A Present Absence

by

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Author's Declaration

I hereby declare that I am the sole author of this thesis. This is a true copy of the thesis, including any required final revisions, as accepted by my examiners. I understand that my thesis may be made electronically available to the public.

Abstract

For the last ten years I have travelled with my camera out on the roads of the Canadian prairies, usually for a few days at a time, up and down stretches of highways, grids, and back roads, stopping to investigate whatever I could find. My interest in the landscape grew from forgotten spaces that lay dormant in the land. There is something exciting about being in unfamiliar areas and stepping into once-inhabited locations. The absence of people, and the marks they leave behind, lend to the allure of these places.

This thesis moves through a series of territories following the increase, and subsequent decline, of the population on the rural prairies. Silent rail networks, trails, domestic and utilitarian structures — as well natural landmarks — contain the presence of those who were once there. Photographic documentation and field research maps the spatial endeavours that shaped the prairie landscape as the place it is today.

Acknowledgements

Trying to turn a passion into a book has been a challenge, but the process has been very satisfying. Through this journey there are those I need to thank.

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Human beings have always been an unfinished species, a story in the middle, a succession of families, tribes, and societies in transition to new awareness. Although we have always prided ourselves on our willingness to adapt to all habitats, and on our skill at prospering and making ourselves comfortable where we are – in a meadow, in a desert, on the tundra, or out on the ocean – we don't just adapt to places, or modify them in order to ease our burdens. We're the only species that over and over again has deliberately transformed our surrounding in order to stretch our capacity for understanding and provoke new accomplishments. And our growing and enhanced understanding is our most valuable, and our most vulnerable, inheritance.

- Tony Hiss | The Experience of Place

There’s No One There

There are two sets of memories that began this interest in wandering the prairies.

The first was as a young child, spending days during the year travelling out to the family farms where my grandparents and relatives lived. Rules were different out there, boundaries were different, and the farmyard was the safe haven from the open prairie surrounding us. Stacks of bales became mazes and forts, and the old structures around the property were cabinets of curiousity begging to be explored.

The second was going on road trips as a kid with my father during the summer months while on school break. For work he travels across the province, so from time to time I would join him. He is also a member of the provinicial Archaeological Society and his interest revolves around first nations artifacts and culture. On road trips we would often stop at the edge of random fields, ones with the surface cut and blown away by the wind, exposing the soil beneath. We would walk, constantly looking down at the ground for artifacts and remnants of the past. Doing that, I think I gained a greater love for the land, understanding its subtle changes, the relationship between the forms that exist on it, in contrast to it's wide open spaces.

Travel is never the same twice, even to the same location. You set out in a direction, with and idea of what you might hope to see, but in the end you don't have control over what you find, or the changes that can occur. You cannot plan for everything. Artist Gerhard Richter describes his painting method in a similar fashion, "You plan something for a painting, but the painting evolves and does what it wants". This letting-go of control can lead to unexpected discoveries and sometimes a deeper understanding of what you are seeing. Travel is the act of painting an image of the place.

The camera is my first apparatus of choice, used to capture a moment, a feeling, a certain essence. Taking a photograph is the framing of a view, one of many that could be taken. That framing is my choice – the view I want others to see. By focusing the gaze on important aspects, I want others to see what is often overlooked.

Journal notes and sketches are also part of my travels. Notes, measurements, drawings and lists are an aid to the photographs. They fill the gaps and draws connections between objects, forms, and structures found in the images.

> The past becomes a thing made palpable in monuments, buildings, historical sites, museums, attics, old trunks, relics of a hundred kinds; and in the legends of grandfathers and great-grandfathers; and in the incised marble and granite and weathered wood of graveyards; and in the murmurings of ghosts.
>
> - Wallace Stegner | Wolf Willow

In October of 2016 I embarked on a 7-day solo road trip with a direction in mind — West/South-West. With my camera gear, supplies, and a truck I set out. With years of photographs and notes taken while on previous photo trips, this one would to add to my library of work.

I travelled the prairies, from somewhere to nowhere, from the familiar to the unfamiliar. I didn't eat well, I didn't sleep well. I went from warm to cold, from sun to rain to snow. Saw many people — strangers but familiar looking — made small talk, got funny looks, they asked what I was doing, I explained what I was doing, got more funny looks. I Found some things, collected some things, photographed, sketched, wrote and daydreamed. Made plans, plans fell apart, wandered, and found unexpected spaces. I went from feeling secure and safe, to feeling vulnerable and unsure. I followed the lines around the borders, crossed some boundaries, and trespassed.

The following work is a collection of fragments. Images, notes, and stories. It is the discovery, and documentation, of the human experience embodied in the abandoned, ruined, and idle buildings and locations on the prairie landscape. These elements come together to form a topographic, an image of the place.

in the room and travelling too
you look me in the eyes and
see nothing at all
this random mind riding
on highways of no man's devising
no man can map mind
which has itself forgotten
where it is so wandering it is
so absent as if all walls
were open road the eye
closed shall go
where it will

- Don Kerr | The Dust of Just Beginning

1. Side road off Highway 332 looking North 2016

[1]

John Berger says that seeing comes before words. “Images were first made to conjure up the appearances of something that was absent.”[1] First photographs, now words to reveal the layers of human interaction and histories on prairies. As Berger mentions, the “relation between what we see and what we know is never settled.”[2]

[2]

In 1860, Charles Darwin published his research and findings in “The Origins of Species.” His work was based on many of his first hand accounts and observations while on the Galapagos Islands 30 years prior. The nature of the islands, as a unique place, was brought forth based on his scientific findings through fact based information, measurement and observation.

The author, Herman Melville, a whaler in his earlier life who spent time travelling the seas, published his own accounts of the Galapagos Islands in his literary work “The Encantadas ” (The Enchanted Isles - 1858). A literary account divided into ‘sketches’ giving a description of the place. Melville saw it as “five-and-twenty heaps of cinders dumped here and there in an outside city lot, imagine some of them magnified into mountains, and the vacant lot the sea, and you will have a fit idea of the general aspect of the Encantadas”[3]. A visual mapping of the islands.

Both Darwin and Melville based their writings on personal observations of the islands and each understood the place in different ways. The science was driven by the evidence and facts studied, the narrative of travel was a detailed story of encounter and reactions.

Darwin’s facts are important; they ground the ideas and connect lines of evolution — biologically, geologically and technologically. Melville’s prose writing allows the reader to be there; to imagine themselves walking the rocky mountain edges, or encountering the giant tortoise. It becomes a narration of movement through perceptive means.

My process during road trips reflects on the methods taken by both Darwin and Melville. Collecting objects and making observations based on first hand experiences.

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1 Berger, John. *Ways of Seeing*. London, England. Penguin Books. 2008

2 Ibid.

3 Melville, Herman. *The Encantadas. http://xroads.virginia.edu/~hyper/melville_en/toc.html.* Retrieved March 18, 2017

[3]

In 1862 Captain John Palliser released his report from the British North American Expedition (1857-60), a journey set to investigate agriculture potential of the interior. He travelled to the region of the prairies and beyond for three years and was accompanied by a geologist/physician, botanist, astronomer and a magnetical observer. Together they gathered data and made observations about the landscape, animals, vegetation and peoples they encountered on it.

Palliser's findings described an area arid and semi-desert with level plain, natural grassland, glacial lake plains, and the rolling Missouri Coteau. North of the 49th parallel, longitude 100 to 114 W, with the apex reaching to the 52nd parallel. He stated that it was an area that should not, and could not, be settled. This region became known as the Palliser Triangle.

Simultaneously, Henry Youle Hind, a geologist, led an expedition of fur traders, engineers, and surveyors from Toronto trying to map a route from Lake Superior to the Red River, and beyond, into the prairies. For three years, between 1857-59, his travels took him far into the interior, following the waterways of rivers and creeks. Like Palliser, Hind observered and noted that the best places for inhabitation in this prairie region were along the river valleys. Outside those systems were areas of harsher conditions not plentiful in resources.

James Carnegie, the 9th Earl of Southesk, left Scotland in 1859-60 travelling to the Canadian prairies. In his journal he describes his movement across the land, the daily struggles and the environment and people he met along the way. His journey retraced the steps, in part, of the early movements of Hind and Palliser. In his book he mentions many of his encounters and discoveries in comparison to Hind's findings.

These three expeditions were not the first explorations into the region, but they were some of the first well-documented and well-written accounts of the prairies prior to the arrival of the railways and surveyors who began to measure and map the land. Their first-hand experiences aid in our understanding of the landscape and movement of people before the railways and Dominion Land Survey.

The rate of travel was not measured in hours or minutes, but in days, weeks, or even years. The movement of great distances took significant planning and consideration.

[4]

Travel takes time, time that is wasted getting from point A to point B. Tony Hiss describes this notion as ‘travel time’. He explains that it can feel like “time that has been subtracted from the ledger of a lifetime.”[1] For much of our day-to-day travel many would see this as true. Much of our time spent in travel during an average week is from home to work, school, events and most always by automobile. Congested roadways lead to extended periods of travel where one is sitting, doing nothing, wasting time.

On the prairies the land and weather can influence and restrict movement. It is frustrating and humbling being at the mercy of nature. This movement is very much connected to a rate of time in relation to motion.

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1 Hiss, Tony. *In Motion: The Experience of Travel*. Toronto, Canada. Random House Books. 2010

[5]

Architects of the past engaged in a long tradition of travel for architectural understanding and discovery. The Grand Tour took aspiring minds into lands of antiquity, places of the other, to rediscover structures that had been forgotten. Analyzing the built environment gave them insight into how architecture influenced the place and how the place influenced architecture.

In the profession of architecture we build our structures in the landscape. But before we build, we perform the analysis and investigation of a site.

Moving through the prairie landscape there is a constant exchange between what I see and what I know. With my camera I capture images of what I am seeing. Many times I do not know what I have found, but methodically I collect to later interpret and better understand the sites I have moved through. As an architect, I believe it is important for us to gather the histories in the landscape. As designers and builders, analysis of site and place is important; we better understand how, and what, to build.

Saskatoon.
Vanscoy.
Delisle.
Laura.
Tessier.
Harris.
Zealandia.
Rosetown.
Herschel.
McGee.
Fiske.
D'Arcy.
Netherhill.
Beadie.
Kindersley.
Smiley.
Hoosier.
Marengo.
Flaxcombe.
Loverna.
Fusilier.
Glidden.
Eatonia.
Laporte.
Mantario.
Empress.
Burstell.
Liebenthal.
Fox Valley.
Maple Creek.
Robsart.
Ravenscrag.
Eastend.
Dollard.
Shannauvon.
Scotsguard.
Admiral.
Crichton.
Cadillac.
Schantzenfeld.
Wymark.
Swift Current.
Cantour.
Hazlet.
Shackleton.
Abbey.
Lancer.
Portreeve.
Lemsford.
Sceptre.
Prelate.
Leader.
Estuary.
Clavet.
Elstow.
Viscount.
Plunkett.
Guernsey.
Lanigan.
Esk.
Jansen.
Dafoe.
Kandahar.
Wynyard.
Mozart.
Elfros.
Leslie.
Foam Lake.
Tuffnell.
Sheho.
Insinger.
Theodore.
Springside.
Orcadia.
Yorkton.
Dubuc.
Stockholm.
Esterhazy.
Tantallon.
Rocanville.
Whitewood.
Moosomin.
Langbank.
Kenosee Lake.
Carlyle.
Arcola.
Peebles.
Wolseley.
Sintaluta.
Indian Head.
Katepwa Beach.
Sandy Beach.
Lebret.
Fort Qu'Appelle.
Fort San.
Leross.

Donavon.
Swanson.
Ardath.
Conquest.
Bounty.
Milden.
Outlook.
Loreburn.
Elbow.
Mistusinne.
Alsask.
Welwyn.
St.Lazare.
Spy Hill.
Binscarth.
Gull Lake.
Webb.
Beverly.
Blumenort.
Blumenfeld.
Pontiex.
Aneroid.
Hazenmore.
Mankota.
Ferland.
McCord.
Glentworth.
Lafleche.
Gravelbourg.
Palmer.
Bents.
Coderre.
Courval.
Old Wives.
Moose Jaw.
Tuxford.
Marquis.
Keeler.
Chamberlain.
Aylesbury.
Girvin.
Davidson.
Bladworth.
Kenaston.
Hanley.
Dundurn.
Lestock.

Palo.
Landis.
Wilkie.
Leipzig.
Tramping Lake.
Revenue.
Scott.
Unity.
Reward.
North Battleford.
Kerrobert.
Springwater.
Kelfield.
Superb.
Major.
Fusilier.
Compeer.
Coleville.
Dodsland.
Druid.
Claybank.
Kipling.
Windthorst.
Smuts.
Humboldt.
St.Denis.
Fish Creek.
Watrous.
Manitou Beach.
Young.
Feudal.
Perdue.
Artee.
Biggar.
Plenty.
Oban.
Raymore.
Nokomis.
Amazon.
Quinton.
Raymore.
Nokomis.
Amazon.
Asquith.
Kinley.
Punnichy.
Quinton.

- Places travelled, that I remember.

28.09.2016 W SW S SW W SW W SW W SW W SW S N NW N W NW SE NE N NW W SW W S SW W SW S SE E SE S SW W SW S SW W | 29.09.2016 W N E W N W SW S W N W N SW S SW S E N W S W E N E S W S W | 30.09.2016 W N W S W E N W N E S W N E N E W S W S E | 01.10.2016 S SE SW S W S W S W N W S E N W S W S SW S E S W S E S W | 02.10.2016 W S W E N E S W N W NW N W N NW W NW W N NW N NE S SW S SW S SE E SE S SE S E N W | 03.10.2016 E NE S E S N E NE E N E NE E N | 04.10.2016 W N W N W E S W E N W N NW W NW W N SW S N NE E S E N NE N E N E N E NE E NE E

- Movement | Road Trip Fall 2016

Nothing is ever really lost, or can be lost,
No birth, identity, form—no object of the world.
Nor life, nor force, nor any visible thing;
Appearance must not foil, nor shifted sphere confuse thy brain.
Ample are time and space—ample the fields of Nature.
The body, sluggish, aged, cold—the embers left from earlier fires,
The light in the eye grown dim, shall duly flame again;
The sun now low in the west rises for mornings and for noons continual;
To frozen clods ever the spring's invisible law returns,
With grass and flowers and summer fruits and corn.

- Walt Whitman | Leaves of Grass

2. Snow Geese in the Field 2016

[6]

The clouds were hanging low in the sky, a uniform mist in the air, causing the light to also be uniform, mute and grey/white. In the big open sky of the prairies the clouds can be beautiful but they can also be oppressive. There is no escape from their pressure. They also reduced visibility to roughly 1-2 kilometres in distance, which began to reveal forms in the distance as I moved towards and away from them.

01.10.2016 | Personal Journal

On the prairies the sky is great, it is big sky country, or it could be called that if the state of Montana hadn't taken that slogan first.

At dawn and dusk the sun lingers on the horizon at such an angle that it casts shadows a great distance. The horizon line is visible many kilometres away. The big sky also plays tricks on your eyes. At times, The sun and moon tend to grow larger as they set and rise based on light bending over the surface of the earth at the horizon. These conditions are caused by the curve of the earth and the distance and angle that light must travel through the atmosphere. Colours change due to this change in angle as well turning the blue sky to colours of deep red, yellow and orange.

Atmospheric conditions can change the sky as well. During harvest season in early fall, the at dusk is often a hazing orange from all the dust floating in the air. There is a smell that travels with it, one that can't really be explained. It smells like harvest.

In the southern portion of the province it is one of the darkest sky preserves in Canada. No light pollution, clear and untainted views of the stars at night. Most of the prairies is darker now with less people living on the land. The sky and land blend at the horizon and only the farmyard lights can be seen dotting the land.

Sun dogs are the phenomena of two rainbow lines forming to the left and to the right of the sun during the winter months. Ice crystals suspending in the air on a clear sunny day cause this. In early spring and late fall the sky can light up with the aurora borealis. Dancing colours of greens, blues and whites. It stops you, causes you to take notice and be still.

The sky is alive, it is hard to ignore its presence, the slogan of Saskatchewan is "land of living skies".

[7]

There is a method to my travel. Beginning in the city of Saskatoon, I head out on one of the major highways leading away. With old maps in hand, I eventually branch off onto the grid roads, making my way towards old or abandoned rail lines. In these areas there are very few people but many signs of former inhabitation. I also try to find old trails and markers but they have all mostly disappeared. Former routes of travel that lay off the beaten path and seem to hold forgotten elements of human movement in the landscape is what I search for. Different locations tell different local stories.

The middle of the prairies — the middle of nowhere some would say — is where I can trace back my roots in Canada. Before that, and before 1910, my relatives made treks from Germany, Russia and England. They settled in distinctly ethnic blocs, relying on a familiar community to help them build their lives in the area. Everyone was in the same situation, trying to survive on a land, and the aspect of community was important.

Eye Hill and Antelope Park are the names that were given to both of the rural municipalities in the area. The names sound as if they are titles found on the cover of Zane Grey novels. Words that conjure up notions of the West. Here is where generations of my family rooted themselves, but only a few relatives now remain. All have passed or moved away.

I came to Saskatchewan in 1910 (from Devonshire, England) and in May, 1912, I filed on a homestead in Antelope Park. I filed on it “blind” that is without first seeing it. I merely took the word of a man who had been out here and had looked it over for me.

I came to the homestead and started duties in 1912. In December I started to build a board shack. 14ft x 16ft. I began building on a Saturday morning. Not being a carpenter. I boarded up two sides and put nothing on the other two sides. On Sunday we had quite a bad wind storm. When I went across to finish my house Monday I found it had folded up like an old apple box with all its nails loose.

During the winter several of us dug wells, helping each other. Hand digging was quite a job as some of the wells were more than 40 feet deep.

When we first came in, we found buffalo skeletons all over the place. There were more bones of various kinds, skulls, horns and ribs. Even now one can still find the occasional buffalo skull lying about.

In the dry and dusty “thirties” farmers here had a very bad time. Almost everyone was on government relief either for food, or feed for the stock and for seed grain. Many people left the district then, but most of the vacated land is now being farmed by those who hung on.

- John Berry | The School Beneath the Hill

[8]

The Bear Hills is one place James Carnegie journeyed through during his expedition in 1860. In his journal he writes about his hunt for a Plains Grizzly Bear. The deep wooded ravines use to be home to these large animals. As people began to move west the bears on the prairies disappeared.

The area is important to First Nations and has been a gathering place for generations. A large stone, a glacial erratic called the Grandfather Stone, is rooted in the ground on one of the hillsides. Carved onto its face are petroglyphs, lines and circles. Some say it depicts the skeleton of a buffalo, others believe the markings to be celestial constellations. These stones are said to carry the memory of the earth.

Along the southern part of the range of hills, located not far North of the town Herschel, I found the site entrance marked by a post and lintel gate. The sign on the gate door read “Guided Tours Only” but I figured I could wander around and find the stones myself.

There was barely a breeze, no sounds of wildlife except the occasional cow heard in the distance. No noise pollution from vehicles or human activity. Almost complete silence. It was calming and beautiful and strange and surreal all at the same time. I gathered my gear and hopped the fence. A fence which separated developed territory from natural unbroken prairie.

The vegetation was completely different and rocks of all shapes and sizes were scattered across the field. My first instinct was to gravitate towards the large half-submerged boulders. Hoping to find and view these ancient inscriptions, moving from cluster to cluster of rocks, I began to become frustrated not seeing one marking on any stone. I found monolith rubbing stones, a giant boulder which the Bison would rub up against, but most recently it’s being used by cattle. One can tell if it’s a rubbing stone based on the groove in the soil surrounding the stone from animals walking around it. Some stones also show signs of polishing from constant use over many many years.

After wandering the open field for roughly 30 minutes I still had not seen one stone marking and it was beginning to rain. At this point I realized I could keep walking and still not find it or that I could have already passed it somewhere along my route and missed it. I decided to call it a day and move out of the rain. I guess there is a reason why this is guided.

3. Edge of a Ravine, Bear Hills 2016

4. Pronghorn Antelope. Highway 315 looking West. 2016

5. End of sunset. Highway 317 looking West.2014

[9]

Rock piles are collections of stones that have been picked out of the soil and moved to the least desirable location in a field.

The rocks were once scattered, strewn about the prairies. Now they dot the fields, in no recognizable pattern or rhythm, as groupings of stones of varying sizes, shapes and colours. These piles are often overlooked, but are an interesting node of activity. By chance — and without intention — they provide new refuge for creatures who live close to the earth. They became the irregular in an organized territory, a new form built without conscious thought.

Forms built by human hands, then forgotten, discarded, left for nature to reclaim as its own. Islands in a sea of grass that are organic and alive.

One is reminded of the Japanese Ryoan-ji garden with it's grouping of rocks distributed amidst a field of sand. The surrounding wall is stark and minimalistic as it frames the foreground relationship between the stones and the earth. These gardens are not meant to be entered but instead contemplated by those who visit. Only those who tend to the garden enter the space.

6. Rockpile off Highway 307 Looking North 2016

Straight was the way the surveyors designed it, and straight over the hill it went.

A new road surely changes the countryside
and this one was no exception.
The fences were all removed, the trees were uprooted,
the valleys were raised and the hills are no more.
As one local resident remarked, “A fella could get lost on this here road”.

This has been dubbed “The Road That Leads to Nowhere”. If so, a great many people are coming from Somewhere and going to Nowhere.

- Unknown | The Consort Enterprise

7. School Beneath the Hill, R.M. Antelope Park 2016

8. Texas Gate, Highway 615 looking North 2016

9. Impassable Side Road off Highway 18 2016

The wheat is threshed
And the fields lie empty,
As far as the eye can see,
The barren land now lies in slumber,
September has come to me.

The September breeze moans gently
A different melody,
And the family tree must shed their coats
And rest becomingly.

The flowers that once gave blossom,
Now give their last perfume.
So we must yield to Autumn,
Farewell to summer bloom.

- Victor H. Chaykowski | Saskatchewan Poetry Book

10. Rockpile off Highway 21 looking West 2016

[10]

> This was a prairie country of sand an crisp grass, of level tracts varied with hills and bluffs and undulations, of many little lakes and swamps scattered about here and there. Flowers of the gayest colour enlivened the landscape. The most common were the small tiger-lillies and the roses, and next came blue-bells and white strawberry blossoms. Sometimes acres and acres were covered with intermingled masses of range lily and pndualous blue-bell, the whole of them so short of stem that the glosty of the flowers combined with the rich greenness of their leaves, and it seemed as if a vast oriental carpet had been thrown upon the plain.
>
> - James Carnegie (9th Earl of Southesk)
> | Saskatchewan and the Rocky Mountains

A hundred and twenty years and the prairies have changed dramatically. The environment was traditionally a place of a nomadic life, from the varied species of animals to first nations groups of people. Everyone and everything was in motion with the flow of the land. In the late 19th century regulation, control, and structure the federal government set out that expanded networks for movement and supplies to the area, with the idea that structure would make it more inhabitable. This structure brought more people to the region. The influx of people was not random, it was organized by the government specifically to populate the territory.

In roughly three to four generations many of the families that once lived on the prairies have moved to nearby cities or even further away. At its height, in 1931, the rural population was 630,880 people. Since then there has been a steady decline to where the rural population was 343,398 people in 2011. Today that number is even lower. The density of Saskatchewan is 1.9 per km2 over a land area of roughly 588,243.54 square kilometres.

[11]

The railroads began in the east, stretching west, cutting across the land south or the Qu'Appelle Valley, following the Missouri Couteau North past the Cypress Hills towards the Rocky Mountains. Soon other branches split off and webbed across the landscape: a surface with no major boundaries and the lines laid out based on surveyor's judgement.

Between the first rail lines, people used old trail networks, places where movement followed the contours of the land. Follies, or markers in the landscape, provided direction and at times shelter from bad weather.

[12]

Those who took the journey West and established themselves with a quarter-section plot of prairie land were not necessarily traditional farmers. Settlers knew they faced an agricultural life in a land that was unforgiving and harsh. Realizing this, the government understood the importance of the rail network system and established a form mobile education to reach those who needed it. The Better Farming Train was established, operating between 1914 to 1922 teaching agricultural techniques and practices to those in need of the knowledge of farming in the prairie landscape. The train cars were adapted to house displays and information regarding agriculture. There were lecture theatre cars where professors from the newly established University of Saskatchewan would teach.

Vast sections of the rail line track have been removed, signaling the slow demise of communities along the abandoned sections. The rail network was, and is, the first large scale movement of humans into the prairie landscape. Moving thousands of metres of soil, cutting and scraping the earth to form to the needs of a track that carried an iron horse further West. The railways were town builders, they were lifelines to the East, to supplies, and to larger populations.

Today, the scars of those actions are still evident: routes stretching and curving across fields, whole hillsides cut away, bridges standing silent, fragments of coal, wood and iron litter the old beds, some steel track waiting to be removed, rusting, while what has been removed has its imprint left on wooden ties.

Track Dimension. Standard Gauge, 4’ 8.5” (1435.1mm).

This was the dimension used throughout Ontario and Quebec, originally set by English Engineers.

In England, this was the same dimension used by street trollys and in their rail network.

That gauge was determined by the same tools used to manufacture wagons and the spacing of the wheels.

That wheel spacing for the wagons fit the old road networks that existing wheel ruts cut into the dirt and stone.

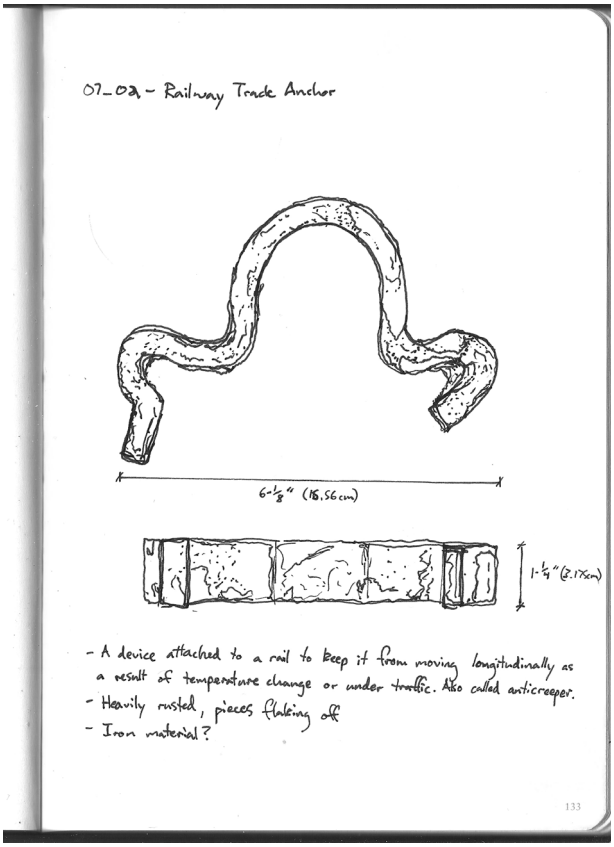
Roman Legions constructed most of that original road network in England during their occupation of the territory. The roads were built to conform to the standard dimensions of the Roman chariot and wagons (standard across the empire), which had a wheel spacing of 4’8.5”.

This width accomodated two horses, side-by-side.

11. Rail Line Earth Cut, Estuary,SK 2016

12. Abandoned Rail Line, West of Major,SK 2016

13. Abandoned Rail Bridge Crossing a Coulee 2016



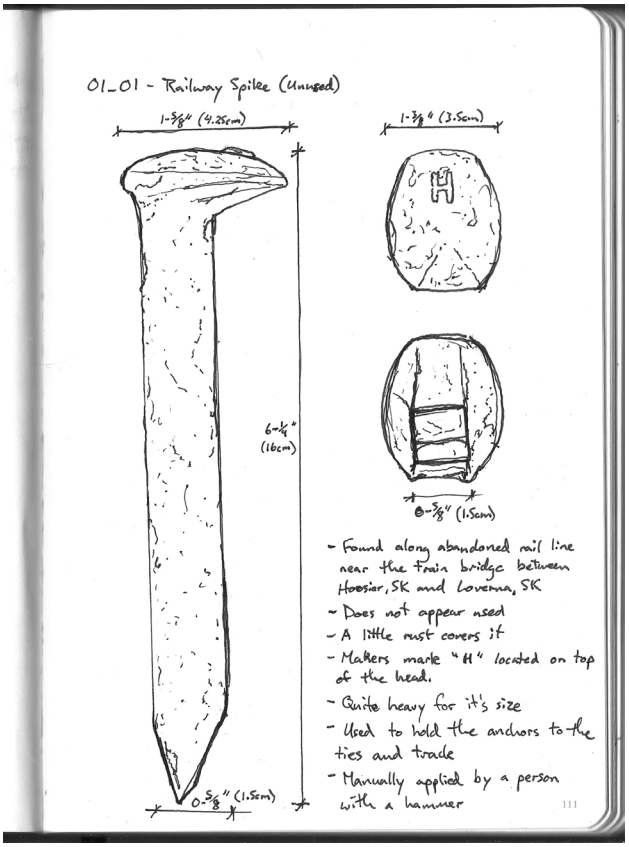


fig. 1 Railway Anchor, Journal 2016 (left)
fig. 2 Railway Spike, Journal 2016 (right)

[13]

Walking the fields and sites, as I did in my childhood, I find objects processed by human hands — parts of machinary used to sculpt and build the land for inhabitation.

The Roman architect and engineer Vitruvius stated that there are three departments of architecture. The first being the art of building, second the making of time-pieces, and third the construction of machinery.

Building - the structures that I discover move between the domestic and the utilitarian/monumental. A means of living and a means of production.

Time-pieces - the sky is big and the celestial beings above the land are the ultimate time pieces. On the ground, my body, the marks it makes, and the movement my body takes is a time-piece in relation to my environment.

Machines - the advent of the steam engine, mechanized movement and industrial production accelerated the growth and development of this vast region in a very short amount of time. Machines for building and machines for production.

14. Rail Line Earth Cut, Estuary,SK 2016

15. Harvester in the Field, looking West 2016

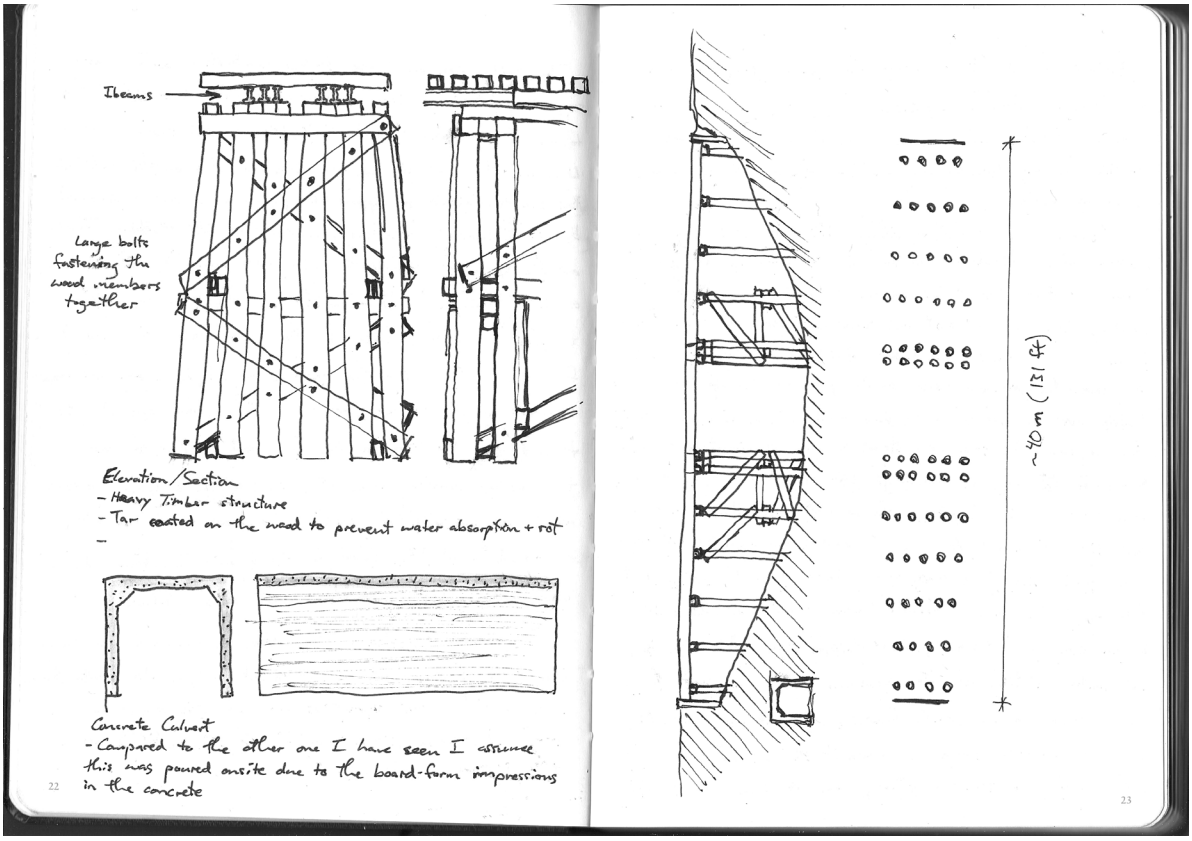


fig. 3 Railway Bridge 01, Plan, Section, Elevation, Journal 2016

[14]

I parked a distance from the bridge and got my gear together. From that point I walked roughly 100 metres following the track bed towards the bridge spanning the coulee. Something I didn't notice yesterday, that wasn't present, isthe dry dusty taste to the air. The air is fresh but just different. Out here, occasional random smells are not uncommon. Usually manure is the culprit, or on hot summer days rotting vegetation in damp swamps and coulees.

The bridge is heavy timber construction with eleven support points and two retaining walls. This line serviced the towns of Dodsland, Coleville, Smiley, Hoosier and Loverna. On the West half there are six support points and four on the East half. Between the middle support points is a span supported by six steel I-beams, three each under the rails position. This middle span is roughly 8 metres wide and by the looks of it is that way to allow foot traffic, vehicles, carts, etc. to pass under the bridge in the lower valley. Not far down from the bridge, under the bermed up soil, is a rectilinear concrete culvert to allow water to flow from one side to the other. A day earlier I found another former train bridge crossing along this line, and at that location the wood bridge was gone and all that remained was the formed earth bermwork and the concrete culvert exposed below.

The wood on the bridge is in remarkable condition for what I can assume is around 100 year old construction. Parts of the wood support structure are still covered in tar. It looks fresh, like it had just been put on, but it is not tacky to the touch.

30.09.2016 | Personal Journal

Softly,
Like the murmur of waters
In mossy recesses,
A million small voices
Come welcoming the dawn.
Whispering, chattering –
Terminating dreams,
Probing my slumber
And tugging me awake.

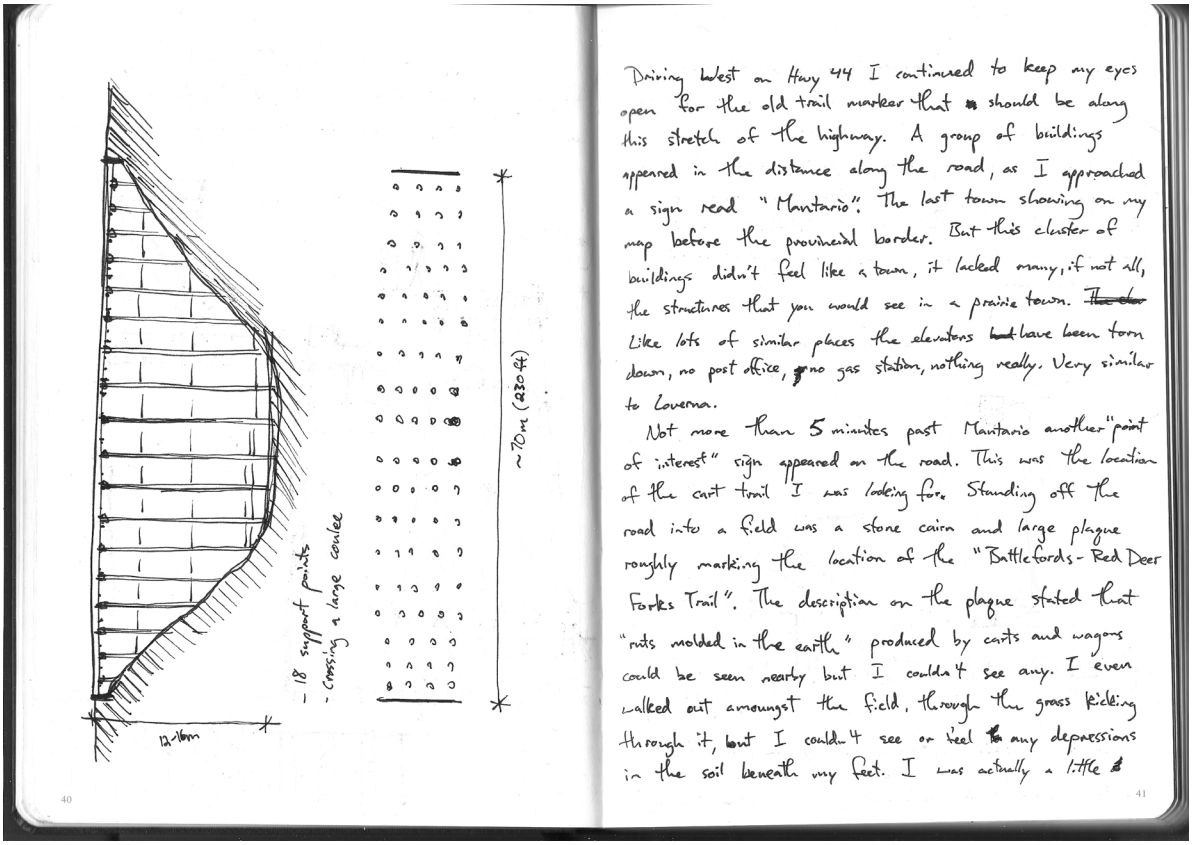
All the day long
Come hours of listening ---
listening for voices
That need no dimension;
Conversing out of sight,
Yet near, and soft
As a muted symphony.
Calling,
Beckoning ---
One moment bright and clear
As a sunlit stream;
Another dark with shadows,
Dark as flows volumes
Of water in caverns.

At the day's end they whisper,
And I know that in the night
I will lose them
Disguised in a dream.
Yet it pleases me, knowing
That today came voices
Which tomorrow will be gone, ---
Strangely, mysteriously,
Leaving no echo
Vibration or sound.

- Milton Halliday | Saskatchewan Poetry Book 25

16. Highway 21 Looking East 2016

17. Refuge platform on Wood Truss Bridge, 7km East of Mantario,SK 2016



Driving West on Hwy 44 I continued to keep my eyes open for the old trail marker that should be along this stretch of the highway. A group of buildings appeared in the distance along the road, as I approached a sign read "Mantario". The last town showing on my map before the provincial border. But this cluster of buildings didn't feel like a town, it lacked many, if not all, the structures that you would see in a prairie town. ~~The elev~~ Like lots of similar places the elevators had been torn down, no post office, no gas station, nothing really. Very similar to Loverna.

Not more than 5 minutes past Mantario another "point of interest" sign appeared on the road. This was the location of the cart trail I was looking for. Standing off the road into a field was a stone cairn and large plaque roughly marking the location of the "Battlefords - Red Deer Forks Trail". The description on the plaque stated that "ruts molded in the earth" produced by carts and wagons could be seen nearby but I couldn't see any. I even walked out amongst the field, through the grass kicking through it, but I couldn't see or feel any depressions in the soil beneath my feet. I was actually a little

fig. 4 Railway Bridge 02, Elevation, Plan, Notes, Journal 2016

on the bridge when a train approaches. But to me this was part of the structure I didn't want to test so I didn't step onto the platform. Being somewhere where no one knew I was and by myself I didn't need something big to go wrong. Even though I do enjoy pushing ~~through~~ those limits sometimes.

While walking on the bridge my eyes were directed down, observing what was below me and below the structure supporting me. The spacing of the ties and other elements on the track line didn't make for an easy walk without observation. It was only when I stopped that I looked up and out on the landscape surrounding me. While looking down I noticed the rot in some of the wood, the rusting of the steel and the new and old gravel layered from different times.

I walked down the same path back to the truck in the field. At the edge of the tall grass and remaining crop stalks I noticed movement. It was a tiny mouse, but so tiny, no bigger than one digit on my thumb. Surprisingly he was not scared of me. I fed him some food I had and observed him for a bit in his own little world. He was grey on top with a white under-side and white legs.

Back in the truck my face was stinging, nose

running and hands cold red. The joints in my fingers ~~felt~~ felt like they were rusty as I pried them open and close. It was time to warm up in the truck.

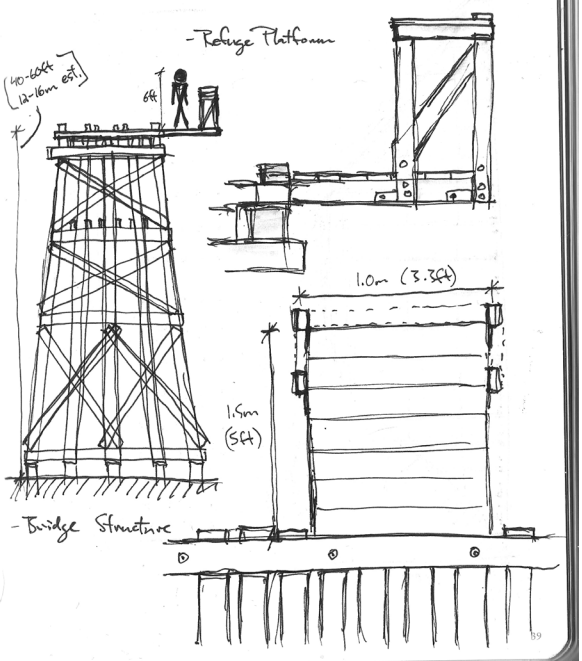


fig. 5 Railway Bridge 02, Section, Notes, Journal 2016

18. Rail Line, 1km East of Dewar Lake,Sk 2016

lost on this road
we all know like the back of our hand
under clouds that cannot hold still
can hold no shape at all
of course we are expected
the scotch waiting in the cupboard hall
but nobody knows where we are
on the highway like any other
in the car that's a car
on some wave or other on our way
to the old port of call

- Don Kerr | The Dust of Just Beginning

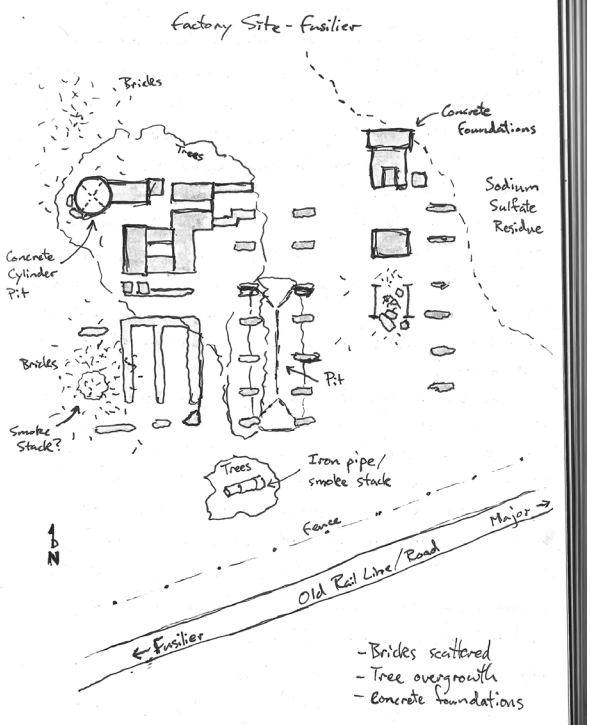
19. Red Deer Forks, Estuary,SK 2016

20. Concrete Foundations, Sodium Sulfate Factory, Fusilier,SK 2016

21. Ruins, Sodium Sulfate Factory. Fusilier,SK. 2016

I stand here trying to imagine the function and form happening on this site. ~~Imag~~ Imagining the sounds and smells as well. Various concrete foundations are visible within the grass, there is a shallow open pit as well as a concrete cylinder in the ground ~~with dirt~~. The cylinder is about 2 metres in diameter with an opening to below that goes down ~~about~~ roughly 3 metres. Trees have begun to grow between the concrete foundations causing some upheaval and movement. On the site ~~is~~ closer to town there is a round mound of dirt and debris surrounded by scattered half buried chunks of old brick. My assumption is that this was the location of a smoke stack. I looked through the different sizes and colours of brick to see if there were any makers marks ~~on~~ on them. Most do not have any markings except a select few, one half brick says "CLAY[illegible]", another "[illegible]BANK" and a third "[illegible]" "[illegible]AYBURN" "IN CANADA". The first two inscriptions are familiar to me, Claybank is a place in the South of Sask that has an old brick factory out in the prairies. Today it is a National Historic Site. I visited the Claybank site years ago and much of the structures still exist at the base of a massive hill range isolated by itself with an old regular spur line coming out to the site.

28



29

fig. 6 Fusilier Factory, Site Plan, Notes. Journal 2016

[15]

The rail lines allowed supplies and goods to be moved back and forth. Agriculture was the primary resource, but mining, lumber and small scale manufacturing became part of the development.

[16]

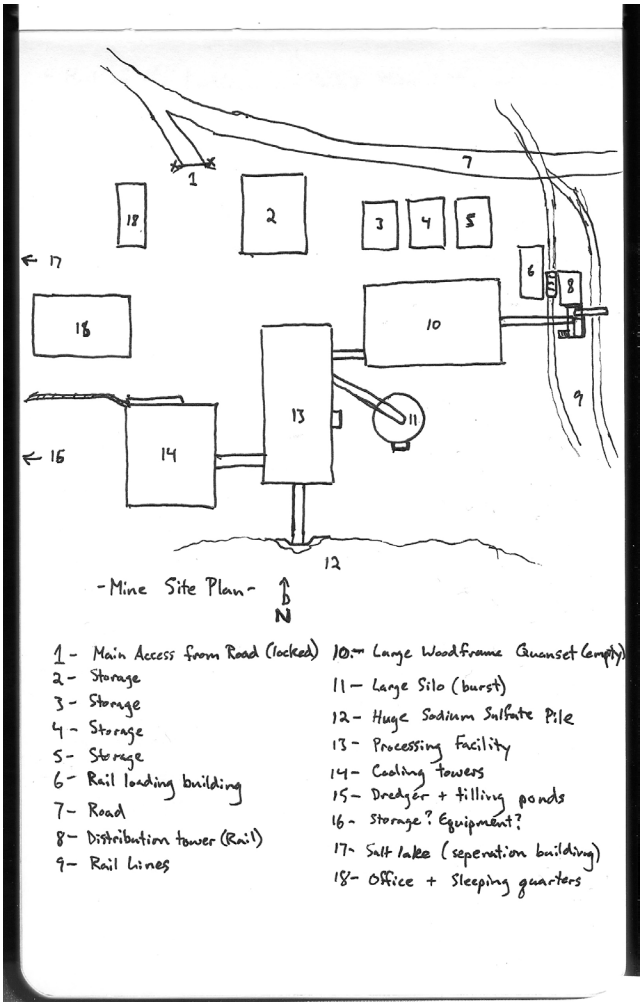
Aside from the building foundations there is also a lot of old wood and random industrial steel laying around. You can see the age in some of the steel by the way it is fastened together using large rivets. I'm surprised by the condition of some of the materials for being exposed to the elements for some 80-plus years.

Most of the soil around the site is white, which I assume is from residual leftover product from the salt at the factory. When I kick up the top layer of the soil the dirt below is dark brown in colour. The soil is possibly saturated with it? I wasn't able to find any solid deposits of the salt material.

30.09.2016 | Personal Journal

22. CNR Roundhouse, Biggar,SK 2012

23. Ingebrigt Sodium Sulfate Mine 2010



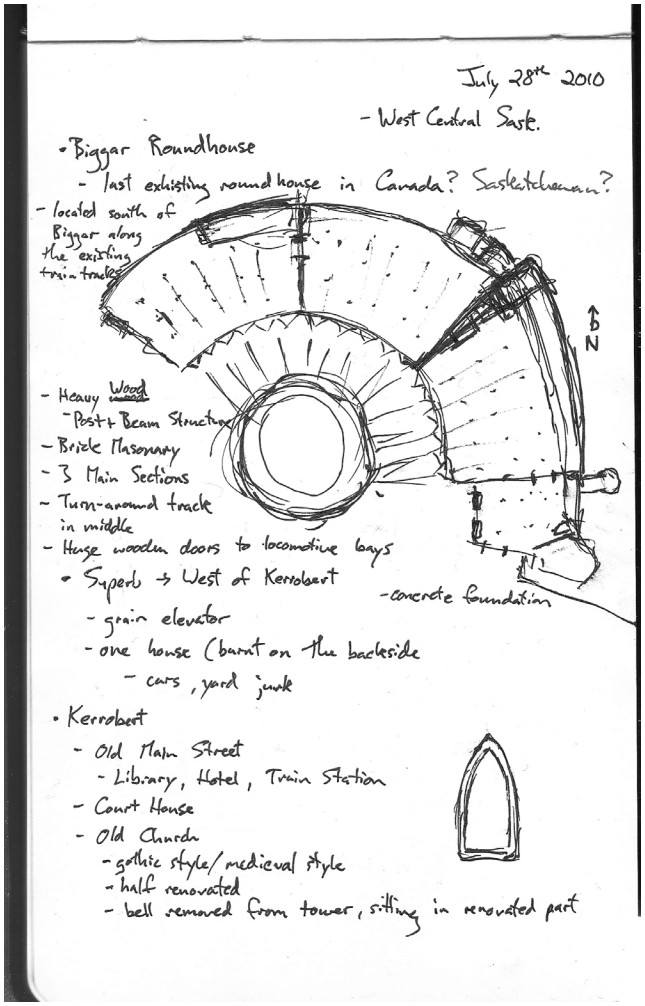


fig. 7 Ingebrigt Mine, Site Plan. Journal 2010 (left)
fig. 8 CNR Roundhouse Biggar, Plan. Journal 2016 (right)

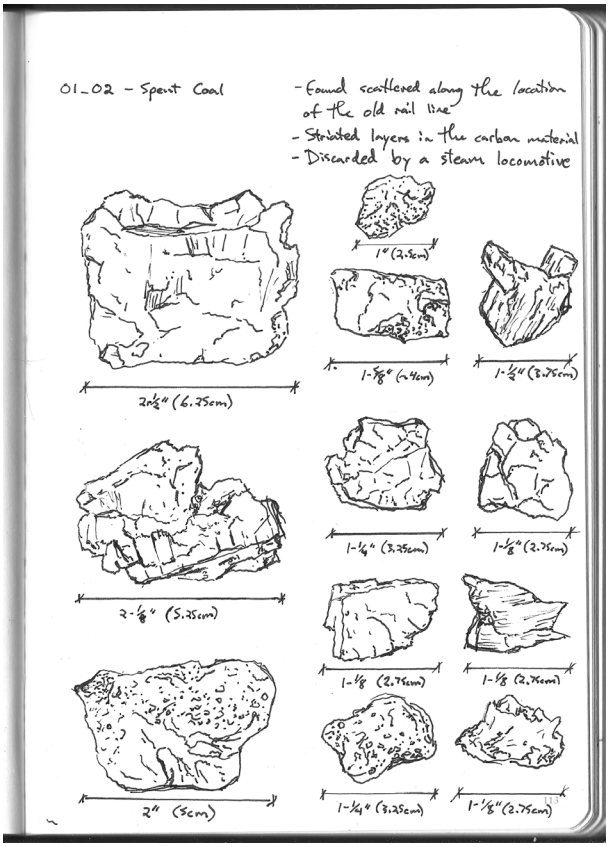
[17]

The library of work I have collected is ongoing. In that process of curration I have revisited sites many times. Doing so I am able to witness the impact that nature and time take on the buildings and the landscape. Many of the structures I have visited — ones I have shown in this book — are now gone. Demolished and removed as they served no 'purpose' and became a 'hazard'. When I mentioned this to Donald McKay he remarked "your photos are the kiss of death!". That very well may be the case.

The memory of these places still exists, and my photos captured a moment of the structures life.The photos themselves become devices to preserve the memory of the lost buildings, but they themselves are not the buildings. They are something new.

[18]

An Aura surrounds the experience that comes from the object or place. German philosopher Walter Benjamin describes the 'aesthetic experience' that is based on the authenticity of an object. The aura is something that is felt, and cannot be seen. The aura that exists on the prairies is one of loss, the absence of humans. But it is also the connection in that absence to human experiences of the past.



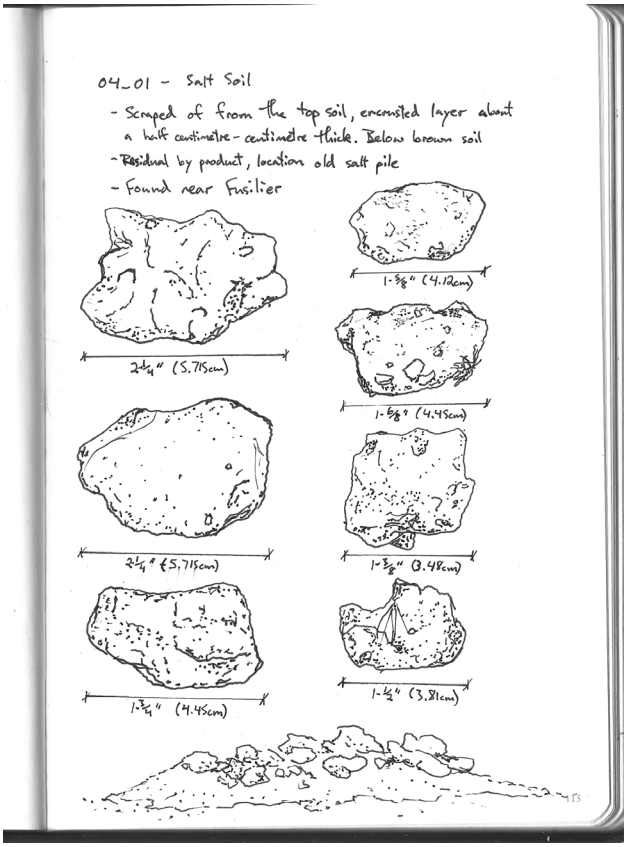


fig. 9 Spent Coal, Measured Drawings. Journal 2016 (left)
fig. 10 Sodium Sulphate Residue, Measured Drawings. Journal 2016 (right)

[19]

Railroads were placemakers, creating towns at certain points along their routes. The easiest form of transportation, they helped facilitate growth of people and the flow of resources and economic prosperity.

As the rail lines were constructed the government was also working to implement the Dominion Land Survey in 1871. The act involved laying a structured grid to divide the land for agricultural use.

Township: 36 square miles (6 miles by 6 miles).

Divided into 36 Sections measuring 1 square mile or 650 acres each.

Sections can be further divided into quarter sections.

Land designated for the railroad, government, schools, farmland.

To walk uphill keep your eyes on the ground.
Stones distract from the work of climbing, show you
their pace, the lung wish, the getting there
not winded.

You must take home one stone.
Stop looking for the stone.
When it sees you coming it will be seen.

Stones move through your lungs
And your eyes, in their climbing, become lungs.
Feet, legs, arms, mouth, eyes become lungs. Air,
not muscle, ascends you. Look back at the distance.
Air has brought you higher and stones,
the opposite of air, have shown you the way.

- Barbara Klar | Cypress

24. South End of the Johnson Wall, 1.6km West of Smiley,SK 2016

25. Empress Rail Bridge, South Saskatchewan River 2016

26. Concrete Highway Bridge, 2.6km West of Scotsguard, SK.2016

27. Grand Trunk Rail Line, East of Loverna,Sk 2016

[20]

The late 19th century was the advent of photography across the world. This was the act of drawing with light. As people began to move in greater numbers towards the frontier so did photographers, capturing the development of the new railways, towns, and rural life.

28. Abandoned Rail Bridge 2016

29. Rail Bridge, Qu'Appelle Valley 2010

Is it the whimsy of a thought
This peace of camera has caught?
For no magician ever brought
A shadow forth and made it real.
And yet I know there's something here!
Some thing that's woven out of dreams
And a fierce longing till it seems
Alive…and warm…and near!

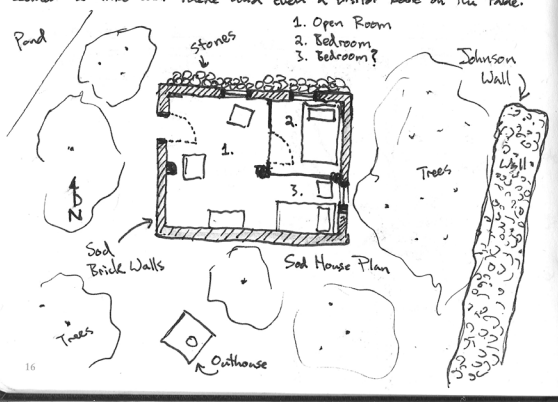
- Andrew Graham | Saskatchewan Poetry Book

30. Sodium Sulfate 2010

31. The Great Sandhills 2010

32. Sod House, West of Smiley,SK 2016

Located near the pond on one side of the wall ~~is~~ an old prairie sod house. It doesn't look to be in the best shape, but that's to be expected without regular upkeep over the years. I assume it is not an original settler home but I will ~~have~~ to check as I have seen less than a handful my whole life growing up on the prairies. Most didn't survive. Nonetheless it is interesting to see the use of stacked strips of earth to build the outter shell of the building. Surprisingly the structure was pretty strong even though sections of it were collapsing. The openings are wood frame doors and windows, and the interior space is an open plan with the exception of one small bedroom seperated by wood walls and a wood floor. The house was fully furnished which was kind of strange and the whole place seemed a little odd. There was even a visitor book on the table.



Shortly after I left town and headed directly West looking for "The Great Wall of Saskatchewan" as my dad called it when he brought me there as a kid. A young me thought it was a pretty cool site to see. It's official name is the Johnson Wall, named after the farmer who built it. Using picked stones from his surrounding land, and possibly others land, he hauled them to this section of his and began constructing a wall by stacking the field stones. I found the wall only a few mins from Smiley, and I followed the road parallel with it ~~out~~ into the field. The wall is roughly 6ft tall by 6ft wide at the base, with the sides sloping at a slight angle as there was no mortar used to hold the stones in place. Some sections have begun to crumble.

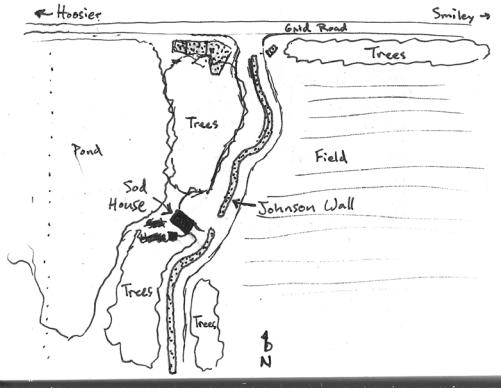


fig. 11 Sod House/Johnson Wall, Plan, Site Plan. Journal 2016

[21]

Where there is hardship and endurance between humans and nature, it is inevitable that it translates into the relationship between architecture and the landscape. The early settlers built their first homes from strips of soil. Sod houses were well insulated in the winter and cool in the summer heat. While on one of my road trips I came across one West of the town of Smiley.

Located near the pond on one side of the Johnson Wall is an old prairie sod house. It doesn't look to be in the best shape, but that's to be expected without regular upkeep over the years. I assume it is not an original settler home as I have only seen one in all my time driving the prairies. I checked and I was correct, this one was reconstructed in the 1980's. Most didn't survive. Nevertheless it is interesting to see the use of stacked strips of earth to build the outer shell of the building. Surprisingly the structure was pretty strong even though sections of it were collapsing. The openings are wood frame doors and windows, and the interior space is an open plan with the exception of one small bedroom separated by wood walls and a wood floor. The roof is constructed of wood held up by the outter sod walls with a post at each corner of the interiors. Four posts also support the beam at the apex of the roofs interior. The house was fully furnished, which was kind of strange, and the whole place seemed a little odd.

29.09.2016 | Personal Journal

33. Tool Shed 2012

34. House #1, Robsart,SK 2010

[22]

> There is a hushed, monastic quality to their presence. Though at first disquieting, this sense of abandonment is part of what attracts me. I can walk amid huge buildings in silence as absolute as a predawn in the mountains... Replete with elaborate machinery, the buildings are tranquil, meditative. I catch them sleeping.
>
> - David Stark Wilson | Structures of Utility

Buildings are more than just shelter from nature, they are forms where people act out and create memory. Without people, architecture and traces become "a surrogate human presence in the larger landscape. These may be seen as talismans of primary ways that people imagine their relation to place."[1]

The absence of people creates the most intriguing spaces. A strange feeling occurs — something uncanny. This feeling alters our perceptions, and "our awareness of our surroundings is heightened due to strangeness"[2].

The prairies hold forgotten places — buildings and structures left for ruin. Jonathan Raban, who wandered into the American prairie, looked to understand the experience of those who settled the land by uncovering the trace of their existence "before its imprint [becomes] as faint as that of the Plains Indians' teepee rings or the shallow grooves worn by the single-file herds of buffalo"[3]. He uncovered stories of turmoil, suffering and endurance in the remnants remaining.

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1 Treib, Marc and Lyndon, Donlyn. *Spatial Recall: Memory in Architecture and Landscape.* New York, New York. Routledge. 2009

2 Steele, Fritz. *The Sense of Place.* Boston, Massachusetts. CBI Publishing Co. 1981

3 Raban, Jonathan. *Bad Land: An American Romance.* New York, New York. Pantheon Books. 1996

It is the raw silence I love to capture with my camera. Away from the populated cities and towns, the builings and the landscape sit silent. I feel kinship to Walker Evans, who lived amidst families during the great depression in rural America. Rural life is the relationship between humans and the land, a coexistence. When the families went to town Evans would photograph the spaces of the inhabitants daily lives. Much could be drawn about the lives of the people even with them absent.

The sites I visit have been vacant for some time, leaving nature to work its art of reclamation. Traces of those people and fragments of their former lives occupy the space. I often ask, why did they leave all this behind? Who were they? When I find these locations, they seem familiar and sometimes personal, there lingers the presence of the former inhabitants.

These structures and forms are seen as old and useless — a hazard, an eyesore, a sad reminder -- but if one looks closer, they can see that they are becoming something new. A beauty exists in the decay and ruinous state, a life found in the structures embodies history and knowledge. Buildings have seen things, the land has seen things, but they don't confess the knowledge openly. Truths are revealed slowly — not all at once.

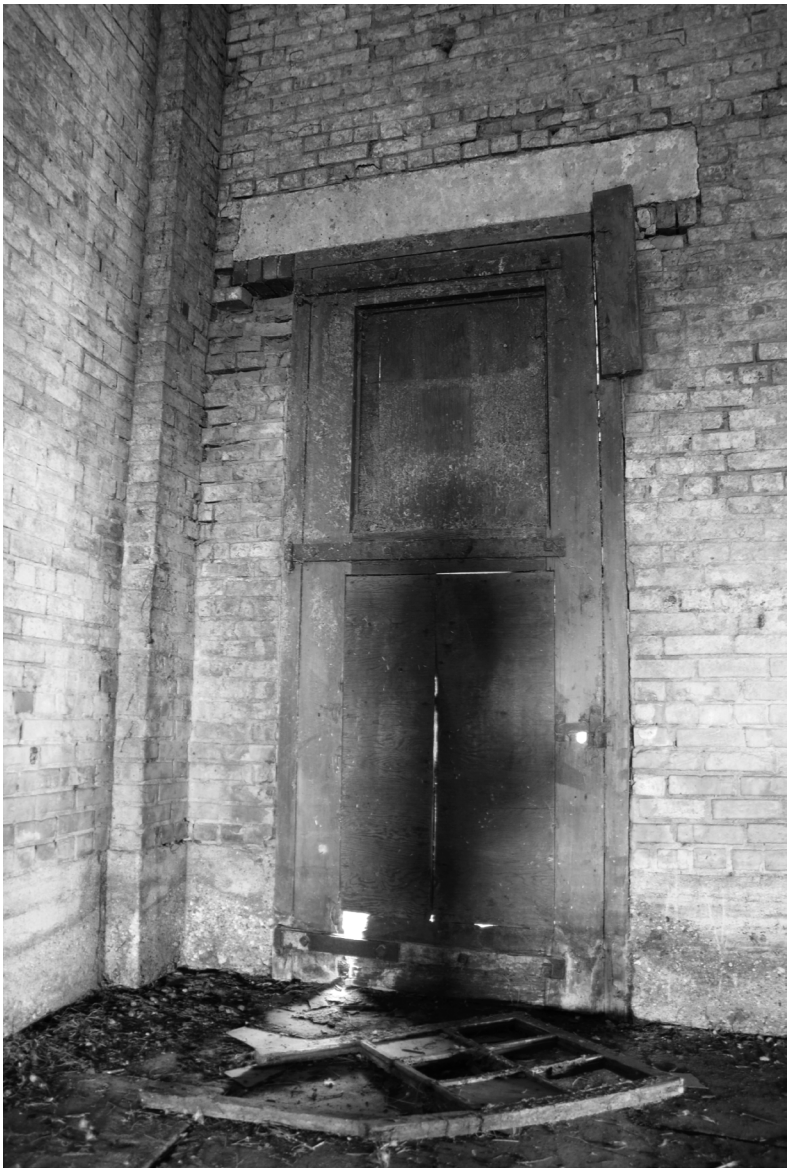
35. Work Bench 2016

36. Blacksmith Shed 2012

37. Midtown Motors, Eatonia,SK 2016

38. House, North of Highway 31 2012

39. Window and Reflection, Qu'Appelle Valley 2012



40. CNR Roundhouse, Shadow, Biggar,SK 2012

41. Shed 2012

42. Blacksmith Shed 2012

43. Caravan Shed 2013

44. Water Pumphouse 2010

45. Residue, Sodium Sulfate Factory, Fusilier, SK 2016

Stones take on the nature of those who bring them
home. Because life was heavy the stones
on your windowsills became dark and heavy,
more possessions every time you moved, junk
to block the light. You drove to the country in the middle
of the summer night and let them go. In the life
without stones your darkness was clumsy, your muscles
were idle, your eyes were blinded by the lack
of silhouettes. You want a life with weight.

You allow yourself one stone. When it sees
you coming it will be seen, heavy in its onlyness.

- Barbara Klar | Cypress

46. Standing Rock, 7km West of Hazlet,SK 2016

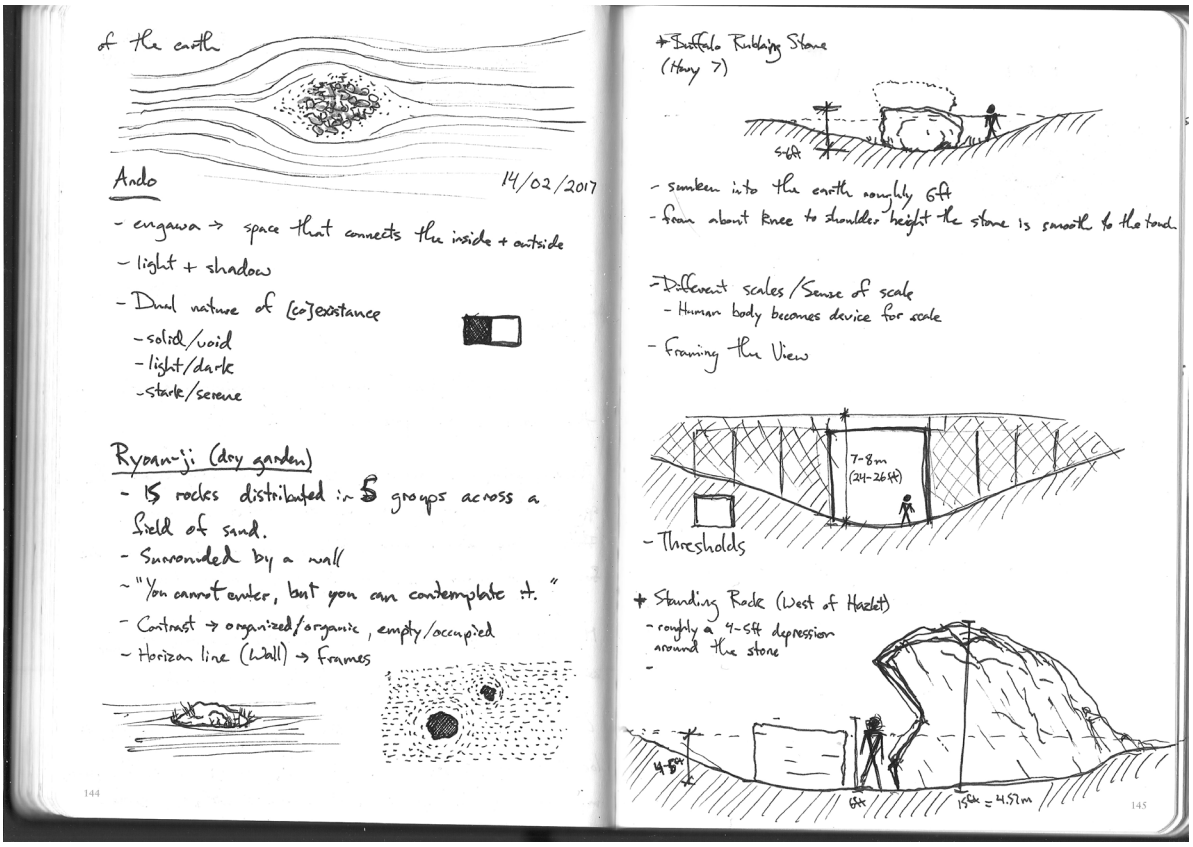


fig. 12 Measurements, Notes. Journal 2016

[23]

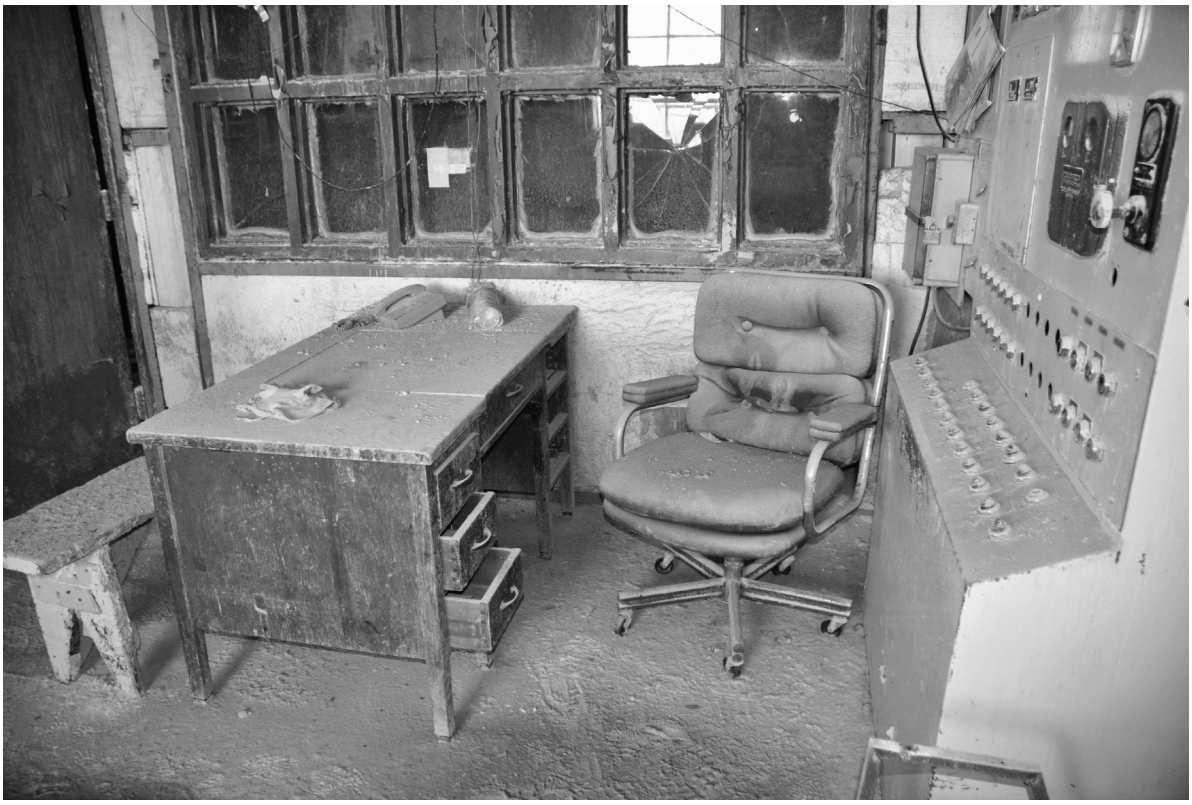
We measure ourselves against the land to situate ourselves in a place. It is hard to comprehend scale on the prairies as spatial signifiers are not always present.

There are common measurements we are familiar with, ones we interact with daily. Doors, windows, furniture, household items, etc. These are familiar, in proportion to our own bodies. . For the unfamiliar, it is human nature to project our imagination into architectonic forms on the landscape, to see shapes and elements where none exist. Nicolas Bourriard states that “there are no forms in nature, in a wild state, as it is our gaze that creates these, by cutting them out in the depth of the visible. Forms are developed, one from another.”[1]

> We are in constant exchange with our settings; simultaneously we internalize the setting and project our own bodies, or aspects of our bodily schemes, upon the setting. Memory and actuality, perception and dream, merge.
>
> - Juhani Palassmaa | Spatial Recall

1 Bourriaud, Nicolas. *Relational Aesthetics.* Dijon, France. Les presses du réel. 2002

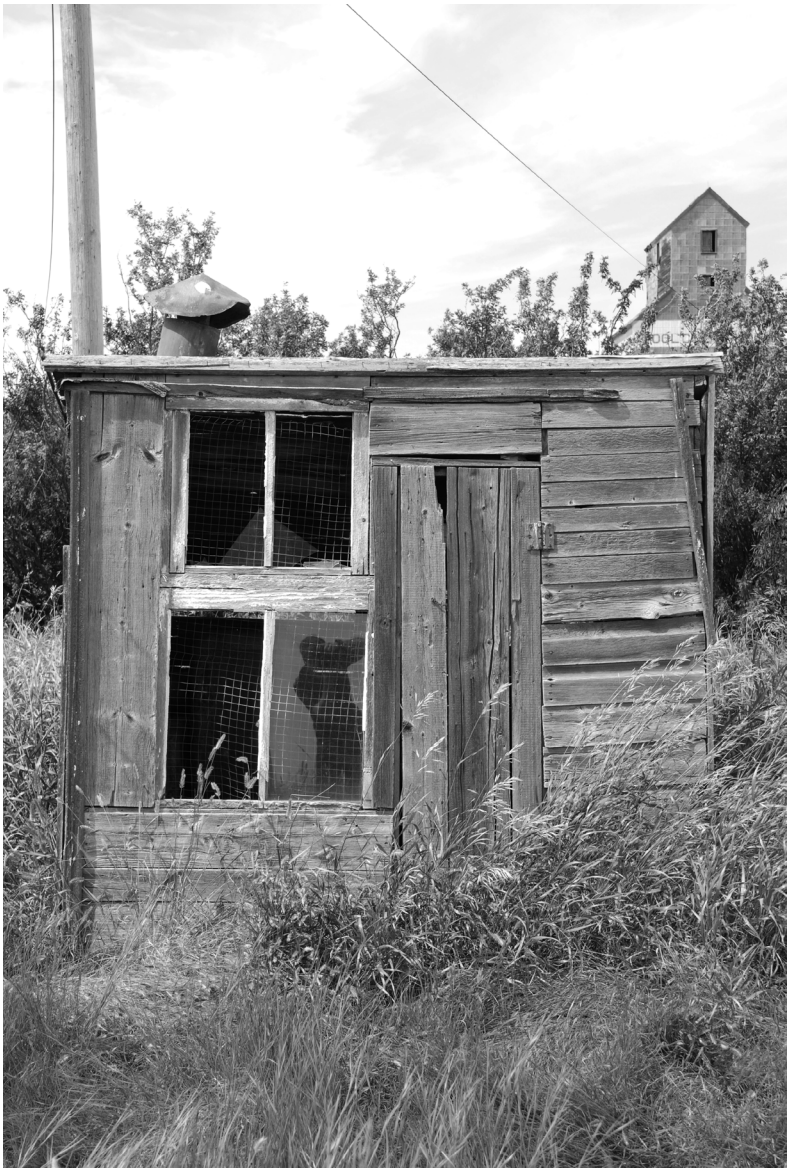
47. The Gap, Mystery Rocks, Cypress Hills 2016



48. Control Room, Ingebrigt Sodium Factory 2010

49. Family Room 2012

50. St. Donatus Church, Macklin,SK 2012



51. Chicken Coop, Fusilier, Sk 2012

[24]

The South Saskatchewan River runs West to East flowing from southern Alberta connecting with the Red Deer River and the North Saskatchewan River as it flows towards Hudson Bay. The Elbow is the location where the South Saskatchewan River takes a 90 degree change in direction from East to North. It is here where, for as long as oral history can tell, First Nations people gathered. The Elbow is at the geographical centre of traditional territories. North the River continues, South of the location is the beginning of the Qu'Appelle River Valley. Today Elbow is a resort community along Deifenbaker Lake, created by the building of the Gardiner Dam on the South Saskatchewan River and Qu'Appelle Dam in the upper Qu'Appelle Valley.

In the valley between both river systems lays the glacial erratic stone Mistasiniy, now submerged beneath the waters of the lake, it is a place maker for the Cree people.

> For us, even though it's underwater, the spirit of it is still there, the spirit of the buffalo child, the buffalo child that was brought up by buffalo, raised by buffalo, as a child that was lost on the Prairies a long time ago as a group of people travelled. He thought he was a buffalo. He didn't realize until he got bigger and he seen a reflection of himself as they were drinking water, that he looked a lot different than the buffalo. Using buffalo talk, he asked his father how come he looked so different. His father told him that he was actually a human being they had raised from the young, from being a young child, they raised him as a buffalo, they had found him and raised him as a buffalo.
>
> With that discontent he had, his father told him you're free to go if you want to look for your human being relatives, go ahead. That's what he did. He left and he journeyed out and he found people. He couldn't talk Plains Cree, though, so he had a hard time adapting to learning the language, but everybody spoke it so it didn't take him too long to learn Plains Cree. He wasn't very happy a lot of times, seeing all the buffalo hides and the buffalo meat. He'd never eat the buffalo, his brothers and sisters, his relatives.
>
> After a while, he did have a family with the people, he had children and offspring, but he decided to leave and join the buffalo again. That's when, later on, he turned into a buffalo, an actual buffalo. And he turned after that into a stone of the sitting buffalo, and that's the stone that was there.
>
> That's a sacred story of the Cree. It goes a long time into the past.
>
> - Barry Ahenakew | Interview with the Star-Phoenix

Henry Youle Hind's measurements of Mistansiniy ~1858

79 feet (24 metres)
- circumference at three feet above ground

46 feet (14 metres)
- measurement from one side over the top at the highest point to the other side

Estimated weight - 400 tons

Mistasiniy was destroyed in the 1960's during the dam's construction. The government land agency, using dynamite, fractured the boulder into many smaller pieces. A piece was taken to the grave of Poundmaker, an important First Nations leader. Another piece remains as a monument near Elbow, with a stone cairn and plaque stating its significance as a cultural gathering place.

[25]

To the East of Elbow near the head of the Qu'Appelle Valley are a stretch of sand dunes. At this time of year, in the dead of winter, when I visited they were completely hidden beneath the snow.

On another road trip I visited a location called the Great Sand Hills which are about six times the size in area compared to the sand dunes East of Elbow. The arid ecosystem contained only trails, free roaming cattle and the evidence of very few people moving through the landscape. The sand hills are considered
active, they shift, constantly in motion, and never the same year-to-year.

> We made a long halt, and then travelled up the valley till we came to the Sandy Hills, the first of which we ascended. These hills, covering a considerable tract, are about 200 feet high, and are entirely composed of sand as fine as that of the seashores. Near them the grass grows short and scantily, much as on some of the "links" along the Scottish coast. The Crees fancy that the souls of good men enter into a paradise concealed amidst these arid ranges, while the souls of the bad have to pass over an exceedingly narrow bridge, whence they fall into pits of despair and utter wretchedness.
>
> - James Carnegie (9th Earl of Southesk)
> | Saskatchewan and the Rocky Mountains

52. Qu'Appelle River Valley looking South 2012

[26]

A human voice is said to call to travellers who traverse the slow moving waterway of the Qu'Appelle River. Cree oral history tells of a warrior hearing the voice of his loved one calling to him. He called out to the voice in his native tongue 'Ka-teptwet', which means, "who calls" and in French 'qui appelle'. The spirit of the valley calls out but does not answer back. A voice in the wind, a voice in the valley, now embodied in the place.

So the long days went slowly drifting past;
It seemed that half my life must intervene
Before the morrow, when I said at last--
"One more day's journey and I win my queen!"
I rested then, and, drifting, dreamed the more
Of all the happiness I was to claim,--
When suddenly from out the shadowed shore,
I heard a voice speak tenderly my name.

"Who calls?" I answered; no reply; and long
I stilled my paddle blade and listened. Then
Above the night wind's melancholy song
I heard distinctly that strange voice again--
A woman's voice, that through the twilight came
Like to a soul unborn--a song unsung.

I leaned and listened--yes, she spoke my name,
And then I answered in the quaint French tongue,
"Qu'Appelle? Qu'Appelle?" No answer, and the night
Seemed stiller for the sound, till round me fell
The far-off echoes from the far-off height--
"Qu'Appelle?" my voice came back, "Qu'Appelle? Qu'Appelle?"
This--and no more; I called aloud until
I shuddered as the gloom of night increased,
And, like a pallid spectre wan and chill,
The moon arose in silence in the east.

-Emily Pauline Johnson (Tekahionwake)
| Legend of the Qu'Appelle Valley

The Qu'Appelle River runs West-East from the Elbow of the South Saskatchewan to the Assiniboine, connecting onto the Red at The Forks in the heart of Winnipeg. The valley acted as a route of travel, shelter, and sustenance for the Indigenous people and for early Europeans navigating the region. Palliser, Hind, and Carnegie all moved through this valley as they headed west.

It now exists off the beaten path, quiet and secluded from travellers. As I drive from one side to the other, brush and treed slopes creep down to the flood plain below. The river snakes like a silent and slow moving creature, no heavy currents or rushing rapids. Old homes dot the hillsides and stand firm along the valley ridge. Some just shells of their former selves now, hollow eyes and mouths you can see right through, like a skull in the desert. Some are in better condition, still housing remnants of former tenants, a time capsule closed off, with the world changing around it.

I open a drawer, inside clothing still folded. Dust covered photographs sit on the dresser. Portions of plaster lie sprinkled about the bedroom, covering the neatly-made bed, dresser, clothing rack, and steamer trunk. Inside the trunk, folds of old fabric and bundles of dress patterns lie tucked together. There is a stale stillness in the air. I can smell it through my mask. Upstairs, light penetrates the bedrooms through holes in the ceiling. Curtains blow gently as a breeze slips through the broken bedroom windows. In the dining room, boxes are stacked shoulder high, slumping against each other, full of belongings. Wedding figurines sit behind glass in the china cabinet, the fine cutlery sits below. I catch my reflection in a mirror on the wall. Who last saw themselves in that mirror? I slip back out the window, jump back in the truck, and watch the two storey wood house disappear behind me as I descend down into the valley.

16.08.2012 | Personal Journal

To think of time—of all that retrospection,
To think of to-day, and the ages continued henceforward.
Have you guess'd you yourself would not continue?
Have you dreaded these earth-beetles?
Have you fear'd the future would be nothing to you?
Is to-day nothing? is the beginningless past nothing?
If the future is nothing they are just as surely nothing.
To think that the sun rose in the east—that men and women were flexible, real, alive—that every thing was alive,
To think that you and I did not see, feel, think, nor bear our part,
To think that we are now here and bear our part.

- Walt Whitman | Leaves of Grass

53. Monarch Garage, Loverna,SK 2012

54. Family Room, House off Highway 13 2016

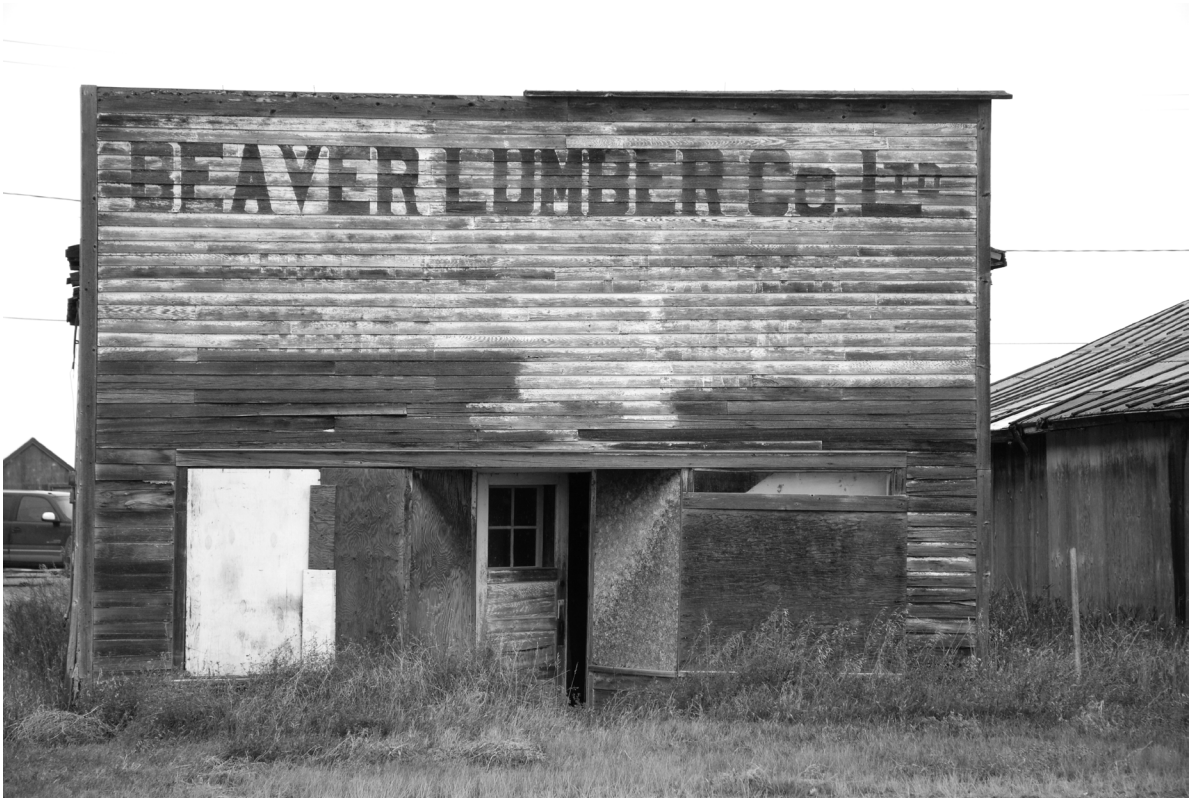
55. Water Room, Cannington Manor, Moose Mountain 2010

56. Storefront, Smiley, Sk 2016

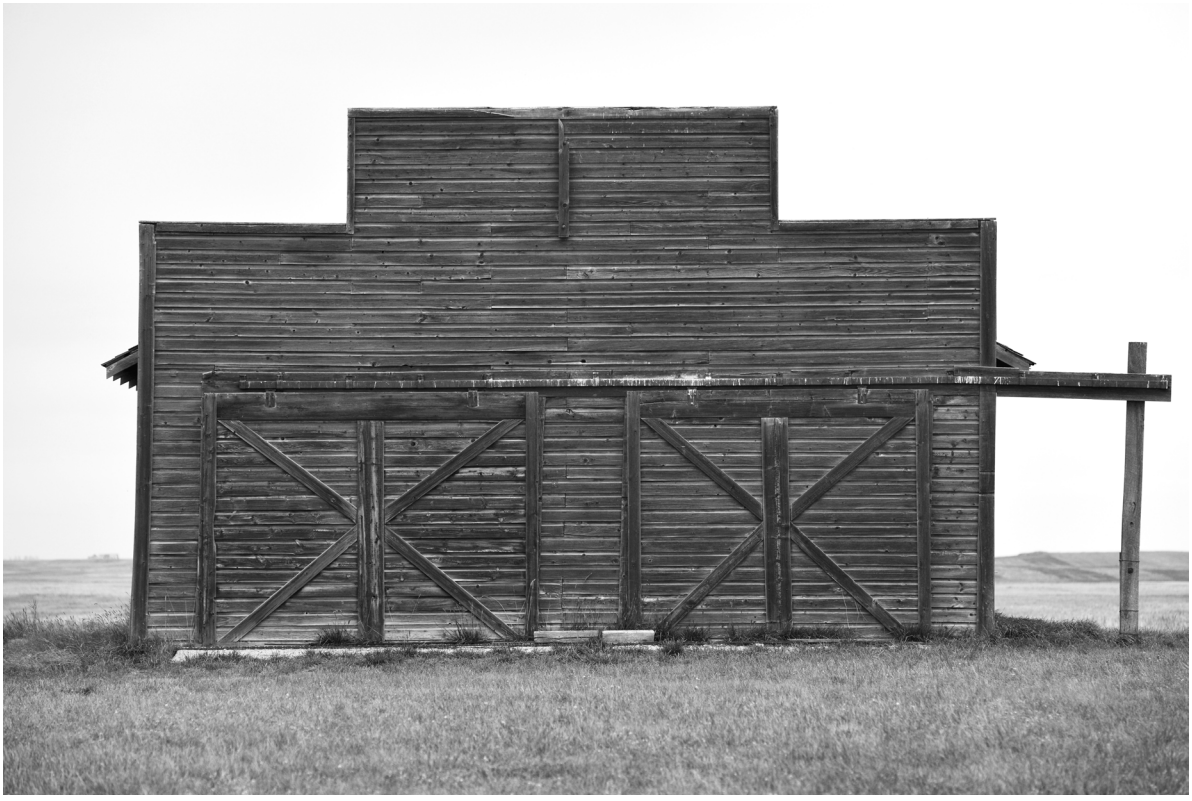
57. Storefront #1, Robsart,SK 2016

58. Ingebrigt Sodium Sulfate Factory 2010

59. Village Plan, Robsart,SK 2010



60. Storefront #2, Robsart,SK 2016



61. Farm Garage 2016

62. Kitchen Window, Robsart,SK 2016

63. Outhouse 2012

64. Standing Rock, Glacial Erratic, 7km West of Hazlet,SK 2016

Passing stranger! you do not know how longingly I look upon you,
You must be he I was seeking, or she I was seeking, (it comes to me
as of a dream,)
I have somewhere surely lived a life of joy with you,
All is recall'd as we flit by each other, fluid, affectionate,
chaste, matured,
You grew up with me, were a boy with me or a girl with me,
I ate with you and slept with you, your body has become not yours
only nor left my body mine only,
You give me the pleasure of your eyes, face, flesh, as we pass, you
take of my beard, breast, hands, in return,
I am not to speak to you, I am to think of you when I sit alone or
wake at night alone,
I am to wait, I do not doubt I am to meet you again,
I am to see to it that I do not lose you.

- Walt Whitman | Leaves of Grass

65. Bedroom Window, House North of Rocanville,SK 2010

66. CNR Roundhouse, Service Bays, Biggar,SK 2010

67. Grain Elevator, Evesham,SK 2012

68. School off Highway 332 2016

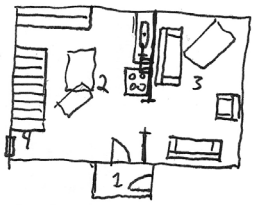
69. House 2013

August 19, 2010

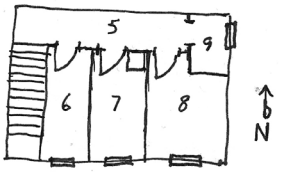
• Day 2

- Headed north from Moosomin towards Rocanville, stopped on the way between both towns at an old barn with a stone foundation.
- Then visited the Rocanville Potash Mine (PCS), took photos from the outside.
- Just north from the mine site on the north side of the valley is an old two floor home. Was full of old junk. around the yard were a couple old cars (in great shape) and other farm equipment.
- We then travelled west along the dirt roads towards the town of Whitewood and came across an old farm site.
- The house was is a smaller two-floor, wood-frame home
- Wood House #1

+ First Floor



+ Second Floor



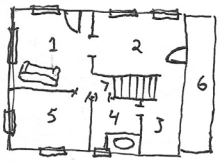
1- Front Entrance
2- Kitchen
3- Living Room
4- Stairs
5- Upstairs Hallway
6- Bedroom #1
7- Bedroom #2
8- Bedroom #3
9- Bathroom

- Windows ~~boarded~~ boarded up except for stairs window + bathroom
- Wallpaper and plaster walls with wood slats.
- junk all around kitchen and living room, bedrooms empty.
- Behind the house down the hill is an old wood barn with a stone foundation. beside barn is a large old windmill.

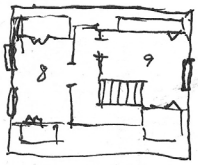
House #4

- located on beside the old train line leading south-west of from Esilier.
- newer two floor midsized home
- Farmstead with shacks and old stone foundation for barn

+ first floor



+ Second floor



1- Living Room
2- Kitchen
3- Room #1
4- Bathroom
5- Room #2
6- Porch (cement)
7- Access to basement
8- Bedroom
9- Bedroom (childs)

- All windows still had original glass on them, except for bathroom window. All boarded up except bathroom
- found in kitchen were boxes of old christmas + bday cards on an old table
- Old couch in living room
- upstairs there were boxes in one room.
- In childs room wallpaper still on walls, images pinned on walls of cars, books lay about on the ground, school note-books, boxes of sawed-off gun butts, pipes, old wooden apple boxes
-

fig. 13 House #1, Plans, Notes. Journal 2010 (left)
fig. 14 House #2, Plans, Notes. Journal 2010 (right)

[27]

In addition to being memory devices, landscapes and buildings are also amplifiers of emotions; they reinforce sensations of belonging or alienation, invitation or rejection, tranquility or despair. A landscape or work of architecture cannot, however, create feelings. Through their authority and aura, they evoke and strengthen our own emotions and project them back to us as if these feelins if ours had an external source.

- Juhani Pallasmaa | Spatial Recall

With Doors flung open, windows broken, and the roof dissolving away, the age of the materials show with no one there to maintain them. Random mechanical equipment and tools still sit in the old garage, collecting rust. Behind the house stand the old outhouse and two metal “T” posts that once held laundry to dry on a line between them. The house is a small two storey structure. I pushed the front door open and went in. An old tube tv, couches and papers strewn about in the living room space. Wallpaper peeling and a barn swallow had a nest made along the ceiling/wall edge. The kitchen ceiling was sagging down, jars and condiments sitting on the countertop. When I went to the adjacent bedroom area I only got to the doorway, because of the condition of the floor and ceiling. Both were heavily damaged and structurally unstable.

03.10.2016 | Personal Journal

70. Attic, House off Highway 643 2013

71. Bedroom, House, Qu'Appelle Valley 2012

72. Community Hall, Fusilier,SK 2012

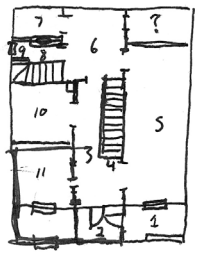
73. Front Room, House #1, Cannington Manor 2010

- We then travelled to Whitewood and headed south until we reached Carlyle. Drove to the next town over, Arcola, There are a few old brick and stone buildings there.
- Just north of Arcola is where we found some houses that were part of the Canington Manor Estates. We also found an old two room brick school house. These buildings are found running east to west along the bottom of Moose Mountain ridge line.

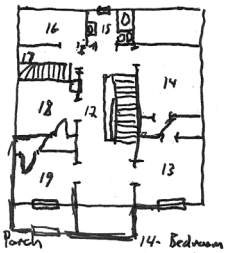
• Canington Manor

— House # 1 - (Brick) 1908

+ First Floor



+ Second Floor



N

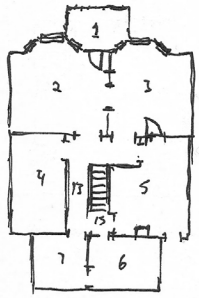
+ Attic

1- Front Porch
2- Front Entrance
3- Hallway
4- Stairs Access to 2nd Floor
5- Dining Room
6- Kitchen
7-
8- Sink Room
9- Stair Access to 2nd Floor
10- Room #1
11- Living Room
12- Upstairs Hallway
13- Bedroom #1
14- Bedroom #2
15- Bathroom
16- Bedroom #3
17- Access to Attic
18- Bedroom #4
19- Bedroom #5
20- Attic Access
21- ladder Access to Roof

House #2

- South of Eusilier
- Tree line surrounding property
- Situated on high land, visible from a distance away
- Large two floor home with pitched roof, large attic space

+ First Floor + Second Floor



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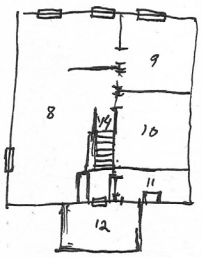


1- Front Porch
2- Front Room #1
3- Front Room #2 (Dining Room)
4- Room/Office
5- Kitchen
6- Back Room/Storage
7- Back Porch
8-
9- Bedroom
10- Bedroom
11-
12- Back Balcony
13- Hallway
14- Access stairs to Attic
15- Access stairs to Basement

- stairs to second floor were gone, make-shift ladder existed
- plastered walls
- old iron stove sitting on front porch
- Wood structure with concrete/stone foundation
  - wood siding + shingles
  - interior is wood slats covered in plaster for the walls + ceiling
- second floor ceiling and attic is completely gone.

fig. 15 House #1 Cannington, Plan, Notes. Journal 2010 (left)
fig. 16 House #2, Plans, Notes. Journal 2010 (right)

[28]

A building's construction and it's ruination are closely related. People are fascinated by the flurry of activity that goes on while construction happens: the internal elements of a building are slowly assembled before they are hidden behind walls forever. In some cases this is not forever. The same fascination occurs when I building falls into disrepair, as hidden parts slowly reveal themselves.

In Robsart, the main street leading through town to the centre is lined with homes, some with white picket fences, all in decent condition. It is obvious there are a few residents living in town. I was waiting for them to come ask me what I was doing, but no one did. I walked up and down the streets photographing, snooping around most of the buildings. The rail line still runs through town but the elevator is gone. The town has an eerie feeling to it. Most of the buildings are still in such good condition and that there are so many of them, and no one lives in them. It's in the little details, wallpaper, curtains, and everyday items like furniture. It looks like whoever owns these buildings now is using some for storage, but one I found looks as if the front porch had been converted into a chicken coop. Grass is mowed and trees trimmed, but junk cars sit in yards and buildings sit silent. There are 15 houses, three commercial buildings, a garage, a hardware store, town hall/post office, community centre and an old hospital.

30.09.2016 | Personal Journal

74. Service Station, Smiley,SK 2016

75. CBK CBC Station, Watrous,SK 2012

76. Swift Creek School, South of Moose Mountain 2010

[29]

Buildings are storage houses and museums of time in silence. Architectural structures have the capacity of transforming, speeding up, slowing down, and halting time. They can also create and protect silence… architecture has to preserve the memory of the world of silence and to protect the existing fragments of this fundamental ontological state.

- Juhani Pallasmaa | Spatial: Recall

Following the southern ridge of Moose Mountain are a series of large old stone homes and barns. Victorian in design and built with great detail, they speak to the wealth and ambition of those who tried to settle there. The area became known as the Cannington Manor, set up for English ex-pats to continue English country living on the Western prairies. Fox hunts, horse races, and country balls were held within the coummunity. After twenty years, most who settled there had left. Today a stretch of stone ruins remain, remnants of an attempted supplanted lifestyle.

77. Harvested Field 2012

78. Beehives in a Field 2016

79. Grain Bins in a Field 2016

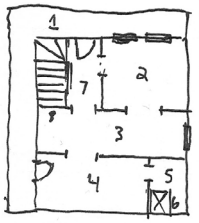
80. Work Shed 2013

81. Barn Weights 2012

House #3

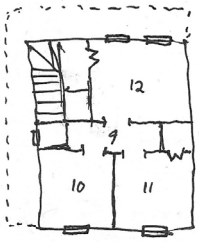
- South of Ensilier
- Mid-sized two floor home with veranda wrapping around front and right side
-

+ First Floor



N

+ Second Floor



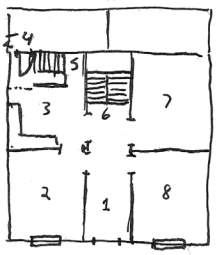
1 - Veranda
2 - Front Room
3 - Dining Room
4 - Kitchen
5 - Storage/Pantry/Bathroom?
6 - Access to basement/cooler
7 - Front Hallway
8 - Staircase to basement
9 - Upstairs Hallway
10 - Bedroom #1
11 - Bedroom #2
12 - Master Bedroom

- Many old books, catalogues, readers digests found scattered throughout the house.
- nothing remaining in the attic
- In the basement one wall ~~was~~ caved in. there are many old jars + bottles. Old boxes with cards and random papers.
- Woodframe design with concrete/stone foundation
- Plastered

- Seemed to be a complete stone exterior with woodframe interior. Old brick chimney as well.

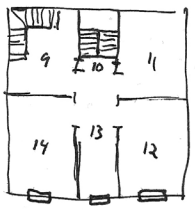
- House #

+ First Floor



N

+ Second Floor



1 - Front Enterance
2 - Dining Room
3 - Kitchen
4 - Back Enterance
5 - Kitchen Access to Upstairs
6 - Main Staircase
7 - Room #1
8 - Living Room
9 - Room #2
10 - Staircase to Attic
11 - Bedroom #1
12 - Bedroom #2
13 - Hallway
14 - Bedroom #3

- No farm yard or other buildings surrounded the property
- One small dirt road leads into the yard from the grid road.

fig. 17 House #3, Plans, Notes. Journal 2010 (left)
fig. 18 House #2 Cannington, Plans, Notes. Journal 2010 (right)

[30]

Anxiety is an innate human condition. It is Sigmund Freud's, "expectant fear", the possibilities of loss. He explains that our first encounter with this feeling is linked to childhood, separation from the mother, the "anxiety of abandonment." Humankind are builders, creating beautiful structures and spaces, but we also know we can destroy. As individuals, our own bodies are doomed to decay.

The medical phenomena of phantom pains are often described by individuals who have had a leg or arm amputated. The physical loss of a limb is evident, but the mind still remembers a life with that part of the body. People with missing appendages often describe sensations or being able to feel the missing part, even though it is not there. The sensation is usually a painful one and can cause great discomfort.

It is a familiar term to call abandoned and ruined buildings haunted or ghost towns. This is attributed to a presence felt in and around those places. Something about them seems incomplete, missing, but somehow still there, creating an uneasy feeling.

82. Bedroom, House #3, Qu'Appelle Valley 2010

83. Bedroom, House off Highway 601 2012

84. Staircase, House #3, Qu'Appelle Valley 2010

85. Staircase, House #1, Cannington Manor 2010

86. Living Room, House #5, Robsart,SK 2016

87. Living Room, House #2, Robsart,SK 2010

88. Ravenscrag Butte, Frenchman RIver Valley 2016

[31]

The Red Coat Trail was the main trail used by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in the late 1800's when settlement began to move West. It runs from Fort Qu'Appelle in the east to Fort Walsh along Battle Creek. I would try and follow the road along the original trail route as best as I could. I followed the highway until the junction turned to the valley of the Frenchman River. From my map this looks to be the old road through the valley which becomes part of the Red Coat Trail heading further east. The open plane dipped down into a side coulee which feeds the valley, the road crested the ridge and proceeded down this way. Halfway down there was evidence of an old bridge crossing a creek, perhaps an old road way through the coulee. Five posts on each side, ten in total, hold up a platform above the creek, aged and weathered, the wood tilting, struggling to balance the weight above it.

Further down, the coulee opens up to expose the imposing structure of Ravenscrag Butte on the North side of the valley. The road following the curves of the river edge pulling and pushing me back and forth from the butte. As I drew closer the horizontal striations became more apparent, contrasted by the erosion marks from the rain and wind, giving it a soft conical shape. But my attention couldn't be fixed on the butte while driving. The roads were muddy in spots, causing me to fish-tail. I could sense the truck losing traction and there were no shoulders to go into if something went wrong, only the river on one side and a deep ditch on the other.

I stopped the truck a few times along the road so I could photograph and just observe without being in motion.

When I open the door the cold wet air is blunt but fresh. I
don' t leave the truck completely, instead I stand on the mud covered foot-step just below the door, so that I don't step in deeper mud on the road. The lesser of two evils. Standing there I take photos, watch, and listen: the wind, light rain, the moving water of the river. Above, clouds are dark and heavy, hanging low in the sky, coming from all horizons.

I continued down the gravel road, towards the town of Eastend. As I passed the former town site of Whitemud the road got worse, begging for my full attention. It was one of the most stressful drives I've had, up and down, cutting through hillsides.

03.10.2016 | Personal Journal

The world is old – so old, that , in the night
The plaintive, pre-historic murmurings
Awaken me, and in a bruised moon's light,
Empty of sleep and full of thought I see
Star beyond star – clear to Eternity.

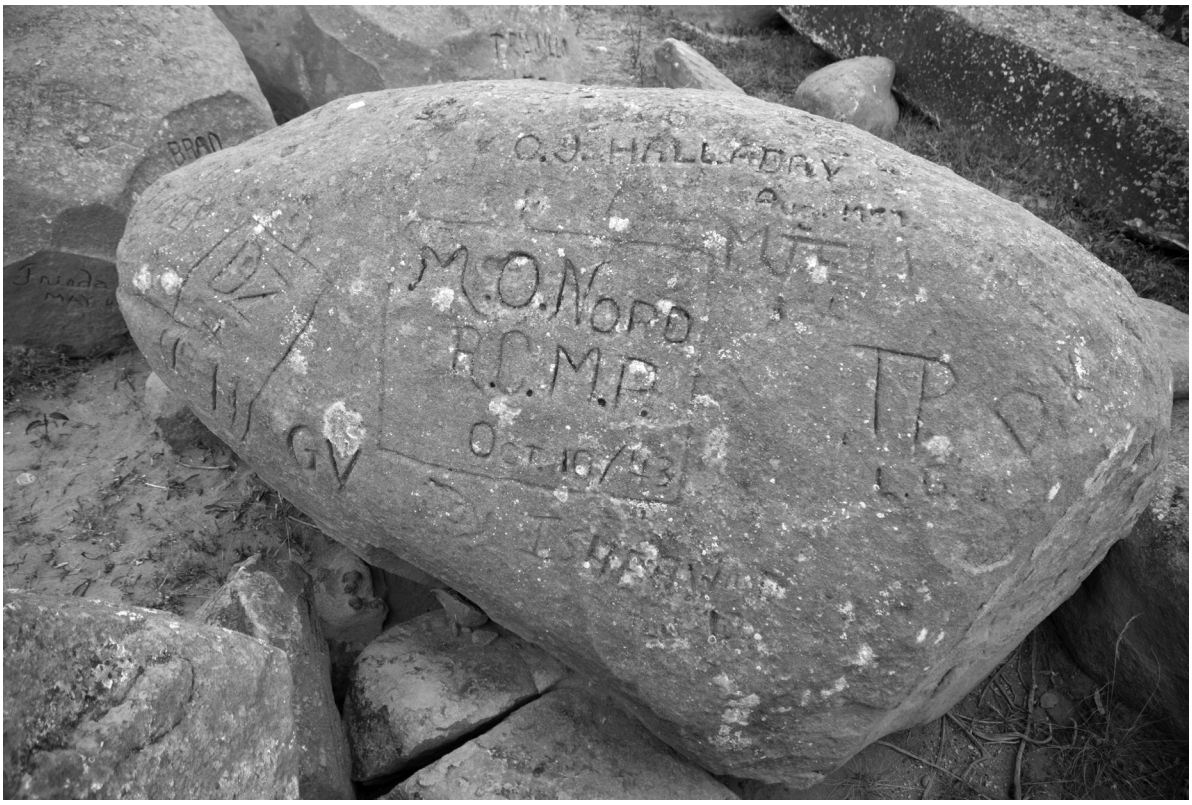
The world is old – the sedimentary rocks
Reveal the secrets of a long lost age,
And learned men leaf through mighty mounds of
Earth,
Turning it as a student turns a page –
Reading, revising, checking, stage by stage.

The world is old – but other galaxies
Swimming behind the virgin mists of Time
Are older still. Peopled, perhaps, like ours,
With painted mountains we can never climb…
And amateur geologists who delve
In old stone quarries – and who write in rhyme!

- Andrew Graham | Saskatchewan Poetry Book 25

89. Buffalo Rubbing Stone. Highway 7 2016

90. Names #5, Mystery Rocks 2016



91. Names #8, Mystery Rocks 2016

[32]

The Mystery Rocks, located on private land in the Cypress Hills region, have hundreds of names and dates carved into the soft sandstone boulders overlooking the Battle Creek valley, a natural path between the East and West hill ranges. On the stones, words are written by people marking the land to say ‘I was here’. A place where no one lives, but passes through.

All I could see was a faint set of wheel tracks in the short grass leading away into the distance. I would climb a hill only to see blue sky in front, followed by a sharp dip over the edge to the other side. At one point I stopped near a cluster of boulders and rocks to get out and explore a bit. Small prairie flowers and sage grass grew amoungst rough soil. The large rocks were fractured and flaking apart with lichen and moss growing on them. It was like a spongy carpet to the touch. There was a slight breeze and the sun provided a bit of warmth.

Continuing on the path higher and higher until I reached the top of the ridge line. I’m not sure the elevation I am at but I can see way across the valley I had started from and into the far distance. And there below me on an outcrop plateau, maybe 100 metres away, are the Mystery Rocks I came to see.

As I got closer the stones were impressive, massive, and all different shapes. These were the ones closest to the ridge. Right away I noticed writing — names carved into the sides of the large stones. It was all a little overwhelming so I had to stop myself, put down my gear and just walk the site slowly. From up on the hill or in photos it is hard to judge the scale of these stones

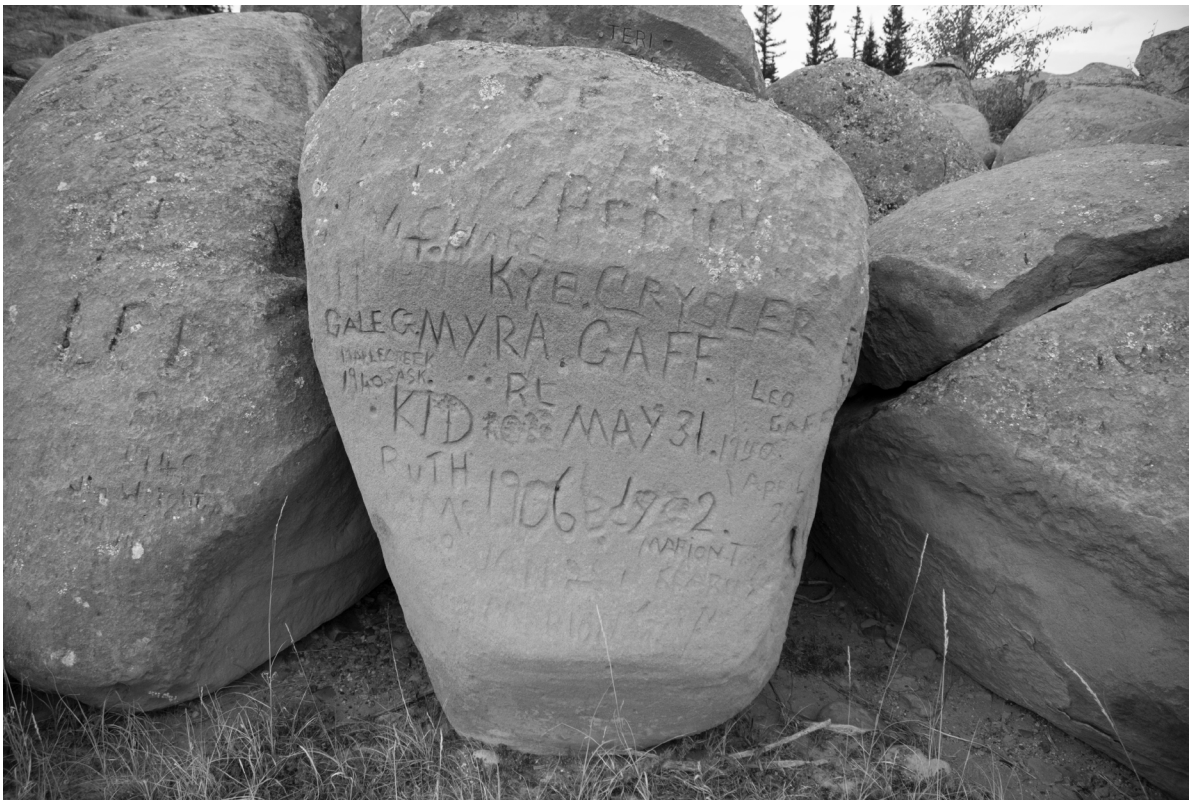
because of the landscape they are in. I also came to the site alone so I had no one to photograph in the space. I was in a state of awe. It was a calm feeling, but also humbling out amidst this formation, in this landscape, odd, but natural at the same time. It is hard to explain the feeling exactly. The stones showed weathering in a lot of places, being some sort of sandstone. They were soft to the touch and when rubbed would crumble off in places.

At one point I got the weirdest feeling. A sensation came bearing over me that someone or something was watching. I scanned the ridge-line above me, I looked at the tree line to the sides and below me, I could see nothing. But the feeling wouldn't go away.

[Note: Cypress Hills region of Saskatchewan has the largest population of cougars in the province. Which I knew before coming here but it hadn't really concerned me until this moment. As a precaution for the trip I had packed bear spray with me.]

Whether or not it was actually an animal or maybe something else causing me to feel this way, I felt a bit safer having the can of bear spray in one pocket and a knife in the other. I also turned my ball cap backwards, big predator cats like to stalk and attack from behind, maybe it would confuse one? Wishful thinking.

02.10.2016 | Personal Journal



92. Names #2, Mystery Rocks 2016

93. Names #9, Mystery Rocks 2016

94. Point of Interest, Highway 4 2016

[33]

Some messages are meant for a time and people, some meant to be universal. Some are just a marking — a sign. Writing informs a traveller of what is or once was, a mark to preserve memory. Spread out, and found by chance, along the roads on the prairies are “points of interest”. Stone cairns and plaques signifying a feature on the landscape of historical importance. It is the written word in the place that helps us see what was there.

At Standing Rock, near the town of Hazlet, two red pigmented hand prints exist on the large stone over 150 years after it had been placed there. We use the hand to touch, to hold, to shape and build, while interacting with our environment. The hand holds the tools that we make our mark with.

For the First Nations people oral history is a way of explaining the prairies, stories of people and their encounters with animals and the landscape. The knowledge of the place is embodied in the connection the people feel through the tradition of the oral history and words. Storytelling develops understanding of the world through words and also transmits history of a place. On occasion, oral history and images overlap as petroglyphs, landmarks to orient people in the landscape.

[34]

Not more than five minutes past Mantario another “point of interest” sign appeared on the road. This was the location of the cart trail I was looking for. Standing off the road in a field was a stone cairn and large plaque roughly marking the location of the “Battlefords-Red Deer Forks Trail”. The description on the plaque stated that “ruts molded in the earth” produced by carts and wagons could be seen nearby but I couldn’t see any. I even walked out into the field, through the grass, kicking through it, but I couldn’t see or feel any depressions in the soil beneath my feet. I was disappointed. Had this been natural grasslands/pasture around the site, I’m sure it would have been visible, but with the planting of crops and the tilling off the field, the original trail would have been lost.

01.10.2016 | Personal Journal

In Percy Shelley’s poem ‘Ozymadias’ a traveller speaks of the remains of an ancient statue — a ruin of once great works — nothing now remains but the inscription at the base of that statue. ‘My name is Ozymandias, king of kings: look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!’ Words are all that remain.

Loverna is an interesting village, laid out in a grid pattern. The streets are evident but most buildings are gone. Down each street are small plaques on posts, each stating the building that existed on that exact spot. Multiple names marking mulitple programs on the site.

95. Point of Interest, Highway 44 2016

96. Signs #1, Loverna,SK 2016

97. Signs #4, Loverna,SK 2016

98. Mystery Rocks, Cypress Hills 2016

[35]

The Cypress Hills rise from the plain, like an island in a sea of grass. An untouched region spared from the glacial grind that smoothed the surface of the earth all around it. Not only does it contain over 7,000 years of human history it is also a geological and biological time capsule. The Hills still remain a land of mystery and allure for scientists, theorists, and writers.

The change in ecosystems is abrupt; cresting over a hill can reveal a new environment. From arid plane, to lush valleys, to pine forests, and striated rock exposure, the land contains a variety of landscapes.

I-kim-e-kooy (striped earth, earth over earth), Manatakaw (beautiful upland), Wazihe, les montagnes de Cypres. These are various names given to the region of the hills by different groups of First Nations people and the early Metis. Even though there are no cypress trees present, the term cypres is the French Canadian word for Jack Pine, the type of tree dominant in the area.

The waters that shed the North slopes flow into the South Saskatchewan River onto Hudson's Bay. The water shedding to the south flows into the Frenchman River crossing the US border into the Milk and Missouri River, finally into the Gulf of Mexico.

A swath of land, low and flat, splits the Cypress Hills region in two and is referred to as The Gap. This provided a natural route of travel for people and animals alike and a creek runs through this lower land that is known as Battle Creek. An incident that took place at the base of the hills in 1873 known as the Cypress Hills Massacre – where a confrontation took place between First Nations, Metis, American fur traders, bison hunters, wolfers and whisky traders over stolen horses. Roughly twenty-some people were killed but the exact retelling of the events is left open for debate. This incident influenced the future structuring of the region. The formation of the North-West Mounted Police and their presence to be established in the hills at their first Headquarters at Fort Walsh.

Battle Creek Road

is the road I haven't walked yet,

here, where it will happen again. History
repeats itself and the road that follows the creek
crosses it twice, timber bridges over deep green water
feeding the root of the hills and the starving

path to the shrine of the bison, end of the longest
winter. What is left to say about the massacre?
The dark white spruce gather in their walls,
fortress of grandmothers. Above the road

to Fort Walsh three weeks before the solstice
is a rose road, tea apple. In the centre of one rose
is a bee who burrowed to the centre of a head
tied to a lodgepole, the metal eagle flying

from the Winchester to Akitchita's heart. No one
knows what really happened but the owls
who were awakened by the shots and the maiden owls
screaming. What is left to say is the reason

I don't sleep here. The dead breathe the wind
and in the gas of the chambers
and in the jungles growing from the dust of Mayan
temples, the last exaltations raging:

Lost River.

- Barbara Klar | Cypress

My work is rooted in understanding the past human experience throughout the rural prairie landscape. As students of architecture I believe we are trained, and have an innate ability, to be greatly aware of the social, geographical, and spatial elements that ground our design and thoughts. It is important to look to the past for inspiration, so that we can understand what worked, learn from what did not, and create new solutions as people evolve and change the way they live. Architecture and built environments are greatly intertwined into the social lives of people every day. The past is part of the present, and follows into the future.

Juhani Pallasmaa states, "our true identities are not momentary as they have their historicity and continuity…Identity is not a given fact or a closed entity. It is an exchange; as I settle in a place, the place settles in me."[1]

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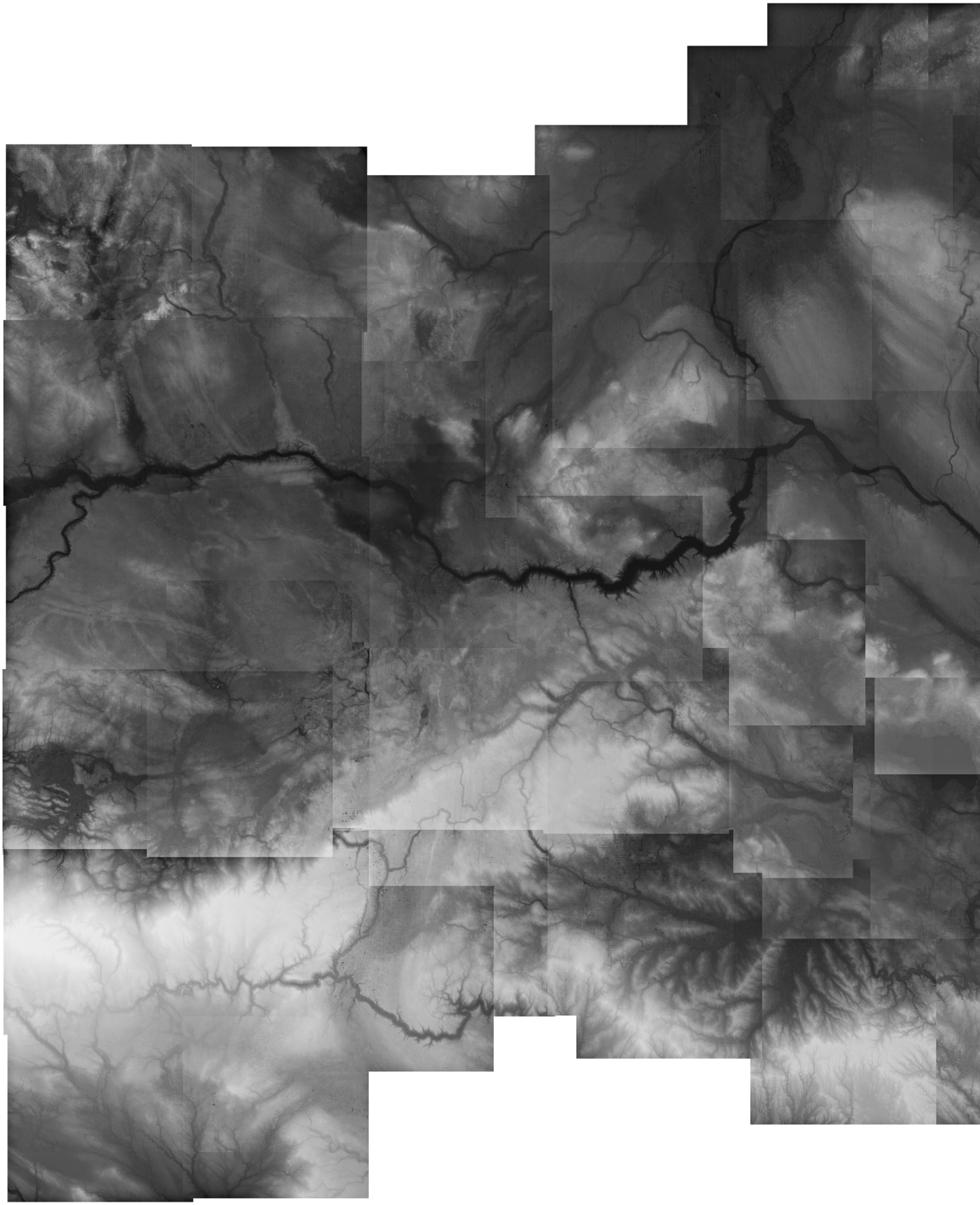
1 Pallasmaa, Juhani. *Space, Place and Atmosphere: Emotion and Peripheral Perception in Architectural Experience*. University of Helsinki, 2014

99. South Saskatchewan River, Looking South 2016

Desolate? Forbidding? There was never a country that in its good moments was more beautiful. Even in drouth or dust storm or blizzard it is the reverse of monotonous, once you have submitted to it with all your senses. You don't get out of the wind but learn to lean and squint against it. You don't escape the sky and sun, but wear them in your eyeballs and on your back. You become acutely aware of yourself. The world is very large, the sky even larger, and you are very small. But also the world is flat, empty, nearly abstract, and in its flatness you are a challenging upright thing, as sudden as an exclamation mark, as enigmatic as a question mark.

- Wallace Stegner | Wolf Willow

100. Storm, Highway 51 Looking North 2012



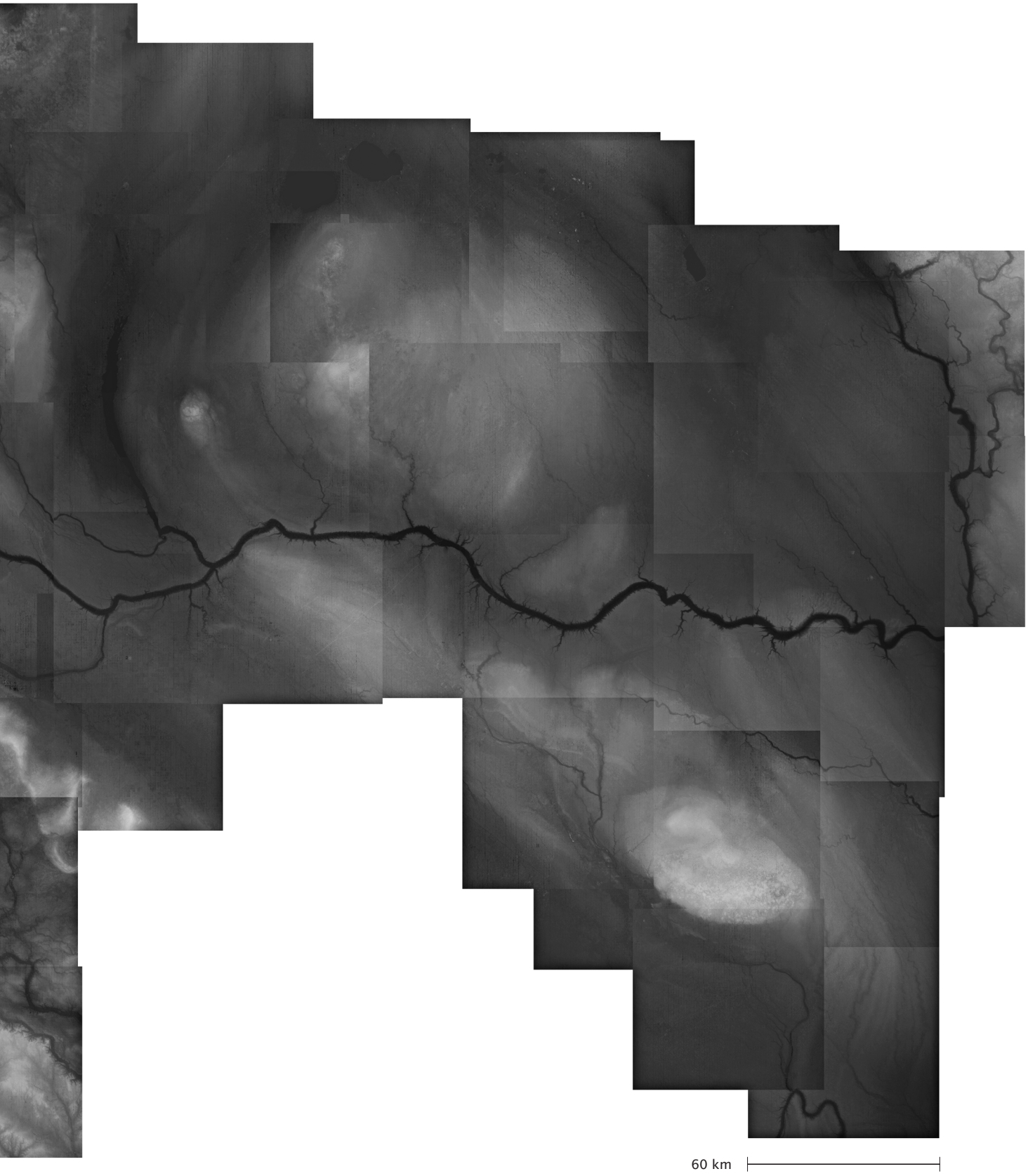
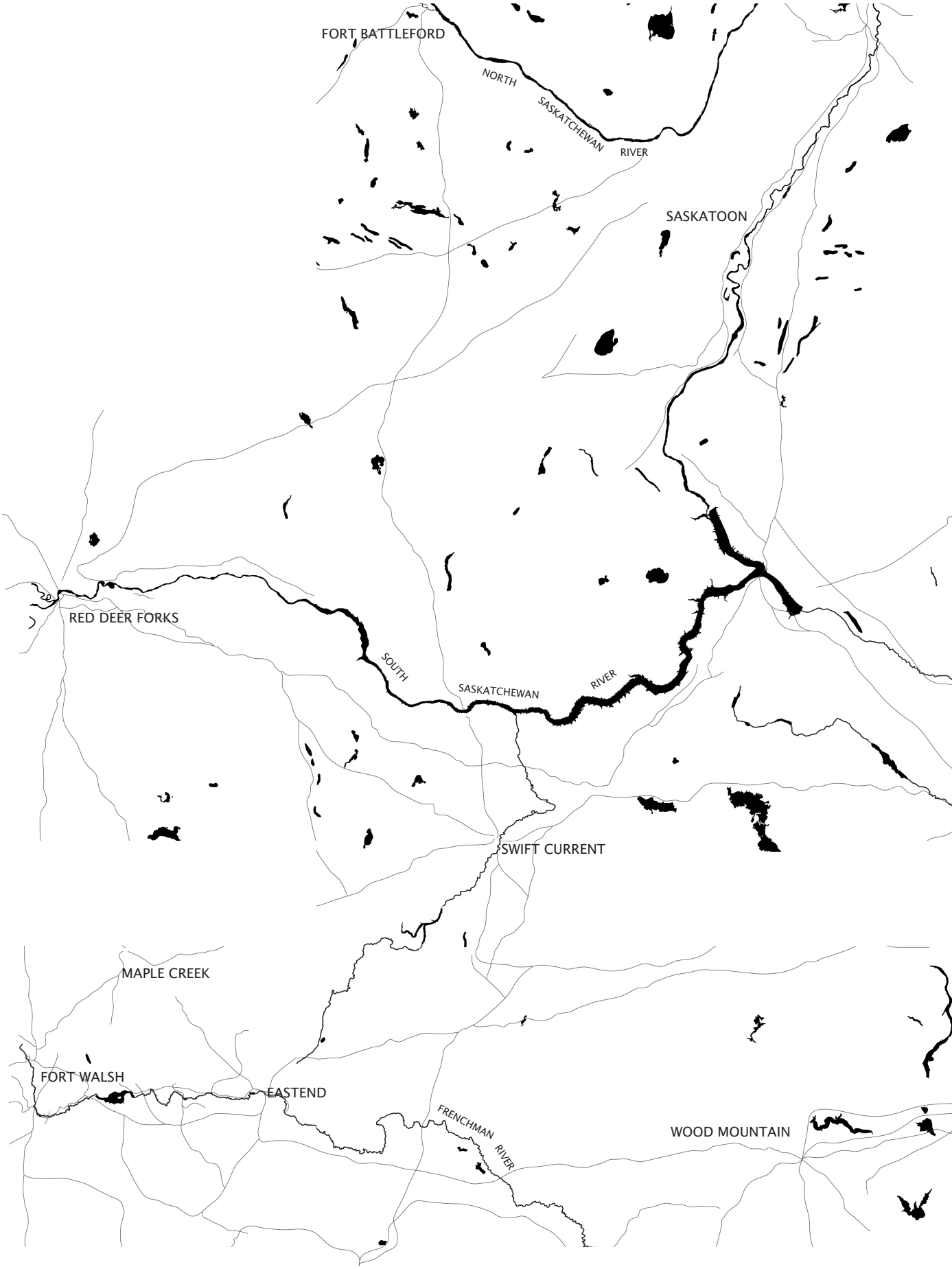


fig. 19 Travelled Territories. Topography


FORT BATTLEFORD
NORTH SASKATCHEWAN RIVER
SASKATOON
RED DEER FORKS
SOUTH SASKATCHEWAN RIVER
SWIFT CURRENT
MAPLE CREEK
FORT WALSH
EASTEND
FRENCHMAN RIVER
WOOD MOUNTAIN

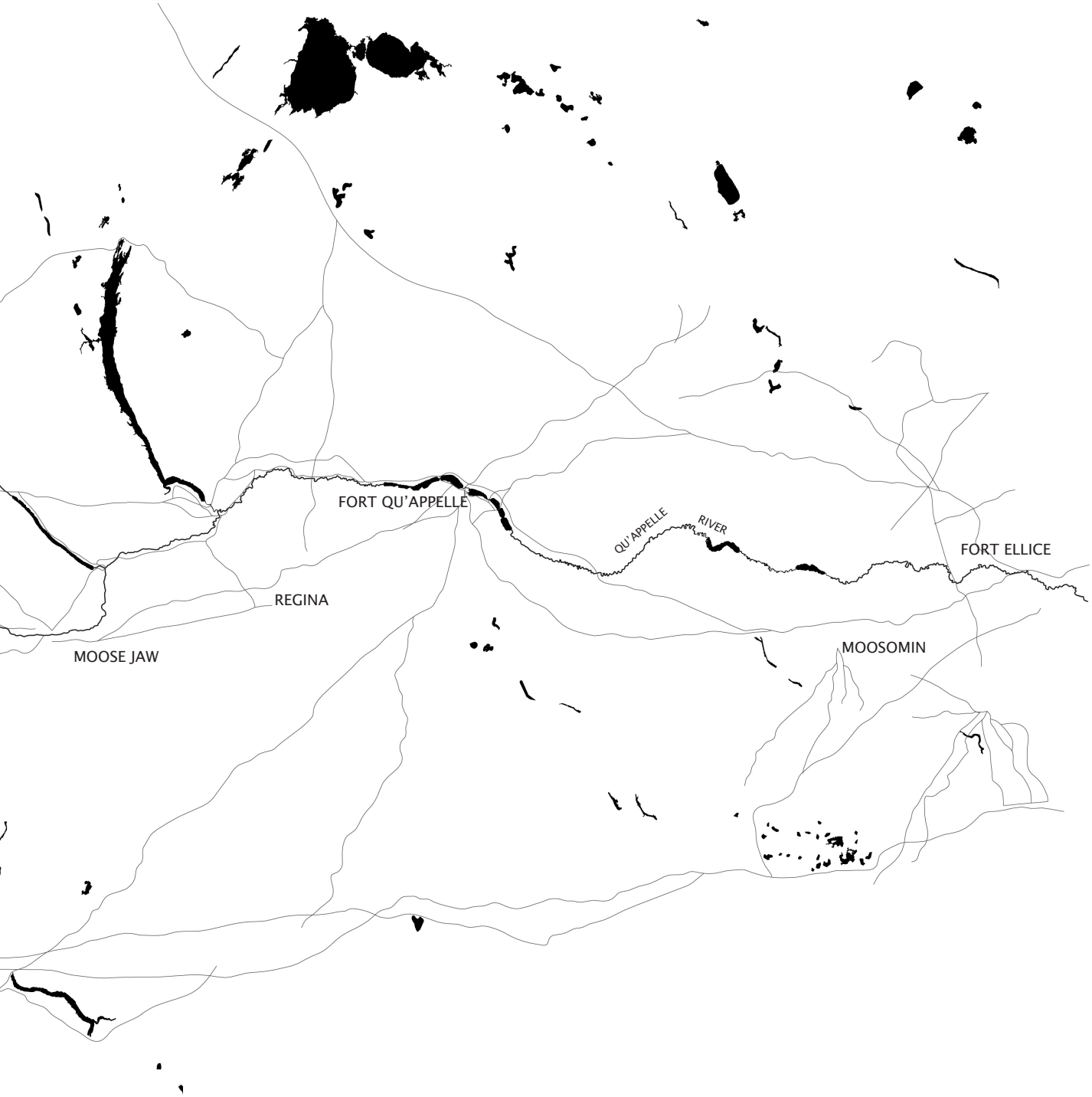
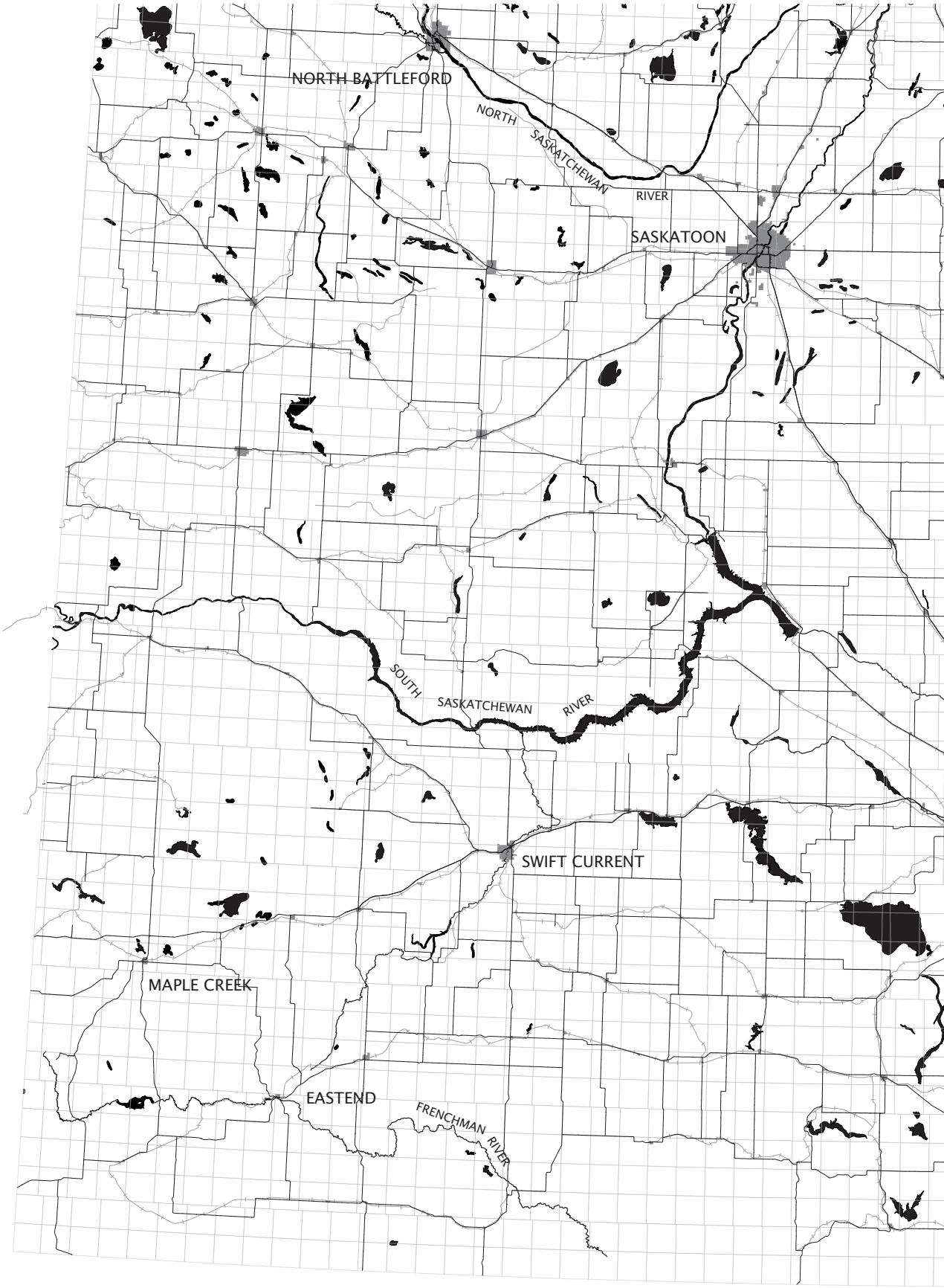


fig. 20 Trail Network. Pre-1900


NORTH BATTLEFORD
NORTH SASKATCHEWAN RIVER
SASKATOON
SOUTH SASKATCHEWAN RIVER
SWIFT CURRENT
MAPLE CREEK
EASTEND
FRENCHMAN RIVER

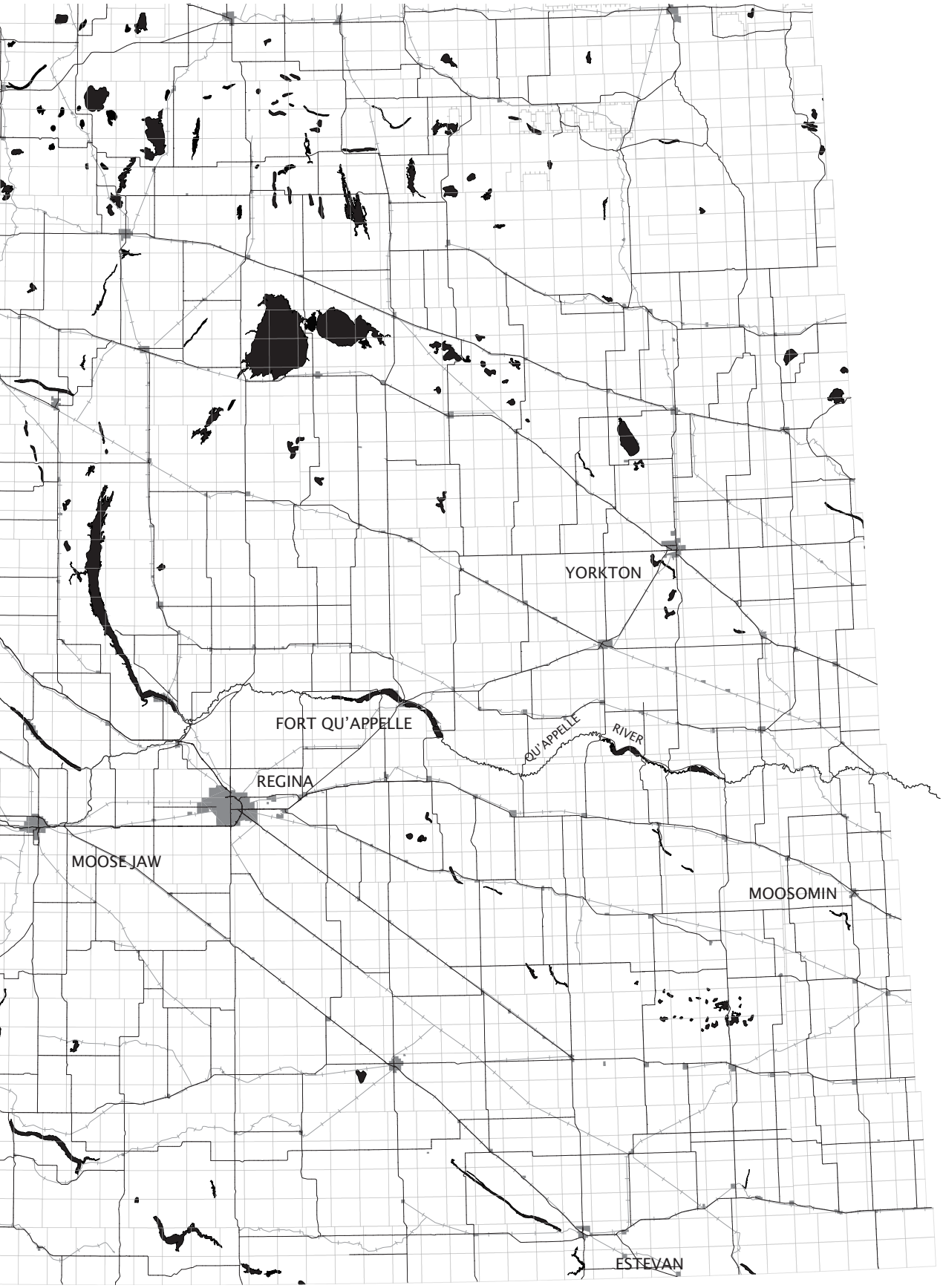


fig.21 Movement. Structured Space. Road, Rail, Grid 2016

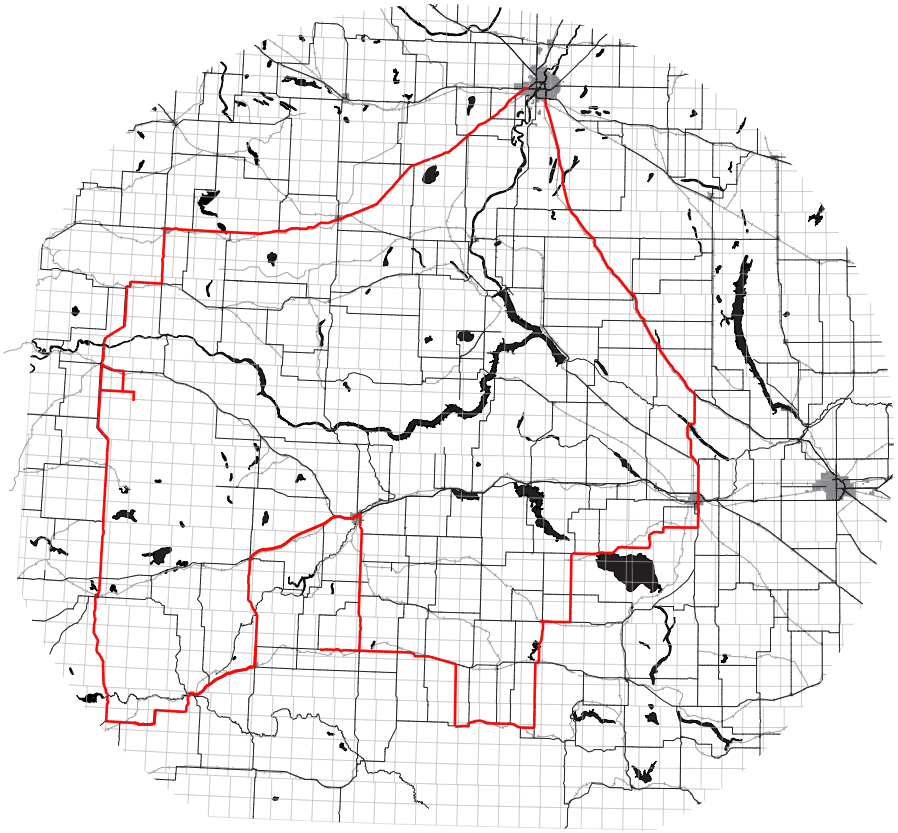


fig.22 Trip 01 2010

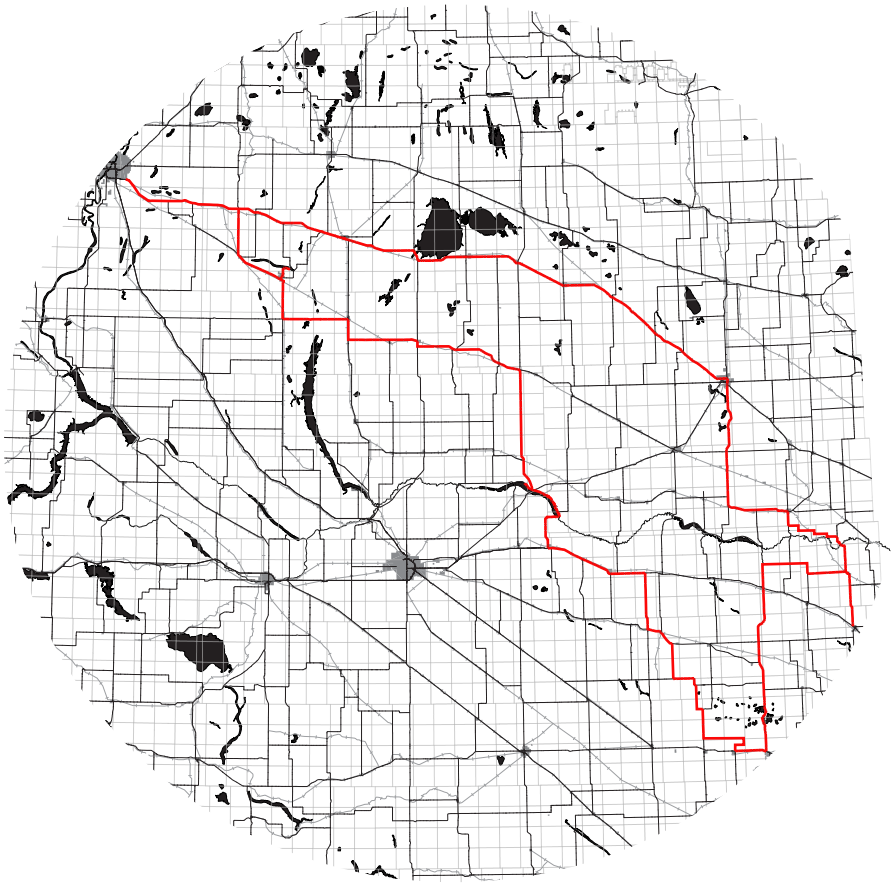


fig.23 Trip 02 2010

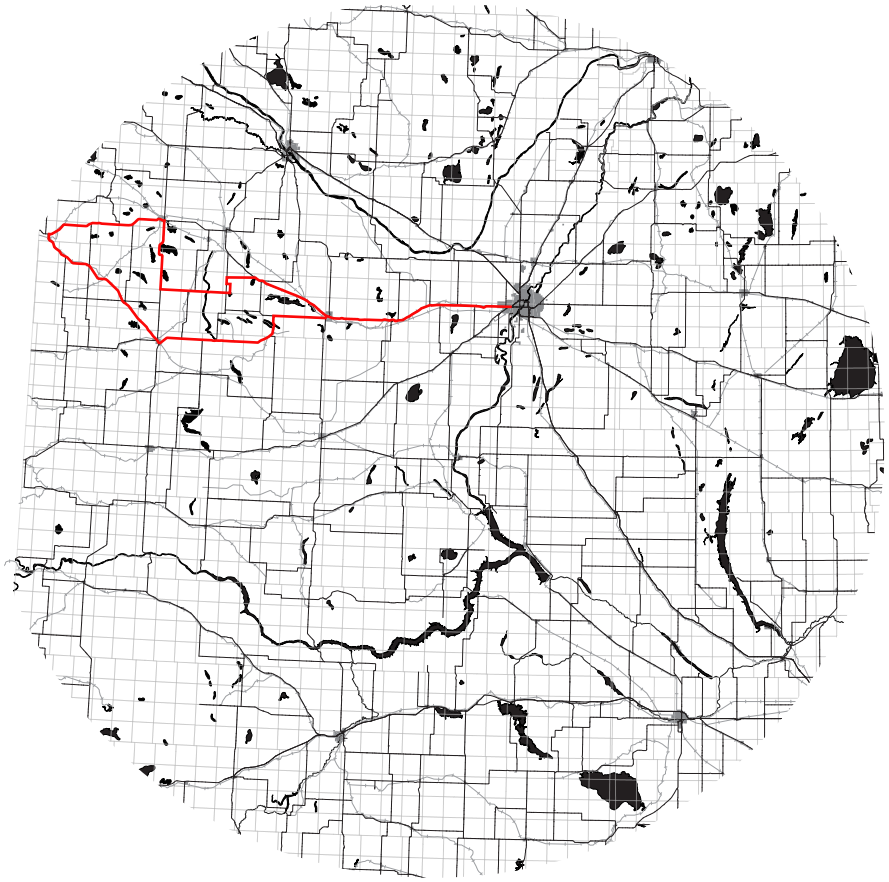


fig.24 Trip 03 2010

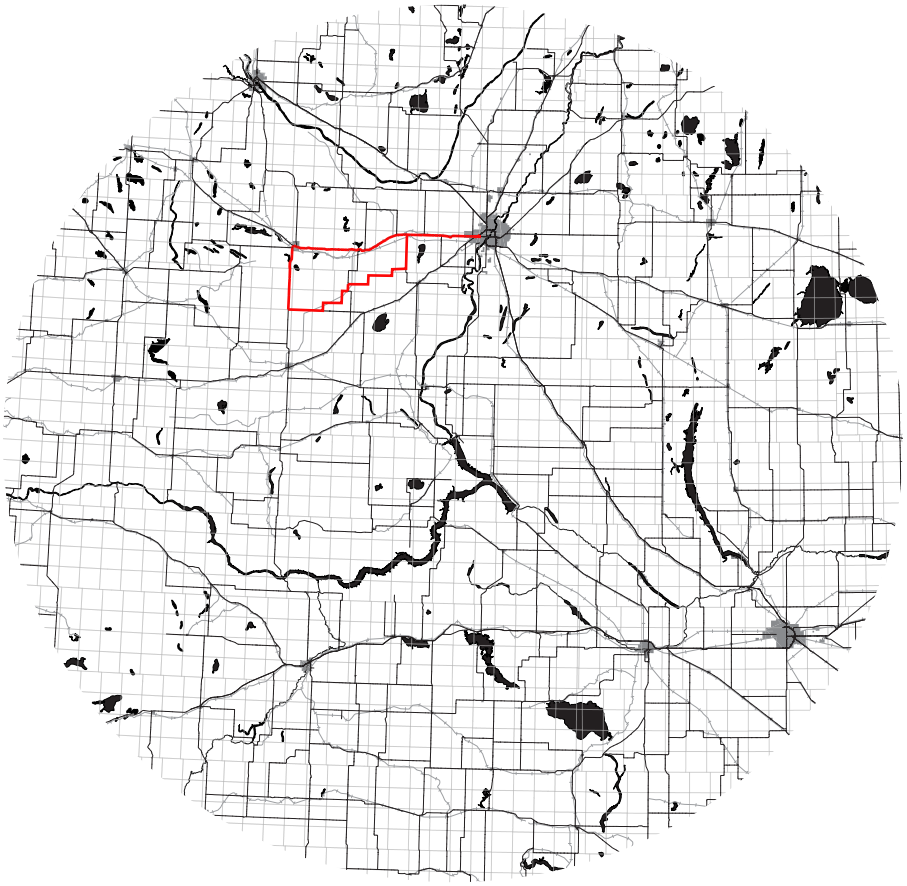


fig.25 Trip 04 2011

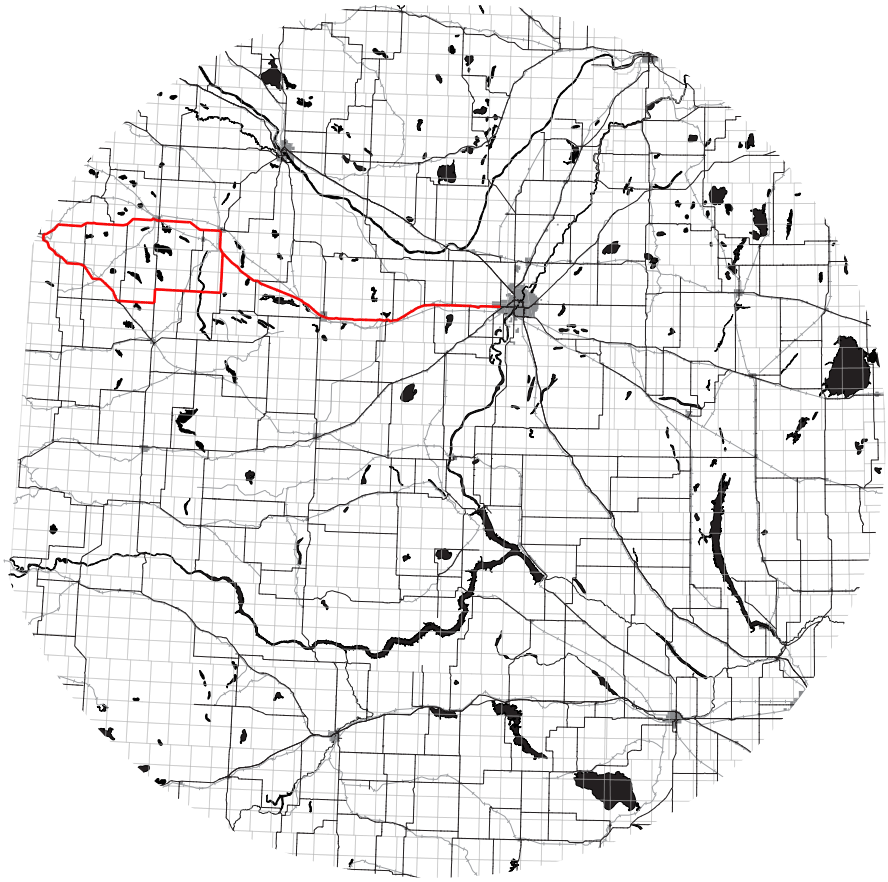


fig.26 Trip 05 2011

fig.27 Trip 06 2012

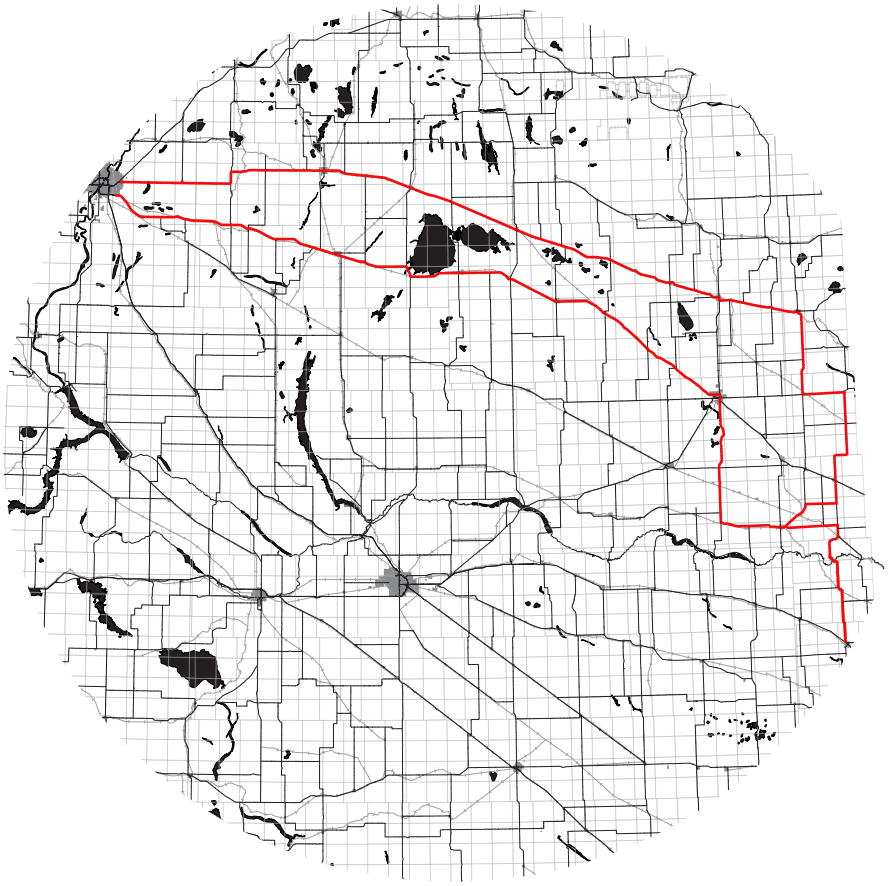


fig.28 Trip 07 2012

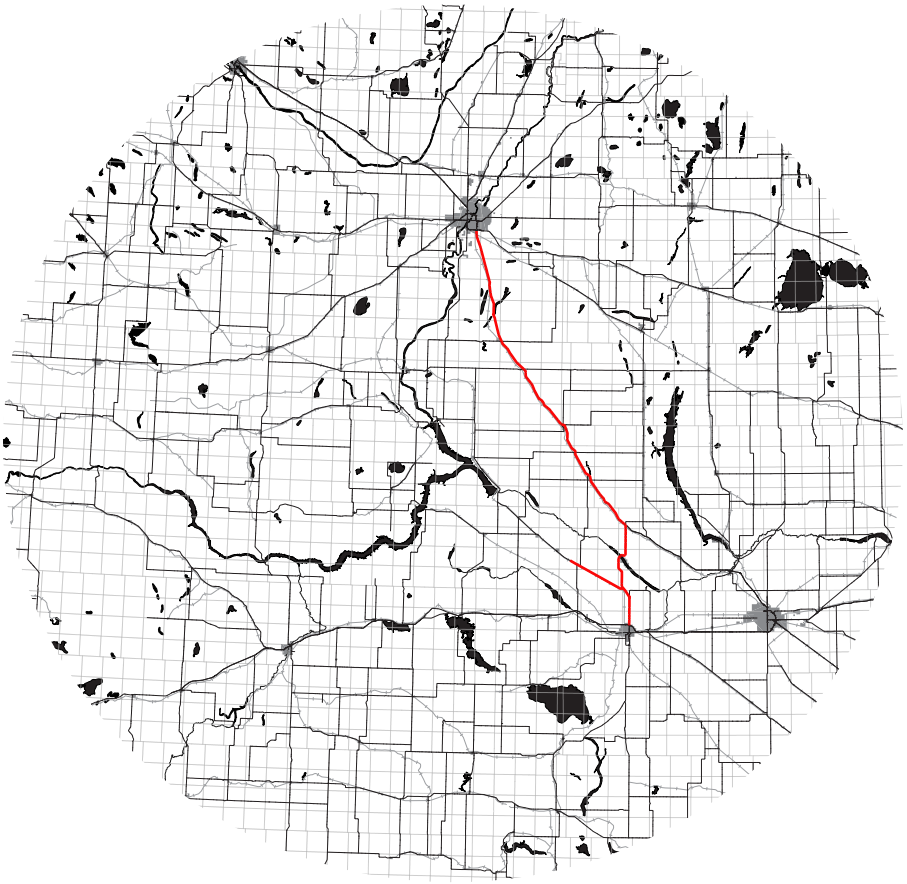


fig.29 Trip 08 2012

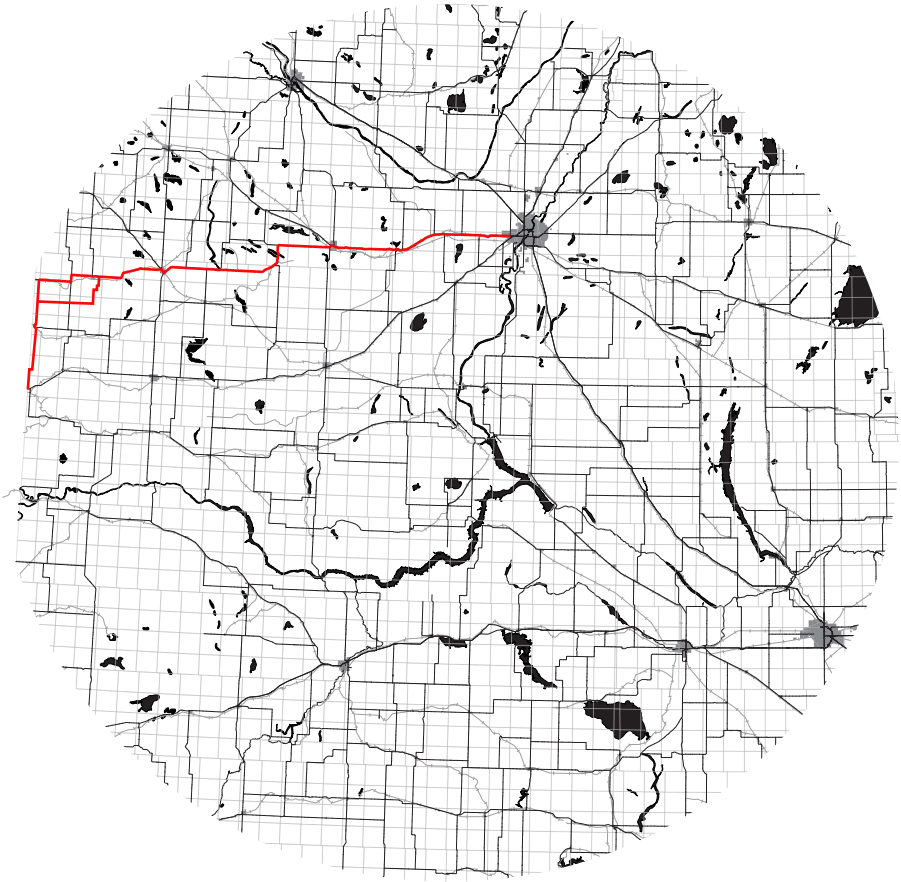


fig.30 Trip 09 2013

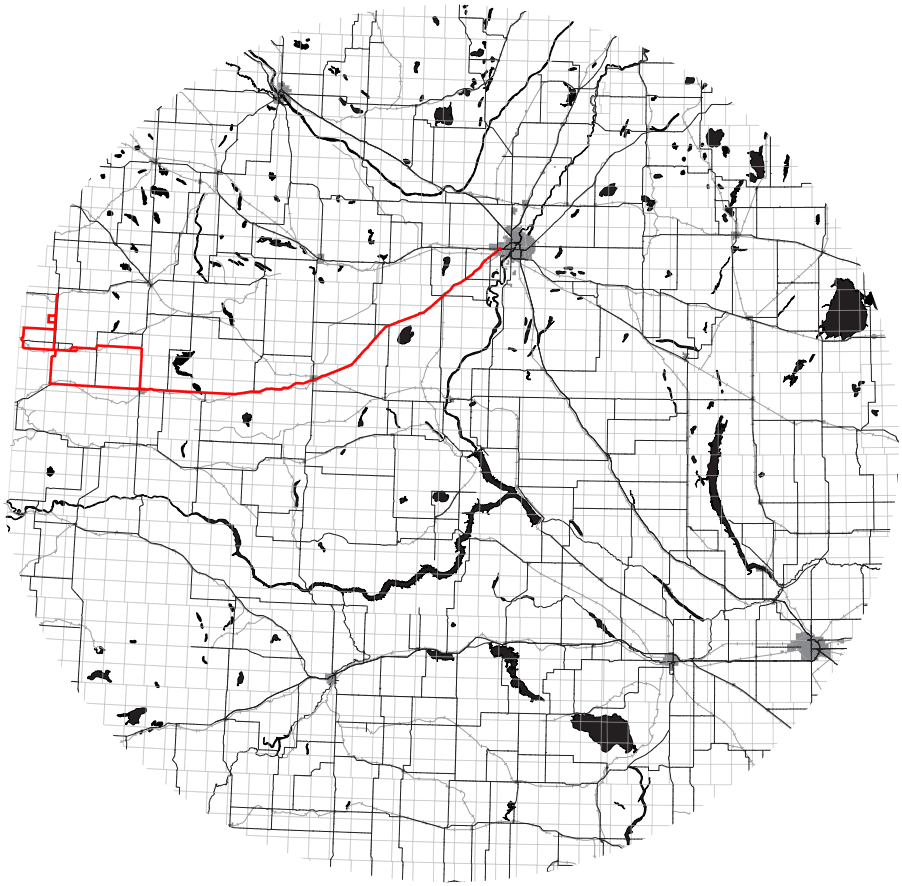


fig.31 Trip 10 2013

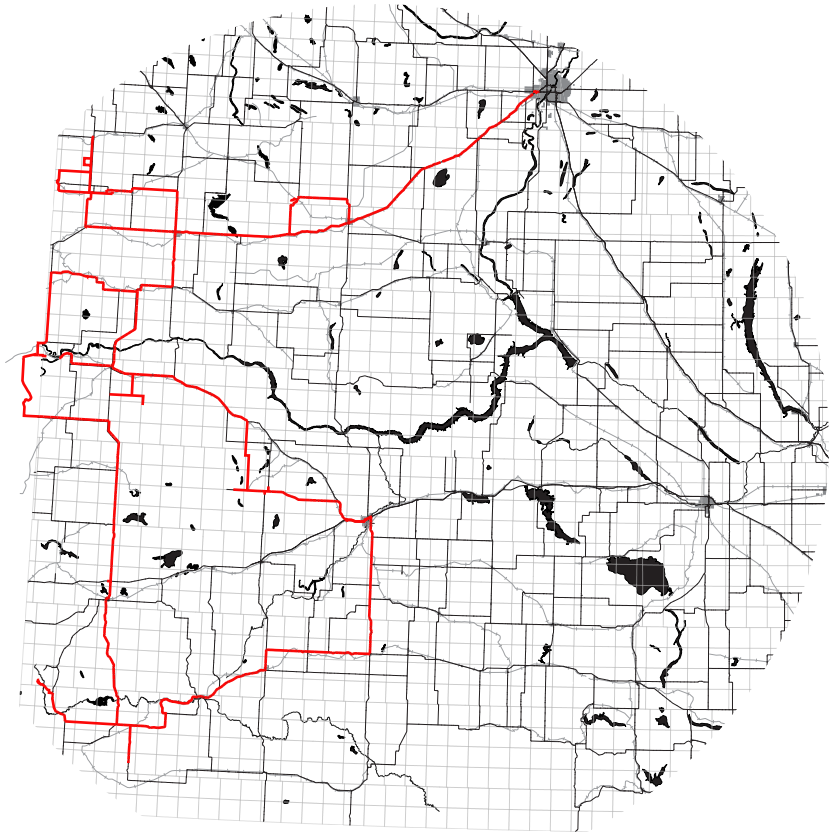


fig.32 Trip 11 2016

fig.33 Trip 12 2016

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