

The 1966-67 EVERGREEN is special in many ways. This is the Centennial year edition of the Yearbook, and through it we can look back upon our years as a community. The older folks of Calling Lake have made priceless contributions to the history section and because of their help, we present an unforgettable heritage.

This year's EVERGREEN is also unique in the amount of time it took to complete. More hours of work were spent on it than on any previous edition, and if the amount of work affects quality, this edition should be the greatest!

Special mention goes to Elizabeth, Linda, Susann and Barbie J. for their help in duplicating, pasting pictures, and assembling the pages. It goes without saying that Mrs. Shwaga has again done more than her share of work in every section. As editor, I wish to express my thanks to the Yearbook staff and to all who have helped.

Dorson Sutton
Calling Lake, Alta
TOG OKO

DIGGING INTO THE PAST



Dr. Gruhn and her team discover our history

Department of Anthropology
The University of Alberta
(Letter by Dr. Gruhn)

Until about 10,000 years ago, the Calling Lake area was covered with a thick layer of glacial ice which had come from the northeast. When the ice melted, the lake was formed. The lake was larger than it is now, and the old beaches are high above its present shore.

Very soon after the ice withdrew, early Indians moved into the area and settled on the shore of the lake. The meager remains of their small temporary camps, consisting of scattered stone flakes and tools with charcoal from their fires, have been found buried in the old beach sands and silts at several localities on the east side of the lake. We have little direct evidence of the way of life of these early people; but we may presume that they depended on hunting, fishing, and gathering of wild plant foods for their livelihood; and travelled about the countryside throughout the year in small family groups, using leantos or tipis covered with bark or skins as shelter.

The tools and weapons of the early Indians show they had important relations with people farther to the north and northwest. The technological tradition of making blades and microblades, long narrow flakes of stone, has been found at other early sites in the Northwest Territories, the Yukon, Alaska, and in northern Eurasia. This tradition continued for a long time in the Calling Lake area. Certain styles of projectile points, spear points or dart points, which occur in the Calling Lake sites are also found at pre-historic Indian campsites on the prairies indicating that the Calling Lake

Indians had contacts with those to the south.

It is probable that the Calling Lake area was occupied continuously by Indian people from the time the glacial ice left until historic times; for the remains of their camps, stone flakes and fragments of their tools and weapons are abundant along the east side of the lake. However, scientific archeological excavations to date have been limited; and we do not as yet have a complete record of the Indian occupation of the area. With their migratory way of life, various groups of Indians have come and gone in the area throughout the centuries. The Indian people now living here are not the direct descendants of the earliest people. Historical records indicate that the Cree spread into this western part of their territory only several centuries ago.



microblades

Excerpts from the Newsletter of the
 ARCHEOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF ALBERTA
 edited and written by Dr. R. Gruhn

With a grant from the National Museum of Canada, Dr. Gruhn and Dr. Bryan of the University of Alberta conducted a survey and excavations located on the property of Mr. Kenneth Sutton. Two east-west trenches were established.

The topsoil zone consisted of a turf of thick grass roots in a matrix of black loam. Excavation procedure was to cut and peel this turf off in strips or blocks, then search it for artifacts. Stone flakes and artifacts were numerous in the topsoil zone.

An interesting stone technology was represented at the Sutton site. Of major significance was the presence of microblades, blades, and burins. Other small tools of uncertain function are represented in the collection of stone artifacts, in addition to projectile points, scrapers of various forms and sizes, knives, and heavy tools such as choppers and hammerstones.

The raw materials used were quartzite and chert. All of the larger tools and most of the small ones (microblades) were made of quartzite. Preliminary examination of the material indicates that primary flakes were struck from small chert pebbles by a bipolar technique, in which the pebbles were probably held on an anvil and struck with another stone.

The Sutton site has significantly demonstrated the existence of a sub-Arctic blade industry in northern Alberta. The variety of projectile points would suggest a considerable time range in occupation.

Away Back in 1899

PERSONAL VIEWS held by Mr. Charles Mair (of Lethbridge) in his book "THROUGH THE MACKENZIE BASIN", which vividly describes the Treaty Commission's journey from Edmonton - leaving Athabasca Landing on June 3, 1899, travelling up river, and returning September 18, 1899, after the signing of the famous Treaty No. 8. Mr. Mair was a secretary of the Half-Breed Scrip Commission.

"We left Athabasca Landing June 3, 1899, in 2 scows and a York boat - - with a party all told of some 50 souls, and only 13 available trackers to start with."

"Scarcely any language was spoken throughout this region other than Cree. A little English or French was occasionally heard, but the tongue, domestic, diplomatic, universal, was Cree."

"To go to Peace River - - a region in which a primitive people - - lived on Nature's foods, and thrive on her unfailing harvest of fur. A region in which they often left their beaver, silver fox and marten packs - - lying by the dog-trail, or hanging to some sheltering tree, because no one stole, and - - no one lied - - in whose language profanity was unknown, and who had no desire to leave their congenial solitudes for any other spot on earth."

At Lesser Slave Lake, June 20, 1899:

"- - there presented itself a body of respectable-looking men, as well-dressed and evidently quite as independent in their feelings as any like number of average pioneers in the East. One beheld men with well-washed, unpainted faces, and combed and common hair; men in suits of ordinary "store clothes" and some even with "boiled" if not laundered shirts."

"The proceedings began with the customary distribution of tobacco."

Of Wabasca (Wahpooskow), Mr. Mair noted:

"The Roman Catholic Mission - - had been established 3 years before our coming by the Rev. J. B. Giroux, at Stony Point, near the outlet of the first lake (Wahpooskow)."

"The settlement was then some 20 years old, and numbered about 60 souls. Nearly 200 Indians received head money, and all were not paid, and the half-breeds seemed quite as numerous."

"Upon the whole, we considered this (Wahpooskow) an inviting region for any farmer who is not afraid to tackle the forest. - - What could be supplied, however, is a wagon-road from Wahpooskow to Athabasca Landing; instead of the present dog-trail, which passes many deep ravines, and makes a long detour by Sandy Lake. Such a road should pass by the east end of the first Wahpooskow Lake, thence to Rock Island Lake, and on by Calling Lake to the Landing, a distance of about one hundred miles. Such a road, whilst saving 125 miles of travel by the present route, would cut down the cost of transportation by fully one-half."

"Matcheese "The Teaser", a noted Indian runner, was dispatched with our letters to the Landing, 120 miles up the river. This Indian, it was said, had once run from the Landing to Edmonton, 95 miles, in a single day, and had been known to carry 500 pounds over a portage in one load."

September 14, 1899:

"The Calling River - "Kitoosepe" - was one of our points of distribution, and upon reaching it, we found the river benches covered with teepees, and a crowd of half-breeds from Calling Lake awaiting us. After the declarations and scrip payments were concluded, we took stock of our surroundings - - - "

"There was an adjunct of the half-breed camp, - namely Marie Rose Gladue, a half sister of the Catherine Bisson we met at Lesser Slave Lake, but who declared herself to be older than she by five years. - - From evidence received, she proved to be very old, certainly over a hundred years, and perhaps the oldest woman in Northern Canada."

(Editor's note: Catherine Bisson was born on New Year's Day, 1793, and would have been 106 years old then. Marie Rose Gladue would then have been 111 years old.)

"She was born at Lesser Slave Lake, and remembered the wars of her people with the Blackfeet, and the "dancing" of captured scalps. She remembered the buffalo as plentiful at Calling Lake; that it was then a mixed country, and that their supplies in those days were brought by way of Isle a la Cross, Beaver River, and Lac la Biche. - - "

"Her Cree name was Ochenaskumagen - "Having passed many Birthdays". Her hair was gray and black, - - her cheeks and brow a mass of wrinkles, and her hands - - not shrivelled, but soft and delicate - - and she could walk without assistance. After our long talk through an interpreter, she readily consented to be photographed with me. - - "



at the mouth of
Calling River,
September 14, 1899

"At this point the issue of certificates for scrip practically ended, the total number distributed being 1,843, only 48 of which were for land."

"Leaving Calling River before noon, we passed Riviere la Biche towards evening. The 17th fell on a Sunday, - - We were eager for letters from home, and therefore eager to push on."

"The left bank of the river now exhibited - - a wilderness swept by fire, but covered with "rampikes" and fallen timber. The other side seemed to have partially escaped destruction. The tracking was good, and we passed the "Twenty Mile Rock" before dinner, camping about fifteen miles from the Landing. Next morning, we passed through a like burnt country on both sides, giving the region a desolate and forlorn look, which placed it in sinister contrast with the same river to the north."

Treaty No. 8

- - between Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, by her Commissioners the Hon. David Laird, of Winnipeg, Man., Indian Commissioner for the said province and the North-West Territories; James Andrew McKenna, of Ottawa, Ont. and the Hon. James Hamilton Ross, of Regina, in the North-West Territories; of the one part, and the Cree, Beaver, Chipewyan and other Indians, inhabitants of the territory within the limits hereinafter defined and described, by their Chiefs and Headmen, - of the other part -

- - the said Indians do hereby cede, release, surrender and yield up to the Government of the Dominion of Canada, for Her Majesty, all their rights, titles, and privileges whatsoever, to the land included -

- - Her Majesty hereby agrees with the said Indians that they shall have the right to pursue their usual vocations of hunting, trapping, and fishing - except such tracts as may be required or taken up for settlement, mining, lumbering, trading or other purposes.

- - Her Majesty agrees to lay aside reserves for such bands as desire reserves -

- - She hereby agrees to make each chief a present of \$32 in cash, to each Headman \$22, and to every other Indian of whatever age, of the families represented at the time of payment, \$12.

- - Her Majesty also agrees that next year, and annually afterwards for ever, She will cause to be paid to the said Indians in cash, - - to each Chief \$25, each Headman - - \$15, and every other Indian, of whatever age, \$5, to be paid only to the heads of families for those belonging thereto.

- - Each chief shall receive a silver medal and a suitable flag, and next year, and every third year thereafter, each Chief and Headman shall receive a suitable suit of clothing.

- - Agrees to supply each Chief of a band that selects a Reserve for the use of that Band, ten axes, five hand-saws, five augers, one grindstone, and the necessary files and whetstones.

- - Each Band that elects to take a reserve and cultivate the soil, shall, as soon as it is convenient after such reserve is set aside and settled upon, receive two hoes, one spade, one scythe and two hay forks for every family; - for every three families one plow and one harrow, and to the Chief, for the use of the Band, two horses and a yoke of oxen, and for each Band potatoes, barley, oats and wheat, - to plant the land actually broken up, and provisions for one month in the spring for several years while planting such seeds; to every family one cow, and every Chief one bull, and one mowing machine and one reaper for the use of his Band when it is ready for them - -

- - for such families as prefer to raise stock, every family of five persons, two cows, and every Chief, two bulls and two mowing machines when ready for their use. The aforesaid articles, machines and cattle, to be given once for all for the encouragement of agriculture and stock raising; and for such Bands as prefer to continue hunting and fishing, as much ammunition and twine for making nets annually as will amount in value to one dollar per head of the families so engaged in hunting and fishing.

Treaty No. 8 (continued)

- - The undersigned Cree, Beaver, Chipewyan, and other Indian Chiefs and Headmen, - - do hereby solemnly promise and engage to strictly observe this Treaty - - - obey and abide by the law; that they will maintain peace between each other, and between themselves and other tribes of Indians, and between themselves and others of her Majesty's subjects, whether Indians, half-breeds, or whites.

HALF-BREED CLAIMS:

- - Give half-breed settlers living on land 160 acres, if there is room to do so; but if several are settled close together, the land will be divided between them fairly as possible. All, whether settled or not, will be given scrip for land to the value of \$240; that is, all born up to the date of signing the Treaty. They can sell that scrip; they can take, if they like, instead of this scrip, lands where they like. After they have located this land, and got their title, they can live on it, or sell part, or the whole of it, as they please, but they cannot sell the scrip. They must locate their land, and get their title before selling.

"The Indians of Wapiscow and the country thereabouts having met at Wapiscow lake on this fourteenth day of August, in this present year 1899, Her Majesty's Commissioner, the Honorable James Hamilton Ross, and having had explained to them the Terms of the Treaty unto which the Chief and Headmen of the Indians of Lesser Slave Lake and adjacent country set their hands on the twenty-first day of June in the year herein first above written, do join in the cession made by the said Treaty and agree to adhere to the Terms thereof in consideration of the undertakings made therein.

(signed)

J. H. Ross, Treaty Commissioner
 Chief Joseph Kapusekonew, Bigstone
 Headmen Joseph Ansey
 Headmen Micheal Ansey
 Headmen Whizo Beaver (Louis)
 Interpreters Rev. Father A. Lacombe
 T. M. Clarke
 Witnesses A. E. Snyder, Ins., N.S.M.P.
 Charles Riley Weaver
 J. B. Henri Giroux O.M.I. P.M.
 Murdoch Johnson
 C. Fahler O.M.I.
 Alex Kennedy, Interpreter
 H. A. Conroy "

After the Chief and Headmen were chosen, a cow was given from the Commissioner to celebrate the occasion. Ammunition was also given, twine to make nets, grass scythe blades and handles. All were happy. They were all satisfied with their Chief, who was their leader for approximately 43 years. A few years before his death, he resigned because he was too old, but no other Chief was elected until after his death.

Calling Lake History

DEVELOPMENT AT CALLING LAKE FROM SMALL TRADING POST

(from: THE ECHO, Athabasca, Alta. August 25th, 1955)

Calling Lake, a shimmering expanse of blue water, lies 45 miles north of Athabasca. Calling River, the outlet, enters Athabasca 50 miles below the town of that name. The settlement, to dignify it by that name, today consists of a few well-built homes, a summer resort, school, dance hall, a post office, wireless station and Roman Catholic Church, three trading stores, and clustering along the shore are countless log shacks, the homes of the Metis population and an Indian Reserve, consisting of 35 Treaty Indians of the Bigstone Band. The oldest Treaty Indian is Jean Baptiste Gambler, now 98. The oldest white resident is George McCullough, 86.

Calling Lake is a very old outpost of Athabasca. The first trading post was established by Revillion Freres in 1910.

The first commercial fishing was done by the late Jack Publicover and pioneer fishermen of many northern lakes. The winter-caught frozen whitefish were hauled across the Athabasca River where a storehouse was erected. From that point the fish were hauled by freight teams returning empty from the Wabasca and Peace River country. Of these early day freighters two still remain in this area: C. J. R. Whiteley and Fred Underwood. The many others have left the old freight trails and crossed the big divide.

There was no railroad so the fish were hauled to Edmonton by freight teams. Around 1917 a few white settlers moved to this settlement. They included the late Jacob Crawford, George McKinnon and Gisli O. Gislason. Shortly after that J. H. McIntosh, who came from Fort Benton, Montana, with covered wagons, after a couple of winters on the northern freight trails also settled at Calling Lake. Later, N. D. Tanasiuk came in from Pegan, Alta. and moved to Rock Island Lake, 35 miles north of Calling Lake.

These progressive pioneers, after a few years required a school for their offspring's education. J. H. McIntosh was sent to interview the Deputy Minister of Education regarding a school for the settlement. It might be of interest to many today, who live in the Athabasca School Division to know the best possible deal received at that early date from the Department of Education was that the parents and interested parties could build a log school and equip it and provide \$100.00 cash annually towards teacher's salaries. Then the Department, when the school was completed, would supply a teacher for five months every summer and pay the teacher's salary.

The school was built and equipped, and a pioneer school inspector, Mr. LeBlanc, who was a diplomat who settled school disputes in the early days, came and found the building satisfactory.

For a number of years, with Mr. LeBlanc as official trustee, the school provided very satisfactory results. Among the early teachers was R. A. Hicks, a medical student from the Alberta University who later served for six years as medical officer in Italy, France and Holland during the last war and is now stationed at Col. Belcher Hospital, Calgary. He often recalls his teaching terms at Calling Lake, and has visited the area in recent years.

Mr. Hicks doubts very much if there can be found anywhere in Canada children to equal the Tanasiuk boys, Nick, William, and Mike, whose parents lived 35 miles from Calling Lake School. These young boys came and built a log cabin near the school, and when school was opened attended regularly, doing their own cooking and washing and each weekend they went home 35 miles, barefooted, and were back in time for school each Monday morning.

In 1919, J. H. McIntosh went to Edmonton and interviewed the late Mr. Catons, then postal superintendent, and was able to get a post office established. The arrangements were that J. H. McIntosh would act as postmaster for one year, free of charge, and would carry mail twice monthly for \$15.00 each trip on a temporary agreement. At the end of the year it was decided to continue the service, and for the past 36 years J. H. McIntosh has been postmaster.

In those days the road was a crude slashing through the bush and in the summer a sea of mud. In 1921, the Provincial Government built a telephone line to Calling Lake, but maintenance proved to be too costly. Al Hollingshead found keeping up the line a full time job and the line was sold to J. H. McIntosh, who also found cost of upkeep too high and was able to establish a private commercial wireless station, CJ 084, which is a useful artery of communication for the settlement. The hook-up is with the Department of Transport Government Telegraph system. It is also Air-Force observation Post, EK GL 41.

The white population numbers at present 60; the Metis 130; the Treaty Indian, 35.

Calling Lake progressed like other parts of Alberta. Its isolation and wild loneliness is passed. With a fair road automobiles and trucks kick up clouds of dust, along its shore motor boats continuously travel its waters. With weekly mail service and picture shows every Saturday night all year.

Calling Lake has been a producer of quality whitefish. However, by being continuously fished with 5½" nets for over forty years (a net which catches mostly whitefish) it has allowed the rough fish to increase. They have done this to the extent that as a whitefish producing lake it may be written off, unless fur farming, which is becoming quite an industry, is able to utilise as animal food sufficient of the rough fish to enable the whitefish to increase.



Sunset
on
Calling Lake

GAMBLER^{10.} Family



Mr. and Mrs. Jean Baptiste Gambler

The following quotations are from documents belonging to Mrs. Adeline Gambler:

"Jean Baptiste Gambler and Adelaide Giroux Mayas were married at Calling Lake on the 24th of Nov., 1903, by the Rev. J. B. Giroux, OMI."

"Adelaide Mayas, daughter of Jean Baptiste Mayas and Marie Anne Misinisikapaw, was baptised in 1890 at Calling Lake, by Rev. Giroux.

Sponsors were Frederic Cardinal and Pelagie Cardinal."

Mrs. Adeline Gambler was born at Island Lake. She came to live at Calling Lake over 60 years ago with her husband, Jean Baptiste Gambler, and their two children. Peter was less than a year old then. They came with horses and wagon, and believe that they were the first Treaties to settle on Reserve Land. Mr. Weasel Muchimotaw lived here then, and many families whose names Mrs. Gambler does not remember.

"Muchmatow" was Jean Baptiste Gambler's Cree name, and many people know him as "Sammy" Gambler. He was a band councillor, who many people prefer to remember as "the old chief". The Reserve here was given because Mr. Gambler asked for it. He cut trees, made a place for a garden, and built a house. Mrs. Gambler believes her husband was at the signing of the Treaty at Wabasca.

In the early times, people got supplies from Athabasca or Moose Lake. They used pack dogs, or carried supplies on their backs. They moved around a lot then. They would start off on foot during the hunting season. Mrs. Gambler remembers trips where the family travelled to the mountains and on to Wabasca, hunting as they walked. Their shelter was a teepee which they made from seven or eight hides sewn together. In winter, heavy moosehide made the best teepee. A summer shelter could be made of strips of bark and spruce boughs. They lived mainly on meat and fish, and picked berries which were often used in pemmican.

To make pemmican, you would cut the meat into thin strips, and spread it out on racks to dry. If it rained, you would have to cover it. Next, you would put a fire under it to dry it more. When it was dry, you would pound it until it was fine and fluffy. Then you would mix it with boiled, chipped bones, take off the grease on top, and boil it again to make the water go away. Then you would mix it with berries.

When asked how it tasted, Mrs. Gambler replied through an interpreter: "All you taste, is a lot of nourishment."

To keep pemmican for a long time, you take a birch bark, put some pemmican in it, cover it up, and seal it with spruce gum. Then put it in the ground where it will keep for a long time.



1. Joan Baptiste Gambler
2. Mrs. Adeline Gambler
3. Anne Gambler
4. Angelic Gambler
5. Mary Jane (Piche)
6. Mabel (Frances' wife)
7. Irvin Gambler
8. Girlie Gambler
9. Jimmy Gambler
10. Frances Gambler
11. Johnny Gambler

Mr. and Mrs. Gambler and some of their family

Mrs. Gambler recalls when they had to go to Wabasca for their Treaty money. At first, Treaty Day held at Calling Lake was on the Reserve. Later, it was held at McIntosh's, and everyone would get an x-ray, and some would have their bad teeth pulled. The head of each family could collect the Treaty money for his own family. At the age of 21, a boy got his own Treaty number. Besides Treaty money, the people would get canvas, blankets, shells and linen thread. Before they used shells, they got gun shot, powder and caps. But everyone must get their own gun. Someone who acted as interpreter would be paid five dollars.

A good many times, people never had tea, and Indian people love tea. They would dry "muskeg tea" and use it. They very seldom had sugar. There was no money - people would trade with fur to get food. They would sell their furs in the winter and get enough supplies, which would be rationed until summer. The first store Mrs. Gambler remembers was McIntosh's store, and there were fur buyers before that.

The people liked to smoke. They bought tobacco leaves, and mixed that with kinic-kinic. The men, older men and older women smoked the corn-cob pipe. Ladies seldom smoked in those days.

Mrs. Gambler remembered that long ago her people wore three-quarter length dresses of moosehide or deerhide. They were hand-made, and sewn with sinew. On their feet they wore moccasins. They wore jackets of moosehide, caribou or deer hides. They did not have beads to sew on their clothes. The beads they wore around their neck, were bought in a store.

How do you make a dress?

First, scrape a hide. With a bone, scrape away the bits of flesh. Rub grease all over the hide, (bear grease works very well), and rub it with the brains of an animal. Put it in water for two to three hours. Dry it slowly over the fire, flapping it slowly for about one and a half to two hours. Smoke it for several hours, using wood from spruce trees. If you want it to be darker, smoke it longer. Then measure yourself, cut out your dress, and sew it together with sinew.

When asked of the happiest time she remembered, Mrs. Gambler replied with a chuckle, "When somebody killed a fat moose, and I knew I was going to eat, then I was happy."

As told by MRS. CAROLINE GAMBLER:

My father was Benjamin Cardinal, and my mother's name was Sophie. She was Peggy Frederick's sister, and Happy Powder was my grandfather. My father's work was trapping. He did some fishing. My father had cattle, chickens, pigs, and horses. I remember when my father had the land where Mr. Day built. My mother died when I was six years old, and I stayed at the Mission at Wabasca and went to school. I came from the Mission when I was fourteen years old.

When Peter Gambler built his first house, he made his own lumber for it. It was very hard work for two men to cut the lumber by hand with a saw. The roof was of poles with strips of birch bark laid on top. The birch bark was covered with dirt. The roof did not leak.

Mrs Peggy Frederick

Mrs. Peggy Frederick is now 84 years old, and came to Calling Lake with her husband and five children. She came from Lac La Biche in 1918. She got here the same day as McIntosh's. There were a few people here already: Sammy Jacobs, Benjamin Cardinal, John Gambler, Mr. McKinnin, Frances Warnique, and Happy Powder.

When she got here, there were no stores or post office. They got all their needs in Athabasca. They wore long dresses, lived in log houses which weren't in good shape. After living here three years, there was a store at the south end, and one at the north end.

*At the left side of the lower left picture are Peggy's mother and father, Katherine Powder and Happy Powder. With them, at the right, are Mr. Powder's brother, Paul Powder, and his wife, Christine Powder.



Two Powder Families.



Friends from Riviere Qui Barre.



OLD TIMERS OF CALLING LAKE--Mrs. McIntosh, Mrs. Samuelson, and
Mr. Jim McIntosh.

(as told for Graduation, 1963.)

We left Athabasca by team. It took two days to come, so we had to camp half-way. We reached Calling Lake on the 28th March 1918. We went right away to the north end of the lake. We spent winter there in a shack. We stayed there the following winter in a new built shack. Then we moved to the present site and took a homestead; we also started to buy fish and fur from the Indians.

There was no school at all then and not even a settlement, since the people were scattered along the lake and the bush. Of course, there was no sawmill, just fishing and trapping. Some years later, a few white families came in. Some Indians had cattle. Most of them had small gardens also, and they made most of their clothing. Their life was a happy one, especially in the fall, when they would often have tea dances before going out for the winter trapping.

The priest would come only once a year from Wabasca by dog team. He would camp here and stay for about a week. There was no church built, and he would have church in different houses.

The first post office started in 1920. There were only a few letters in the mail. In those days the Indians didn't order any COD's, and got no newspapers. The mail came once a month for a few years and then twice a

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month. Mr. Gisli O. Gislason, father of the present mailman, brought the mail in, mostly on horseback! We handled the mail for forty-two years here.

Prices were low in those days: \$3.00 for a hundred pounds of flour; tea - 45¢ a lb.; bib overalls \$1.75 - \$2.25; fur prices were also low; at one time rats paid only five and eight cents because there was no sale for them. However they once jumped to \$5.00 later on.

Those were the good old days!

Mrs. Jim McIntosh.

OLD TIMER OF CALLING LAKE PASSES AWAY

(from THE ECHO, Athabasca, Alberta, September 28th, 1960.)

Born in Scotland in 1886, James McIntosh joined the Boer War at the early age of sixteen, and when that was over, travelled to many parts of the world. He moved to Calling Lake with his wife in 1917.

About 1920 he took an active part in the making of a silent moving picture at Banff entitled "The Valley of Silent Men". (A book is also written by James Curwood with the same title.) In 1924, Mr. McIntosh and Mr. Gislason, the only two white settlers residing there at that time, got together with a hundred and forty dollars granted from the government and built and furnished a log school, the first at Calling Lake. This school was situated where Sarge Bissel now lives. About 1920 he started a post office and mail came in bi-monthly to that remote area by team or wagon or pack horses, depending on whether the season was wet or dry. In 1926 Mr. McIntosh started an enterprise at Calling Lake called fresh fish in winter and it has been growing strong on all northern lakes since.

Mr. McIntosh loved history and had a wide collection of books. He was a friend of the late Bill Cameron, the sole survivor of the Frog Lake massacre and author of that book. He has lived a colourful life, and will be remembered by many as an interesting and outstanding person. With the same precision as always, his funeral was on his birthday. He leaves to mourn his wife; three daughters: May McIntosh, of Calling Lake; Mrs. Jean Erwin, of Calgary; and Mrs. Kay O'Neil of Coal Lake; and his sister, Mrs. Rob Russell, of Athabasca; also a number of grandchildren.

Our oldtimers at Calling Lake are leaving us one by one. When I pass by their places I feel a pang of loneliness for the old friends who have departed from our world.

So long, old pal; we miss you.

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Calling Lake Participates in Bridge Opening at Athabasca - June 9, 1952.

Excitement ran high as Athabasca prepared for the official opening of the Athabasca bridge, and the celebration of the Queen's birthday. The event was scheduled for June 9, but by mid-May much anticipation was evident when headlines read: "INDIANS TO BRING TEEPEES WITH THEM" and "JEAN BAPTISTE, 94, WILL WEAR MEDAL GRANTED BY QUEEN VICTORIA IN 1877".

As plans for the mammoth parade and ceremonies were revealed, they were punctuated with paragraphs which read---

..."At presstime word was received from Jim McIntosh, of Calling Lake through F. R. Falconer, of the Pageantry Committee, that Mr. McIntosh was bringing down a dozen treaty Indians from his area to take part in the parade June 9."

..."The group will be headed by Jean Baptiste, 94, and will be carrying muzzle-loading guns, powder horns, shot bags, etc., will be wearing headdresses, fringed leggings and will have their teepees along."

..."Jean Baptiste will be wearing Queen Victoria's medal which was granted to him in 1877."

(Quotations from THE ECHO, May 23, 1952.)

On the big day.....

After the introduction of Hon. Gordon E. Taylor, Minister of Highways, and his speech to the waiting crowd; the blessing; more speeches by dignitaries and more introductions.....

..."The party then formed a procession down the incline to the bridge, where the Minister made the official declaration, after representing the south side of the river, with the 95 year old Indian, Jean Baptiste, from the Calling Lake district, representing the north side, in sawing through a heavy birch log which barricaded the north end of the structure, with a troop of Cubs and members of the Air Cadets standing guard. The ceremony being completed, the assemblage burst forth in "He's a Jolly Good Fellow".

"SAWED THROUGH BARRICADE"

"Hon. Gordon E. Taylor, Minister of Highways, shakes hands with Jean Baptiste, 95 year-young Cree Indian of the Calling Lake district, after they had sawn the log barricade. Baptiste had been escorted to town by Jim McIntosh, pioneer trader of Calling Lake, and was accompanied by his wife and daughter, as well as a band of redskins in colorful attire. The teepees were visited by throngs of white folks. In the picture, Baptiste is proudly displaying his Queen Victoria Medal."

(Quotations from THE ECHO
June 13, 1952.)



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THE CRAWFORD FAMILY

Stanley Crawford's family was one of the first white pioneers that settled in the Calling Lake area. Stanley was twelve years old when his family came to make their home at Calling Lake.

Mr. Jacob Crawford, Stanley's father, was born in Iceland and came west in 1885, at the time of the Northwest Rebellion. He left Winnipeg and travelled west with a wagon train of 50 Red River carts, mostly Indian drivers. These ox-carts carried freight to the outposts in the west.

About 1911 the Crawford family moved to Athabasca and then to Calling Lake in 1916. Two boats and a scow brought the family and their possessions down the Athabasca River until they reached the Calling River. Then they came overland to the lake.



The late Jacob Crawford

The George McKinnon family moved in about the same time. Then there were trappers Dutch Miller and Otto Hebert who also lived at Succor Creek.

To obtain their supplies, Stanley recalls they would walk to town down the pack trail which followed the telegraph line to Athabasca. Before their return, they would build a scow, and float their stuff to Calling River. Then they would walk to the lake, get a team, and freight their stuff home. In the winter, the Old Winter Road to Wabasca was used, for it went through Calling Lake from Athabasca.

Sometimes Ranger Art Melbourne brought the mail on his way through. Otherwise, they got their mail when they went to town for supplies. In 1917, with Oscar Crawford as foreman, a road was cut through Deep Creek. Still, it was a 5-day trip; 2 days in, a day in town, and 2 days back.

In 1922, the Crawfords moved near Athabasca to farm. It was during this adventure that their efforts in grain growing won fame at the 1928-29 Edmonton Winter Fair. In the 1930's, during the hard times, Stanley moved back to Calling Lake. With his wife, they homesteaded land near the Forestry buildings. Later, they moved to the south end of the Lake.

Stanley has shown a keen sense of resourcefulness in the variety of ways he has utilized to provide a good living for his family. He has adventured in homesteading, trapping, and mink ranching. He has operated a logging camp and sawmill. More recently he has operated a summer resort. The frontier and wilderness have receded due to the efforts of hardy pioneers like the Crawfords.

As Stanley Crawford reminisces, he says of Calling Lake: "You know, it hasn't been a bad place to live."

Our Frontier Pioneers

by Herb Bell

(from: THE ECHO, March 27th, 1953.)

In that part of Alberta known as the "Green Belt" which, stretching from East to West across our province, forms a barrier between plain and tundra; where the great Grey Wolf, the Canada Lynx and the wily Wolverine still hold their own against enemy number one - Man - there lives a smattering of humans, both red and white, who are playing a big part in the building of this great Canadian Nation of ours.

One of such, whose name is worthy of being recorded among Canada's long list of Frontiersmen, is Stanley Crawford.

Stan, as he's familiarly called by most folks who reside in the Calling Lake district of Alberta, came there as a lad of 12, in 1916. There he grew to young manhood helping his parents, along with other members of their family, with the hard work of making a living from a piece of raw land which had to be cleared stick by stick. As a sideline they Mink-ranched and, in season, trapped and fished.

In the early twenties the Crawfords moved nearer to civilization where for some years they farmed near the town of Athabasca. It was during this period that their efforts in grain growing won fame for the area as well as great credit for the family when their exhibit of wheat and oats at the Edmonton Winter Fair (season of 28-29) won Champion Alberta Honors for grade of samples shown.

When hard times hit in the dirty thirties, the family moved back to their old haunts in the Calling Lake area. There the Crawford boys have spent these intervening years rearing their respective families and carrying on much as they did in the old days.

Of late years, Stan and his wife, who now have their own sons and daughters to partner with, have added a further activity to their many frontier doings: A logging camp and sawmill.

On the side Stan still does a spot of trapping, as was noted the day I visited his camp. In his half-ton pick-up lay unpeeled his morning's catch: a cross-fox, a large Canada Lynx, and two weasel. The Lynx was well furred but it had little flesh on its bones--too thin to be healthy. I asked Stan about "Rabies". He said no cases of the disease had been heard of in his trapping area. On query as to numbers of lynx and other furbearers, he said: "That is the sixth lynx I've taken this season--there's more of them around than I've seen for years. In the old days," Stan went on, "an Indian, now long dead, told me that near the turn of the century he snared 60 lynx in one season, all off a two mile long pine ridge."

"How about fox?" I enquired.

"Plenty of them and healthy looking as you can see, but rabbits are

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scarce to what I've seen in former high-cycles. So are the birds. In the '44 cycle," Stan added, "the bunnies were so plentiful that when the young tree food supply ran out they tackled the homesteaders' hay ricks. In some cases they ate the base of the ricks away until nothing was left but a stem on which the rick balanced, looking like a toadstool until finally toppling to bury dozens of bunnies!"

During my two-week stay in the area I heard much, from Indian and white alike, on the word of the Crawford family as community builders; and especially about big, jovial Stan, whom the natives say is big of heart as well.

It is to men and women of their type who man outposts of civilization from Ungava to Yukon; and about whom we hear so little that we who live among the comforts of more settled parts owe so much. They are the ones who tame and push back our frontiers; they are the ones who, with nought but a stout heart, a gun and an axe, pushed on into the wilderness--first clearing a dog-trail, then for a horse and sled, but which as slowly and surely as time itself came through much labor to be honored with the name of a graded dirt road. It is upon these that we who follow build into gravelled and finally hard surfaced roads.

But the dreams of the Crawford family are not yet all fulfilled; their next venture is to be in the summer resort line. Already Stan and his boys have cleared the site. It will be on the south shore of Calling Lake, where, for a start, five snug cabins will be moved as soon as their winter's run of logging is completed. Whether their venture will pay off remains to be seen. Much is in their favour, such as: Overcrowding of resorts lying nearer to Edmonton; location in almost virgin territory where good fishing, boating, as well as safe, sandy swimming beaches can be had; a gravelled road from Edmonton to lake edge.

On these drawcards to Crawfords of Calling Lake and all those other pioneers who call it "HOME" feel that their spot on the map, which has been calling for a long time, is about to come into its own.

AN OLD TIMER'S REPORT - as told for Graduation, 1963:

Reminiscing back through the years, thirty years ago seems like only yesterday, when Pa and I walked to Athabasca and got hitched!

We lived on the west side of the lake for ten years. Our only way to get in touch with the settlement on the east side of the lake, was by dog team or row boat. When the lake was too rough, Pa or I would walk the fourteen miles around to get the mail. In those days it only came in twice a month. We learned to live the hard way. We spaded and picked roots to make a small garden spot. In the hungry thirties, we didn't suffer any. We raised a good garden, had lots of meat, fish and berries. Pa fished and trapped. With the fur and fish he sold, we bought our main necessities, such as flour, sugar, salt, and the rest. We lived in a two-room log cabin. Our light was a small coal oil lamp. When we ran short of oil, Pa would put some bear grease or tallow in a lid, then soak a piece of rag in it, and light it. That was our light for many a night. We were happy in our little paradise.

In 1943, we moved across to the settlement, since our two children were now of school age. They seemed very happy to move, as Grandma and Grandpa Samuelson lived over there. They built the log cabin in 1936, that Mr. Underwood lives in now. We lived where William Jacob's buildings are now.

The school in those days was quite the thing! In summer the flies and the mosquitoes nearly drove the children crazy! They had to make a smudge so they could do a little study. In the winter time, they would have to break trail, the snow being over their knees. When they finally reached the old log building, they would have to sit around the stove with mitts and coats on until about noon!

Pa and Ma Peterson



Mrs. Peterson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuelson (at left), came to Calling Lake in August, 1933, and settled on the west side of the lake. They lived there for three and one-half years, and then built on the east side of the lake.

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On year, 45 children were crowded into that one-room school! The teachers we had were terrific! One term we had three teachers. Another year, two supervisors and one teacher to finish the term out. Once, they sent an old lady of sixty-three years, no bigger than a midget. In the winter time, to keep warm in the classroom, she had to wear men's pants and overshoes. Another teacher froze his heels sitting at his desk! But nevertheless, our children came through it, and have homes and children of their own. Pa and I are back where we started.

I don't envy the children of Calling Lake today. I am happy for them. With their four-room modern school and four good teachers, I do hope they will take full advantage of the education they are getting, and will grow up to be good citizens. I guess that's it.

Growing Up At Calling Lake

What was it like to grow up at Calling Lake when the country was yet young, wild and untamed? Jakey Gislason recalls, when as a lad of seven, he came with his family to Calling Lake. The present 45 minute trip from Athabasca by car took the Gislason family about 3 days. They had no road to follow, only the wish to find their home. Through the muskeg, brush and bog they trekked with all their possessions loaded on two wagons and pulled by two teams. At one point, one horse was stuck up to its neck in muskeg. It was pulled out with a team of horses, a rope, and man power.

The Gislason children grew up in much the same way as children would today. They worked and they played. They also had a pet. This was not an ordinary pet, but rather a 2-year old moose, whose mother had been shot. They had raised the calf on a bottle and kept it behind the cook stove. It would push the door open, walk across the floor, and snooze in front of the stove.

One day, Jakey remembers, he went to the boat with his fishnet, and the moose followed along the trail. As Jakey got into the boat, the moose attempted to follow. Jakey told him to go home. The moose just stared at him. Jakey finally left the shoreline and the moose swam after him. When the moose got closer to the boat, Jakey hit him with an oar. The moose turned around quickly, swam back to the shore, and stomped into the house. He lay in front of the stove for two days before he would forgive Jakey.

Jakey remembers when school was a place for having a lot of fun, and not too much learning. At noon, the children usually pushed Jakey's 1917 Model T down the road. One day Mike Tanasiuk was pushing the car with some other children, and Jakey was steering. Mike slipped underneath one wheel. Mike lay helpless for some time before the other children spotted him lying in the road. They carried Mike behind the school, and laid him down to rest. When Mike walked into the school in about an hour's time, the children felt greatly relieved.

In those days a doctor was far away and people at Calling Lake had to rely on home medicines to cure illness. But sometimes people died because they could not fight the illness. Jakey's sister, Margaret, was near death at one point. She had a fish bone work into her finger. Whatever her mother did, nothing seemed to help, and Margaret was getting worse. She had blood poisoning. A friend helped them find an 80 year old Indian called Grandois. He made a flax seed poultice and put in on the infected area. Within days, Margaret was better.

Jakey recalls when as a postman in 1931, he carried the mail to Calling Lake during sunshine or rain. During the wet seasons he used pack horses, and during the dry season he was able to use a team and wagon. He carried mail twice a month. In 1936, with the coming of a trail, the mail service was

increased to once every week. In 1961, the mail came twice weekly.

Jakey has seen the Calling Lake road grow from a trail to a graded road. He has seen Calling Lake grow from a thick forest-covered land to a small community. He has seen Calling Lake grow from a sparsely settled area to the present population of nearly 400. Jakey Gislason grew up at Calling Lake and, although he no longer makes his home here, his trips with the mail twice weekly keep him in close touch.

Mountain Lion Is Killed Up A Tree at Calling Lake Is spied by Crawford Party Leaving for dance

Last Saturday evening there was a dance at the Calling Lake School and people were getting ready to go from all directions. Bob Crawford and his family were in their truck, just leaving, when they noticed a large animal swimming the river about 300 yards in front of their house. It looked like a very strange animal, so Bob and his two boys, Lloyd and George, ran down to give it the once over as it emerged from the stream - calling their cattle dog "Sport" along.

It was a big lion. The dog took after it and it climbed a tree. The oldest son, Lloyd, about 15, realized it was a lion and dashed for the rifle, lodging three shots through the heart.

The animal, which clung to the tree about 30 feet above the ground, finally succumbed, and when the party were so convinced, they cut the tree down and skidded the animal home. It was a buck lion as large as a yearling calf.

All the settlement around left their homes and spent Sunday taking pictures of the monster, and residents of the district are cautious about travelling after dark for fear there may be a mate still lurking in the neighborhood. It was the most exciting episode that has ever happened at Calling Lake.

Old timers here declare the animal is not of the African jungle variety, but a mountain lion or a cougar, possibly straying into the district from the Pelican Mountains, usually a denizen of the foothills. It is reported that there is a highly prized hide at the store of Jim McIntosh, at Calling Lake, of such an animal which he shot many years ago.

...From the ATHABASCA ECHO
August 24, 1945.



..."the residents spent Sunday taking pictures of the monster".....

Gislason Family



The Gislason Family

The Gislason family was an outstanding pioneer family of Calling Lake. They settled in the wilderness when it was yet unsettled.

Mr. Gisli O. Gislason was born in Grendavik, Iceland, and came to Canada with his parents who settled in Gimli in 1881. Mrs. Gislason is the former Miss Margaret Crawford, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Crawford.

Mr. and Mrs. Gislason were married in Winnipeg in 1910 and later came west. Mr. Gislason and Oscar Crawford spent one winter fishing at Calling Lake. About 1917 the Gislason family moved to Calling Lake, and occupied the Crawford house at the river's mouth.

The Gislason's operated a small store, but later moved the store goods to their living room to make available a place for a school. With the help of Mr. McIntosh, a school building was later erected further north, near what was then called White's Creek. Mr. Coke was the first teacher. While at Calling Lake, Mr. Gislason was mail carrier and part-time forest ranger.

In 1929, they moved to a farm in the Deep Creek district where Mr. Gislason was postmaster until his retirement to Edmonton in 1952.

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Their 12 children are: Mr. Jacob Gislason, Mrs. Carrie Wood, Mrs. Margaret Cameron, Mrs. Edith Lawrence, Mr. O. V. Gislason, Mr. Gisli Gislason, Mrs. Helen Kaplun, Mr. William S. Gislason, Mrs. Rose Gablehouse, Mr. Frank Gislason, and Mrs. Patricia Lane.

Day Family



Mr. C. Day

To the people of Calling Lake, Chester Read Day was better known as "Buffalo Bill". He was a real personality, and would begin his greetings with "By the Lord Harry!" He was a perfect picture in his hat, chaps, and buckskin outfit. He wore a well-groomed beard, and often packed a revolver when he went out in the bush. On King, his big white trained saddle horse, Mr. Day presented an unforgettable sight.

Mr. Day worked as a customs officer at the border until he moved his family to Calling Lake in 1928. He settled on land bought from Johnny Jacobs, which had formerly been owned by Benjamin Cardinal. Some of the land was open and had been farmed and the Day family later cleared more land. The family lived temporarily in the old Cardinal house. The barn was the first of Mr. Day's distinctive log buildings. Mr. Webb did much of the logging, and Tom Zworin fitted the logs together. Later the house, built of logs and roofed with sod, was completed.

Mr. Day leased 42 quarters of land, mostly meadows, and brought in horses and cattle by the carload. The Percherons were surely the biggest horses in Alberta, weighing well over 2,000 pounds each. Carloads of machinery, wire and supplies also made their way to his home in the wilderness. About 60 tons of wild hay was put up in a season for the stock. It was stacked in the meadows, and hauled home in the winter. In spite of his best efforts, many of Mr. Day's horses died.

The Day home was a gathering place for the younger folk. The boys often held boxing matches as part of their fun.

In 1930 and 1931, Mr. Day and Mr. Joe Ucytil blazed the road that was a more direct route to Athabasca.

Mrs. Day began to operate a small store about the time the war started, and continued until the 1950's.

Mr. Day realized Calling Lake's possibilities as a resort area, and hopefully, he constructed the first summer resort cabins--four distinctive log buildings, which still stand today and are used by the family during the summer.

Jim the oldest son, was in the army, and took part in the Dieppe raid; Dick, Bill, and Bob were also in the forces, Dick and Bill serving overseas. Other children in the family of 8 were Jack, Pat, Harriet, and Phyllis.



BELIEVE IT

OR NOT.



**The first Calling Lake Post Office was opened in 1921. Mr. J. McIntosh was the first postman. The post office was located at McIntosh's until 1960.

**The first fox and fitch farm at Calling Lake was owned by the Gislasons.

** The first privately owned airplane at Calling Lake was a "Robin" bought in 1929 by Mr. J. McIntosh.

**The first Public Health Nurse to visit the school at Calling Lake was Miss B. May (now Mrs. Parr.)

** Mr. J. McIntosh started the first mink ranch at Calling Lake about 36 years ago.

** Mr. K. Sutton was the first here to raise martin.

**The first sawmill located right at Calling Lake was owned by Mr. Jim McIntosh. It was run by a steam engine which is presently at the Museum at Wetaskewin.

**The first church built at Calling Lake was the Roman Catholic Church built in 1942. Mike and Jim Tanasiuk cut and skidded the trees, and hewed the logs by hand with a broad-axe.

** The first vehicle owned by local residents, were a jeep and a truck, owned by Mr. J. McIntosh.

**In the fall of 1955, Ellefson's Lumber Mill became the first opportunity for local employment.

**Many of the Indian people of Calling Lake go on a pilgrimage to Lac Ste. Anne in the summer.

Special services for the Indian people are held every year at Lac Ste. Anne on the first Wednesday after July 20. The shrine of Ste. Anne was built in this place, because a vision of Saint Anne, the grandmother of Jesus, was seen standing on the rocks along the shore of the lake. For many, many years, Indians have made the pilgrimage to visit the shrine because they believed in religion.

Believe It or Not... (continued)

During the year, if someone in the family was sick, they might make a pledge to God that if this person got better, a trip would be made to the shrine of Saint Anne. They may have pledged a special sacrifice - that of walking part of, or all the way there! If the family member died, the pledge was kept, and the pilgrimage was made anyway. If, while walking along the way, someone offered a ride because he felt sorry for them walking in the hot sun or along the bad road, they would not accept the ride. They would persevere, and would at last arrive at Lac Ste. Anne on foot. People would come with teams, covered wagons, on foot, on the back of trucks, and only more recently would hire a bus.

Starting as early as 6:00 A.M., the day at Lac Ste. Anne included confessions, Holy communion, Mass, and special services. During the afternoon, at a special service, those who were sick were gathered at the front of the church. The priest said a blessing for them, and offered prayers that these people may be cured. Then at the lakeshore, after the waters of the lake had been blessed, the people went into the water to wash away their afflictions. Often a stretcher was lowered into the water, bearing someone who was unable to walk in.

The Way of the Cross, held outdoors at night, was beautiful to see. Each person that took part carried a lighted candle as he passed in turn the 12 little chapels that represented the stations of the cross; and arrived at last at the foot of the towering cross. This procession was said to symbolize the soldiers carrying torches and travelling with Jesus along the original way of the cross. Next morning, services could be attended before leaving for home.

Many people gathered plants or herbs such as the wild peppermint, dipped them in the healing waters of the lake, dried them, and took them home to be used when someone was sick. All persons who went into the water wore their ordinary clothes, not bathing suits, and these clothes were dried, carefully put away, and kept. If someone got sick, the clothes were wrapped around the sick person in the belief that he would be cured.

The canes and crutches hanging beside the alter in the church were the testimony of those who believed they had been cured because of their pilgrimage to Lac Ste. Anne.



A pilgrim,
returning from
Lac Ste. Anne,
passes through
Calling Lake.

Believe It or Not ... (continued)

**A large buffalo skull was found at Calling Lake by Joe Ucytil while working on a forestry road. It was buried about 18 inches to 2 feet deep, and was unearthed by a bulldozer. It was one of the largest buffalo skulls found in Alberta, according to Mr. Neil Thomas, who recieved the skull from Mr. Ucytil.

**When Ingram and Bob Crawford joined up in the army, after the Crawfords moved to Calling Lake, Stanley Crawford wanted to join up too, although he was too young. He was still using a slingshot.

**Mr. J. McIntosh operated the first fish plant at Calling Lake.

**The first schoolbus, (December 1956), was a VW microbus owned by the Service Unit. Parents paid \$1.75 per child per month.

**In 1943, the residents of Calling Lake voted to become a part of the Athabasca School Division #42. Until this time, Calling Lake had been an isolated school district.

**In late 1961, the residents of Calling Lake voted again, and on January 1, 1962, Calling Lake became a part of the Northland School Division #61.

**Today Calling Lake is an hour's drive from Athabasca, but Joe Ucytil can remember walking to Athabasca in 12 hours, with 2 pack dogs, carrying 50 pound packs.

**The law often works in strange ways. Jake Gislason recalls an example of the workings of the law:

There was a cattle rancher named Neilson who had land near the Calling River. Neilson wanted his wife out of the way. His hired help, Red Nickle, was to kill her and the baby while they were crossing the river from the garden. Red Nickle had a change of heart, and did not upset the canoe as planned. Instead, back at the cabin, he shot Neilson.

At the trial, Red Nickle was pardoned, "for", as the judge put it, "he saved two innocent lives and only took the life of a bad one."

**Our "School Song" was composed by the grade 6, 7, 8 and 9 class in 1960-61 for the first graduation exercises. Music for it was composed by Mr. R . A. Brubaker.

A Former Teacher's Viewpoint

- excerpts from "Clover and Wild Strawberries"
by the Athabasca Local ATA

"THE WAY IT WAS" - - - a letter from Mrs. C. Day

"Let's begin with my first school in July of 1930--at Calling Lake. Jakey Gislason was the mailman then, as I believe he is now. And the Lake itself is still the same size and shape. Having gone there for a visit two years ago, I believe that those two facts are the only ones which bear any similarity to the 1930 version of the Calling Lake situation.

I had never been north of the river and had never taught before and had no idea of what was ahead of me. With a trunk packed with my clothing and the "fiddle", I met Jakey at the Post Office one summer afternoon. He drove an old Model T truck into which my trunk and I were tumbled. It took about two hours of bumping and pitching and stopping and backing up for a run at it, and bouncing and bucking to get to Deep Creek where we spent the night at Gislasons. Next morning early I went out to get into the truck again but was informed that we would have to go on in by horseback since the only trail up was not passable until after freeze-up. So I dug two pillow cases out of my trunk, packed them with clothing and a few books, held the violin vase in my hand, and mounted old "Sandy". Thirty-three miles and eleven hours later we arrived at the small log structure which was to be my first school. Needless to say, I took my breakfast standing.

School was open for 8 months a year - spring, summer and fall - but closed during the coldest part of the winter. There were 13 white children and up to 12 Indian children, but the latter were in attendance only occasionally -- between the various trips out to a variety of trapping expeditions, or summer and winter camp trips. Dr. Swift was the inspector at that time. He got in once during my two years there. Texts were very scarce, but I remember that we had a series of readers called the "Canadian" something or other - maybe Canadian Readers. They were all in a dull, gray-green back. The school library was a six foot shelf which held a single volume encyclopedia, a backless small dictionary (probably a Highroad), an atlas, and perhaps a dozen reference books. There was no math text and no fiction books. There was a history text, a geography text, a thin, green Civics text, a dull gray Physiology and Hygiene, all for the senior grade (7 and 8), all of which pupils were supposed to buy for themselves and none of which were ever bought. The school or the teacher usually managed to have one complete set of books for the whole school, but since classes usually consisted of 3 or 4 students each (seniors), pupils could take turns using THE book. Readers were free, but had to last for several years.

I remember choosing springtime to study the geography of Alberta. We went out into the yard when the snow was nearly gone, scooped soft snow up in piles in appropriate places to provide us water sources, marked out our map of Alberta to rough scale, dug us river basins with a hoe, piled us

mountains with a shovel, got melting snow to put water in our rivers, stuck spruce branches and twigs in where we needed "bushland", set little blocks for cities and towns, etc., etc. It was great fun but very mucky. And with such short class periods we had to use recess and noon hour and after school time to get the whole thing completed before the snow was all gone and dust reigned supreme."



REMEMBER WHEN



**Remember when there was no church yet built at Calling Lake? When the priest could make it here, services were held in various homes or in the school.

**Remember when the annual school picnic was held on the flats by McIntosh's? Most everyone attended, and we enjoyed participating in, or just watching, the events. Events included relays, potato races, canoe races, pillow fights, boat races, and swimming races. We usually gave chocolate bars and balloons for prizes. We had home-made ice-cream, lemonade, and sandwiches. Then there was a dance at night.

The next day we got together again, this time with mops, buckets, and home-made soap, and cleaned up the school.

**Remember the first school? Jack Day commented, "You could throw a fish through the cracks in the walls."

**Remember the next school? Mr. B. Facey, Superintendent from 1948 to 1952 remembers - - "- - Calling Lake stands out as unusual, with its gloomy interior, low ceiling and huge ridge pole at least 18 inches in diameter."

**Remember when registered traplines came in about 24 or 25 years ago?

**Remember when, one year, Frank Crawford smugly put into the Valentine box 22 tarpaper valentines, all addressed to Kathleen McIntosh? When the cards were handed out on Valentine Day, a puzzled Frank received the same 22 tarpaper valentines with HIS name on them! Somehow, he had been found out, and the cards had been re-addressed to him!

**Remember when Mr. Powder and Benjamin Cardinal tracked a little lost girl step for step? They found May, asleep under a tree, about two miles back from the lake.

**Remember one day, when a lot of fish were dumped down the chimney of Jake's fishing cabin? Jake didn't know they were there until he built a

REMEMBER WHEN... (continued.)

fire, and became aware of a terrible smell. Jack smiles to himself yet, when he thinks of the trick he played on a friend.

**Remember the landmark known as "Powder's Point"?

**Remember when Two Mile was called "White's Creek"?

**Remember when the "old chief" broke his leg? It seemed best that he be taken to Athabasca for treatment. His sons paddled him down the Calling River in a canoe where possible, and carried him and the canoe over portages, continuing this way until they reached the Athabasca River. Then they paddled the canoe with its suffering patient up the Athabasca River to the town.

**Remember Mr. Eric Hodgson, Superintendent from 1941 - 1948? Mr. Hodgson remembers that on his yearly trip to Calling Lake, he had to go early in the morning when the roads were frozen. Or when he went with Mr. Silver, he had to hold his suitcase on his lap to keep from hitting the roof of the car as they proceeded the 50 miles over the ruts in the road.

**Remember when you seldom heard "There isn't anything to do around here."?

In those days there was a dance about every two weeks, with admission at 25¢. Stan and Ingram Crawford were often called upon to provide the music. Often other local fellows took a turn at the fiddle, too.

Lunches were donated. Margaret (Gislason) Cameron recalls that her mother once made ten cakes for an annual winter dance at the school.

"Everyone brought something," Elsa (Webb) Rogers recalls. "There was always plenty of lunch, and it was served around to everybody."

"There wasn't much to do, really," Elsa said, "but I do remember we did the dishes quickly, and then we would go and play cards for a while. Mr. Day had many good books, and he was always generous enough to let us read them."

**Remember the old road to Athabasca? The road was only a narrow trail cut through the bush. It was passable during the winter, but in summer it was a sea of mud. Along this wagon trail, there was a stop-over at Deep Creek at Kirpatrick's place.

**Remember the meetings to decide the location of the school? Mr. C. G. Merkley, Superintendent from 1952 - 1954, attended one of these meetings and recalls: "Probably the most colorful meeting attended was held at Calling Lake, where two groups met at the school house to decide where a new school was to be placed. Names such as McIntosh, Day, and Crawford, will always be remembered when thinking of schools in the Calling Lake area."



DID

YOU

KNOW ?

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KI TO SA KA E KEN
is the Cree way of writing
and saying "Calling Lake".

**One version of how Calling Lake got its name is because of the calling sound the lake makes when it freezes up and is cracking.

**The Jean Baptiste Gambler Indian Reserve No. 183 was named after Mr. Gambler because of his efforts in establishing a Reserve here for his people.

**Calling Lake was listed as an official seaplane base.

**The first telephone line to Calling Lake was built by the Provincial Government in 1921. The phone was located at McIntosh's.

**The first private commercial wireless station at Calling Lake was operated by Mr. McIntosh. Hook-up was with the Department of Transport Government Telephone System.

**Calling Lake's first school inspector was Mr. LeBlanc.

**Mr. Falconer, of Athabasca, remembers that one year, 30 carloads of fish were shipped out of Calling Lake.

Mr. W.O. Lewis hauled fish from Calling Lake in a heated Fresh Fish Caboose for the Star Fish Co. in New York.

Fish were worth one dollar a pound at that time.

**The first Grade Nine Graduation banquet at Calling Lake was held at the Youth Centre in the late fall of 1961, with graduation exercises following at Tanasiuk's Hall. The grade nine graduates were: Cora Roe, Lorine Roe, Joan Sutton, and Gilman Cardinal.

In The BEGINNING - - -

It was August '55. The low slung Buick ambulance literally graded the road as it groaned its way to Calling Lake. The occupants, Ike and I (Millie Glick) and year old John, were as green as lake water in August about life in the bush. But learn we must.

We had been told to travel until we saw a pile of lumber beside the road. When we suddenly caught sight of it out of the corner of our eyes and backed up, we had arrived!

By heavy mosquito-biting time, we had the floor and sides of our "mansion" up a 12' x 14' granary. And by the next afternoon we had a roof over our heads and our earthly possessions stowed against the four walls inside. We cooked on the "air-tight" stove, learning how to alternate pots on the one spot that would boil. At night, we moved the table out to make room for our bedrolls on the floor.

That was the winter of the big snow and the long cold - at least to new Northerners. It was November. The mercury dropped to 14 degrees below and the granary shivered - literally, in a fifty mile an hour wind that played a frigid tune through the granary cracks. Ice froze in the water pail beside the roaring "air-tight". We were glad enough to move into the partially finished Service Unit house which had meanwhile been under construction.

And to those of you at Calling Lake who accepted us, rubbed off some of the green, and put sand in our shoes, we are still grateful.

- M. Glick

This is the way Joe (Grasshead) Cardinal told me the story:

It all started when the Calling Lake fire fighters had a fire well under control, and Joe was checking for any possibility of the fire breaking through. Startled by a sound behind, he turned and found himself face to face with trouble in the form of a cinnamon bear. With a shovel as his only form of defense, he leaped on a small ridge as the bear charged at him. The instinct for survival was strong and he swung wildly at the bear. Luck was on his side, for he hit the bear across the side of the nose, knocking it out cold.

When he returned to camp, the men stared at his chest and he, wondering what they were looking at, glanced down, too. To his surprise, he saw a blood-drenched shirt. After answering a thousand questions, he led a group of unbelieving men to the scene. They found the bear lying where he fell, apparently quite dead. But just to make sure, they shot him.

A Ranger Reminiscences

Mr. L. Silver was Fire Ranger, Fish Officer and Game Guardian combined, from 1941 to 1944. Prior to that, Mr. Charlie Carter was Ranger, and then Mr. Gislason was acting Ranger.

Saddle horse and pack horse was his main means of transportation. In winter he travelled on his skiis. One trip was made to Pelican Portage and back to Calling Lake in six days! He made numerous trips to Wabasca and Sandy Lake.

Mr. Silver recalls that in those days the fishermen used dog team when fishing with nets. Before 1944, snares and traps were mainly used in obtaining coarse furs. The snares used numbered more than 2,000. After 1944, coarse fur decreased in value, while the price of fox, coyote and lynx increased.

One experience Mr. Silver remembers was when a plane, piloted by Mr. Kilbough, crashed in the Pelican Mountains. Mr. Silver and Mr. Price were in a search party - Mr. Price used a dogteam, and Mr. Silver went first by skiis, and a second time by plane. He missed finding Mr. Kilbough by half a mile. The plane was carrying a load of fish, and being found by grizzly bears, they left a trail. Mr. Alphonse Beaver later found the wreckage by this trail.

In 1941 - 42, the late Mrs. H. E. Silver taught at the old log one-roomed school at Calling Lake. A gasoline-drum heater warmed the air immediately around it, while all around toes stayed frozen, and cheeks remained a rosy red. She taught Metis and white children; the Indian children attended school at Wabasca then.

The Silver family rented a house from McIntosh's the first year, and then lived on Glen Lemaster's until 1944, when they moved to Athabasca. Mr. Silver remained Fish Inspector until 1953, then Fish and Game Officer from 1953 - 1957 when he retired.

Did You Know (continued.)

**Mr. C. Day built the first resort cabins at Calling Lake.

**The Mennonite Voluntary Service Unit first came to Calling Lake in August, 1955. The first Unit leaders were Mr. and Mrs. Ike Glick.

The Mennonite Church was built in 1955. The first pastor at Calling Lake was Mr. I. Glick.

**The first kindergarten at Calling Lake was taught by Anna Rose Nafziger in February, 1959. Funds were provided by the Service Unit.

**The first Calling Lake School Yearbook, the EVERGREEN, was published in June, 1961. Editor was Cora Roe, and staff advisor was Mrs. Shwaga.

**The first resident Roman Catholic priest at Calling Lake was Father E. Fournier (fall 1962 - spring 1966).

The new Roman Catholic Church was first used for worship on the Feast of Christ the King, October 25, 1962.

TEAM PRODUCTS

Teamwork
Enterprises of
Alberta and
Mackenzie

The idea for TEAM actually originated among Native craftsmen who expressed a need for "something" that would reduce the problem of marketing as well as obtaining raw materials needed for creating goods for market. Obviously, what was needed could best be done collectively -- co-operatively, or, let's say as a TEAM:

TEAM opens a Trail to the world of commerce; TEAM is an
Experience in doing together what is impossible alone; TEAM
represents an Aspiration to be self-reliant, and provides an opportunity for
Management of one's own affairs.

The idea began to evolve about 1960 but didn't really take legal form as a non-profit organization until 1964. It is anticipated that it will be registered as a Co-operative in the next stage of development.

per I. N. Glick

**The Calling Lake Logging and Slashing Co-op was formed in the fall of 1966.

**The powerline from Athabasca to Calling Lake, built by Calgary Power, was "hooked up" in November, 1966.

#3

Did You Know... (continued)

**The road to Sandy Lake was made by an oil exploration company. In March of 1958, the first trip by truck was made from Calling Lake to Sandy Lake in six and one-half hours.

**McIntosh's were the first at Calling Lake to set up TV.

**Mike Tanasiuk is the proud winner of a trophy won in 1967, which is suitably inscribed . . .

"Hudson Bay Trophy
for annual
Power Toboggan Competition
Parka Pow Wow
Wabasca, Desmarais."

Did You Know ?

The "Busy Beavers", a boys and girls Club, was started in 1956. The first meetings were held at Grandma Logan's house.



Girls

- Joan Sutton (top. left
- Adeline Cardinal (R)
- Margaret Nipshank
- Rose Auger
- Linda Ellefson
- Cora Roe
- Florence Cardinal
- Lorraine Roe
- Clarice Cardinal (2nd
- Hazel Cardinal row)
- Bernice Nipshank
- Irene Nipshank
- Ruthanne White
- Judy Sutton
- Wendy Ellefson

Boys L-R

- Gilbert Gladue
- Gilman Cardinal
- Johnny Auger
- Johnny Cardinal
- Clarence Cardinal
- Joseph Gladue

This was the first Hallowe'en party held for the Boy's and Girls Club Group.

THE FIRST KINDERGARTEN GRADUATION

A group of parents and other interested persons attended the kindergarten graduation exercises at Moosehorn Hall on Friday evening, May 26, 1967. The class sang several songs, Mr Burkholder addressed the group and Mr Ike Glick presented the scrolls. Nine of the 14 members were present.

members of the class were



- Alma Auger
- Michael Auger
- Cecelia Bigstone
- Richard Cardinal
- Jack Cardinal
- Mark Foster
- Calvin Gambler
- Freddie Gambler
- Beatrice Gladue
- Sylvia Gladue
- Corinne Howells
- Jean Laroche
- Gerald Shwaga
- Laura Smith

Teacher:
Miss Sandra Nafziger

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- From "ECHO" Files

District News As Read In The
"ATHABASCA ECHO"

August 10, 1934

*When Jakie Gislason was returning home about midnight, he saw a bear cub near his home. He got his .22 and shot five times when a big bear came on the scene. Jakie bolted, and bolted the door. Next morning, the cub was found dead about 40 yards from the house.

October 5, 1934

*On September 25, Miss Katie Monson and Miss Margueritt, escorted by George Senz, walked to Calling Lake, where they were guests of Mrs. R. C. Day.

*Messrs. Birkigt, Bruschaussen and Les Atkinson stopped off at Calling River on their raft trip down the Athabasca. Miss Millie Baudroau made the same trip.

December 24, 1934

*We heard this week that George Castonguay had his team drown in Rock Island Lake last Friday when he was crossing the ice. The trail used had born a heavier load the day before. The team died almost as soon as they submerged, without a chance to save them. The driver escaped unharmed.

September 27, 1935

*When Mr. Carter, the Fire Ranger was coming from Calling Lake a few days ago on horseback, a monstrous black bear walked out in the road in front of him. It frightened the horse, but Mr. Carter being an old-timer in the bush, knew what to do. He yelled and whistled at the bear, who finally stepped off the road, allowing the man to pass unharmed. He had been held up about twenty minutes.

September 27, 1935

*For five days last week the surface of Calling Lake was subjected to a violent equinoctial storm. Gunnar Peterson, trapper, was caught out in the middle of the Lake in his sailboat. One of the spars was broken and the boat driven on to the east shore with an impetus which drove it far up the beach.

more - FROM "ECHO" Files 46

A scarcity of big game in the immediate vicinity at Calling Lake has been reported. Moose calling, which is participated in by nearly all trappers, will begin again soon.

February 8, 1935

*Mr. Snyder made a trip to Deep Creek to visit some of his friends. He came from Calling Lake, taking the Calling River route.

March 29, 1935

A fish 16 inches long was found inside a jackfish 24 inches long when ye Editor took home a couple of Calling Lake Jacks on the ECHO subscription swap. He came out a roe to the good on the deal.

*That remarkable two pound baby that was safely brought in 50 miles overland in 50 below weather is making remarkable progress in the hospital. Calling Lake is lucky to have such a splendid community worker in Mrs. McIntosh who attended to the late Mrs. Webb in her fatal illness and brought the body for burial to Athabasca, and the baby safely to the Hospital under sub-zero conditions.

May 2, 1952

*Joe Ucytil is beaver trapping and has pulled in one that weighed over 70 pounds. This should set a record.

July 11, 1952

*The road to Calling Lake is absolutely the best place to stay away from for the present. The mail got through but after all the rain we had, it wasn't so easy.

*Little Jackie Erwin of Edmonton is spending his holidays with his grandmother at Calling Lake.

March 15, 1952

*The pie social held last week-end at Calling Lake was a wonderful success. Over seventy dollars was collected. Phyllis Peterson's pie sold the best, going for over fifteen dollars. Doris McPherson's second, going for over ten dollars. Proceeds are to be for the new dance hall out at the Lake. Mr. McPherson is giving the community one acre of ground on which to build the hall. Many other donations have been received.

May 2, 1952

*The ice on the Lake is past the stage where one can walk upon it. Mr. Walton always makes a point of being the last one to walk upon

more.

From "ECHO." Files)

it before it goes. He won't be home till next week. All we can do is hope the ice stays till he can make an attempt. He's not one to shatter a perfect record.

May 23, 1952

*Calling Lake can boast sights that Banff and Jasper never even thought of (or so some say). The fish up here jump over the dam, and by the thousands.

*Kenny Walton is now working at Fort Smith in the North West Territories.

*Mrs. Smith and son Tuffy, have moved from Calling Lake to the United States.



PIONEERS

Nick & Rose Tanasiuk

TANASIUK RECREATION AREA

Dedicated to Pioneers Mr. & Mrs. Nick Tanasiuk.

Married in 1910, the Tanasiuks first homesteaded at Pakan, near Andrew, Alberta, where their first five children were born. After hearing from a friend about the good land and large meadows to the North, in the spring of 1920 they undertook the incredibly difficult overland trip through the roadless mud and muskeg to Calling Lake to start a ranch. They spent 14 weeks on the trail in covered wagons but when they arrived, they found no meadows or hay as they were led to believe. They barely survived that first winter. The following spring they looked for a more suitable location which led them to Rock Island Lake where they became the districts first settlers. Their life here began by trapping, gardening and trading furs with the local Indians who affectionately named Nick as "Neestez" (Blood-Brother). In the following years, this couple raised seven more children. While improving their ranch, which eventually grew to 200 acres of cultivated land at this site, they provided sustenance for the Indians. At the same time they built the store known as "Nicks General Store". The Tanasiuks door was always open to travellers and their hospitality was known to all throughout the area.

The years were saddened by the loss in 1931, of two young sons in the nearby forest, but the indomitable spirit of these true pioneers prevailed. Through Nick's mechanical genius and everyone's dedicated hard work, this remarkable family's achievements remain emblazoned in the history of this northern Alberta community.

Mr. & Mrs. Tanasiuk moved to Calling Lake in 1946 where they opened a store which they operated until their retirement about 10 years later.

Mrs. Tanasiuk died on May 28, 1962 followed by her husband on June 2, 1962 and they were buried at Wastok, Alberta.

A Place Called Rock Island Lake

It's a small lake 75 miles north of the town of Athabasca. My family and I pioneered here in 1920. My name is Nick Tanasiuk and my wife's name is Rose. We had a family of five at this time, Lena, Doris, Nick, Bill and Mike. We were the only settlers here at the time. The nearest neighbor being 30 miles away which was a two day round trip by horse or on foot. We were the only Ukrainian family within 75 miles. We lived at Rock Island Lake for 26 years, then moved to Calling Lake, which is 50 miles north of Athabasca. The following pages will tell my story.

I came to Canada from Chirnawitz, Austria in 1904. The first five years in Canada, I worked many different jobs and all I could save was \$17.00. The wages were poor.

In 1909, I met Rose Olinyk and we were married in 1910. We homesteaded in Pakan, a district near Andrew, until 1920. Our life on the homestead was poor, as it was for many others. We started our homestead with our bare hands. It was in very dense bush, which made it difficult to clear with an axe and grubhoe. We farmed this land for ten years. In those ten years we only cleared 20 acres of land which did not provide for my family sufficiently so I had to look for other means of provision. I started buying cattle for Swift Canadian Company, but my percentage was very small. My thoughts were to try something else.

My neighbor, Bill Klapochuk, went somewhere north of Edmonton, and returned with information to go to Calling Lake, to start a ranch. He said that there was plenty of hay, water and large open fields. He convinced my wife and I to go with him. We sold everything we had, except the cattle. We added more cattle on borrowed money.

By the end of May, 1920, Bill's family and mine packed all our belongings and started our long bitter journey from Pakan to Calling Lake. Between us, we had ten children, ranging in age from 6 months to 9 years, eight horses and many cattle. I will never forget this journey, thirteen weeks on the road. There was a lot of rain that summer which washed out the bridges on the rivers and streams. Bill carried the children, on his back, over the streams, I drove the cattle while our wives followed with the wagons.

Finally we reached the town of Athabasca. We had to cross the Athabasca River by ferry, and then go fifty miles north. We inquired further about the ranch. They told us that there were no roads, only Indian Trails, and the journey would be impossible. They also told us, there were no meadows, only

Indian reservations and forest. This worried us and we wondered if we should continue our journey. Bill said that he was continuing and would like me along. My financial stability would not allow me to carry on so I borrowed \$500.00 from Bill. Worried and fearful, we continued the journey. The journey to Athabasca was moderate, in comparison to what lay ahead for us. Our wagons were stuck in the mud, and the muskeg was bottomless. We built bridges, cut roads and put up corduroys. Some of our cattle drowned in the streams. So to cheer us up, we stopped for two days and decided to make some firewater. No mistake, it really was firewater. Our throats were in flames and brought tears to our eyes. One week later, we finally reached our destination, Calling Lake.

To our surprise, the lake was large, but as we were told there were no meadows and no hay. Being that it was late fall, the decision of where to live had to be made. We were unagreeable on a location and decided to split company. My family and I spent the winter at Four Mile Creek, on the east side of the lake. We built a cabin and with great difficulty we made enough hay to feed our cattle.

The following spring, I went in search of a more suitable surrounding, for ranching. I came across a place called Rock Island Lake. This place impressed me and after talking it over with my family, we moved to Rock Island Lake. With struggle and hardship, we succeeded in making thirty miles of road, which took us the rest of the summer. This cut us short on time for making hay, as winter set in.

Because of the long hard winter, we didn't have enough hay for our stock. We started rationing the hay to the cattle but still ran out. We bought hay at \$30.00 a ton, which was hauled from Calling Lake. This was a full two day round trip. Our money ran short and we could not afford to buy more hay, so we cut green willow twigs to feed the cattle. Just before the weather had started to warm up and we thought we had made it through the winter, we lost

more cattle. We were left with 17 steers and one cow. That summer we lived mostly on rabbits, wild mushrooms and berries. We planted a small garden, but unfortunately it froze early. Our clothing was wearing out which forced me to sell all the steers. That left us with one cow. I tried to trap, but with no experience, I wasn't very lucky. I managed to catch 16 muskrats, which sold for \$1.00 per muskrat. My wife begged me not to forget to buy some salt, flour and matches. Instead of flour I came home with two sacks of wheat.

The saying is "where there is hardship, even tears won't help". I made a stone flour mill, the kind that I had seen in the old country, and started to grind wheat to make flour, and we rationed it, so we could have a bit left for seed.

I also heard that you could make money, by digging out little baby foxes. I took a shovel and my oldest daughter Lena, and we started out. We took some flour mixed with baking powder and salt. We wandered into the dense forest and somehow got lost. I would not admit to Lena that we were lost. We wandered in the bush,--catching rabbits, fish and sparing the flour, in case we needed it later. We wandered around for ten days and about three of the ten days I was lost. All we found was one fox den and we dug out a family of three. I landed up with two and only one eighth of the third fox. All I had left in my hand was the tail of the third one.-- That's how I made out with fox-digging, (like a naked man in a rose brier patch).

I wondered what else I could do to support my family. I needed money to buy wheat for seed. I came across an Indian, who told me, that he would show me how to trap. First of all, I had to start off by building a cabin at the end of my trap line. We set out to do so. We built a cabin at the foothills of the Pelican Mountains, which was agreed to be the best place for trapping. In the midst of building this cabin, I came down with a severe toothache and decided to pull it myself. I took a piece of snare wire, and tied it to a beam

in the cabin then to my tooth, and stood on a block of wood. I gave the Indian a cup of water, just in case I fainted. I jumped off the block and out came my tooth. Standing there in a daze, I look around and saw the Indian laying on the floor, out cold.

Afterwards, I marked my trapline, and set traps and snares, the way the Indian had taught me to. The trapping that winter was poor. I shipped the few furs I got to Edmonton to a fur buyer. I got \$100.00 for my whole winter's trapping. It wasn't enough to support my family and pay my debts, so I got a notion to go to Edmonton and get a peddler's license to sell merchandise to the Indians. The license cost me \$25.00. Then I went to the wholesale and bought groceries, materials, spoons and pens and went home.

I built a box on my sleigh with a good lock and set out another 25 miles north to an Indian settlement. My biggest problem was my language, I couldn't speak good English and no Cree. Before I ^{Came} can upon an Indian house, I came across an English speaking Indian. He told me what you call a spoon, money, etc. in Cree. I came towards the house and tried to explain to the woman that my horses and I were weary and I would like to spend the night. She didn't understand. I scratched my head and wondered what to do. As I was leaving the house I noticed some hay by a small log barn. I returned to the house and tried to explain to them again, that I would like to feed my horses. They just shook their heads and said no. I pretended I didn't understand them and went about unharnessing my team. I put the horses in the barn and fed them. The woman came out of the house and started yelling at me. Still pretending not to understand, I continued feeding the horses. Out of desperation, I went into the house and sat on a bench, wondering what was going to happen to me. When the husbands came home I could see that they were very angry with me, but I had no choice, as I could not carry on any further and I couldn't stay outside in the cold. I warmed myself up, then I went outside and brought in the

merchandise, that I was hoping to sell. They wouldn't even look at my goods until I brought in a roll of brocaded satin. One of the women looked up at me and smiled. I was relieved. I took all my merchandise back to my sleigh and sat down on a bench near the door.

All of a sudden, I heard bells in the distance, which gradually came closer and stopped. It was a dog team. Three big men entered the cabin. I wondered what would become of me. The women were very excited and went on rattling. I knew that they were talking about me. Unfortunately, I couldn't tell if they were angry at me. I could hear my heart pounding, thinking that this was the end of me. They kept drinking from a gallon. I didn't know what it was. One of the Indians showed me in sign language, that he wanted me to bring the merchandise in. I quickly jumped to my feet and started bringing in the merchandise. They asked me for the price for a sack of sugar. I looked in my booklet for the price, which was \$2.25. The Indian understood it as .25¢. There went my first sale....a \$2.00 loss.

Then I began exchanging my goods for fur pelts. Later I found out that the house I was in, was an Indian chief's house. It was also an Indian Reservation. I wasn't allowed to peddle my goods on a reservation. That is why they didn't agree to my staying there. Like the saying goes, "Forgive the dumb and the blind".

I made out real good on this trip, because the price of furs in Edmonton went up even higher. After a couple of trips, I had enough money to pay the debt I owed Bill. Later that year I paid all my debts, a total of \$900.00.

Bill moved to Saskatchewan that year, so that left us as the only white family for miles around, like some missionary. We couldn't move anywhere, because of our financial situation. My wife and I cleared a bit of land, and I started making my own machinery, to work the land with. I managed to buy an old horsepower, which served us like an engine. This is a giant gear, which runs many smaller gears. This is a drive shaft to drive a pulley on a grain

crusher, thrashing machine, and many other things. It has four poles stretching out from the middle, which four teams of horses would pull around and around. (Each team was attached to a pole.) This had tremendous power. In later years I used it on a thrashing machine, flour mill, and saw mill. It now sits in a museum. Some of my homemade machinery can be seen in the Ukrainian museum at Elk Island Park. I built my own sawmills, water-driven flour mills which were made of stone. We built 22 buildings, most of them made out of the lumber that I cut myself. I made a 2 wheel wagon as well as many other things. I went to town during the election and met one of the men running for office. His name was Mr. Makoliuk. The next time I was in town, he called to me from the other side of the street, "Come over and speak to me", he said. He told me if I'd vote for him, he would try to help us out somehow. Coming back home that time I thought maybe I should vote for him. Maybe he could help me in some way. A little further down the road, I got stuck in the mud. (This was about 5 miles from home). I was fed up with the mud and rough roads and still had the election on my mind. So I said to my wife, "To heck with the wagon. We'll just leave it stuck here and if we hurry we can still make the election. We'll vote for the man that promised to help us." We then mounted our horses, and went to the polls. When we got back to our wagon we found a very heartbreaking incident, a bear had visited our wagon, tore all our supplies, and scattered them in the mud. The flour, sugar and other things we brought home. This was a great loss to us. We paid dearly for that vote. Next time I was in town I met Mr. Makoliuk, he pretended that he didn't even know who I was. Now that the election was over, he didn't need to know me anymore.

Later we got some land cleared, and grew some potatoes and oats. We took it up to Wabasca, which was 50 miles further north, and got good money for them. I spoke to the manager of the Hudson Bay Company and also to the priests at the mission, and they told me they'd buy anything and everything I could raise on

my farm. We got a couple of piglets, and this was the start for raising pigs. We raised pigs and beef, made butter and later flour. We made it with the flour mill which we purchased. Hudsons Bay, and the mission bought all we could raise. The Indians would come, stay for the summer, and work for us in return, for milk, eggs, potatoes, and flour. This became an every summer pilgrimage at Rock Island for Indians seeking jobs. They only stayed during the summer months in their tee-pees. We gave them separated milk, from the 16 cows which we were milking. We gave them jobs clearing land, and helping us in building. We had 28 men working for us. This was very helpful to the Indians for there was no welfare, and most of them were nearly starving through the summer months. I opened a store with assorted merchandise. It was mostly groceries, dry goods and hardware. We traded goods in return for the labour the men put in for us, and gave credit for those which we couldn't employ. In the winter there would be nobody here, but there were men which gave credit to in the summer that would bring us furs to pay their debts. We grew food on our farm, and hauled it with teams of horses across the Pelican Mountains, and large lakes, and slept in the snow, for many years.

When the children grew bigger they were sent away to go to school, they lived by themselves, 30 miles away from home. The new school was built at Calling Lake, and Mr. R.A. Hicks was the teacher there. He was a medical student from the University of Alberta who later served six years as a medical officer in Italy, France, and Holland during the last war years. He is now stationed at Col Belcher Hospital in Calgary. He often recalled his teaching days at Calling Lake, and said, "I doubt very much if there can be found, anywhere in Canada, children to equal the Tanasiuk boys. Their parents lived 30 miles from Calling Lake school. These young boys came and built a small log cabin near the school, and when the school was opened, they attended regularly doing their own cooking and washing and each weekend they went home, barefoot, and were back in time for school on Monday. Later the younger children had hired

teachers at home until the oldest one was 13 years old. Then they did the same as the older ones. This wasn't easy for small children but it had to be done. Don't think we didn't love our children, we worried about them too, but we had to do what was best for them. Our gratitude and thanks go out to the two teachers who came, and taught our children for minimum wages in our home (Miss Jenny Sawka and Miss Nancy Peedjarka). We had 12 children but, to our deep sorrow, we lost 2 boys, 6 year old Danny and 8 year old Alex. They wandered into the forest, and never returned. To this day, I find it very hard to talk about. I don't think my wife has ever gotten over our two lost sons. We had searched the forest for many days, not even knowing which way they went. Many people helped us search. One day I came across two sets of footprints in the mud, they were believed to be those of our children. I wept over the prints and kissed the tracks. I set out calling and running but there wasn't a trace to be found. We stopped searching about 2 weeks later, but I really never stopped. Every time I went hunting or even nature walking I kept my eyes out for remains, and the same was of my wife. I don't think, that as long as I live, I'll forget May 16th, 1932.

It was at this time that my eldest daughter, Lena was married, and the depression set in heavy. During the depression years some Indian families were near starvation. This was when the Indian men were trapping, and it turned cold. They were unable to return. It was at this time that I brought the families food, and saved them from starving. When the Indian men returned from trapping, they were very grateful. The Indian chief even named me "Neestez" which means blood-brother. Almost every time that I went to town I brought someone back and they stayed with me until they could support themselves.

When I went to town and stayed overnight, I met a man named Tony Galeta, he told me all about his bad luck. He had no home to call is own, and his wife was coming out of the Mental Institution. He had no place to take her. I thought for awhile and said, "Don't worry my friend, I will help you. I will take you to my

home and start you up in business for yourself and when you can, you will repay me." Mr. Galeta sold his belongings and got \$40.00 for them. He gave this to me and I got him a store license, and a fur buyer's license (this cost me \$30.00). Then I took him to Wabasca, and found him a place for a store. I bought him merchandise to sell, and stayed with him for awhile, to show him the business. The first winter I helped him all I could. In the second winter Mr. Galeta bought himself a team of dogs, and hauled his merchandise on his own and later paid back the money he owed me. I heard about another family that was very poor and brought them home too. I set them up in an abandoned acreage, and helped them out until they were able to support themselves. These people led a good life here for nine years. Once I tried to help an Indian start a new home, and I gave him some livestock, and a job. This man stayed only a few years, and then moved back to his reservation. It was because he didn't like farming. His reason for this was as he said, "The chicken only lays one egg a day".

During the hungry 30's many trappers lived in cabins in the Pelican Mountains which was eight miles away from my home. At Christmas and Easter, my wife would cook a big meal, because we were sure that they'd be down for holidays, whether they knew us or not. They would come and bring their bedding. They would eat, sing, and enjoy the warmth of our home. We would set our nine foot table two or three times a day for them. I never locked my door for anyone. My hospitality was known to all. Many government people would stay at my place on their way north. R.C.M.P.'s, geologists, game wardens and fire fighters, were of a few that were welcome people. Many people stayed at our place while they were looking for the Walter Killba plane. Many times when the weather was bad, small planes would land on our fields or on Rock Island Lake, and wait until the storms blew over. I never expected a penny for this. Sometimes planes would land in our fields, and the people would take my horses, and go to the mountains for whatever their jobs were. I always worked hard, and hired many unemployed or troubled people.

Indians from Wabasca, Sandy Lake, and Moose Lake, would come looking for work. Because there was no government help in those days, they were desperate.

We thought of moving, but it seemed our life was easier here, than any other place in Canada. We had about 200 acres of land under cultivation. We had also bought a thrashing machine, and other farm machinery.

In 1931, we started an 80 ft. by ⁴⁰30 ft. barn, out of 40 ft. logs which were hued on both sides to make them flat, and had to boom the logs across Rock Island Lake. This kept a few men working all summer. The next two summers I made a shingle-splitting machine. This was made out of a heavy beam with a blade on the side, and five handles, one in front, and two on each side. We'd cut 12" long blocks, and we'd put them under the beam which was lifted by 5 men, and dropped down. Each time it was dropped it would split one shingle. It took 2 summers to make shingles, and lay them across the barn roof. I was very proud of it when we were finally finished. The barn was large enough for 8 teams of horses, and about 60 head of cattle. In the coming of winter I finally bought a 24 horse-power one cylinder stationery engine. This was a very big help. We could thrash wheat, cut lumber, saw wood, and even saw some of the shingles for our hog barn. In the next year I bought a genuine flour mill, and discarded our stone mill. This unabled us to produce our own flour, and sell it to the mission. Then we bought a 24 horse-power steel-wheeled waterloo low-boy magnetic type tractor. This tractor abled us to break new land, and do many other things. By now we were known as a stopping place between Calling Lake and Wabasca. We kept all the roads opened in this 80 mile stretch between Calling Lake and Wabasca. It usually took us two to three weeks every fall to clear the road for the winter. We cleared away the falling logs, and repaired the washouts and bridges. Nobody subsidized us for this.

We built a modern three floor split-level house on a cement foundation. There was a creek running in front of the house with an island on it. Everyone

was glad to see this place after a long journey, and knew the door would always be open to them. My wife was a courageous lady who gave birth to 7 children here in this wilderness, and never complained.

In 1946 we were forced to move, because of the heavy taxes levied on us by the government. We had to pay for the logs which we had cut in the past. We also had to pay for our flour mill and back-taxes on our land. I thought this was very unfair, because there were no roads or schools. We kept the roads up for ourselves, and many other people. Sometimes the government people would stay at our place for 2 or 3 days because of bad weather. I discussed this with my wife, and we decided that our health was failing, and we were getting old. Our children were leaving home to lead their own lives, and they were doing a good job of it. We decided to move to Calling Lake. We bought some land, and built a house, store, and a hall. We had movies and dances in the hall. We were doing very well with our store. I hope our store will carry on after we are gone, because we've had it since 1921. (36 years). For many years, it was called "Nick's General Store", now it's called Moosehorn Market. I sold it to my sons because I'm retired now and I hope to live here for the rest of our lives in our little house. We have gone through a lot together. Don't get me wrong, we had just as many happy days as we did unhappy. If I could live my life over again, I'd do some of the things different, but most of them the same.

TIME OUT



Time out for sprucing up with the hair clippers-- the Crawford boys, Lloyd, George, Frank and Ralph.



Time out for a smile at fish filleting time-- Oscar and Bob Crawford and Mrs Blanko.



Time out with Ed Anderson for a fish story.
The big one got away.

Some More of Skills of Pioneers



1: Muscle-power moves this dug-out, which was hewed from a tree by Mr. Samuelson.

2: Reloading the catch.

3: The longest line of fish towed by the Peterson.
Fishing through the ice in the wintertime.



Annie and Gunnar Peterson
Feb. 1971



Furs at Crawford's Store, about 1917.
Mr. George McKinnon was a well known
trapper who came to Calling Lake in
approxiametely 1916. His home was at
what is now known as Succor Creek.



Peterson's

Quiet life in a cabin across the Lake.

REMEMBER WHEN -- (cont'd)



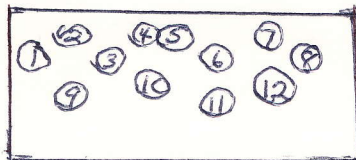
Do you remember when the Health Center was just a dream?

Here Mr. Bob Logan fits the logs together during the building of the Health Center, in the Autumn of 1956. The logs and labor were donated.

The first nurse was Elma (Riehl) Knapp, who made most of her calls by travelling on foot; she came from Penna. U.S.A. before coming north to Canada,, (Calling Lake) 1956.

One of the first group of children to make their First Communion in the old Catholic Church, were the boys shown here. The Rev. Sisters conducted Catechism classes prior to the memorable event.

In the photo are:



- | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Johnny Auger | 6. Gordon Cardinal |
| 2. Victor Gladue | 7. Joesph Gladue |
| 3. Howard Roe | 9. Rolly Logan |
| 4. Victor Logan | 10. Gilbert Gladue |
| 5.) | 11. Donald Gambler |
| 8.) The Rev. Sisters | 12. Gilbert Cardinal |





Eddie Samuelson made this snowmobile when he was about 15 years old. He made the skiis, and carved the propeller from birch. The engine was a Hardy-Davison 1-cycle motorcycle engine. Inside are Harry and Phyllis Peterson.



Eddie Samuelson, Phyllis and Harry Peterson stand on their boat, which itself stands frozen in the ice. They had taken Gunnar across the lake rat trapping. When they returned, they found their boat frozen fast.

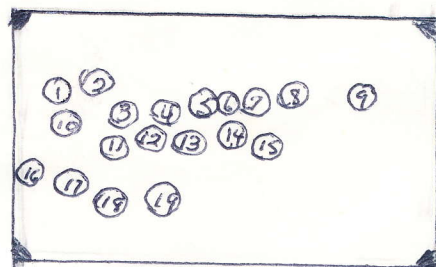
AN ADVENTURE IN EDUCATION



The adventure of building a log schoolhouse takes not only hard work but means solving many problems. The problem of lack of teachers, money and equipment were challenged by the pioneering spirit of Mr. McIntosh and Mr. Gislason (above) and many other willing hands who devoted their efforts to completing the first community schoolhouse.



The "old log school" was the first school building on the present school site.



1. Chester Webb
2. Bob Day
3. Frank Crawford
4. Ralph Crawford
5. Percy Price
6. Babe Webb
7. Harry Peterson
8. Phyllis Day
9. Jean Crawford
10. Lloyd Crawford
11. Harry Price
12. Ken Walton
13. George Webb
14. George Crawford
15. Mr. Meyers
16. Shirley Walton
17. Phyllis Peterson
18. Doris McPherson
19. Peggy Webb

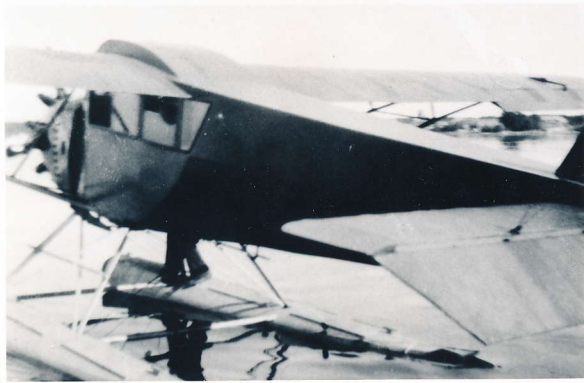
TRANSPORTATION WAS VARIED



Mr. Gislason's most dependable means of transportation.



28 years ago, the Crawford children made their way to school by dogteam.



The first airplane owned by Jim McIntosh.



McIntosh's bombadier could go anywhere.

Need your hides tanned?
Eager eyes watch the preparation
of a large moosehide for tanning.

Will it make -
mitts, mukluks, or mocassins?
dress or drum?
lacing or leggings?
bags, belts or britches?



Gunnar Peterson and son Harry
and daughter Phylis. An Indian
working.



A nice thick, juicy
moose-steak would be a
change.

Harry and Phylis Peterson

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?



Wearing his prettiest dress, this young toddler doesn't mind being photographed. Would you believe that he is Calling Lake's well-known mail carrier at the age of 2 years?
(Jake Gislason)



All dressed up in Sunday best, his costume would fool anyone. Mike just couldn't resist a smile at the birdie.



Childhood sweethearts, Shirley and Lloyd pose for a snap outside the church where they just "got hitched".

Until about 10,000 years ago the Calling Lake area was covered with a thick area of glacial ice which had come from the north-east. When the ice melted the lake was formed. It was much higher than it is now. Not too long after early Indians moved into the area, which has been ascertained by finds of charcoal from fires and tools used. From the tool found, it shows they had important relations with people farther to the north and north-east. The technique of making blades, long narrow flakes of stone, has been found at other early sites in North West Territories, Alaska, Yukon and Northern Eurasia. Certain styles of projectile points, spear points or dart points (which occurred in the Calling Lake site) are also found in prehistoric Indian campsites on the prairies, indicating that the Calling Lake Indians had contact with those to the south. "unquote".

Apparently various Indian tribes have come and gone over the centuries. The Indian people living here now are not the direct descendants of the earlier people. Historical records indicate that the Cree spread into the western part of their area or territory only several centuries ago.

"We left with the two scows and a York boat from Athabasca Landing on June 3, 1899, with a party all told of 50 souls and only 13 available trackers to start with."²

Trackers were usually Metis or Indians. They used ropes to pull the boats or canoes, either from shore or in the water, where the boats might ground on sand bars or in shallow water. Because of the arduous conditions, trackers seldom lived beyond thirty-five years of age.

Mr. Mair remarked that the common language spoken mostly was Cree with a bit of English and French. This referred to the journey on the boat.

The part I will tell about here is their stop at the Calling River where it empties into the Athabasca. The Calling River leaves Calling Lake at the south-east corner and meanders aimlessly through the meadow, like a twisted snake. Ten to twelve miles downstream it starts its descent to the Athabasca River. It becomes increasingly swifter causing rapids at intervals.

The mestis people more than likely took the overland route. For they were waiting on the banks for Mr. Mair and his party to pay them scrip. In the book he remarked, "The banks were covered with teepees and many people." The total amount of scrip we paid was 1,843, only 48 of this was for land," he said.

In treaty #8 the metis had claims as well. They could have 160 acres (if there was room) or scrip for land to the value of \$240. They could claim land where they chose and get title. They could sell the land afterwards but could not sell the scrip.

Here the author mentions meeting a Marie Rose Gladue, who was a half-sister to Catherine Bisson of Lesser Slave Lake. As Mr. Mair had met Catherine there, he was aware of the fact that Catherine was born on New Year's Day in 1793, which made her 106 years old. Marie Rose claimed she was five years older bringing her to 111 years old. Marie Rose Gladue told Mr. Mair, how she remembered the wars of her people with the Blackfoot and the "dancing of the captured scalps." She remembered buffalo being plentiful in Calling Lake. She also said (through an interpreter) in those early years supplies came by way of Isle La Crosse, Beaver River and Lac La Biche. Her birthplace was Lesser Slave Lake. Mr. Mair said, "her hair was grey and black, her face a mass of wrinkles but her hands were soft and delicate. She could walk without assistance. She let Mr. Mair be photographed with her."

During the trip they hired a runner by the name of "Matcheese" to dispatch their letters back to the Landing. In some cases traveling up to 120 miles. He had been known to run from Athabasca Landing to Fort Edmonton (95 miles) in one day.

The treaty party headed back up the river arriving four days later at Athabasca Landing.

The northern waterways were used extensively for transportation to a lesser degree the trails. There was the winter road going to Wabasca that passed through Calling Lake. This may have been

the way Revillion Furs cam to establish their outpost here in 1910. An old Indian told an early white settler that he snared sixty lynx on one season at Calling Lake, at the turn of the ~~cent~~ century. The amazing thing about it, is that they were all taken within a two mile area along a pine ridge. No doubt other furs were just as plrntiful. Likely the peak of the rabbit cycle.

At the signing of Treaty #8 at Wabasca, there were 200 treaties paid and just as many metis present. The late Jean Bapiste Gambler of Calling Lake was also present. Born in 1857. It is possible his family were nomadic. On November 24, 1903 he married Adelaide Mayas (from Island Lake) at Calling Lake. The Rev J.B. Giroux O.M.I. officiated. It was through the efforts of Jean Baptiste that a reserve a mile square was designated for the treaties. He and Adelaide were the first to live on it. They had a garden chickens and livestock. They would travel to Wabasca, Athabasca or Moose Lake for supplies. They would kill mosse or deer for food. Along the way rabbit or bear provided meat.⁴

Jean Baptiste or the old chief as he was so often called, broke his leg. His sons took him down the Calling River in a canoe. As they got further down they portaged him and the canoe overland in quite a few places, reaching the Athabasca River they still had to paddle sixty miles upstream to the Landing. They got him to the hospital safely. He lived to 98 years old, seeing so many changes over the years. His wife used to make thier clothes from hometanned moosehide or deerhide and sewn with sinew. Thier teepees were made of seven or eight moosehides sewn together.⁵ From the files of the Athabasca Echo June 9, 1952, I quote "Mr. McIntosh brought down a dozen treaty Indians from his area to take part in the parade for the offical opening of the new steele bridge. The group was headed by Jean Baptiste Gambler 95, carrying his muzzle-loading gun, powder horn, shot bags etc. He wore his headdress and fringe leggings. He also wore his Queen Victoria medal which was granted to him in 1877. (Each of the Chiefs were given a medal from Queen Victoria at the time of her ascension to the throne).

The Honorable Gordon Taylor, Minister of Highways made the official declaration after representing the south side of the river, with 95 year old Jean Baptiste, representing the north side, by sawing through a heavy birch log which barricaded the north end of the structure. The assemblage burst forth singing, "For he's a Jolly good fellow."

The first commercial fishing here was done by Jack Publicover, a pioneer fisherman of Northern lakes. The "winter caught" white fish were hauled across the Athabasca River where a storehouse was erected. After that they were hauled by the freight teams returning empty from Wabasca and the Peace River country. They were freighted on into Edmonton. The railroad didn't come through until 1912. Two well known freighters, C.J.R. Whiteley and Fred Underwood are still alive. (This was at the time publication)⁵

Mr. George McKinnon, Dutch Miller and Otto Herbert, settled at Sucker Creek (Calling River) in 1916. They made their living by trapping. This same year Mr. Jacob Crawford and family came. What a fascinating history he had. Born in Iceland in 1855, as Jacob Sigurdier Sigurdson, he migrated to Northern Minnista in 1873. Just a lad of eighteen tender years. Compelled onward in the search of adventure, led him to Manitoba in 1876. He was a runner for General Sam Steele on the legendary treks west during the Reil Rebellion. He was a special Constable for the N.W.M.P. As he spoke Cree fluently and several other languages, he was just as much at home in the Indian camps of the west as he was on the muddy streets of Fort Garry. He applied for land in Manitoba and during the process the authorities decided to Anglesize his name from Sigurdson to Crawford. So rather than lose his land over technicalities he kept the name Crawford.

A pretty little girl named Hilga Illveason (her father was a Bishop in Iceland) caught Jacob's eye. They were married in Fort Garry November 17, 1886. They lived at Shoal Lake and Wild Oaks Man. There was an Icelandic settlement at Gimli. As later on we will

note Gisli Gislason came from this area. He married Margaret Crawford, a daughter of Jacobs' and Hilgas'. In all Jacob and Hilga had five girls and five boys. They also lost two at birth.

Before moving west, Jacob had explored most of the lakes in northern Alberta for the rich and buoyant Winnipeg fish market, approximately at the turn of the century.

The Crawford family left Manitoba with a wagon train of 50 Red River carts with Indian drivers. These Ox-carts carried freight to the outposts in the west. In 1911 they settled at Athabasca. He was working for the Boathe Fish Company. The company broke their contract with him by giving it to another. In a fit of temper, Jacob threw the company representative out the hotel window.

Deciding to move again, he obtained two boats and a scow. Loading up all his possessions and the family and heading down river. Stopping at Calling River where it entered the Athabasca River. From there they came overland to Calling Lake, having to ford several creeks on the way. Living in tents until they could build a log house with sod roof. Also a shelter for winter food and fish. Blueberries and cranberries were plentiful in summertime.

That winter Gisli Gislason and Oscar (Jacob's son) fished commercially at Calling Lake. The lake is about 9 miles by 12 miles long. There are no islands on it. People would use horses and a caboose. In the caboose they would have a small stove with a stove pipe protruding from the top. In this manner, it could be reasonably comfortable to net fish, even in cold weather, as long as you have a place to warm up in.

So in 1917 Gisli decided to move his family to Calling Lake from Manitoba. They came in over the muskegs almost losing a horse in a bog. They only managed to save it by pulling it out with two other horses. They settled by the lake on the east side, adjunct to the river. The summer was a busy time with building, in preparation for winter. The harsh climate didn't phase Gisli as

he had been born in Grendauik, Iceland and migrated to Gimli, Manitoba in 1881.

In 1917, Oscar, as foreman and a crew of men cut a road through the bush to Deep Creek (about 25 miles southeast of Calling Lake) but it still was a five day trip to Athabasca, two days on the road, one in town, two days returning.

Stanley, a younger son of Jacob's, recalled walking down the pack trails following the telegraph line to Athabasca. On the way back home they would build a scow to float their supplies down the river to Calling River. The next stop was walking the twenty four miles to the Lake. They were back again next day with the team and wagon to pick up the supplies.

In the winter the winter road to Wabasca was used, as it passed through Calling Lake. If it could only talk what tales it could tell of the freighters hardships all along the way. The freighters used Calling Lake as one of their stopping points. Hay was needed for the teams and there was plenty due to fact that the previous summer the Crawford boys had put up tons of hay. There are miles and miles of meadows down the Calling River.⁶

The telephone line was built in 1921, but due to forest fires, high winds, it was found too costly to maintain. The Alberta Government sold it to J.H. McIntosh who also found the cost prohibitive and instead of acquired a private commercial wireless station. This was indeed helpful to all the community. Mr. McIntosh (from now on I'll just call him Mr. Mac as every one used to) had spent several years on the northern freight trails. He came from Ft. Benton, Montana. Miss Laflame' and her cousin came from Clarence Creek in the Ottawa region. They camewest for adventure.

Miss Laflame' met Mr. Mac and they got married in Edmonton. Her cousin went back east. Mrs. Mac had been born in Hull, Quebec, so she spoke French fluently and later on Cree just as well. First they moved to Lac La Biche for a while, then to Donativille, Alberta. They met Peggy Fredricks and her husband and together

the two families came to Calling Lake in a covered wagon. For many years Old Peggy (as she was known) was the number 1 midwife. Mac's and Fredricks landed here March 28, 1918. Mr. Mac was a veteran of the Boer War.

For two winters they lived in a shack up at the north end of the lake. The second winter had a newer shack. Then he moved onto a homestead (the present family site) where he started to buy fur and fish from the Indians.⁷

Mr. Mac was instrumental in getting a post office at Calling Lake. He went to the city and saw the postal superintendent in 1919. The arrangements were that Mr. Mac would act as Postmaster for one year, free of charge and would carry mail twice monthly for \$15.00 a trip on a temporary agreement. At the end of the period it was decided to continue it. Mr. Gisli Gislason took over as mail carrier (he was also part time ranger), Mr. Mac as Postmaster, until 1960. Gisli's son Jake took over as mail carrier in 1931 and did that for forty years. In dry seasons he used a team and wagon, when it was wet a pack horse. In 1936 he came in once a week and by 1961 (when civilization had crept in) every Tuesday and Friday.

The first school was in Gislason's small store. The supplies were taken into the living room to accommodate the pupils. Seeing the need for a more permanent school for the children, Mr. Mac pilgrimaged again to Edmonton, this time to visit the Deputy Minister of Education. This was in 1924. Again he struck up a deal, the conditions being: the parents had to build and equip the school and provide \$100 a year towards the teacher's salary. The government would provide a teacher for 5 months of the year and pay the salary. The five months were May to September. The first school in Gislason's home was down by the river, the new one was built 3 miles north. Mr. Mac and Mr. Gislason were in charge with others helping.

Mr. Nick Tanasuik from Peakan, Alberta had come through Calling Lake in 1917 but moved onto Rock Island and settled there. Two of his boys Jim and Mike, hearing of the new school at Calling Lake,

decided they wanted an education, So, they came down and built a shack along side the school, this way they could attend every day. Come Friday night they headed back, walking home the 35 miles. On Monday, they walked back for school. In the summer time the days are long for it is hardly dark by midnight, except when it's cloudy.

The first school inspector was Mr. Le Blanc who settled school disputes. He was well known all over the north country.

In 1920 Mr. Mac took an active part in a "silent movie" filmed at Banff. It was called "The valley of Silent Men", based on a book by the same name by James Oliver Curwood.

Mr. Mac was also a friend of Bill Cameron, the author and sole survivor of the Frog Lake Massacre. Mr. Mac was a avid historian reading many books he had accumulated over the years.

Most children have cats, birds or dogs for pets, but Jakie Gislason's unique pet was a moose. The mother had been shot when it was a baby, so the Gislason's bottle fed it. Now a baby moose is gangly and cute but not a two year old. It would push open the door, walk across the floor, plop down in front of the stove and go to sleep. It takes a lot of savvy to deal with an almost full grown moose. One day Jake decided to go fishing so off he started in the boat. The moose saw him go and he plowed into the water coming closer all the time. Jake felt a bit uneasy to say the least. When the moose was along side Jake took the oar and whomped him one over the nose. The moose indignantly swam back to shore and went stomping up to the stove, sulking for two days, before he would forgive Jake.

Another colorful pioneer was Chester Read Day, Buffalo as he was called by all. He had worked as a Canadian Customs Officer at the U.S.A. border, next going to Nova Scotia then settling at Calling Lake with his family in 1928. Mr. Day leased 42 quarters

of land, mostly meadows. He brought in a carload of cattle and a carload of Percheron horses besides carloads of machinery, wire & supplies. Mr. Webb, an old timer in the area, helped him skid out logs for buildings. Mr. Tom Zworin, fitted them together and they used huge logs for the house and barns.

About 60 tons of meadow hay was put up in a season, stacked in the meadows to be hauled home later. In spite of all their hard work many of animals died. It is a well known fact now that animals brought in from the outside cannot stand the hordes of black flies, deer flies, bull dogs, and mosquiyos. If they managed to survive they build up an immunity to it.

In 1930-31, Mr. Day and Joe Uchytel blazed a new road, that became a more direct route to Athabasca. Mrs. Day operated a small store from 1939 - 53. They had ~~sig~~ 8 children.

In 1922 desiring a bit more civilization, Jacob Crawford moved to a farm west of Athabasca. Bob and Ingram had done service in the army overseas, so had Ralph who was gassed and died overseas. Bob married Delia Laurin in 1926 and they settled at Deep Creek until coming to Calling Lake in 1938.

Jacob once fisherman, trapper, fur buyer, constable, runner, now turned farmer, (our versatile pioneer) with success. For when enteringsamples of wheat and oats in the Edmonton Winter Fair (1928 - 29) they won Champion Alberta Honors. He was presented with a cup. Both Hilga and Jacob died in 1930 and were buried on the farm at Athabasca. Stan, Ocsar and Ingram moved back to Calling Lake. Stan and Oscar started a store and fur trading post (Sutton's now live at the site). The log house was built in typical Icelandic style, 34 ft long and 32 ft wide. Here you easily hang nets with sideline then lead and float it. There was quite a bit of commercial fishing going on at that time.

People had good fun times too. Every two weeks there was a dance,

with admission of 25¢. Stan and Ingram played their fiddles well into the wee small hours. Box socials were quite the in thing in those days. One lady told me they often used moosemeat for the sandwiches. Bob and Oscar had a small sawmill. Mr. Mac had the first steam engine sawmill, which is now in the museum at Wetaskwin, Alberta.

Mr. Walton, (a neighbour of ours) told us a story about Buffalo Day. This happened sometime in the forties. Buffalo was a veteran of the Boer War and the First World War. He was having treatment at the Meroburn Out Patients Clinic in Edmonton. He was convalescing at Government House. On hearing that Prime Minister St Laurent was coming in on the C.N.R. he quickly dressed in his best clothes and donning his white Stetson hat, he hurried down to the station. The Prime Minister was stepping down from the train, surrounded by reporters and well wishers. Buffalo armed with his gold headed cane, quickly dispersed the crowd in his imperial manner, walking up to the Prime Minister he stuck out his hand, booming " Mr. St. Laurent, I'm Buffalo Day from Calling Lake." They shook hands vigorously. Now can't you imagine the P.M. shaking his head thoughtfully and asking himself, now who is this Buffalo Day.

The majority of people have always settled on the east side of the lake. However, in 1933, Gunner and Annie Peterson went and settled over on the west side. They trapped and fished there for ten years. When their two children, Harry and Phylis were ready to go to school they decided to move to the east side. Annie's parents were living on this side. Mr. Peterson migrated from Sweden. Mrs. Peterson came from Nova Scotia. As a small girl she was in the Halifax explosion. Most of all those early poineers are gone. Mrs. Delia Crawford still lives here. The family of Jean Baptiste Gambler live at Calling Lake and Athabasca. The grandmother of Victor Piche told him a long time ago that their people came to Lac La Biche during the Reil Rebellion. The Piche family moved to Baptiste Lake but some went as far north as Hay River, N.W.T. Granma Piche lived to be 105 years old. Her first husband

died and she married a second time, a Mr. Campou, she outlived
hime also. ⁹

Treaties still live on the reserve. The metis outnumber the treaties
by a large majority, although some treaties have sold their rights,

Within the last several decades changes have occured left and
right -

from a one room log school to a modern complex

from shacks to new trailers

from narrow muskeg trails to a broad paved highway

from coal oil lamps to electricity

from wood heating to propane

from pioneering to modern living

FIRSTS AT CALLING LAKE

First native families - Jean Baptiste Gambler
Grandebais
Cardinals

White settlers - Crawfords, Gislasons, McIntosh

First school - in Gislason store

Fitch and Fox Farm operated by Gislason's

Cattle & horses area- Bently, Bower and Tanasuiks in 1920

First telephone line in 1921

Installation of post office and mail serice 1921

Fur buyer and store - Jacob Crawford

School built in 1924

Steam engine power sawmill - Mr. McIntosh

Mink ranch - Mr. McIntosh

First church - Roman Catholic built in 1942

Fish Inspector - Ludwig Silver

Public Health Nurse - Miss May (now Mrs. Parr)

Airplane - "Robin" owned by Mr. McIntosh

First vehicle - jeep and truck owned by Mr. McIntosh

Martin raised - Ken Sutton

Fish plant - Mr. McIntosh

Ellefson lumber mill - first opportunity for local employment

Mennonite Service Unit in 1955 started first kindergarten,
also a nurse living here.

Tourists cabins started opening in 1955

First Protestant church - 1955

Power came in 1966

School lunches for children - 1974

REFERENCES USED:

- #1. page 1 Exerpts from the Newsletter of the Archeological Society of Alberta, written and edited by Dr. Ruth Grven in 1966.
- #2. page 11 From the book "Thru the Mackenize Basin" by Charles Mair (of Lethbridge) which vividly describes the Treaty Commissions journey from Edmonton, leaving Athabasca Landing on June 3, 1899, returning Sept. 18, 1899. Points visited were Peace River, Lesser Slave Lake and Wahpooskow, (Wabasca). The latter village at that time already 20 years old.
- #3, page 2 From the book "Thru the Mackenize Basin" by Charles Mair.
- #4. page 3 From the "Evergreen" Calling Lake Centennial Year book issue Volume VI - interview by student.
- #5. page 3 As told by a daughter -in- law, Caroline Gambler
- #5. page 6 From the Athabasca Echo issue August 16, 1955
- #6. page 5-6 From his daughter-in-law, still living now 75, also Athabasca Echo clippings, and the Centennial Evergreen Volume VI.
- #7. page 7 Information I received from May McIntosh, the daughter who lives at Calling Lake.
- #8. page 8 From the Evergreen Yearbook and as told by JAKE GISLASON
- #9. page 11 As told to me by Margaret Piche Logan.

MEETING DISCUSSES CALLING LAKE SCHOOL PROBLEMS
(From the ECHO, April 17, 1953)

A meeting of the electors of the Calling Lake School district held in Calling Lake School was called to order by Divisional trustee V. Wolanuk, A. Aloisio was elected chairman of the meeting and E. Parr acted as secretary.

Arguments pro and con for a site further south, further north and on the present site were presented and after further discussion, it was moved and seconded that a committee be set up to draw a map of the school district showing the location of all families, with school age children or younger, and the maps and briefs from the different factions be asked to send to the Department of Education, and that the Department be asked to choose the site. The decision of the Department will be accepted as final.

Committee will consist of Messrs. Walton, McPherson and Roe. All motions in this regard were carried unanimously.

SETTLEMENT AT CALLING LAKE

(Centennial Chronicle July 1967)

There were three main native families; Grandebois, Cardinals, and Gamblers.

The first school was in a small store located on the Calling River. The road to Calling Lake was cut in 1917.

In 1920, Bentleys, Bowers, Tanasiuks and Clapiches settled in the area, bringing with them cattle and horses.

1921 saw the telephone line installed from Athabasca. Lumber became a major industry from 1940 to 1950 when Bissels and Mikkelsons operated a mill in the area. Mink ranching was entered into in earnest in 1945. The three biggest ranchers were Hill, Blanko and Murray.

Ellefson's mill was in operation from 1955 until 1966 when he sold to Federated Co-op. A Mennonite Church was built during this time.

Bayview Air Service of Slave Lake has a plane stationed at Calling Lake.

Ralph Crawford has a fish plant (packing) and the catch of spring and fall fishing season are shipped through him.

To-day there is a good gravelled road from Athabasca to Calling Lake, a far cry from the trip by scow and overland by wagon, perhaps part of the way on foot.

Perhaps the greatest change was brought about was when the power line was erected in 1966.

TEACHERS OF THE CALLING LAKE SCHOOL

Mr. Coke	1958-59	Mrs V. Brubaker Gr,1-3 Mr. R.Brubaker 4-7
Mr. Maclean	1959-60	Mrs.V.Brubaker Gr. 1 Miss O.Roskewich 2-4 Mr. R.Brubaker 5-8
Mr. R. Hick		
E.H. Read	1960 -61	Miss J Yoder Gr.1-2 Mrs.T Shwaga 3-5 Mr.R. Brubaker 6-9
F. Knight		
Mrs. Clo Day	1961-62	Miss J.Yoder Gr,1-2 Mrs. A. Kiesow(Sept)3-5 Mrs T.Shwaga 3-5 Mr.R.Brubaker 6-9
Mr. Al Gorman		
Mrs. Astley		Mr.G Mazer(special class May and June) Gr. 10 correspondence
Mr. Meyers		
Mr. M. Senuk	1962-63	Miss J.Yoder Gr,1 Mrs T.Shwaga 2-3 Mrs.V.Brubaker(Jan, Feb) Mr.R.Brubaker 4-6 Mr.H.Kornelson 7-10 Gr. 11 corr.
Mrs. I. Crawford		
Miss Pesseski		
Miss Laskewski	1963-64	Miss J.Yoder Gr. 1 Mrs. T. Shwaga 2-3 Miss J.Ferguson(Ap) 2-3 Miss J. Notley 3-5 Mr.H.Burkholder 6-9 Gr. 11 corr.
1941-42 Mrs. H.E. Silver		
42 - 45 Mrs. Stinsman		
1945-46 Miss.A. Eyeford		
1946-47 Mrs. Stinsman Mrs Kennedy(Mar. to June)	1964-65	Miss J. Yoder Gr. 1 Mrs.T. Shwaga 2-3 Mrs. Mutchwich 4-5 Mr.H.Burkholder 6.9 Gr. 10 corr.
1947-48 Mrs. Grant		
1948-49 Mr/Wm.Beeston(supervisor) Miss Helen Dorey("""") Mr. Marshall	1965-66	Miss J. Yoder Gr. 1 Mrs.T. Shwaga 2 Miss M.Rutherford 3-4 Miss T.Moran 5-6 Mr.H.Burkholder 7-9
1949 -50 Mrs A. Bentley		
1950 -53 Mr. F. Warren		
1953 -54 Mrs D.L. Watson	1966-67	Miss J.Yoder Gr.1 Mrs.T. Shwaga 2-3 Mrs.E. Crow 3-4 Mr.R.Crow 5-6 Mr.H.Burkholder--- 6-9 Gr. 10 corr.
1954 -56 Mrs Astley		
1956 -58 Miss A Nafziger Gr. 1-3 Mrs Astley 4-6		

From the "Calling Lake Rooster" Jan. 1945

Editors

Edith Stinsman
Kenneth Walton
Lloyd Crawford

Censor

Mrs Stinman

Business MGR.

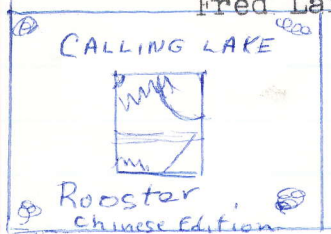
Shirley Walton

World Affairs
George Crawford
Fred Lafferty

Departments

District News	School News
Edith Stinman	Kenneth Walton
Doris MacPherson	George Crawford
Phyllis Peterson	

Cover Decoration
Alice Arnault
Shirley Walton
Helen Tanasiuk



School News

The Girls Booster Sewing Club will put on a dance Feb. 24.

Everyone welcome. This is a hard time dance, so you had better come in your old clothes or be fined.

Doris Grandois and Fred Lafferty are back in school again. Anne Peterson is assistant advisor to the girls sewing club.

Due to the fact that the wilder children may damage the radio, it has been put in the teacherage for the time being. Grade seven, eight and nine use the radio the most anyway.

Tuffy Smith, Lloyd & George Crawford, Ralph & Frank Crawford, Shirley Walton, and Edith Stinman Cleaned the school after the last dance. The girls will have to furnish lunch next time as they were all about starved to death by the time the job was done.

Mr Hodgson was out to visit the school. He said we had improved since last year. We hope to improve some more before he comes again. He expects to be back next month with the district nurse.

District News

There are only about half a dozen fishermen on the Lake now. Casey Smith pulled his nets and is working at the Armstrong Mill.

Ingram and Ralph Crawford pulled their nets out at Island Lake and Ingram returned home.

Tom McCollough and Don Brown pulled their nets out and Don is busy building mink pens. Tom went down to see his sister, Mrs Tomlinson and got out some wood for her.

Mr Samuelson and Gunner Peterson have quit fishing, also. Mrs Samuelson is in Edmonton taking medical treatment.

King George Washington Smith was going to make a trip to Calling River but got a sore back so the trip was postponed.

Mr Silver was up for a short time to see that all the fishermen were within the limit. Mrs Silver isn't so well again and is in Edmonton Taking treatments.

Mrs C.R. Day is having a holiday in the city. She may visit her daughter Harriet in Calgary, also.

The Tanasiuk girl's sister from Smokey Lake came up on a visit so the girls all went up home. (Rock Island) John was looking for a cook; as he couldn't find any he went home, too.

Mr McCollough went out for a short holiday the first of the month.

more from "Calling Lake Rooster"District News
Mrs Lafferty and Mrs Grandbois are back at the Lake again.
Allan MacPherson went into Athabasca to get his tonsils out. He cut
a load of wood for the teacherage before he went.

Phil Morley made a couple of trips into Calling Lake recently with
freight for the traders at Wabasca.

Lily Eyford was out home for a couple of weeks on a holiday.

Mr Godel and Miss Freeborn were out to visit the district and the
school. Miss Freeborn came to check on the Girl's Booster Club and
give them some ideas.

Mr. Hodgson and Mr. Tod Richards were out to visit the school. also.
Mrs Russel., Mrs. McIntosh's sister, is visiting at the McIntosh
home.

Elsa and Mike Rogers have left the Lake until fishing improves.

Mrs Walton was quite sick with ptomaine poisoning.

The New Years dance was well attended, but not quite up to standard.

Pat Arnault was sick in bed with a cold and flu. He is around again
now. Mrs. Arnault has been working at McIntosh's.

A letter of thanks was received from George Webb for the money he
sent him by the people of the district. George got a "swell pair
of skis" with the money.

Editorial

We who live in the north do not know very much about the social
services provided by our government, as most of these are found in
the city. One social service from which this district will derive
benefit is a district nurse. There is a nurse in Athabasca now,
and Mr. Hodgson plans to bring her to Calling Lake in about a month.
The nurse will make arrangements for vaccination, for smallpox and
this should be given serious consideration in view of the fact
that there has been several cases in the northern part of the
province.

Good roads are an important service to any community. A little
more road work would benefit the Lake considerable.

Free clinics are found in cities where one may have examinations
and Xrays. Also free advice, in some cases free treatment. There
are free dental clinics and all work is done under expert supervision.

Ken Walton

WORLD NEWS

The Russians are thirty-five miles from Berlin. The Germans are
busy throwing up trenches and plan to put up a stiff defense.

Seventeen people were trapped in a mine in Ontario recently. Nine
were killed and the fate of the rest is unknown.

The bill to pay parents five dollars a month for each child has
been passed.

Jaan
Barb.
Judy
Kenny
Vern.
Raymond
Archives
Rick.

8 copies