Mr. Campbell: We had to go out or they would get ahead of us in fur. Fur was the main thing around here. No money or anything. Just fur, all fur.

Margaret: Where would you go? How far would you go?

Mr. Campbell: We used to go five miles out. Some of them were
85 miles and in the wintertime, ten days out sometimes from here.

Margaret: How did you manage?

Mr. Campbell: Oh, really nice, you know. Scouting all day with the dog team. (Inaudible)

Margaret: Well at night, did you take a tent along?

Mr. Campbell: We never took tents or anything.

Margaret: What did you do?

Mr. Campbell: We made an open camp. Spread out the snow, you know, like this, and got some brush and made a big fire.

Margaret: You could always find wood to...?

Mr. Campbell: We don't camp where there is no wood. We look for a place, you know. Sometimes in the evening you get to a good spot and you stop there and make camp. But most of the times we slept at the trappers' camps. One after the other. Some of them were only about 25 miles apart and we can easily make that in a day.

Margaret: By dog team.

Mr. Campbell: But some places we had to camp there -- so far away, tough going, deep snow.

Margaret: Did you have any bad trips, hard trips?

Mr. Campbell: Oh, we had some bad trips, yeah. I remember one time I was all alone. I was about 65 miles out from camp. I was all alone and it was storming and I had to lead my dogs to find the trail. The dogs couldn't make it, I had to push them from behind. About ten miles would be all we could go sometimes. (Inaudible) When you get tired you stop, boil the tea and have some tea and away you go again. (laughs)

Margaret: Take any bannock?

Mr. Campbell: Oh yeah. Couldn't travel without bannock. That was the only thing we could have. Bread was nothing. Or we would have beans, bacon and beans. (laughs) We used to have meat all the time, caribou meat, moose meat.

Margaret: Did you carry that with you?

Mr. Campbell: Oh yes, and take a little axe. Split it up with the axe, chop it up.

Margaret: Fresh frozen?

Mr. Campbell: Yeah (laughs). And the camps, you would be surprised how the camps were clean them days. The Indian
Mr. Campbell: Yeah. The floor was hewn logs. That was the floor. They would scrub that floor and it was white and clean. They lived really clean them days. I've been in some homes right here and I was surprised how they are. Them days when I used to go out to camps, they were real nice. And then when you get into the camps, they don't let you do nothing.

Margaret: They would burn everything.

Mr. Campbell: Mr. Campbell: They come out and unharness your dogs, feed your dogs and you'll come in the shack. They get a basin of water and clean towel, wash your face and take your shoes off and dry them and hang them up on the wall. They used to have these fireplaces, you know, made out of clay and straw. A big open fireplace, hang everything up there to dry. Then you would get a big bowl of meat.

Margaret: You're their guest.

Mr. Campbell: They were very generous people.

Mr. Campbell: Oh yeah. Well, I used to find them kind of funny sometimes. Come in there in the evening and, well, six o'clock is our supper. We used to have one cup of tea, you know, tea and bannock. Then after supper, then they really start to cook. At about nine o'clock, big feed. (laughs)

Margaret: A real feast, eh?

Mr. Campbell: Yes, a real feast. All the meat, a big feast, everybody eats. Then they would open up the (inaudible) then they would come in the camp and they would bring the fur in. Of course when you leave the posts, the boss says -- they used to have a debt, you see, when they leave -- about $300, $400. And when we go out, of course we used to collect as much as possible. But sometimes you would come to a camp and a man says, "I haven't got this and I haven't got that," and never mind, they would take up on it. And if he has $100 worth of fur, then he wants to take that $100 out. I seen that some of the time. (laughs) Of course, they made good, you know. The fur was very valuable. Oh yeah. A fox was $25, cross foxes were about $45 and silver was about $75.

Margaret: Well I know the silver fox used to be the expensive...

Mr. Campbell: Now, the red fox is only about 25, about that I think. (Inaudible) They made good, some of them.

Margaret: Well, was your centre here? Did you work out from this post? Norway House?

Mr. Campbell: Yes. That was about a few years after I started to work for the Bay. Forty-one years now with the Hudson's
Margaret: That's a good while.

Mr. Campbell: I was seventeen when I started. I worked for the police and I quit school when I was fifteen. And I worked for the police.

Margaret: And what would you do there? Would you travel out around the country too?

Mr. Campbell: I worked in the barracks. Put everybody in jail there and lock them up. Working around, you know, outside and around there. Fifty cents a day. (laughs) I was still working for the police when the Hudson's Bay manager came and called me. In the morning I went over there. I said, "You wanted me?" He says, "Yes, I got a job for you for as long as you like. Fifty dollars a month and rations."

Margaret: Well, that was good pay in those days.

Mr. Campbell: So I said, "When do I start?" And he says, "You can start right now." And I didn't tell the police, you know. I started work, course I didn't know nothing, I was only a boy then. It was about mid-January and I saw the police come along and they waved at me. "Come on, what's the matter with you?" he says. I said, "I got a job here with better pay." "Oh, that's all right." (laughs)

Margaret: Well, does the post here do much trading now? I mean, is there much of the fur trade left?

Mr. Campbell: It's a poor business now. Not much except, well, there is beaver but not too many, not now. They go for the spring and that's about it. Some of them go. But it's all money now, cash, you know.

Margaret: Well, that would make a big difference to the living of the people all around here, wouldn't it? What do they do now?

Mr. Campbell: Well, it seems to be easier to live now, for the people. You can always get something, you know, relief, like. You can always get help from the government. But the old times, well, they didn't get -- they lived out from the bush. They should have left the Indians alone in the first place.

Margaret: Well, perhaps....

Mr. Campbell: When they first come to North America, they started to work close to the Indians, you know. Can't call them really Indians now. Really, they are not Indians. They are Canadians.

Margaret: Sure, they were here long before people like me.

Mr. Campbell: When America was discovered, they thought they
were in India. When they seen the people, they called them Indians -- that's where they get that. They are really Canadians. They are true Canadians.

Margaret: They are indeed. And the rest of us are immigrants. Yeah, I know.

Mr. Campbell: But Indians are very good people. Yeah, they are good people.

Margaret: I was talking a week or so ago with an old man. Now he is in hospital in Winnipeg at the moment; he broke his hip. But he was brought up by an Indian. He was Icelandic but his parents died in a smallpox epidemic and he was adopted by an Indian family and brought up by them. And he was saying that there was always complete trust and confidence. He said if you lost anything, they'd put it up on the willows so that you could find it next time you were by that way. You know, he speaks very highly of his Indian years.

Mr. Campbell: Well, some white people say that an Indian is lazy. But they are not lazy. It's really their way of living like, you know. And they are quick to learn and they are quick to understand. Of course, I am an Indian too, half. I'm part Indian too. My mother was an Indian. I'm part Indian.

Margaret: Well, I was reading last winter in the provincial library, the old newspaper, the old Nor'Wester. It started about a hundred years ago. And the editor at one point has a little editorial about the Red River settlement and she said that nearly everybody there was part Indian -- part Scotch or French, as it may be. But this is the basis of the population. Of course it was.

Mr. Campbell: It is really mixed now. And there is quite a change now. Hardly hear any Cree now. They are all speaking English. Some of the, even the little boys, you start speaking Cree to them, they can't understand you now.

Margaret: Well, that's too bad.

Mr. Campbell: (Inaudible) And they understand more than anybody else, I think, the Indian people. When they do wrong, they know that they done wrong. But outsiders, they doing wrong all the time and they don't know it, they don't seem to know. (laughs) You know what I mean, like an educated man. When he does something he knows he is doing wrong, you know. But an Indian, he might not know what he is doing when he does wrong, but when he's caught and he's told that he is doing wrong, well, he won't do it again. Now he knows that he has done wrong. But outside people do it over and over again. They don't seem to understand. The Indians seem to understand better, about life anyway. I was talking to a minister one time, I don't know who they are. They call them Pentecostal. He come to me. He was here for a while. And he says, "These people, they don't know anything. It's the first time they know the Bible. It's the first time they read it." I says, "I
think you're wrong. I think you're wrong. I think they realized it before you were born." I know, I believe in the first part that the Indian didn't know nothing.

Margaret: Well, he didn't know the kind of things that other people knew but he knew in his own life.

Mr. Campbell: He didn't know nothing of it then, I know that. But they have a belief. Well, they heard a thunder and things like that. They knew there was something. And they had something for gods. And they believe in something. They didn't know, they couldn't read, couldn't write, they didn't know about the outside world. But I guess when America was discovered and they started to come in and the missionaries started coming in and they started to run from there. And when they knew, they lived different. Of course, they maybe didn't understand anything. But when Sir James Evans invented the Cree -- he was the one that invented the Cree. I said to him, "That was over a hundred years ago since the Cree was invented."

Margaret: Since it was written down.

Mr. Campbell: And then I said, "It is easy for the Indians to pick up that, to read that and learn that. When they learn that, after they learn that, then the Bible was invented in Cree. Then they read it and they knew." And he told me here they don't know nothing, they don't know God and all that. And I told him, "They were reading it before you were born." And I said, "I don't like it when you come and say the Indian doesn't know nothing. I am part Indian myself. How many times, how often do you hear about an Indian murdering or an Indian stealing or an Indian doing those big things? How often?" He couldn't say. I said, "Well, how often do you hear about outside?" I said, "Every paper they say something. And it's never about an Indian, very seldom do you hear about an Indian. Never about Indian murders, and if it is he didn't know what he was doing. And it comes from buying liquor or something. The white man, what do they do? Right in the city, how many churches have you got in the city? About a hundred, a church on every corner. And how many churches have we got here? Well, we had a church here about five, ten miles away. And I wouldn't say that to an Indian."

Margaret: Well, I think it's only people who are rather stupid and pretty ignorant themselves who would say that. And the Pentecostal people frequently are both.

Mr. Campbell: I like Indians, I like the Indian people. I shouldn't really say the Indian people, but they are.

Margaret: Did you know...? Oh, you must've -- you know Mr. Joe Keeper here?

Mr. Campbell: Yeah.
Margaret: You've known him. No, I haven't gone over because his brother died yesterday and I didn't want to trouble them but I thought... I'm going up to Wabowden and Churchill and I thought on my way back, then I would call and see them but I didn't.

Mr. Campbell: Old Joe, he was, he is a pure Indian.

Margaret: And he was an Olympic champion.

Mr. Campbell: When you see old Joe, you wouldn't believe he is an Indian. When you talk to him, you wouldn't believe he is an Indian.

Margaret: Well, he was the Olympic champion here, wasn't he? He went to the Olympic games?

Mr. Campbell: Yeah.

Margaret: He was a great runner, wasn't he?

Mr. Campbell: He was brought up, and he went to school outside. He went to school outside and then... He was a runner, you know, championship. Long distance.

Margaret: And he trained here.

Mr. Campbell: Yeah.

Margaret: This puzzles me because there is more water than there is land.

Mr. Campbell: His brother died yesterday.

Margaret: Yes.

Mr. Campbell: Well, I don't know what, his brother died here at about 95, 99. Ninety years old or something.

Margaret: He was older than Joe then?

Mr. Campbell: Yeah.

Margaret: Oh I see, I thought he was younger.

Mr. Campbell: That's all, at the same time they were reading(?)

Margaret: Well, that's something to be pretty proud of.

Mr. Campbell: And he was in the First World War.

Margaret: Oh yes.

Mr. Campbell: Old Joe. One of my brothers was killed in the First World War.
Margaret: Were there many who went from here in the First War?

Mr. Campbell: Yeah, quite a few of them, yeah. I think I was (inaudible). There were few killed here in Norway House. There is a monument over there. A big monument there, all the men. Old Charlie is still alive, you know.

Margaret: Yes, I saw him. Mr. Remco pointed him out to me as he was walking up to the hospital yesterday afternoon and he certainly walked like a pretty lively person.

Mr. Campbell: Oh yeah. I worked with him. He was with the Hudson's Bay for about twenty years, I guess.

Margaret: Did he go out as you did?

Mr. Campbell: Oh yeah, every winter we were going out fur buying. And he had camps, you know, paying camps when he went out there. Didn't bother us. He is a carpenter too.

Margaret: Is he?

Mr. Campbell: Yeah. That was his chief trade. He built our church at Rossville there. It was him that built that church.

Margaret: That's a very fine building.

Mr. Campbell: There is quite a few buildings around that he built.

Margaret: That looks very impressive, you know, as you approach it. You have the feeling, the large buildings and the different colors of the buildings. It looks very enticing, very nice.

Mr. Campbell: He likes that dog driving. Old Joe likes to do that.

Margaret: Do any of them ever go over to the dog races at The Pas in the winter?

Mr. Campbell: I never go there. I don't know about Joe. I don't think he ever went, no. Him and I always get together, you know, and have a good talk and....

Margaret: I'd like to hear the two of you together. (laughs) There would be some good tales.

Mr. Campbell: He worked for the Hudson's Bay, you know, and we used to stop there and Mr. Redvers would come and catch us, you know, talking away.

Margaret: About the adventures you had together?

Mr. Campbell: Yeah.

(End of Interview)
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