

Phone link to Great Bear

EDMONTON — Telephones came to Great Bear Lake on the Arctic Circle this week and sports fishermen who pay \$100 a day and up to catch 60-pound trout and the smaller but epicurean Arctic char can call home to report their catches.

Canadian National Telecommunications effected the link by means of radio telephone from its new scatter wave station at Port Radium, N.W.T.

There are now three luxury lodges at Cameron Conjur and Sawmill Bays near Port Radium, the principal settlement on the big inland sea that straddles the Arctic Circle. They have their own float planes that fly north to Coronation Gulf. Favorite spots for char are the mouths of the Coppermine and Asinik rivers flowing into it.

The lodges guarantee trophy fish and haven't yet failed to deliver. The first phone call over the new circuit was to a Philadelphia suburb. It took 30 minutes and the principal topic of conversation was a 44-pound trout.

Further south on Great Slave Lake the telephone is proving a boon to commercial fishing this summer.

CNT installed radio telephones on two fish packers that follow the fleet on this second largest body of northern water.

When orders are received from distributors in the East, principally Chicago and seaboard points in the U.S., the floating packers are notified to ready the number of cases specified and a boat sent out to pick them up and bring them to Hay River or Yellowknife. They are then dispatched to market by air or highway.

Customer: "I'd like to buy a ring."

Jeweler: "Friendship, engagement, wedding or just to shut her trap?"

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Editor and Manager,

E.R. 'Ted' Horton.



the readers write

Dear Editor:

In your issue of "News of the North" for July...? you carried a few lines about me written by Rev. Father J. Turcotte. It makes me feel good inside to read that, but, as it sometime happens, there was an error in it and I would like to correct that. I do not see harm at all in it.

The question was, 'How did I learn to use the typewriter'?

The answer says that I have learned to type while working with John Kaasa of the Marine Department on the river. I will admit having met Kaasa and made a deal with him for a typewriter. But I've learned to use that before him. This was back in 1952-53 when I were employed by the government in its Forest and Wildlife Department. Chief Game Warden Bill Day and His assistant, Malcolm J. McNab had allowed me to use the office machine and also gave me a few pointers. But, the greater majority of my typing knowledge was acquired when I had my own.

John Tetso



Societies Ordinance
PUBLIC NOTICE

The undersigned, pursuant to the Societies Ordinance.

FORT FRANKLIN COMMUNITY SOCIETY

has this day been incorporated under the said Ordinance and is entitled to all of the powers, rights and immunities vested by law therein. t
Dated at Ottawa this 16th day of July, 1964

W.G. Brown,
Registrar of Societies
Societies for
the Northwest
Territories.

The objects of the society are to promote the social, cultural and recreational interests of the Community of Fort Franklin, Northwest Territories.

The USA is a place where a femme runs her husband away from home and then sues him for desertion.

pression on us.

While in Yellowknife, we went to your office to get a copy of your paper but unfortunately, we came after you were closed for the day. The next day, we were quite busy and did not get around to seeing you before leaving for the south.

Would you please send me a copy of your paper as well as a subscription invoice for two years.

It is our wish and hope to return to Yellowknife for a longer visit in about two or three years.

Yours for a great Canada,
James M. Larkin.

The Editor,
News of the North,
Yellowknife, N.W.T.

Dear Sir:

Recently, with two other people, I visited Yellowknife for a brief period. We drove by car from Toronto to Yellowknife and return. It was a most interesting experience and something that has left a deep im-

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Letter to the Editor

The Editor
News of the North
Yellowknife, N. W. T.

Dear Sir,

News of the North of June 25 carried, in Editorial Comment, a chapter of "Trapping is my Life" by John Tetso. Introducing it, you seemed to express a desire for explanation about how Johnny got to write so well, and so easily.

This afternoon, Sunday, I went down to see Johnny who, at the moment, has pitched his tent at the extremity north of the Island. I found the family together mother Jane, son Ernest, daughters Florence and Virginia (just out of school) Dad Johnny making preparations to go angling.

I said "Johnny, we have received several re-

marks from those white-collar people to the effect that they have some doubt about your education as we stated it: three years at school, coming out in grade four. Most of them seem to think that you have a University education!"

Johnny burst laughing. "You know it well, Father and everybody here can testify to it. The only schooling I have received was that at Fort Providence for three years. Afterwards, in the woods, with my parents, I did as much reading as I could, which wasn't very much, having no collection of books, and I listened in to the radio."

"The radio, definitely. All I had to read was a few magazines gotten at the Fort. But we always had a radio. I spent hours listening in while skinning furs, making snowshoes, or doing some

repair jobs. Only in 1953 did I start to collect a few books."

"But you know a lot of words that we rarely find in magazines and not too often on the radio either, how did you get to know those words?"

"This I have learned only since I started to write for the Parish Bulletin 4 or 5 years ago. I got myself a Webster Giant Illustrated Dictionary, and used it. In fact, I take pleasure reading it, when I have nothing else." Johnny, how did you learn typewriting?

"This goes back to 1959 when I was working with John Kaasa for the Marine Department, marking the channel in the river. I was writing, then, for publication, and I thought it would be much better if I typed my letters. Kaasa offered me a second-hand typewriter for \$30.00. I have it right here."

Johnny leaned back on his bed, reached underneath it, straightened up holding and old Underwood Portable.

"This is what I use", he said.

Can you write the fast way? "Oh no! Just with two fingers, but that is fast enough for me."

I had with me a copy of News of the North referred to above, and showed it to him. He was pleased.

"Any one can do what I do, provided he reads and works at it seriously," he said.

Now, Johnny, do you receive anything when they publish excerpts from your book like this?

"Not as yet, because my book was not registered. But now this is done and I should hold the certificate of copyright next week. Then no one can touch it without my authorization."

Do you intend to write some more?

"Yes, I do. There are many subjects I have not touched as yet. It is my ambition to publish another book later."

Well, Johnny, you are admirable. And when you are finished, I hope, as you so expertly said, that "Ernest" will take over the business

J. A. Turcotte.

In matters of romance, most girls hate, a quitter — and also a beginner!



COMMUNIST AND KING: Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev is seen here with Swedish King Gustav Adolf, during his recent visit to Stockholm. Khrushchev blamed his chilly reception from the Swedish people on security measures which prevented him from mingling with workers.

—TNS Photo



Town of Yellowknife

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2. Junior - 10:30 A.M.
3. Intermediate - 11:00 A.M.
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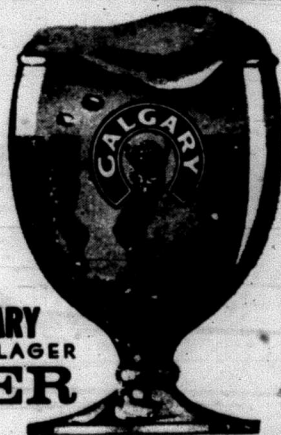
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Trapping is my life!

(By John Tetso of Fort Simpson, published by Sacred Heart Mission, Fort Simpson, N.W.T., \$1.00 by mail from the mission or from the author.)

John Tetso has a really happy knack of using the English language clearly and effectively leaving no doubt of his meaning.

His book is really a collection of stories of life for a trapper -- how he grew up into this life and how he learned (in many cases - the hard way) how trapping is done, what to do on the hunt and all the lore of the bush that helped him and his people through the years.

Rev. Father Turcott in writing the introduction introduces John to the readers as a man who got only as far as about Grade four and 12 years old. What he did since then to learn the typewriter and to use English so effectively is not covered.

John Tetso is a Slavey Indian and his book is illustrated by a 17-year-old John Farcy now attending

school at Fort Simpson.

It is reproduced on a mimeograph machine and the workmanship for this type of reproduction is excellent.

Each chapter of his book is complete in itself and tells of an adventure in the Territorial bush, here is a bit reproduced from one of the chapters that will illustrate the point:

My next May day comes years later on the trail from Sibbeston Lake, I had finished my spring work, made one trip to the river with my spring catch, and now I was taking my family with me. We usually make it in three days of steady going, but on this trip, we were caught by the rain. First it was just a light drizzle, then it started to come heavy, coming down in buckets. I put up a shelter, made a fire and we settled down to sit out the rain.

The storm lasted three days and on the fourth day, clouds began to break and no rain. We were not prepared for so many days on

the trail, so our food supply had been exhausted. We packed up and resumed our march to our destination. All the creeks were swollen with the rainwater overflowing their banks and we had to cross six of them. I made a bridge across every creek till the last one, which was only half an hour from the river.

We stopped, and I got out of my harness, the thumb-line, looked the situation over, and I got my ax to make the bridge, I felled two trees that reached the other side but, when I laid them side by side, they made a pretty narrow bridge. Too risky to take my family treasure across on that. So, I cut another tree which stops halfway, I worked it loose and it went down to stop again. I was thinking of cutting it free, but, just then I happened to be at the wrong place at the wrong time. The tree broke off its holding wood and took a swing at me, which caught me flush on the chest and I was thrown ten feet backwards, landing on the wet moss.

I got up, but I was kind of wobbly so I sat

down again. My chest began to hurt like the dickens and I felt something coming up my throat. I coughed and when I did, I really felt the pain. I spat out the thing which turned out to be blood. I sat there, spitting blood that comes up.

Jane had ran to my side and cried a bit, which did not help matters any. She now got me some water and I washed my throat and mouth, drinking some. After half an hour the pain eased down some what, and I got my ax and cleared the limbs off the bridge that spanned the creek. One by one I took my family across. Two of my dogs fell into the foamy torrent and were carried downstream by the fast moving waters. I thought they'd be goners but they came back, one without his pack. I saw them go, but I could not run after them. I had to avoid any quick movement on account of the pain.

We reached the river that evening and camped in our house. Next day we went across the river to the village, and I got Frank Cli and Edward Horesay to run the kicker to take us to town. I

went to see Doctor Nyhus next day. He said I had a broken chestbone and told me to do absolutely no heavy work for one full month. I did and my chestbone never bothered me at all after wards.

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From a friend - Rev. Father J. A. Turcotte, OMI
Dear Friend,

Four months ago, I was writing the following words: "It is a pleasure to introduce to you one of my native parishioners: John Tetso." TRAPPING IS MY LIFE was John's first book. Never did we expect that it would be his last.

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Born on July 7, 1921, we can apply to John Tetso the words of Holy Scripture "He has accomplished much in a short time."

As a boy, John was always an obedient and generous child. School meant for him, leaving his family for ten months, and living about 200 miles away. There were no other means of communications than the mail which his folks received only three or four times during the school year. He accepted this generously and worked hard to learn as much as he could. Still remembering the words of encouragement which he had one day received from his superiors, he wrote several years later: "Right there I made up

my mind to work hard in school and to learn something. Right now, as I write this, I am still at it, and may be some day I will go for a visit to Fort Providence and see how the good people are doing."

This remark shows his congeniality and his satisfaction with the education he had received. Back with his family in the woods, his great ambition was to learn all the secrets of the bush life in order to serve better.

"Because I was not talented as a hunter, I had to learn all the lessons of the bush. There may be other ways to make a living, but the white man's way of life does not always prove ideal or satisfactory to me. Change takes time and a melting pot is not so desirable. In my younger days, I have seen many a good hunter track down a moose, both summer and winter. Outstanding among them was Joseph Cui. Not knowing much of the white man's language and ways, he followed the traditions of our tribe and has fed many a hungry mouth. He had been reared in an atmosphere of nomadic existence and possessed all the cunning skill of a real bushman."

John has learned to read and write from the white man and he has a feeling that the bushman and his white brother have many things in common that we can learn from one another. This and other forces have compelled me to write a few pages when I have time, and I hope you like reading them.

He enjoys telling of his experiences because of the good they do to his people, and particularly to his own children. "Well, it's fun recalling these past experiences for you. I do this because I hope that some of you, especially the younger generation, will learn

something from my own experiences. Reading is the best way to absorb information, you know."

As a citizen, John believed in education, but the right kind: "Education as I see it from my bushman's point of view, is this. Education is meant to lift a person up on his feet, but not to look down on his brother nor sister. Once on his feet, a person can help the fortunate, guiding and lending a helping hand. The war on ignorance and poverty is a never-ending one, and all must join to win it." (Excerpt from an unpublished letter entitled: Son of the Muskeg)

As a Christian, John never forgot his heavenly Father. Every day, prayers were said by the family. The Lord's Day was scrupulously respected. He had great regard for the white man who showed his love to God and to his fellowman. To a white friend, he wrote in 1962: "Your gift package arrived in good condition and the content nearly popped my eyes! Gosh! I'm speechless. Thank you ever so much. I have been in native politics before, and I have been Chief once. I have met some small and big people, including the Queen's husband. But seldom have I seen anybody that kept his word like you. People come here from outside, we make friends with them, and when they leave they put us on the back, and say lots of fine things to us. After they have gone, it is like passing into a long sleep, we do not hear from them."

Dying with the Rosary around his neck and the Crucifix in his hands amidst the prayers of his wife and three children; can we help but think of the saying: "As you live so you shall die."

The philosophy of John's life is contained in

the following words:

"When we work, we have a boss. He tells us what to do, pays us when we finish the job. If you work for the Power Commission, you have a boss. If, for the Mission, you have a boss. A boss for every work, but every boss is the same. He pays only when the work is finished, not before. And like I said, life is work, and there is a boss for this work, but like other bosses He cannot pay before the job is finished. So if we work hard and well for Him I am sure He will not deny us our pay, don't you think so? . . ."

Yes, John Tetso, you have accomplished your job, and it is a well done job, "Euge, serve bone", Go faithful servant, take possession of your reward. The example of your life will help to uplift your people materially, but above all will teach them the truth of these words found in the Following of Christ: "A good life makes a man wise according to God and gives him experience in many things, for the more humble he is and the more subject to God, the wiser and the more at peace he will be in all things."

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Take notice that all persons having claims on the estate of the above named must file with the administratrix of the estate in care of her undersigned solicitors by the 30th day of October 1964 a full statement of their claims and of securities held by them.

de Weerd, Searle & Neilson
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Administratrix of the Estate.

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