous bands of Caribou moving northwards.
- Apr. 25th to May 1st South of Douglas Creek bands of caribou travelling northwards. All females and young.
- May 5th At junction of Kendall and Coppermine River the country black with caribou. After Indians and dogs had hunted them for one day, scarcely a caribou to be seen.
- May 10th Moved down the Coppermine but saw few caribou.
- May 15th Saw a few bands of caribou between the Coppermine and Tree River.
- May 25th Saw plenty of bull caribou south of Hornby & Melvill Bay.

- June 1st to 10th Always a few bulls to be seen around the Bay.
- Aug. 8th Close to the big end of the Coppermine River (Douglas Creek) I, with three Indians, Jimmie Soldat, Canahi and Tattoo, saw caribou in thousands and countless bands had apparently passed, all were circling N.E.
- 1910 Wintered close to old Fort Confidence.
- Aug. 20th Travelling along the North Shore of G. Bear Lake before reaching Dease Bay, saw caribou in several places, numbering in all about sixty (all bulls).
- Aug. 23rd to Sept. 12th Travelling E. of Janitzi Creek always saw plenty of female and young, however in small herds and occasionally met a few bulls.
- Oct. The beginning of October the Indian reported seeing Caribou in thousands between Dease Bay and Hornby and Melvill Bay. Few caribou to be seen.
- Nov. The beginning of the month the caribou came back in thousands but scattered out.
- Dec. Always a few caribou to be seen, the bulls being alone and the female and young always on the travel.
- Jan. & Feb. Only a few caribou around Dease Bay, but Indian obtained plenty on Caribou Point towards Hornby & Melvill Bay.
- March Took a trip North of Fort Confidence, in the small fringe of wood extending about 12 miles back, no signs of Caribou, nor were there Caribou in the barrens further to the North.

- April Made a trip up the Dease River as far as Anderson Creek. Only saw a few Caribou tracks. During the winter Stefansson who earlier had crossed to Langton Bay, returned together with Dr. Anderson. Few Caribou had been seen either going or on their return. Their route was practically due South from Langton Bay, striking the lake about one day's journey from Fort Confidence. Dr. Anderson later obtained plenty of Caribou S. of Stefansson Creek.
- End of April and beginning of May Indians who were now plentiful killed Caribou in large numbers south of Janitzi Creek.
- June Took a trip to Stefansson Creek and saw a few bull Caribou.
- 1911-1912* Wintered close to Fort Confidence. Caribou very scarce all winter.
- August, 1911 Went from Dease Bay to the Coppermine River and returned to Lake Rouvier where Father Rouvier and I put up a house. Also saw a few bull caribou.
- September During this month between Lake Rouvier and Dease River, no Caribou to be seen.
- Oct. 1st to Oct. 17th Saw not more than 300 Caribou (cows and bulls) around Lake Rouvier.
- Oct. 17th- Nov. 1st Trapping South and West of Lake Rouvier I saw no Caribou, though saw tracks of a few.
- Nov. 20th Caribou came down to Dease Bay towards Island opposite Fort Confidence. They were in very large herds and being confronted with glare ice were massed up before turning to go N.E.
- September & October Indians who hunted towards Hornby and Melvill Bay were successful in getting plenty of caribou.

- Dec. Jan. & Feb. 1911-12 There were very few caribou around Dease Bay. Occasionally a few bulls came close and only on a few occasions a small herd of cows and young passed.
- March Caribou, both bulls and cows, were fairly numerous N.W. of Hornby and Melvill Bay not far from Great Bear Lake.
- April 20th to May 10th Less than one thousand caribou were seen moving N.E. These were females and last year's young moving in small herds seen between Dease River and Lake Rouvier.
- May 10th to June 10th Between Lake Rouvier and Coronation Gulf only saw a few bull caribou.
- June 10th to 22nd Only saw three bull caribou between Coronation Gulf and Dease River.
- July 1st to Aug. 1st Travelling between Lake Rouvier and Dease Bay only occasionally saw a few bull caribou.
- July 1st The Eskimos who were numerous came to meet me at Lake Rouvier. They had not been killing many caribou. They gave fifty-five winter skins of Musk-Oxen, they possessed many others killed later.
- Aug. 1st to Aug. 10th Saw several bull caribou travelling N. whilst travelling between Lake Rouvier and Hornby and Melvill Bay. Saw also three Barren Land Grizzlies (all three I shot) Vesus [sic] Richardsons.
- Aug. 10th to 20th Stayed at Lake Rouvier. Caribou were numerous; females and young and also bull caribou all moving S.E. Though passed for two days and at times large herds, Eskimos got few. They attempted to spear them when swimming, but killed few.
- Aug. 20th to Sept. 20th Whilst travelling with Eskimos in Country S. of Dease River, only occasionally saw a few herds of female and young and sometimes a few bulls.

1912

- Sept. 20th to 30th Close to Lake Rouvier saw a few bull caribou.
- October 8th S. of Lake Caribou both female and young and bull caribou were in hundreds moving S.W.
- Oct. 14th Caribou passing continuously (N.W. of Lake
Oct. 15th Rouvier) in small herds of 4 to 40 females and young with one bull to each herd travelling N.E.
- Nov. 1st to Nov. 30th Stayed close to Fort Confidence.
- Nov. 15, 17, 26 & 29th Saw a few bull caribou on Dease Bay
- Dec. 10th Caribou both females and bulls had massed up on Caribou Point and start to move in a continuous stream N.W. to Long Island. Being confronted by the Indians, the Caribou scattered in all directions. Countless numbers crossed to the North Shore and caribou in equally large numbers turned back.

1912-1913

- Dec. 10th to Jan. 1st Caribou moving about in every direction.
- January 10th Went to Fort Franklin on N.E. shore of Caribou Point, saw the tracks of caribou which must have been moving about in immense numbers.
- March Did not return to Dease Bay till March.
- April Towards the end of the month started for Franklin, saw plenty of caribou (bull) along the North Shore (of Caribou Point).
- June 1 to 3rd Again saw a few bull caribou along the edge of the lake.

- June 3rd to July 1st Around Dease Bay always bull caribou to be seen.
- July 10th to 20th Saw plenty of caribou along the Coppermine River. Also got one exceptionally large grizzly bear.
- Aug. 1st Saw a few bull caribou moving N. close to Lake Rouvier.
- Aug. 16th About ten miles S. & W. of Lake large numbers of female and young and occasionally plenty of bulls moving South.
- Aug. 18th Moved down to Dease Bay, but saw no caribou.
- Sept. 1st Moved back to Fort Franklin. Saw no caribou as we passed along the North Shore.
- March, 1914 Indians from McVickers Bay brought in plenty of caribou meat. Said caribou were very numerous S.W. of McVickers.
- 1915 Note from Inspector LaNauze, RCM Police. Writer in France. "In October of this year the NWM Police under Inspector LaNauze saw caribou in large numbers twenty miles N.E. of Dease River, chiefly cows and calves. Almost one thousand animals seen about October 29th. In December the caribou had disappeared.
- 1916 Same Patrol found caribou in small bands in the timbered country N.E. of Dease Bay, Great Bear Lake in Feb. and March. Same Patrol in April and May found caribou almost daily migrating north in small bands while Patrol was en route to Coronation Gulf. About two hundred Caribou, chiefly cows, were seen in April at the head of the Kendal River."
- 1917-1918 Wintered at Hornby and Melvill Bay.

- Sept. 1917 Arrived late. Indians and Eskimos numerous and well armed. Saw no caribou.
- October Saw no caribou.
- Nov. 3rd Saw seven, bull caribou which crossed the Bay and went south.
- Nov. 20th Saw about fifty female and young travelling south, but shot at and turned north.
- Dec. 4th Saw four bull caribou moving west.
- Jan. Feb.
& March Saw no signs of caribou. Indians who had been hunting East of McTavish crossed to Dease River. Indians reported caribou fairly plentiful September and October between Janitzi and Stefansson Creek.
- During the winter between Hornby & Melvill Bay & Dease River Indians occasionally saw a few herds of females and young, and sometimes a few bulls, but these were either killed or driven away.
- Apr. 15th Went to the head of Cosmo Creek where I saw females and young massed in large herds with a few small herds of bulls, but by themselves. The caribou being moved off quickly travelling northwards.
- May 1st to 6th Camped close to Lake Rouvier, continually saw herds of female and young moving northwards.
- May 20th Moved back to Hornby and Melvill Bay.
- May 20th to June 10th Always saw a few bull caribou around the Bay
- June 10th to July 1st Travelling along the South Shore of Caribou Point, saw a few herds of bull caribou numbering in all about fifty.

- Aug. 1st to Aug. 20th Camped S.E. of Stefansson Creek. Eskimos numerous. Occasionally herds of female and young moving southwards and sometimes a few bulls to be seen, but so persistently hunted they were scattered or else turned back.
- Sept. 10th S.E. of Melvill & Hornby Bay saw about forty bull caribou, but all scattered out.
- Oct. 4th Saw N.W. of Cosmo Creek a herd of a few hundred caribou females and young and bulls with them.
- Oct. 16th In the same place saw a few small herds of cows and young, and one bull moving out to Barren Lands.
- November Saw no signs of caribou around the Bay.
- December 9th Saw about sixty caribou all females and young moving southwards, but turned back to the Barrens on being shot.
- Jan. 11th Saw eight bull caribou N.E. of the Bay. During the rest of the month only saw a few tracks of caribou, but did not move far.
- February No caribou to be seen.
- March Went to the Big Bend of the Coppermine (Douglas Bay). Saw nothing except a few tracks of caribou going south.
- April 1st On Caribou Point twelve miles west of our houses caribou in hundreds (females and bulls) shot at, moved N.
- Apr. 20th to May 27th Moved along the South Shore of Caribou Point. Saw at least one hundred bull caribou, but in herds from three to twenty.
- June 1st Returned to Franklin.

APPENDIX 3

ADDITION to Appendix B (Place-Names)

HANBURY AND THELON RIVERS

While writing his *Caribou Report* in Ottawa late in 1925, Hornby made a few MS entries on a set of Tyrrell maps of the area between Artillery Lake and Baker Lake (see p : note 1 to Chapter IX): positions of sighting caribou, musk-ox and birds; a rough resketching of the islands at the east at the east end of Beverly Lake; the location of “Winter Quarters of Hornby and Bullock” (marked so close to the Casba River as to be more like the position of the Steward shelter than the cave in the esker). He also wrote down three place-names which he probably wished to establish officially.

- *Critchell-Bullock Creek*: flowing easterly into the Hanbury River above the junction with the Thelon and just below Helen Falls. This is now named *Radford River* for H. V. Radford (see p 232 above).
- *Gage Creek*: flowing westerly into the Thelon River at Hornby Point, almost directly across the river from what was to be the site of Hornby’s cabin. Named (like one of the canoes) for a friend of Bullock’s, this river bears no name on the published maps.
- *Finnie Creek*: flowing northerly into the Thelon River at Tyrrell’s Lockout Point. Named for O. S. Finnie, Director of the North West Territories and Yukon Branch at that time, this river bears no name on the published maps.

[end]

APPENDIX 4

The Murder of Radford and Street

For a photograph of the Radford-Street expedition leaving Fort Smith, in the summer of 1911, with Douglas's York boat *Jupiter* in the background, see *Lands Forlorn* p 45. Douglas met the two men at Fort Smith, and finding that Street had accepted an unfavourable contract with Radford tried to wean him away from Radford to join his party. George Street, a young Ottawa man of good family, was keen to collect anthropological information for the Smithsonian Institute, had agreed to travel with Radford on the understanding that Street should do most of the work, and that if they ran short of food Radford was to have first choice of what there was. Douglas showed this ludicrous "contract" to the Mounted Police, who agreed with him that it was worthless. Radford, a journalist with some Arctic experience, was overbearing in manner and coarse in behaviour. Nevertheless, Street decided that he wanted to go with Radford, since Radford was going to the Arctic coast east of the Coppermine.

The few fragments of Street's journals recovered in 1916 from the Eskimo argue that the loss and destruction of his notebooks at the time of his death have deprived us of some exceptionally sensitive and well-informed observation.

They travelled easterly along Great Slave Lake, and down the Hanbury River, leaving a conspicuous cairn and carved marker at the head of the Hanbury reading "LAKE HANBURY / NAMED AUG. 13. 1911 / H.V.RADFORD - T.G.STREET" (*Conserving Canada's Musk-Oxen*, Ottawa 1930, p 17). They then went on to Chesterfield Inlet, back to Schultz Lake, and eventually north-westerly in a long winter journey with Eskimo to

Bathurst Inlet. Here, at an Eskimo village called Koguit on Arctic Sound, they were killed in about the middle of July 1912, the latest known diary entry by Street being 12 July 1912.

The account given by the Eskimo Angavrana to LaNauze on 21 June 1916 is probably the most accurate as well as the most graphic of the many accounts given by Eskimo, both eye-witnesses and from hearsay. The account begins by explaining how Radford and Street in their desire to travel farther north sought the services of two Eskimo, Nalla and Kanerk.

“Nalla wanted to go and at first Kanerk said he would go, but after the white men were all packed up ready for starting, Kanerk’s wife was crying. One of the white men, the biggest of the two and the boss of the party [Radford] asked Kanerk the reason he did not want to go and started to hit him with a whip. Kanerk only had a thin shirt on at the time and the whip hurt him and left marks on his back and frightened him very much. Kanerk put up his hands to stop the white man from using the whip, but could not stop him. By this time the other white man, the smaller of the two [Street] tried to stop his companion from using the whip on the Eskimo, but Radford still continued to use it. Thereupon the other white man [Street] walked away; all the Eskimos now were very much afraid and Kanerk thought the white man Radford was going to kill him. Two Eskimos got hold of the white man Radford, one by each arm, while another Eskimo named Akolaklu struck him several times with a knife. The small man [Street] ran to a large rock, followed by an Eskimo named Akaituk, who caught and held him while another Eskimo named Ammigainek came up and stuck him through the chest with a spear. Akalakla having by this time killed the big man [Radford], ran up to the small man and finished him with a knife. After both white men were dead an Eskimo named Alick cut the throats and wrists of both men. All the Eskimo then ran after the sled, which had gone a little ahead in charge of an Eskimo....Angavrana states that he afterwards saw the body of one of the white men in the water and one leg close to the shore. Evidently the body had been torn

by the animals, as according to Angavrana's statement they were not mutilated in any way, except the throat and wrists cut....

Eskimo Akulak told S. A. Ford on 20 Feb 1915 what Eskimo Kina-rol-ik had told him: the account contains even more gruesome, laconic, and factual detail. It also gives as the reason for Radford's long delay at Arctic Sound that he "had blistered feet from too much walking."

"...Kan-iak did not wish to leave his wife while she was ill; this...made the two white men angry, and they both commenced to beat Kan-iak, one of them [Radford] with a dogwhip....While they were beating Kan-iak, Ka-la-ak ran up with a snow knife, and stabbed Radford who immediately fell to the ground, Street then started to run off toward the sleigh that had already started....when another native, named Oka-it-uk ran after him, and caught him, and held on to him, while another Kilin-e-muit named Ame-gral-nik ran up and stabbed him with a knife or spear, saying that he died quickly. But that man Radford did not die quickly, but lay rolling on the ground for some time, and the Kilin-e-muit Al-ik...told me himself that it was too bad to see the white suffering like that, so he himself went up and cut his throat, and finished him off, so that he would not suffer. Kina-rol-ik also told me that they had thrown the bodies of the white men into the sea, and had divided up all their property, also that I was not to say anything to the white men outside, as he was frightened that the white men would come and kill them..."

Patsy Klengenber, however, on 23 July 1916 testified that "The people went away some time after they had killed the white men and the bodies were still on the ice when they left."

Detective work among the Eskimo seems to have been quite elementary and easy to conduct, since—as LaNauze said after apprehending the murderers of Rouvière and LeRoux—"What one Eskimo knows, they all know." But the information gathered by LaNauze about the fate of Radford and Street had already taken members of the Canadian Arctic Expedition about two years to collect,

and the final tying up of the investigation was done by Inspector A. D. French in 1917 and 1918. The whole investigation is one of the most impressive in the RCMP record.

Report of the death of Radford and Street was received at Fort Nelson in July 1913. Bathurst Inlet being somewhat remote, only a well-organized patrol could accomplish the journey. An expedition left Halifax by sea on 31 July 1914 but, failing to reach Baker Lake that season, wintered at Port Nelson. In 1915, under Inspector Beyts, it entered Chesterfield Inlet and during the winter 1915-16 established an advanced base on the Thelon [? near Schultz Lake]. In the summer of 1916 Inspector French superseded Inspector Beyts. The patrol left the Thelon in March 1917 and reached Bathurst Inlet in the middle of June. They returned to their base on Baker Lake in January 1918; and LaNauze wrote to George Douglas on 6 May 1918 to say that "Insp. French has returned to Baker Lake having successfully cleaned up the Radford & Street murder case, he & S/M Caulkin & 4 natives have been living off their rifles for a year. He will be out by the *Nascopie* next fall."

The various statements and reports collected in 1916 by LaNauze on this case are to be found in *Sessional Papers* Vol 52 (1917) No 18, Sessional Paper No 28 (Report of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police 1916) pp 344-57. The representative account of the murder given in the Superintendent's report in 1919 (*Sessional Papers* Vol 54 (1919) No 9, Sessional Paper No 28 (Report of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police 1918) pp 18-19) is that given by Eskimo Gib-gol-u-ok.

"I remember the two white men, Ish-yu-mat-ok [Radford] and Ki-uk [Street], coming to Kwog-juk as I was camped there. There were not many camped there when the white men came. After the white men came many Eskimos came there, as it is a good place for seals in spring. "I do not know how long the white men came. It was a long time and three Huskies [Eskimo] that came with them returned to the south. The one white man Ish-yu-

mat-ok [Radford] was always mad and shouting loudly to the natives, and the other white man, Ki-uk [Street], was good. We did not understand the white man's language, but sometimes they made signs and we understand.

"They wanted two men who were good hunters to go away with them to the west, and Har-la and Kan-e-ak were to go. When the white men were ready to leave, Kan-e-ak did not want to go as his wife had fallen on the ice and hurt herself and he did not wish to leave her. Har-la had left the camp with one team. I remember seeing the white man Ish-yu-mat-ok pick up a dog whip and catch hold of Kan-e-ak and commence hitting him over the head and face, the white man shouting all the time. Kan-e-ak sat down on the ice, and the other white man, Ki-uk [Street] went up and tried to stop the Ish-yu-mat-ok. I saw the Ish-yu-mat-ok [Radford] catch hold of Kan-e-ak and draw him to a wide crack in the ice and hold him over it. We were afraid the white man was going to kill Kan-e-ak. The other white man, Ki-uk, caught hold of Kan-e-ak and they both commenced to push him towards the water. I was on the side of the hill behind the tents and saw Ok-it-ok and Hul-a-lark run out from the camp. Ok-it-ok caught hold of Ish-yu-mat-ok and Hul-a-lak [sic] stabbed him with a snow knife; he stabbed him in the back; the white man fell on the ice. The other white man ran away towards the sled that Har-lu [sic] had left with; Ok-it-ok ran after him and caught hold of him and Am-e-goal-nik stabbed him.

"The white men were put on the ice and covered over with their deerskins. I did not see anybody cut either of the white men's throats. The Huskies [Eskimo] took some of the white men's stuff and some was left behind. I have some paper that belonged to the white men. I do not know any more of their stuff; the rifles were broken up and used by the natives. I heard that Hul-a-lark and Kan-e-ak were away hunting on the sea ice to the east, and I do not know where Am-e-goal-nik is. We did not want to have any trouble with the white men and if the white men could have spoken our language I do not think it would have happened as we want to have the white man come and trade with us."

Inspector French adds that all the evidence obtainable bore out this version. He was favourably impressed with this tribe, which, he points out, treated his small party excellently, despite the delicate nature of the mission upon which it came amongst them.

The tribe in question, the Killin-e-muit, were an exceedingly primitive people and had had so few dealings with white men that they thought all white men had three eyes. Possibly as a result of wisdom gained in the Rouvière-LeRoux investigation, Inspector French decided that "Mr Radford...had all along showed ignorance of the proper manner of dealing with natives..and thereby precipitated a scuffle in which both white men were killed." From the Eskimos' point of view there was, he considered, "great provocation". In accordance with the instructions of the Government, he did not arrest the actual offenders. Rouvière and LeRoux had not died in vain. D'Arcy Arden, a school-friend and correspondent of George Street's, later met the murderers and saw the place where Radford and Street had been killed. He felt no animosity, he said: "You can't beat a native."

APPENDIX 5

George Douglas Letters

Letter to George Douglas 16-04-1954

Text: TS QUA; Legend of John Hornby Correspondence, Loc# 1032c, Box 2, File 18

[Queen's University coat of arms]
 QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
 KINGSTON, ONTARIO

16 April 1954

Dear Mr Douglas,

I must apologise for not having written sooner to you, when you were kind enough to answer the inquiry Mrs Bonnell made on my behalf. Since then, I understand, Dr Steffansson has sent you a copy of his letter to me (29 January) in which he declines to allow me to read Critchell-Bullock's biographical sketch of John Hornby written for the *Encyclopaedia Arctica*, but in which he urges me to seek your help. I have been hoping that I might be able to call on you, but the academic year has been altogether too demanding. I met Mrs McDougall not long ago, and heard from her that you had wondered what I was doing about Hornby; so I felt I should write as soon as possible.

I find it difficult to understand why there is so much mystery about Hornby. The Introduction to *Unflinching*, even before one has started to verify details, does not convince one that it is a very accurate account. But I have come across printed references to Hornby that are so wildly distorted as to indicate a lively oral legend completely out of touch with the facts. I am interested in Hornby because I am interested in the history of the Canadian North. But particularly because I am interested in Hornby as a person. What I want to do is to write a faithful biography of him, if only the essential documents that would prevent distortion could be found. I have no case to make, one way or the other—or not until I know more about him than I do. For the past nine years I have been working at unpublished manuscript materials of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and am not

unaware of the difficulties and delicacies of biographical writing. It seems to me that to be deeply interested in a person is sufficient reason for writing his life—whether one regards him as a saint or a rascal. And the life of a rascal can—without ‘white-washing’—be something other than a series of scandalous revelations.

I gathered from my conversation with Mrs McDougall that if one gets to know too much about Hornby, ‘other persons living will be hurt’. I can assure you that I have no intention of hurting anybody, and would be the last person to write—let alone publish—anything of a scandalous nature. Quite simply I am interested in John Hornby as a person; I should like to know why he did what he did. Knowing the immense value of any information given by persons who knew him, I am anxious to get into touch with anybody who did know him. If in the course of discussion, or in examining documents, I were to find that it was impossible for any reason to give a faithful portrait of him, I should then postpone or terminate my plans, whichever seemed appropriate.

In projecting a life of Hornby, I can see that it necessarily include some account of other travelers at the same time and in the same parts of the North-West. I should like to take into account all factual material, whether published or in manuscript, that was relevant to the subject and that I could secure permission to use. Such an undertaking would involve a good deal of time as well as a good deal of close study. The more manuscript material one had access to—journals, letters, memoirs, and the like—the less one would be tempted to interpose uncontrolled interpretations of one’s own. My aim is to produce something authoritative and minutely faithful; to do that, I am prepared to spend a good deal of time.

Everybody I have consulted tells me that you are *the* authority on Hornby. I am therefore very anxious to discuss him with you. I should be most grateful if you would allow me to call on you at Lakefield, any time at your convenience after the 1st of May (but before the 15th, when I leave for England for a short visit). If possible I should like to see whether Ted Pope could join me. He has been away with the Canadian Icefields Expedition and has not yet come home as far as I know.

With every assurance of my good faith in this matter,

Yours sincerely

Visit to George Douglas 09-05-1954

Text: MS QUA; Legend of John Hornby Correspondence, Loc# 1032c, Box 2, File 18

- (a) Read *Unflinching* annotated by GD with interleaved comments by Critchell-Bullock taken from O.S. Finnie's copy. Finnie copied both sets of annotations into Stefannson's [sic] copy.
- (b) Hjalmur [sic] Nelson built the Thelon cabin in the early 1920's.
- (c) GD has a long & circumstantial account of the Hornby-Aranmore-Arden triangle written in a letter to Stefannson [sic] (?accompanying *Encycl. Arctica* material) but not for publication.
- (d) George W. Brown. In 1932 had materials of Hornby interest.
- (e) Guy Blanchet, Victoria, is a very knowledgeable man. ? a book on him.
- (f) Pete McCollum of *Unflinching* might be the "Pete McCormack(?)" of one of GD's letters: but his memory was not clear on this.
- (g) GS says that the McAlpine search was a brilliant operation, worthy of close study. Guy Blanchet organized it.
- (h) Lionel Douglas has a lot of information, also knew JH well. He it was who arranged for JH's invalid discharge after the Provosts were looking for JH--wandered back to Canada AWOL in 1917.
- (i) Mrs A.B. Watts, Edmonton knows a lot. Nursed Melvill when he died of pneumonia in Edmonton 1914. (Shropshire)
- (j) When JH & EC came through Toronto he spoke of going to Red Lake. All the way West people kept warning X's so did Dannie La Nauze.
- (e) There was some woman trouble between JH & C-B.
- (w) Somebody--Lionel D? *Guy Blanchet?*--has the C-B journals.
- (u) GD makes much of the difference between the two versions. *North-West Passage by Land* and *Cheedle's* [sic] *Journals*.

Letter to George Douglas 10-12-1954

Text: TS QUA; Legend of John Hornby Correspondence, Loc# 1032c, Box 2, File 18

10 December 1954

Dear Mr Douglas,

[...]

The Hornby question has come unexpectedly to an issue upon which I should value your opinion. As you know, I want to make a book about Hornby when I am satisfied that I have collected enough *reliable* evidence; but, apart from the broadcast, had not intended to do anything before that. Now two things have happened. (a) Pierre Berton, editor of *Maclean's*, was in the North this summer collecting 'stories' for his own work, and heard much about Hornby. He came back breathing the fire of enthusiasm, determined that Hornby should be the subject of one of the series called "Flashback". Discussing this with somebody in Toronto, he heard about my broadcast, consulted the CBC, and was told that I was an authority on Hornby [!]; he then wrote to me and asked whether I would write such an article on JH—in my own time, there being no deadline for (what I think he called) non-topical material. Really I have plenty to do at present without taking that on; so I demurred at first. Then it appeared from Berton's letters that if I did not write it, he would turn it over to some of his staff. The thought of some uninitiated person working up an article from very questionable oral tradition horrified me; so I have now said that I will write the article. I felt that I had enough factual information, the advantage of discussions with yourself and other veridical influences, to allow me to do justice to the theme without diverging into fantasy or scandal (both of which would undoubtedly intrude otherwise). Nothing, I think, will now deflect *Maclean's* from 'doing something' on Hornby; I am sure I can do a more authoritative and tactful job of it than a journalist would. I wonder whether you agree that this was the correct conclusion.

(b) Mrs Critchell-Bullock (recently remarried as Mrs Pitt-Moore) finally send [sic] me a box of papers and photographs, and all the plates of the illustrations for *Snow Man*. There is a good deal here that I am sure you would be interested to see. Bullock was (as JH said) as [sic] prolific writer; unfortunately he was a very bad one, and some of the reading—as reading—

is very tedious. [...] Other papers are mostly successive reworkings of the same material—sometimes for a speech, or a newspaper article, or a government report. Although C-B seems to have set up shop as an Arctic authority whenever there was renewed excitement about Hornby, he also intended to write a book about Hornby himself. He collected a number of biographical notes, evidently from JH himself, and put them in some order; I suspect there is material here that would otherwise have perished. It is noticeable, however, that there is no mention of the JH-Aranmore-Arden triangle—which suggests strongly that C-B had his information from Hornby and not from current legend. Anyway, a quantity of material that will make it possible to give a pretty continuous account of Hornby—at least in the length of an article. I am still in touch with Mrs Pitt-Moore and hope that she will turn up more papers; even of the items I now have, some are incomplete. The Hornby journal (for example) is part of a manuscript he once offered an English publisher: it consisted of some 200 letters C-B wrote in the Barrens that winter (and didn't post) and the text of the two Hornby journals. That whole manuscript would be well worth seeing, however—and what, I wonder, happened to the two Hornby diaries?

[...]

Letter to George Douglas 06-06-1955

Text: TS QUA; Legend of John Hornby Correspondence, Loc# 1032c, Box 2, File 18

[Queen's University coat of arms]
 QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
 KINGSTON, ONTARIO

6 June 1955

Dear Mr Douglas,

I have two letters of yours and a long postscript to answer. You will soon be ascribing to me a Hornbyesque disregard of time. Ever since I saw you I have been working—to the exclusion of nearly everything else—at the *Maclean's* article. It has gone through two drafts and much scribbling, and still isn't right. It was getting so long that it would have to be a double article: and the method I now think was not sound—better for a book than an article. Somehow I shall have to reduce the narrative (which I find fascinating) and try to make the whole thing

more fluid without loss of accuracy.

[...] I am always telling myself that some summer I'll really teach myself to write a decent hand; and then one collects a number of specimens, and they are all so beautifully executed that the question is which one to start on; and the same agreeable contemplative-dreamy state comes over me as when I spread out the maps of Great Slave Lake or Great Bear and try to settle *quickly* some point that bothers me in the writing.

The Hornby letter of 1921 was of great interest. I have taken the liberty of making a copy of it, and return the precious original with this letter. I am puzzled by the incoherence of this letter. Some of his other letters of later date (I have not seen one earlier than this) are like that, but others are much more pointed. From not writing much, do you think? Because his speech, one gathers, did not have this air of incompleteness and indecision.

Whenever you write about Rae and Simpson and others it whets my appetite. Someday I hope to read much more of those classic travelers. Strange that there should be nothing between the limited accurate records and the popularisers' versions of these travels. There should be room for a series of authoritative and accurate books for the general reader. None of us know nearly enough about these people or their work.

[...]

I am in some hopes of getting some clue to the Melvill journals when I am in England, and perhaps even some of the Hornby papers brought of the Thelon. I'll let you know as soon as I get home.

With all good wishes,
Yours sincerely,

Letter to George Douglas 28-02-1956

Text: TS QUA; Legend of John Hornby Correspondence, Loc# 1032c, Box 2, File 18

[Queen's University coat of arms]
 QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
 KINGSTON, ONTARIO

28 February 1956

Dear Mr Douglas,

[...]

Two remarkable coincidences have occurred in the last week—the sort of things that make biographical research—or literary research of any sort—exciting. [...]

[...]

The other odd coincidence was to do with Adlard. As you know I have for some time been trying to find Adlard's family because of the letters and journal of his brought out of the Thelon. I knew the father was a printer with a shop in Bloomsbury (1929) and a home in Dorking. Letters to both addresses produced no answer. A few days ago somebody came in to see Elizabeth, was idly picking up and turning the pages of books on her table. One of these was a very attractive, beautifully printed little book called *The Queen's Garland* issued by the Royal Society of Literature to commemorate Queen Elizabeth's Coronation. It was sent to Emily as a Christmas present more than a year ago. This caught my eye because of the type-face used and the excellence of the printing; so I asked to see the book for a moment, looked on the verso of the titlepage to see who had printed it, and read at the foot of the page: "Adlard & Son, Dorking Surrey". This *must* be the same family, now in a more substantial way of printing than I had guessed from the father's terse and gloomy letters to the RCMP in 1929. I have written at once, and am holding my breath for an answer. We *might* be lucky.

[...]

Letter to George Douglas 25-03-1956

Text: TS QUA; Legend of John Hornby Correspondence, Loc# 1032c, Box 2, File 18

[Queen's University coat of arms]
 QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
 KINGSTON, ONTARIO

25 March 1956

Dear Mr Douglas,

About Adlard: it seems to me clear from Christian's letter of 7 June (*Unflinching* p 18) that Adlard travelled with Hornby and Edgar all the way from Onoway. This would be most likely, since Onoway was also Adlard's headquarters and where he had a job just before joining Hornby. Christian says: "I have forgotten to tell you that the party consisted of 4, as Jack had promised 3 years ago [*i.e.* when the Hornby-Bullock trip was mounted, and Bullock confirms this] to take another boy [Adlard] on a trip with him he happened to run into him and of course said he would take him [on] the trip but asked me if I minded." It's off that Christian expands the party of four by talking about Adlard, because the fourth man, an unidentified young man whose initials were J.M., not mentioned by name by Christian, accompanied them as far as Chipewyan. An unpublished short diary entry of Christian's in the leaves torn from the notebook containing Hornby's draft report to Finnie, and now at Northern Affairs, is an isolated entry which shows beyond doubt that both "J.M." and Adlard were of the party on 28 May when they reached Fort McMurray. J.M. was joining a survey party at Chipewyan—I wonder whether Guy Blanchet could identify him—and was travelling with Hornby for convenience. I know nothing of the circumstances of their meeting. [...]

I notice in your letter to Clifford Wilson that you refer to your having "a large packet of letters written to me by Hornby over a period of 14 years". I should be most grateful, as you know, to be able to transcribe those letters. I have managed so far to run down 30 Hornby letters (but three of these are telegrams!). But as you will see by the attached check-list, quite a number of these are business letters useful mostly for dates and details—though where the primary materials are so slender *anything* in his hand is valuable—and most of it concentrated in 1924-5. John Hornby may well not have a place in an *En-*

clyclopedia [sic] *Arctica* except a brief note to explain a persistent name. That I can see quite clearly. But to me he is a person of absorbing interest. I want to be able to see him as clearly and sympathetically as I possibly can. In that process letters are of immense value. I hope you do not feel that this request is an intrusion upon privacy—or rather, I think you know me well enough to know that it is not, and that anything of a private or personal nature would be strictly respected.
[...]

Letter to George Douglas 07-02-1961

Text: TS QUA; Legend of John Hornby Correspondence, Loc# 1032c, Box 2, File 19

February 7, 1961.

Mr, George Douglas
Northcote,
Lakefield Post Office,
LAKEFIELD, Ontario.

Dear Mr. Douglas:
[...]

About the book. I am happy to say that after two or three weeks concentration, I have been able to complete the final revision of the *Hornby*. What was needed was to tighten up some parts of the writing—particularly the first two chapters and the final chapter—and to illuminate any unnecessary material. The revision has reduced the total length of the manuscript by about thirty percent, though since most of the cutting has been in the notes and appendixes, the text itself is not radically altered.
[...]

A drastic reduction in the extent and length of appendixes means that the long extracts from Cosmo Melvill's journal letters will have to come out. I should like to publish them somewhere and have been asking the University Historians about it. Their best suggestion seems to be to approach the *Canadian Historical Review* to see whether they would like to publish the material there. They frequently publish historical cocuments [sic] and would probably be glad to have these letters if they were given a short introduction and were provided with whatever explanatory foot-notes might be necessary to understand them. I know that you would like to do this yourself and should

like to make the following suggestions: I would write to the Editor of the *Canadian Historical Review* and suggest that these letters be sent to him for consideration. I should be glad to mark up or to do whatever rough editorial work might be needed upon complete text of the letters, so that you could then complete the text in any way that you wish—by providing an introduction and providing any notes that would be on the scope of my knowledge. If you would like to do this, I should be only too glad—as you know—to place the manuscript at your disposal. If, however, you would rather not do it, then I should be glad to go ahead with it myself, simply because I should like to place in your possession and to give the members of the Melvill family copies of these two remarkable letters. I am writing today to the editor of the *Canadian Historical Review* and will get in touch with you again as soon as I have an answer from him.

[...]

APPENDIX 6

Critchell-Bullock Letters on Revisions

Letter to Leslie Pitt Moore 02-02-1962

Text: TS QUA; Legend of John Hornby Correspondence, Loc# 1032c, Box 2, File 25

153 The White House
Regent Park
London NW1

[Queen's University Insignia]
QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
KINGSTON, ONTARIO

as from
The University Club
Madison, Wisconsin
2 February 1962

Dear Mrs Pitt-Moore.

Your letter of 25 January has just reached me after being forwarded from Queen's University: I am lecturing here until the beginning of June. I have also received by the same post a letter from Mr Philip Bullock and enclose a copy of my reply to him.

I am writing at once to say that I regret very much that what I have written should have caused you distress. You generously sent me papers and materials of the greatest importance for the understanding of John Hornby, and gave me free permission to use them. Although I have drawn documentary materials from a number of other sources, your materials have a special authority and I feel obliged to make whatever revisions are necessary to make my use of your papers acceptable to yourself. It was with such a possibility in mind that I sent you part of the MS before the book was even in proof. The book is now scheduled to be published in the autumn, and not this spring as we originally hoped. I have written at once to my publisher to ask him to withhold Chapters 7, 8, and 9 until the necessary alterations have been made.

In the course of the writing I have referred my MS to several persons who had personal acquaintance with both John Hornby and with your late husband. I had also published in the *Cornhill* Magazine three or four years ago an essay on Hornby which contained in essence my portrait of JCCB, and had heard no objections. Nevertheless, if I am wrong in matters of fact, I want to correct them; and if I have included matter that is in some way objectionable to yourself I want to find a means of satisfying you objections. Some detailed account of JCCB is at some point essential to the biography of John Hornby. If the account of JCCB is wrong, then the picture of Hornby will also go wrong. And in any case I should not think your generosity correctly respected if I were to leave serious grounds for objection on your part.

The typescript has not yet arrived but may well do so within the next few days. As I think I explained, I have no complete copy of the MS until those three chapters arrive, and so cannot take any further definite steps until they do. What I propose to do is to revise the three chapters (as soon as they arrive) in the light of what I take to be the sense of your disapproval. I shall then send the revised MS to Mr Philip Bullock for his opinion, thinking that perhaps you would prefer not to reconsider it until Mr Bullock has read it. If after that there are still points of detail or interpretation that do not meet with your approval I shall make further attempt to rectify them.

Since a few days may yet elapse before the MS arrives, I should be grateful if you would send me word saying whether my proposal seems to you an acceptable one. So that our deliberations may delay the press as little as necessary, it would help if we could send the MS back and forth by air mail, for which I shall be glad to pay all the postage both ways.

Yours sincerely,
George Whalley

Letter to Leslie Pitt Moore 20-02-1962

Text: TS QUA; Legend of John Hornby Correspondence, Loc# 1032c, Box 2, File 25

THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN
MADISON 6

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH
BASCON HALL

The University Club
803 State Street
MADISON, Wisconsin
20 February 1962

Dear Mrs Pitt-Moore

Thankyou very much for your letter of 11 February which arrived yesterday after being forwarded from Queen's University.

The typescript arrived last Friday; and by the time your letter had come I had almost finished the changes I wanted to send you. The page proofs of the book also arrived at the weekend: so I have had to do my rewriting to fit the exact space left by my cancellations. Now that the material is in page-proof, it would be very costly to make changes that involved any extensive rearrangement of material; but I feel confident that greater freedom of space is not needed to make the text acceptable.

When I reread the three chapters in the light of your letter, I realised that—quite apart from the strict attention to matters of fact that I wanted—I had often adopted a derogatory or mocking tone which the evidence did not justify. I think I should have noticed and corrected this in the final proof-readings. But it seemed so clear to me as I read, that I think I have been able to detect and deal with the matters of tone and detail that gave offence. I am therefore sending to Captain Philip Critchell-Bullock by air mail at the same time as this letter, the revised typescript of Chapters 6-8. (As a result of the revision, and to save time, it now consists in some places of small pieces of paper; but it all reads continuously.) I have not sent back Appendix E on JCCB as Hornby's Biographer because that has been very much reduced in length and would have taken a disproportionate to prepare a fresh copy: in any case I think it is all right. I have written to Captain Critchell-Bullock separately.

If, when you have both read the revised typescript, you feel that the original grounds of offence have been removed, I should be grateful for two things. (a) Would you please notice any remaining passages that seem to you to need attention, preferably giving reasons. (b) Would you please offer any sug-

gestions that you feel would make the portrait of JCCB more vivid, accurate, and lifelike. I have already said that I wanted to take the first into account; but I should be particularly pleased to be able to make use of the second.

Although in your last letter you suggested my sending the MS unrevised to PCB, I have not done so, partly because the revision was virtually finished by the time your letters arrived, partly because there is now an urgent consideration of time. The publisher tells me that if production is not to be held up, the first batch of proofs must be in London by 6 March, the second by 13 March. Chapters 6-8 are in the second batch, but the Acknowledgments are in the first. I did not expect the proofs to arrive so soon; but I should like to feel that there is time for yourself and Captain Bullock to read the revised chapters and for me to consider and submit any further revision you feel should be made.

With the typescript I have enclosed extracts from the preface in which I acknowledge the various people who have helped me with the book. I should be glad to have your approval for these. The book is dedicated to George Douglas and his wife Kay. (George Douglas is now suddenly getting very infirm, just in the past five or six months. Which is another reason why I have been trying to avoid delay.)

Thankyou for mentioning the film. You did arrange for me to see it sometime ago when I was in England: I think your father sent it to the RGS so that I could see it projected there. I made a number of notes on it at the time and remember particularly the shots of the musk-ox with their woolly waving coats. Did you know that still the observations of weather and birds made by your husband are almost the only continuous observations for that area and are included in such standard studies of the area as have been published? Jackie Moran, who died two years ago after a long illness, had seen the film in the early stages of editing and was incensed that a copy of it that belonged to the North West Territories and Yukon Branch had somehow disappeared. If you ever thought of giving the film a permanent home, I am sure the Department of Northern Affairs (the modern equivalent of NWT & YB) would be very interested to have it.

I hope very much that you will now find these chapters acceptable. They are very important, not only because your husband's diary and records give the most profuse record of Hornby for a considerable people, but especially because—

other than George Douglas—there is no other person against whose character and experience Hornby can be seen in relation and contrast. In any case, because I appreciate deeply the trust you first showed in sending me the papers and other materials, I could take neither pride nor pleasure in the book if I felt that you could not approve it. Your report on the revision is therefore very important to me.

Yours sincerely,

Letter to Philip Critchell-Bullock 17-03-1962

Text: TS QUA; Legend of John Hornby Correspondence, Loc# 1032c, Box 2, File 25

THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

MADISON 6

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH
BASCON HALL

The University Club
803 State Street
MADISON, Wisconsin
17 March 1962

Dear Captain Critchell-Bullock

The typescript of the three chapters of *The Legend of John Hornby* arrived safely last Monday. Since the publisher had asked me to return the proofs as soon as possible, I tackled the revision at once and have taken into account all your comments.

There are however two points which, although I have altered my treatment of them very considerably in the direction you asked, I did not feel I could delete entirely because they are based not upon conjecture but upon JCCB's own manuscripts and statements.

(A) The question of the danger the two men were to each other because of their isolation and their temperamental differences. I agree that I had made too much of this, and had repeated it unnecessarily. Nevertheless, CB wrote this to Colonel Christian on 1 Oct 1937: "Hornby and I used to scrap a bit between ourselves; but that was when we had the energy to scrap on. When it became touch and go, there was no trouble. If there had been, there would have been a killing." I had printed these words in a note, but have now quoted the substance of it in the text, removing my own speculative reflections. But this is not to the discredit of either men, being a fact of Northern existence. George Douglas hadn't gone half way down the Mackenzie

River the first time before he came on a fatal instance of this sort: and Edgar Christian had evidently been told the same sort of thing before he reached Great Slave Lake, because he says in a letter home that any serious breach of friendship in the North may prove fatal.

(B) CB's fear that if anything happened to Hornby on the trip out, he might be charged with responsibility because of the rumours of his 'madness'. This is a point CB himself made more than once afterwards; it is also in *Snow Man* and CB (who read the proofs) did not remove it; it is made with some weight in the MS "Novel" and in at least one of the "Short Stories" based on the journey. In his own accounts, CB gives the impression that he was haunted by this possibility throughout the journey; but there is no sign of such anxiety in the diary until the day before they reached Baker Lake, when Hornby told him "~~xxx~~ the scandals of the journey"—which could hardly mean anything except the reason for the Police visit. When CB later saw the Police files in Ottawa, he was "shocked" at Hornby's duplicity. As far as I can see, Hornby was careful not to tell CB why the Police had come because he wanted to spare him anxiety during the outward trip. In the revision I have made little of this, but I have left enough to provide information for anybody who cares to follow this point from *Snow Man*.

Another point upon which I made several alterations but which I should like to discuss is the matter of CB's disgust at Hornby. There are, I think, two sides to this: the sort of feelings he had from hour to hour and day to day, some of which were transitory and none of which necessarily imply a settled attitude; the sort of thing he felt when he thought of Hornby altogether as his companion on the journey. When CB spoke most warmly about Hornby as a companion of the winter, it was to members of his family (to whom he did not wish to communicate anxiety), friends of Hornby's (like Yardley Weaver in Edmonton), and officials (like Finnie) who would naturally think of Hornby as senior to CB. That does not invalidate what CB said in these letters about Hornby as a pleasant companion, but it does help to explain the absence in such accounts of the sort of detail contained in the journal. The journal—even with all the "personal matter" missing that he did not want even Hornby to read (see the Will in *Snow Man*)—contains a great deal of evidence of daily and hourly disgust and annoyance of spirits rising and falling, of the continuous irritations caused not so much by Hornby himself as by the confined space and

the half-squalid circumstances. This irritation is not incompatible with a *general* admiration expressed for Hornby, even though CB at times thought of Hornby as responsible for their straitened and uncomfortable condition. I have known two people who were rather like Hornby in temperament and behaviour, and have at times spent a good deal of time with them, and am aware in my own experience of the possibility of a combination of small-scale disgust and annoyance with large-scale admiration and approval.

I had not thought of this as in any way detrimental to CB, and was interested in it as throwing light on what I took to be Hornby's half-mocking, sometimes cruel, insensitiveness. I think Hornby deliberately (though not perhaps consciously) tormented CB, sometimes by not bringing his gear from Reliance, sometimes by excluding him from his association with the trappers, sometimes by making much of the contrast between his own imperviousness to squalor and discomfort when he knew that for CB the whole situation was—in the physical sense—much more trying. In contrast to this behaviour of Hornby's, CB took no opportunity to express bitterness after the journey. CB lost all his equipment, the expedition was a financial failure, and Hornby refused to pay back more than a trifling fraction of what had been spent on equipment. Some of CB's friends urged him to take legal action, but he refused. When CB had finished his work in Ottawa and set out for New York, he had lost all his savings and had no professional livelihood to look forward to: and Hornby was at least in part responsible for that. Yet CB was prepared to forgive him, and wrote about JH with increasing generosity of spirit. To know that, in their day-to-day relations during the Casba Winter, CB found Hornby irritating and exasperating makes his later attitude all the more impressive.

To the best of my ability I have carried out your wishes in the revision, and hope you will now approve of what I have done. I have discussed these two or three other points in some detail because they are based on a good deal of documentary evidence and statements made by CB himself. I regret very much that some of the things I had written seemed derisive. I am not interested in spectacular use of the materials, but only in accuracy—the accuracy of the life, and the correct feeling of the people. As soon as the book is published I shall send a copy to yourself and to Mrs Pitt-Moore. I am indeed grateful to you, not only for letting me use papers in the first place, but for

going in detail through the typescript. I hope you will accept the expressions of thanks which I have written in the Preface.

Will you kindly accept the enclosed draft to meet the cost of the postage on the typescript.

Yours sincerely,
George Whalley

Letter to Philip Critchell-Bullock 25-03-1962

Text: TS QUA; Legend of John Hornby Correspondence, Loc# 1032c, Box 2, File 25

THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN
MADISON 6

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH
BASCON HALL

The University Club
803 State Street
MADISON, Wisconsin
25 March 1962

Dear Captain Critchell-Bullock

I regret very much that your letter of 6 March reached me on Friday only a few hours after I had posted my last letter to you. It must have come by surface mail and not by air—perhaps because it had only a 6d stamp on it. You must have wondered why my other letter did not reply to yours: and I must confess that I was a little puzzled when there was no covering note with the typescript.

When your letter arrived I was leaving for Chicago and not able to reply at once; but I sent a note at once to the publisher to instruct him to remove your name from the Acknowledgements.

The tone and candour of your comments, even before your letter arrived, made it clear to me what you wanted me to do. I worked over every passage you mentioned, making it—as best I could judge—what you would wish it to be; deferring only to some small extent in those two matters that I discussed in my last letter. The *tone* of my remarks has certainly been altered away from what you objected to, because I gave the most scrupulous attention to all the marked passages.

From my own point of view, the fact that my writing upset both yourself and Mrs Pitt-Moore is a matter of very deep regret, and has taken away that momentary pleasure one feels when a piece of writing has reached the stage of proof. I should

like to have had your final approval before publication, and if the publishing arrangements allow will—if you wish—send you the revised chapters. I have not heard from the publisher since he received the revisions; and the revising was such a meticulous and extensive task that the chapters would have to be retyped to be legible.

Yes, I found your remarks altogether fair and constructive, and feel that the revisions—quite apart from the question of removing grounds of disapproval—are an improvement. I am grateful to you for your restraint and for such detailed and explicit comments. Now I can only hope that my revision will be approved by yourself and Mrs Pitt-Moore.

Yours sincerely,
George Whalley

Letter to Philip Critchell-Bullock 16-04-1962

Text: TS QUA; Legend of John Hornby Correspondence, Loc# 1032c, Box 2, File 25

THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN
MADISON 6

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH
BASCON HALL

The University Club
803 State Street
MADISON, Wisconsin
14 April 1962

Dear Captain Critchell-Bullock

I came back to Madison from Toronto yesterday evening to find your letter of 8 April waiting for me.

I want to thank you very much for writing so generously. I have been much troubled that the book to which I had given so much care in the writing should in the end bring distress to yourself or to Mrs Pitt-Moore. If I had not been able to alter the writing to your satisfaction, there would have been no pleasure for me in the book. I am therefore much encouraged that you should so reservedly wish me well with the book. I hope that when you come to read it the book will give you something of the pleasure I have had in writing it.

There are still delays with illustrations and maps, but as far as I know there is no change in the plan to publish the book early in the autumn of this year.

George Whalley

With kind regards
Yours sincerely,

APPENDIX 7

Selection of Proofs

characteristic innocence of intention—had asked Olwen to wear a handsome unplucked beaver coat of his 'to air it in the frosty weather'. By the end of December Olwen had taken a room permanently at the Y W C A.

Olwen Newell, twenty years younger than Hornby, found herself much interested in him. She remembers him as 'a chivalrous man, fastidious in conversation and in his attitude to women'. Herself young, vivacious, handsome, her vision unblurred by passion, Olwen saw Hornby as 'an unassuming man, conservative in dress; yet he always went bareheaded except in winter when he wore an old cap with earflaps, Alberta farmer style'. He wore in winter a dark fur coat and 'padded along through Edmonton streets in mocassins made for him by Indians' wives'. She noted his fine-textured black hair; the narrow aquiline features with the fine bone structure; the deep-set blue eyes; the prominent high-bridged nose with its sensitive arched nostrils; the mouth below a clipped moustache small and well-shaped. Olwen noticed that Hornby seemed to have found in her, perhaps for the first time, a woman who identified herself with his unworldly and eccentric view of life. Olwen's oldest and wisest friend, Justus Willson, leonine survivor of the Riel Rebellion, gently warned her that although Jack Hornby was an admirable person he was not a suitable person for Olwen to marry. Such was the discretion and innocence of the friendship that she had not thought of that.

~~At first not even a shadow of jealousy crossed Bullock's mind. His own picture of himself, judging from his own writing and the photographs he was fond of, is that of a tall, lean, athletic figure perhaps a trifle more Romanesque than Greek in its insolent power. Self-confident or self-preoccupied he would have been startled to see himself through Olwen's eyes as heavy-limbed, awkward, red-necked, with slightly protuberant eyes, and long arms with big hands that he never seemed to know what to do with'. When she first saw him she felt sorry for his awkwardness. He, however, took her for granted as part of the human landscape in which he was working out his destiny, and offered to employ her 'in the office that he and M' Hornby were opening jointly in the city'. Without so much as inquiring into terms of payment or conditions of work~~

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letters show that Bullock's conclusions, though based on gossip and upon evidence of the most tenuous sort, were not far wrong. His money and prospects were at the mercy of such an entanglement. Somehow the expedition must be saved, Q informed perhaps by jealousy as much as by fear, he took O.K. action less deft than vigorous. Perhaps it was logical that he should try to seduce Olwen, and having failed in that that he should threaten to discredit her with Hornby. He persisted along less sensational lines too. He dismissed her from service with the expedition and wrote to the Y W C A renouncing ~~all~~ responsibility for 'her debts'. He even consulted Mrs L there Murphy, the 'Jancy Canuck' who was the first woman magistrate in the Empire, but found little sympathy there because she had already heard the story from Olwen.

P/ Olwen, long-suffering and self-reliant though she was, now soon found her position embarrassing and had decided to take legal advice. The letter she wrote to Yardley Weaver on 4 March, though very long, is a model of good sense, dignity and restraint. It opens with a rehearsal of what had happened: the abandoned plans for going to England, Bullock's annoyance, the way he had renounced responsibility for her debts, his y threat of police inquiries into her character and means. the possib
of some
official

The outcome of the whole matter was that Mr Hornby has left for the Old Country, and I am in an intolerable position which ever way one looks at it.

I have lost the confidence of a man who has been very kind to me, and for whom I have a great regard. He is going to visit my home, and as things stand, will not be able to speak freely about me to my parents, who will soon suspect that he is under restraint.

Instead of being, as I calculated, by now on my way home, I am forced to find work immediately, of any description; to make up for lost time financially will be extremely difficult, and my situation with regard to money is serious.⁵

could think how she might have upst She had not ~~said anything defamatory about~~ Bullock—'of whom I seldom speak'; but she had felt obliged to point out that Bullock was not leading the expedition and that Hornby was not 'working under' the younger man. The letter—more than nine pages of manuscript—ends plaintively: 'If you are free during the latter part of the afternoon I would be grateful for an interview?'

father's illness and his parents' reluctance, he said, he could not leave now. Blanchet was going on his Government survey; Hornby urged Bullock to join Blanchet—'I have thoroughly recommended you.' He himself would try to be in Edmonton by the end of August: 'then, for us, the Arkilnik [Thelon] River and complete our studies of flora & fauna in peace!' 'Though I am fond of my Mother,' he ends ominously, 'and, as you know, consider her second to no woman, my life has always been with men.'

* * *

In the three months since Hornby had left Edmonton, Bullock had not been idle. He had been collecting stores and equipment on a considerable scale; he had been taking instruction in meteorology and geology at the University of Alberta; he was getting practice in using various cameras, for in his eyes photography offered the greatest prospect for the expedition. He spent heavily on equipment. And he indulged his bent for letter-writing, subjecting the North-West Territories and Yukon Branch in Ottawa to a series of elaborate, pretentious, sometimes even truculent communications. In Ottawa, Finnie had recommended to the Deputy Minister in March that Hornby be employed at a modest salary but made no mention of Bullock. Bullock knew nothing of this, and would not have liked it if he had; and continued with his letters to harass the patient civil servants. 'Time is now short,' he announced on 5 April, 'and as business manager I am making final arrangements. I am distressed by the disinterest of our own Government, for compared with the interest taken by the United States it is most remarkable.' He dropped other hints of wealthy foreign interests that might move in if the Canadian Government threw away the golden opportunity of supporting him; but a more strident note near the end of this letter gives the game away. 'I am entering upon this Expedition . . . because Mr. Hornby has honoured me by saying that in me he has found a perfect assistant and partner. Unknown to him I am assisting the enterprise financially in such a manner that its failure will leave me penniless.' Other letters followed.

On 29 April Finnie wrote a memorandum to Maxwell Graham, saying that Bullock 'states that the photographical

personal and urgent

Bullock sent his own party on ahead—the Glenns, that is, with whatever boats they could manage—and waited for Hornby to start. But after much waiting Bullock lost patience—as no doubt he was intended to do—and went on to follow the Glenns; and had been waiting for two days at Stony Island when ‘Hornby & Co’ caught up with him. Hornby made it clear that he intended to travel with the trappers and would not associate with Bullock and ‘his crew’; as long as Bullock travelled with the Glenns, Hornby would not travel with Bullock.

Once joined—if only loosely—into one group, they made a quick passage eastward along Great Slave Lake, passing through Hornby Channel, sailing when the weather allowed. The late summer trip could have been pleasant with the long days and warm weather; but the silently acknowledged rift in the party spoiled much of the pleasure. Hornby had made all the crucial decisions at Resolution; he would do so again at Reliance: but he was not behaving much like the leader of the whole outfit. He seems to have been in a mood of despair and disillusionment, as though the country were not only familiar but stale with custom, as though he wanted only to drift and improvise as he had done on Bear Lake and as the trappers did anyway by instinct. But his rejection was more positive than that. He resented Glenn’s presence; he resented Bullock’s

presence because Bullock was a greenhorn and because he stood for an attitude towards their existence and plans that was entirely foreign and was distasteful to Hornby. Bullock had planned and equipped for an ‘expedition’, a journey to a specified place to carry out specific tasks. All that, as Hornby had never hesitated to tell Bullock, was entirely alien to his own way of thinking and working. Instead of taking command of an outfit and plan ready-made for him, Hornby resentfully behaved as though he were outside the Bullock party even though he was, with his four friends, travelling the same route and bound for the same country. Bullock, strained almost beyond endurance by the long uncertainty at Smith and Resolution, by the delay, by the prospect of his time and money wasted and his self-made reputation tarnished, by impatience with Hornby’s infuriating vagueness, was morose and assertive. He was probably a disagreeable travelling companion and

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deserved to be left to himself. But Bullock was having to run an awkward and unrewarding compromise: in charge of an expedition that Hornby would not allow him to command; with a partner whom Hornby made no secret of despising; without the experience to go off on his own; determined, for the sake of prestige and future reputation, to rescue whatever he could from the ruin of his plans and fortune.

Yet, as in the months in Edmonton, Bullock—incapable of understanding Hornby's mentality—nourished himself on the fantasy that this really was and could be an *expedition*, that it had certain clear scientific objectives, that they would in the end concentrate upon fulfilling those objectives, and would come out of the country with 'results' the way a man carries a sack of potatoes. Already the things that he could not understand, the people that he could not fathom, fretted and irked him, making him irritable. He fumed and sulked, his moroseness made the more profound because he was pushed off to spend his time with the illiterate Glenns. All this makes the more interesting the letter Hornby wrote to Finnie from Old Fort Reliance on 2 September 1924: the letter is typed on what can only have been Bullock's typewriter, the signature and postscript being in pencil.

I arrived here on August 29th accompanied by a party of men [*i.e.* the four trappers] who though assisting me will at the same time be prospecting and trapping on their own account.

Captain Critchell-Bullock with his outfit accompanied us across the Lake.

I have again made my headquarters at Fort Reliance where my supplies will be looked after by the man [Glenn] left behind by Captain Critchell-Bullock.

We leave for Artillery Lake in two days each taking a canoe and sufficient supplies to complete our Fall investigations. I shall establish another base on Timber Lake [presumably Timber Bay] where I previously passed a winter. In all probability we will return there for this winter. Our other movements depend upon circumstances, but of course we intend to penetrate if possible as far as Clinton-Colden Lake where we may branch off in different directions so as to cover as much territory as we are able.

The men I have brought with me will establish at different points as far North as Possible and they have agreed to note

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twenty-five miles to the south. The Stewarts, Greathouse, and Buckley, however, were not part ~~of Bullock's~~ expedition at all, and certainly did not regard themselves as a support party though they had shown themselves willing enough to travel and work with Hornby. They were trappers and hunters, working independently in the same area as Hornby, and Hornby was in many respects drawn closer to them than to Bullock. Hornby was by temperament a trapper, an Indian, neither a leader nor a member of any expedition with scientific or romantic pretensions. He not only knew the life the trappers lived: he had lived it for years. It was the only kind of life he wanted to live or enjoyed living. Hornby enjoyed hunting, pottering, travelling about, yarning with his cronies. If Bullock wanted to be morose, overbearing, opinionated, provocative, Hornby found no difficulty in deciding to drift more and more often into the company of the trappers. In any case Hornby had made it clear, even when they had left Resolution, that Bullock was not much more than 'travelling across the Lake' with him.

By 9th November Hornby had decided to make the Reliance trip alone, probably because he expected that Bullock would get lost if he went by himself. Bullock collected his gear and started back for the Casba River alone, took the wrong landmarks, was lost in a blizzard for while and 'was frightened for the first time in my life'. But ~~he need not have been too concerned~~. Hornby decided not to start for Reliance so soon, and with Malcolm Stewart was travelling north behind Bullock with dogs; and for another week the three stayed together near the cave and Stewart's house, hunting and laying out traps.

On 12 November Bullock wrote a letter to Yardley Weaver with news to be passed on to various friends and relatives. They planned, he said, to travel in the spring 'North to the Arctic Coast by dog sleigh and back via Back's River across to the Thelon River, Chesterfield Inlet & Hudson's Bay by canoe'. 'We are living right in the Barren Lands & are without doubt the first people to have taken up residence in them for an entire winter. If I accomplish nothing else I shall at least have the satisfaction of taking the first set of meteorological readings in the Barren Lander proper.' But the life was trying, he said, the daily hardships very real: 'Our house is a hole in a wind-

↳ but was unexpectedly over-
taken. Hornby had decided.

that Bullock was fortunate to get through. It is not perfectly clear what Hornby meant by that.

Bullock slept on the floor of Stewart's shack on Hornby's wet sleeping bag, and for a few days rested up while Hornby hunted and trapped restlessly and with crazy insistence. The smell of the little house, the stench of caribou blood, Malcolm's habit of spitting tobacco juice all over the place, all these offended Bullock; but it was a better house than their own, and 'it is good to be safe'.

For a week Bullock hunted from Stewart's intermittently, and might have stayed there for the rest of the winter if he had wanted to. But he grew ~~irritated~~ and morose, keeping to the house; then on 4 January, annoyed at Bhaie's howling, he gave the dog a savage beating. Malcolm Stewart immediately became 'so uncommunicative' that even Bullock understood that 'he thinks I was brutal'. ~~Animals, Bullock argued, must be obedient; and since the dog had been punished there had been no more trouble.~~ But Bullock also had to admit that 'an unspoken misunderstanding is damnably unpleasant when in confined quarters'. Hornby was away by the cave when this happened; but when Bullock met him on the esker the next day and told him what had happened, Hornby 'suggested that I should stay [at the cave] whilst he went over and brought back our stuff from Malcolm's'. ~~Bullock was furious; Hornby would surely mess up his valuables in bringing them over; and Bullock 'wanted so badly to have one day's comfort'.~~ But he had to acquiesce. ~~Even he could~~ understand that he had now alienated Stewart and that the cave in the esker from now on was his only home.

* * *

Bullock looked at the cave again, not having seen it for ten days; the pipe still poked out of the snow, the entrance tunnel was stained with the successive layers of blood and offal. Inside, the place was 'almost full of poles: now we have twelve of them stuck every way, it is well-nigh impossible to move'. The squalor and discomfort of the place were such that ~~he would have given anything to stay at Malcolm's.~~ The pots and pans were full of pine needles and sand. There was the constant irritation—as in a ship in a heavy sea—of having to move

he thought of Malcolm Stewart's place as a place.

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self about such trifles. The man was admirable, infuriating, impossible. Yet when he went out for wood on 22 January and was very late returning, Bullock grew worried and finally fired some rifle shots thinking Hornby was lost. x

* * *

The last few days of January were exceptionally cold, so cold that even Hornby did not go out much and on one occasion he accepted Bullock's offer of going over his trap^{line} for him. H
 Then on the 31st Hornby was 'liverish and uncommunicative' so Bullock went out alone at sunrise, found some caribou, froze his fingers shooting at them, and when cleaning his kill found it was so cold that he had to stick the knife into the carcass after every cut to prevent it from freezing and becoming unusable. But the days were beginning to lengthen out, the sun getting warmer even if the temperatures were still low: on two occasions Bullock lay in the sun in the bottom of an upturned canoe (he said) for more than an hour though the temperature was below zero. On 4 February Hornby predicted a series of blizzards; but this, he said, would be the last of them. On the 8th, when there was a wet flaky snow falling, the frozen blood on the caribou hides was thawing. And that was the day Hornby went over to Malcolm Stewart's on the first stage of his second trip to Reliance. He was to bring up supplies for everybody; he was to be away ten days. Bullock, who undoubtedly had hoped to make the journey himself, now hoped Hornby would be more successful than last time; and to celebrate the event sat out in the sun reading for two hours in a temperature of (what he recorded as) '65 below zero'. It probably was not quite as cold as that, but no doubt the experience was exhilarating.

Alone now, Bullock behaved in a manner that endorses the other evidence of his paranoid irritability. He did some trapping, but the hallucinatory solitude bothered him so much that on the day after Hornby had left Bullock seriously contemplated suicide because he could find no shadow on the snow. The snow was deep and light, so he kept to the cave, sleeping from apathy, from relaxed attention, from a failure to 'keep going'. Writing to his father on 10 February he said that 'any chicken-hearted fellow would either cave in or go crazy'.

*wondered whether they were wise to think of going out
Res. Carby,*

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The Casba Winter

committing suicide'. Why had he become so despondent? Because of the long winter darkness: this prevented him from taking his moving pictures. Was Hornby afraid of Bullock in any way whatsoever, Hawkins asked repeatedly? Hornby replied no. Hawkins ~~sensed that Hornby had reservations about Bullock as a traveller~~, and advised him to go out by the standard route westward to Resolution, not by the Thelon. Hornby was evasive: he had decided on the Thelon anyway. But there was no evidence of Bullock being dangerously insane; he was 'certainly not a man that is fit for hardships that are required of one in the Barren Lands', but if he had ever been insane 'he certainly must have changed very much'. There was nothing to be done. Corporal Hawkins and his companions set off for Resolution on 2nd April and arrived on the 11th.

Had Hornby puckishly sent—or allowed to be sent—word to the police as a practical joke at Bullock's expense? Or was he seriously alarmed at Bullock's condition? Hornby himself probably did not know. He was astute enough to recognise that Bullock after Christmas was dangerous; he knew that men living in close confinement with few amenities can easily kill each other; he knew of the two trappers of Salt River, in Douglas's account, a murder and a suicide; he knew perfectly well that he and Bullock were dangerously different. 'Bullock is now in fine condition,' Hornby told Weaver in a note of 1 April; 'but I was certainly at times afraid that his rather too vivid imagination might lead him to act stranger than he has done.' It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that at times Hornby was deliberately tormenting, frustrating, and humiliating Bullock. But like a bag-piper, Hornby kept moving and provided at best a moving target. The dangers were real enough: the marvel is that both men survived the winter. If the trappers had not been present, if Hornby and Bullock had had to share the cave for the whole winter there can be little doubt that they would have killed each other.³

Bullock later said that as soon as the police left Hornby had told him why they had come, and that he had asked them to come as a joke. Bullock said further that from the date of the police visit onward, and throughout the Thelon journey in the summer, he was in a state of constant dread lest anything happen to Hornby, the non-swimmer; if Bullock came out

QUA, Location # 2317, Box 2, File 1 [Biography of John Hornby Proofs page 249]

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cave, and was to do so for some time afterwards. It brought out a strain of courageous doggedness that redeemed Bullock in Hornby's eyes, so that although Hornby said very little about Bullock afterwards he is not known to have said anything unkind or even merry about him.

TAKE
(W)
CC 2

* * *

When Bullock reached the cave on the last day of April, the winter phase was definitely over, with no solid accomplishment, no genuine heroism. He found Hornby short of fuel, idly burning clothes to keep himself warm. The thaw had set in and pools of water were lying in the hills. The misery and squalor of the cave were indescribable. 'House drips very badly and had to stuff odd clothing in the roof to stop it. Any wood we collect is wet and will not burn. Smoke in the house is awful.' At night the dripping water froze into long icicles that made it almost impossible to move about in the cave. All round the dug-out wolf carcasses, uncleaned, lay thawing in the sand. Some of the foxes, when Hornby examined them, proved to be riddled with ticks and the hides punctured: the furs would have to be cleaned and cured quickly if they were not all to spoil. Rain, snow, sleet kept them in the cave for three days. Beyond that they could not endure. They moved out, demolished the rickety structure (Bullock trying to film the interior through holes in the roof), dumped into the pit all the loathsome garbage of the winter and set it afire. 'Even H[ornby] admits that he has never been forced to do this before.' The winter had at least that sorry distinction.

APPENDIX 8

Letters about *The Legend of John Hornby***Letter to John Grey Murray 22-09-1953**

Text: TS QUA; Legend of John Hornby Correspondence, Loc# 1032c, Box 2, File 27

106 Barrie Street
22 September 1953

John Grey Murray Esq
50 Albemarle Street
London

My dear Jock,

I have recently been preparing for the CBC a broadcast about John Hornby's last expedition to the Thelon River. The original idea was to make a broadcast of the diary kept by Edgar Christian and published by you (1937) under the title *Unflinching*. While I was working at it and trying to fill in some of the discontinuation in the story—and particularly the meagre information about Hornby—I became much more interested in Hornby. The broadcast is not yet completed; but the center of gravity has shifted from Christina to Hornby, although the Christina diary remains the central document in the case.

Having got interested in Hornby I have been scratching about for further information, have dug up some interesting material, and seem to be hot on the trail of more. So much so that I feel there is a good book to be written on the subject—that is, on Hornby.

The main documents I want to get hold of are the journals of Critchell-Bullock who wintered with Hornby on the Barrens in 1924-5, and the two Hornby diaries which were given to Bullock after that expedition. From the Mounted Police and from files in Ottawa I have recovered some information to fill in the gaps in a story which Hornby has left largely undocumented.

Again, one would have to fall back—not reluctantly, of course—upon the Christian diary at the end.

I wonder whether you think such a book would be of interest to the general reader. It would consist of a biographical introduction and a discursive account (with maps) of the territory travelled by Hornby. As far as possible, however, the main body of the book would be transcripts of journals—Hornby's own if recoverable, Critchell-Bullock's, and Christian's. Hornby's report on the caribou and upon the advisability of establishing the Thelon Game Sanctuary (where he died) would seem to have a place too. I am already in contact with men who know that country intimately, and also with some who know and traveled with Hornby.

The scheme is only in its most tentative inception: it depends rather upon my success in rounding up the documents. But I wondered whether you would care to comment upon the scheme [...]

Letter to Margaret Waldron 30-09-1953

Text: TS QUA; Loc# 1032c, Box 3, File 4

[Queen's University coat of arms]
 QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
 KINGSTON, ONTARIO

30 September 1953

Dear Mrs Waldron,

I am at present preparing to write a book on John Hornby. In the course of my reading I naturally came across Malcolm Waldron's book *Snow Man*. I am writing to ask you whether you know what happened to Captain Critchell-Bullock's journals and the Hornby journals mentioned in that book as having been given to Captain Bullock. What would help me most of all would be some indication of how I could get into touch with Captain Critchell-Bullock. Houghton Mifflin have given me your address; but the only address they had for Captain Bullock was so long ago—1935—that it seems unlikely that a letter so addressed would reach him. You would probably be able to tell me how closely the wording of Malcolm Waldron's book follows Captain Bullock's journals, and whether or not the dialogue in *Snow Man* is fictitious (though of course based on fact) or whether there are actual records of conversation in Captain

Bullock's journals.

I hope I am not troubling you by asking these questions, but am at a loss to know how to trace the diaries and letters needed for a comprehensive and accurate life of Hornby.

Yours very sincerely,
George Whalley

Letter to the War Office 30-09-1953

Text: TS QUA; Loc# 1032c, Box 3, File 4

30 September 1953

Re JOHN HORNBY

Officer Records
The War Office
Worcester Road
Droitwich
Worcestershire
England
Dear Sir,

I am at present preparing to write a book on the life of John Hornby and wish to inform myself about his record during the War 1914-18.

An Englishman by birth, he came to Canada in about 1903 and travelled about the Canadian North-West, using Edmonton as his base, until the outbreak of war. According to the Canadian Army records he enlisted in the Canadian Expeditionary Force at Valcartier, Quebec, on 20 September 1914. He proceeded from England to France on 1 April 1915, and on 23 October 1915—while still in France—was discharged from the Canadian Army in order to take a commission in the Imperial Army.

An existing photograph of Hornby shows him wearing the ribbon of the Military Cross (the date of the photograph is not known). The Canadian Army records show that he was not awarded the Military Cross while serving with the Canadians.

On enlistment he stated that he was born on 21 September 1880 at Nantwich, Cheshire.

Would you be kind enough to supply me with the following information?

- (a) Date of Hornby's birth as recorded in your office;
- (b) Date of award of the M.C., and if possible the citation;
- (c) Whether there is any report of his having been wounded,

and if so the details;

(d) The date of his discharge

(e) Any other information that you consider relevant.

Will you also please inform me whether any of this information is confidential and whether permission will have to be sought to include it in my book. I find that the published information about Hornby's war record is meager and much of it erroneous. Since he was a somewhat fabulous figure, legends [sic] were inclined to grow up around his name. I am therefore anxious to get at the facts in as close detail as possible. The question of the wound and the nature of the wound is of considerable importance in interpreting the circumstances of his death.

Yours very truly,

George Whalley
Associate Professor of English

Draft of Letter to Marguerite Christian 06-10-1953

Text: MS QUA; Loc# 1032b, Box 1, File 8

[Queen's University coat of arms]
QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
KINGSTON, ONTARIO

Draft [circled]

~~30 September 1953~~
6 October

Dear Mrs Christian –

Thank you very much for your letter of the 21st. I am sorry to have troubled you with a letter when your husband is ill and am grateful for such a prompt reply when you had every excuse for not writing at all.

Since receiving your letter I have completed the first draft of the broadcast and have sent it to the CBC for their comments. I am glad that you and Colonel Christian approve of the idea: it is a remarkable and heart-breaking story which I feel should not be forgotten in this country. And in the broadcast version I am insisting that it be handled with the utmost reticence, textual accuracy, & complete absence of journalistic 'realism.' The diary makes any comment an intrusion.

I have become so interested in Jack Hornby that I hope to write a book about him, which would also necessarily include

a good deal about Edgar. The sort of book I should like to write would allow the central people to speak for themselves in their own words, with as little editorial intervention as possible. That means relying upon journals and letters principally—as far as one can recover them and get permission to use them. I am trying to find people in this country who knew Jack Hornby—George Douglas, Mr Hoare, a Mr Macdonald in Yellowknife and an old-timer (also in Yellowknife) named Darcy. Some of the geologists, doctors, and naturalists in the University have worked in the North-West and are proving very helpful in finding the men, with long memories. But memories are notoriously inaccurate, even with the best will in the world; only contemporary documents can control speculation and guide a faithful reconstruction. What one will need most of all is the two diaries J. H. gave to Critchell-Bullock, the ‘old diary’ mentioned by Edgar and brought out of the Thelon with his other papers by the RCMP, and the Journals kept by Critchell-Bullock in the winter of 1924-5 (known only by rewritten versions which I suspect have destroyed their clarity). My efforts to get into touch with Captain Bullock have so far been unsuccessful, but I hope that something will come of it.

Do you happen to know which member of Jack Hornby’s family now has his papers & journals? It would be a great pity if such important documents disappeared before they could be transcribed. In writing to the Canadian Army authorities about JH’s Military Cross, I thought I detected some fudging of his age in joining. He gave the year of his birth as 1880—5 years later than his professed age of 52 in 1926. He may well have thought—in Sept 1914—that the recruiting authorities would take a gloomy view of an age of 39.

I can imagine that in a matter that touches you as closely as your son and Jack Hornby you will wish to know what sort of person is asking for personal documents and proposing to put them into print. Most of my writing—other than poetry—has been to do with Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Since the war I have been studying his letters and unpublished Notebooks to prepare an account of the growth of his mind and (later DV) a biography of him. Whatever else this may have done, it has taught me a good deal about the integrity of intimate documents, the complexities of experience that usually lie behind them, and the responsibilities that fall upon any person who attempts to interpret them. It will evidently take some time to collect all the

materials for a book that would do justice to J.H. and your son. I hope before very long to be in England again—possibly next summer—and should particularly welcome an opportunity of calling on you. Meanwhile, I feel that I have sufficient material to make the broadcast an accurate and faithful rendering; and as for the larger scheme, I do not wish to put you to the trouble of correspondence by bombarding you with detailed inquiries.

One detail, however, I should like to clear up for the broadcast because it includes a sketch of J.H. The editor of *Unflinching* states that he was preparing for the diplomatic service, in the Black Forest conceived a love of wild places, and went to Canada. You have added an interesting detail in saying that he first went into the Barrens in 1903 when he was *stationed* in Halifax. Was he in the Army then? Or doing some diplomatic work? And presumably he went to University between Harrow and 1903—but I find no mention of that although it is said that he was a bit of a scholar (one thinks of Churchill's record!)

Letter to J. T. Wilson 09-10-1953

Text: TS QUA; Loc# 1032c, Box 3, File 4

[Queen's University coat of arms]
 QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
 KINGSTON, ONTARIO

9 October 1953

Professor J.T. Wilson
 Department of Physics
 University of Toronto

Dear Professor Wilson,

Thankyou very much for your letter of 22 September giving me the names of people who might be able to give me information about John Hornby and J.T. [sic] Critchell-Bullock. Please forgive my delay in replying; with the beginning of term, and a panic party completing a radio broadcast, I have had little opportunity of letter-writing.

Your suggestions were very helpful. I have now written to all the men you mentioned—except Mr Rowley. So far there have been no replies (there hasn't been much time for replies to come in yet); but I feel sure that through these channels it will be possible to trace some of the information I need. The

R.C.M.P. have already proved helpful; but one has to have specific questions to ask them, and I am still not sure what questions might turn up some gem of information.

I am now in touch with Colonel and Mrs Christian in England, and find that Mrs Christian is Hornby's nearest surviving relative. I still do not know what documents of his—if any—she may have inherited, but hope to know about this soon. The pursuit of Critchell-Bullock still draws a blank. Houghton Mifflin of Boston (publishers of Waldron's book) have given me a London address, but of 1935; so it looks as though your suggestion of a letter to *The Times* will be needed (he is not in *Who's Who*). Mr Wordie may well know something; I look forward to his reply with some impatience.

I am indeed grateful for the advice you have given me and feel sure that it will bear fruit before long. I should like, if I may, to keep you informed as the scheme goes forward. I have written to John Murray, the London publisher (*Unflinching*, *The Worst Journey*, the Edward Wilson books—in fact, many notable books on travel and exploration these past 150 years), to see whether they would be interested: I think they might be influential in finding material in England.

Yours sincerely

Letter to Clifford Wilson Esq., 09-10-1953

Text: TS QUA; Loc# 1032c, Box 3, File 4

[Queen's University coat of arms]
 QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
 KINGSTON, ONTARIO

9 October 1953

Clifford Wilson Esq
 The Editor of the *Beaver*
 Hudson's Bay Company
 Winnipeg

Dear Mr Wilson,
 [...] I am writing at the suggestion of Professor J.T. Wilson who I gather (though his letter is a bit elliptical on this point) is your son.

Since Hornby was a rather reticent and elusive creature I

am particularly anxious to collect together all the journals and letters he wrote, or any such material that companions of his may have written. This proves to be a difficult task. One of the central documents would naturally be the journals kept by Captain Critchell-Bullock in 1924-1935. I feel that the version of those journals published in somewhat journalistic form by Waldron, and Bullock's own rather tight-lipped abstracts in the *Canadian Field Naturalist*, conceal the vivacious character of the originals. What I should hope to do is to get permission to reprint journals and letters *verbatim* with as little editorial intervention as possible. Professor Wilson thought that you had had some personal acquaintance with both Hornby and Critchell-Bullock at the time they travelled together.
[...]

Letter to P. D. Baird 09-10-1953

Text: TS QUA; Loc# 1032c, Box 3, File 4

[Queen's University coat of arms]
QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
KINGSTON, ONTARIO

9 October 1953

P.D.Baird
The Arctic Institute of North America,
3485 University Street
Montreal

Dear Mr Baird,

I have recently started to prepare a book on John Hornby and his travels in the Canadian North-West from 1903 till the time of his death in 1927. I am writing to you at the suggestion of Professor J.T. Wilson of the University of Toronto to know whether you can give me any advice or help in tracing documents that would throw light upon Hornby and his activities. What I am looking for particularly are Hornby's own journals and letters, and any journals or letters written by Hornby's companions when they were with him. The journals kept by J.T. Critchell-Bullock in the winter and summer of 1924-5 would be of peculiar value; but I still do not know how to get into touch with him—or even whether he is still alive.

Would you be kind enough to let me know whether you

have in your archives any journals, letters, or itineraries that would bear directly upon this matter? And if you can suggest any possible lines of inquiry that I may have overlooked or would not know about, I should indeed be grateful.

Yours sincerely,

George Whalley

Letter to Ted Pope 25-10-1953

Text: TS QUA; Legend of John Hornby Correspondence, Loc# 1032c, Box 2, File 18

[Queen's University Insignia]
QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
KINGSTON, ONTARIO

25 October 1953

Dear Ted,

Many thanks for your letter and for the copy of George Douglas's letter. No, I am not surprised at the tone of the letter. In fact, I am delighted. I expected some such explosion to occur, but didn't know who would blow up first. I've sensed an undercurrent varying between distaste and resentment and professional jealousy. Now that we've run into a solid and vocal barrier we can get somewhere. The idea of Hornby as some sort of hero is as wide of the mark as the idea of Hornby-the-devoted-scientist-explorer. If he wasn't an enigma, he wouldn't be nearly so interesting. And it looks as though G.D.—especially if he will disgorge his several suit cases of Hornbiana—will throw more light on him than anybody yet has. It may not yield a great deal for broadcasting purposes, but it looks like the making of the projected book. And of course there might be a gold-mine for broadcasting too. [...]

Yes, the question of Hornby's 'irresponsibility' does need discussing. It became more and more clear to me as I began to wrinkle out the details of the departure from the final expedition. Irresponsible in the ordinary sense it certainly was. But he certainly knew what he was in for; and even if one were to decide that he was more or less mad—and since he wasn't grossly mad in any way easily detectable by the layman—wouldn't that argue for an even more ruthlessly logical application of the principles that had previously guided his activities in the North West? Everybody from D'Arcy Arden to Douglas and some

other like-minded folk that I have letters from agree that he was 'odd'. But then, anybody unusual is 'odd'; and people consumed with scientific zeal and the *technique* of (in this case) Arctic travel are not only unlikely to appreciate a radically different view, but tend to be poor judges of the character of anybody holding a different view. [...]

My interest in Hornby (as far as I can sort it out) is that he represents, in as clearly and unvarnished a form as I have come across it, the feeling that explorers and mountaineers have for the places they choose to work in. It is to be seen in Scott's determination to get to the South Pole by manhauling, and in the decision to make the winter journey (the penguins' eggs being, I have always supposed, a specious excuse for purposes of justification when they were determined simply to make a winter journey with their lives at stake). Nobody who has even ventured out on a pair of skis at a weekend could imagine for a moment that men climb mountains, and have finally climbed Everest, for scientific reasons. Hornby is in that stream too; but instead of staking his life on a single achievement, or a series of single achievements, he stakes his life continuously—as long as he has life. One might argue that he was more fortunate than most explorers &c in being able to live in the country, not having to finance and organize expeditions from outside. So he had no excuses to make, to the government or backers or any one else. [...]

Letter to Vilhjalmur Stefansson 06-11-1953

Text: TS QUA; Loc# 1032c, Box 3, File 15

[Queen's University coat of arms]
 QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
 KINGSTON, ONTARIO

6 November 1953

Dr Vilhjalmur Stefansson
 Office of U.S. Naval Research
 Washington D.C.

Dear Dr Stefansson,

I have recently started to work on a CBC broadcast and a book about John Hornby and his travels in the Canadian Arctic. In the course of correspondence, and in the effort to collect

accurate information about this curious man, I have been in touch with Mr George Douglas who mentioned your work on the *Encyclopaedia Arctica* and the “brilliant characterisation” of Hornby written by Critchell-Bullock for the *Encyclopaedia*. I assumed that the work had already been published, but find now that the Arctic Institute supposes that the work is still in process of compilation.

Would you be kind enough to let me know when the *Encyclopaedia* is expected to be published, and whether in the meantime you would allow me to read Bullock’s article on Hornby? I have been trying for some time to trace Critchell-Bullock but have been unable to find any trace of him, and fear that he may have died. If you could give me any information about him and how I could get into touch with him (if still alive) I should be most grateful. One of the things I particularly need for my Hornby book is any journals Hornby kept. Waldron’s book on Hornby states that Hornby gave Bullock the only two extensive journals he had ever kept up to that time (1924-5). I am also anxious to trace—and if possible secure permission to publish—the journal Bullock kept during his winter with Hornby in the Barrens. Any information you can give me that would help me to trace any of those primary materials would be most gratefully received.

My intention for the Hornby book is to write an authoritative—even scholarly—affair, departing as little as possible from the details of letters and journals. I can see that the problem of sketching Hornby’s character accurately is a ticklish one—and one that can only be guided by men like Bullock and Douglas who knew him and worked with him.

Yours sincerely,
George Whalley

Letter to James Charles Critchell-Bullock 16-12-1953

Text: TS QUA; Legend of John Hornby Correspondence, Loc# 1032c, Box 2, File 16

[Queen’s University Insignia]
QUEEN’S UNIVERSITY
KINGSTON, ONTARIO

16 December 1953

Dear Captain Critchell-Bullock,

I hope this letter reaches you. I have been trying for the past five months to find you, and am now addressing my letter according to the instructions of Dr Stefansson.

I am at present working on two projects to do with John Hornby, and should be most grateful for any help you may be prepared to give me. [...]

I also intend to write a book about Hornby. His reticence, and the absence of journals and correspondence on any scale, makes this a difficult undertaking. I wanted to write something less 'popular' than Waldron's book—something based upon the *ipsissima verba* of the man, with long extracts from journals and letters (if they can be found). I have permission from the Christians to use the text of their son's diary, and (since Mrs Christian is Hornby's closest surviving relative) to use any journals and other material of his they may have. I do not yet know what of his they have. You can imagine that correspondence with them on the subject is a delicate matter—especially now that Colonel Christian is ill; I am leaving the details of that until I can get to England (possibly this coming summer) to consult them personally [...]

[...] I should like to assure you that my intention for the book (as for the broadcast) is to prepare a sober and reticent account, based as far as possible upon the actual text of journals and letters, with the least possible editorial intervention. Something perhaps a little like Apsley Cherry-Garrard's *The Worst Journey in the World*. In such an account, your winter in the Barrens with Hornby would play a central part, and certainly the whole project would be much impoverished if the first-hand record of that remarkable winter and summer were not available. [...]

Letter to Mrs. James Charles Critchell-Bullock 20-01-1954

Text: TS QUA; Legend of John Hornby Correspondence, Loc# 1032c, Box 2, File 16

Queen's University
Kingston, Ontario
Canada
20 January 1954

Dear Mrs Critchell-Bullock,

Thankyou very much for your letter of 27 December, replying so courteously to my request for information.

I have written to Dr Stefansson, sending him a copy of the part of your letter that referred to the article for *Encyclopaedia Arctica*. I hope to visit the Baker library soon, to read the Hornby article and to examine a copy of Edgar Christian's diary (entitled *Unflinching*) in which Dr Stefansson tells me your husband wrote a quantity of interesting marginal notes.

I am very glad to hear that you have such a quantity of your husband's papers; though I can imagine what a difficult and long business it will be to sort them out when you already have so much else to do. I should be most grateful if you would let me know—entirely at your convenience—what papers and Arctic journals you have and think I might be allowed to use. I would in any case wish to acknowledge in detail any material I used, and would be very pleased if you would accept a copy of my book when it is finished. My plan was to allow original documents to speak for themselves with as little editorial intervention as possible. Although the book is primarily about John Hornby, your husband's journals of his winter with Hornby would take a prominent position in the book. If, after examining the journals, you agree, I had hoped to be able to print considerably portions of your husband's journals exactly as they were written: for it seemed to me that one could in that way preserve the vitality and immediacy of the writing—so much of which tends to get lost in the more formal reworkings that appeared (for example) in the *Canadian Field Naturalist* and even (I suspect) in *Snowman* [sic]. Any photographs would be of great value, and the 16 mm film is a luxury that few biographers can have enjoyed. I should like to see exactly how Hornby looked on the trail.

No doubt it will be a little difficult to devise some means for me to examine these papers; but that is a problem that can be faced when we can see more definitely what the problem is. It might be possible (at my expense) to have photographs made of the relevant documents. Meanwhile I should be most grateful if you could let me know what materials you have found, what you think of the scheme in general, and any suggestions you may have about how best the materials can be studied and how you think they should be used.

Yours sincerely,

Letter to John Grey Murray 20-01-1954

Text: TS QUA; Legend of John Hornby Correspondence, Loc# 1032c, Box 2, File 27

[Queen's University coat of arms]
 QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
 KINGSTON, ONTARIO

20 January 1954

John Grey Murray Esq
 50 Albemarle Street
 London W1

Dear Jock,

Thankyou very much for your letter of 14 October in which you mention my proposed book on John Hornby. I realised, after having the metter [sic] from Sir John and your letter too, that there was no point in discussing the matter further until I had something more concrete to report.

Although I have not yet started writing the book, I have now managed to run down a certain amount of the primary material I wanted. After much correspondence I traced Critchell-Bullock to East Africa. Unfortunately he died last March; but his wife has all his papers, journals, photographs, and even cine films. All this material has to be sorted out before she can say definitely what she has got; but she has offered to help in any way she can and would, I think, be pleased to see her husband's journals take a part in the book. Hornby gave Critchell-Bullock two of his journals: these I hope to learn are safe in Nairobi. Meanwhile I have been in touch with the Christians. Again I am not certain exactly what Hornby papers they may have, and since Colonel Christian is now ill I did not want to press the question at present; but Mrs Christian has also offered to give any help she can. Other sources of information in this country are three men who knew Hornby and have papers either of his or describing him: Dr Vilhjalmur Stefansson, Mr George Douglas (who says he has two suitcases full of Hornbyana), and Tyrell. Both Douglas [sic] and Tyrrell are over ninety and difficult to get to see at the right moment. But I feel sure that when I have been able to accumulate the materials from all these sources, I shall have the substance of what I want.

What I wanted to do was to collect as complete a set of journals and letters as possible, and to let these speak for them-

selves with a minimum of editorial intervention. It would offer an interesting account of the opening of the Canadian Arctic from about 1903 or 1904 to 1927. It occurred to me that with your interest in Canada and JM's long and distinguished connection with travel literature, that you might like to hear about it—even though at this stage the work on the book is in the most rudimentary stage of tracking down the materials.

With all good wishes from all of us to all of you,

Letter to James Charles Critchell-Bullock 31-12-1954

Text: TS QUA; Legend of John Hornby Correspondence, Loc# 1032c, Box 2, File 16

Captain J. C. Bullock OBE
Cedar House
Datchet
Bucks

[Queen's University Insignia]
QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
KINGSTON, ONTARIO

31 December 1954

Dear Captain Bullock

I am preparing a book about John Hornby, the man who accompanied your brother on the journey to the Baren Land East of Great Slave Lake. Hornby is still a legendary figure in the Canadian Arctic more than half a century after his death. So many fantastic and distorted stories have grown up around his name there is now need for an accurate and detailed (as far as possible) biography. Hornby was careless about his own papers and diaries, so the search for reliable materials is a complicated one. I have secured the enthusiastic support of men like George Douglas and Guy Blanchet, both of whom knew Hornby and your brother well, and am also in touch with Vilhjalmur Stefannson [sic]. [...]

Some of the most valuable items however are not among these papers; and Mrs Pitt-Moore suggested that you might be able to help me find them. Of course, any papers or letters touching on that winter journey of 1924-5 would be valuable; but the main items I am looking for, which I know were in his possession, are these:

(a) The originals of his Arctic Journal. I have a typed copy

of the journal but think much has been left out—and of course all the drawings are missing;

(b) A long series of letters which (he told Stefansson) [sic] he wrote in his diary during that winter but never posted. These were typed out in 1931 and were offered to Eyre and Spottiswoode as a book; perhaps the copy survives even if the original does not.

(c) Two manuscript diaries of John Hornby covering the period 1920-1. I have a typed copy of most of the second of These; there are two extracts from the first in Waldron's book. JCCB had the originals in his possession at least as late as 1932. There must be a typed copy somewhere of the first of these diaries; JCCB copied them to bring up the book-length the unmailed letters (b), but the publisher's reader found the Hornby diaries 'uninteresting' and suggested that JCCB replace them with an equal quantity of his own material. These diaries of Hornby's are especially valuable. He was not a consistent diary-writer. These two are the only ones known to have existed, except for two (not the same ones) which were found with his body on the Thelon in 1927.

(d) Various maps and geological notes of Hornby's which JH gave to JCCB. JCCB had these in his possession in January 1932; they served as a basis for a (to me) nebulous prospective scheme which took him on a combined canoe and air survey of the Great Slave-Clinton Colden area in 1933. The maps would probably be very worn and battered, and I imagine drawn or traced by Hornby himself; he had used and revised them for his own purposes for nearly 20 years. [...]

I expect that the book will be published in England by John Murray, and will probably have a separate Canadian and/or American edition. The account of your brother's journey will play a considerable part in the book, particularly since it was the last journey Hornby took before his fatal one. [...]

Letter to the RCMP 03-01-1955*Text:* TS QUA; Loc# 1032c, Box 3, File 4

[Queen's University coat of arms]
 QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
 KINGSTON, ONTARIO
 3 January 1955

Your Reference G 517-1

21 D 471 L 6 (28 Sept 1953)

G 517-56 (15 Oct 1953)

Royal Canadian Mounted Police
 Office of the Commissioner
 Ottawa

Dear Sir,

In connection with a book I am writing on the life of *John Hornby*, I should be grateful for an opportunity to examine certain RCMP reports, as suggested by you in the second letter cited above. I am not yet certain on what date I shall be in Ottawa but I maybe able to come to RCMP Headquarters on Monday 10 January. It occurred to me that it might be a help if I gave advance notice of the reports I should like to examine.

(a) The correspondence about the finding of Hornby's body on the Thelon River. (A copy of H.S. Wilson's letter has already been sent to me, and most of Inspector Trundle's report has been published; but there may be other material of biographical interest.)

(b) The report made by two constables who [?at Hornby's request] visited Hornby and J.C.C. Bullock at their dugout camp on the Barrens near Ptarmigan Lake, NWT, in the spring of 1925. I am particularly interested to know how Hornby's report that Bullock was going out of his mind reached the Police, and to know what impression the two men made upon the constables.

(c) The report of the murder of Fathers Rouvier [sic] and LeRoux on the Coppermine River in 1916. Father Rouvier [sic] saw a good deal of Hornby in the winter of 1911-12, and was warned by Hornby that the Eskimo might be dangerous.

(d) Have you any information about Hornby's activities as a trapper?

(e) Inspector LaNauze knew Hornby very well and re-

garded his eccentricities with quizzical suspicion. I have heard it said that LaNauze tried to dissuade Hornby from taking Christian and Adlard into the Thelon in 1926. I wonder whether you have any official record of this.

I understand, of course, that some of the material in these reports may be confidential and that you will indicate whether or not I may transcribe some of the material.

Yours very truly,
George Whalley

Letter to Marguerite Christian 03-01-1955

Text: TS QUA; Loc# 1032b, Box 1, File 8

[Queen's University coat of arms]
KINGSTON, ONTARIO

3 January 1955

Dear Mrs Christian,

It is rather more than a year since your letter reached me with information about your son and about John Hornby. The broadcast that I was preparing at that time was completed early in 1954 and produced in March by a small group of Canadian actors in the CBC under the direction of Ted Pope, a young mountaineer and skier who had exactly the right sense of the situation and of the country. The part of John Hornby was played by Alan King, an Englishman who writes and acts for the CBC a great deal: by a strange coincidence he had been at Dover College, and arrived for the dress rehearsal and final performance wearing the old school tie and with the published record of the boys who had been at Dover College. The part of Edgar was played by a young Englishman, aged only 19, who has since made quite a name for himself in this summer's Shakespeare Festival at Stratford (Ontario); he read the passages from the diary with the most sensitive reticence. The broadcast was so well received that it was produced again in June, with the same cast; this time an even more sensitive and moving performance. A record was made of it with the idea of asking the BBC to broadcast it; unfortunately the difficulty of clearing international copyright prevented this, though there is still a chance that it can be done. Meanwhile the recording is to be entered into the Radio Festival in the USA which chooses the best broadcasts each year in all sorts of different categories. If

it should meet with any success there I shall certainly let you know.

As I think I told you when I wrote before, I am still hoping to write a biography of John Hornby. It is a slow business however collecting the necessary documents and reliable reports; for there is still in the Canadian North a very lively and highly inaccurate Hornby legend. I have been fortunate enough to recruit the help of Mr George Douglas who, as you know, travelled with JH near the Dismal Lakes and Coronation Gulf in 1911-12 and was probably one of his closest friends in this country and thereafter. I am also in touch with Dr Stefannson [sic], with George Douglas's brother Lionel, and with Guy Blanchet. Quite recently I managed to get into touch with the widow of Charles Critchell Bullock (who wintered in the Barrens with JH in 1924-5)—now Mrs Pitt-Moore, who lives near Nairobi; she has very kindly sent me all the papers, photographs, and letters that she could find that had any bearing upon John Hornby. These papers form a very valuable nucleus, because Critchell Bullock was evidently intending at some time to write a book about JH.

The biggest gap in my information, however, is still knowledge of his earlier years before he went to Canada. It is said that he was to have entered the diplomatic service: did he go to University in England—or in Germany—or in both? And how was it that he came to Canada in the first place? Was that somehow connected with his preliminary service with the Diplomatic Corpse? I should be glad of any information or anecdote about thos [sic] early years—boyhood and early manhood. Was he a great athlete, taking after his father?

I wonder whether you could tell me whether any of his letters and diaries have been preserved by the family, and if so whether I might be allowed to examine them? He wrote some letters from the Thelon on the last journey, and also had some diaries of earlier travels with him then. I wonder whether those have been preserved. The only letters and diaries I have been able to trace are the few extracts printed by Malcolm Waldron from Bullock's collection: they are tantalisingly fragmentary and make one wish to read more.

Last summer I was in England for a short time doing some work on my Coleridge book. I had hoped very much to come to see you; but it was a very short visit and the amount of work to be done in the British Museum was far more than was ex-

pected. I expect to be in England again in the summer of 1956 and look forward to calling you then.

With all good wishes for the New Year,

Yours very sincerely,

PS. I have recently been asked to prepare a long biographical article on John Hornby for *Maclean's Magazine*, a popular but widely circulated Toronto weekly. The editor of *Maclean's* spent last summer in the Canadian North collecting material for a series of articles. He heard many stories about John Hornby and felt that something should be written about him. I agreed to do this, knowing that any of the staff writers on the paper would lack the accurate information needed to give a reliable account. George Douglas has kindly agreed to read my draft and to provide any information he can. It is comforting to know that one's work will be scrutinised by a very well-informed and severe critic.

Letter to Cecil Armistead 03-01-1955

Text: TS QUA; Legend of John Hornby Correspondence, Loc# 1032c, Box 2, File 13

[Queen's University coat of arms]
 QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
 KINGSTON, ONTARIO

3 January 1955

Dear Mr Armistead, [sic]

I have heard from Mrs Christian, who once lived at Bron Dirion in Wales, that you are a cousin of John Hornby, and that Hornby and Edgar Christian stayed with you immediately before setting off for the Thelon River in 1926. I am writing a book about John Hornby and am very anxious to collect together all the reliable information I can about him. I wonder whether you would care to recall the circumstances of that last visit, particularly with whatever recollection you have of Edgar Christian. Did you know Harold Adlard at all? He is a shadowy figure and I have not even been able to find where his family lived—though I think Edmonton.

Do you happen to know what it was that brought John Hornby to Canada in 1903, and what induced him to travel into the North so soon after reaching Edmonton? Or did he serve a longer apprenticeship nearer Edmonton before he set

off on any extensive travels? Very little seems to be known of those early years before George Douglas takes up the story in 1911-12.

I hope you will not mind my intruding these questions. There has now grown up such a lively and distorted legend about Hornby that I am concerned to gather the most reliable information and draw a faithful portrait of a most unusual man.

Yours very sincerely,
George Whalley

Letter to Pierre Berton 08-01-1955

Text: TS QUA; Legend of John Hornby Correspondence, Loc# 1032c, Box 2, File 27

[Queen's University Insignia]
QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
KINGSTON, ONTARIO

106 Barrie Street
Kingston
8 January 1955

Dear Mr Berton,
[...]

I have recently had another letter from George Douglas, saying "Why do you waste time writing on a joker like Hornby when there are so many men who did a good job in the North". He and Stefannson [sic] have always taken this line with me, and I have had to take account of it in recruiting their help. It is not easy to convince them that a biographer's job is not primarily a historian's job; that a biographer gets interested in somebody and that's all there is to it. I happen to be extremely interested in Hornby—probably *because* he is so little like all those men who 'did a good job in the North'. That he captured other people's imagination there can be no question. Legends don't spring up from nothing. If we can get behind the distortions that legends always suffer there is something of absorbing interest—a very unusual man, and the relation between that man and a rather inscrutable area of country. Johnson wrote the life of the disreputable William Savage, not of some monument of virtuous decorum; and Boswell wrote the life of a disagreeable and repulsive man of impressive eloquence, powerful

memory, and limited intelligence. [...]

Letter to Pierre Berton 17-04-1955

Text: TS QUA; Legend of John Hornby Correspondence, Loc# 1032c, Box 2, File 27

[Queen's University Insignia]
 QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
 KINGSTON, ONTARIO

17 April 1955

Dear Mr Berton,

[...] the more I work over the material the more I see that the First War is a major turning point for him: on one side of it there is one Hornby, on the other another Hornby—and so far it is the second Hornby who is prominent in the Hornby Legend. [...]

Letter to the Department of Mines and Technical Surveys 17-04-1955

Text: TS QUA; Loc# 1032c, Box 3, File 4

[Queen's University coat of arms]
 QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
 KINGSTON, ONTARIO

17 April 1955

Department of Mines and Technical Surveys
 Surveys and Mapping Branch
 Ottawa

Dear Sir,

Will you kindly supply me with the latest large-scale maps of the following areas:

- (a) Great Bear Lake to Coronation Gulf: more specifically, from Fort Norman to the mouth of the Coppermine River. The area of greatest interest to me lies between the mouth of the Dease River—Dismal Lakes—Kendall River—mouth of the Coppermine.
- (b) Great Slave Lake to Chesterfield Inlet, from Fort Providence and Hay River to the East end of Great Slave; then Pike's Portage, Artillery Lake, Hanbury River, Thelon

River.

If a key map, showing map-reference numbers, for North West territories Alberta, British Columbia, and Manitoba can also be supplied, I should like a copy of it.

Please address these to me personally at the Department of English, Queen's University. I am of course prepared to send a cheque for the cost of these maps. They are required in the preparation of the biography of an Arctic traveller.

Yours sincerely,
George Whalley

Letter to Vilhjalmur Stefansson 17-04-1955

Text: TS QUA; Loc# 1032c, Box 3, File 3

[Queen's University coat of arms]
QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
KINGSTON, ONTARIO

17 April 1955

Dr Vilhjalmur
Dartmouth College
Baker Library
Hanover
New Hampshire

Dear Dr Stefansson,

I am still persisting with my collection of information for a 'life' of Hornby. In looking through your letter of 10 December 1953 I note that you say "We have a good deal on Hornby in our collection at Dartmouth, much of it in manuscript". I wonder whether you would be kind enough to let me know whether you have some items that I am particularly looking for.

- (a) The original MS of Critchell-Bullock's diary. I have been sent a quantity of his papers by his widow. Among these, there is a typed copy of his diary, but the original is not there; and his widow cannot find it. Nor does Bullock's brother know anything about it, though he has some Hornby letters which he has sent me. Bullock's first marriage was dissolved; it occurs to me that he may have left some of his Arctic papers behind or given them away when he went back to England. If they are not at Dartmouth, is there any possibility that they might be at the

Explorers' Club in New York of which he was a member for a long time?

- (b) The original of Hornby's journal, 1920-1. I have a typescript of this but very much want the original. The typescript was prepared by Bullock [sic] (?in 1928) and evidently is not a faithful transcript. The few photographed pages of the journal—it was apparently in two books—show that in those passages Bullock's has taken many liberties. Elsewhere I detect a good deal of Bullock's not very deft writing. I should prefer to know what is authentic Hornby and what is the Bullock gloss.
- (c) Could you say what sort of MS materials on Hornby you have—letters? journals? maps? Have you ever seen the geological maps and notes that Hornby gave Bullock?

In reading through *My Life with the Eskimo* I could not help wondering whether you agree—when I can visit Dartmouth—to let me see the original journal entries on your meetings with Hornby, Melvill, and Hodgson in 1910-11. In the absence of Melvill's diaries, very little detail is preserved for those years; can it be that in your journals there would be detail of value in a Hornby biography—even to dates, places, how he struck you at the time, how he looked, &c.

[PTO

I have received a great deal of help and encouragement from Mr George Douglas, and have been able to visit him twice. I know that he would send his good wishes to you if he knew I was writing.

Yours sincerely,

George Whalley

Letter to John Moran 13-05-1955

Text: TS QUA; Legend of John Hornby Correspondence, Loc# 1032c, Box 2, File 23

[Queen's University Insignia]
 QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
 KINGSTON, ONTARIO

13 May 1955

Dear Mr Moran,
 [...]

Your ‘few lines’ on Hornby do indeed offer a great deal of food for thought: I am particularly grateful for these. They help to bring into focus one’s view of an enigmatic and splendid personality. I begin to see more clearly why he has become the victim (to some extent) of professional jealousy: it is easier to dismiss him on professional or rationalistic grounds than to go to the arduous business of finding out what he was really like. I have recently read P.G. Downes’ *Sleeping Island* and find there at last—and for the first time in my reading—a personal who would clearly understand Jack Hornby and would not deride or underestimate the disinterested motives that shaped his life. [...]

Letter to P. G. Downes 30-05-1955

Text: MS, Bob Cockburn

[Queen’s University Insignia]
 QUEEN’S UNIVERSITY
 KINGSTON, ONTARIO

30 May 1955

Dear Mr. Downes –
 [...]

About Hornby. What strikes me (as a layman—for I have never been West of Windsor, nor North of Algonquin Park except by air) is that because he was not primarily a scientist, topographer, or exploiter he is said to have achieved nothing. In my view, his achievement was his *life* - & his *death*, even though he died in circumstances that were induced by folly; in the end he gave his life for the others even if he didn’t save them. But he had a sensitive feeling for the country & its peoples: he was a person who *lived* in the North. Bullock never understood Hornby’s ‘Indianizing’ & couldn’t understand why he preferred the company of old-timers to the company of an opinionated & self-centred ex-Indian Army officer. I feel that Hornby had—to a degree that very few ever had—a profound mystical sense of the *integrity* of the country: that integrity was (like a person) not to be violated, but could with humanity be contemplated. This I think underlies much that to common sense looks like irresponsibility, madness even, a masochistic love of hardship - & I don’t think he is to be dismissed as *merely* irresponsible, mad, neurotic, &c. [...]

Letter to P. G. Downes 06-06-1955

Text: TS QUA; Legend of John Hornby Correspondence, Loc# 1032c, Box 2, File 20

[Queen's University Insignia]
 QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
 KINGSTON, ONTARIO

6 June 1955

Dear Mr. Downes –

[...]

What I wanted to do is exactly as you have put it—to find out what Hornby himself was like. The exaggerated stories and, in some quarters, exaggerated hostility only confirmed what I had grasped directly—that Hornby was an interesting (if enigmatic) person in himself, and that both depreciators and popularisers had all looked at him from some single angle of vision. Your analysis of the situation in the North—and it certainly gets more like that in “civilization” every day—as a place where a person has to produce credentials to show what his ‘honest job’, is extremely revealing. There are few people more infuriating in such a setting than the accomplished dilettante or a person who is genuinely disinterested. That Hornby had more than common competence as trapper, hunter, explorer, geologist, naturalist is confirmed (though reluctantly) by many authorities; but he was not simply any one of those things. His refusal to exploit what he could do must have been baffling. Yet that was a very positive aspect of his nature—something to be reckoned with when one finds that actually he didn't have a lot of money. [It isn't clear altogether about his money. The family was wealthy, and H had money before the war. But after the war—1916 onwards—he had very little. There may be something in the report that Edward Hodgson tells as from H himself: H convinced he would not survive the war; he deeded all his money to his mother; when H went to Canada in 1916 against her will she refused to give him money; and certainly there are many indications that 1923-6 he depended entirely on his mother for money. I have seen most if not all the papers about Hornby's estate: it was very small, especially since his mother outlived him by a few weeks and JH did not inherit the money she had willed him.] His assertive exaggerations of his own ability too, seem to have started perhaps almost as a joke and became a habit. George Douglas said once (in his annual affectionate-as-

tringent style when talking about Hornby—of whom he was genuinely fond): “His main purpose in like was to provide his small circle of friends with fantastic stories to tell about himself.” An amiable foible—if left at that. But it wasn’t. George Douglas gets very cross with Mrs Christian for believing his stories and letting Edgar go with him; but Hornby’s presence had an impressive effect on other people and I don’t see how she could have failed to be impressed by his self-assurance. And you have said that on the whole he was accepted without question more by the people who lived in the country than by those who were in and out.

Your remark about Hornby being a profoundly lonely man is surely the key to much that is otherwise incomprehensible. He seems to me to be a very different man in the early years on Great Bear Lake from the man who haunted the east end of Great Slave Lake 1920-6. Among the Indians at Great Bear (?Dogribs ?Hare Indians) he seems to have been really happy; your record of Fletcher’s remark—”He wished he had been born an Indian”—is a valuable one. Is it, I wonder, an oversimplification to think that when he returned in 1917 and found D’Arcy Arden in possession at Dease River—with Aranmore in tow too—Great Bear Lake was spoiled for him? The environment where he had been happy was profoundly changed. He must go elsewhere. If it was the Barren Ground particularly that he wanted, Great Slave Lake was as good a place as any. But he didn’t like the Indians there and in his diary of the winter 1920-21 (unfortunately mutilated by Bullock’s blundering attempts to edit it into grammatical respectability) says how he longed for his old friends on Great Bear. The deliberate isolation of those last years seems to be the protest of a man convinced that his loneliness was impregnable; not the action of a man who “loved solitude”. On the Bullock trip he spent most of his time, not with Bullock, but with the Stewart brothers and Al Greathouse—cronies who would yarn with him by the hour—in no way his equals intellectually or spiritually, but men who would draw a circle he could enter without strain, a circle where he could warm his sense of desolation and perhaps dominate it all by his silence..

[...]

About “the Hornby-Bullock crazy matter”. I thought you might be interested in some scraps from the RCMP files. On 16 March 1925 Resoln [sic] Corporal J.S. Hawkins reported to G

Division in Edmonton: "On the 14th instant I received a letter from Jack Glenn, who is at present at Charlton Bay, at the East End of Great Slave Lake, informine [sic] me that the above named man [Bullock] was dangerously insane, Glenn stated in his letter that Hornby had informed him (Glenn) to notify me." After making the patrol to investigate, Hawkins reported again, 16 April 1925. "...On Hornby informing me that Bullock at the present time was all right again, I asked him if he had requested Jack Glenn, to write me saying that Bullock was dnagerously [sic] insane, he replied by saying that if the Police came to Reliance, to ask them to come up and see Bullock for themselves." It would be possible to reconstruct it thus: The Indian rumour started and reached Glenn's ears. Glenn, who had been hired by Bullock and was intensely disliked by Hornby, asked Hornby (on one of his visits to Reliance) whether what the Indians said was true; Hornby replied: "You tell the Police to come and have a look for themselves." Hornby eventually told Bullock that he had sent for the Police so that they would have some notoriety when they came out; but Bullock made the most of it, brooding [in his story] over what would happen to him [c-B] if Hornby were accidentally drowned. Actually the journal shows that Hornby did not tell him until they were almost in Chesterfield Inlet.

Letter to P. G. Downes 05-07-1955

Text: MS, Bob Cockburn

[Queen's University Insignia]
 QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
 KINGSTON, ONTARIO

5 July 1955

Dear Mr. Downes –

[...]

Your letter has been a great delight to me, not only for the clear and fascinating analysis of the psychological impact of the North, but also because of your feeling that Hornby is an important figure for biography—not merely an 'interesting eccentric' or a 'notable traveller' but a person whose life leads one to explore many of the dark roots of human behaviour and desire. That was why in the first place I wanted to write his life and why I feel I must approach the writing with fear and trembling.

The Malcolm Waldrons wear the hat on the back of the head and keep their shoes on: the unexamined basis of ‘common sense’ and ‘normality’ acts as an opaque screen through which the writer cannot see his subject. As the details of the Hornby story accumulated, so much of it was intelligible and recognizable to me: but not, I found, to others, & I began to wonder whether some oddness in H. & in myself ‘chimed’ but had no significance beyond that accidental range. Although I have never been in the North, I have ever since childhood travelled in the bush on foot or by canoe, & knows the miseries-& the strange masochistic delight—of portaging and packing—some of this solitary, some with my brothers. Also in boats & sailing off the Nova Scotian coast, and nearly 6 years at sea during the war—an experience psychologically not unlike the psychic tension of living in the North that you describe so vividly. I recall many instances of that need to relax tension with people who ‘talked the same language’, and the cruelest impatience—sometimes an almost murderous loathing—towards anybody ‘outside the circle’. What you have written is heartening, because it indicates that I shall have some solid basis of personal experiences to draw on, when appropriate qualifications and adjustments are made. Hornby doesn’t feel to me unintelligible or even particularly odd: but the trick is going to be to move beyond the intuitive understanding to a clear expression intelligible to somebody else.

Just the other day I had a report of conversation about Hornby with Mrs. D.F. Hughes, whose husband gave Adlard a job in his shop in Onoway in 1925. “She thought Hornby was ‘peculiar’.[sic] She said that when he crossed a street he used to look backwards over his shoulder. She thought that this must have been because he was used to looking backwards for wild animals.” A curiously naïve interpretation—but a fascinating glimpse of how completely Hornby was engrossed in the North. Yet, after ten years ashore, I still wake up at once at any change in the weather—a shift in the wind, the sound of rain—sometimes giving helm-orders, and until two years ago usually woke with a start at 3.30 to take over the XO’s standing Morning Watch. In Granville Ferry (across the river from Annapolis Royal) a retired schooner captain lived a few years ago: he owned his ship and had sailed her to France, the Mediterranean, all over the Atlantic, as an independent trader. His children were born in the ship, and his wife died on board: & his little white house

was every way shipshape. He always walked sideways up the stone steps to his house, as though he was going up a ladder; and invariably would turn at the door for a last critical-abstracted glance at the sky. The secretiveness and intimacy you mention is very noticeable in a Naval ship: two entirely different psychic worlds in harbour & at sea. At sea, each person withdrawn, listening, intent, outwardly distracted, absent-minded about social things but immensely sensitive to gestures, single words, subtleties of communication—especially in the darkness on the bridge. In harbour people were more voluble, reverting to social rather than personal relations, often jocular & defensive, yet with a strong sense of shared intimacy that resisted any intrusion from outside very violently. The hierarchic structure & physical crowdedness breeds an eloquent reticence—eloquent to the initiated; but that is informal, and the reaction to outsiders is often savage. I remember a wild and well-mannered journalist being almost physically turned out of the Wardroom of the Tribal destroyer I was in in 1941. We had chased the *Bismarck* for a week through gales, helped sail her, been bombed for a whole day going home, and bombed picking up survivors of one of our flotilla; crept up the Irish coast in darkness on the last scrap of fuel, and came up the Clyde at dawn, the country wonderfully green. Nobody had slept for 3 days. All the journalist wanted was a ‘story’—we hadn’t a story to give him and turned him out for not understanding his intrusion, simply because he stood for a world we had not yet returned to. [...]

The account of your first meeting with George Douglas is most interesting. What you say about Hornby’s brother destroying his papers seems to be true—though for some time I had hoped not. [...]

The ‘affair with a girl in Edmonton’ is a fascinating episode—pure Hornby and not a bit novelettish. A number of her letters in Yardley Weaver’s files—name of Olwen Newell. H comes out of it splendidly—Bullock very badly.

Letter to P. G. Downes 15-08-1955

Text: MS, Bob Cockburn

[Queen's University Insignia]
QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
KINGSTON, ONTARIO

Garden Island P.O.
Kingston
15 August 1955

Dear Mr. Downes –

[...]

The tentative rude draft of the Hornby is getting a bit bulky already—70 pages to the beginning of the Hornby-Bullock journey down the Thelon. Putting it into words shows up the gaps, weak spots, and queries better than anything; and one has to draw a line somewhere in collecting materials before starting. This draft will be steadily corrected and refined, new things fed in as they turn up. At the moment I think of it as a series of articles, as a personal way of keeping it crisp; but my feeling is all for the elbow-room of a book in the end. I have sent the first self-contained section—to 1914—to Douglas for comments which he has given me aplenty. I go to see him later this week, partly in the hope of seeing documents, partly to patch up a sharp exchange over some remarks to Stefansson about the draft. [...]

The regicide connexion is a most curious coincidence. If I ever have to seek haven in Connecticut I hope it will be on a charge as respectable and ambiguous as regicide. Edward W. must have been rather a sweet person, else he would not have been allowed to go free—nor I think would he have received such royal and tender care from your ancestor in New Haven. Curious how the tradition survives. Years ago in England I was introduced to a lady who had lived in England, though English herself. On hearing my name she said: “You must be connected with Whalley the regicide, who escaped to Connecticut, lived in a cave and grew a white beard, and was much liked because he was benign.” [...]

Letter to Cunard Shipping Company 25-08-1955*Text:* TS QUA; Loc# 1032c, Box 3, File 4

25 August 1955

Cunard Shipping Company
 Halifax
 Nova Scotia

Dear Sir,

Would you be kind enough to let me know whether there are preserved anywhere a record of the dates of sailing of your passenger ships and the passenger lists? I am writing a biography of a man who made several Atlantic crossings between 1904 and 1926. If it were possible to trace the actual dates of his sailings—and I could provide an indication of the data within a reasonable margin—it would be valuable in working out other chronological details.

I should be grateful if you let me know where this information is to be had, and in what form the inquiries are most easily answered.

Yours sincerely,
 George Whalley

Letter to F. Fraser 15-09-1955*Text:* TS QUA; Loc# 1032c, Box 3, File 4

[Queen's University Insignia]
 QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
 KINGSTON, ONTARIO

15 September 1955

Mr F. Fraser
 Chief, Territorial Division
 Department of Northern Affairs & National Resources
 Ottawa

Dear Mr Fraser,

I should be grateful if permission could be granted for the Dominion Archivist to photostate [sic] selected documents from various files relating to the travels of the late [sic] Mr John Hornby (1880-1927) in the North West Territories. These Photostats are requested to assist me in preparing a definitive biography of John Hornby.

Since John Hornby was, and still is, a controversial and legendary figure in the history of the North-West, it is highly desirable that his biography be written with the utmost accuracy. In the course of the last three years, and with the approval of the Hornby family, I have collected documentary evidence from England, from legal files in Edmonton, from Mr George Douglas, Mr Guy Blanchet, Dr Vilhjalmur Stefansson, and a number of people who knew and travelled with Hornby. The RCMP have also placed their records on Hornby at my disposal. [...]

Letter to Pierre Berton 28-09-1955

Text: TS QUA; Legend of John Hornby Correspondence, Loc# 1032c, Box 2, File 27

[Queen's University Insignia]
 QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
 KINGSTON, ONTARIO

106 Barrie Street
 Kingston
 28 September 1955

Mr Pierre Berton
 Maclean's
 481 University Avenue
 Toronto 2

Dear Mr Berton,
 [...]

(b) The questions who was Hornby, what did he accomplish, and why is he worth writing about? I had the impression that all these sort of questions were raised and dealt with even in the existing draft. Some of the questions cannot be answered categorically; and in any case I am interested in Hornby as a person and not as a problem. If you wanted these questions heavily underlined, that's not difficult to do. By instinct I prefer not to insult a reader's intelligence.

Nothing accurate, to my knowledge, has yet been published about Hornby: Waldron's book, though a slick and compelling piece of work, is biased, ill-informed, and full of elementary mistakes: the introduction to *Unflinching* is very wide of the mark; periodical pieces (mostly by Bullock and Godsell) are even more fantastically wrong. Yet, as you know, and as any-

body who has been in the north recently knows, Hornby is the most widely known figure in Northern legend—because his person and actions attracted comment and stirred people’s imagination. It seems to me axiomatic that he is “worth writing about”—unless we are to assume that the only people worth writing about are Hollywood “heroes” and what the sentimental call “men of achievement” and “good citizens”. Hornby of course does not fall into any of these amiable slots; and he cannot be understood by anybody who regarded these as the basic human categories.

I take it from your letter that *Maclean’s* declines absolutely to publish a piece of mine on Hornby. If that is so, I should like some assurance that they will not commission somebody else to write it without consulting me. If Hornby is to be written up on the basis of unverified hearsay, and the account widely circulated (as it would be by publication in *Maclean’s*), my own work—some three years of painstaking research and detective work—will be seriously jeopardized; many of my present sources of direct information will dry up, and the chance of getting the Hornby story straight will be lost for good and all. This aspect of the matter I regard with deep concern. [...] I already have an English publisher and a Canadian publisher: all I need now is to get the book written, and there is a good deal of hunting and checking to do. I shall have to do the book in my own time and in my own way. But I am grateful for your continuing interest in it, and hope we shall be able to meet one day and have a yarn about it. [...]

Letter to Fr J. L. Michel 31-12-1955

Text: TS QUA; Loc# 1032c, Box 3, File 28

31 December 1955

Father J.L. Michel
Vicaire des Missions du Mackenzie
Fort Smith NWT

Dear Father Michel,

Please accept my apologies for not replying sooner to your letter of 6 October. We have had a good deal of illness in the family, and all my work and correspondence has been seriously disrupted as a result.

I was grateful for the factual information about Hornby and Fathers Rouviere and Leroux; all this is valuable for my study of Hornby. But what made your letter particularly precious and moving was the account of the way you had made the transcript of Father Rouviere's letters in spite of your doctor's strict injunction to rest completely. Your copy of the Rouviere letters was already one of the most valuable documents I had collected about Hornby; but they are now documents of very special personal value and significance. I lament the fact that it is not possible for me to come to Fort Smith to visit you; I should value the privilege of meeting you and speaking to you and hope that this letter will in some small way express to you the deep gratitude I feel for your unselfish contribution to the work of a stranger.

Owing to the time needed to carry on my work as a lecturer in English at this University, and the work I am doing on the unpublished manuscripts of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, my work on John Hornby is of necessity intermittent. However, I made a first draft for the book last summer and hope to be able to bring it to completion in the coming year—other things being equal. It will give me great pleasure to send you a copy when it is published; and it will also give me great pleasure to make some fitting acknowledgement to you for the outstanding contribution you have made to the book.

Please excuse me for not writing to you in French. My faulty French would be an imperfect vehicle for what I want to say. This brings you all good wishes for the coming year and the prayer that you will be restored to good health.

Yours with affectionate regard

Letter to P. G. Downes 17-01-1957*Text:* MS, Bob Cockburn

[Front of Envelope]

Mr P.G. Downes
 23 Hearth's Bridge Road
 Concord – Massachusetts
 USA

Meadows, Ferry Lane
 Bourne End, Bucks
 17 January 1957

Dear Mr. Downes –

[...] As a person who has not been in the North I am bound to make mistakes both of fact & emphasis. But since I am interesting [sic], not in book making, but only in giving a faithful and 'living' account of Hornby I should esteem it a privilege to have my negligences and ignorances assailed by one who really does know the country, the people, and the quality of the life. It seemed well, particularly when I am bound to concentrate on something else just now, to bring a substantial essay to publishable form so that I can profit by criticism before embarking on the book. With George Douglas I run into stone walls: he is deeply involved emotionally in it all and has made great efforts, at times very exhausting and painful to himself, in trying to help me. The draft I sent you—as you probably sensed—is distorted by my refusal to accept some of GD's dogmas until I had proved them on my own parse. By my own route I have come more to appreciate his certainties. The present essay is (I hope) less truculently assertive than that draft. It has been through 4 or 5 rewritings since with changes of form: an intractable subject, surprisingly difficult to handle. Perhaps it needed a couple of years to digest the mass of detailed documentary material, of various orders of reliability, to the point where something clear could be said. However, you will see presently whether there has been any access of truth or clarity. So if you still have the notes and letter they would help me very much: in any event they could not induce the perennial curse of writers—wounded feelings, because I think of this as John Hornby's book not mine. [...]

Letter to R.E. Adlard 12-03-1957*Text: MS QUA; Loc# 1032c, Box 3, File 5*

Meadows, Ferry Lane
 Bourne End, Bucks
 12 March 1957

Dear Mrs Adlard—

I wonder whether you would be kind enough to let me call on you to talk a little about your son Harold. For the last two or three years I have been collecting materials for a life of John Hornby. In the course of this research—which has been carried out mostly in Canada and partly in this country—I have been able to find out little about your son. A careful reading of Edgar Christian's diary shows that Harold played a much more impressive part in that journey than Edgar's diary shows. To draw this out clearly one needs to know more about Harold. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police files show that among the letters and papers brought out of the Thelon there were letters written by Harold and some sort of a diary. If you have these papers I should be most grateful for an opportunity to see them.

It is more than two years since I first started to find you. The imprint in a book printed for the Royal Society of Literature first put me on the correct track. I am here with my family until late in August. I have a little car and some petrol, so should be able to come to see you whenever you wish. I shall be away on Saturday and Monday next: otherwise there are no appointments likely to interfere with any date you might like to suggest.

Yours sincerely
George Whalley

Letter to Farley Mowatt 02-12-1957*Text: TS QUA; Legend of John Hornby Correspondence, Loc# 1032c, Box 2, File 27*

2 December 1957

Dear Mr Mowat,
 [...]

I doubt whether I have anything to add to your Northern bibliography since my work on Hornby—which I expect to bring together in book form next year—has relied almost en-

tirely upon manuscript sources. The only two books of any direct bearing are George Douglas's *Lands Forlorn* and Malcolm Waldron's *Snow Man*; the second being a book to be used with the utmost caution. My other reading has been of the standard sort: Warburton Rike, Back, Franklin, Hanbury, Steffanson, and the excellent P.G. Downes, &c &c. I hope in my book to interweave some of the historic lore and some words on old-timers as the Hornby story crosses those threads; and perhaps when the time comes you may be able to put me on the trail of some of these. So far I have had to rely on MS and on files in Northern Affairs and RCMP since Hornby left few traces in the field of "literature". You know, I imagine the few things of his in the *Canadian Field Naturalist*: I think they are recorded in the Arctic Bibliography.

I am indeed a Barrenophile: but purely in imagination. I have seen and like desert places, but not yet the Barren Ground. One day soon I hope to get there. [...]

Letter to Seymour Lawrence 31-01-1958

Text: TS QUA; Legend of John Hornby Correspondence, Loc# 1032c, Box 2, File 27

[Queen's University coat of arms]
 QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
 KINGSTON, ONTARIO

31 January 1958

Mr Seymour Lawrence
 The Atlantic Monthly Press
 8 Arlington Street
 Boston 18, Massachusetts

Dear Mr Lawrence,

Thank you very much for your letter of 24 January and for your appreciative comments on my essay on THE LEGEND OF JOHN HORNBY.

I have decided, in view of the response to that essay, to make a book from the copious materials that have collected about Hornby. John Murray has asked me to do this for him and I regret to say that as far as I know he has already made some arrangement about American publication.

However, I appreciate your suggestion that I should discuss

this project with you and shall be glad to let you know when I have plans for any similar kind of work.

Yours sincerely,
George Whalley

Letter to John Grey Murray 09-04-1958

Text: TS QUA; Legend of John Hornby Correspondence, Loc# 1032c, Box 2, File 27

9 April 1958

My dear Jock,
[...]

In my previous outline I had drawn attention particularly to the primary Hornby materials, and was content to say that other material historical and topical would be introduced as appropriate to broaden the scope of the enquiry. Although it is difficult to say exactly how this material will be handled in every case, short of actually writing it, I had thought of it as being integral to the whole account rather than as a sort of top-dressing. The material would be used in different ways: from such obvious connexions as the historical origin of some of the names and their connexions with earlier travellers, to fairly large-scale excursions of narrative (especially in the case of the Rouviere-Leroux and Radford-Street murders, Back's account of a bad winter at Reliance, some of Stefannson's [sic] exploits when he was in the same country at the same time). This material I think of as functioning in two ways (a) to recreate the vivid evocativeness of names, the recollection of incidents and exploits still current in the oral tradition, the sense of the inherence of the past in the present; (b) to provide a substantial contrast to Hornby's knowledge, methods, and aims by showing what other people had been doing in the same country sometimes at the same time. This whole treatment of the background seems to me one of the most important features of the book and will (I suspect) make as heavy demands on imagination and skill as the focal figure and incidents.

I can understand your hesitation about a description of all journeys "in exact detail". What I should have said was that they could be reconstructed in exact detail, and that I should have to assimilate all possible detail to bring it to life; but that the amount of detail actually used would be selected and

arranged according to the requirements of pace and form in the book as it grew. I feel that the book cannot fall back upon a mere rehearsal of fact; but that it will be a matter of evoking intangibles vividly and solidly and making all detail work towards evoking the person and the country rather than telling *about* them. [...]

Letter to Gordon Sleight 23-04-1958

Text: TS QUA; Loc# 1032c, Box 3, File 2

23 April 1958

Dear Gordon,

I am planning to get my Hornby book written by next January and hope to get a fair amount done on it during this summer. The Learned Societies—or rather, one of the more unassuming ones, ACUTE—have asked to read a paper in Edmonton. This I accepted with alacrity in the hope of seeing some Hornby people in Edmonton. And now the Dept of Northern Affairs is trying to make arrangements for me to fly in to see some of the Slave Lake—Bear Lake—Thelon country.

Would you be kind enough to let me know who I should make a particular point of seeing in Edmonton? I have your various letters and notes and—if we were not in all the upheaval of moving house—could reconstruct from these the answers to my own question. But I wonder whether you would give me your advice on the basis of your excellent fieldwork and—if it seemed to you advisable—drop a note of introduction to some focal person who could set me on the way to meet others.

This is written in some haste in the midst of examination marking. I hope you won't have set off for England before this letter reaches you.

With all good wishes,
Yours

Letter to Esme Hornby 02-05-1958

Text: TS QUA; Legend of John Hornby Correspondence, Loc# 1032c, Box 2, File 21

2 May 1958

Dear Miss Hornby,

It was very kind of you to copy out the two letters you have from John Hornby. In fact they contain biographical information of considerable value: the only definite indication of where he was between the time he left Bullock in Edmonton and rejoined him at Fort Resolution. We had previously known—at second hand—that he was “on the Peace River” but no more than that. So the letters are indeed interesting. So incidentally is the reference to s/Iberia in the second letter—a detail upon which there had previously been no primary evidence; and Critchell-Bullock, though well-meaning, was not always accurate, and was at times capable of adorning the facts.

Yes both my wife and I knew Richard Stewart-Jones very well. My wife lived at 97 from about 1942 onward; and I had a room there that I used as hopping-off place when I was somewhat irregularly employed in the Operations Division of the Admiralty. We were very fond of Rick and were grieved at his early death.

With many thanks for your care in transcribing the two letters, I remain

Yours sincerely,

Letter to John Gray 11-12-1959

Text: TS QUA; Legend of John Hornby Correspondence, Loc# 1032c, Box 2, File 27

11 December 1959

My dear John,

[...]

To begin with I am working on two chapters near the middle of the book where the material is detailed without being either (as at the end) embarrassingly copious or (as at the beginning) distressingly sparse. This way I hope to catch the rhythm and scale of the thing without having committed myself to the terrifying because irreversible business of starting at the beginning. So far it seems to be working out in a manageable

way. [...]

I must have been ambiguous about George Douglas. He has recently (as I told Kildare in another note) given me (to copy) all the Hornby letters in his possession and a large group of related letters. I knew he had these: he had told me about them, had given me transcripts of parts of them before: had promised to let me see all the originals, but somehow could never quite bring himself to do so (which I understand and appreciate). As long as I know of the existence of these papers and felt that I was on the verge of being allowed to use them, it was difficult seriously to start writing. He still has other documentary materials that I long to see; but these can wait, being secondary. For three years at least we have been in continuous and detailed correspondence about his and Hornby's travels. He (after some preliminary misgivings) is in favor of the book being written and of my writing it. Indeed it is a sort of collaboration: not only do I send him stings of detailed queries, but I also send him in draft anything I write on Hornby so that he can catch any errors or inaccuracies and confirm or correct whatever assumptions or interpretation I am led to make. One of my concerns is that I should be able to finish the book in time for him to enjoy it. He has offered to let me use any of his photographs I want—and you know how excellent they are—and he has also by word of mouth has [sic] confided to me much personal matter, both in anecdote and interpretation, that could not with certainty be drawn from the documentary evidence.

The last time I visited Northcote to collect the Hornby letters I speak of, he showed me a number of folio typescripts, illustrated with his photographs, of later journeys of his. I understand from Kay that all of them—that is, the members of the family and their friends—used to make up journals of their trips in this form. Some of this material seemed to me very interesting, written as it is in GMD's inimitable style and full of his acute observation and considerate but firm opinions: one particularly (which looked as though it might have been prepared with a view to publication) was a combined account of three (I think) successive journeys into Great Bear Lake over a period of perhaps 25 years. A number of the photographs had been deliberately taken from the same points of view in order to make direct comparisons. I wonder whether you ever saw any of these; and whether you think any of it might be worth looking at with a view to publication. I spoke to Kay about this

and have her permission to ask you about it. I doubt whether GMD himself would now be able to do the preparatory work needed for publication; but I should be only too glad to do anything of that sort for him and bring it to the point where he could do the final crossing of t's and dotting of i's. His *Lands Forlorn* is too well written a book to be as little known as it is; and he is too wise and humane a person to be a one-book man. Wouldn't it give him a fine feeling if at the end another book were to be published? [...]

Letter to John Grey Murray 05-03-1960

Text: TS QUA; Legend of John Hornby Correspondence, Loc# 1032c, Box 2, File 27

5 March 1960

My dear Jock,
[...]

Important as the “wider view of the opening up of Northern Canada” will be to the book, I cannot pretend that the book is not primarily about John Hornby. And though I do not wish to lose the reader in detail, or submerge him with it, I feel that detail will gradually familiarise the reader with the country and the milieu of travelling there in a way that a more “descriptive”, less matter-of-fact, more rhetorical—or elliptical—method might not. Do you agree that very often the reader is most fully and easily engaged by not plucking his sleeve with explanations, but by behaving as though he knew, and then by repetition and dead-pan assumption seeing to it that he does know? If there is a conscious method in the way I am doing it, it's something like that—the result of doing things this way before, in writing learned articles, in radio, and even in television. [...]

An interesting aspect of the design the book falls into is something I hadn't altogether foreseen: and that is the fact that most of the time we see Hornby through other people's eyes and other people's writings, and only at two major points through his own. [...]

I am asking George Douglas to read the draft chapters before the first fair draft is typed up: that way I can incorporate his comments and also get in my own afterthoughts, corrections from documents, &c. [...]

Letter to Map Distribution Office 10-03-1960*Text:* TS QUA; Loc# 1032c, Box 3, File 5

10 March 1960

Map Distribution Office
 Department of Mines and Technical Surveys
 Ottawa

Dear sir,

In connexion with a book I am writing—a biography of John Hornby and an account of his travels in the North West Territories 1904-27—I wish to study the latest and most detailed maps of the areas in which Hornby travelled. Three or four years ago you supplied me with the latest editions of the areas I was interested in. It occurs to me that there may be later or larger maps of some these areas. I therefore give a list of the maps I should like to replace with later or larger maps—if they exist. Will you kindly, in all cases where I do not hold the best map, send me a copy of the best and largest-scale map. For example, if my present map is 8-inch, and 4-inch (or larger) maps of that whole area are in print, then I should like all the larger sheets needed to cover the larger areas. [...]

Letter to Olwen Rodstrom 06-04-1960*Text:* TS QUA; Loc# 1032c, Box 3, File 1

[Queen's University coat of arms]
 QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
 KINGSTON, ONTARIO

6 April 1960

Dear Mrs Rodstrom,

I was delighted to have your long letter yesterday morning. Please excuse my typing my reply: it will get to the post more quickly this way.

I am very glad indeed that you wish to help with my John Hornby book. What I shall do now is to revise as quickly as possible the chapter in which you appear (with the letters) so that you can have a copy to read. What you said about yourself was most interesting, and helped to make you a much less shadowy figure than before. I am very sorry that you have destroyed Jack's letters: whether or not they could have been published

they would have given a very vivid glimpse of him.

You say near the end of your letter that you are trying to “recall *how* people got the idea that there was anything in the way of a romantic passage with Jack that I could genuinely lay claim to.” I must have given the wrong impression. Jack’s letters to Yardley Weaver (whom you will remember as a solicitor friend of Jack’s, a First War DSO) show that Jack at least thought of marrying you, and that there was some possibility that you might have gone home to England in early 1923 either with Mrs Rochfort (whom Jack rescued—temporarily only—from her mad husband—or with Jack himself when he went in April or so. There was nothing further known that I find; and no reason to think that anything generally was speculated or talked about at the time. The other side of it comes from Bullock’s attempts to write an autobiographical novel, and from his letters to Weaver. Bullock, clearly, was vain, regarded himself as a lady-killer, and was intensely jealous of Jack (partly because he hoped that through Jack he would make a name for himself). According to Bullock’s version, he first met you and introduced you to Jack. [Is that correct? Or was there some earlier connexion with the Adamsons and Corbetts?] Bullock thought Jack’s attitude suitably paternal (or avuncular)—and so clearly it was. But as soon as Jack had left for the east and for England, he heard that you were thinking of going to England too, jumped to conclusions, decided that you and Jack were going to get married, and that this would put an end to the expedition he was so foolishly and expensively preparing. He acted outrageously; you very properly sought the advice of friends, and then of the law, and threatened to take action against him if he did not behave himself. Denny LaNauze (whom no doubt you remember as an outstanding RCMP man) wrote a very funny letter to George Douglas—in places a cross letter too—about Jack’s departure from Halifax. LaNauze went to the ship to see Hornby off; while he was there, Jack received two letters—one from Bullock, one from you—after reading which ~~xxxxxx~~ Hornby became in LaNauze’s view unreasonable. In the end, LaNauze had difficulty restraining Hornby from leaving the ship and going straight to Edmonton to deal with Bullock. But all this is in the chapter I am going to send you to read. In all these transactions you acted with dignity and good sense; and there is no hint—even on Bullock’s part, and he was not inclined to be either accurate or fair when writing

about other people—that the relation with Hornby was anything but of the utmost propriety.

We are just beginning to have to mark examinations, so my time is not yet entirely free. However, I shall get on with revising the chapter into readable form so that you can see it as soon as possible.

If you have any early photographs of yourself I should very much like to be able to use one in the book. Will you be kind enough to let me meet any expense that may be involved in getting photographs (from Winnipeg, I think you said) and in sending them to me.

I regard it as a great privilege that you should have written to me so frankly and with such warm understanding of what I wish to do in giving an account of Jack Hornby. The only book that tells about him is *Snow Man*, written from Bullock's papers and inspired strongly by his views, though actually written by a young American journalist called Malcolm Waldron who died while the book was still in proof. The book elevates Bullock and makes Jack more eccentric and reckless than he really was. But I am told by Graham Rowley of the Department of Northern Affairs that people who know the North still regard the book as a vivid account of life in the Barrens.

If you think of any people I should get into touch with who can tell me about Jack, I should be most grateful. Your mention of the Adamsons makes me wonder whether you can say whether the Bill Adamson that Jack made a short trip to the Mackenzie Delta with from Fort Norman in 1914 was related to the Adamsons who were friends of yours. And what was the relation between the Adamsons and the Corbetts (who owned the furniture warehouse where Jack concealed Mrs Rochfort and the children)? Some Adamson was Charley Corbett's brother-in-law; but I don't know which one. And an Adamson—was it Bill, or your friends—had some gear of Edgar Christian's and also I think of Jack's left with him when they went on their last journey.

Since you knew Lord Rodney (I have even had a letter from him—) I wonder whether you remember anything much about the Rochfort incident, and whether in fact she returned to him, and where he is now—somebody said they thought in Victoria. Did you notice that the very attractive pencil and crayon portrait of Jack published in *Unflinching* (Edgar Christian's diary) was done by Mrs Rochfort?

Letter to Clifford Wilson 24-02-1961

Text: TS QUA; Loc# 1032c, Box 3, File 25

February 24, 1961.

Mr. Clifford Wilson,
The National Museum,
Ottawa, Ontario.

Dear Mr. Wilson:

I have two long journal letters written by Cosmo Melvill from Great Bear Lake during the season 1908-9. Together they run to about 15,000 words. George Douglas has seen them and was so excited about them that he wanted to edit them for publication. Since such detailed work seems a bit much for him now, I offered to prepare them for publication. My wonder now is where to offer them. *The Canadian Historical Journal* has no space. Would you be kind enough to suggest any periodicals that like to publish original documents of this sort. I have extracted from them whatever I needed for my Hornby books; but the letters seem to me interesting and vivid enough to warrant publication as historical documents. If you would care to read them through—simply because of your interest in such matters—I should be very glad to send a copy to you.

I saw George Douglas last Saturday. He is older certainly but, as long as he does not get too tired, both the old flash and the old gentleness are still very clear. He always speaks of you with admiration.

With best wishes.

Yours sincerely,
George Whalley,

Professor of English.

gw:m

Letter to Alec Spalding 01-03-1961

Text: TS QUA; Legend of John Hornby Correspondence, Loc# 1032c, Box 2, File 27

March 1, 1961.

Mr. Alec Spalding
Department of Northern Affairs,
Kent-Albert Building,
Ottawa, Ontario.

Dear Mr. Spalding:

I am writing to you at the suggestion of Mr. Graham Rowley to ask whether you would interpret a few Eskimo words for me. These words were used by the Coronation Gulf Eskimo about 1910-14, the Eskimo usually encountered on the Coppermine and upper Dease River. Two of the words are place names; others are names that recur in the Police reports of the murder of the Oblate Fathers Rouviere and LeRoux.

Teshierpi—?original name for the Dismal Lakes; also used of a river and a mountain on the upper Dease River
Imaeririk—Eskimo name for a lake now named Lake Rouviere

Ilagoak—Eskimo name for Fr. LeRoux

Kuleavik—Eskimo name for Fr. Rouviere

Ishumatak—applied by the Eskimo to Hornby, ? means “the thinker” the one who thinks for the party, the leader
Hornybeena—presumably a corruption of Hornby (John Hornby, the person I am writing about)

Goanna, goanna—does this mean “Good. I am glad.”?

I should also be interested to know what the Eskimo words would be for the following:

Little Father—a name alleged to have been given to Hornby, because he was short and travelled with the priest

Big Stick Island—a grove on the upper Dease River where the Eskimo habitually collected wood for sleigh runners.

Musk ox—

Yours sincerely,

George Whalley.

gw:m

Letter to the Department of Mines and Technical Surveys 05-03-1961

Text: TS QUA; Legend of John Hornby Correspondence, Loc# 1032c, Box 2, File 27

3 March 1961

The Department of Mines and Technical Surveys
Photographic Section
OTTAWA

Dear Sir

I wish to use some aerial photographs of the North West Territories to illustrate a book I have just completed on the life and travels of John Hornby 1908-1927. The Chief of the Air Staff has kindly provided me with three such photographs with permission to reproduce them, and suggested that I address any further requests to your Department.

Study of the book M. Dunbar and K.R. Greenaway, *Arctic Canada from the Air* shows that there are in existence some photographs appropriate to my purpose: figs 28, 29, 54, 57, 59 (the serial numbers of the photographs e.g. T307R-38 seem to be printed with the figures in the book). Would it be possible for me to have prints of these and permission to reproduce some or all of them in my book?

I should also like to know whether there are vertical photographs of certain areas: (a) on Great Bear Lake—Dease Bay and Hornby Bay (NE corner of the lake), the Dismal Lakes and upper Dease River; (b) north of Artillery Lake and junction to Ptarmigan Lake and the headwaters of Hanbury River; (c) on the Thelon, the double bend called Hornby Bend, about half way between Fort Reliance and Baker Lake. It occurs to me that it might be better if I could call at your offices in Ottawa and examine photographs of these areas so that a definite selection could be made. I expect to be in Ottawa next Thursday. Would it be convenient for me to call then?

Yours sincerely
George Whalley

Letter to GM Munroe 05-07-1961

Text: TS QUA; Legend of John Hornby Correspondence, Loc# 1032c, Box 2, File 26

5 July 1961

Mr G.M. Munroe
Canadian Board on Geographical Names
Ottawa

Dear Mr Munroe

[...] I am personally much interested in the local and social history implied in place-names and am delighted to think that you have records so detailed and comprehensive of the Northern place names. [...]

Letter to Simon Young 18-07-1961

Text: TS QUA; Legend of John Hornby Correspondence, Loc# 1032c, Box 2, File 24

Dear Mr Simon,

I have found the epigraph—or motto—I wanted for the Introduction. It is from W.H.Auden *For the Time Being*.

Nor is there any situation which is essentially more or less interesting than another. Every tea-table is a battlefield littered with old catastrophes and haunted by the vague ghosts of vast issues, every martyrdom an occasion for flip cracksand sententious oratory.

Could these words be set in italic at the head of the Introduction please?

Yours sincerely,

Letter to Hans Stolle 23-01-1962

Text: TS QUA; Legend of John Hornby Correspondence, Loc# 1032c, Box 2, File 25

[Queen's University Insignia]
QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
KINGSTON, ONTARIO

Tuesday 23 January 1962

Dear Mr Stolle

I have posted this evening by Special Delivery addressed to your home a cardboard tube containing the two guide maps and other related maps. You will find on the two guide maps the relevant areas marked in pencil. The names have been added to the map in pencil, beyond those already printed: I now enclose a typed list of the names with correct spelling in case any of them are illegible on the maps. [...]

The absolute extreme dimensions allowed by the publisher for the maps is 8 inches in depth and 15 1/4 inches in width: these measurements being taken presumably from edge to edge of the finished map. The size of page in the book will be the same as in *The Cornhill*—an additional check for you. Each map will be folded twice to provide three flat areas.

The first map is to be: (a) at the left (or inside) and, the general map from *Cornhill*; (b) MAP A: Great Bear Lake (for title see below). Map A is 8 ~~xxx~~ inches deep and 10 inches long: n d is to contain in the bottom left corner an inset 4 x 1 1/4 inches reduced a half from the extension of the Coppermine River enclosed on the map in an area 7 x 2 1/2 inches.

The second map runs the full width of the printed sheet, and will consist of two strip maps, with an inset at the left middle end. The upper strip (Fort Reliance to the Cabin) is drawn 4 inches deep and is 15 1/4 inches wide: the lower strip is the same width but is only 3 inches deep. Any convenient space between the two can be used for the lines separating them. The inset is 5 x 2 1/2; the Legend &c can be placed at top right 5 x 1 3/4 or so. But I must leave the legends to your discretion. The inset consists of detail on the 4 miles = 1 inch map: you may want to show the position of the inset by packing it in on the larger map. [...]

Letter to Simon Young 27-01-1962

Text: TS QUA; Legend of John Hornby Correspondence, Loc# 1032c, Box 2, File 25

[Queen's University Insignia]
 QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
 KINGSTON, ONTARIO

The University Club
 803 State Street
 MADISON, Wisconsin, USA
 27 January 1962

Dear Simon

[...]

I am not very happy about the rough sketch partly because of some questions of consistency but mostly because I should prefer something less illustrative and more symbolic. [...] My original suggestion of one of those twisted old Barren Ground spruces 200 years old and still mostly root has foundered because I haven't been able to find any actual photographs (the Arctic Institute of Canada is still hunting). But here is another suggestion—an adaptation of one of your very first ones: primitive rock drawings. After you suggested that in London I looked through all the Lascaux materials and the Spanish rock-paintings and could find nothing that seemed quite right though colour, tone, and texture were admirably suited. Just before your letter arrived I was looking through a book of African Rock-Art: *Prehistoric Rock Art of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland*, ed. R. Summers, published by Chatto & Windus for National Trust of Rhodesia &c, 1959. Here I find much suggestive matter, both in the forms of animals and men, in the combining of figures into decorative patterns, and variation of colour and line. In this book Figs 23, 32 and Plates 29, 33, 58, 59, 61, 81 seemed to me to contain material particularly suggestive for our purposes—in figures, colours, and even in the treatment of certain abstract themes. What would you think of the artist using material of that sort as starting point to conceive a device in which the images of caribou (modified from deer &c), man, perhaps fishes, and the symbols for rock and water? The result would be strikingly decorative and could preserve the sense of space and mystery in emotional and mental terms rather than in physical terms. Do you remember how Hornby used to say he wishes he had been born an Indian? I am not fa-

miliar enough with Canadian Indian art to know whether the corresponding material could be found there. Perhaps it doesn't matter where it comes from because in any case the artist would be using the materials suggestively rather than copying it, so that the precise point origin would not be immediately apparent. What would be apparent at first glance—apart from the striking decorative quality—would be its primitive origin and its association with humanly undeveloped country. [...]

About the colour of the case. I should like a colour which I can describe only as burnt red, or dark orange-red. The colour is to be seen in the binding (for example) of Wormald and Wright, *The English Library before 1700*, Athlone Press 1958; or *even better*—and this is the *exact* colour—*Henry James and H.G. Wells*, ed. Leon Edel and Gordon M. Ray, Rupert Mart-Davis, 1958. [...]

Letter to John Grey Murray 03-11-1962

Text: TS QUA; Legend of John Hornby Correspondence, Loc# 1032c, Box 2, File 25

[Queen's University Insignia]
QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
KINGSTON, ONTARIO

3 November 1962

My dear Jock

[...] I wrote at once to Simon to say how much I liked the look and finish of the book in all respects [...]

I still have not heard from Macmillans, but have now written again to John Gray. Yesterday Elizabeth came back from the town to say that there were copies of HORNBY in the windows of both bookshops. I went down to look, and found that they had both received copies that day before with no notice that they were to be withheld until some specified date. Not that it matters *when* they are put on sale as long as it is in good time for Christmas; but it does seem odd to have had no word from Macmillans, and to find copies on sale here ten days before the English publication date. [...]

Now for the book itself. I am amazed and delighted at many details of the finished book—many things that the proofs had not prepared me for. The final form of the jacket is clean and evocative; the green buckram attractive to look at and to

handle, and the dark blue inset—not to speak of the excellent gold—make a spine so neat as to compensate for the eventual loss or destruction of the jacket. As for the book itself, the paper, design, and machining are everything one expects of a Murray book for they consort to bring eye, mind, and fingertips simultaneously into agreeable focus. The book is a delight to handle and to look at because of attention to many details beyond the normal call of necessity. I am even tempted by it to do what must be hardest of all for an author—to try reading; and find as I look furtively into this or that opening at random, or roam in the compact meadow of the Appendices and the formal garden of the Index, that (if I am not altogether mistaken) there are here and there passages of writing that surpass the mere will of the writer and have the same savour as the book itself.

It is too soon to have had any reactions from anybody here except such shamelessly partial witnesses as Elizabeth and the children, except for comments on the excellence of the reproduction of photographs. The maps I find a little disappointing, which makes me the more aware of my responsibility for them and the inordinate delay in getting them completed. I preferred the more compact and plucky lay-out of the Contents and Illustrations pages in proof, though understand that there was a problem with the forepages. But those are details very small, and might not even touch the notice of anybody with a less sensitive conscience. The plastic finish on the jacket I had seen before only on paperback covers: it gives a fine brilliance to the white and will make the jacket more permanent than it would otherwise have been. The choice of reddish brown and that subtle olive green second colour for the trees give a fine sense of space and cold against which those complacent caribou assume obsessive clarity. I have never met the artist Peter Branfield: will you please tell him how pleased I am with the jacket? The drawing of the tree and caribou is fine and unusual; and the little drawing of the cabin for the titlepage—his too?—an unexpected pleasure there.

[...] She said that George had failed so much since I last saw him in the early summer that he would not be able to recognise me. I sent the book at once and have since heard that he has been dipping into it and turning the pages, saying that it is well done, and—having forgotten my name—asking what has happened to “that fellow”. They had to sell the big ramshackle plan—land and all—where he has lived ~~xxx~~ since childhood;

they have moved into a new house of their building in the village; but he does not seem to understand that Northcote is sold, nor that his brother Lionel died a month ago. I am going to drive over as soon as I can get away for a day but think it will be a sad visit. [...]

I have not yet discussed the question of film with John Gray yet, but will do so when I next see him or when we have sorted out the questions about the Canadian edition. It will be very pleasant if an American publisher takes the book: it doesn't seem too chillingly academic, though admittedly no work of journalism.

How can I say how much I appreciate what you have made the book, and what admiration I have for the level-spirited patience that has guided the whole thing through the labyrinth of the Critchell-Bullock crisis and the Hans Stolle crisis. Nothing more could have been done to help the book find its way for what it is. What a lucky author, to have such a publisher—

Letter to Esme Hornby 26-11-1962

Text: TS QUA; Legend of John Hornby Correspondence, Loc# 1032c, Box 2, File 21

[Queen's University Insignia]
 QUEEEN'S UNIVERSITY
 KINGSTON, ONTARIO

26 November 1962

Dear Mrs Hornby Kuntze

It was very kind of you to write to me at such length. I am grateful for what you say—not least for the errors you point out. I don't know how in the end I made that mistake about A.N.H. being the son of a *Cheshire* family because I knew well enough about the Blackburn connexion and how long it had continued. The genealogy was rather complex; I tried for a while to give some short account of it, then had to abandon it as too confusing; and somehow the mistake slipped in in revision. Also about the house: when I visited it it was sadly bleak and cold, the garden unloved rather than neglected; and one was haunted by the sense of the warmth and crowded activity that the house was once the centre of. About Jack's wound: the War Office records describe it as "superficial" but (as I noted in the book) that is a surgical term of wide application. Nobody

who knew about it ever suggested that the wound was trifling: it certainly was not—and the evidence of men who travelled with him in the years immediately after he left the war speak of the physical difficulty and pain he had to overmaster for years after.

I found most interesting your account of your relations with Mrs Hornby. Mrs George Hornby died not long ago, but told me a good deal about the “feel” of the family, and how A.H.—young Albert—was the apple of his mother’s eye, and how his marriage had distressed her as taking him away from home. I also have discussed this with A.H.H.’s widow who now lives in a lovely Cotswold house near Winson; it was she who showed me the family albums with the newspaper cuttings that I refer to. Your recollection of the diplomatic-service incident is especially interesting: it has been very difficult to get any reliable information about this, and I found—particularly in matters to do with Canada—that the family had its own legend which had grown up and diverged systematically from what documentary landmarks could be laid down. This is inevitable and raises some fascinating question for the biographer.

I value very much what you have written and appreciate the care you have taken to do so. If my book has brought some pleasant recollections I shall feel rewarded. I hope I may have the pleasure of calling on you if I have an opportunity to come to your part of the country.

With many thanks for your kind letter,
I am yours sincerely,

Letter to E. A. Corbett 05-12-1962

Text: TS QUA; Loc# 1032c, Box 3, File 6

December 5, 1962.

Mr E.A. Corbett
12 Heathbridge Park,
Toronto, Ontario.

Dear Mr Corbett:

[...]

Yes, I knew that he was usually called Jack, and by some of his closest friends Jackie; but I decided to use the more neutral name by which he was known to the family in order to establish

some separation from the legendary elements that collected around the more familiar name. [...]

Letter to George Walton 13-12-1962

Text: TS QUA; Loc# 1032c, Box 3, File 6

December 13, 1962.

Dr George Walton
2831 Retallack Street,
Regina, Saskatchewan.

Dear Dr Walton:

[...] I wanted not only to be accurate but to bring the people to life and let them go, within the compass of the book, in their own way. The risks involved in a method so factual and restrained were considerable; but I decided that to play that part of it faith would only destroy the central quality I wanted the book to have. It is a great pleasure to me to know that as far as you are concerned the book did achieve that purpose.

I am sorry to tell you that George Douglas has failed very much in the last few months. As soon as I had copies of the book, I went to Lakefield to give him one because, as you know, he had helped in many ways and the book was very nearly a collaboration. To my great distress I found that his mind, at all our previous meetings alert and vivid had withdrawn so completely that he recognized me only for the first few seconds of our meeting. Mrs Douglas said that he had been reading the book with interest and pleasure; he had seen it all in draft before. But while I was there we sat together for two hours or more, Kay Douglas, and I talking, and George happily withdrawn into his own world but occasionally puzzled by the connection between myself and the book and himself. I have seen a great deal of him in the past four or five years and have heard him tell many things about his own life and experience that perhaps he has told to few people. [...]

Letter to Kenneth Chipman 10-01-1963

Text: TS QUA; Legend of John Hornby Correspondence, Loc# 1032c, Box 2, File 17

January 10, 1963.

Mr Kenneth G. Chipman,
35 Range Road
Ottawa, Ontario.

Dear Mr Chitman:

[...] I am now most grateful for the corrections of the mistakes you have found and for the expansion of details that I either did not know or did not include. In keeping the record straight, accuracy is a duty rather than a grace; with all surreptitious opportunities for mistakes, not least of all at the proof-reading stage one is always grateful for a spare pair of eyes and an extra knowledgeable head. If I am fortunate enough to see the book into a second edition, it will be improved by incorporating your suggestions.

[...]

Your diary entry of your meeting with Hornby in 1914 is vivid and characteristic: I am most grateful for it. As for Hornby's motivation I rather deliberately avoided overt discussion of this because I felt that my main task was to rediscover the life in such a way that it would declare its own values to the reader's reflection. I think I see Hornby as symbolic of dark forces of confusion and muddle that constantly threaten us even though, as a society, we pretend that no such forces exist. For that reason I felt that I should leave the book "open-ended", more like a novel than a piece of analytical history. That you should approve on the whole the accuracy of detail and be able to recognize the accounts of people you knew makes me grateful for whatever steered the conduct of the book, because you write as an experienced professional and I am at best an amateur.

[...]

Letter to Greville Haslam 11-01-1963

Text: TS QUA; Loc# 1032c, Box 3, File 6

January 11, 1963.

Mr Greville Haslam,
"Willowbrook",
West Edmeston, N.Y.
U.S.A.

Dear Mr Haslam:

[...] Collecting the material was indeed a large job, and as you seemed to have guessed, included a certain amount of elementary detective work. Once started at something of this kind, it becomes a pleasant obsession: certainly I never found any of the work irksome. [...]

Unflinching is a book that one cannot forget, once read. I read it at first publication in 1937 and was impelled nearly twenty years later to track down some of the things that fascinated me in it. [...]

Letter to Greville Haslam 24-01-1963

Text: TS QUA; Loc# 1032c, Box 3, File 6

January 24, 1963.

Mr Greville Haslam,
"Willowbrook"
West Edmeston, N.Y.

Dear Mr Haslam

[...] I had a letter of Mrs Christian only two days ago which unfortunately has crossed the letter in which I had sent her a copy of what you said about Edgar's diary. Although Mrs Christian is now well over eighty, I expect that she will reply either to me or to [sic] directly to yourself: if to me than I shall certainly send the letter on to you. By coincidence she had written in her letter: "Edgar always wanted to do something worthwhile in life to be remembered by, I feel you have done this in the book you have written."

[...]

Letter to Lucile Black 19-11-1963*Text:* TS QUA; Loc# 1032c, Box 3, File 24

November 19, 1963.

Mrs Lucile Black,
 W.J. Gage Limited,
 1500 Birchmount Road,
 Scarborough, Ontario.

Dear Mrs Black:

Thank you very much for your letter of 14 November informing me of the arrangements for inclusion of "The Legend of John Hornby" in the *Book of Canadian Prose*. These arrangements are altogether satisfactory. I met Professor A. J. M. Smith two or three weeks ago at a Poetry Conference in Knowlton and was pleased to hear from him that the book was so far advanced. Indeed I had the pleasure of reading, in proof, the general Introduction to the first volume. I now look forward to the publication of the two volumes together.

With many thanks.

Yours sincerely,

GW: mep

George Whalley

Letter to Alan Cooke 08-01-1964*Text:* TS QUA; Legend of John Hornby Correspondence, Loc# 1032c, Box 2, File 25

January 8, 1964.

Alan Cooke, Esq.,
 Scott Polar Research Institute,
 Cambridge, England.

Dear Mr Cooke:

[...] I have been waiting to hear from Mrs Douglas whether, if I accepted your invitation, this would meet with her wishes. She has graciously agreed to my writing the obituary notice and has also agreed to go through it with me to ensure both accuracy and completeness. I shall be glad if you would let me know by what date you would like the notice and how long it should be.

Letter to John Gray 02-02-1965

Text: TS QUA; Loc# 1032c, Box 3, File 7

2 February 1965.

Mr John Gray,
The MacMillan Company of Canada,
70 Bond Street,
Toronto, Ontario.

Dear John:

Thank you very much indeed for our letter of 20 January. I have delayed my reply in the hope that I might be able to give you some more definite program than I was able to summon to my mind when your letter arrived.

I appreciate very much the enthusiasm you express for the projected work, and the confidence you express in my ability to complete the work to your liking. It is clear, I think, that I should not be able to do anything about this until the summer, at which time I hope to have a little complete freedom from administrative duties—freedom of the kind that I have not had for the past 18 months. What I should like to do is to sit down quietly and consider precisely what a junior version of *John Hornby* could be and then to write to you in detail about it. I think it would be soon enough then to get into touch with Jock Murray and see whether he would like to share an edition.

It was a great pleasure to have your letter, so full of the enthusiasm that makes the writing of a book something to look forward to.

With all best wishes,

Your sincerely,

GW: mep

George Whalley

Letter to Ernie Kuyt 11-05-1965

Text: TS QUA; Legend of John Hornby Correspondence, Loc# 1032c, Box 2, File 25

11 May 1965.

Mr E. Kuyt,
Canadian Wildlife Service,
Department of Northern Affairs,
Fort Smith, N.W.T.

Dear Mr Kuyt:

Thank you very much indeed for your letter of 21 April. I was delighted to have it and have delayed replying only because I was waiting for some information from the Air Photo Library in Ottawa in reply to your question about two of the oblique photographs.

First of all let me say how pleased I am that a person who knows the country and knew men like Darcy Arden, Matt Murphy and Billy McNeil should have read the book with interest and that you found it to your liking. I was very fortunate to get from a young CBC man, just before I had finished my book, nearly six hours of taped interviews with Arden Murphy, McNeill and—as you may well have noticed in the book itself—profited much from the material they recorded. Unfortunately these tapes disappeared in the CBC just when the producer and I were beginning to work out a program to edit them. I had a number of Darcy Arden's letters, including a few addressed to me, but I was glad to hear him talking, particularly as he was replying to a number of questions that I had asked the CBC man to put to him.

It was particularly thoughtful of you to send me the ammunition taken from the river below Hornby's cabin. It has given me a very strange sense of both the reality and unreality of the whole episode just to see that cartridge, with the case turned almost the colour of gun metal and the tip of the bullet the colour and texture of clay. I was glad to have your account of the cabin site itself, and to know that the graves are in order and the crosses upright. The latest photograph I have seen showed the roof collapsed; I am surprised that a trunk should still be identifiable in the ruins. And you say that the very thing that I predicted at the end of my book has already happened—that a party of four canoeists should pass the cabin site without

being able to find it.

Thank you for pointing out the relative inaccuracy of the caption to the photograph opposite page 242. I had correctly identified the location myself—but I am grateful to know that the big loop is called “Crossing-Place-of-Deer”—but my intention in putting the caption to the picture was simply to show the kind of country that was round about Hornby Point. However, the caption you suggest is a much better one and will certainly be included if the book is reprinted.

The aerial photograph opposite page 195 has as the location of the centre foreground the approximate position 106° 30 minutes North latitude, 61° 58 minutes West longitude. This is the position given to me by the National Air Photo Library: and this shows me to be sadly in error. I was convinced that the location was immediately South of Artillery Lake, and thought I had verified this on the maps; but I have made a mistake somewhere and have not been able to find the reason for it in my notes.

It was very generous of you to write to me at such length about the book. I care more about the reaction of people who really know the country than about the reaction of merely literary people. What you have written about the cabin and about the various friends of Hornby whom you knew I find strangely moving. The 303 shell on my desk will be an eloquent and sombre relic of the place itself—a substantial link with the people and the place; and for this you may be sure I shall be very grateful.

With best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

GW:mep

George Whalley

Letter to Bernard Brown 24-11-1968*Text:* TS QUA; Loc# 1032c, Box 3, File 8

The Reverend Bernard Brown O.M.I.
 Our Lady of the Snows Mission
 Colville Lake, NWT

Dear Father Brown

I was delighted to have your letter of 6 November with the colour photograph of your mission. What a fine building you have made: it must be a welcome haven for many people in such an inaccessible place.

It is wonderful to think that you have Jimmy Soldat's daughter working for you at Frnkalin [sic] when you had the Mission there; and that you knew D'Arcy Arden and Bishop Breynat, and that you still use some of Fr Rouviere's sermons.

I wonder whether you saw an essay of mine in *Queen's Quarterly* in 1960 telling the story of the murder of Rouviere and Leroux? Since you may not have access to a run of the *Queen's Quarterly* I am sending a photocopy of the article with this letter: unfortunately I have no offprints of it. I put together all the information I could find about them. Fr Michel copied out for me all the letters there were in the archives at Fort Smith (they had been removed there from Fort Norman some years before) written by Fr Rouviere. Fr Michel was then mortally ill and—according to a very amusing letter—transcribed them contrary to medical orders. You probably knew Fr Michel: he died in about 1963. In my article I translated a number of extracts from the letters, trying to catch the savour of the original. The essay was discussed in detail with the archivist in *The Legend of John Hornby*—because I wanted to be sure that I had all the information and had given a faithful account. Fr Michel used to spend summer holidays with Leroux, I think before they came out to Canada; so the connexion was a very direct one.

Thankyou for the three corrigenda. I am always glad to have these. The error in the date of the Feast of the Nativity of John the Baptist was a slip. The distance of "six" miles from the beginning of the Bear River to Franklin was from a letter of Cosmo Melvill's; he was included [sic] to overestimate distances, but I thought I had checked it on the map. As for McCallum's knowledge of Loucheux—that is a fact recorded by Melvill. Melvill probably would not know anything about In-

dian dialects, and Mackinlay may have thought McCallum's knowledge would be useful. In any case, the Indians had left Bear Lake by that time and one of their concerns was to attract them back there by the trade. However they did it, Melvill's party seemed to have managed well enough: they took Indians from Norman, and after their time at Hornby Bay and the removal to Dease River the Indians remained continuously on the North shore of Bear Lake. As for the loon: yes, they vary in flavor, and few birds are really inedible. I simply wanted to repeat, for the fun of it, a traditional jest. One of Hornby's examples of the fecklessness of the Slave Lake Indians was that, because they much preferred the taste of caribou, they would rather starve for lack of caribou than eat the fish that could be taken in plenty—again a generalization that could not stand close examination.

I regret to tell you that George Douglas died in about 1964. A great number of his negatives and photographs are still in the possession of his widow, but I do not think they are arranged in a way that would make it possible to find individual negatives or prints. I suggest that you try to secure for your archives a copy of George Douglas's one book—*Lands Forlorn: A Story of an Expedition to Hearne's Coppermine River, 1914* (G.P. Putname's [sic] Sons; privately printed). It is not an easy book to get because it was published in a small edition and, being privately printed, was not circulated in normal publishing manner. It is full of good photographs, including one or two of Rouviere and some of the cabins on ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ Lake Rouviere. When you next go to Lake Rouviere, I should be most interested to know whether there are any traces of the old establishment. After Rouviere and Leroux were murdered the houses were plundered and at least in part burned out. But unless the timbers had been taken away for some other purpose, I should imagine that there would still be traces. The Hornby cabin on the Thelon, where the climate is less dry, has now fallen in, but it stood much as it was for almost forty years. The Rouviere cabin would be less than twenty years older than that. I remember that Douglas found firewood at Fort Confidence that must have been cut over 60 years earlier and yet looked as fresh as the day it was split up.

Thankyou very much for writing to me. I am honoured that, when you know the country so well and live in it, you should have found my book interesting.

With best wishes
Yours sincerely

George Whalley

Letter to Richard Finnie 10-08-1969

Text: TS QUA; Legend of John Hornby Correspondence, Loc# 1032c, Box 2, File 19

Queen's University
Kingston, Ontario
10 August 1969

Mr Richard Finnie
28 Eucalyptus Road
Belvedere
California 94920

Dear Mr Finnie

[...]

I think on the whole I agree that Hornby didn't really *deserve* a book. It was a curious book in the writing—less exclusively about Hornby than using him as a thread to draw out a number of other things. That may explain why it doesn't seem to me to matter what sort of judgment or conclusion one comes to about Hornby in the end. Once George was satisfied that I was not making capital of the material—that I was seriously concerned about the life and the other people—he was most generous, helpful, and patient. I felt it a great privilege that he would let me come to Northcote, sometimes for two or three days on end, and just talk and reminisce. Sometimes he would withdraw (without intending to do so) and would find his papers in such confusion that he couldn't locate something I particularly wanted; and Kay was immensely helpful and tactful in helping me not to seem importunate. I had an immense admiration for George, and hope he knew that. I knew that he was suddenly failing during the year that the book was being printed, and asked John Murray to let me have a finished copy as soon as he possibly could. As soon as it arrived I took it up to Northcote, but it was not soon enough. George only half recognized me; he knew I was familiar and a friend, but he couldn't quite remember the connexion between me and the book. He sat by

the window at the table where they had meals, and turned the pages of the book and looked at a few of the pictures, trying to remember. Kay told me that later on, from time to time he enjoyed looking at the book. It was only the finished book, handsomely printed and bound, with its pictures, and the dedication to him, that he had not seen. I had sent him all the chapters in draft for his comments (which were always trenchant and helpful), and later the finished typescript; and that fortunately was at a time when he could enter into it and enjoy it.

I have kept in touch with Kay and have offered to help with any of the sorting of papers and photographs if she would like that. When I last suggested this, she said that things were reaching the point where I might be able to help; I shall write to her now, and will certainly be going to see her early in the fall when we get back into Kingston and the university term is under way.

I have told Kay that George's papers, diaries, and photographs are of great value and that she should be very careful about the disposal of them. Kaye Lamb knows about them and was a friend of George's; so there will be professional advice at hand. These days universities pay large sums of money for manuscripts, even of very minor writers. In my view George's papers are of outstanding value, and if they were to be disposed of should be kept intact and paid for on a scale that would ensure the owner's knowledge of their importance.

A book on George Douglas would be a great thing. [...]

Letter to Ernie Kuyt 12-07-1971

Text: TS QUA; Loc# 1032c, Box 3, File 8

12 July 1971

Dear Ernie

Thankyou very much for your letter of 23 July. You were just leaving for the goose survey when you wrote and should be getting home about now. I also received the slide of the graves and am very grateful for that. I enclose prints for you of the few photographs I took; not much as photographs, but you and Dominique are recognizable in a couple of them.

I wrote to both Dr Macpherson and Dr Tener as soon as I had emerged from the mists of aureomycin and codeine—a couple of days after writing to you. I had a reply from Dr Macpherson; but if Dr Tener was at Fort Smith on 19 July he must have

left Ottawa before my letter of 16 July arrived. I should have liked him to have had my letter before he saw you.

I'm glad you found the "Notes on a Legend" interesting. That *is* a puzzle about the illegible word in Letter 4 (17 May 1913 to George Douglas). In the manuscript it is too long a word for "snow", but definitely ends in-ow. Recalling, as you say, and as we saw at Lookout Point, that a cache is normally a platform in trees (or on the Lockhart River well north of trees, on poles of some sort), I supposed that what had happened was that Douglas had built his cache in a "hollow" not realising that the snow level (normally not very great at that latitude) would make the cache accessible to wolverines; but that the snow (statistically not much) must have drifted to provide a launching-pad for the wolverines. So I wonder whether we may be both right: the cache was built in some sort of "hollow", but it was the snow that (unexpectedly) made it accessible to the wolverines? When I get a chance I shall look at the manuscript again at Lakefield, and see what is epigraphically possible. But it is a pleasure to find somebody who reads something closely enough to suggest such an intelligent textual emendation.

The copy of *Unflinching*—which I think you will find monstrously marked up from the original—is being prepared now and will be sent on, with prints of the pages of the original diary, as soon as they are finished.

I still remember with macabre clarity every detail of the flights into the barrens and remember with the greatest pleasure your hospitality in Fort Smith.

With all best wishes

Yours truly,

George Whalley

Letter to Ernie Kuyt 14-07-1971

Text: TS QUA; Loc# 1032c, Box 3, File 8

Department of English

14 July 1971

Dear Ernie

I should have written to you long ago. My reason for not staying over in Fort Smith the day after our flight—which I very much wanted to do—was that I had developed such a cold the

day of the flight that I didn't want to bring it into your household. I had picked it up from the children in Yellowknife; and after I got back there it turned into some sort of flu with sinus infection. So I finally set off for Kingston on 1st July, after having to give up my plan of stopping over at Fort Smith. When I got back to Kingston it took three days in bed to get rid of the infection. This was particularly disappointing. I had very much wanted to spend some more time with you. We were all so tired by Wednesday night that it would have taken another day to sort out all the things I wanted to ask you and talk about.

I cannot say how grateful I am to you for making the arrangements for me to go on that flight. Just to be on the site of the Hornby cabin, to see the graves, and the tumbled logs, and those pathetic stumps where the trees had been felled and firewood collected at the end near the cabin was an almost overpowering experience. I think I had pretty well got used to the idea that, with the constant demands of the university and my other work here, I never would get to the cabin. To be able to see the place and walk about there, and see the way the river looks and the other shore and the river flowing in almost opposite and the island below the turn in the river was a strange and moving affair; but very detached because I had imagined it so often and so clearly that it was more like recognizing things than making discoveries. But beyond that—which you will know was very important to me—and in some ways even more memorable was to be able to see so much of the Barren Ground from the air, to check all the detail on the maps, and to see the geological configuration with a clarity that is difficult to get even with very good maps. That part of it wouldn't have been nearly as good if you had not been along, because your knowledge of the country and of all the details of the Thelon and the animals and birds—and when we were ashore, the flowers and plants—somehow provided another dimension even though with the noise of the Otter there could be little enough in the way of talking. If you had not been along I should have felt like a tourist; your being there made it professional and gave me the feeling almost that I belonged there—an important part of the whole episode.

It was good to walk north through the timber towards the barrens. I should like to have gone farther, to see what it looked like when you finally break out of the trees; but I sense that Dominique was getting a little restive about the time and the low

sun and what it was going to be like landing at Fort Smith if the sky was overcast by the time we got there. In any case I felt that it would not be proper to go to the caribou lookout; we had seen it from the air and that was a place special to you from the occasion you had sat there with your wife watching for caribou and suddenly they had shown up and vanished again. I would rather imagine that place and the cairn you built around the stones that you thought Hornby must have collected there.

I took the stove-lid and the leg to the Yellowknife Museum when I got back; they were glad to have them, put the lid on the stove and said they who [sic] somehow attach the leg (when they could) in place of the trap that is now propping up the front end. In the Museum there is a rather good blown-up print of the RCMP photograph of the interior of the cabin; taken indoors in the rain the negative (I have seen it in Ottawa) is very poor, but this print surprisingly good. In the foreground, in front of the stove (which shows very clearly), are the two big aluminum pots. I thought I remembered this from the photograph, but had none of the photographs with me in Yellowknife. So I think there is no doubt that those two pots were Hornby's. I took the liberty of suggesting to Tom York, who was setting off to canoe down the Thelon (on a sort of Hornby pilgrimage) the Sunday after I arrived back in YK, that he should pick them up and bring them out to the Museum. But Tom York's party was a ramshackle affair, were only at Talthelei Narrows four days after leaving YK, and may not persist. In any case I thought you would like to know in case the pots are still there when you next go. Better they should be in the Museum than carried off to some place where they will only be "souvenirs".

The Museum has a small wooden hand-sled that Evert Tingley brought back in Sept 1964 when he and Judge Morrow stopped at the cabin on their way back from a circuit court. It is described as having been found "on the roof" of the cabin; but that can't be right because the roof had fallen in long before 1964. It is described as Hornby's sled; but I think also that that can't be so. When I examined it I noticed that the runners had been skillfully cut with a saw to notch in the uprights; but there is no sign in the cabin—either at the window opening or window frames or the door (which *is* very skillfully made)—that Hornby had a saw. I half remembered that there was something about a handsled in the RCMP report; and sure enough, *Unflg*

p 147, para 8: “A small sleigh (hand), the property of Mrs. Hoare, was found hanging in a tree near the cabin. . . .” If it had been Hornby’s sled—and the diary shows that they had a sled or toboggan of some sort—it would have to have been made somewhere upriver where there was a saw; unlikely—with trunks and suitcases!—they would take a sled in the canoe?

You may remember that I was very puzzled to find that there was not a small tree at the SW corner of the cabin. One of the RCMP photographs of the front of the cabin (in *Unflinching*) shows a thin trunk in the position I expected; but another photograph from the SE shows a thick forked upright that was one of the supports for a porch (? a tent spread out); the “tree” I was looking for was the other. Both are now fallen, of course, and may have been moved otherwise we might have worked this out on the ground.

I am still puzzled about the cache I was looking for the East of the cabin. Para 12 of the RCMP report reads: “The remains of a log store house were situated to the east of the cabin, there being only two rows of logs remaining. In the centre of it a case of 25-35 Winchester and .303 British ammunition was found. This ammunition was useless and it was therefore thrown into the river. An old grey shirt, bearing the initials A.N.H. [Hornby’s father], maker Copeland, and a pair of oars were found here as well.” Which shows where your ammunition case from. But isn’t it odd that there is no trace of the cache now? The logs would only be resting on the ground, but you would expect that, even if they had been moved away later (nothing seems to rot much there), there would be some trace on the ground?

What amazed and fascinated me almost more than anything else was the ground-cover and flowers—the look of them with their short sturdy stems and minute beautifully formed flowers and the springy feel of the footing. I don’t know whether we were unusually lucky in seeing as many animals as we did—especially the bears—but I’m sure that if you hadn’t been along we shouldn’t have seen half the animals or a fraction of the birds.

I should very much like to send you some memento of the expedition. I am sending with this a copy of something I wrote a couple of summers ago for *Queen’s Quarterly* about *The Legend of John Hornby*, called “Notes on a Legend”, because it

refers to the cartridge you sent me from the bottom of the Thelon. It may be of interest for the few documents that have turned up since the book was published—many more actually than are published there. I wonder whether you have a copy of Edgar Christian's diary, published as *Unflinching*. It has been out of print for some time now and is very difficult to find. But, if it would be of interest, I should like to make a Xerox copy of my working copy (bought in England in 1937 when the book was first published) with all the MS corrections and additions I made in it from the original diary. The Headmaster of Dover College sent me Edgar's diary and let me keep it for a fortnight when we were last in England. I had a number of pages photographed because Macmillan has asked me to do a book on Edgar—a much smaller one than the Hornby, but I can't think just how to do it. I'll send along prints of some of the pages too.

I hope your goose survey goes well. Perhaps you will already have left by the time this letter reaches Fort Smith—if so it may make its way north in the way those other letters got to the archaeologists at Warden's Grove. I hope we shall [sic] have a chance of meeting again before long. I was bitterly disappointed not to have been able to stay on in Smith, but felt it wrong to run the risk of carrying infection into your home. I cannot say how grateful I am to you for making possible what for me was a very important occasion. And please thank your wife very much for the hospitable evening I had with you.

With all best wishes
Yours sincerely

Letter to John Tener 16-07-1971

Text: TS QUA; Loc# 1032c, Box 3, File 8

16 July 1971

Dr John S. Tener
Director, Canadian Wildlife Service
Department of Fisheries and Forestry
Ottawa K1A 0B4

Dear Dr Tener

I am writing belatedly to say that, thanks to arrangements made by Ernie Kuyt I was able to join a flight chartered by Mr and Mrs Eastwood who were going to the Thelon just below War-

den's Grove for six weeks to photograph animals. We made the flight on 23 June, landed the Eastwoods and helped them move their gear up to their campsite, then flew on to Lookout Point to look at the Wildlife cabin there and set it to rights, then back to Hornby Point for a look at the ruins of Hornby's cabin. To be at the site of Hornby's cabin was for me a very moving experience. But every minute of the trip—seeing so much of the country and a good many miles of the Thelon from low level—was full of interest. The whole occasion was made all the more interesting and memorable because Ernie Kuyt came along too to set the Eastwoods on their way. His knowledge of the country and animals and birds and flora gave a special dimension [sic] to the experience. I might have guessed what quality of men had done the fieldwork that is so ably crystallised into John Kelsall's book on the caribou.

[...]

We were fortunate enough to find one of the lids of Hornby's stove and a leg that had been knocked off when the stove was being carried down to the river. I took these back to Yellowknife and presented them to the Museum where—through Neill Murphy's intervention—Hornby's stove and the door of the cabin are now permanently preserved.

[...]

Letter to A. H. Macpherson 16-07-1971

Text: TS QUA; Loc# 1032c, Box 3, File 8

16 July 1971

Dr. A.H. Macpherson
Canadian Wildlife Service
10015-103 Avenue
Edmonton 15

Dear Mr Macpherson

[...]

We made the flight on 23 June attaching ourselves to the Eastwoods who had chartered an Otter to take them photographing animals just below Warden's Grove. Ernie Kuyt came along, and that really made the expedition. We flew on to Lookout Point after leaving the Eastwoods and after examining the Wildlife cabin there and setting it to rights we flew back to

Hornby Point and spent an hour and a half there before fatigue and failing light drove us south-east again.

It was a very moving experience for me, actually to be there and to recognise the many details that I had painstakingly re-constructed in imagination by other means. Also to be able to see so much of the barrens from the air at low level, and fly a good distance up the Thelon also at low level, gave me a much more vivid sense of the texture and geology of the country than the aerial photographs at Ottawa.

Ernie Kuyt is really an excellent man. His being there, with his knowledge of the country, the animals, birds, and plants, gave the occasion special authority; was most considerate, painstaking, and careful with all the arrangements and was the best possible company. I have written to him just recently—I hope in time to catch him before he left to look at the geese—to thank him and to discuss some details that I wanted to talk over with him if I had been well enough to stay over another day at Smith. But I should like you to know how much I appreciate everything he did to make the trip possible in the first place and then to make the trip itself such a good one from every point of view. My regard for the Wildlife Service, which was already very high, is now positively exalted.

[...]

Letter to John Kelsall 17-07-1971

Text: TS QUA; Loc# 1032c, Box 3, File 8

17 July 1971

Mr John P. Kelsall
Canadian Wildlife Service
515 Centennial Building
10015 – 103 Avenue
Edmonton 15

Dear Mr Kelsall

It is a very long time since you replied to my letter about your *Caribou* book. I promised to send you a copy of Hornby's "Caribou Notes" containing—as the "Caribou Report" in *The Legend of John Hornby* does not—his account of caribou sightings. I have been deflected by my Coleridge work, but now enclose a copy of the "Caribou Notes". The letters from Great

Bear Lake written by Cosmo Melvill are rather extensive; but I am having these photocopied and hope to add them to this letter.

If I ever get an opportunity to revise the Hornby book I think I should alter the introductory section to the Caribou Notes (p 337) to remove the suggestion that Hornby's sighting notes are "of questionable value" because of their imprecise dating and lack of detailed observation. I take it that you consider Hornby a good observer for his time and for the state of the art then; and the notes seemed to me (when I was copying them out) rather more impressive than I remembered.

One particular reason why I feel impelled these things now is that I was in Yellowknife for three weeks in June visiting my daughter there, and had the good fortune to accompany a flight to the Thelon and to visit the Hornby cabin site. The best thing about the trip was that Ernie Kuyt was along. Although we had only 30 hours acquaintance, at Fort Smith and on the flight, your name came up a number of times; and I had remembered that in the Preface to your book you acknowledge that Ernie was one of the people who virtually lived with the caribou for a time. What a splendid person he is. I was very disappointed that the onset of flu—or something of the sort including sinus infection—obliged me to leave Fort Smith rather sooner than I had planned and so saw less of Ernie than I should have liked.

I think I heard somewhere that you were no longer in Edmonton and so am sending this letter to you c/o the Canadian Wildlife Service in Ottawa in the hope that it will be forwarded to you promptly.

With all best wishes

Yours sincerely

George Whalley

Letter to Ernie Kuyt 21-08-1971

Text: TS QUA; Loc# 1032c, Box 3, File 8

21 August 1971

Dear Ernie

Now that I have got a copy of *The Legend of John Hornby* for the Eastwoods I have stupidly mislaid their address in Mexico. Would you be kind enough to send it to me?

About that hand sleigh in the Yellowknife Museum—I have

just been looking through photographs of the cabin sent to me from time to time since the book was published. In a photograph taken in 1960, with the graves in the foreground and the front of the cabin behind (the front wall is still intact but the two ridge-poles are askew, the thick one pointing upwards, and the forked one downwards) the sleigh is standing on end, presumably the tail of the runners pushed into the ground. It is clearly recognizable from the configuration of the runners. By the time Tingley picked it up in 1964 the roof had completely collapsed; perhaps one of the ridge-poles was still sticking out and somebody had hung the sleigh on it?

I seem to have made a mistake about the location of the Hornby-Bullock cave in the barrens. I have now come across (in the huge cumulus of material gathered over a period of time) my tracings of Hornby's marked set of the Tyrrell maps. I had gathered from their verbal description that the cave was in the esker due north of the boot-shaped head of Artillery Lake; but the marked map shows it in the same esker, on the west side of Lockhart (then Casba) River, at the most westerly extremity of the second enlargement [sic] of the river—i.e. north of BM 1152. Neill Murphy told me he had searched carefully for the site and had found what he thought must be it in the position that I now see was marked on Hornby's map.

What Neill Murphy told me about the murder of Gene Olsen and Henry Bode, and the suicide of Blacky Lanner in 1930, aroused my interest because they were among the last people to see Hornby alive. I find that the RCMP have four volumes of documents on this case; I have not been able to examine them yet. But the RCMP Annual Report of 1932 has some summary details pending solution of the case. I wondered whether you had ever come across the two sites mentioned. Glenn and [page is cutoff]

...the distance from Reliance was about 200 miles”—which doesn't give much of a fix. But the man who found them was George Price who “built a cabin about four miles from that [sic] of Olsen and Bode.” This seems to indicate a site somewhere around Grassy Island or even near Warden's Grove. I wondered whether you had ever come across Price's cabin-site—it would hardly have disappeared if it was built in September 1931. When I get to Ottawa to look at the papers there will be an answer to this question; but I wondered whether, with your interest in that part of the country, you had ever come across it.

With all best wishes
Yours

Letter to Hugh Wallace 04-05-1973

Text: TS QUA; Loc# 1032c, Box 3, File 8

4 May 1973

Mr Hugh N. Wallace
History Department
Mount St Vincent University
Halifax, Nova Scotia

Dear Mr Wallace
[...]

So to your second question—"the eye of the beholder." This seems to me to work in two senses: (a) by emotional colouring in any particular situation; (b) by comparison with what the observed is accustomed to. I remember the feeling of complete strangeness when I first went to Egypt and found there none of the ground cover I was accustomed to in Eastern Canada and in England; the prairies had much the same effect when I first went to Saskatoon. But once used to the way-of-the-land I found I was amazed by what *did* grow in both places, and also in the Libyan desert which, near the coast and for many miles inland, is gravelly and turns to mud when it rains, not like the sand-desert near the Egyptian border (or universally in Hollywood [sic] films). The distinctive feature of the Barren Ground is not that it is "barren"—devoid of life, but that (as the Cree and Eskimo names say) it has no trees. The wonder is that the Caribou-eating Eskimo, who seem to have been the primordial Eskimo before they were driven out to the coast and learned to eat seals, could winter on the Barrens. But anybody who has been there in summer knows that, although there are snady [sic] and gravelly places where nothing much grows, there is a rich ground-cover nourished by the thaw-water held on the surface by permafrost. The flowers are tiny and low-set but multitudinous; and no area that supports the wealth of animals, bird-life, and insects could properly be thought of as "barren". The prospects are often bleak enough but at close range the proliferation of quick-growing things is in marked contrast to the almost imperceptible slowness of growth of trees at the treeline.

(In comparing photographs taken at the Hornby cabin in 1927 with what I could see there in 1971 I could see not change either in the size or configuration of the trees; and I imagine that the largest timbers in the cabin must have been at least 200 or 300 years old. The flora however are extremely vulnerable; and I understand from Wildlife people who work there that even a minor disturbance of the ground-cover can do damage that may take a century or more to repair itself—even footprints at certain conditions, or a dog tied to a stake. The caribou seem to understand the fragility of ground-cover and have to vary their movements according to the slow rate of restorative processes. I think you would be interested to see the basis for calculating the maximum number of caribou the NWT can (and could ever have) sustain in the *Caribou Report*.

I suspect that name “Barrens”, like the name “desert”, is a word of specific emotional savour rather than (or intended to be) a *descriptive* term. In the Barrens the dominant is exposure to the sky and wind, without the protection of trees, and the difficulty of improvising shelter or any of the other things we are accustomed to improvise inland, when there is no sizable wood. The other dominant is the presence or absence of large animals—usually caribou—because you can’t both travel and trap (or fish) methodically enough to support life. Except in the broadest terms the caribou migrations are not understood: they winter in the timber and breed in a little pocket near the Arctic coast East of the Coppermine. But some think that the caribou originally (like the Eskimo) wintered on the Barrens and that their migratory habit has been reversed. Although the territory (seen from the air) is criss-crossed with clearly defined routes of travel, especially at river crossings, the caribou can be deflected by wind, by certain ice conditions, by snow conditions, and by insects (which plague them almost to insanity). I revert to the hazard of counting on caribou near Reliance: Back found that they were very fickle there, and so did Hornby, and Blanchet did everything he could to deter Hornby because he said that nobody really knew what the caribou did East of (say) the Habury [sic] River. When I last flew over the Thelon in early summer (there were still patches of snow under the north bank, all of them covered with caribou to keep the bugs off) I saw many small herds grazing at large; and there were many caribou trails crossing the Thelon all around the site of the Hornby cabin. When Hornby and Bullock travelled down the Thelon

in 1925, later than the migration, they saw so many caribou that they were sure that they must always be plentiful. But 1926-7 was a winter when (as the Indians say) “the caribou didn’t come”; and that was the case not only where Hornby was but also at Reliance. There does not seem to be any evidence that the caribou were, in any given area, any more reliable before there were many White Men about; it is in the nature of the beast.

So I would suggest that two equally reliable witnesses could report for the same area in consecutive years plenty of animals and no animals. But there is another factor, more intuitive and personal, to be taken into account. In my view the most reliable observer is not the most detached witness but the one who is most sensitively engaged. [...]

Letter to Michael Macklem 12-12-1980

Text: TS QUA; Loc# 2099, Box 1, File 3

12 December 1980

My dear Michael

[...]

What you say about the *Legend of John Hornby* and the Christian diary interests me very much. It has long seemed tomme [sic]—and I think this is part of what fascinates me about Aristotle’s bleak and unforgiving account of tragedy—that tragedy is not (as the journalists always have it) a quality of life, but a quality of action, a figure traced out, in art; that what ennobles life is not that it is tragic but that certain episodes can be isolated and the figure of tragedy imprinted-as-thought-discovered there. It is a very specific action-figure, almost impossible to trace because it has to do with knowing and not-knowing, with freedom and necessity, with the laws of nature and the laws of our own nature, and with certain aspects of self-inflicted inevitability. Mere disease, weakness, or wickedness are of no more than morbid interest to us. To give a cutting-edge to the great platitudes of life (in its disastrous aspects)—unrequited love, unseasonable death especially of the young, destructive injustice, the crippling of vulnerable powers, infidelity and betrayal—the tragic protagonist is of a very special kind, certainly not “like us”. Generalisation will not define the protagonist, nor will it delineate the circumstance that may

be tragic. I have never thought of the *Hornby* or of the Christian diary as tragedy, probably because I want to be very scrupulous in using that word. But I do feel that both “books” (because although they overlap they are rather distinctly conceived entities) embody a specific quality of life—I can’t go much farther than to say that they “haunt” me—and that it is my business as a writer to re-present that quality, and that I shall be unlikely to succeed in doing that if I don’t refrain from judgment—particularly the sort of Pierre-Berton kind of judgment of the character and motives of other people as informed by snippets in the *Reader’s Digest* and psychological studies in weekend supplements.

I wouldn’t have ventured to call the book “The Tragedy of John Hornby”. The title was difficult. I chose the term “Legend” to describe what (I found) already had a lively existence in the North, encouraged by JH himself and elaborated—like any other legend—with a certain amount of extraneous adornment into an engaging but rather pointless story that goes on and on; it also carried the ironic sense that the story as lived by JH wasn’t much like the accounts en-ambered in the Legend. My concern was simply to catch the quality of his life and the (largely described) “feel” of the ambient life of the North. To make him into an “anti-hero” would have been as grotesque as to make him into a “hero”. With so limited a range of emotional and intellectual configuration to work in, the trick was how to impart the impulse of his life without falling back upon the gee-whizzery that disfigures so much that has been written about the Canadian Arctic in this century.

I was impressed by the seriousness of Gerald Noonan’s comments. (I had a great friend as a boy in Brockville, Danny Noonan, his father in Ontario Department of Highways. Any relation?) I have two questions. (a) Is he perhaps a little too skeptical in (as it seems) rejecting JH as a suitable subject for a serious book, especially a *Canadian* book, in what is surely an anachronistic anti-colonial reflex? The fun of it is that JH, like a great many other bloody juicers, was one of the “colonists”; he spent the whole of his life from age 24 (except for army service, more than half of it with the Canadian Army) in the Canadian North. Except in the most approximate way he doesn’t belong in a category. Some knowledgeable people knew that he was dangerous to travel with, but the old-timers and experienced professionals (government surveyors, Hudson’s Bay men,

many of whom were superb travellers) admired him for his knowledge of the country, his energy, and skill, and simply as a man, for he had a curious gift of impressing people while he remained aloof. He was eccentric and in the later years unpredictable, but not contemptible; and nobody among the many people who talked to me or lent me letters and diaries, spoke of him with contempt. [...] Born in 1915, I could (like Perpetua Ingram) have seen JH when I was a child. I am old enough to have known a number of the “misplaced English”—eccentrics and failures among them, though most of them were neither of those; up until the beginning of the Second War they were (I am sure) very much as they were in this country before the First War. They were not unimpressive. [...]

(b) Do I “create the legend” by the way I handle it? If so, isn’t that what any writer must do? (Cf Aristotle (war): “It is the poet’s business to make his myth.”) This is particularly difficult to do in biography because one has to pay scrupulous attention to the known and knowable “facts”. And that has to be done because the “facts” are not the life or even a reasonable facsimile of it, and the automatic appeal to “objectivity”—as though that were attainable, and as though not to attain it were disreputable—is a curious (and largely unexamined) fiction or fantasy of our time that unfortunately can seduce us from recognizing the personal responsibility we hold to whatever we shape with our minds or utter in our language. Ruskin’s test for the “pathetic fallacy” is no easier to apply than Bacon’s earlier version of it in *Novum organum* I 41 (in the doctrine of the “Idols”, i.e. not false objects of worship but shadows, spectres, abstractions).

Letter to Ernie Kuyt 21-12-1981

Text: TS QUA; Loc# 2099, Box 1, File 3

21 December 1981

Dear Ernie

I was enchanted with the your [sic] letter with your account of visiting your old cabin at Lookout Point with your 10-year old Jonathan—I remember the cabin well, and still have two of the wing-feathers of Canada geese that we picked up on the sand beach there—and of radio-tracking the family of whooping cranes from Fort Smith to the Texas coast. I’m glad you were

able to show Jonathan how good the lake trout still are, and that you were as angrily impressed by mosquitoes, blackflies, and bulldogs as Inspector Trundle was when he made his patrol to the Hornby cabin in 1929. (I see that the big Oxford Dictionary gives as earliest use of “bulldogs” for a fly a reference in Milton and Cheadle on the North-west Passage 1865.)

[...]

I have the most vivid recollection of our flight along the Thelon and still treasure that unfired cartridge that you fished up from the riverbed opposite the Hornby cabin, the tip of the bullet still chalky. I wish you all success in your work and hope this letter will not be too late to bring you my best wishes for the New Year, if not for Christmas. [...]

APPENDIX 9

Samples of Research Notes

U.S.
Stefansson - Office of Naval Research

F The Slow Decline May, June, July

14 Oct Diary begins - mending cabin & carrying caribou.

(a) 18th - Caribou sighted
19th - no sight
30th - winter now set in - break in diary Lemman

21 Nov. 21-3 Nov - huntg on Barrens

(b) 24-30 - misc. huntg &c

(c) 2 Dec - 4 Dec (Hornby & HA huntg at large)
EC alone journal

(d) 5 Dec - 28 Slightly better days - but stores running out.
Christmas dinner (? dialogue)

(e) 3 Jan - 31 Lean days - Hornby & wound. V. cold.

(f) 1 Feb - 10th V. cold. Caribou but by 14th fish scraps.
HA frozen nose 16th

(g) 20 Feb - 26 H begins to crack physically. HA mentally
HA kills caribou: packing exhausts them

(h) 3 Mar - 6 Last extended hunt EC alone journal
7-9 HA & EC at cabin
* 10-16 Out & back -

(i) 17 Mar - 22 Break starvation
26 - 3 Apr H cracks: HA crackers

(j) 4 Apr - 17 Apr Hornby's ^{decline &} death.

(k) 18 Apr - 4 May Harold's decline & death

And has typescript of his diary of trips
 Correspondence of Thomas Jolley
 I 241 County Churchyard

Dickon who has been
 10 days back - Peter
 J.C. 1902-1903
 12.10.1905
 13.10.1905
 14.10.1905
 15.10.1905
 16.10.1905
 17.10.1905
 18.10.1905
 19.10.1905
 20.10.1905
 21.10.1905
 22.10.1905
 23.10.1905
 24.10.1905
 25.10.1905
 26.10.1905
 27.10.1905
 28.10.1905
 29.10.1905
 30.10.1905
 31.10.1905

- [1915] note for Hornby to go to mining - > meet at trail - in Tuesday 10-11
 < dirty yellow shale, fine coal - mostly shaly and
 good "Jade" <-
- 3 Sept 1917 [from France] mine set complete.
- [in Canada: p.c. mining] asks for money
 = 23 Apr 1917

STURUS diary
 Simonstone Fachardenberg
 on way into town
 (to) Epine: Fur organ

QUOTES

1. To go 22 Apr 1917
 "Sticks" of Sucker Slambo
 mark

Fullerton Waddo, Down the Mackenzie, Macmillan 1912 GET TERS
 La Mouze recommends as faithful & "all our old acquaintances"
 see in it.

Hornby: "I never want to go back to civilization. I like to read her about
 geology of geology, because I have after a while over men geology
 all around us. But the dog's news, would be old, - was nothing Europe
 can get along without us, I can manage without Europe."

A 1917 photos of cabin

1) Mavis letters
 2) The Press journal
 Bill Storr: substantial paper
 to Filberg: then President of M.M.S.A.

"We don't own the world of today, let alone the world of tomorrow. I like
 better the world of yesterday."

"It is different when the holiday has no end - no more days ahead, only
 memories of the past. Fortunately there are bright memories - perhaps a
 girl - or a trip to Japan -"

Hornby channel to Hornby, fr Slambo.
 136 miles of
 R.F. use of Insurance Channel.

1920 Map vice by G.M. on Bear Lake trip.
 Bear Book also
 Pike has Indian names of lakes etc.

Hornby wrote the first on 19 Jan 1920 (from Base has
 name - see L.B. Carroll before he met Carroll on Bear Lake
 with him Bear-June 1919; 3 Jan 1920 (by H) at age 27 Jan.

The Lelet — redeemed for back taxes,
 Fr decided to him.

1906 — lived in tent Elizabeth Christensen

1907 — N'ct had changed hands — was
 owned by Englishman. Just before sailing
 for England belated communic: offer for
 sale. Came up & made a deal.

1908 — 1st estⁿ so at Northcote.
 no idea of far north ~~Alaska~~
California
 Then with Sandberg had idea of going to N Ont
 mines. James Douglas offered to grubstake
 & explore Coppermine

1910 autumn studies for journey
 plan — S & D had stipulated at least
 3 years but James Douglas's brevity of purpose.

H's specimen of pitchblende — that magⁿ-iron.
 If James D had known.
~~from~~ East shore Mackintosh Bay
 Gb wanted to explore

Never that of going North again till 1928

1921		
28 Feb	Clear	1 Small Trout
2 Feb		
1 March	Nothing -30° Blizzards	
2 Feb = 1	Den up. Stock taking.	
2	-31° Nothing	
3	Wind, v. cold	1 Small, 3 v small Trout
4	1 Dog dies: blizzard	3 Sm Trout = 7.6 lbs in all.
5	Wind. V. weak. Hunting. Nothing	
6	-29° Wind	2 Sm Trout
7	Indians (2)	3 Sm Trout
8	Indians helping	
9		1 L Trout (gave away)
10 (2 days out)	bait in hand	2 Sm Tr: 1 white fish
11	Nothing	
10	Indians leave	1 Small Trout
11	Blizzard: desperate condition	
12	Blizzard [starving dogs]	1 Small Trout
13	Blizzard fox feeds Indian	{ 1 v Sm Trout 1 white fish
14	Indian in house Indian leaves Indian catches a trout; it gives some to dogs	
15	fox for dogs	
16	Indian visits bait for Indian	1 Sm Trout
17		1 Sm fat Trout
18	Bad hand. Wind. Critical situation [Prepares Evening -> squirrel Ptarmigan & rabbit	1 Sm f. T. 1 L f. T.
19-21 summer 19		
20	Indian sees it feeds him wolverine	2 f. T. 12, 5 lbs

Date of Mackinlay, Horuby, Melvill visit on Coppermine.

Notes from JD diary
& JH MSS.Bear Lake Chronology

1911-13

1911

- 5 July ~~late June~~ 2.30 a.m.
Foot Norman: Mackenzie River brings Douglasses. Horuby & Melvill camped down stream waiting for ship; Mackinlay with them in Norman.
Douglas account of meeting ([Downs, 14] June 1955 (NOTES)
Met Breguet & brought canoe. [22 Nov 1959
start 4.10 pm
[R. Letter 1
- 8 July
14 July
15 July
Douglasses track up Bear R. with Indians
Douglass reach lake
Rouvière's ~~Wet~~ York boat reaches Bear Lake; canoes evening (? with H).
Rouvière meets Douglasses evening
[? & Hanko]
Rouvière meets Horuby evening: Hodgsons not afoot, will come by canoe.
puts pt of outfit in Y. boat. R. intends to leave w Indians 18th.
Horuby afoot R/V Douglasses, Disraeli Lakes, evening
16 July
Douglasses set off
Rouvière & Horuby discuss winter plans
Rouvière writes first part of Letter 1
Melvill & Mackinlay write for return steamed: to gravel R. now kept R South of Norman.
- [18 July] [Rouvière sets off]
- 19 July Rouvière wind-bound
- 20 — Douglasses meet Hodgsons camped at Gros Cap.
- 21 — Rouvière in sight of Pt Etachiulla, meets Hodgson
Rouvière PS to Letter 1: [? letter sent back with Hodgson]
- [?25 July] Douglasses reach Dease River: set off on exploratory trip
- [?27 —] JD & Sandberg set off on exploratory trip
- 29 July Rouvière arrives
- 10 August Horuby arrives
- 12 Aug Horuby & Rouvière up Dease River by canoe. [also Liau]

"August 1911. Went from Dease Bay to Coppermine River & returned to Lake Rouvière where Dr. Rouvière & I put up a house." [Can. Rep.]

- Ad to Matt Transcripts . . . X MSS taken out
- Eda Travers Bony
Jell's name 1891
- Hornby Bony
hr see 19 Nov 1956 X
1. The Lou Sanctuaries + Finnie to GD 17 May 1955 X
 2. W.F. Christian D.S.P. ~~1910~~ 1910 late RA Siege of Sing Too, Franco, Belgium
in 1900 2 sons, 2 daughters Chao, Order of Leopold, Cr de Quebec, Despat
 - X3. GB to GW 8 Jan 1955: p 3 X^r selected
 - X4. JH's visit to Douglas in 1924. pp 1-2. GD-GB 26 Jan 1955
 - X5. GD, MSS of taxi - p 3
The photostatic copy of Beck's map of 1914. } X also 10 Mar 1955
X also 21 Oct 1953 X
X 24 Oct 1953 X
 - X6. JH's mission. GD 26 Jan 1955 X 24 Oct 1953
 - X7. gsl maps GD-GB 14 Feb 1955
X8. gb-gw 4 Mar 1955 Adamson had JH papers
18 Mar 1957.
 - X9. JH's character. GB to GW 4 Mar 1955 p 2
 10. Hodgson did cross with JH Aug 1910: GS to GW 27 Apr 1955
 11. 21 May 1955: note of GD at Sunday 20 June 1922
 - X12. GS to GW 27 May 1955: Hornby to GB in B17 p 2 / p 3
 13. Take Endersson on 1924-5 License: "Caribou 35, White Fox 353, Blue Fox 4,
Red Fox 1, Wolves 40, and Wolverines 3."
Other license destroyed. 1925 Endersson Nil.
 14. Anecdote of JH in 1864-8: Mrs Weardt to GW 11 June 1955
 - X15. Taltson trip: GB - GW 20 Aug 1955
 16. JH's letter of 3 Sept 1857 reached GD when tenting where Gunnarsson was
stands, helping build Wee Island.
 - X17. GD meets Aramoot in 1932. 1 Nov 1955
 - X18. GD on CM letters 26 Jan 1956
 - X19. The Sapporamine route. 4 Feb 1956
 - X20. The Athabasca Bend. 5 Mar 1956
 21. Hornby abolition. GD to GW 18 Mar 1957
 - X22. Anniversary of return in 1912. GD to GW 23 Oct 1955
 - X23. RCMP inform: 4 Feb 1960

Agenda

- (a) H.S. Wilson diary of 1928
- (b) K.M. Dewar diary of 1928
- (c) G.W. Brown — who was he?
- (d) Get "Wilson's Compendium Canada North"
- (e) A.N. Hornby biography — Edward Darwin? Oliver Warner?
- ✓ (f) HB Coy records
- x (g) Endorsed licenses — Northern Affairs
- x (h) Roviére diaries: Archives of Bishop's House, Fort Smith, NWT.
- x (i) Uivir Alberta collection
- ✓ (j) Letters in Ottawa Museum — to R. Anderson
- ✓ (k) Northern Trades^{etc} records (? ask Moran) see card
- (l) Hornby-Ingram tree
- x (m) Explorers Club: see Stef. 23 Apr 1955: It West

J.A. Allis, Librarian
Explorers Club
10 West 72 St, NTC

- (1) R.M. Anderson — see ~~Sept 23~~ Apr 1937. Natl Museum, 24 May 1958.
- ✓ (2) Mackinlay & Hodgson — Mr F.A. Reynolds, H&Co, Beaver House, G.T.M.
- X (3) Mrs Christian — incldg Rochfort Portrait. * Clarke monograph.
- ✓ (4) Alex Loutit — H&C — ?H, financier in Winnipeg.
- ✓ (5) Melville's age & appearance — Miss Melville.
- ✓ (6) JD on date [?1928] of mtg with Bobbett, Nelson, Ingstad.
- (7) Colin Cullell re Wabamun (1905)
- ✓ (8) Mrs Clouston — sons in Australia (? S. Africa)
- ✓ (9) CPR Passenger lists (Guard: Hfx)
- ✓ (10) Fort Smith queries — Rouvière diary: Bishop — where? who?
- ✓ (11) Mrs Watt — further information to collect
- (12) Mrs H. Adlett, Mrs Carson, Mrs Beaupré (Tel of H), all Quoway.
- (13) Edmonton Journal, 9 Jan 1930. || Ibid. 28 Dec 1929: report of tragedy.
- ✓ (14) ^rDouglas's winter camps.
- (15) RCMP on Lamer. Lordeike Bill, Lamer's movements, Rouvière
- (16) Lamer's diary: ? JD ? RCMP

HORNBY, John: Assessments of

- (a) Causell, 13 Oct 1953: H Matl
 (b) Douglas, 19 Oct 1953: H Matl
 (c) Douglas, 21 Apr 1954: H Matl
 (d) Douglas, 15 Dec 1954: H Matl
 (e) ~~Blanchet~~ ^{Guy Blanchet} Douglas, 8 Jan 1955: H Matl [2 imp paras of descriptions (end)]
 (f) Guy Blanchet, 21 Jan 1955: H Matl [his mistake in 1926-7]
 (g) Douglas, 26 Jan 1955: H Matl [his mission
 (h) Douglas, 26 Jan 1955 to GB: H Matl [assessg alleged knowl of H
 (i) Blanchet, 4 Mar 1955: H Matl.
 (j) Finnie; [Douglas 14 Apr 1955: H Matl
 (k) Moran: 6 Apr 1955: H Matl
 (l) Graham Graham: 21 Apr 1955: H Matl
 (m) Douglas, 6 Jan 1955: H Matl ['a joke']

constantly in the north rather than those who were in & out of it."
 [Dowries, 31 May 1955, H.Matt.]

(F) McKean considered H — "eccentric but not crazy. Says he was a very likeable chap..." [Dowries (14 July 1956), 14 June 1955 (p 4): H.Matt.]

(S) JD's first meeting with. [Dowries (PGD-GD 3 Sept 1938), 14 June 1955 (NOTES p 1): H.Matt. "Hornby never had any concrete objective. His notes ... were absolutely incoherent..."]

(E) "With his faults, says Douglas, the impossibility of living with him, he had great qualities of extreme generosity & a perfect gentleman."
 [Dowries (3 Sept 1938), 14 June 1955 (NOTES, p 2): H.Matt.]

(M) "D [Douglas] thinks that after the war his eccentricities were definitely on the decline." [Dowries, ibid.]

✓ (P) "Jack was an excellent character & scrupulously honest & reliable — his one fault was that he had an obsession [!] that he could & must live of the country & didn't take sufficient flour & staple foods." [St Clark: 5 June 1955: H.Matt.]

George Whalley, born in Canada, was educated at Bishop's University, Quebec, and as a Rhodes Scholar at Oriel College, Oxford. He joined the RCNVR early in 1940 and served with the Royal Navy in the North Atlantic, Arctic and Mediterranean. In 1945 he turned to university life, took the doctorate at King's College, London, and has lived in Kingston, Ontario, since 1950, being now Professor of English in Queen's University. Two studies in literary criticism—"Poetic Process" and "Coleridge and Sara Hutchinson" (both published by Routledge and Kegan Paul)—represent part of his scholarly interest, as do his contributions to the collective edition of the works of S. T. Coleridge now preparing. He has published poems, essays, and scholarly articles, and has written scripts for radio and television. His biography of John Hornby grows out of a long interest in the literature and technique of polar exploration, and is given substance by his own experience of sailing and canoeing, and of travelling in unfrequented parts of Eastern Canada.

To gather the material for this extraordinary life he travelled extensively all over Canada on the track of Hornby for several years, talking to people in many walks of life who knew or worked with him. He found the Hornby legend as vigorous as ever.

Index Note

The editor's have updated George Whalley's original index to include page references not previously included. Those additions are in square brackets, e.g. [412].

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