

## Rev. Dittrich joins hunters finds history as well as game

A hunting trip this summer is described by the Rev. Douglas Dittrich of Frobisher Bay, formerly of Acton. His letter is so interesting it should be shared.

This letter is to give you a few comments about my trip this summer.

Not having left Frobisher itself for 26½ months (I returned from my dog sled trip to Lake Harbour May 9th, 1964) except for a few hours last January 10th when I flew over to Lake Harbour to conduct a funeral, I was about ready for a little break, and when Anakudluk, our layreader, asked me if I was interested in accompanying him hunting during his three weeks' holidays I was pleased, and as it turned out, was able to go.

We left Frobisher about 1.30 p.m. on Monday, July 25th, and arrived back on Saturday, August 13th, at about 6.30 p.m. In the last two days we had returned from the farthest point we reached, the tip of Hall Peninsula (named after Charles Francis Hall, an American, who explored Frobisher Bay 1860-62, and was about the first white man ever to really live with the Eskimos; he also found various traces of Martin Frobisher's expeditions which had been here almost three centuries earlier) which is close to 200 miles from our home, at the very northeast tip of the Bay where one enters Davis Strait.

Our party consisted of Anakudluk, his wife and seven children, his brother and wife and their four children, his daughter and husband and their two children, and his sister and her four children, plus myself and one dog — eleven adults and thirteen children with two canoes and one larger open boat. The last week our numbers were reduced to nineteen when Anakudluk's brother and his wife and three children returned.

The first day we travelled down to Ward Inlet where I had spent about three weeks in 1963 and near where the Hudson's Bay store used to be in the old days. The next day we reached a spot which was to be our home for seven nights, about 100 miles or so from Frobisher. The Wednesday and Thursday were quite rainy and we were more or less confined to camp. For the first two weeks the wind blew constantly from the east up the Bay (except for the first Sunday). This not only brought unsettled weather but also brought a great deal of ice back up the Bay. It was necessary to keep finding a safe anchorage for the boat as the ice moved about.

The wind had not only brought ice but also polar bears drifting along on the floes. On the Friday morning Anakudluk had been up on the hills and spotted three bears. The previous day they had seen some white whales but were unable to locate them among the ice floes. In the afternoon we set out after the bears. At first we went out to a small island and watched them through the binoculars and telescope. They were a mile or two away. Later, on the mainland, we saw that two of them were on a little island away out in the Bay. Eventually we got very close to the third (Anakudluk and myself and four of the boys).

It was very hard to navigate in the ice in the canoe. I did not have my camera as the weather was very poor although I missed a great opportunity. The first shot wounded the bear and he jumped into the water and then back on the ice again and was getting closer. However, a couple more shots finished him and he conveniently ended up on a small ice floe on which we could pull up the canoe.

He was 7 feet or so stretched out although they said this was the smallest of the three we saw. After skinning and the removal of the head and one leg for meat (which provided us with all we wanted for quite a while) we returned to camp. The next day we went up an inlet which was about 12 miles away and got a couple of seals. Anakudluk walked inland a little way but did not see any caribou.

Sunday was the only really nice day during the first two weeks; we had a church service in our tent in the morning and in the afternoon I walked for about four hours and took a few pictures. The wind came from the west but the next day it was back to the east once again. In the evening we had a service for the children.

Monday we broke camp, leaving behind the bear skin to dry (we picked it up the day before we got back to Frobisher) and went up nearby Newton Fiord about 15 miles. Correction — this was Tuesday. Monday was very wet again and we thought we might have to move our tent which was right on the shore. However, high tide was just short of our door!

As we travelled we inevitably arrived at our destination at low tide — this meant carrying everything up from the boat over slippery rocks a long way. With tides at Frobisher up to 36 feet (second highest in the world) the amount of water that moves up and down the Bay twice a day must be phenomenal. This makes for very dangerous currents in some spots.

At the new site we were to stay four nights. The first day Anakudluk and I went out alone to see what could be found. After climbing very high (the caribou go away up in the hills to get away from the mosquitoes) maybe 1200 feet up and several miles inland, we saw one caribou, which Anakudluk shot. I have some pictures showing the skinning of this one.

The next day several of us went out again and after much walking saw some caribou a long way away. They were up on the other side of a river which would have been too wide to get across. We picked up the meat from the day before (which was placed under rocks for safekeeping) and carried it back to camp.

On the Thursday, (August 4, in case you have lost track) we went out by boat down the fiord and went ashore on the other side of the river. We broke off into two parties and walked most of the day; however, all told we ended up with four more caribou.

One large one got away on us. We came across it quite by chance as we were returning back to the coast. We ducked behind the rocks before it saw us. Anakudluk let one of his boys take the first shot; he missed and by the time everyone was organized it was too far away to get; in some ways it was just as well — if we had shot it we would have to come back again the next day to carry it as we were already loaded down and the evening was well advanced.

For a couple of nights a dozen or so other people camped with us, mostly relatives of Anakudluk but they left us and we did not see any more of them. On the Friday Anakudluk had some work to do on the boat engine.

Saturday we broke camp and headed down the Bay. We passed a place where I had gone with Simoonie in September of 1962 when he was setting up his home down the Bay (he stayed two winters although the second winter he came to Ward Inlet). Through the binoculars I could see the remains of the buildings he had erected.

In a way it was strange seeing places I had not seen for nearly four years; it made me seem an oldtimer!

From here on in, the land was new to me; another 15 miles brought us to Countess of Warwick Sound; it began to rain and we landed on the mainland to make camp just a few hundred yards from the famous Countess of Warwick Island (Frobisher's Island — Hadloona Island — White Man's Island).

Next day was Sunday again and we held service in the tent on the beach so close to the island where the first Anglican Communion service was held in 1578 (see prayer book calendar, Sept. 2nd) in Canada.

Sunday afternoon we crossed over to the island and took a few pictures and I brought back quite a few rock samples. This was Canada's first gold mine, even though the ore proved worthless — fool's gold. As I said, Hull explored the Island in the 1860's and again in 1927 a group I think from the University of Chicago explored it. Frobisher took back 2,000 tons of ore. The trenches are still there of course, plus what are supposed to be the remains of his stone houses. The February 1966 Canadian Geographic Journal has an article on this island, as has the summer 1964 Beaver (Hudson's Bay Co.'s magazine).

Dr. West and Lieut. Brockley had been down in July and erected a small cairn and plaque (as a centennial project) to honor Sir Martin Frobisher. His three voyages to Frobisher Bay (1576, 1577 and 1578 in the reign of Elizabeth the First) make quite a story, and it was interesting to walk around this little island which is one of the most historic spots in all Canada (considering Columbus only found America in 1492!).

Monday we were on the move again and travelled another 25 miles or so, almost to Loks Land, the last large island at the end of the peninsula, named after one of the promoters of Frobisher's expeditions (the Cathay Company). Michael Lok ended up in debtor's prison!

Frobisher did better after getting involved in the Spanish Armada — he was knighted! That evening we went looking for the 'kassigiak' seal, the ringer seal which apparently breeds up the rivers in fresh water although it is found in the sea. We got a bearded seal (square flipper) — these are the largest of the seals around here.

On Tuesday the three men and three older boys left the women and children behind. We went further down the coast for three days and slept on the boat for two nights. Wednesday turned out to be a lovely day and in the afternoon we got a huge bearded seal — they thought at first it was a walrus it was so big.

While they were cutting it up on shore (I had got my camera wet trying to get a picture as they harpooned it) Anakudluk went on the hill to look through his telescope. He said he saw a couple of bears

a long way on the ice (off Hall Island — at the very end of the land), also he thought he saw some walrus around some small islands not far from where we were.

We began to search around these islands and broke into two groups, some in the boat and some in the canoe. The ones in the canoe went ashore to look around and came across a bear asleep, promptly shot it, and by the time we got there it was half skinned and was even larger than the first one! After all this we were heading across the channel at the end of Loks Land preparing to anchor for the night when we spotted a small rock literally covered with nearly 100 walrus. They must have been dozing in the sun all day. The smell around there was something terrific! We got very close before they saw us and Anakudluk took pictures before they were aware we were coming (I was out of film).

About 100 yards from them they spotted us and then things began to happen; they all began to slip into the water (just like in a Walt Disney picture) and head off in every direction in confusion. You can imagine the excitement of the six of us who had travelled 200 miles and almost given up hope of seeing walrus at all and then hit the jackpot. They began to shoot and one of the wounded ones took a lunge at a seal hanging on the back of the boat; to top it off it was getting dark; that evening we got one adult and two young ones; the other two adults were shot and sank near the little island and we were able to get a look at them the next day and raise them beside the boat; the one they harpooned that evening really took it out on the oil drum used as a float with his tusks; the female and male walrus have tusks.

Walrus are large and even six people have a job doing much with one of them; it was very interesting to see one cut up completely however, as there is a real technique to it (as with caribou and everything else for that matter).

On the Thursday, after taking care of the other two large walrus (taking only their heads, flippers and some of the meat) we headed down to the tip of Hall Island but found no trace of the bears. Some of the icebergs had drifted away. Returning back about noon we circled navigated Loks Land and passed through the Lupton Channel, through which boats travelling from Frobisher to Pangnirtung pass, reached camp and the others early in the evening.

We broke camp very shortly and had hoped to travel for several hours in order to be sure to get back to Frobisher by Saturday (170 miles away). We had barely got started when they spotted a small polar bear on the land; this time the dog was taken with a couple of men in the canoe but he was frightened of the bear. Meanwhile we remade camp (having travelled only about three miles, and it was low tide of course) and the bear was successfully shot and skinned. Friday was a long day of just travel (with rain the latter part of the day). I spent most of the time working on sermons for the following Sunday.

Late evening found us back at Ward Inlet and some of us slept on the boat (in the same cove where I had slept on Simoonie's boat in 1962) while others slept on shore, accompanied by a dozen dogs who are kept on the island in the summer by another of Anakudluk's brothers who is a full-time hunter. Most of the dogs swam out to meet us, which is a very odd sight to say the least.

Saturday was very foggy a lot of the time and we had to creep along at times. However, we made it home on schedule with our boat loaded with meat and skins. Fortunately, we did not see the killer whales which Akeshook, among others, had seen earlier in the summer. They are rare up in Frobisher Bay (just as well). However, we seem to have seen just about everything else — the common jar seal, the harp seals (that I haven't previously mentioned) were also shot. Also they got fish on a couple of occasions by putting nets out overnight; also we went ashore from time to time to get duck eggs which are huge and two make a big meal; the further down the Bay one goes the more ducks there are — literally thousands; they do not have too much meat on them however, although they shot a few.

As you can see, although the weather at times was poor, the hunting was generally good and we always had lots of fresh food to eat. I had never eaten bear meat before but made up for it on this trip. Fried caribou steaks for breakfast one morning really hit the spot.

This was hardly a leisurely holiday; it was a nice break however, and at times an exciting trip, and also an opportunity to see parts of the land I had not visited before. It becomes more barren the further one goes down the Bay; Loks Land is very bleak and weatherbeaten, being exposed to the open sea; much less vegetation than around here. Everyone was very thoughtful and took good care of me and I probably will recall other things to tell another time.

## October meeting Legion Auxiliary

The Legion Ladies' Auxiliary, Branch 197, held their October meeting in the Legion hall, second vice-president Mrs. Alvy Gordon in the chair.

The charter was draped by president Mrs. D. Rogers in memory of late comrade Mrs. William Anderson and two minutes' silence observed.

Mrs. W. M. Findlay gave a report from the Halton Community Service Council and the part the Legion Ladies would take.

Comrade Mrs. A. Ford was the lucky winner of a pair of pillow cases.

There will be a Halloween social in Georgetown on Oct. 20 and another one in Milton on Oct. 27.

A motion was passed to put another \$500 in the building fund and to give the Legion men \$200 towards their centennial goal.

Mrs. William Findlay gave a report of the convention in Windsor that she attended with Mrs. D. Rogers.

It was quite satisfying to hear that this zone came second in making the most money in a year.

There will be a dart tournament in Milton. Please get in touch with Sports Officer Mrs. Robert Angell.

Plans were finalized for the Blood Clinic on Oct. 24 and for the bazaar on Oct. 22. In order to make this a successful event the help of all members is required.

After the business was completed a lovely lunch and social hour was enjoyed.

One million square yards of turf and 10,000 trees are being readied for the Expo grounds.

## Halton population climbs to 151,327

Acton's population jumped 67 to 4,353 during the past year, helping the Halton County total grow 9,218 to 151,327.

The biggest increase was in Burlington, which, with the addition of 6,991 now boasts 65,453 people. During the year, 15 residential subdivisions were opened.

## Legion purchases win family TV set

What started out as a joke Saturday morning netted an Acton man a portable, combination TV and radio.

Some weeks ago, the steward at the Royal Canadian Legion Branch 197, Acton, made a purchase of Legion supplies at the local IGA store and received a coupon for the draw on the TV set. The coupon remained in the branch until Saturday morning when secretary Gord McCutcheon was making a general cleanup. Knowing the Pink family's TV set was out of commission, he scribbled the name of Mr. Pink on the coupon and remarked, "Here, Jack, go win yourself a TV set, yours is broken."

Little did the secretary know, the name he had scribbled on the coupon proved the winner when the draw was made Saturday night.

Now the proud owner of the set is being kidded that the TV belongs to the branch and any member is entitled at any time to visit the Pink home and enjoy the programs.

Store manager Harold Manes made the presentation to the Pink family and assured them the set was legally theirs.

## Six permits for Township

Six building permits with a total value of \$17,500 were issued in Nassagaweya Township during September. Permits valued at \$1,176,550 have been issued to date during 1966.

Permits were issued during September for a residence valued at \$10,000, washroom facilities at Eden Mills ball park valued at \$1,000, a summer cottage valued at \$3,000, an addition to a dwelling valued at \$1,000 and two residential garages with a total value of \$2,500.



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