



S. S. PRINCE RUPERT

Amoyx - Vancouver

25 Sept 1920

My dearest Lois

I am just completing my Northern and my longest trip which has been very interesting and successful. It is an eye opener to go over this route - between islands for five hundred miles and much more beyond calm as a river and comparatively mild, they tell me, in winter as well as in summer. Nevertheless, as is usual at sea, heavy woollens are most comfortable.

I found the Superintendent of the Granby Consolidated at Amoyx is Ed Campbell who was in my year at McGill and he gave me a very

2

hearty welcome. Bancroft was here earlier in the season and put in a few good words for me. We will have to see something of them this winter. Then Sam Mathewson's uncle is consulting engineer and was at the property this spring so that everybody seemed to know us favourably and as representatives of the Company they treated me like a prince.

at Ocean Falls I went through the Whalen Pulp and Paper Company mill and saw them cutting up huge logs into small blocks for grinding into pulp to make newsprint. It seemed almost a shame but lumber out here appears to be almost a drug on the market.

There are twelve or fifteen Indian boys and some girls going down on

the boat to school³ and also about
the same number of grown ups -
all of them exceedingly prosperous
looking and well groomed and
ms they all seem to speak English
as a matter of course. Many Indians
have their own oil driven fishing
boats and sell their catch
direct to the canneries apparently
at a good profit.

There is one little Indian boy
with a toy pistol which he uses
with great enthusiasm for shooting
at seagulls. He comes honestly by
his hunters instinct. I met

4. Archdeacon Hollister on the boat
He has been on this coast for forty
years and had your uncl George
Dawson as a visitor in '87. The
Archdeacon speaks the Indian
languages fluently and can make

a running translation from the bible as he goes along. He is a great story teller and told us of the encounter between an Indian hunter (this boy's father) and a cinnamon bear. They came to grips suddenly and the Indian could not get at his hunting knife without exposing himself. He managed, however, to get his arms & his legs clamped round the bears neck and stuck to his hold in spite of the bears efforts to dislodge him by throwing itself about on the ground. Eventually he succeeded in biting through the bears jugular vein and killing him. The Indian then made his way to the ministers shack and got his wounds dressed.

I shall address this to the office although I am fairly sure that you will have moved in to town by this time. Perhaps my mail will tell me tonight.

I hope you are well and happy darling and that moving & house keeping have not tired you out. I suppose I shall be back in 3 or 4 weeks. Best love to you and Alice & Anne. Yours affectly Edward