



# Grey Owl



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Lovat Dickson



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**Canada**





You are tired  
with civilization, I  
come and offer you what?  
A single green leaf.



WA SHA QUON ASIN



*"Kindness to animals  
is the  
hallmark of human advancement;  
when it appears  
nearly everything else can be  
taken for granted."*

GREY OWL





Grey



# Owl

**FROM THE OBSCURITY OF THE CANADIAN** wilderness, he travelled to the lecture halls of Canada, Great Britain and the United States. He spoke and wrote movingly of the threat civilization posed to the native peoples and wildlife, and was internationally acclaimed as a great naturalist, a gifted orator and a successful author. To the world in the 1930s he was Grey Owl, a widely respected and honored native spokesman.

His death in 1938 brought a sudden and tragic end to the image of Grey Owl, noble native. For Grey Owl was a fraud...the native dress and manner a masquerade. He was, in fact, a white man named Archibald Belaney, born in Britain. With the deception exposed, praise of Grey Owl turned to ridicule. Yet his writings survive, still respected because the books have a message based in truth.





THE TALE OF GREY OWL BEGAN in the English sea-coast town of Hastings in 1888 with the birth of Archibald Stansfeld, the first of two sons born to Kitty Cox and George Stansfeld Belaney. When Kitty was later abandoned by her husband, she left four-year-old Archibald in the care of his two aunts, Ada and Carie.

*“Remember you belong to Nature, not it to you.”*

The boy did well at school and showed promise in his study of music, but he was a loner and an incurable dreamer, fascinated by far-away lands, wild animals, and noble Indian braves. His favorite books were westerns, his pets were small forest creatures, and his games self-styled enactments of classic hunts and Indian rites.

These childhood fantasies became stronger as he grew older. At seventeen, after working a short time as an office clerk and with the reluctant consent of his guardians, Archibald began living his long-held dream and sailed for Canada. He arrived in Halifax on April 6, 1907.

*“...I prefer the peaceful happy though strenuous and often brutal life of the simple kindly forest people whose language has become my language and their way my way.”*

He stayed briefly in the Maritimes before moving on to Toronto, and then headed north on the newly constructed Northern Ontario Railway to Temiskaming, a whistle-stop in the heart of the bush. To the young immigrant, the Temagami area seemed the world of his childhood adventure books. Bound by the rugged Canadian Shield and the northern sky were countless chapters of forest life, punctuated by white-water rivers and tranquil rock-rimmed lakes.

For several years he lived “northern style”, schooled in the art of survival by seasoned trappers and guides; Archibald the Englishman became Archie the woodsman. He made friends with the Ojibway people of the Bear Island band, to whom he would always credit his woodland talents, and in 1910 married a Bear Island girl, Angele Eugenia.







Though Archie praised the simple life, he was unable to adopt it whole-heartedly. Excursions to Temiskaming were always a welcome break from his spartan woodsman's life. He enjoyed liquor, and accounts of his wild behaviour stand out even within a society not known for its self restraint. He was also confused and somewhat disillusioned by the realities of life which faced a real woodsman. Perhaps there was too great a difference between his childhood fantasies and the harsh reality of the Canadian bush.

*"This thing of hunting and living in the bush generally is not what it is in the books...it is not near as interesting as it seems, to be eaten up day and night by black ants, flies and mosquitoes, to get soaked with rain or burnt up with heat, to draw your own toboggan on snowshoes and to sleep out in 60 to 70 degrees below zero....A man who makes his living in the bush earns it."*

Whatever his reasons, Archie was disappointed enough to abandon his wife, his infant daughter and his Canadian life and return to England, a homecoming which offered little satisfaction. His trapping and guiding skills were of little worth in civilized Hastings and his dress and manners only widened the rift between Archie and his family. They could no more accept him than he could accept life in Hastings. He returned to Temagami within a year, then left to establish a trap line in the Biscotasing region of Ontario.

*"I am really considered rather a tough egg by those that know me."*

Eight months later in Digby, Nova Scotia, Archibald Balaney enlisted in the Canadian Army. In 1915 his unit, part of the Canadian Expeditionary Force, was sent overseas where Archie was wounded. He returned to Britain for convalescence.

British life called for a character shift from woodsman to gentleman, a feat he initially managed quite well. In 1917, gentleman Archibald and his childhood sweetheart, Ivy Constance Holmes were married. It was an impossible union. Constance dreamed of the lights of the London stage







To the locals, Biscotasing was just Bisco and Belaney just another trapper known for his barroom antics and good-humoured practical jokes. Archie stayed in Bisco for two years, running a trapline in winter and working as a forest ranger in summer. Life in Bisco was good, but Archie apparently feared his antics would bring him into conflict with the law. Rather than chance that possibility, he bade Bisco a hasty farewell.

while Archie longed for the northern lights and life in the Canadian wilds. Within a month the partners separated and again Archie was Canada bound. He was not to return to England for 18 years, but when he did it was triumphantly as Grey Owl.

The trenches of France and the shackles of marriage were memories Archie hoped to lose in the Bisco wilderness. But Bisco had changed. Rail and road were the travel routes for a new breed of trapper which coveted furs above all else. Sawmill debris and log booms clogged the rivers, and fires set by prospectors scarred the land. Values were measured in pelts and hides, in cords of wood or board feet of lumber, with no concern for the wanton destruction of forests and forest life. The progress most Europeans praised, Archie cursed. To him it meant the loss of wilderness, an end to sacred Indian ways and the certain death of his dreams. The traditions he cherished were vanishing as quickly as the wilds themselves.

*“Almost always he (the whiteman) extorts far beyond his own needs, destroying without thought for the future — the parasite supreme of all the earth.”*

For several years he lived near Bisco, but time only widened the gap between Archie and white society. Increasingly, his lifestyle became more Indian and less European. He dressed in buckskins and moccasins. He adopted native gestures and expressions, dyed his hair black and wore it in shoulder-length braids. Fluent in the Ojibway language and adept at woodland skills, he became, in manner and appearance, Indian. These external changes represented a transition within Archie. Previously he had been torn between the land of his birth and the wilderness world of his dreams. Now the pendulum swung irrevocably to the side of the wilderness. Playing the part of an Indian became part of the foundation of his emotional stability. His values and beliefs shifted so that in spirit he became Indian. Henceforth, he would go by his chosen Indian name, Wa-Sha-Quon-Asin (He-who-walks-by-night)—Grey Owl.







Most people must change their ideals and dreams to conform to society, but Archie struggled to change his personal reality and his birthright so they conformed to his ideals and dreams—a seemingly impossible task, but for a time, and in part, he succeeded. He claimed he was Grey Owl, the half-breed son of a Scotsman and an Apache. In the context of northern society, his hoax was of little consequence and, in a sense, not a hoax at all. But Grey Owl was destined for fame on a larger stage. To guard his identity, Archie was compelled to juggle fantasy and fact until his life became a mosaic of truths, half-truths and lies.

*"I was sick of the constant butchery... of the accusing loneliness of the empty beaver ghost towns and the utter desolation of colonies."*

In 1925 Archie returned to Temagami where he met a young girl. Gertrude Bernard, a dark and slender beauty. He called her Anahareo (Pony), his version of her ancestral Mohawk name. After six months of correspondence she joined him on his Abitibi trapline; the visit originally planned for a week turned into a tumultuous ten year relationship. Anahareo came to know Grey Owl better than anyone and played a major role in his transition from trapper to conservationist and author.

Their first winter together was dismal. Anahareo had to overcome her violent dislike of trapping and the sight of maimed or dead animals. In addition, the return on their winter's work barely covered their debts, so Archie, against his better judgment, continued trapping in the spring.

In the wilds, spring is the season of birth. Into this world of life, Archie brought death, both to animals seized or drowned in his traps and to their infant young, abandoned and unable to forage for themselves. The value of pelts gave Archie reason to kill the adults, but the pitiful sight of two orphaned beaver kittens was another matter. Their parents had died in Archie's traps. Alone, the kits would die. Anahareo's urgings left Archie little choice; the orphans were adopted.

Trapping is a mercenary trade. Archie killed the animals and sold the pelts to the markets of fashion. The trade was tolerable as long as Archie denied his emotions, but







McGuiness and McGinty, two endearing balls of fur, flourished on emotions. Archie was so moved by the intelligence and loyalty of these 'beaver people' (as the Indians called them) that he became more concerned with finding ways to protect them than with devising better methods to trap them.

Grey Owl vowed never again to set traps for the beaver.

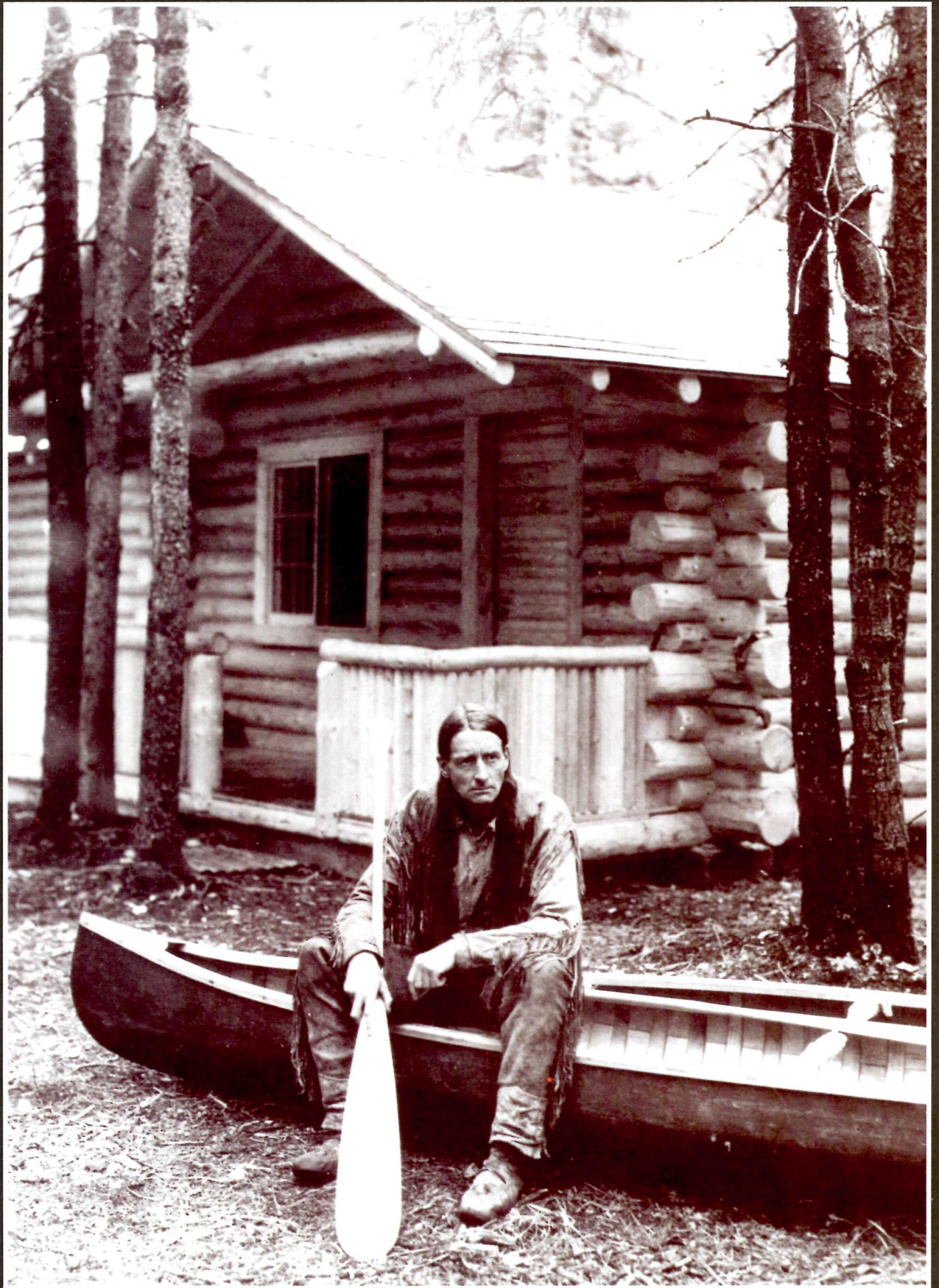
On the advice of a Micmac Indian friend, Grey Owl moved east to the Temiscouata region of Quebec near the town of Cabano. In this land, said to be rich in wildlife and forests, Grey Owl hoped to begin a beaver conservation program. In truth, the promised land was more barren than blessed. Game was rare, forests ravaged and the prospects of a livelihood without traps, bleak. To make matters even worse, almost a year after Archie had adopted the helpless orphans, McGuiness and McGinty disappeared.

*"...two random spirits from the Land of Shadows had wandered in and stayed a little time, and wandered back again... They left behind them two souls that were better for their coming... They had influenced the order of our lives."*

Grey Owl had come to share Anahareo's love of nature and respect for life. She guided him in his transition from trapper to conservationist and author. In March, 1929, his first nature article was published in the English outdoor magazine 'Country Life'. He was paid, and the publishers, anxious to tap this unique source, requested more contributions. Later that year, Grey Owl moved to Métis-Sur-Mer, Quebec, a resort where he soon became known both because of his new beaver kitten, Jelly Roll, and his captivating wildlife tales. He had intended to charge an admission fee to see the beaver but soon discovered that, because of his story telling, he was a bigger celebrity than the kit. Visitors paid to attend lectures at the local hotel where Grey Owl, an obscure half-breed, spoke of his experiences with the land.

His initial success led to more requests for articles and personal appearances. To these he readily complied, always under the pseudonym of "Grey Owl." There was no mention of his Christian and family names and no hint that he was anything but what he claimed. The myth of Grey Owl had begun.







*"If a man believes in himself without conceit, puts everything of which he is capable into his project, and carries on in absolute sincerity of purpose, he can accomplish nearly any reasonable aim."*

In 1930, the paths of Grey Owl and Canada's National Park Service crossed. The Service sponsored films of Grey Owl which were warmly received in the movie houses of Canada and Great Britain. In 1931, he was offered employment as a naturalist in Riding Mountain National Park. His project was to re-establish beaver colonies in areas where they had been exterminated. Grey Owl, as a trapper out of work, had survived hand-to-mouth, but now at the onset of the Great Depression, he was to be paid to continue his labour of love.

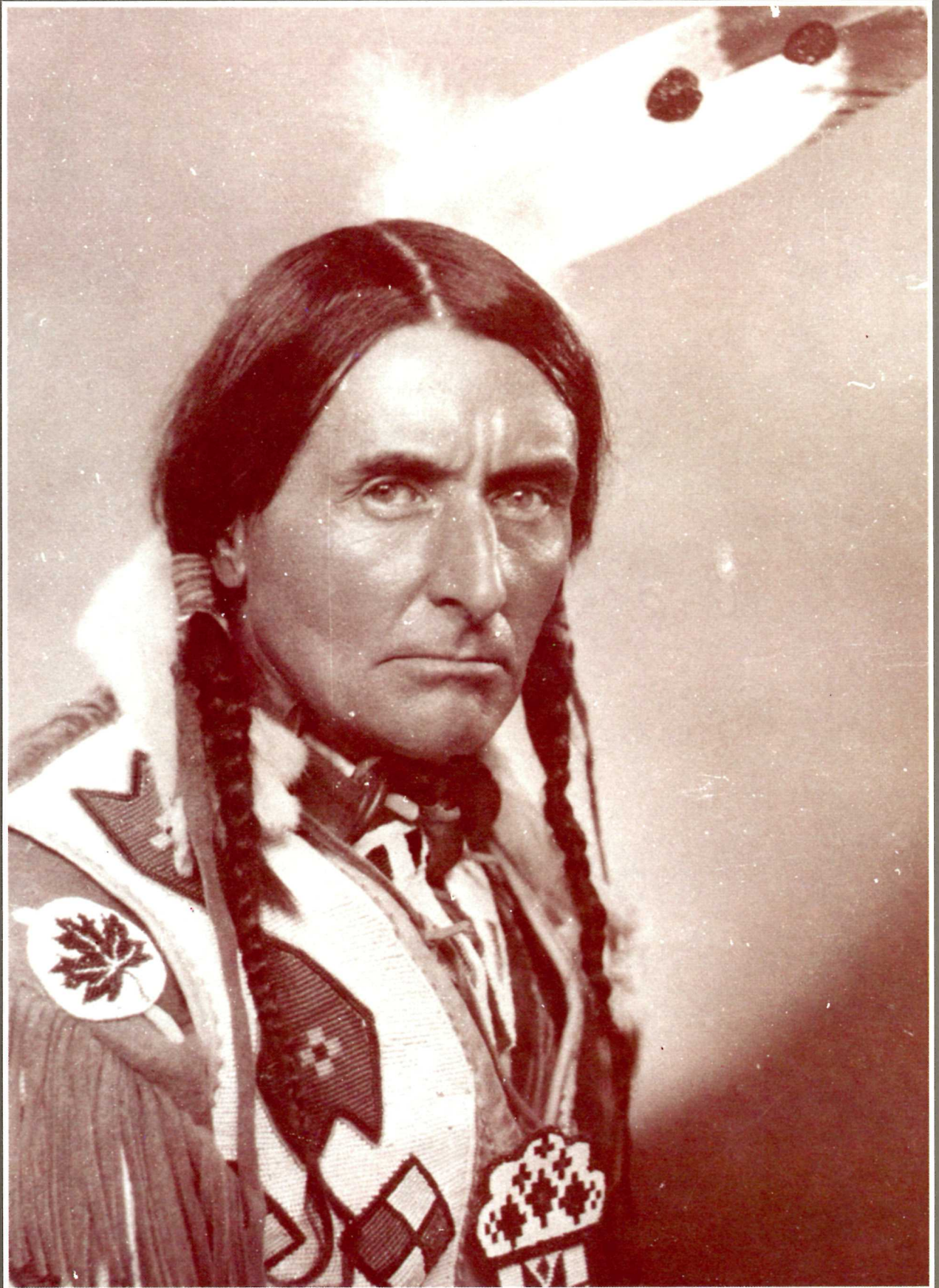
*"...I would be given every opportunity to carry out my conservation ideas in a dignified and constructive manner..."*

The safety of the beaver was guaranteed. The parklands were vast and wild, protected from the ravages of industry and the demand for furs and pelts.

Grey Owl's first book, *Men of the Last Frontier*, which is a collection of stories about natives, wildlife and the north, was published shortly before he arrived at Riding Mountain. Like his articles, speeches and films, it was a success, but despite his accomplishments there, Grey Owl grew dissatisfied with his Manitoba home. At his request he was transferred west to Prince Albert National Park in Saskatchewan.

If there was ever a time when peace and contentment were within Grey Owl's grasp, it may have been at Ajawaan. Drawing from his experience, he completed two more books. One, his masterpiece called *Pilgrims of the Wild* tells the story of Anahareo and the two orphaned beaver kits. A children's book, *Sajo and the Beaver People* also proved popular. No sooner were the books published than reprints were required; five for *Pilgrims of the Wild* within its first ten months on the stands, and four for *Sajo and the Beaver People* within the first four months. Sales continued to boom, especially during Grey Owl's later visits to the United Kingdom. Eventually, 'Pilgrims' was translated into eight languages; 'Sajo' into twelve.







He returned to Ajawaan and worked on his fourth book *Tales of an Empty Cabin*. Over the years his work had gradually gained importance in his life, leaving little for Anahareo to share. Now when he wrote he was totally absorbed and preoccupied; when unable to write, he was plagued with bouts of depression and periods of excessive use of alcohol. In October, 1936, by mutual consent Grey Owl and Anahareo separated. In December of that same year, with *Tales of an Empty Cabin* completed, Grey Owl went east and was married again, this time to Yvonne Perrier. He called her Silver Moon.

In 1937 the celebrated Grey Owl again toured Britain. None of his drawing power had been lost as the British again jammed halls and auditoriums to hear and see the renowned Indian brave. As a veteran performer, he was aware of his audiences' needs and he designed his carefully rehearsed appearances in order to satisfy them.

*"...when I stood on these platforms, I did not need to think. I merely spoke of the life and animals I had known all my days. I was only the mouth, but nature was speaking."*

The tour highlight was a command performance at Buckingham Palace. King George VI was no more immune to Grey Owl's charm than were his subjects. When leaving, Grey Owl bid the Monarch a casual good-bye with a "Farewell brother" and a hearty slap on the back. For former Hastings resident Archie Belaney, this must have been a memorable occasion.

Grey Owl was brilliant with an audience, but beneath the celebrity image there was a strained and tired man. The schedule called for 140 lectures in 33 cities. To these he devoted all his strength with little concern for his health. Increasingly he turned to alcohol for release from the tension.

*"Sometimes I feel like dumping the whole thing overboard, books, lectures everything, and dropping back into the obscurity to which I belong."*

As soon as the British tour was completed, Grey Owl started yet another one in the United States, lecturing at Columbia and Harvard Universities and in cities throughout







In 1935 Grey Owl, “the gifted Indian from the backwoods”, consented to a lecture tour of the British Isles. Dressed in buckskins and moccasins, with a single eagle feather hanging from his braided hair, he was the classic Indian of the Canadian frontier. His image reinforced his words. Archie deceived his audiences, but his intent was to enhance his message of concern for the plight of wildlife and the vanishing frontier of the wilderness. As an Indian, he was sensational. His charm was infectious and his tales of the wild were a welcome relief from the depression era of the thirties. The British loved him.

the northeastern states. He returned to Canada exhausted. As he told one reporter in Ontario, one month more of this “will kill me”. On April 13, 1938, Grey Owl died of pneumonia in a Prince Albert hospital.

The day after his death there was a story, first published by the Toronto Star, that Grey Owl was a white man. Within days the story was international news, Grey Owl was Archibald Belaney, a cheat and a hoax. The press that once lavishly praised him, now emphasized his faults and headlined his personal failures. The thousands who had admired him were disenchanted. Grey Owl had brought a bit of fresh air into the smog-laden British skies, offering the common man a chance to experience the splendor of the northern woods. His lectures and books were escapes from the shop floors of industry and indignities of the depression. But people had been fooled and they were understandably hurt.

Despite the falseness of his methods, however, Grey Owl had lived his dream. One Englishman, disguised as a Canadian Indian, had focused world attention on the plight of the ‘beaver people.’ His personal crusade to protect the animals had mushroomed into an international cause centered on his image and work. His books became classics, each a testimony to his kinship with the wilds. His chosen name, Wa-Sha-Quon-Asin, reflected his pride in native cultures and traditions. Of the Indians and their land, he spoke with dignity and eloquence.

In Prince Albert National Park, Grey Owl’s body, dressed in the clothes of a white man, was laid to rest on the hillside overlooking ‘Beaver Lodge’ on Ajawaan Lake. There a stone cairn marks his grave.

*“We need an enrichment other than material prosperity and to gain it we have only to look around at what our country has to offer.”*

A generation has passed but Grey Owl’s words have survived, more enhanced than blemished by the character of the author. He was a gifted, complex man, the most famous and admired naturalist of his day.

As his books regain popularity readers continue to experience the Grey Owl charisma that won the hearts of the 30’s.





*"I came out of the shadows to speak my message, and into the shadows  
I shall return."*







## *GREY OWL IN RIDING MOUNTAIN NATIONAL PARK*

IN FEBRUARY 1931, GREY OWL was offered a position as naturalist in Riding Mountain National Park. It was felt his beaver conservation program and the positive publicity he could generate would be beneficial to the national park system. He accepted the position but declined an offer to visit the park to select a site for his new home. He dared not leave while Jelly Roll and Rawhide were under the ice.

*"...this country (Cabano, Quebec) is swarming with illegal hunters and my beaver will be without protection and I can trust no one to watch them for me."*

On the shore of remote Ajawaan Lake, a cabin was built to accommodate Archie and Anahareo together with Jelly Roll and her companion Rawhide. A second cabin was later erected for visitors. In 1932, Grey Owl and Anahareo's only child, Shirley Dawn, was born.

Instead Grey Owl described his requirements and asked the park staff to select a site on his behalf.

Finally, in the spring of 1931, Grey Owl and his beaver travelled west by rail. At first Grey Owl found the prairies desolate, but heading north from Winnipeg his apprehension lessened as the farmland gave way first to parkland and then to the heavy timber of Riding Mountain.

Rawhide and Jelly Roll established themselves on the lake which became known as Beaver Lodge Lake. Grey Owl settled in a cabin built for him close to the lake's edge.

At first the situation seemed ideal, but the long summer drought soon reduced the lake to little more than a stagnant slough. Grey Owl felt that in future years, when the beaver population had increased and the young beaver were forced to move on, there would not be enough water for travel. He was concerned for himself as well, for the isolated slough was of little comfort or enjoyment to such an avid and skilled canoeist. He requested a transfer and on October 26, 1931, together with Anahareo, Rawhide, Jelly Roll and Jelly Roll's kittens, Wakanee, Wakanoo, Silver Bells and Buckshot, he left Riding Mountain National Park. By November all had safely arrived at Ajawaan Lake in Prince Albert National Park, Saskatchewan.







## *GREY OWL IN RIDING MOUNTAIN NATIONAL PARK*



### *To Grey Owl's Cabin on Beaver Lodge Lake*

Grey Owl's cabin still stands in Riding Mountain National Park. The 19 kilometre return trail to the cabin begins on highway #19, one kilometre east of the Riding Mountain Parkway. The trail passes through a variety of landscapes: open meadows of wildflowers and scattered pines, dense stands of aspen and spruce, and beaver ponds covered with duck weed. Overnight camping is not allowed at the lake. The trail is long for a day hike but many make the trip each year. In winter, the trail is a favorite with cross-country skiers. Most enjoy a well-earned lunch at the cabin before heading back. The cabin may be appreciated for its historical significance and the lingering presence of the first modern conservationist. Lighting of fires is not permitted.

"...Just the same I am kind of lonesome for the little old pond, for all I was in such a hurry to get away from it."

As you travel, pause to read the signs. They carry Grey Owl's thoughts, some inspired, perhaps, by the country through which this trail passes.





*"The weary little beaver... now saw through sleepy eyes a glorious and unbelievable expanse of blue water, poplar and willow standing on every side..."*





*"Far enough away to gain seclusion, yet within reach of those whose genuine interest prompts them to make the trip, Beaver Lodge extends a welcome to you if your heart is right."*







## *GREY OWL IN PRINCE ALBERT NATIONAL PARK*



A government memorandum defined Grey Owl's duties as follows:

Mr. Archie Grey Owl: in charge of beaver colonies in Prince Albert National Park, to protect and study the life of the beaver and to gather information regarding same; to write articles dealing with the wildlife of the National Parks from personal knowledge gained by close observation.

On the shore of remote Ajawaan Lake, 38 kms northwest of Waskesiu, a cabin was built for Grey Owl, Anahareo and the beaver. Grey Owl called it Beaver Lodge. It was constructed with a hole in the lakeside wall so the beaver could enter the cabin directly from the lake. Eventually Jelly Roll and Rawhide built their mud lodge partly inside and partly outside the cabin.

For seven years Beaver Lodge, Ajawaan Lake was Grey Owl's home. During the good times when his morale was high, Beaver Lodge seemed a paradise.

But when he was depressed and lonely, the lodge was a cell, his fame was a prison and his former freedom a captive of his own crusade.

However, as a wilderness ambassador for Canada and a representative of our National Parks, Grey Owl was superb. Even before he toured overseas, the park was besieged with letters of support for his work. His touring increased his already considerable popularity and he gained international recognition from the conservation ethic of Canada's National Parks.

Although Grey Owl twice toured Great Britain, his home remained in the wilderness. Ajawaan was a land, far removed from the depressed economy and uneasy politics of the mid 1930s. He managed to breach the gap between the worlds, but at considerable cost to his health. In April, 1938, Grey Owl returned to Ajawaan mentally and physically exhausted.







## *GREY OWL IN PRINCE ALBERT NATIONAL PARK*



Five days later he was found unconscious on the floor of Beaver Lodge. He died in Prince Albert hospital on April 13, 1938.

Grey Owl was a complex man. His character was a combination of some of the highest of human ideals and some all-too-human personal traits that often irritated his fellow employees and alienated local residents. His confidence in the rightness of his vision was sometimes interpreted as personal arrogance and his high ideals as high-handedness.

Ajawaan has changed little since 1938. Beaver Lodge remains, still cluttered with twigs and branches cut by beaver. On a ridge overlooking the lodge and lake is Grey Owl's grave.

There are no roads to Ajawaan. Travel there is by boat or foot, along the same routes used by Grey Owl.









*"On all sides from the cabin where I write extends an uninterrupted wilderness... Here from any eminence a man may gaze on unnumbered leagues of forests that will never feed the hungry maw of commerce."*





*"A lake having sheltered spots...shore line in some places composed of peaty soil, earth and muskeg...sand they abhor as it gets into their feed and dulls their teeth and their fur gets full of it... The stream running out not to enter a settled country...in less than ten miles of water route...Isolation means nothing to me..."*





With excellent weather, calm winds and marathon paddling, canoeists can complete the return trip from the end of the Waskesiu Lake Road to Beaver Lodge in approximately nine hours. An overnight or two-night trip however, will allow visitors to paddle at a more leisurely rate and return home by way of the Bagwa canoe route.

Canoeists can put into the Kingsmere river at the end of the Waskesiu Lake Road. The river is calm, but the waters of Kingsmere Lake are quick to roll with the prevailing northwest winds.

It is wise to hug the shoreline and, if necessary, put in and wait, wave-watch, then proceed when the waters have calmed. The early morning and late evening hours are generally the best time to travel. At the Ajawaan Portage, canoeists have the option of portaging into Ajawaan or walking the trail from Kingsmere Lake to Beaver Lodge.









Motor boats can be launched at the Waskesiu or Narrows Marina. Travel west up Waskesiu Lake to the Kingsmere River, then north up the Kingsmere to the marine railway. The railway, a unique example built in the 1930s, is designed to bypass a quarter mile section of riffles and shallow water. North of the railway the river is navigable, but boaters will probably have to pole, paddle, or push motor craft over the submerged sand bars at the river mouth. From the lake it's due north to Ajawaan Portage. From the portage a trail leads to Grey Owl's cabin—a walk of about three kilometres. The return trip from the end of the Waskesiu Lake road to Beaver Lodge is about forty kilometres—a good overnight hike. The trail hugs the east shore of Kingsmere Lake until the Ajawaan portage, where it swings north to Ajawaan Lake and Beaver Lodge.

Grey Owl's letters and personal belongings are on display in the Nature Centre in Wskesiu Townsite, and some of his films, made while he worked in the park, are shown periodically in the Nature Centre Theatre.





*"Why should the last of the Silent Places be destroyed ruthlessly whilst we stand by in listless apathy, without making an effort... to provide sanctuary for the Spirit of the Wild and for those of us, and they are not few, who live to commune with Him and His furred and feathered people."*

"He gave his extraordinary genius, his passionate sympathy, his bodily strength, his magnetic personal influence, even his very earnings to the service of animals, and of man through the right understanding of animals."

*London Times*

"He was not they say, a real Indian, So What?"

*Shooting Times, April 30, 1938*







## PHOTOGRAPHS AND CREDITS

- page 1* . . . In spirit he became Indian—Grey Owl
- page 5* . . . Grey Owl vowed never again to set traps for the beaver.
- page 8* . . . He made friends with the Ojibway...to whom he would always credit his woodlands talents.
- page 10* . . . Grey Owl could always find peace in the remote beauty of the forests.
- \*page 12* . . . “Almost always he (the whiteman) extorts far beyond his own needs.”
- page 14* . . . The pitiful sight of two orphaned beaver kittens to be named McGuinness and McGinty, ended Grey Owl’s trapping career.
- page 16* . . . A picnic, with a beaver guest.
- \*page 18* . . . Grey Owl was the first naturalist at Riding Mountain National Park, to re-establish beaver colonies.
- page 20* . . . In 1937 the celebrated Grey Owl again toured Britain, speaking to jammed halls of devoted fans.
- page 22* . . . Grey Owl was enchanted by the intelligence of the beaver.
- page 24 & 25* . . . Grey Owl’s prophetic statement proved true:
- page 28* . . . The interior of Grey Owl’s cabin at Riding Mountain National Park.
- \*page 29* . . . Grey Owl, an avid and skillful canoeist, takes a passenger for a ride.
- page 30* . . . Grey Owl found perhaps the greatest peace of his life at Ajawaan Lake.
- page 31* . . . Ajawaan Lake reflects the cabin and towering pine and poplar forest.
- page 32* . . . Orphaned moose bottle fed for survival.
- \*page 33* . . . Courtesy: Prov. Archives of Ont. Toronto.  
As a wilderness ambassador for Canada, and a representative of national parks, Grey Owl was superb.
- page 34* . . . Many of the photographs in this publication were the work of W.J. Oliver, here with Grey Owl.
- page 35* . . . On a ridge overlooking his lodge and lake Grey Owl is buried.
- page 36* . . . Today’s visitors to Ajawaan Lake and the cabin will see little change from Grey Owl’s time.
- \*page 37* . . . Grey Owl delighted in knowing the National Parks would never be surrendered to commercial purposes.
- \*page 38* . . . Prince Albert National Park, Ajawaan Lake, provided protection for Grey Owl’s beaver and tranquility for him.
- \*page 39* . . . Beaver lodge, Grey Owl’s cabin, harbored his pets.
- page 40* . . . Large trees felled by sharp beaver teeth are still evident on the trails.
- page 41* . . . A good overnight hike brings the visitor to inspection of Grey Owl’s home.
- page 42* . . . “Why should the last of the Silent Places be destroyed...”

*\*These photographs courtesy of Glenbow Archives.*







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The Adventure of Sajo and Her Beaver  
People  
Tales of an Empty Cabin  
The Tree  
A Book of Grey Owl







## *Lovat Dickson*

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Lovat Dickson was Grey Owl's publisher in London, England. He now resides in Canada. Lovat Dickson first met Archie Belaney or Grey Owl through his script *Pilgrims of the Wild*. He encouraged Grey Owl to write even more and also to appear on public platforms in London in 1935 and 1937.

Both publisher and friend to Wa-Sha-Quon-Asin, Lovat Dickson explains Grey Owl's life, hopes and dreams in his book *Wilderness Man, the strange story of Grey Owl*, MacMillan of Canada, A Division of Gage Publishing Limited Toronto, 1973.

Parks Canada appreciates Mr. Dickson's lifelong encouragement of Grey Owl, who was a unique naturalist and played a vital role in conservation in Canada.

The full story of Grey Owl is told in "*Wilderness Man*" by Lovat Dickson from which these facts are taken. It is available in the Laurentian Library (Macmillan paperback).



