

Summer Work 1958--1961

Survey Expeditions
in
Halfway River area, BC(1958),
South West Saskatchewan(1959),
and
Northern Electric, Montreal, QC
(1960 & 1961)

by

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Dedication

This eBook/Book is dedicated to all the ancestors and their descendants of my children and grandchildren, these number in the range of 63-64 thousand individuals. It is being made freely available to the world as well as the privatized database that contains information on the kinship of my children and grandchildren. The number of people involved is huge as the database contains roughly 260,000 individuals. This eBook/Book and database are meant for personal use only and nobody should use it for their financial gain or any company or person use it by selling memberships that allow access to the information contained there in. If they wish to do that, a licensing agreement is required.

Other Info:

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Introduction

This eBook is an attempt to show the experiences that I had working during the summer break during my University of Saskatchewan Engineering Degree education.

The summer of 1958 was in BC and 1959 it was in South West Saskatchewan. In BC our survey area covered 24,000 square miles, in Saskatchewan it was 54,000 square miles. Entirely different survey methods and terrain as well as dangers involved during the work period.

I usually give a slide presentation and talk briefly about each slide when giving a presentation. This book approach will do the same but I am including a lot more detail. If I would have talked about the detail described in this book, it would have taken several hours to do a presentation rather than a little over one hour. Normally I only gave presentations on the BC expedition but the SK expedition is being included here to see and compare the two experiences and the dangers involved with each one.

The expedition to BC was never explained to myself or Al Martine, the other student from the UofS, what we would experience and what special training or clothing we should come prepared with. We were just given some very basic instructions and given transportation return tickets for our respective homes to Fort St. John, BC for the BC expedition. For the Saskatchewan Survey, I was given a ticket from my home to North Battleford, SK. No return ticket as I was on my own to get home from Portage la Prairie, Manitoba.

The dangers and precautions that we should have been aware of were never explained or made known to us for the BC expedition, it is only now on looking back do I see how lucky we were to get back safe and sound and not be in the wilderness with no medical aid or communication to the outside world. The only way we had to receive medical aid, or to communicate to the outside world would take the time to ride horseback approx. 100 miles to the closest location where medical or other information could be exchanged. For medical assistance it would have required a helicopter to fly from where ever it was located to our remote location, pick up the person that needed medical attention, and fly them out to the closest hospital or medical aid center which was 100-200 miles away. For the SK expedition these problems did not exist as we were always close to civilization.

The experience gained during these two summers was invaluable as it gave me training in Engineering procedures and approaches to data gathering and recording in the Civil Engineering area as I didn't know at that time that I would have the required marks to get into Engineering Physics as I wanted Electronics and was aware that Engineering Physics had that area. Little did I know that Electrical Engineering was really the branch that I should have been aiming for, not Engineering Physics that had a some electronics but not as much as Electrical. My Summer jobs for the next two years were in Montreal, QC, where I worked as a Summer Student for Northern Electric Co. Shearer St. Building that had over one million square feet of space in a building that was 8 floors high. During these last two years, I gained equivalent to five years of industrial experience in only 7-8 months. The first summer was in the carbon resistor shop and the second year was in transistor testing. During the first summer, my boss was involved with a huge project where the Shearer St. Building had to tool up and make equipment for the BMEWS radar system that was to be installed in the Arctic and had to be shipped on a date in mid-summer. This was a real experience and required security clearance as this was a military project and you had to have a certain level of clearance to be associated with any of the work. I didn't know about the RCMP investigating my actions and connections until the summer job was completed. I realize the this section has deviated from the title and purpose of this book but it still plays a part in what jobs students had to take to be able to make enough money during the summer break to be able to pay for another year of their education.. For the BC trip, I made \$250/month for approx. 4 months and all the money was for my second year as I had little to no expenses. The second year, the pay was a

little higher and by being very frugal I was able to save enough to cover my third year.

Chronological photo trip that follows my summer work in 1958

My summer job at the end of first year Engineering was with the Department of Engery and Mines, Topographic Surveys, Government of Canada this required me to travel from my home in Saskatchewan to Edmonton, Alberta, to the home of my mother's cousin, Cecil Andrews where I stayed until my flight to Fort St. John, BC, by airplane. I was able to leave my street clothes at Cecil's and took only those clothers that I would wear in the bush.

My clothing consisted of two sets of shirts and jean pants, several T-shirts and socks, a jean jacket, a pair of ankle height rubber soled work boots, and a pair of brand new high top leather boots with calks in the leather soles. I thought that I would need these as we would be doing a lot of travel in wooded areas with deadfall. I was very mistaken as I only wore these boots to climb the first mountain and never again after that as they were not the proper type of boot for climbing on rocks. Other reasons will be shown later when the section on the first mountain is covered.

Image shown below is a map called Halfway River, BC. The grids and triangles are the key mountains in our survery area.

The following images of maps show the 24,000 square mile area that was the area that we had to obtain information on in terms of angles(horizontal and vertical) to other known locations on the map. The Base Line of Known elevations and distances was located on the extreme lower portion of this map and constituted what is known as a Base Line. The survey consisted of climbing a given mountain that was part of the grid and then by using a Theodolite Survey Instrument you measured the horizontal angles back to the Base line or other mountains with a cairn on the top that indicated they had been climbed and were part of the known grid. This method of survey is based on the knowledge that given the length of one side and two angles, it is possible to calculate the other two sides and associated angles. This is true for both the vertical and horizontal plane, resulting in the full survey being extended over an increased area. After all of the angular information had been gathered and recorded in a field book, an Infra-Red(IR) Camera was attached to the top mount on the Theodolite and IR photos were taken of the horizontal images surround this mountain peak. This took n photos and there were two extra photos that were the same as the first two. I don't remember exactly what the number, n, was but the glass plates that were the undeveloped pictures was a stack about six inches high. This stack of plates would be identified and wrapped in a cloth wrapper and taken back to the camp. After the images were taken then a Brass Survey plug was either placed in the ground or layed on the rocks exactly below the spot where the survey instrument had been located. If fact. a plumb bob hung from the tripod and the end of the blumb bob is where the plug was located then the instrument and tripod were removed. A stone or wood cairn was constructed to a height of 4-5 feet and this cairn was then wraped with wide stips of red cloth followed by a strip of white cloth then red again. the cloth was about 24-30 inches wide. The ends were tightly tired together so that wind and/or weather could not remove them until the unclimbed mountains had been climbed and new data added to the survey.

The southern portion of the survey area was known to Bob Beatty, our Guide and Wrangler as it was part of Stanley Wallace's trap line. Stanley gave Bob information on where the trap trails were and their condition as they would be our major travel route during the first part of the pack-horse expedition. The area beyond Stanley's trap lie was described as sort of wild and we would have more difficulty in finding game trails or even safe places to cross the muskeg areas. Little did we know what travelling through muskeg was like because if we had encountered muskeg on day one of the pack-horse trip some of us, my self included, might have questioned why we ever signed up for this kind of torture. All summer long, I carried my camera inside my outer shirt and tee-shirt so that I could take photo when

the need arose. The best photos were missed as I later found out as I don't have a single photo of any muskeg sections along the trail. You were so busy trying to stay in the saddle and keep the pack-horses moving because in many cases they didn't want to walk on the boggy trail or enter the muck hole on the trail that had the consistency of a Chocolate pudding that had been left out on the kitchen cupboard for several days and had a thick skin on top but was soft/watery pudding below. The vegetation in a bog is like a floating mass with small shrubs growing in it and only the top layer can support any weight but if you break through the top layer it was like a water/muck hole filled with muck with no bottom. The horses sensed this danger and didn't want to cross the area but I, as the tail rider, had to keep them moving forward and cross the bog. When any horse senses danger and starts to sink into the muck, it panics and it tries every move possible to jump over or out of the muck hole. All the rider can do is hang on for dear life and hope to stay in the saddle because if you fell off the horse, it would trample you to death. The pack-horses were the same way. Often they would be up to their belly in muck then with a great leap and struggle they would be able to gain a bit of foot hold and get out of the muck hole. We were lucky as we didn't lose any horses or equipment due to the muskeg and looking back now, I realize the dangerous situations we were in many times and no photos to show what it was like, only memories.

There was one situation where a horse was just about lost. This happened at the end of June when Bob and I were away getting our supplies for July, the other members of the crew were travelling one day when one of the pack-horses stumbled, fell and rolled down an embankment and came to rest upside down in a small creek. It took some fast action by Ernie and the others to get this horse out of the creek as it was in danger of drowning. When a horse is upside down, feet in the air, there is no way to get it up unless you can get it turned over with its feet under it then it lifts itself up by using its front feet first. This was a real struggle for the crew but they managed to get the horse up and on the trail again and no disaster happened.

It would take 2-3 hours from the time you arrived at the top of a mountain to be ready to leave and go back to camp.

The information shown in image. Map-03, contains a legend that explains all the additional markings that have been added to the original map. These markings show who climbed each mountain, approximate trail path covered by Boat trip, horse trip by Arnie, and approximate location of camp sites that I was present at during the expedition.

The images that follow are being labeled here to keep the text separate from the images.

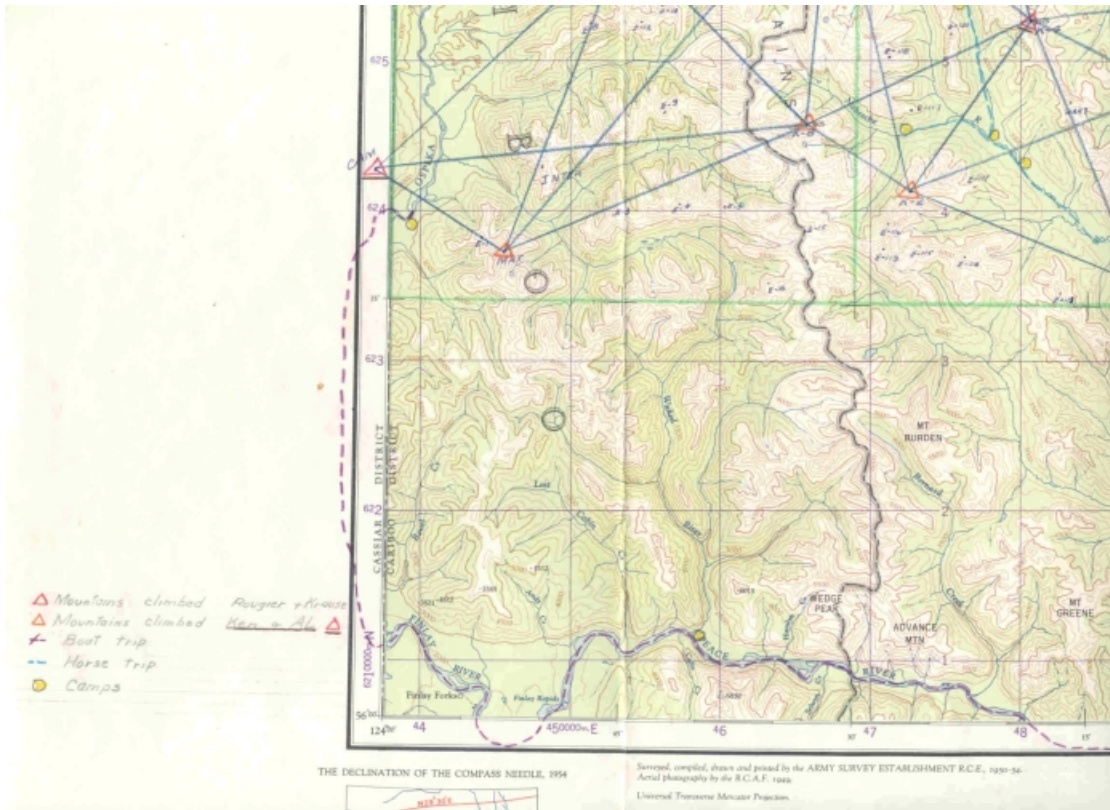
1. Map-01 Lower portion of Survey Grid
2. Map-02 Same as Map-01 but larger scale to see more detail.
3. Map-03 Legend on lower left corner shows what added symbols mean. Each mountain with a triangular symbol was climbed. Color code: Red: Fred Rougier & Arnie Krause; Orange: Ken McKenzie & Al Martine; Red: All four; Ken, Roger, Al, and Arnie (Red underscored)
4. Map-04 Map Title and scale.
5. Map-05 Shows lower right triangulation grid.
6. Map -06 Shows upper portion of survey area and triangulation.
7. Image #7 & 8 Google Earth images 2012 & 2021



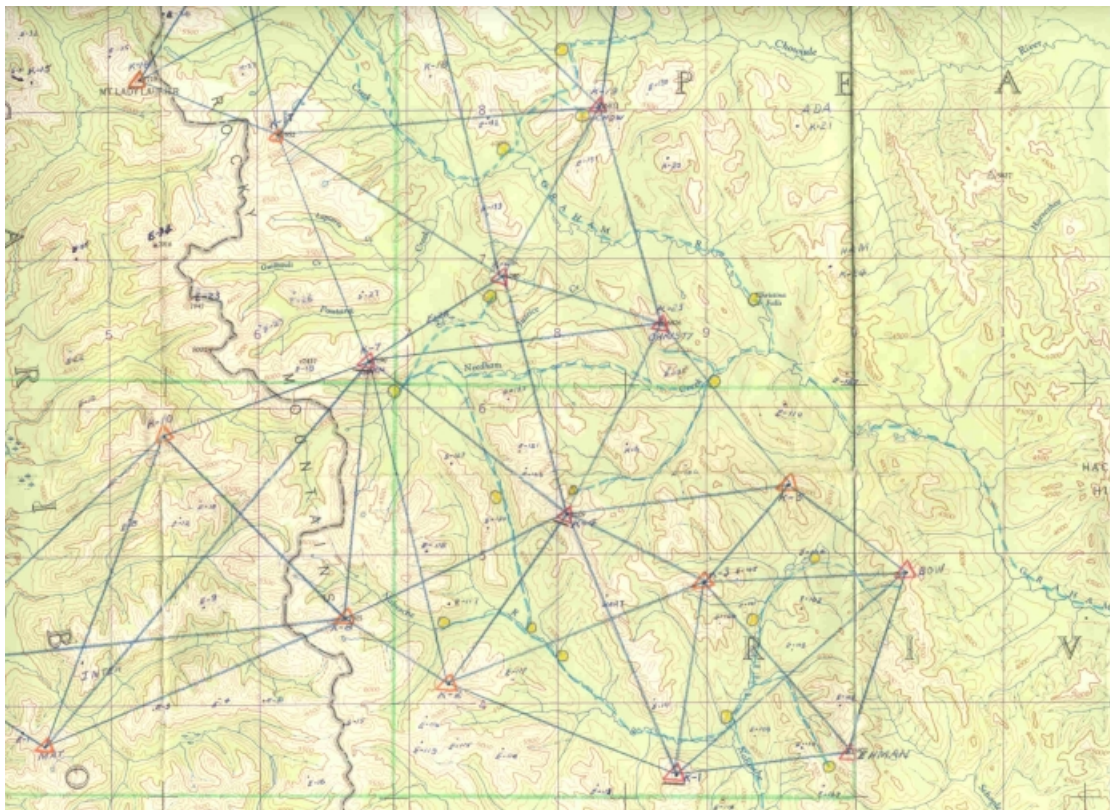
Map # 01



Map # 02



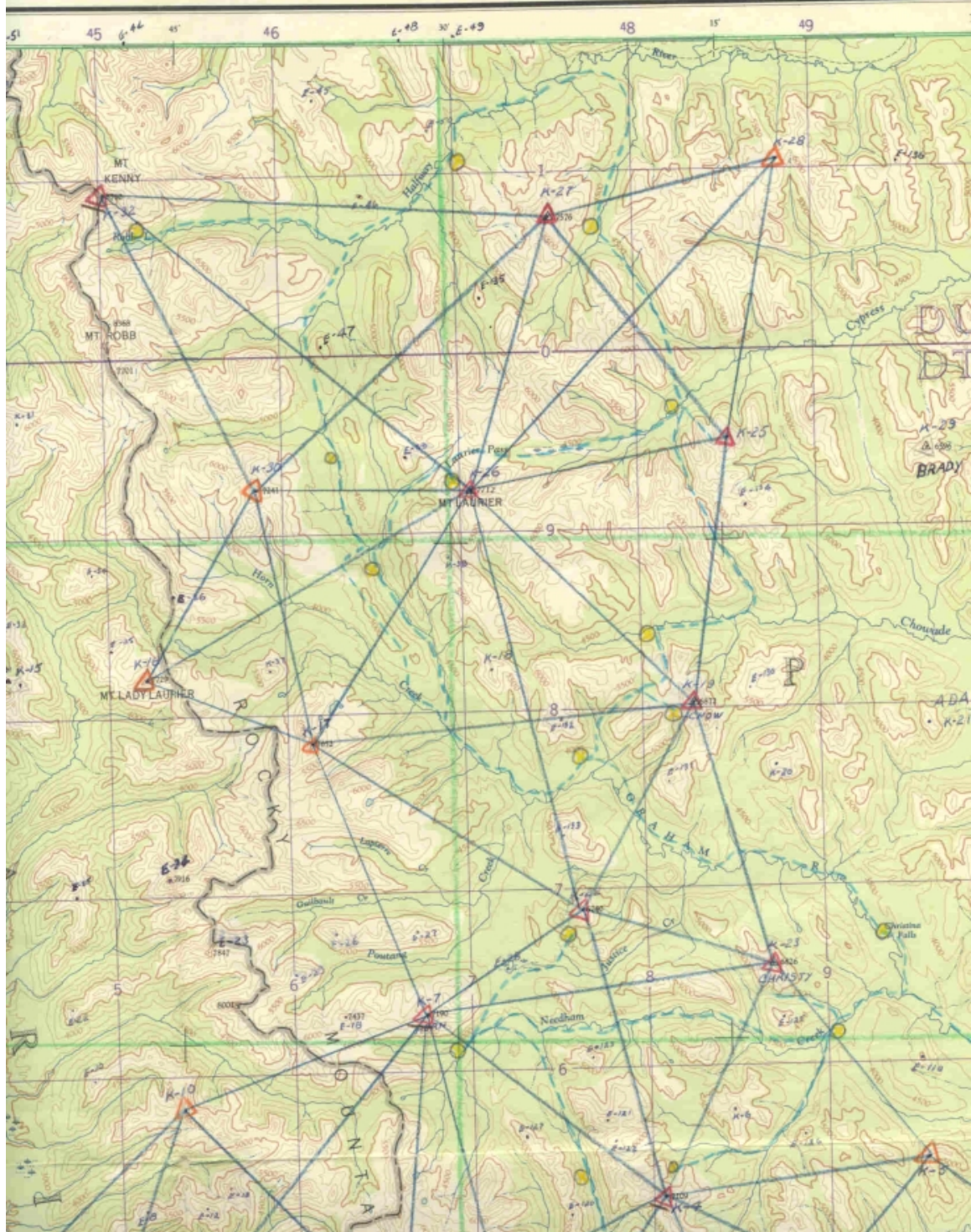
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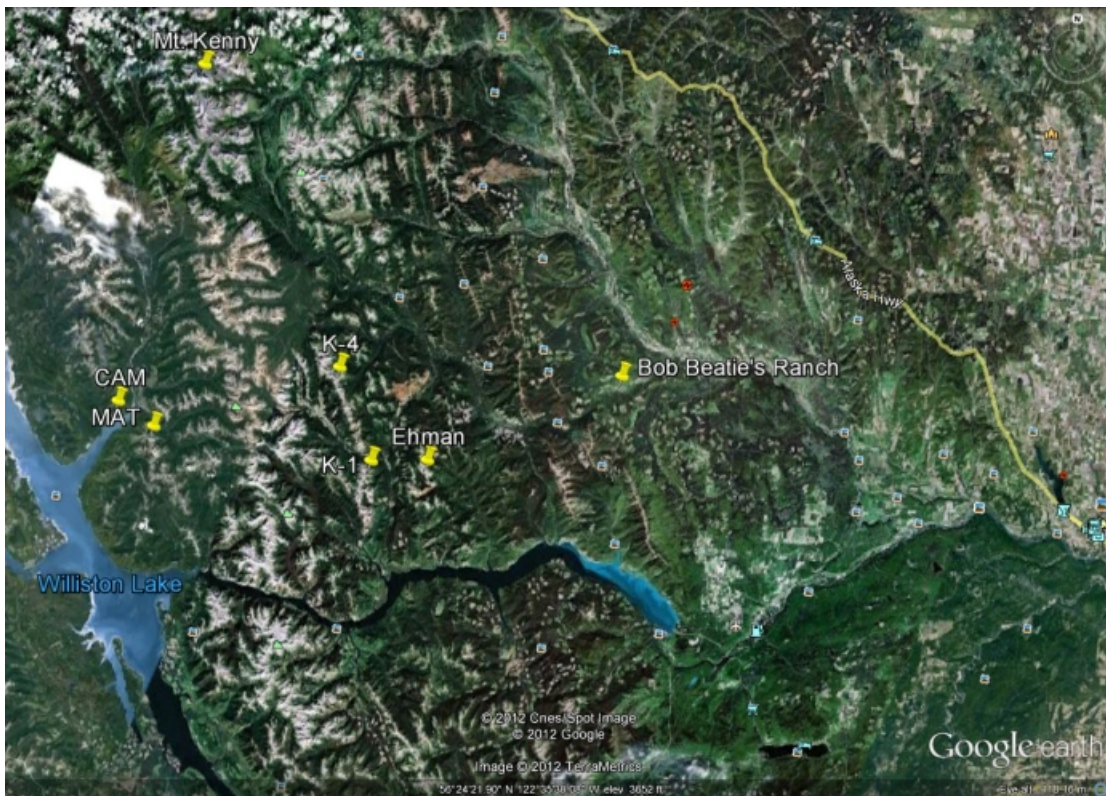
Map # 04



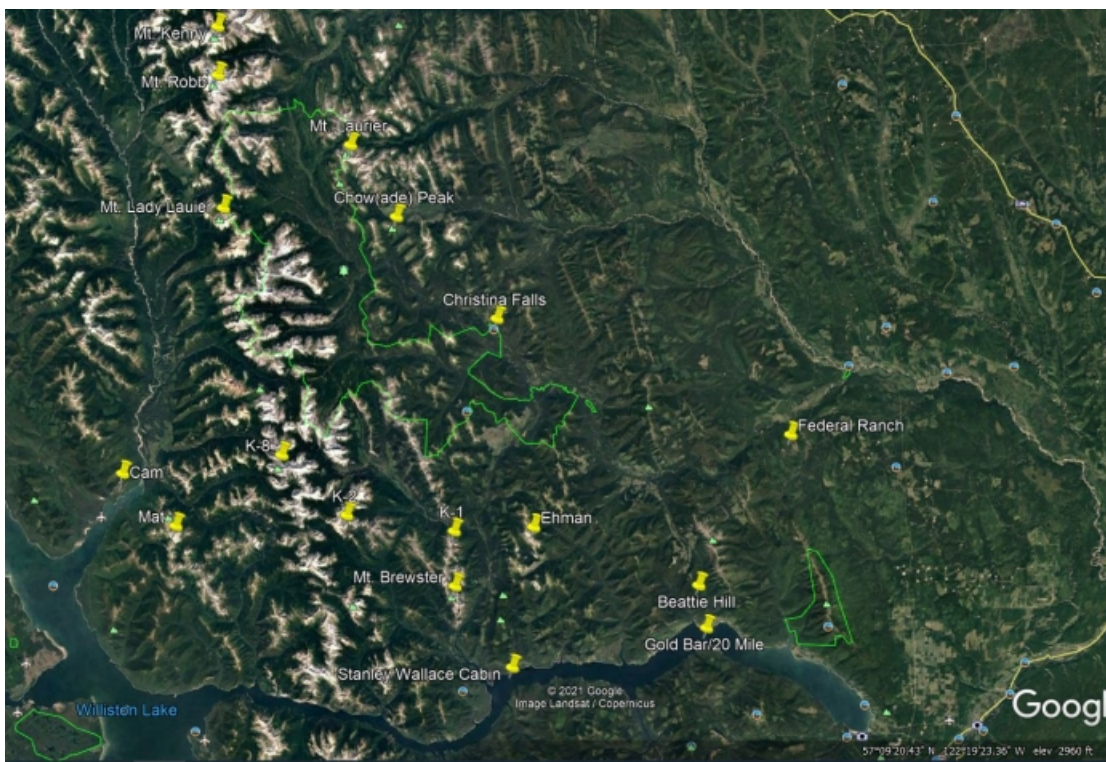
Map # 05



Map # 06



Google Earth as of 2012 - area Survered



Google Earth as of 2021 - area Surveyed

This section covers the train trip from my home in SK to Edmonton, AB; then the plane trip from Edmonton to Fort St. John BC. Travel from Fort St. John, BC to 12-Mile in the back/box of a 3-ton truck taking supplies for delivery to this remote area.

Once we had arrived at 12-mile, the home/farm of our guide/wrangler, Bob Beatty, we were now confronted with a totally different environment and had to get prepared for the pack-horse portion of the expedition and also the river-trip portion. This river-trip portion was to climb two mountains that were located in the extreme south west section of our survey area. Before we left on this river-trip we had to get the horses rounded up, pack-saddle broke as they were all wild horses that had not been used before as pack horses. We required six saddle horses and nine pack horses. The horses were rounded up and selected ones were chosen as those to be saddle horses ridden by our group of Bob Beatty, Ernie Sunholm, Ken McKenzie, Fred Rogier, Al Martine, and myself, Arnie Krause. These 15 horses were put into a corral at Bob's farm at 12-Mile and then to pack-saddle break these wild horses. They were first lassoed, tied to a teather post, pack-saddle put on, then panyards filled with rocks to the approximate weight were added to simulate a loaded pack. These horses tried all sorts of antics to get the saddle and contents off their back but finally realized that was fruitless and accepted the new load. They were let loose in the corral with this saddle and load for a couple days, given feed and water until they were broke and a person could approach them in the corral and they were not afraid of humans or their load. The saddle horses were saddle broke for riding as some had never been ridden before and special horses that were more appropriate for inexperienced riders were chosen. Little Red was an example as he was small and appropriate for Fred. My horse was Big Red, The one that Bob Beatty rode was a wild Bronco that had never been ridden before. the remaining three saddle horses had been ridden previously and were appropriate for the other members of the group. All fifteen horses, pack and saddle had to be shod as they would have gone lame very quicky walking on rocks when crossing rivers or in rocky areas of the route if they didn't have horse shoes to protect their hooves.

Supplies had to be purchased for both the river-trip and pack-horse trip. The first supplies had to last for a period of 6-8 weeks. A lot of our supplies were old Military Rations that consisted of dried foods that were light and easy to pack but not very tasty or so ladden with salt that they had to be used with additional rice or dried beans to make them edible. Fresh meat could be purchased if it was to be consumed in 3-5 days or wild meat or fish caught in local steams or rivers were used. Canned meats consisted of Corned Beef, Spam, or other meats of that nature. Enough supplies had to be purchased that would last for 4-6 weeks and if anything was forgotten, you couldn't go to the corner store as there were none available.

The next seven photos cover the initial portion of my trip from my home to Edmonton, AB by train, then from Edmonton to Fort St. John by airplane.

When I arrived in Fort St. John, I met up with Al Martine the other summer student from the UofS and we found out that the remainder of our group were delayed so we were on our own to try to get to 12-Mile where we were to meet Bob Beatty our Guide and Wrangler(person in charge of the horses etc). There was a three ton open box truck going west so we hitch-hiked a ride in the box of that truck and took six photographs from the truck while on that trip. The next two photographs are of 20-Mile the original home of Bob Beatty's Parents. This property was very interesting as the buildings were all built from squared logs that was built by men who had no work during the Great Depression and stayed at the farm and in exchange for food and lodging, and built the buildings that existed there in 1958. The house had running cold and hot water. The water was from a small stream located near the house and a water pump was used to pumped the water to a tank in the house that was used to give pressure for running water. The hot water was acquired by using the kitchen stove to heat the water. Very primitive but it worked just like in the city but at a much lower daily cost. This farm/ranch called

20-Mile like Bob's home at 12-Mile are now under Lake Williston that was created when the Peace River was dammed by the W.A.C. Bennett Dam.



003BC - Entering Edmonton via train



004BC - Plane at Edmonton airport



005 BC - taken from plane leaving Edmonton



006BC - Plane at Grande Prairie, AB



007BC - Airport terminal Grande Prairie, AB



008BC - My work clothes and shape I was in at beginning of expedition



009BC - Taken from plane leaving Grande Prairie, AB. Next stop Fort St. John, BC



010BC - On road from Fort St. John to 12-Mile in back of 3-ton Truck



011BC - Very close to previous image but Peace River is visible in the valley



012BC - Looking back to see how road twists and turns following the Valley.



013BC - Farrell Creek Post Office. About half way to 12-mile from Fort St. John.



014BC - Helicopter at Hudsons Hope, BC



015BC - Deer on the road/trail from Hudson Hope to 12-Mile



016BC - Evening photo of 20-Mile. Original home of the Beatty Family



017BC - House and Out-buildings at 20-Mile

Boat Trip Expedition

The next five photographs are from the River trip portion of the expedition. The two mountains that had to be climbed were approximately 100 miles upstream from 20-Mile and it took three full days (approx 24 hrs. to make this trip). The Peace River was in an early spring flood stage and with the boat we had, there were times that you had to pilot the boat very close to shore where the water speed was lower to be able to just barely move ahead. However, you had to be very careful not to get into water that was so shallow that would cause the propeller to strike bottom which could cause the shear pin to fail and now you were at the mercy of the speeding water. Bob was a seasoned boat operator and got us safely up the Peace River. Once you got through this fast water section then you were OK and could move out into the middle of the river and carry on at full throttle. Near the shore you were at full throttle but the speed of the water made it seem like you were standing still.

When we reached the Ospika River it was a different situation. This was a much smaller river that was at a high flood level. It was very twisty more like a snake than a river. Log jams were at each bend in the river and the water speed was very fast. In this situation, Ernie was situated in the bow of the boat with the tether rope in his hands and when Bob had to maneuver the boat close to shore to be able to move ahead then Ernie was crouched and ready to jump to the shore and tie the rope to any object that would hold the boat if the propeller hit a rock or bottom and the shear pin failed. This happened once and we were very lucky as a tree was over-hanging the bank and available for Ernie to tie the rope onto to hold the boat while Bob put in a new shear pin. This operation would take 15-30 minutes and if you didn't have the boat teathered you would end up in the nearest logjam and that would have been the end for all of us as we had no lifejackets. Even if we would have had lifejackets, the water was ice cold and a life jack would have only meant that you suffered until hypothermia claimed your life. If you were lucky and were able to make it to a logjam and survive, there was no way to communicate to the outside world that there had been an accident and help was required as you only had sufficient food for maybe one week then you were going to have to live completely off the land and early in the spring there are no wild berries or fruits, nuts, etc, so you would have starved to death before the people realized that something must have happened and maybe they should send out a search and rescue party. On the return trip home, the situation on the Ospika River was even worse than going upriver. In the 3-4 days that we had been in camp, the river had gone down and the water level was lower than when we going upstream. This meant that we would have to be very careful to stay in the deepest water possible and not allow the propeller to hit bottom or strike any rocks and cause the shear pin to fail. There was no chance for anyone to jump to shore so the boat and contents were at the mercy of God and the skills of Bob. We made it back to 20-Mile, covering the distance of approx. 100 miles in approximately 4 hrs. With this information one can calculate the average speed of the water in the river and speed of the boat relative to the water in the river. These values give an average boat speed of slightly more than 14.5 mph and average river water speed of slightly less than 10.5 mph.

I climbed my first mountain at this location and it was a very enlightening experience for me. I put on my new high-top leather soled boots with calks in the soles because there was a lot of deadfall that had to be traversed to get to the top of this very low mountain. Going up the mountain was not a great problem but when we were coming down that is when I realized that I had a major problem. The boots did not fit my feet properly and my foot was sliding ever so slightly inside my boot and coming down hill the weight of my body was landing first on my heels and this cause huge blisters to form on both heels and the layer of skin that came loose was just about down to the raw flesh, not like a minor blister that is only the top layer of the skin. To alleviate the pain, the only way I could walk was to walk on my tip-toes on flat ground or going up-hill or to walk backwards when going downhill. When the other

three members of the group who were with me saw that I was walking backwards then they realized that something was wrong. We made it back to camp but I was unable to climb the next mountain because of my heels. They had sufficient time to heal before I climbed the next Mountain, called K-1(image 34BC). Needless to say, I never wore those boots again as I switched to my rubber soled ankle boots for the remainder of the summer.

The River trip was the first short session to make sure we had everything in our supply list and was a very good method of proving we were prepared for a month in the bush until the next grub trip was taken to bring in new supplies.

The river tip consisted of going up the Peace and Ospika Rivers during the last half of May when the river was very high with early spring run-off. This trip was approximately 100 miles and took about 3 days to reach our first two mountains that had to be climbed. The Peace River was a very large river and the flow rate was very large. The boat that was used was a special type that is used as a freighter boat on the Peace River as it has very low draft and will carry a large load sufficient for our needs but with no extra space or capacity.

The next five photographs are from the River trip portion of the expedition. The two mountains that had to be climbed were approximately 100 miles upstream from 20-Mile and it took three full days(approx 24 hrs. to make this trip. The Peace River was in an early spring flood stage and with the boat we had there were times that you had to pilot the boat very close to shore where the water speed was lower to be able to just barely move ahead. However, you had to be very careful not to get into water that was too shallow that would cause the propeller to strike bottom which could cause the shear pin to fail and now you were at the mercy of the speeding water. Bob was a seasoned boat operator and got us safely up the Peace River. Once you got through this fast water section then you OK and could move out into the middle of the river and carry on at full throttle. Near the shore you were at full throttle but the speed of the water made it seem like you were standing still.

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018BC - Boat trip from 20-Mile to Ospika Camp via Peace River.



019BC - On Peace River near to Rocky Mountain Trench.



020BC - Cache building at location where we camped at end of day one of the River trip



021BC - Looking westward across Peace river in the Finley Forks area. Note very wide valley with mountains in the distance.



022BC - Return trip down Peace River. end of boat section of expedition.

Pack-Horse Expedition

This section covers the real part of the expedition as we started out with nine pack-horses and six men on horseback to gather information for the survey area. Al and Ernie would not be back to civilization again until 28 Aug. so they would be in the bush for approximately three months. Bob, Ken, and myself would come out to get fresh supplies. Bob and one of either Ken or myself, came out to get supplies at the end of June or July.

The descriptions for each photo are included in the caption or extra information with the photograph.



023BC - Loading supplies at end of road at Goldbar.

Two boats are seen in this photograph, the one on the left was a different group. The pile of supplies and boat on the right was our boat. All of the men in our crew, supplies, and equipment required for the pack-horse expedition were taken by boat upriver to Stanley Wallace's cabin***. All of the horses were herded up to Stanley's cabin and everything was assembled that location to start the expedition into the survey area.

*** See Memorable People for information that I remember about Stanley Wallace.



024BC - Starting into the bush. My position in the group as the tail end.

It was interesting as to what each one of us in the party had as our responsibility, that just happened but we were lucky. Of the six men in the group, Bob was the guide so he was at the head of the line of horses then Ernie as he was also a seasoned rider and a person well aware of the bush. Ken, Fed, and Al had limited or no previous experience with horses so were situated in strategic locations in the pack string to try and keep the line moving smoothly and my position was at the very end. I had some previous riding experience so I was at the end to prevent any of the pack-horses from turning around and trying to go back to their home pasture. This was not an easy task as the pack-horse would go into the trees and try to get around you, so they had a clear path home. My job was to ride wherever required to prevent that horse or horses for getting ahead of me and on a clear trail back home. This was very important for the first day or so but became less day by day.

As we would be riding along a game or trapper trail, we would often disturb a wasp nest and the wasps would come out to protect their home. The riders and pack-horses at the head of the group stirred the wasp up, I would notice horse ahead of me jumping and kicking as the wasps tried to sting them and by the time I reached the point where the wasp nest was located, they were very active and I was in the midst of some very angry wasps and was stung many times.



025BC - Crossing the Nabasche River near K-1



026BC - K1 in distance (see 034BC for K-1)



027BC - Typical mountain terrain we encountered while climbing.



028BC - Crossing a mountain Pass(Bob, Fred, and myself on a side trip)



029BC - Photograph of sun at 3 pm, smoky from forest fires about 100 miles away.



030BC - Fungus growing on a fallen tree.

I call this photo "Forest Beauty" as it was located on a fallen tree that lay across the game-trail and the sun shone on this spot because of the fallen tree. The area around the fungus was not in sunlight to it was a very unique situation to get a photo under these conditions.



031BC - Crossing a river/creek



032BC - Base camp at K-1 (K-1 in background looking south) next photo was taken looking north.



033BC - Staley Wallace's tapper's cabin (at K-1 base camp)



034BC - Mountain K-1



035BC - Mountain west of K-4(taken from camp west of K-4)



036BC - Water falls



037BC - The crew minus one(me(summer student) taking photo)

Left to right: Bob(Guide/Wrangler), Ernie(Cook/Wrangler), Ken(boss), Al(summer student), and Fred(assistant boss)

Some information on the crew might be of interest as we were a very diverse group.

- 1) Bob Beatty, our Guide and Wrangler, lived on a ranch at 12-Mile. His original home was 20-Mile. Bob was in his mid 30's. He was the only member of the crew that was partially bald as can be seen in the photo.
- 2) Ernie Sunholm was age 56, a chain smoker 24 hrs a day. He smoked even at night when he was sleeping as he would have a cigarette in his mouth and barely wake up to relight the cigarette and take a couple puffs the fall back to sleep again with the cigarette in his mouth. This made Bob very nervous as the two shared the same tent and Bob feared that Ernie would cause a fire in the tent. Ernie had only one tooth in his head and only one lung. Ernie was from around Banff and had worked for the Brewster Company in the Banff area previously.
- 3) Ken McKenzie was our boss and was from Ottawa, ON
- 4) Al Martine, Summer Student from the University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon.
- 5) Fred Rougier, assistant boss, he was originally from Levis, QC. Located on the south shore across from Quebec City.
- 6) Arnie Krause, Summer student from University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon



038BC - limestone formations (on side of Nabasche river valley located between K-8 and K-2), no water (White spot on right side looks like a defect??)



039BC - Limestone formations showing walls, no water



040BC - Limestone Formations active area with water



041BC - Limestone formations with water



042BC - Al coming down steep area on attempted climb of K-4. attempted to climb from camp to the west of K-4, failure. Second attempt from camp to north of K-4, very easy.



043BC - Rest of crew descending from failed attempt on K-4

The equipment that we had available for climbing mountains was a laughing matter. Basically all we had was our determination and rubber soles boots, no climbing equipment or tools of any kind or type. Fool hardy for the Government of Canada to send men into the wilds to do a job and give them nothing to work with. It is a wonder that nobody was injured or killed during this expedition.

One of our encounters with other survey groups working in the area was during the time that we were moving from the camp near K-7(Horn) to the camp south east of Christy. This was about in mid+ July and we encountered the camp of an Imperial Oil Survey group. They invited us in for tea and High-Bush Cranberry pie which was very tasty. Their cook was a lady who was the daughter of the family that ran the Post Office at Farrell Creek, Bob knew her. It was a real treat to hear a woman's voice and also some tunes on a radio or some device that was playing a recording with a female voice. I had never experienced the sensation of missing sounds like this before. The meeting with this Imperial Oil group was a blessing as we would find later when they gave us food when Bob and Ken were out for supplies at the end of July. (see 048BC for details on this encounter)



044BC - On top of K-4? or Horn.



045BC - K-4



046BC - Fred the fisherman



047BC - Arnie with a Bull Trout(moccasins drying in background)



048BC - Helicopter Our saviors

At the end of July, Bob and Ken went out to civilization to get our supplies for the month of August or end of the expedition. They left the four other members and 4 horses so that the mountain called Christy could be climbed and what they thought was sufficient food to last until they returned. This camp was located south and east of Christy on Needham Creek. There were fish in this Creek but were very quickly fished out for .5 miles each way from camp and we had no other wild meat as it had

been used up. Our supplies dwindled to the point that we basically had white rice and little to nothing else, not even butter or soya sauce to put on your rice. For supper you ate white rice until you couldn't eat any more but 30 minutes later your stomach was growling for food.

There was an Imperial Oil Geological party working in the area and one afternoon, they landed a helicopter on an island in the Needham Creek beside our camp. We talked to them but told them that we couldn't invite them in for tea and goodies because we didn't have any. They left and wished us luck and that evening when we were eating what we had for supper, we heard a helicopter and the sound kept getting closer and closer until it landed on the island again. We rushed out to then to see what the reason was for their early return and they said "Santa Clause is here with an Early Christmas Present" as they gave us an apple box of food to tide us over until Bob and Ken returned. We were very thankful.

When you go out and get a new supply of food for the next month then you don't return to camp with that food but you go to the next camp location and leave as much of the supplies as possible as the panyards are full with the new supply and you require room in the panyards to store the items that need to be moved from the old camp. You store these supplies and cover them with tarps in hope that bears or other animals don't come and destroy them before you return with the whole group and tents to store the items in while in that campground. Bob and Ken left the supplies at Christina Falls where our next camp would be located then they came to the camp on Needham Creek where we were with our dwindling box of supplies that the Imperial Oil group had delivered to us. We then moved the camp from Needham Creek to Christina Falls.



049BC - Al Climbing down a ledge at the top of Christina Falls



050BC - Al at Christina Falls



051BC - Arnie at Christina Falls



052BC - Looking down the gorge at Christina Falls



053BC - Water entering Christina Falls



054BC - Fed & Al at Christina Falls

The photos taken at Christina Falls are very limited as you would have need a helicopter to be able to take a photo showing the magnitude of this Falls. The height of this Falls is greater than Niagara Falls in Ontario, the big difference is the amount of water going over the Falls at Niagara Falls is many times larger than at Christina Falls.

Al and I did a little exploring at the top area as the photos show. After I took the photo of Al, I had to turn away because if he slipped it would be to his death. I had come down that ledge but couldn't watch Al do the same thing because I was thinking of the danger he was in.

Bob and Ernie climbed down the canyon to the base of the falls to try their hand at trying to catch some fish. They safely returned to camp with their prizes and we had a great feast of Arctic Grayling that evening for supper.



055BC - Ernie with Arctic Grayling caught in river at base of Christina Falls



056BC - Bob Cooking Fish for supper at Christina Falls Camp.



057BC - Leaving Christina Falls Camp site headed for campsite at Chow(Chowade)



058BC - Pack-Horses and Ken



059BC - High up in a mountain pass



060BC - Same as #59 but with Fed and Bob



061BC - Bob with Cariboo that he shot



062BC - Cariboo that Bob shot



063BC - Our fresh meet supply for the next few weeks. Cariboo better than beef.



064BC - Ken and Bob after skinning Cariboo.
The clearing in the distance that is near Bob's face is where our Base Camp was located.



065BC - Tightening the pack-saddle/Panyard Diamond Hitch.



066BC - Chipmonk seen while on a climb.



067BC - Ken on MT Laurier.

The climb to the top of this mountain was very dangerous and we were able to climb up areas but knew that we had to return some other way because it was extremely dangerous to try and descend using this same route. Once you had gone up an area and couldn't go down then you were committed to completing the climb or perish on the mountain. a later photo will try to show this spot as the most dangerous. On the return route photos were taken back on the skyline where this photo was taken(see next photo)



068BC - Previous photo was taken at one of the vertical sections as shown on the left skyline.



069BC - Ptarmigan seen on return route from Mt. Laurier



070BC - Whistler/Marmot: This animal was watching us eat our supper. Tastes just like chicken.



071BC - Procedure on top of mountain. 1. Take readings,



072BC - Take IR-photographs



073BC - Construct Cairn. Packup and leave



074BC - Our meat tent hanging in an old structure



075BC - Crossing a mountain Pass(light spots on film are from developing errors)



076BC - Mt. Robb Glacier taken from Mt. Kenny(light strip in photo is development error)



077BC - Robb Lake from top of Mt Kenney(our camp was at left end of lake)



078BC - Ken & Fred on top of Mt. Kenney(8760 ft) highest mtn. climbed.



079BC - Robb Lake looking west.



080BC - Mt. Kenney: looking west



081BC - Mt. Kenney(note steep north side)(white area is from film development)



082BC - Fred resting on climb to last mountain of the expedition. (Note Fall colors beautiful)



083BC - Taken from top of last mountain, K-27(Note Mt Kenney in distance sharp peak to the right of center).(looking west)



084BC - Taken from top of last mountain, K-27, looking north.



085BC - After the last mountain. At camp east of K-27. This is a memorable spot,

I will always remember this camp as it was the location of the last mountain that I climbed but more memorable was that for supper the night before this climb, we used the last of our fresh meat supply because the outer layer of 2-3 inches of meat had to be cut-off and discarded as it was crawling with maggots. The edible meat was very tender and tasty but it was deteriorating very rapidly. While eating supper that evening we heard a sound coming from the creek that was very near our campsite. Bob grabbed his rifle and shot a female caraboo while it was standing in the creek. When he bled the animal where it had fallen, the Bull Trout from downstream must have thought that a smorgusboard was awaiting them as the stream was jumping with many many Bull Trout. Bob used his hands to scoop a huge trout out of the water and toss it ashore. We cook that trout and it was our lunch, the next day while climbing K-27. Cold Trout and Bannock makes a very tasty sandwich.

Bob was very concerned that he had killed a female animal but we were out of meat and if we were going to have any meat for the remainder of the expedition then we had the right to live off the land, male or female animals.

This is also one of the only photos that shows the load that each of us had to carry to the top of every mountain that we climbed as a group of two. I had the tripod and other accessories and Fred had the Theodolite and other equipment. The two loads were about equal.

When we arrived back at Base Camp the other crew had arrived the previous day and told us about the situation they ran into on arrival. A black bear had found our camp and was in the process of enjoying any new findings possible. The bear was actually sitting at one of the tents where the canned food was stored as well as the IR photographic plates from mountains that had already been climbed. The cook tent was in shambles, looked like the bear had given our metal camping cook stove a big hit and threw the stove out through the roof of the tent as shown in the next photo. When an inspection was done to see if all the IR photographic plates were safe and sound, it was determined that one complete set of plates were missing. The crew spent several hours searching for these missing plates and were lucky to find them in the bush. Two glass plates were broken and luckily they were the spare ones because if one of the other plates had been damaged, that mountain would have had to be climbed again. It was

late in the season and within the next two days the mountains in the area were covered with snow so a re-ascend would have been out of the question and the season would have been a partial failure.

When we arrived and unpacked our gear and selected our tent that we would sleep in that night there was only one tent left and that was the one that the bear had been at when the first group arrived. That night the parting words were that if they heard me call out in the night then maybe the bear was in the tent with me. That didn't happen but the bear did come back in the night and was at the meat tent trying to get some fresh meat. The sound of the bear moving the panyards that were stored near the meat tent must have woken me and but I couldn't hear anything but in a few minutes there was the sound of panyards moving again. I peeked out of the door of my tent and could see the bear very dimly, I started to call Bob, Bob... each time I said his name it kept getting louder and louder. This finally woke Bob and some of the other crew but it also scared the bear away from the camp.

Bob replied and I told him that the bear was trying to get at the meat tent. He got his rifle and came out to see if the bear was still around but nothing was found. He went back to bed but lay awake. Within a few minutes, there was a sound of panyard being moved and this time Bob heard it as well, grabbed his rifle and came out to inspect the situation. He saw the bear and took a shot, hitting the animal that tried to escape as fast as it could. The escape route the bear was trying to take was barred by a pole between two trees where the saddles were stored. This blocked that escape route so the bear had to choose a different route and as he took that new route, Bob took a second shot and killed the black bear shown in the next two photos. If those saddles had not been in the location where they were, the bear would have ended up in my tent as the door to my tent faced directly towards the saddles.



086BC - Cook tent after bear's visit to our base camp.



087BC - Arnie & the bear, the next morning.



088BC - Bob & the bear, the next morning.



089BC - Christina Falls from a distance, on the trip back to 20-Mile.



090BC - Al & Arnie at 20-Mile, back to civilization.

We arrived back at 20-Mile on 28 August 1958 after our expedition. As we were approaching the ranch at 20-Mile, I noticed that as we passed any patches where wild berries were present that there was a strange smell then I noticed bear scat on the trail and only then realized the what I was smelling was that a bear had recently been in that area. My sense of smell was more sensitive to these new smells but not

to the smells that I might have been carrying.

As we were nearing the ranch at 20 mile, the trail came down off a bench and the trail was very sandy soil. The horses sensed that they were coming home and started to trot and were slipping and sliding in the sandy soil as they came down the steep trail. This was exactly the opposite to when we started the horse expedition and they didn't want to leave the Peace river valley where home was but were now anxious to return.

The day we arrived at the ranch, Bill Beatty told us that there was a dance in Hudsons Hope that night and asked if anyone wanted to come along. I indicated that I didn't have any different clothes than what I had in the bush all summer. He said take a shower and come along as everybody else will be casual. I did that and had an enjoyable time but now I wonder what the girls/ladies that I danced with thought of the smell of me as I was wearing my work boots that were high with the smell of rancid Cooking Oil, Wood smoke, and Balsam pitch. Nobody said anything or refused to dance so maybe my smell was not that offensive to them because they were used to it.

I had climbed 16 mountains and ridden approximately 800 miles on horseback. When you are in the saddle for a long time, your butt gets very sore, so you would dismount and walk for a while to limber up and let your backside rest a little. Then you would get back in the saddle again and ride for a while until you repeated the same process and reached your destination. This meant that the distance walked while climbing each mountain on that expedition was the distance from where the horses were left, then you walked to and from the mountain so that would be sixteen times an average distance of say 3-4 miles or 7 miles round trip or approx 100-150 miles plus roughly 300-350 miles while riding which gives a grand total of 400-500 miles. I went into the bush weighing approx 190 pounds and returned at about the same weight, the big difference was that much of the fat had been replaced by muscle. The muscles in my legs were rock solid as well as stomach muscles as these were used a lot when riding and the horse had to jump over a log that was across the trail, or riding through a muskeg bog. Riding a horse rounding up cows in the prairies is nothing like riding horseback in the woods and mountains. One is a picnic, the other is a workout.

When I returned to the farm in early September, I took my packsack, boots, and other belongings into the house and after a few minutes, my mother asked what is smelling so bad? Upon inspecting my belongings, I realized it was my boots that had been kept waterproof by using Mazolla Oil. The oil was rancid and that was the cause of the smell as well as the smell of Balsam pitch and wood smoke from our trip. I threw the pair of boots outside and about an hour later looked out and one of the boots was missing. Our dog was busy chewing away on my boot and had eaten about a quarter of the ankle portion and was chewing away on the remainder. He must have loved the smoked, Balsam infused, and oiled leather thinking it was a doggie treat.

The following two photos are from when I was at the farm in SK and I was preparing to remove my beard which had been allowed to grow from when I last shaved in early June. The time of the photos was very early September.



090aBC - Shape I was in. Full beard.
About the same weight as prior to trip as fat was replaced by muscle.



090bBC - Partial Beard, prior to full removal.

These two photos also show the physical shape I was in compared to four month earlier.



090cBC - Photo taken before start of expedition into BC bush country.

Exit from the Bush and return home

This final section shows some images of leaving the Peace River area, flight back to Edmonton, and a few shots in Edmonton. I had purchased a new camera to take photos of my trip and the sales person told me to take 3-4 rolls of BW photos before I switches to colour. Well. I took one roll of BW and then purchased 5 Ektachrome rolls of film, each with 20 exposures. When I took all these photographs, I didn't know if any would turn out as they could all be blank when I returned and had them developed. I was lucky only a few are poor as noted and I have all of these photos to share with the world because how much would it cost to take a 3.5 month mountain trip and see the scenery that these photos have given those who view them. In some way, they are priceless.



091BC - Hudsons Hope, BC



092BC - Fort St. John Terminal building.



093BC - Peace River & Bridge from the air.



094BC - Edmonton City Hall



095BC - Fountain at Edmonton City Hall.



096BC - Jasper Ave. Edmonton at night.



097BC - Home of Cecil Andrews, Edmonton, AB



098BC - Cecil Andres home.



099BC - Susie Andrews, my second cousin.

Wild-Life Encounters during Expedition

We saw the evidence of wild-life dailey while on the expedition. While we were in the boat travelling to the first two mountains we would see black bear on the hill sides as the fed on whatever they were looking for. Nothing reat to report and no photographs as they would have just been a dot in the photo with a background showing river and mountains.

When the crew climbed the second moutain and I had to stay behind in camp because of the huge blisters on both heals, they had a very scary/(possible dangerous situation) with a mother moose and her two babies. I wasn't there but according to what I can remember from what I was told, the crew ended up between the cow moose and her two calves and the calves were inquisitive and were approaching the crew. If mother moose had thought thst her babies were in danged then she could hav attached the crew to protect her babies. The crew had no place to hide or protect themselves, all they could do was to very carefully try to show no signs of endangerment to the two calves and move away from the calves and mother. Nothing happened and they were able to climb the mountain and return safely. This was a long day for the crew as they had to travel about five miles from camp to the mountain. They left early in the morning and didn't return until about 10: pm in the evening and missed the camp by about ,5 miles but were able to locate our camp. The delay with the moose situation was part of the time consuming problems they ran into that day.

At the end of June when Bob and I came out for supplies for July, on our return to leave the supplies at the camp west of K-4, we had a very scary encounter with a black bear. Bob was in the lead and as his horse was coming up a steep incline after crossing a small stream, his horse reared up because a bear was standing in the middle of the trail, showing its teeth which scared the horse. When his horse reared up, this just about cause Bob to fall backwards out of the saddle, what saved him was that he grabed the saddle horn and stayed in the saddle. Once on the bank, he quickly dismounted, grabed his rifle and took a shot at the rapidly moving bear in the distance and missed. We looked for evidence to see if he might have wounded the bear but there was no evidence of that. To have a wounded bear in an area that you would have to return through in the next few days would be very dangerous. We left the supplies at the location for the next camp(one shown west of K-4). The next day as we were returning along this same trail, Bob noticed cub tracks in the mud near the creek. What caused this situation must have been that we got between a mother bear and her cubs and she was trying to protect them. Bob told me that he had never seen a black bear act that way but under the circumstances he could see why the mother bear would act the way she did.

When Bob and I returned to the camp that was located near K-2 and K-8, the crew that had remained behind while we were out for supplies related to us their very scary experince that the had on either K2 or K-8. The day the climbed the mountain, everyting went well but while they were taking readings, a thunder storm came up. They very hurridly completed all the steps required as they noticed the the tripod and instruments were making a humming sound. While building the cairn, they noticed sparks jumping between the rocks. There was a mother Ptarmigan and her chicks nearby and when the crew saw mother Ptarmigan suddenly move her chicks and herself to a hiding place did they realize that maybe they should also seek shelter or protection from a possible lighning strike. Lightning strikes the highest point and that was the instrument on the tripod or cairn so the searched for a depressed area and were able to hide in the rocks until the storm had passed. How close they were to death was unknown but they could have been to close for comfort.

One of the most scary and dangerous situations happened when Bob, Fred, and myself were at the mountain called Bow. Our camp was located withinthe triangle made by K-3, K-5, and Bow. The camo location is where E-104 is shown on the map called 01BC. Since Bow was a considerable distance

from any creek or water supply, we had to make the camp at E-104. The day before the climb, we cut and blazed a trail to Bow so that we could follow that blazed trail when we climbed Bow. The discussion in camp was if Bob was required to go with Fred and I when we climbed the mountain. We could tie our saddle horses to trees, climb the mountain, return to the horses as come back to camp. The other situation was that Bob would go with us and take care of the horses while Fred and I climbed the mountain. We chose the later option because we felt that tethering the horses for 3-4 hours might be a bit long and maybe somebody should be with the horses.

The blazed trail into the base of Bow was not a very straight route as it snaked its way between and around trees to get to the destination. When Fred and I were on Bow and just about completed all our work, a hail storm gave us a total drenching and the hail was the size of marbles and lots of it. Coming down from a mountain walking on marbles/hail stones is not an easy task and as we got lower down from the top of the mountain, the amount of hail on the ground kept getting more and more, We finally go down to where Bob was with the horses and the hail was about four inches deep on the ground. More like a snow fall except this was a hail fall. With this hail on the ground and the warm weather, the area was full of steam from the melting hail stones and you could only see maybe 30-50 feet around with any idea of what you were looking at. Beyond 50 feet it was all a haze, you could see motion but it was very difficult to recognize what it was. As we were following our blazed trail, after about 15-20 minutes of leaving the place where Bob had the horses, we entered a small clearing, Bob noticed a movement as a Grizzly bear suddenly turn and disappear into the bush. His view of the bear was only sufficient to see that it wasn't a black bear and for the size and color it must have been a Grizzly. As we followed our blazed trail homeward now we could also see how the bear had been following our trail around every tree as it was following our scent. If Fred and I had been delayed by another thirty minutes on the mountain, the bear would have reached the location of Bob and the horses. The rifle that Bob carried was not meant for killing a big Grizzly as it would only wound it or scare it away. If Bob had not been present with the horses then the bear would have at least scared the horses, they would have broken loose and ran off and Fred and I would have been stranded with a Grizzly looking for its next meal. How lucky we were to have made the right decisions and God took care of us and we returned to camp safe and sound.

There were other encounters with black bears being seen near our camps but they would run away when they saw humans. The only black bear that did cause problems was shot and that part of the story has already been given. See section with 086BC...088BC photographs that shown the damages and dead bear.

Summer Work 1959 Saskatchewan Survey Area

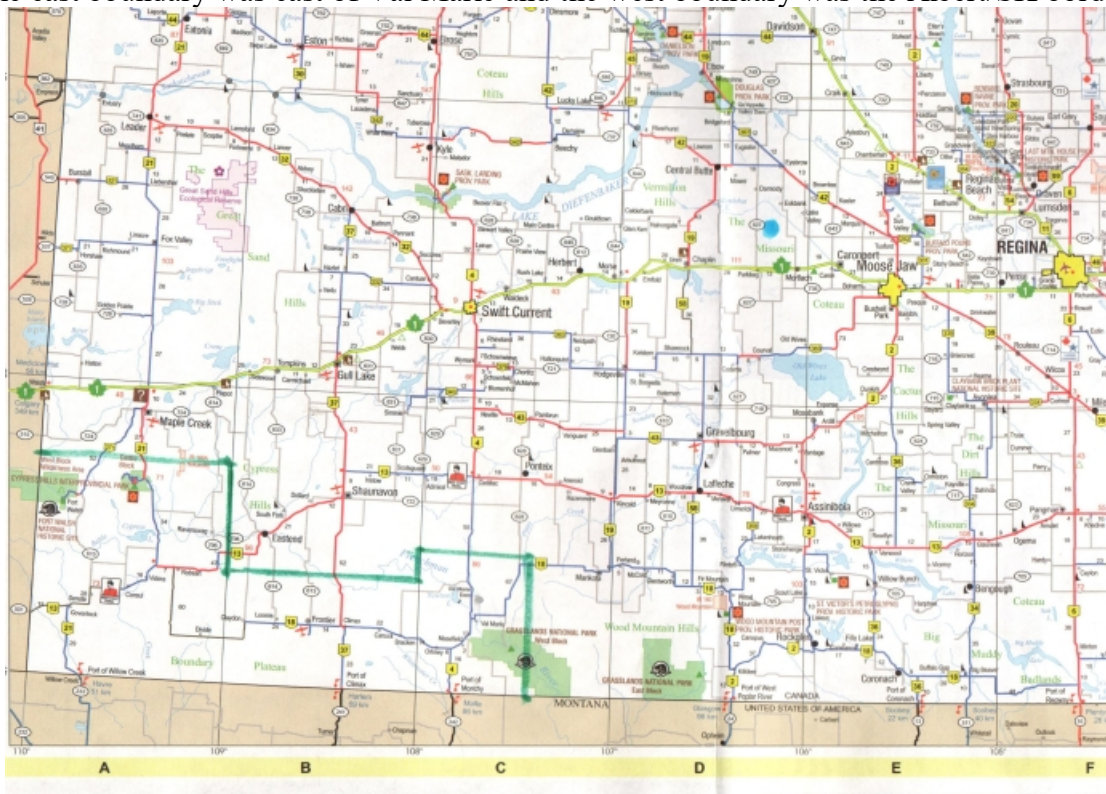
This summer work was for the same department of the Canadian Government but was entirely different than the BC expedition. Here we would be using vehicles for transportation, eating in cafe's, and using instrumentation(Transit) that would determine angles and distances to a Stadia Rod held by a rodman(Summer Student), Larry and I were the instrument men or note takers.

Our crew consisted of Larry Chouinard(boss), Arnie Krause(instrument man/assistant boss), Tom DuFour(summer student, Dr's son from Ottawa), and Dick Marks(summer student from Ottawa)

This expedition started in North Battleford, SK where the whole group met and took three vehicles and one trailer used as out office/sleeping quarters for the summer. A Ford truck was our main transportation vehicle which was equiped with a trailer hitch to pull the camper trailer, the other two vehicles were a Red Jeep used daily by the rodmen, and an old brown Willis jeep that should have been sent to a scrap yard but we had to move it from North Battle Ford, SK to Portage la Prairie, MB when the expedition was done.

The area surveyed covered an area of 56,000 square miles in the south west corner of Saskatchewan plus the Manyberries Experimental Farm in Alberta.

The area in SK was a rectangular shape on three sides and the fourth side was irreguar. It covered from the US-Canada border on the south to the north side that was irregular but went from north of Val Marie in the east to north of Eastend then the northern boudary was to the north side of the Cyprus Hills. The east boundary was east of Val Marie and the west boundary was the Albert/SK border.



000SK - Survey Area(north boundary shown with green hi-liter) Farm where I grew up, Blue dot, west of Moose Jaw

This survey worked with sterio ariel photographs of the area and every farm and building had to be

identified. A red dot for the house or main building that was not a barn and a blue line that was the orientation of the barn.

All of the border monuments on the US/Canada border had to be identified and marked on the photographs. This was one of my responsibilities and I spent more time illegally in the US as the valleys and creeks ran north south and to find a place to cross from one side to the other when travelling east, you would look on the photograph to see if a crossing point was available on the Canadian side and use that one but if there was nothing within a reasonable distance then you looked on the south side of the border to find what looked like a possible place to cross. You could see the US border patrol trucks parked on a hilltop in the distance as they were watching you, as long as you returned to the Canadian side without doing anything other than crossing the creek/valley you were not challenged.

The images that follow are presented in the same sequence that they were taken and short sections of text will be included to indicate what the photo is about and what its significance is to the whole story.

For people who live in the prairies, it will be boring with the odd item that shows the beauty of our land and hidden treasures that most don't even know that exist in Saskatchewan.



000SK - Cyprus Valley South of Cypress Hills Interprovincial Park. Taken from Hwy #21



001SK - Same as previous but little better view of Cypress Lake in background.



002SK - Loch Lamond at Cypress Hills Interprovincial Park(CHIP).



003SK - CHIP Restaurant(Left) and Hall(Right) at CHIP. Pool area is to left of Restaurant behind trees.



004SK - CHIP Pool: Swan Dive, part 1



005SK - CHIP Pool: Swan Dive, part 2



006SK - CHIP Pool: Swan Dive, part 3



007SK - Lunch time. South of CHIP



008SK - Lunch time. South of CHIP.

Left Larry Couinard(Boss), Dick Marks(Summer Student), and Tom Dufour(Summer Student)



009SK - Weekend break from work, at a local ranch at branding time.



010SK - Cows and calves in corral. Calves awaiting their turn to be branded etc.



011SK - Prairie Sunset



012SK - Gateway to Cypress Ranch



013SK - Cypress Valley with Cypress Lake in the far background.



014SK - Scene from top of Cypress Hills looking north to the Prairie flat-lands.



015SK - Area to west in the flat lands also has valleys so it's not flat like other areas.



016SK - The trees that grown on the top of the Cypress hills include Lodge-Pole Pine that were never touched by the last iceage as the hills were not glaciated.



017SK - I believe that this tree is a Lodgepole Pine.



018SK - Gates to ranch north of CHIP.

Our Survey required that we gather survey data at required locations from this ranch all the way west to the Albert Border. This was a real Challenge as the coulees from the Cypress hills run from south to north and we had to cross every coulee in the 22-25 mile distance to the Alberta border.



019SK - Gates at Six-Mile Ranch.



020SK - Gates at Six-Mile Ranch: Note Texas Gate on left, normal gate on right.



021SK - Badlands area in Cypress Hills Valley.



022SK - More Badlands in Cypress Valley.



023SK - From Badlands area looking towards Ravenscrag(white dot) elevator in the far distance. It was down in this area of Saskatchewan that Scottie Tyrannous Rex was discovered. The following was copied from the following URL:

"<https://www.smithsonianmag.com/smart-news/meet-scotty-largest-and-longest-lived-t-rex-ever-found-180971808/>"

By [Meilan Solly](#)

smithsonianmag.com

March 27, 2019

Some 66 million years ago, a *Tyrannosaurus rex* weighing an estimated 19,555 pounds—nearly as much as [four pick-up trucks](#)—roamed what is now the Canadian province of Saskatchewan. Measuring roughly [42 feet long](#), the dinosaur led what University of Alberta paleontologist Scott Persons [describes](#) as an “unusually long” but violent life, enduring injuries ranging from broken ribs to an infected jaw before dying in its early 30s.

Researchers first unearthed the formidable *T. rex*’s remains in 1991, Michael Greshko reports for [National Geographic](#). Given the dinosaur’s sheer size and encasement in cement-like sandstone, however, it took more than two decades to fully excavate and analyze the bones. Luckily, the paleontologists behind the find write in the [Anatomical Record](#), the results were worth the wait: Not only is the *T. rex*, nicknamed “Scotty” in honor of a celebratory toast of scotch raised upon its discovery, the biggest member of its species ever found, but it also holds the distinction of being the longest-lived *T. rex* identified in the fossil record to date.

"This is the rex of rexes," study lead author Persons observes in a [statement](#). “There is considerable size variability among Tyrannosaurus. Some individuals were lankier than others and some were more robust. Scotty exemplifies the robust.”

To gauge Scotty’s size, Persons and his colleagues measured its leg, hip and shoulder bones. According to [Gizmodo](#)’s George Dvorsky, although the dinosaur’s skeleton is only 65 percent

complete, the team was able to estimate its body mass by using the circumference of the femur to calculate the amount of weight the legs could withstand.

Compared to 11 similarly well-preserved *T. rex* skeletons, Scotty appears to have the advantage in terms of pure mass, if not height and overall length. Sue, a dinosaur unearthed in 1990 and the previous biggest *T. rex* record holder, weighed an estimated 18,651 pounds, or some five percent lighter than the new heavyweight title winner.

Still, it's worth pointing out that "biggest dinosaur" is a fairly imprecise measure. As Brian Switek explains for [Scientific American](#), "biggest" could refer to weight, length or a combination of the two. Switek writes:

Given all sorts of variations, it'd be possible for two *T. rex* to have exactly the same length but have different weights—or have different weights at varying lengths—in which case awarding a superlative title becomes subjective.

Switek further notes that Scotty's skeleton is far less complete than Sue's, which remains around 90 percent intact. John Hutchinson, an evolutionary biomechanics expert from the University of London's Royal Veterinary College who was not involved in the new research, tells *Gizmodo*'s Dvorsky that Scotty is not "appreciably larger than other known specimens." Instead, Hutchinson says, the difference is at best five percent, "and that is with a wide margin of error." In all, Switek says, Scotty and Sue likely stood within just a few ounces and inches of each other.

Regardless of Scotty's exact place in the *T. rex* lineage, it remains impressive for its longevity and seemingly battle-worn lifestyle. At some point in the dinosaur's 30-year or so existence, it encountered enemies that inflicted such injuries as an infected jaw, an impacted tooth and broken ribs. Damage evident on Scotty's tail vertebrae also indicates it was bitten by a fellow *T. rex*.

It's probably no coincidence that Scotty was both enormous and long-lived: Roni Dengler of [Discover](#) magazine writes that the dearth of similarly sized *T. rex* fossils suggests most of the dinosaur's peers didn't survive long enough to reach their full potential.

As *Persons* concludes to Dengler, "Scotty has pushed the envelope of how big we now know *T. rex* was."



024SK - More Badlands



025SK - Near to highest Elevation in SK. On AB/SK border. Next photo is Google Earth.



025aSK - Highest point (approx) in SK. AB/SK border



026SK - From highest point looking South towards US border.



027SK - Bear Paw? Mountains in MT, USA in background. Cresday, AB??



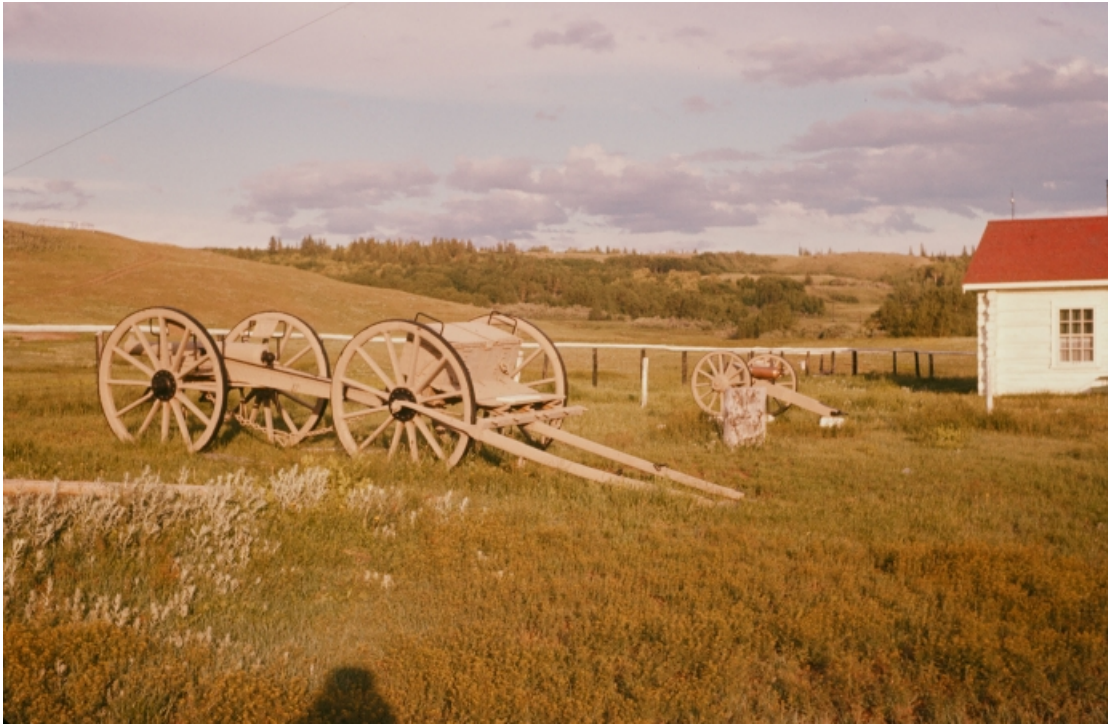
028SK - Rocky outcrop in Cypress Hills, West Block.



029SK - Rocky outcrop Cypress Hills, taken ca 1963-64.



030SK - Cypress Hills



031SK - Fort Walsh, SK, in West Block Cypress Hills.



032SK - Fort Walsh Buildings. While we were doing the Survey in the West Block of the Cypress Hills, our meals were provided by the people at Fort Walsh. Very good home cooked meals. A bit of a break from restaurant meals at the restaurant at CHIP.



033SK - Two Antelope in field (light spot above post, and building in the background)



034SK - Dryland country, Where the Cactus grows.



035SK - Our camp grounds at Consul, SK; Sunset.



036SK - Our Crew(L-R: Larry, Dick, and Tom)

This ends the photographs that were taken during the summer of 1959 Saskatchewan Survey. All of the equipment had to be returned to Portage la Prairie, MB. This was quite an experience and expedition as Larry drove the Red Ford truck with the trailer, Dick and Tom were responsible for the Red Jeep and I drove the old Brown Jeep. all the way from Val Marie, SK which was our last camp site to MB. The

old Brown Jeep kept falling apart more and more as summer progressed. The items listed below were the major ones:

1. Starter pedal broke so to start the vehicle you had to use the long push rod taken from a manual tire pump, this rod was put through a hole in the floor board wher the starter pedal was previously. You carefully pushed the end of the rod agains the starter button on the starter motor and got the engine started. Yes, this was quite an exercise.
2. During the summer we found that if you stepped on the gas a little fast, the transmission would slip out of gear in the transfer case shifter. This kept getting worse and worse until we finally we had to wire the transfer case shifter to the front seat mount and tighten the wire to hold the transfer case in the proper gear to even drive the vehicle. Setp on the gas a little to hard and it would put greater tension on the wire and the tranfer gears would start to slip past each other. To prvent this, the maximum speed allowed was about 30 mph. I went all the way from Val Marie, SK to Portage la Prairie, MB by driving on the shoulder of the highway(much of this was #1, the TransCanada highway) limping along with this pile of junk, however, the Gov't didn't think it was junk because it was still in their inventory list. Made it to Portage, bid the group farewell then I hitch-hiked home.

Dangerous Situations Experienced during this Survey Expedition

This summer work had much fewer dangerous situations but some were still present and one had to be very careful and try to avoid them. There were only two dangerous situations that could have lead to disaster, they are:

First Situation: One day, Dick was driving the Red Jeep down a little used prairie trail and at the bottom of a small hill there was a small low area that the trail crossed. Not knowing what danger lurks on this kind of trail, he kept at the speed that he had been travelling previously when all of a sudden the front wheels of the jeep fell into a washout and the jeep came to a sudden halt. Dick's chest hit the steering wheel and luckily no bones were broken and he was sore for a few days but recovered. The jeep need major/moderate repairs to the front-end and was then drivable again. We had to have two working vehicles, the red jeep was our second vehicle, and the brown jeep couldn't be used on a daily basis.

Second Situation: This happened one day when Tom and I were together working south of Govenlock, SK about half way to the US border, in a huge PFRA Community Pasture. We were going east on a little used trail and had to cross Battle Creek. As we were slowly crossing the creek, the front wheels fell into a hole and we were stuck. Could not back up or go ahead, used 4-wheel drive but still could not move. We Had a winch but in this bald prairie there was nothing to tether the end of the winch cable to so we had four options: 1) Stay where we were until somebody came by. No, this was not a main trail and nobody used it. 2) Walk to the US/Canada border station to get help. 3) Walk Back to Govenlock to get help, or 4) keep walking down the trail we were on as it would lead us to the Pasture managers farm. We assess the situation and came to the conclusion that the PFRA managers farm was most likely the closest so we selected that one.

The day was very hot with the temperature in the high 80's F and we soon used up what water we had. We kept walking and the saliva in your mouth kept getting thicker and thicker until you could hardly spit it out. We noticed a herd of cattle in the distance and as we got closer to them, we noticed there was a slough with water to the left of the trail and the cattle stayed about 1/4-1/2 mile away to the right as we didn't want a Bull to charge us as we had no protection. The water in the slough was where the cattle drank and was green with algae. We could not drink this water but we brushed away any crud floating on the water, got a handful and put it into our mouth swished it around then spit it out. Did this several times to wash the thick saliva out of our mouths then continued down the trail, Within 20 minute of walking we saw the PRFA managers residence. When we got there, nobody was home, we found some water at a well, had a drink, then looked for a tractor. We were lucky as the keys were in the ignition so we borrowed the tractor, drove back to where the jeep was, pulled it out of the creek, then took the tractor back to the farm. We left a note on the tractor telling the manager what we had done.

Many years later, one summer our family was at CHIP and there was a horse riding activity and our children wanted to go for a ride so we went and when I was talking to the person in charge, he told me that he had previously been a PFRA Pasture Manager. I asked him if he ever found a note on his tractor and his reply was yes, so I thanked him very much and told him of our situation. That day in the sun

could just as well have been our last day as we were dehydrated from lack of fluids and in the blazing sun for at least three hours walking from the jeep to the farm, we could have ended up with heat stroke. However, we made it out and nobody got ill from the water or suffered from heat stroke.

Other Situations:

There were other situations that amongst the four of us in the crew, I was the only one from the prairies and was able to get the rest of the crew back home. One day we had to locate the NE corner pin of Section 36 from the old original survey. This location was in the middle of a huge pasture that covered many square miles. We took the fence down on the west side to the pasture to enter as there were no trails or roads available. Put the fence wire up again then proceeded to look for the location of the pin. It was a cloudy day so you didn't have the sun to give you an idea of which direction was north. We finally located the pin and were able to even identify the location on the stereo photographs as the four holes dug many years ago, when the land was first surveyed, were visible from the air photos but not by a human on the ground, as the holes had filled in with dirt over the years, a small depression was still present and that was a little reservoir for anytime it rained and water would collect in the depression so the grass was a little taller than the surrounding grass. The year the photos were taken must have been a little wetter as the longer grass had a different color than that surrounding the depression. When we had finished out work and started to return to civilization, the other three members of the crew had no idea of what direction was north, south they were completely disoriented and would have driven south thinking they were going north. As a person born in the flat prairies, and the ability to remember directions, I was able to lead the group in the right direction as we knew that civilization was to the north so we headed in that direction out in the middle of this huge pasture with no landmarks visible. We finally found a trail that was going in a northerly direction, followed it, came to a Texas gate and found a well traveled road that we could identify easily on the photos. Without my ability and inborn sense of direction, the crew could have been lost for many hours. Some people reading this, may think that I am stretching the story a bit but my wife, after living in the prairies since 1961 when she came west from her home in Montreal, QC. She was originally from New Brunswick where the roads don't follow any cardinal direction but follow ridges or easiest route, after 60 years still doesn't know what direction is north, south, east or west when asked to give a person directions to some place. To get to the farm where I grew up, there are many different routes that a person can take since the country roads in Saskatchewan follow the surveyed land system that had a road allowance every mile for roads going north-south and every two miles for roads going east-west. In many areas, some of these road allowances are poor quality prairie trails or just grass and vegetation that cover the area that used to be a trail or roadway years ago. The roads that are well traveled are easily recognized but when travelling along one of these country roads, you very quickly know if you are going east-west or north-south even when you have no sun to guide you. By looking at rocks, trees trunks, or even buildings, you quickly know the side that received little to no sunlight as being the north side of the object. Moss and lichen grow on the north side of objects. Little things like this help to keep your orientation as long as you can see. At night look for the Big Dipper, Little Dipper star clusters as the handle of the Little Dipper is the star over the North Pole at any time of the year.

Situations during daily work:

Since our survey work required that certain landmarks that could be easily identified on photographs be included, distances and elevations of these locations were required. In normal stadia work, the Instrument has a high reading for the top reticule and a low reading for the lower reticule. In half stadia, it is possible to determine the distance and elevation by using only the top/upper reticule. Some times to extend the stadia rod, the rodman would stand on the roof the the jeep and hold stadia rod at his belt level to extend the top of the rod so that it could be read with the top reticule. The note keeper

would enter this information into the notes with the appropriate measurements. With this information as background, the boss would give instructions to the rodman to go to a distant hilltop and tell the rodman what he was supposed to do by using hand/arm signals. The rodman would leave in his vehicle and was to appear at the required location in a reasonable time. One day the location the rodman was to travel to was south-west of where the boss and I were located. After about thirty minutes we knew that something must be wrong as it might take a maximum to 15-20 minutes to find a route to the required location. We kept looking for the rodman to appear on the desired hill but when we looked north-east, there he was on a hill but not the one we wanted. He got completely lost, thought he was going south when in fact he became disoriented and went north-east rather than south-west. With not radio communication to communicate to the rodman, it was very difficult at times to complete our work.

Other Situations That Were Found Later:

After I returned from this summer job in 1959, I noticed that my right shoulder and arm seemed to be sore as well as a bit for my right leg. After thinking about what might have caused this problem, I realized that I had used my right arm and leg to try and anchor my self onto the truck seat when our boss, Larry, was driving in an area that was very hummocky he had two choices to either go slowly which to a longer time to traverse the area or put the gas pedal to the floor and bounce from hump to hump which took less time. Larry seemed to always select the later and to prevent myself for bouncing around in the cab of the truck because in those days, there were no seat belts to hold you in place, I had the window open with my arm out the window squeezing my arm as tightly as possible to anchor my upper body from going sideways and had my right leg down on the right side of the seat hooked in such a way that I would not bounce up and hit my head on the roof of the truck cab. This put extra stress on the muscles and there were the muscles that were giving me the soreness that I noticed.

Summer 1960-1961 in Montreal, QC

The summer work during my final two years was in the area of Electrical Engineering where my goals were to work with the design and use of Electronics. As stated earlier, these two summer sessions of 7-8 months were equivalent to five years of industrial experience in a full time position. A man by the name of John Edler was a recent graduate in Electrical Engineering from the UofS in the spring of 1960. He was one of a group of four that rented an apartment on Decarie Blvd. His full time job was with RCA and his work schedule for the next five years was to work in each division/major area in the plant for six months then move on to the next division and after he had knowledge of each division then he could make up his mind as to which division he wanted to remain with permanently. I talked with John a lot about how my experience at Northern Electric(NE) was compared to his during this four months that we roomed together. We could see the advantages and disadvantages of each as we seemed to be following the same general direction but I was fast tracked compared to him. He was in a unionized shop and if he wanted an item big or small taken from one area to another, he had to get a unionized person to do the job, he could not do it himself. In my case, I would just carry the small box of resistors to the shop area and nobody complained or challenged me.

The amount of manual work involved with the work at NE was very minimal but I got lots of exercise going from the office area on the eighth floor down to the shop area on the fourth or fifth floor if I remember correctly. This was done by using the stairs as there was only a freight elevator if I remember correctly and it was very slow. In 1961 I was in the transistor testing area and that was on the third floor if I remember correctly and again you used the stairs and at least 2-4 times/day like in the summer of 1960.

The only time I used the freight elevator was when I arrived for work fifteen minutes early and there was no crowd witing to use the elevator you were able to get to the office area and not be late. If you arrived fifteen minutes later then you had to use the stairs and climb at a high rate or you would be late for work.

The four photos that follow are of the NE Shearer street building in Montreal, QC.



001QC - NE Shearer Street Building.



002QC - NE Shearer St. Building from the air. LaChienne Canal is the water-way



003QC - NE Shearer St. Building.



004QC - NE Shearer St. Building

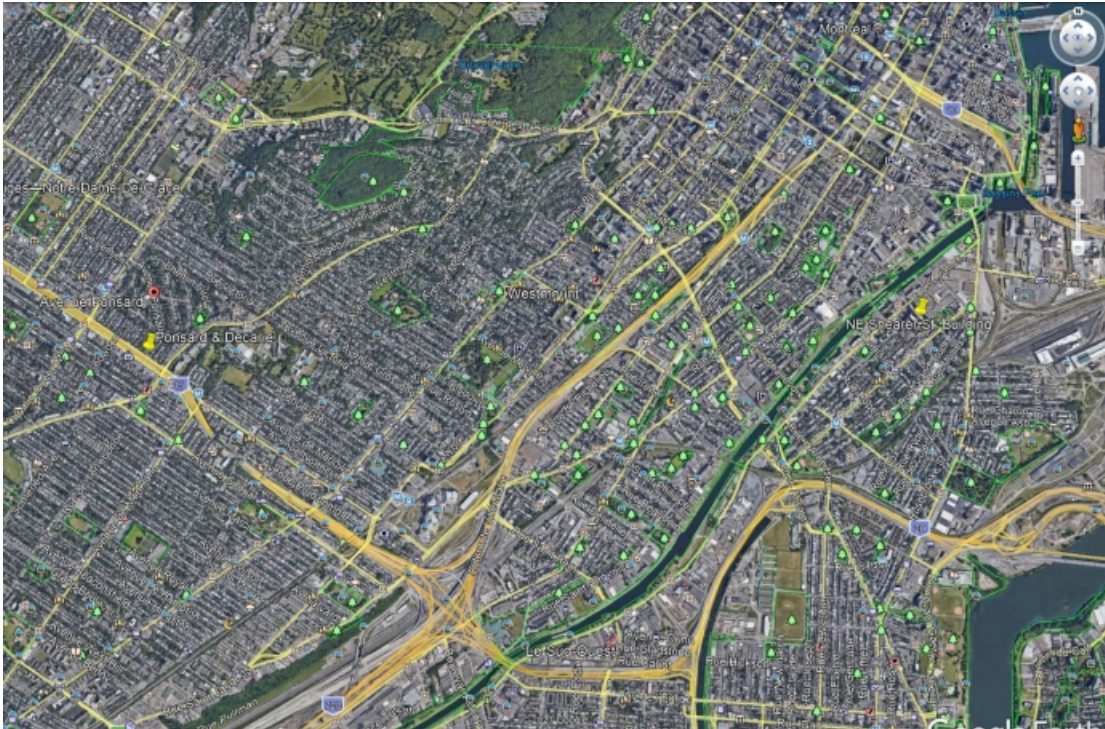


005QC - NE Shearer St. Building 2021

In 1960 another student from the UofS worked at this same building and was also one of the four that lived in the same apartment. Barry Hertz was Mechanical Engineering while I was Electrical. The first day when we were waiting for the bus, a car pulled up to the curb and three young men in the car asked if we by any chane were waiting for the bus to take us to NE Shear St. We replied, yes, and they said hop in as they were going there as well. They were three students from University of Alberta in

Edmonton. We arrived at our location and the driver let us out, while he found a place to park his car which was a vehicle of several years but appeared to be mechanically sound. We thought this would be great as we could all ride to and from work with this group, pay our share of the expenses and save on bus fare. At the end of the day when it was time to go home, the driver went to get his car but couldn't find it in the lot, after all cars had left, the lot was empty, he realized that his car had either been towed away or stolen. He contacted the authorities and it was determined that his car had not been towed away and was indeed stolen. The police also told us that this area of the city was known for this kind of activity and to be aware of our surroundings. The car was never found so all five of us had to use bus service to get to and from work.

The following screen snip shows where our apartment was located on Decarie & Ponsard(left pin) to where we worked at the Shearer St. Building(right Pin). The two bookmark yellow pins show these locations.



006QC - two bookmark yellow pins show where we lived vs. worked.

Memorable People

Stanley Wallace:

I first met Stanley Wallace in the summer of 1958, he was over 80 years old and in very good shape as he lived in his single room log cabin on the banks of the Peace River. He was more that 30 miles from the closest road or dwelling at 20-Mile. To support his life style, he had been a trapper and lived a very solitary existence. He was originally from England and was purported that he might have been shipped off to the Colonies because he brought shame to the family name. If that was true or not is only conjecture. One of the main features of Stanley's life was the he loved to drink tea. Yes, very strong tea. If you were visiting with Stanley, he would say you, "Would you like some TEA"? He would put a real heavy emphasis on the word tea. If you replied "Yes" and there were himself and one other person that wanted tea then he would put about three cups of water into a pan, reach into his bag of tea and take a full handful of tea and put it into the pan on the stove. When the water and tea came to a boil then he would place a wire strainer over the top of the cup and pour some of the dark brown liquid into the cup and give it to you. The first sip was a shock to your mouth as the tea was so strong and full of tannin that it really puckered your mouth and the taste was unpleasant but with the second sip, it tasted better and better with each sip thereafter. No cream or sugar as added as that was a commodity that was scarce out in the bush where Stanley lived. Stanley used to buy his tea supply once a year and it consisted of a 100lb bag of bulk tea, 12 months later it would be gone and he lived alone.

He was quite a person to meet and could tell you all sorts of stories of his experiences in the bush.

Casey Jones:

Kenneth Francis Harris "Casey" Jones was a man that live in the town of Mortlach, SK. I first became aware of his character and needs while I was in grade 11 going to High-School in Mortlach. Casey had only one leg and needed help with supplies and odd jobs around his little shack and I offered to help him. I won't go into any details in writing but will use paper clippings and photographs to show what Casey did .

By Education, he was an Architect, by profession he was a carpenter, and as a hobby he was an archiologist/collector and artist. There is a very good article on the internet at the following URL: "<https://mortlach.ca/blog/casey-jones/casey-jones-a-man-of-many-talents>" Copy the text between the "" and paste that into your browser to read that information.

Casey was also an Artist as shown by some of the following images:

Images are:

1) Thumbnail showing all images 1-9 plus thumbnail.

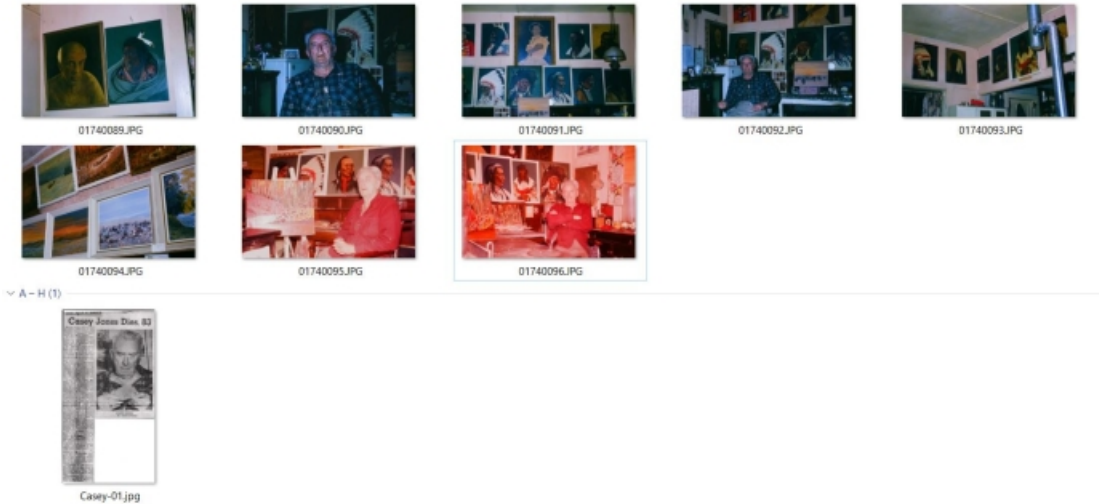
Images 1-8 photographs taken in Casey's studio/living-room/store-room

Scanned article from newspaper when Casey passed away.

I remember on day, I was showing Casey some of my slides from New Brunswick when he suddenly said "Stop Stop" he pulled out a cigarette pack from his shirt pocket opened the pack and on the back surface of the portion that holds the cigarettes, he quickly sketched the major objects in the scene which was a sunset at Princes Park on Grand Lake. There as a pole with a guy wire as this was the last pole on a line. All he did was sketched a few lines to indicate the items. He painted that image from memory and it was sold to someone from Ontario before I had a chance to see it. I often wondered how close to reality was his painting compared to the colored slide. If anyone in has seen a painting like this then please send me an email at: arnie-krause@shaw.ca so that I can see what he did from memory. There are two paintings in the photo, CJ-006, written in the back of each photo, says "Painted on site Wood

River, 1918". His memory was like a camera that recorded images that he could replay many years later while painting the picture. If and when I find the photograph of the sunset, I will add it to these pages.

I remember one day coming into his house and there he was in front of his easel painting a picture of a small flock of Whooping Cranes near a slough in the prairies with a few small hills in the background. The next day when I came back, the same cranes were in the foothills of Alberta with mountains in the distant background. On the third day, the same cranes were at a small lake in the Rocky mountains, with a forest of trees beyond the lake. He used one canvas but each painting was another layer on the previous one until he was satisfied that the painting was complete.



CJ-000 Thumbnails



CJ-001



CJ-002



CJ-003



CJ-004



CJ-005



CH-006



CJ-007



CJ-008

MAIN WITH A SEARCH

Casey Jones Dies, 83

Kenneth Francis Harris (Casey) Jones of Mortlach — who devoted a lifetime trying to find evidence of prehistoric man — ended his search Monday.

Mr. Jones, a highly-regarded amateur archaeologist and painter of the early Prairie scene, died in Moose Jaw hospital. He was 83.

He achieved international fame among archaeologists in 1924 when he verified the existence of human life on the Prairies of 5,000 to 10,000 years ago. In particular, he was the discoverer in Canada of the "Folsom" projectile point.

The discovery brought dozens of internationally-known archaeologists and historians to the doorstep of Mr. Jones's modest Mortlach home where voluminous guest books and strapbooks of press clippings testified to the high qualifications of his visitors and their host.

In more recent years, Mr. Jones has become a prolific painter whose works recorded the activities of the Prairie Indian. His paintings hang in the Saskatchewan Museum of Natural History at Regina.

In addition to historic and artistic pursuits, Mr. Jones gained a reputation as an avid outdoorsman. In spite of an injury which in 1956 brought about the amputation of his right leg, he annually planted a garden and frequented the hills of the Mortlach area in search of artifacts.

A collection of his artifacts was bought by the Glenbow foundation of Calgary and other artifacts are to be found in European study centres.

Mr. Jones, who claimed royal blood in his veins and a family tree dating back to Rudyard Kipling, was an eternal scholar, studying his surroundings with precise care.

Born in Mortlake, Surrey, Eng., he came to Canada in 1910 as an apprentice carpenter-joiner. He was attracted to Mortlach, probably because of the similarity in names.

He was given his nickname "Casey" while working on the CPR in a construction outfit.

He retired from active carpentry in 1955.

He was a member of the Anglican church; honorary president of the Moose Jaw Fine Arts Guild and a life member of the Saskatchewan Archaeology Association.

Predeceased by five brothers and two sisters, Mr. Jones is survived by two sisters; Miss Winnifred Harris Jones and Mrs. Dorothy May, both in England.

Funeral services will be held Thursday at 10:30 in the W. J. Jones and Son chapel.



CASEY JONES
... An Avid Collector



Additional Items

As one visits different areas of the world, you start to see how varied our world is. No two places are the same, each has its own features that make it unique as compared to the others. Some say certain areas are boring with nothing to see but if they just looked a little closer, they would see the beauty and uniqueness of that area as well.

During the summer of 1958, one of the memorable features that I experienced that I had never seen before was the length of the day, there was enough light at 11:pm to be able to read a book while you were inside a white canvas tent. I don't think that it ever got totally dark at night as the northern sky would be like a late sunset in the prairies where I grew up. You went to bed when it was day-light because you would be up early in the morning to either travel all day or climb another mountain and you need the rest to be able to last all day without a snooze.

During the summer of 1959, while in the prairies, the other members of the crew would often comment on the beautiful sunset and how long they lasted. A sunset in the prairies can last for hours and is extremely beautiful depending on the sky and cloud conditions in the west that act as reflectors of the sun's rays after the sun is below the horizon. A single photo is beautiful but to really see the beauty you need to have a video of the complete episode. Take many videos and then select the best ones to show the real beauty. I have spent six weeks in the Caribbean and a sunset in that area is basically nothing other than a red ball that is in the western sky that keeps getting lower and lower in the sky until it disappears below the horizon and it is now dark. No after glow for any sunset that I witnessed in that area of the world.

The Caribbean does have very beautiful cloud formations during the day especially in the afternoon when clouds form very quickly and the sky opens up and pours rain for a few 10's of minutes or less then the sun comes out and shines on all the colorful wet foliage. This is exactly the opposite to the prairies where during hot dry conditions of many summers, clouds form in the western sky giving farmers the hope that it might rain and refresh the parched earth and their crops, however, the clouds just disappear as they move closer and it is just another day without any moisture for the thirsty crops that are withering in the summer heat. As an inland climate, the days can be either temperate with the temperature around twenty degrees Centigrade or 70 degrees Fahrenheit or very hot with extremes of plus 40 degrees Centigrade or over 100 degrees Fahrenheit in the summer. In the winter, the extreme low temperature can go to -40 degrees C or F as they are the same. In the prairies, when the snow comes in mid-late October-early November, it could stay until April in the spring. It is not uncommon to even have small amounts of snow in June. In Saskatchewan, the only month of the year with no recorded snowfall

is July and sometimes I have seen rain drops in July that had were more like slush or melting snow than a normal raindrop. When it rains in the prairies, the water is cold not warm like in the tropics or even like the warm rains that the Canadian Maritime Provinces can experience. I remember going down to New Brunswick for Christmas one year to visit my wife and family that were there assisting my inlaws. When I arrived at McAdam, NB, there had been a severe snow storm that covered most of south west New Brunswick with over a foot of snow. The roads had piles of snow at the sides that had been piled up by the snow clearing equipment that were three feet high. That night when I went to bed there was snow on the ground but when I awoke in the morning and looked outside, to my surprise, the ground was not white but was green grass with not a sign of snow anywhere. A warm rain had occurred in the night and melted all the snow. This is totally unheard of in the prairies where I grew up. During my two summers in Montreal, there were days that the temperature was 90 degrees Fahrenheit and it was raining. Rain did not cool the temperature down like it does in the prairies.

I remember, one summer, my cousin and I were shirtless and we were out in a big slough that our rural telephone lines crossed. If the line was grounded out by getting in the water or the Bull-rushes were tall enough to touch the wires then you had no phone. We were out in the slough each one of us going along one of the two wires and making sure nothing was going to cause a problem, when some dark clouds came up and it started to rain then a few hail stones as well. Without a shirt, those hail-stones really stung when they hit you. This slough was over .5 miles across and we were in the middle when it started to hail. We couldn't hurry as we were in water up to our waist so we just had to grin and bear it.

I could go on and on but I might be boring you with this extra information. However, I still think that is useful because I hear many people comment that when they are travelling west to see the Rockies they just want to go to sleep when driving across Saskatchewan because there is nothing to see and that portion of the trip is boring. Little do they realize that there is beauty there as well with the animals, wild flowers, and other fauna in the area that can only be found in the prairies.

I have a flower at my home in Saskatoon that is native to central Asia, from Afghanistan to China and the Himalayan region. The name is *Bergenia*, commonly called Pigsqueak, heart-leaved bergenia, or Elephants Eared Saxifrage. This flower is like an evergreen tree that does not lose its leaves in the fall, they just lay down flat and are covered by snow all winter then in the spring, they stand up and in a few days the flower stems appear with beautiful blossoms. This is unlike normal Perennial plants that the leaves die back in the fall and new growth appears each year and after 4-6 weeks later, the flower heads appear. This plant is ready and blossoms in less than half the time as the leaves are already available to gain nourishment from photosynthesis as soon as the snow has

melted and the ground has thawed a little to allow growth to happen.



Leaves starting to stand up - 17 April 2021



Full Blossom - 23 May 2021

Summary

How we treat our bodies when young is why we suffer with ailments when old. I see this with my grandchildren who played competitive sports or had a paper route when in high-school and carried heavy loads of papers to be delivered door-to-door. Young bodies are not to carry loads that are not meant for growing bones so they suffer for it later in life. Who is responsible, in some cases, we are the ones, as we try to do more than we should thinking that all I need to do is strengthen my body and I can handle it. I could write a whole document on what I see with my children and grandchildren and wonder how they are going to fare when they are old like I am now. Only time will tell for them, long after I am gone. Maybe they can complete this document that I am just starting for them.