

"When you get to this corner over here, several blocks west here, at the Mounted Police, when you get to their yard, there, you go back left. Just go towards the lake. Just go right on top of the lake--you go right over it. There's a bridge there. Go right over it."

TRIP FROM CALGARY TO SARSI SETTLEMENT WITH STOP AT CREE HOUSE

Sure enough, we seen that campus of the Royal Canadian (Mounted Police)--boy, it looks pretty. So we got to that lake and we stopped. The frame and all of that bridge was made out of wood. It's kind of a little oval-shaped. We go right over that big lake. It's about a couple of hundred feet wide, I guess--that lake. Where we went over it. We stopped right in the middle. Old Man wanted to stop. "Stop," he said. But there was a sign there that said, "Do not park." But since we were strangers, we said, "I don't think they'll care." We got off. You could almost see the bottom. Clear, you know--the water. Pretty deep. You could see them big fishes swim by--big fishes! We stay there a few minutes and then got back in. This fellow, that little guy, told us that we were going to have to make our own trail. He said, "There's a road there, but it might be too deep for the car." It's what they call a wagon trail. "How far is it out there?" "Oh," he says, "Maybe twenty, twenty-five, thirty miles. You stop first house you see and you ask information there." We went out from that lake about five miles and we seen a house. It was on stilts. Oh, so high, I guess. I guess you maybe seen them kind of houses. They don't have foundations like we have--just set the house off the ground about that high and it's got either concrete blocks or pine. And it's not closed in like our foundations--it's just setting on stilts. Yeah, about three feet off the ground. You can see plumb under it. I don't know why they got it built like that. I never did found out. Every house is like that. I jumped off and knocked on the door. Well, they were outside--a whole bunch of them. When we drove up they all run in the house. They were Indians--Cree. I knock on the door. They open it about that much. They speak pretty good English. Boy, they speak good. Canadian. I said, "We're looking for Sarsi,"