

## Road Allowance Interview, John Arcand

Conducted by Scott Duffee

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**SD: Okay, could you please tell me your name and your home community?**

JA: Okay, my birth name is Jean-Baptiste Arcand. I was born in July 1942. I was raised around Debden, which is on Highway 55 going towards Meadow Lake from Prince Albert. What else?

**SD: Was that a road allowance community?**

JA: Not to start with, but I think it started out with my grandfather. He was born in 1869 or '70. He was born in White Horse Plain actually. Which is what the heck was it called St. Xavier? François Xavier. Anyway, that's just out of Winnipeg, and at that time it was in the Red River. Anyway, I think he moved. He was about three years old when they got to St. Laurent [de Grandin]. Some of them ended up in Fish Creek. And some, well they're all over that country. Like Jean he was 14 years old during the Rebellion.

**SD: What was his name?**

JA: Jean-Baptiste.

**SD: Jean-Baptiste Arcand?**

JA: Yes.

**SD: That was your dad's dad or you mom—**

JA: Yes.

**SD: Your dad's dad.**

JA: Anyway, none from there, him and a bunch of cousins ended up in Lac la Biche. They stayed there for a while, I think. I think the old man ran a trading post or something. And then, when the railroad came through, they left Lac La Biche with a hundred and five head of cattle that he had taken on trade, I guess. And then some of my uncles were born in Chip Creek, which is on the way to Edmonton. But that's on the way back to Red Deer. And then my dad was born in Red Deer, Alberta. That was about 1908 or '9, somewhere in there. So, they took him along. It took quite a while to get from Lac La Biche to Red Deer, and then all the way from there to Willow Bunch, following the railroad track. And then after that, I'm not sure, but there was a time when they all went back to St. Laurent there and took up scrip or land. And they all left there in 1928. There's a little town called Titanic. Anyway, that's where most of them were around. From there, they moved to Mattes, which is on the way to Debden. They each took out a homestead there at that time, about 1928.

**SD: How do you spell that? Mattes?**

JA: Mattes—m-a-t-t-e-s. Anyway, I don't know if that's why that name was there, but you can see on an old map where all these homesteads were. And I know a guy, he's a farmer and he has some of them. He's had them things for probably two generations now. And then from there, they left that because there was nothing there to sustain them. They all moved to a little place called Winter Lake where they were between two little lakes. There was fish. That's where I was born in 1942.

**SD: Where about is that?**

JA: You went through Big River?

**SD: Yes.**

JA: Before you get there there's a little road that takes off. It says, "Power Park Valley Road." Just before you get to Bodmin, you know where that big sawmill is?

**SD: Okay.**

JA: Yes, anyway in there about, probably four or five miles any way. They've since built a brand-new road there but there was a little settlement there, too. Where there was a log, a log Catholic Church. Oh yes, there were a few French people in there. But we were just north of there, about half a mile maybe, right in the road allowance. Anyway, from there, my dad was a trapper in wintertime and a hunter. So that's where my grandfather and some of my uncles were. I think that's where one of my uncles got his first farm. And then after that, I remember my dad and some of his brothers and some Métis people went to Timberlost. That's the block I was telling you about the other day between Big River and Leoville, up in there. Yes, there was a fire in there and they were hauling firewood from there to Bodmin, which is about ten miles, maybe more. And I remember when I was a little wee guy with my younger brother. There was only the two of us. Oh hell, I think we were about three and four-years-old. Anyway, I think my mom went to the hospital again to have another little one, but we were left there all by ourselves in the winter time, January 15th. And there was another guy, John St. Denis who lived in a little shack my dad had. And John St. Denis built on the other side of the wall kind of thing, on the same house. Anyway, they were supposed to be looking after us, but they never did. From there it would be about '46, '47 and from there, before they went to the Timberlost country to work in the bush, we lived in another little place that my dad rented. And when the soldiers came home in 1945, we were three and four, and I was really scared of them because they were dressed up in uniforms. Yep, I remember that. I remember the rations that they had to wait for to buy sugar, flour. You know they were only allowed so much at a time?

**SD: Who's that?**

JA: My parents.

**SD: Really? They'd get rations?**

JA: Yes, from the government. They would send you stamps. Or issue them.

Anyway, from there, they went to Timberlost. Then we moved to a house that my

great-uncle had. My dad traded a fiddle for this house and a 44-40 rifle to St. Pierre Arcand. That was his uncle. Yep, and that's where the road allowance started. And then that place burned down. And then right from there, right across the lake, in Jackson Lake, I don't know, that's straight north of Debden now, about six miles. They went and built a little house right on the east side of the lake. From St. Pierre's old house, it burned down. Then my dad made a little wee caboose out of some lumber he got from somewhere, 8x10 or 12 or something. But there was already three kids now living in there. And we were right close to the mill there, right against the river. That's where his trap line was. Anyway, I remember my mom saying that they had such a tough winter there that they had to feed horses straw from the mattresses because there was no hay and here was four feet of snow. Yes sir. So anyway, that place across the lake I was telling you about, straight east of the lake, they lived in the road allowance for a few years then they moved straight south of the lake, which was closer to school. And we lived there right until '57. And from there, a lot of these people found a job in town.

**SD: Which town?**

JA: Debden, because the hail had demolished so many roofs, and they had to replace their roofs all summer long. Anyway, when he was finally able to get a job, he already had, I don't know, 13 head of cattle, I think, on the road allowance. Just from trading and that kind of thing. Then he had this job, and then he was able to buy a quarter section of land, the school section. Yes, that's where we first moved to his own place.

**SD: So, this road allowance community was on the east-side and the south-side of Jackson Lake?**

JA: Yes, but we weren't the only ones.

**SD: Yes, well before we forget to ask what was what was your mom's name? And your grandparents?**

JA: Oh, they're from, they were from Cochin. She was born in Cochin. And they were also road allowance people.

**SD: In Cochin?**

JA: Well, all over the place. They pretty much moved from one place to another looking for work, trapping. My grandfather had a bunch of hounds. He used to catch coyotes and stuff.

**SD: Oh, that was your mom's dad?**

JA: Yes.

**SD: What were those folks' names? Like what was your mom's name and—**

JA: Loyer. They were from Montana, I think, originally.

**SD: Okay. And her parents' names? Your mom's parents? So, your grandparents?**

JA: George and, jeez I don't even remember her name now. We got it somewhere here.

**SD: Loyer anyway, hey?**

JA: L-O-Y-E-R.

**SD: L-O-I-E-R or L-O-Y-E-R?**

JA: I'm not even sure, but probably the same because different people spell it differently. Anyway, I think they met during a stampede day, during a rodeo at that time. My mom was only 14. And they got married about somewhere in 1928.

**SD: And sorry, what was your dad's name again?**

JA: Victor.

**SD: Victor Arcand. And your mom's name was?**

JA: Emma.

**SD: Emma Loyer. So anyway, back to that road allowance community, what other Métis families lived in that community?**

JA: Oh hell, there were lots of them. Besides the Arcands, there were Vandales. There again, I find it very strange that old Pat Vandale, Alex's dad. He had about three hundred head of cattle there at one point and he had his own land. And Gab Vandale, his brother, had his own land. And I don't know how come these people never had anything. Man, they were poor, poor, and had lots of kids.

**SD: The Vandales?**

JA: Yep, and there were lots of them. St. Denis, them guys too and some Isbisters and Shorts, Gaudrys, Scotts, Chartrands and Beauprés. Oh yes, there were lots of them.

**SD: I guess a lot of those names might have come from Willow Bunch, too, hey? Beauprés anyway?**

JA: Beauprés, Gaudrys, Shorts, LaRocques.

**SD: They might have found their way up there from Willow Bunch, same as your—**

JA: During the Depression. But most of them were a little bit further in from us, in a little community where we went to church. It was about nine miles from where we were.

**SD: What was that called?**

JA: Park Valley.

**SD: Park Valley. What was your community called that little place?**

JA: Jackson Lake. Anyway, I'd like to take you to some of them places where these people used to live. And take a metal detector along. And in the later years, there were Delises from around Cochin. Some moved from there, too. But Delphis Short and his boys were the ones from Willow Bunch that come to Park Valley to start with. And there were quite a few of them. And one of them, what the heck was his name? Louis was one brother. Delphis Short's boys. He's buried in Park Valley. So are most of the other ones. Joe Short, he used to work for Al Capone that guy.

**SD: Really?**

JA: Yes, in Willow Bunch. They were smuggling whisky, back in 1906 or something.

SD: So, Jackson Lake was the main road allowance community? Do you know if you lived in any other road allowance type or just a squatting community where folks didn't own the land?

JA: Well, that house that my dad traded for a rifle, we were squatting there.

SD: And where was that?

JA: That's right close to Jackson Lake School.

SD: Oh okay, so it was the same area?

JA: Yes sir. Anyway, it was fun, but there were hard times at the same time. There's where you quickly learn how to hunt rabbits and snare them as a little kid. Because you either went out and did your shopping in the woods or in the bush or else you don't eat.

SD: You mentioned that the Vandales owned their own land up there. Did anyone else own their own property?

JA: Not until 1952, I think. A couple of my uncles, three of them had land.

SD: Were they able to buy some? But those were the only families out of all the families you mentioned that owned land, just the Vandales and later on you uncles?

JA: Yes, but the second generation of Vandales, they never had anything. Not a thing. I don't know what happened to all that was there at one time.

SD: But you also mentioned that your family went and got scrip to go to St. Laurent?

JA: I don't know that for sure.

SD: Did they own land before they ended up in Jackson Lake?

JA: Yes.

SD: And what happened to that?

JA: I don't know.

SD: They just left it?

JA: Yes.

SD: Because it wasn't able to sustain you were saying.

JA: Not only that, but these people weren't farmers. And in summer time they used to eat or dig seneca root to sell for money or else go from farmer to farmer cutting brush for them for flour.

SD: So, if they did take out a homestead, then they would have left it if they weren't able to make a living off of that?

JA: Yes, and also, they wouldn't have been able to afford to pay the taxes.

SD: Pay for taxes, and I think they were supposed to break so much land. So, if you couldn't, you'd just move out.

JA: Yes, so anyway...

SD: So then, how did your family and other Métis families make a living on the road allowance?

JA: Well trapping and digging seneca root and cutting cord wood. I remember the Vandales coming to borrow my dad's Swede saw. They'd be cutting pulp, maybe.

And yes, in the later years, when we were growing up, we had to go cut pulp—sap and peel pulp. Peel the bark off of the pulp. And then once in a while in the wintertime, you'd burn and cut the pulp, the spruce wood out of it and peel them. You know that's a dirty damn job.

**SD: And the seneca root, was that in the area of Jackson Lake or did you have to...?**

JA: Oh, it was in the park. In Prince Albert National Park there were lots and not far from there. Park Valley is maybe four miles from the park.

**SD: And so, what kind of resources did your family harvest? And when did they harvest? And so, anything they might have hunted, the lands, trees, anything.**

JA: I don't know. Not one of them ever thought to put up wood for winter. They'd have to haul that damn stuff from wherever they could find it. The dead dry stuff. Later on, when people were starting to bulldoze for their farms then there was a lot of wood in the brush piles. But before that, holy man. I remember when I was a little guy, I'd have to go and help my dad lots of times haul wood from the bush.

**SD: Yes, dead wood? And hunting? What kind of stuff?**

JA: Hunting, well they did that pretty much all winter long.

**SD: What all did they hunt?**

JA: Well, anything they could see.

**SD: Okay. Rabbits?**

JA: Well yes, that was a year-round job, for the kids usually. I remember we went to the store in Park Valley. There was a little store there. And we'd buy bullets there for 45 cents a box, a box of 50. That's what we went hunting with. Squirrels in the fall and winter... Then we would do a little bit of trapping, just around the house, whereas my dad always had his own trap line.

**SD: What kind of animals did he harvest off that trap line?**

JA: Oh, beaver, muskrat, fisher, mink. That type of thing. But around where we were when we were kids, if you saw a track of some sort, a trap went in there. We got a weasel once in a while, and always rabbits. Partridges. In them days, there were no such thing as racoons even. They never got there yet. I remember one time when I was a kid they all went blueberry picking. Of course, a bear come along, and they killed it and butchered it right there. And they started cooking it and holy man, in the frying pan. But that's the way it was then. Yes sir, there were a lot of people, holy man. Those were tough, tough situations.

**SD: So, blueberries, a bear one time, moose or deer?**

JA: Oh, hell yes. But you had to be very, very careful. Wardens were all over the place. I remember Danny Campbell, Maria's dad, they lived right beside the church where we went. And they used to use the basement of the church to cache his meat. Nobody would think of looking there, eh?

**SD: So, berries, I guess were big? Fish?**

JA: Yes, always, blueberries, raspberries, chokecherries, and pin cherries. And they'd can them things, except for chokecherries. My mom would crush them between two rocks you know and then make little patties and set them on the roof to dry. Then in the gunny sack they went for the winter.

**SD: So dried chokecherry patties. Wasn't hard to eat with them seeds?**

JA: Oh, darn right, oh boy. But as kids, we'd call that stuff "scratch." Scratch going in and then scratch going out.

**SD: Fishing, or no?**

JA: Not too much because there was no fish around there. There were lakes but nothing in them. But in spring, we'd go up to the river as kids and snare a whole bunch of them. And they'd process them after.

**SD: So, you'd bring home some fish? Do you know what kind of fish that was?**

JA: Jackfish mostly.

**SD: Okay and spring was the time for that?**

JA: Yes, when they were spawning.

**SD: And I guess that's seneca root too that was harvested?**

JA: Anyway, yes. It wasn't until we started working in the bush that we started shooting moose and stuff. Most of these roads were pushed in, weren't accessible before we went in there to harvest wood for the pulp mill.

**SD: What sort of traditional medicines were used in that community? Like any kind of herbs or anything? Like in your family, I guess, especially?**

JA: Not too much that I remember anyway. Yes, not too much. I'm sure there are some people that would try different things and stuff. But the one thing they all believed in was rat root. That grows around any lake.

**SD: Who were the people, like medicine-type people in your family?**

JA: I don't know. Nobody in particular.

**SD: Everyone just kind of used rat root? Alright, was there anybody in your family that made beaded or embroidered moccasins or mitts or other items?**

JA: Oh yes, my mom was a good knitter. But in saying that, one of my aunts would gather up woollen garments like jackets and coats and pants and then she'd ship them all away somewhere to make new wool out of them.

**SD: Really?**

JA: Yes, and she'd get a shipment of wool out of the whole thing.

**SD: And where did she get the old garments from?**

JA: Well, wherever they could get them. She started collecting them. Once a year, she'd get that done.

**SD: Then she'd knit with the wool. Did she have to spin that wool or?**

JA: Well, no, it was already spun.

**SD: Came back as yarn?**

JA: Yes. Now, I don't know how in the world she got a hold of that, but she did.

**SD: So knitting was a big thing for your family?**

JA: Oh yes, and my mom would get raw wool and spin the stuff by hand.

**SD: Oh, a little twist—**

JA: No, just with her hands. And then she'd crochet a little bit. I mean knit a little bit.

**SD: Do you know what happened to any of the clothes that your mom made?**

JA: No...I shouldn't say that. I think I have a pair somewhere that she knitted.

**SD: Of what?**

JA: Slippers. But just in the later years

**SD: How did your family celebrate special occasions such as Christmas or New Year's or Easter?**

JA: Most of them we'd go to midnight mass for Christmas. And then they'd have a big meal the next day stuff like that. But New Year's, that was a big, big celebration for them. They'd start making what they call "la piquette." That's snut. They used to call that in English, snut, where they'd ferment bran for a month. Anything else you could use probably. And then, you'd either drink that that way after it had settled down or else distil it after and make home brew out of it. And hell, they'd go through jugs and jugs of that for seven or eight days for whatever they celebrated.

**SD: And when did they start making this stuff?**

JA: Oh hell, way before Christmas. You had to have enough for; oh, raisins they used, too. Oh yes, that's quite a drink I'll tell you. Awfully yeasty, especially when it wasn't quite done working and then they'd get drunk and start crying and fighting. Oh hell, nobody ever got hurt because they were kind of mad drunks. Some of them would feel sorry for themselves, start bawling and jeez. Then once in a while they'd go to a dance and bring some of that stuff along. Pretty soon the whole school house would be lined with fighters, just drunk people. And the women would cool their husbands down and take them home. But yes sir, there's lots of stories. Lots of these people, they moved from place to place, whether it was a shack and somebody else moved out of. And they'd pretty much do what everyone else done. Hunt and trap, especially in wintertime

**SD: Did or does anyone in your family speak Michif?**

JA: I do. Both my parents were fluent Michif speakers. Well not only that but they were good Cree talkers them people and French, straight French. As a matter of fact, my grandparents never did talk English, none of them. Nobody ever showed them how to talk English. In their own community, they talked Michif. But in the French community, they talked French. On the reserve, they talked Cree. I'm pretty fluent too, but I'm not near as good as the old people were.

**SD: So, do you know any traditional Métis songs or stories?**

JA: No, I was always the fiddle player. You know you wouldn't want me to start singing. But in saying that, my dad and my brothers used to go to town to haul wood, pulp wood, or cord wood or whatever. On the way back, hell you could hear them

guys singing for about two miles in wintertime, coming back as drunk as skunks. And you could hear the chains of the horses in the wintertime and the runners of the sleighs going on the snow. There were no roads at that time, just vehicles, but none of them had a vehicle. Some of them had bells on their horses. You could hear them far away, long before they got home. I remember a lot of old French songs that they used to sing. But I never learned any of them.

**SD: What are your best memories of living on the road allowance?**

JA: When you're a kid you don't really think about it. But my dad was really careful not to, when you're a kid, you want to go and cut trees down, just to play. He was really careful not to cut anything beyond the line where somebody's land would start probably. But most of the places nobody owned at that time. Yes, it was just bald-headed prairie. I remember when they used to cut hay with their horses and cows and stuff. And they didn't need it. Nobody used it, the sloughs that they cut.

**SD: Do you have any bad memories that you'd like to share?**

JA: Oh, I don't know. Most of them are about day-to-day living. When bad things happened, it was part of nature, I guess. When bad things happen that's when you actually realize how lucky you are. Like in 1953, New Year's Day or New Year's Eve or something. Yes, at that time, it was so bloody cold that my parents didn't even want to go to my uncle's place, which was about five miles, six miles away. But anyway, I guess they got drunk and my uncle started fighting his wife and she ran out in the cold with their six-year-old boy. And they froze to death. Anyway, that was one worst that I can remember, the worst thing that happened. And the last one of that family who's here anyway, I think there's two or three of them left now. He was the one that come and told us, told my parents what had happened. And sixty years to the day he died, since his mother froze to death. Yes, he died New Year's Eve of last year. Yes sir. But he was about eighty some. But the good times, I remember, when we were kids, some of them people got married. And the customs that they used. They'd go get married in the church, and then on the way back somebody would be waiting for them along the road to notify the people at home that the wedding party was coming. They'd shoot the rifle three times in the air. And these people would hear that. And if it was farther away, well then there was another guy three or four miles down the road. Oh yes. But we grew up playing with Model T tires and rolling them you know? I remember that really good. Where they found these tires, I don't know because nobody had any vehicles of any sort.

**SD: How were the Métis treated in your community?**

JA: There was nothing but Métis. But later on, when the farmers started moving in, it was a little bit different. But that's just about the time when you either went to work for a farmer you know or were picking roots and rocks and that type of thing.

**SD: Did your family ever encounter racism from that larger community when they came in?**

JA: Around Debden very little of it because there was so many of them. You know, I'm sure there were lots around, but I never got to hear about it. Or else somebody would have gotten a licken. They didn't tolerate that kind of shit.

**SD: When did people leave your road allowance? And why?**

JA: Well, I think lots of them moved to towns where there was a little bit of work. And then people like my dad, they finally got enough money to buy a farm. And then in the later years, all the rest of the people finally moved to wherever. They dispersed. Like my grandfather, I don't think ever...well he lived in the road allowance when he died. But one of his sons was living right next to him. And then there was another son that lived kind of kitty corner. I think they were half a mile apart these guys. But the younger one, I don't know what happened to the younger one, but the one next to him lived with his mother as he was looking after her all the time. That's a few years. Well, my dad's dad died in 1948, I think. My grandmother followed soon after, '49 or something.

**SD: So back to your parents and grandparents. They were originally from, your dad's side, your grandparents came from Manitoba, White Horse Plains, to St. Laurent, then up to Lac La Biche?**

JA: No, I think they were in Titanic.

**SD: Titanic right, St. Laurent to Titanic.**

JA: And as far as I know, they come to Muskeg [Lake]. I think where there was a bunch of Arcands because they were related to them. And then from there, Alexander Arcand is the guy that started that reserve in Fort Edmonton. I don't know if that was my grandfather's brother or his cousin maybe? I never did find that out. Anyway, then they went to Lac La Biche. He had quite a family already then because he had two different wives. One of them died. The first one, she's buried in St. Laurent. In fact, she's the first grave you come up towards the hill. Anyway, most of these people died at that time with what people used to call "white lung disease," tuberculosis. Yes, and that's how most of the women died. Like, now I don't know when she would have died, but they must have been married pretty young because I think there were about seven or eight kids already when the old lady died. And then I don't know if she died before she was over there or after. I was never able to find that out. Anyway, soon after that my grandmother was involved there. She was a nurse during the period of—

**SD: 1885.**

JA: No. No. Well, she might have been at that time, but she was a Boyer. Anyway, she actually had quite a family with her. But in saying that, I think some of my uncles were probably not his, you know? Because they were always gone somewhere. Yes, because you always remember, like my dad and my uncle Roger were two brothers somehow, but the rest of them were all together different. But who knows what happened behind closed doors?

**SD: And your grandparents on you mom's side, where were they originally from?**

JA: I'm not even sure. But I think she was from Montana because one of my uncles was born in that border town in Montana.

**SD: And what were their names again?**

JA: Loyer. But he was in the First World War.

**SD: Your grandfather from...**

JA: My grandfather, my mom's dad. Anyway, they met in the residential school in Delmas.

**SD: Really, in Saskatchewan?**

JA: Yep, just out of Battleford. Anyway, that's where they met. Then, of course, they went from town to town to town. You know, staying here and there. And those people stayed in tents most of the time, in the wintertime even.

**SD: Just looking for work from town to town?**

JA: Oh yes. Then they would go from place to place finding enough to eat.

**SD: So, was your family involved in the 1885 Resistance?**

JA: Oh yes, big time. My grandfather was 14 years-old when that happened. My grandpa was there too, I guess.

**SD: Both grandfathers?**

JA: Yes, like my great-grandfather, his name was François. He was born in White Horse Plains. There's a book, I forget what it's called now but, in the census in 1870, I think his name's in there. They had lot 104-105, I think in White Horse Plains. Anyway, when the census was taken, he had two head of cattle which were his oxen probably and one cart. Yes sir, interesting as hell.

**SD: So, you figure he moved to St. Laurent and was involved in the 1885 ...and was 14?**

JA: Yes.

**SD: But you're not sure if anyone from your mom's side was involved in that?**

JA: I don't think so. I don't think they were from around here.

**SD: Okay, you think they were from, I guess, Montana?**

JA: Yes, maybe. Like what the heck was my grandma's mom's name? I kind of forget. We're related to the Roses, Victor Rose's dad's sister. Anyway, I don't know, it's really difficult to follow that particular side of the family because you don't know what they did except when my mom used to talk about going from place to place, camp here, camp there.

**SD: And your grandpa served in the military in World War One.**

JA: Yep.

**SD: Did anyone else serve in the military? Or does anyone in your family?**

JA: Oh yes, my dad's brothers went, too.

**SD: World War Two?**

JA: No, the first war. But then I think some of them could have went to the second war, too. But one of my uncles he got taken out of the military because he was a fiddle player. And he was the champion of the world; he kept telling me. He went and played for the King a few times in England. And he stayed there. Got himself a war bride.

**SD: And he lived in England?**

JA: Yep, and then he died. He wasn't very old. He had blood poisoning. At that time, they didn't know what killed him.

**SD: He died in England? Really? What was his name?**

JA: Yes, William.

**SD: William Arcand. Did he have kids?**

JA: Yes, he had two or three kids. And then his granddaughter comes and visits here once in a while. Yes, I think his kids are both gone now. He had two I believe.

**SD: Was anyone in your family involved in the Métis Society?**

JA: No, they're smarter than that. My dad went to a few meetings but was never involved.

**SD: Where was this?**

JA: Around Debden. In the days of [Rod] Bishop and...

**SD: Well, do you have anything else you would like to share about living in a Métis road allowance community?**

JA: Off hand, I can't think of anything else. But it was pretty much any place a Métis lived was road allowance, up until a certain point. Yes, I don't know exactly. There was another place called Pascal, where there was a Métis settlement. That was quite a community at one time. But I think that was before places like Debden. Yes, that's another place where it would have been nice to go see. That's a nice little place. There's nothing there any more.

**SD: Do you know anyone that might have lived on that—**

JA: Lots of people.

**SD: Anyone that's still around that we could interview?**

JA: Yep, but you take guys like Morin there. He lives in town. That's where he was raised. What the hell is his name now? He's always at the race track. Bronco Morin was his older brother. Yes, that's a guy you might want to interview if you can.

**SD: Bronco Morin's brother.**

JA: Yes, but I don't remember his first name. They were related to the LaRocques, Pauls, and Lorna Paul. Lorna Parent is her name is now. Her husband just died, but she used to be a Paul from Pascal. They used to live there, right up to the end. She lives in Debden, not in town, but on the farm still as far as I know. But the old man had land there, so I don't know about the road allowance situation there. I imagine some of them were just squatting there. Chitek Lake was another place. But man,

there was Métis all over the place. There are lots of stories, but to think of them off hand.

SD: Well thanks John, I'll turn this off now.