reports and technical discussions of artifact analyses. It is also noteworthy that approximately half of the papers (and virtually all of the analyses) deal directly or indirectly with the iron blooms. This will appeal to those with an interest in archaeometry or archaeometallurgy, but the fact that other analyses are either not completed or presented limits the usefulness of the book for some readers.

Minor criticisms aside, *Archeology of the Frobisher Voyages* succeeds in providing for the reader a framework for the project and in defining problem areas and avenues for future research. That the papers raise more questions than they answer should not be considered a deficiency but simply a reflection of the fact that the book is intended to be a progress report rather than a definitive account. For an interim report, however, the book is overpriced.

As the principal investigator, Fitzhugh is to be commended for assembling teams of specialists who bring a wealth of expertise to the project. The research completed thus far has been successful on many fronts and has generated numerous testable hypotheses for future investigations. This book will appeal to a wide audience of professionals and laypersons alike, and I recommend it to anyone interested in arctic anthropology or the history of European exploration in the New World.

REFERENCES


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This visually appealing book is an Arctic Institute best seller. It is printed on high quality paper and filled with Terry Garvin’s coloured photographs, shot in the communities where Garvin worked in various jobs from the 1950s through the 1980s. Intended to supplement the grades 7-9 social studies curriculum, it contains a text about what Garvin calls the “bush culture” and presents a picture of northern aboriginal (Native) culture, history, and lifeways, especially in the 1950s and later. The text is placed on the pages to the left, faced on the right by the photos, an effective format. The book is also being marketed to the public as a reader-friendly, general-interest publication about northern Canada.

Such books, if well written, appeal to both the scholar and the general reader. Academic works are typically unnecessarily dense and often obscure — heavy going even for the trained specialist and virtually inaccessible to others. The problem with books written by people without scholarly training is that while they may be readable, they are often plagued by fuzzy concepts, incorrect information, unfortunate interpretations, and sometimes even bad writing (to which scholars are not immune, but in theory the referee system is supposed to prevent such problems). However, the public wants to read about such topics as Indians and the fur trade, accounting for the success of works such as Peter Newman’s highly successful, but criticized, series about the Hudson’s Bay Company.

Clearly, this book is accessible. This review will consider how northern Native life is represented and the accuracy of this representation.

*Bush Land People* is of special interest because the author is typical of the non-Native “outsider” who works in northern communities, often for many years, and becomes familiar with local people and customs. Such individuals often have a wealth of information that they rarely share with others, unless they write narratives about their experiences in the North, a recognized genre of northern writing.

The book is a very personal work, indeed an act of love for Garvin, but there is little in the book to explain how or why. It does not contain his memoirs, nor does he frame the narrative he has constructed by any description of his own experiences. For instance, one can infer from dates in some of the photo captions that in the mid-1950s he was in Fort Rae, but he does not explain what he was doing there. Similarly, he has a long-term and close relationship with Katy Sanderson and some of her relatives, who appear in many of his photographs, but we do not know how this came about or what he did with them. While it contains a curious mixing of Garvin’s voice and various Native voices, the text is rendered as an authoritative text about the North, rather than one man’s recollection of things he saw and stories he heard.

The book is divided into chapters loosely organized around themes. Two chapters focus on persons, “Granny Powder” and her daughter Katy Sanderson, a well-known resident of Fort McMurray. There are chapters on bush life, bush foods, caribou hunting, transportation, communities, arts and crafts, and the future of a bush-based way of life.

The book is strongest when Garvin recounts stories he has heard. For instance, he describes how Katy Sanderson shot a moose along the edge of the Athabasca River and recovered the meat, and he explains how her husband, George, managed to hunt and trap on crutches after losing a leg in a hunting accident. Similarly, his descriptions of scenes he obviously has witnessed firsthand, such as the Dogrib caribou hunt, are rich and immediate, especially when juxtaposed with his photos. They convey strong images to the reader.

Many of the photos are historically important. For instance, in Fort Chipewyan, Archie Cardinal was known as a skilled boat builder in the old style; the book contains one photo of his board skiff (p. 197), a second of Archie fishing from the skiff (p. 112), and a third of Archie helping his neighbour build a skiff (p. 110-111; the man in the photo with Archie is Daniel Marcel, not Desjarlais Marcel).

Garvin’s text is weak in two major areas. First, it betrays a poor understanding of the structural divisions among
northern aboriginal peoples. The people of his book are Cree, Chipewyan, Dogrib, and Métis, but aside from some captions that identify certain individuals, they are presented as a relatively undifferentiated “Native,” which glosses over considerable variation in culture, language, and place. In the glossary, the Athapaskan language is subsumed under the entry for “Algonquian,” and elsewhere he implies that their respective languages derived simply from community separation and the consequent development of language variations (p. 146). In fact, Algonquian and Athapaskan languages are members of entirely different language families.

Similarly, his understanding of the impacts of the European fur trade on aboriginal culture is flawed, and a reader unfamiliar with northern history might think that before the arrival of Europeans and the development of the fur trade economy, aboriginal peoples lived in log houses (in this region, the winter use of log houses began in the late 19th century) and used dog teams (considered a post-contact development). There is no evidence that the fur trade put aboriginal people under pressure to read or write English or French or even, really, to speak it (p. 146), or that people living in the bush were pressured to move into local trading communities (p. 154). On the contrary, the traders wanted their trappers to remain in the bush and, when people lingered at the posts, were often concerned about encouraging them to leave.

In some instances, it is not obvious whether terminology is Garvin’s or that of the people. Garvin refers to “curing” fish, which is technically correct but a usage I have rarely heard from Native people I know, who talk instead about drying or smoking. It was particularly disconcerting to see the term “flesher” rendered consistently as “flusher” (p. 48-50, glossary p. 185). A flesher is a hide-working tool used to remove the fat and other particles, or flesh, from the inner side of a hide. A specialized tool, it is distinct from a scraper, or grainer, which is used to remove the hair from a skin. These are not distinguished in the text.

There are errors that should have been caught in the editing process. For example, Roddy Fraser is a descendent of Colin Fraser, not Simon Fraser (p. 114-5). There are suitable microclimates for gardens in the North (p. 93); the long hours of daylight compensate for the short growing season. A lake skiff is not just a smaller version of a scow; these are distinct boat types. The skiff may more properly be seen as a descendent of the York boat. Fort Chipewyan was constructed in 1788 at its first location, on the south shore of Lake Athabasca, and did not move to the north shore near its present location until c. 1800 (see p. 162, 164). Diesel-powered boats were introduced in the North in the late 1920s, not the 1950s (p. 149).

Despite such historical irregularities, I particularly liked the positive manner in which Garvin portrays the integration of imported commodities into a bush-focused way of life. I was especially taken with the photo of dog teams in a “dog-team parking lot” in downtown Yellowknife, waiting for their drivers who were shopping at the nearby shopping center (the modern equivalent of the local trading post). Garvin does not characterize this as some unfortunate corruption of a “real” Indian life; this was modern Indian life of the 1950s. Today, of course, such a scene would feature snowmachines, which have largely replaced dog teams. It is clear from both text and photos that Garvin realizes that people are already incorporated into an industrialized economy, though in his writing he seeks to distinguish between the “bush economy” — the focus of this book — and what he terms an “industrialized culture.”

Teachers, students, and general readers will find this book an enjoyable read, and it may pique their interest in the subject. Northerners may see old friends in the photos, and scholars will find much of historical interest. As a source of information, the book conveys a nostalgic and somewhat impressionist, broad-brushed portrait of a land-based mixed economy and way of life whose existence today is threatened by its disappearance.

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The North West Passage is found
needs no more searching
and for lack of anything better to do
waiting the plane’s departure north from Frobisher
I lounge on the bed poring over place-names
on maps
and baby it’s cold outside

The North West Passage is found
and poor old Lady Franklin well
she doesn’t answer the phone
thon once she traded her tears for ships
to scour the Arctic seas for her husband
but the Terror and Erebus sank long ago
and it’s still half an hour before dinner
and there isn’t much to do but write letters
and I can’t think of anything more to say
about the North West Passage
but I’ll think of something
maybe
a break-thru
to strawberries and ice cream for dinner


Why do journals about the 19th-century British search for a Northwest Passage or about the search for the missing Franklin expedition continue to be published, some for the first time? Surely, some reasons are their subject matter. For one, such remarkable northern travel is no longer attempted by white men. For another, the fate of Franklin remains a mystery, and, as long as it does, the mystique of the North can never be entirely shed, as Al Purdy’s poem shows by