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HIGHLIGHTS:

- Account of how she found a man who had been lost in the woods.
- Experiences while trapping.
Cyndy: Okay, so you were going to tell me some more about the trapline.

Josephine: Yeah. While we were out on the trapline we usually get some moose hunters come in from the States, and some deer hunters. So once there was three or four men from Cleveland, Ohio, and they were coming in for deer hunting. And it was nice weather yet, it was cold though. The lakes were open and the deer hunting was open, the deer hunting season was open. So when we're out like that, at that time that these fellows used to come in, they had an outdoor motor in the boat and we had two canoes. So one morning we went out and my husband used to take the dogs out to run the deer, and I used to set up two of the men in their watch places. So my husband told me, he says, "When you get to the end," he says, "you stay over there," he says. "And when you hear a shot," he says, "you'll know that the run is over." I says, "Yeah, I know," I says, "I know exactly what to do." He says, "Okay."

So away I went. I placed all the men along the way, and when I got to the end -- there was a little island where I went and parked. While I was pulling up the boat on the island I heard somebody yelling. I thought, maybe, "Gee, that sounds funny." All at once again I heard somebody yelling real loud. I turned around and looked towards the other shore -- I saw a big tall guy wave his hand like this, you know, waving at me. And I turned around and I looked at him for a while, and he went like this. I thought to myself, "Gee, I wonder who that could be?" And weeks before we had heard there was a man lost from the Gilly's Lumber Company. He had wandered away from the camp and they didn't hear of him for the longest time. And I remembered that when I was standing there. So I turned around and I shoved the boat out and I got in the boat and I went over to where he was. And I got out at the shore and I said to him, I says, "Who are you?" He says, "I've been lost for so long," he says. "I don't know how long," he says. He says, "I'm so

hungry, he says, and I'm just all in." I says, "Get in the boat." I says, "Can you get on the boat?" I says. "I'll help you." So I took his arm and I kind of helped him into the boat. I says, "Sit down," I says, "I'll take you to where the little island is."

So I brought him to the little island, and we always carried liquor with us. When it's real cold we always have a hot shot before our meal when we're cooking out. So I says, "Gee, I wonder if I should give him a little bit," you know, "while he's sitting there? And I could give him a lunch," you know, give him something to eat. So he got off of the boat and he sat on the island with me. And I says I knew how long he had been lost because I heard it was over the radio, eh, that they were looking for him. And I says, "We'll take you," I says. "Our men," I says, "will take you to Temagami," I says, "just as soon as we get home." So I said, "Would you like to have a hot drink?" He says, "Anything," he says. "Just give me anything," he says. "I'd like something." So I made a little drink for him -- I didn't put too much liquor in it, because I was afraid he would pass out or something, you know, something would happen to him. And I put a lot of mix in it and I gave it to him. He drank it down. I says, "How about a sandwich?" He says, "Yeah." So he had a sandwich there, and by the time that he got kind of settled a little bit, I heard my husband shooting away along the shore over there. So I told him, I says, "We're going to gather our stuff," I says, "put it in the boat." And I says, "You get in the boat, here," I says, "and you sit at the bottom and I'll motor you out there."

So I motored him and we went out and we picked up all the men as we went along, and I motored across and picked up my husband. I says to him, "You know," I says, "Angus, this is the guy that was lost from Gilly's Lumber Company." "Oh gosh," he says, "somebody will have to leave right away," he says, "to take him down to Temagami," he says. Because his feet had frozen and his fingers were frozen -- it had been real cold

weather, too, you know. It was a little late in the fall. And he was hungry and I says to him, "Well," I says, "who's going to take him?" My husband says, "Well," he says, "how about me and one of the men help me," he says, "to take him out to Temagami and we'll come right back." I says, "Okay." I says, "I'll look after the other men," I says, "in our camp." I says, "But you come right back." I says, "Don't you stay in Temagami." So he says, "Okay," he says. "This guy will look after me." So they got to Temagami and they got the ambulance over there and they took him to the hospital in Haileybury right away. So they come right back -- they didn't go over with him to the hospital. The people that were down at the dock over there had a boat, a Marineland, eh. And they phoned for the ambulance so he was taken to the hospital.

So they came home and we went on with our deer hunting -- those guys got their deer that fall. They were very, very happy that everybody got their deer. And we came out with them. Dr. Dunning wanted to see me and I says, "Why do you want to see me for?" I says to him. So I went anyway. I went to... we had to go to Cobalt to see Dr. Dunning. He says, "So you're the one," he says, "that found the guy that's been lost in the bush." I says, "Yeah," I says, "how is he?" "Oh," he says, "the poor guy had to get his feet amputated." He said, "They were so badly frozen we could hardly pull his shoes off of his feet without pulling the flesh away, you know, when it got thawed out like, you know." And he says, "We had to amputate some of his fingers," he said. "But other than that," he says, "he's all right. He's picked up in health." He says, "Boy," he says, "I don't know what he would have done," he says, "if you hadn't seen him." I says, "Well," I says, "it just happen that we were running deer that day when I picked him up." So anyway, everytime after that Dr. Dunning would say, "Well, here's the woman," he says, "that found the lost man."

And then we used to have moose hunters. Oh, my goodness, those moose hunters they were so funny. One time my husband went out

with my young lad and they went out setting the men for the moose hunters, and I'd stay home. He says, "You can't come over there, it's too rough." I says, "Okay, I'll stay." So they went and one of these guys were always talking about mushrooms, you know. And my husband says to him, he says, "You're not coming out here," he says, "to pick mushrooms." He says, "You're coming out here, you're going moose hunting," he says. "You better kill your moose," he says, "when it comes to you, because if you don't," he says, "your name will be mud and it won't be mushrooms." (laughs)

So they went out and it was a good day for them to run the moose. They ran moose and mind you that moose run right in the front of that guy that was always talking about mushrooms, it went right... He says, "I thought it was a horse," he says. My husband says, "Where would a horse come from in the bush?" he says. He says, "My God," he says, "there must be something wrong with you." "Well," he says, "I saw it go by," he says.

He shot the moose. Oh, my gosh, my husband was so mad. He says, "All that work," he says. You know, it's awfully hard for them guides, you know, to get out and chase these animals towards the people that are waiting for them on these runways, eh. There's different little runways, paths, where these animals make, you know, when their going around in the bush... they have their own little trails. Well, this is where we put these men on these little trails as they go along, no matter how far apart they are -- some of them are a mile apart. So anyhow he chased that moose to where that guy was that always talked about mushrooms. Well, my God, that guy was just about sick when he got home. When he got back to camp he just couldn't even stand and everybody teasing him about mushrooms and the moose and the horse. He never heard the end of it.

But anyhow, the next day the others went out -- he didn't want to go out anymore because he says, "I missed my chance," he

says, "I don't think I'll go out." He says, "I'll let the others go out." They got one moose anyway between the whole bunch of them. 'Cause a moose has got an awful lot of meat, eh. And if they really want the meat, it's probably a couple of thousand pounds of meat in one of those great big moose. That's how we treated our moose and deer hunters when they used to be with us. But my, we used to have a nice time. We used to play poker nearly all night, and I used to play poker with them too.

Cyndy: Did many men usually get lost up there?

Josephine: Not really, not our guide, men that my husband and my son guides for moose and deer hunting, no. But this guy that got lost from Gilly's Lumber Company, it seemed as though he had been sent from the camp like, you know, where they have their sleeping camps. He had been sent somewhere to a workshop to go and look for something, or to pick up something. And God only knows where he went, because he got lost -- he never did get back to where he was supposed to get back. Then when he got lost he must have went really out of his mind, eh. Just go any old way at all, because that's really what happens to some people, eh. It just goes to their nerves and they really go, go, you know, instead of stopping, you know. And I don't think he had a match in his pocket. He froze. I says, "What did you eat?" He says, "I picked some berries," he says. "That's what I've been eating," he says, "berries, and some leaves," he says. So that's how that poor guy... I was glad that we found him anyways, because he had been lost for quite a while. I forget how many weeks he was lost -- I think two weeks. He was living on berries. I said, "Did you ever see any animals around?" He says, "No," he says, "never saw a wild animal." I says, "It's darn funny you didn't see a bear." Well, that time of the year, late in the year, bears are already hibernated, eh, and therefore he wouldn't see a bear. But he would see probably a rabbit, or a partridge, or maybe a deer now and then, eh. But he never did.

Cyndy: What about the tourist guides? I guess they stuck

pretty close?

Josephine: Oh yeah, oh yes. They wouldn't leave each other. I remember there was one time again... Well, this is one of the things that really stuck out in my mind is one of the most frightful things I ever experienced in a trapline is... One day my husband says to me, "We're going over to Reuben Lake," he says, "to go and set traps over there." He says, "We'll take the little dog in the canoe, and our lunch," he says, "and a gun, and we'll go and set traps across there." He says, "We have to put some new mink traps out." I says, "Okay." So we gathered up our bait and put it in a pack sack. And I had a little box where I had our lunch, and an axe, little axe he always carried, and a gun. Put our little dog in the canoe and away we went. We paddled out quite a ways -- about three or four miles I guess we paddled. And we portaged into Reuben Lake, they call it. Now Reuben Lake is a deep, deep lake and it's trout in it. And the water is kind of greenish; that makes it like a spring lake, eh, spring water.

So we went across there. While we were going across he says, "Well," he says, "it's kind of a nice day," he says. "Maybe we need some meat." He says, "Maybe," he says, "we can run the deer somewhere." "Good," I says. So we landed across and we put our stuff in the canoe ready to get in to paddle out, you know. He says, "There's a little creek out here," he says. "I'll go over there," he says, "and I'll set a trap." So he picks up a trap with some bait and he went over there to that little creek, and the little dog went with him. And all at once the little dog -- my husband says, "The little dog looked up," you know. And my husband said he smelled something, you know, right away, some things were close by. So he hurried up and set the trap and left it. And he says to me, he says, "I think there's a deer out there," he says. So he told the little dog to go, you know, in Indian, and away the little dog

went. As soon as he was told to go he went, away he went. And we went out in the lake, we paddled out in the lake. He says, "Now you watch," he says, "that little dog is going to bring out a deer, there's a deer in there," he says. Sure enough -- a half of the lake was open. There was ice on part of the lake and the other part was still, the deep part of the lake was still all open, you know, the deep water. So all at once we saw this deer coming out on this frozen part and stood out there at the edge of the ice and the dog was right behind him. So the deer jumped in the lake and after he jumped in the lake my husband says, "Well," he says, "we'll be able to kill our deer," he says. "I don't know whether we'll be able to hang it up. Then we'll go home and then come back tomorrow and we'll skin it." I says, "Okay."

So, and my goodness sake, the gun that he brought with us was an old 57 Snyder. Now that old 57 Snyder had shells about that long and about that big around. He says to me when he was paddling, he says, "Load the gun," he says, "and you shoot the deer right in the ear," he says. And the deer was pretty close, you know. So I shot the deer and nothing happened. The

deer just shook his head, you know, and kept swimming hard. And then he says, "Oh boy," he says, "what's the matter," he says, "with that gun?" I says, "Look at the darn old gun," I says, "it's no good I don't think." I said, "it doesn't even, it didn't even shake the deer's head," I said, "or nothing." "Well," he says. He took the gun and he threw it in the canoe.

So he took a rope and he says, "I'm going to lasso that deer," he says, "and I'm going to hit it with the axe on the head." "Oh, my God," I says. "Angus, we're going to drown out here," I says, "you know that?" I says, "That lake is deep and nobody will every know that we were out here." Well, we paddled, he lassoed that deer and we paddled... That deer took us around and around and around that lake with us in the canoe. And I was so frightened I didn't know what to do with myself. I just sat in the bottom of that canoe and hung on, you know. And he

was holding that deer with a rope and towing us around, mind you. And at last he come close to... Every time it would come kind of close, you know -- I guess when the deer was getting tired, too -- then he hit it on the head and it let loose like, you know. So we towed it to the shore where we had started, where he had set the trap, towed it over there. I says to Angus, I says, "Never again," I says, "will I want you to lasso a deer." I says, "That's terrible," I says, "you know we could have drowned there," I says, "and nobody would ever, ever have known that we were there." And I says, "That really frightened me." So anyhow he hung the deer up. The next day we come back and we skinned it, and we took it home. That was one thing that really stood out in my mind, you know. After that I says, "Oh boy!" After when he says, "We're going to hunt deer," I says, "Not lasso it, eh." (laughs) No, I always shot with a 30-30 -- we had a 30-30 -- and I had a 410 of my own, I always had a 410 shotgun. That was a real good gun for partridge, and mink, and otter -- whatever else you wanted to shoot with that, that was good.

Cyndy: Do you have any other really frightening experiences?

Josephine: No, that was the worst one. Yeah, the worst one.

Cyndy: Who taught you how to shoot a gun?

Josephine: Oh, my dad when I was a young girl. And the first time I ever shot anything he let me have his 410, 410 shotgun, and I shot a rabbit. He says... We were going along hunting partridge, my dad up in Beaucage, then -- that was out on the reserve. He says to me that day, "We'll go out hunting partridge." He says, "Do you want to come with me?" I said, "Sure!" My God, I was just like a tomboy all the time, you know. I was never, I hated the housework. So I went out with

my dad and we were going along this ridge, you know, and oh, it was a lovely, lovely ridge. And we saw rabbit. He says, "There's a rabbit," he says. "Here's the gun," he says. And

he put the little shell in the gun. "Now," he says, "you look on that barrel," he says, "right from the center at the back," he says, "to the front of the eye," he says, "on the gun." He says, "And you point it right on the head of the rabbit," he says, "and you'll kill it." So I did, and sure enough, I killed the rabbit. That was my first shot and my first game. (laughs)

Cyndy: How old were you then?

Josephine: I was around about seventeen. I know it was after I came out of the convent, you know, maybe eighteen, I guess. I was more of a tomboy all the time at home -- I never liked being in the house too much, I always wanted to get out. So my dad used to always tell me, he says, "Oh," he says, "it's nearly partridge time," he says. "You better go out and look around," he says, "to see if you can get any partridge." Sure enough, he used to tell me where to look, where to go. Go around there, and I used to look around the trees and sure enough there's a bunch of partridge sitting up on the trees. I used to bring home a nice big feed of partridge for grandmother to cook, good. Grandma used to like to cook. My God, that little old lady used to cook! We used to have great big meals, a great big gathering on Christmas days. Oh, my God, we'd have a big meal!

Cyndy: Did you learn any stories, or legends, or anything like that when you were young?

Josephine: Oh, not really. My old grandpa never used to tell us very much of anything. Not me, anyways, because I never did, I never did stop to listen to anything very much what they used to talk about. He must have know an awful lot of things,

because he was elderly, eh. And he was real active right up to the end of his life. And the only reason why he passed away is he had gone to the bathroom -- we had outhouses, eh. In February it was cold, he had gone to the bathroom and he had fell in the snow and he never, he couldn't get out of that snow during the night. And nobody knew that he was out there till the morning when my father went out and found him in the snow. He took pneumonia then. In a day and a half he passed away. He didn't last long. Well, he had pneumonia right away.

Cyndy: What about songs or games, or anything like that? Did you have Indian kind of things that you learned?

Josephine: You know, the only time that I learned this Indian do was around here. I've never seen it among us over there in Sturgeon Falls, or in our Indian reserve. We never had anybody going around in a leather outfit, or feathers on them until I came down here and saw all this going on around here. Well, you know, I kind of found that kind of, you know, I still didn't like it.

Cyndy: Why is that?

Josephine: I don't know, I just didn't like it. I don't know who invented that costume, outfit and feathers, and the dancing, and the funny way they sing on those drums -- I never heard that before. All they do is shout. I says, "My God, there's no tune to it." (laughs) But, you know, I read an awful lot of those books about our Indian people, you know, what happened years ago. And I guess, you know, they were -- they had those things made of feathers and beads and leather. But I was not brought up in among them kind of people, you know -- well, I was brought up right from very small, we were always among the

white people. In Cochrane there were always white people there, you know, wherever we went. We never came back to the reserve till 1918 when my grandmother moved back to... in Beaucage. Then from then on, till my father died, then there was nobody else after that.

Cyndy: Did you find that the Indians were treated all right by the white people?

Josephine: Yeah, I didn't... Well, you know, sometimes, you know, you find that when you're among the white people they don't associate with you very much, too much, you know. Unless you know them personally, real well, they will make a fuss over you. Other than that a complete stranger when you go in at first they don't even make a fuss over you; they just ignore you, as a matter of fact. I still feel that way sometimes in some places. You go in among them, you know -- you're the only person that's native in the group there and you feel out of place, because right away they're not talking to you they don't explain, you know. They don't say who they are and what not, you know. Then you really do feel out of place.

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