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The British Columbia Historical Federation is an umbrella organization embracing regional societies.

LOCAL HISTORICAL SOCIETIES are entitled to become Member Societies of the BC Historical Federation. All members of these local historical societies shall by that very fact be members of the Federation.

AFFILIATED GROUPS are organizations with specialized interests or objects of a historical nature.

MEMBERSHIP FEES for both classes of membership are one dollar per member of a Member Society or Affiliated Group with a minimum membership fee of $25 and a maximum of $75.

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Richmond BC V7E 6G2
Phone 604.277.2627 Fax 604.277.2657
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23nd Annual Competition for Writers of BC History
Lieutenant-Governor's Medal for Historical Writing
Deadline: 31 December 2005

The British Columbia Historical Federation invites book submissions for the twenty-second annual Competition for Writers of BC History. Books representing any facet of BC history, published in 2005 will be considered by the judges who are looking for quality presentations and fresh material. Community histories, biographies, records of a project or organization as well as personal reflections, etc. are eligible for consideration.

Reprints or revisions of books are not eligible.

Lieutenant-Governor's Medal
The Lieutenant-Governor's Medal for Historical Writing will be awarded to an individual writer whose book contributes significantly to the history of British Columbia. Additional prizes may be awarded to other books at the discretion of the judges.

Publicity
All entries receive considerable publicity. Winners will receive a Certificate of Merit, a monetary award and an invitation to the Awards Banquet of the Federation's annual conference to be held in Kimberley, BC in May 2006.

Submissions
For information about making submissions contact:
Bob Mukai, Chair of Competition Committee
4100 Lancelot Drive
Richmond, B. C. V7C 4S3
phone 604-274-6449 email robert_mukai@telus.net

Books entered become property of the BC Historical Federation.

By submitting books for this competition, authors agree that the British Columbia Historical Federation may use their names in press releases and Federation publications regarding the book competition.

BCHF Prizes | Awards | Scholarships

"Any country worthy of a future should be interested in its past"
W. Kaye Lamb, 1937

W. KAYE LAMB Essay Scholarships
Deadline 15 May 2006

The British Columbia Historical Federation awards two scholarships annually for essays written by students at BC colleges or universities on a topic relating to British Columbia history. One scholarship ($500) is for an essay written by a student in a first-or second-year course: the other ($750) is for an essay written by a student in a third-or fourth-year course.

To apply tor the scholarship, candidates must submit (1) a letter of application: (2) an essay of 1,500-3, 000 words on a topic relating to the history of British Columbia: (3) a letter of recommendation from the professor for whom the essay was written.

Applications should be submitted before 15 May 2006 to: Robert Griffin, Chair BC Historical Federation Scholarship Committee, PO Box 5254, Station B, Victoria, BC V8R 6N4.

The winning essay submitted by a third or fourth year student will be published in BC Historical News. Other submissions may be published at the editor's discretion.

BC History Web Site Prize

The British Columbia Historical Federation and David Mattison are jointly sponsoring a yearly cash award of $250 to recognize Web sites that contribute to the understanding and appreciation of British Columbia's past. The award honours individual initiative in writing and presentation.

Nominations for the BC History Web Site Prize must be made to the British Columbia Historical Federation, Web Site Prize Committee, prior to ***31 December 2005****. Web site creators and authors may nominate their own sites. Prize rules and the on-line nomination form can be found on The British Columbia History Web site: http://www.victoria.tc.ca/resources/bchistory/announcements.html*

Best Article Award

A Certificate of Merit and fifty dollars will be awarded annually to the author of the article, published in BC Historical News, that best enhances knowledge ot British Columbia's history and provides reading enjoyment. Judging will be based on subject development, writing skill, freshness of material, and appeal to a general readership interested in all aspects of BC history.

British Columbia HISTORY

The Journal of the British Columbia Historical Federation | Volume 38 Number 3 2005

From the Editor

In this issue we've got a great collection of articles for you. It's always a challenge (albeit a delightful one) sitting down with the next issue and having a lot of blank pages in front of you, but in the end it all comes together because of the fascinating material submitted by our authors.

Speaking of authors, I need help on two articles that I inherited when I took on the editor's job. One is a nice piece about the Vancouver Poetry Society, unfortunately my version is missing the author's name, references and images. If the author could contact me I'd appreciate it. My second one is a piece on the 1907 Vancouver Chinatown Riot. All I have discovered in the files for this are extensive footnotes - but no article. Again, I'd love to hear from the author.

You might have noticed that the back page is getting crowded with all of the BCHF member societies (due in part to Ron Hyde's hard work) well before the type gets any smaller it's been decided to change how we list our members. Starting with issue 39.1 we'll be publishing an annual Members Directory which will feature full contact information, web addresses and a 25 word description of each society's activities. Details should be arriving now from the Membership Secretary.

Vancouver's Pioneer Art Gallery & Early Art Associations

Frances Welwood

Frances Welwood previously wrote about the town of Canford in issue 37.2

April 1882, Theophilus Richard and Mary Theresa (nee Hallam) Hardiman left the busy Bournemouth Hampshire neighbourhood of Holdenhurst for Winnipeg, Canada. Thirty year old Theophilus was of a literary and artistic inclination and not given to taking over his father Richard's long-established coach-building business. Surely Canada's Gateway City offered business and personal opportunities not available in Bournemouth but within the next few years, the younger Hardimans must have deeply regretted their decision to emigrate. Two Hardiman children and the coach-building Hardiman grandfather, who had followed the family to Canada, succumbed to Red River fever (typhoid). Another little boy, born in Winnipeg lived two months. In addition, TRH set up his business just as the economic boom that Winnipeg enjoyed had collapsed. Winnipeg was crowded, cold and did not meet Hardiman's standards of civility. As an 'artist', stationer and bookseller, he was marginally successful. It was time to move. The next move, however, was more rewarding. The family grew and Hardiman established a successful art gallery, played a major role in Vancouver's cultural life, and then, following the mood of the times and his entrepreneurial instincts, edited a mining magazine.

Vancouver's first art gallery, the Pioneer Art Gallery 522 Cordova c.1889. For a brief time Hardiman's brother-in-law George Hallam added a musical component to the shop's wide appeal.
Courtesy Barbara Hardiman Pope, Langley BC

In May 1887, the family (Maude 8, Percy 4, and Mabel "Queenie" 7 months and parents) boarded the Canadian Pacific Railway to Port Moody, BC, detraining less than two weeks prior to the arrival of the first trans-continental train in Vancouver. Vancouver was a city of less than 8,000 and there is no record of how the family fared that first year. In April 1889, an infant son (the ninth child born to Mary Theresa) had lived only one week. However, the birth of Lionel Theodore (the last Hardiman child) in 1891 signaled a measure of prosperity and optimism for the family. They posed in an idyllic, sylvan setting, for the photography company, Trueman & Caple. Finally in 1892 (or 1893) the family moved from apartment rooms above the Gallery to a new home at1414 Alberni Street, in the growing residential area known as The West End. Family documents offer clues that the Hardimans were part of the city's growing commercial middle class. Edmund Spillman who operated a decorating and wall papering establishment at various city center locations; Henry T. Shelton, furniture dealer, and Customs Clerk, W. H Warburton and family, were neighbours and family friends.

Yet, it became quickly evident to Hardiman that an 'Art' or literary atmosphere existed in the newly incorporated City. Mrs. Annie Webster had an Art School on West Hastings Street where monthly art discussions were held. Mrs. Susanna Mellon (recently of Winnipeg and wife of a Dominion Steamship Captain) was a leading force in a cultural community of educated and culturally aware residents who wished to provide opportunities for the public to view Art and to preserve the historical works and artifacts discovered in the native and growing Canadian culture. As early as September 1887, Mrs. S. G. Mellon forwarded a letter from her cousin, Hyde Clarke, a noted antiquarian and editor of *The Economist*, to the *Daily News Advertiser* offering advice to Vancouver readers on how they might preserve their culture. This was followed by a supportive editorial — Vancouver was on its way to formalizing an enthusiasm for the visual and historical arts! That year too, William Van Horne and the Canadian Pacific Railway sponsored four outstanding landscape artists — Lucius O'Brien, T. Mower Martin, Marmaduke Matthews and F.M. Bell-Smith — whose glorious canvasses of the Rocky Mountains stimulated an appreciation for the rugged western landscape throughout North American and Europe.

With renewed vigour, Hardiman quickly established himself in an exciting business venture. Commencing in 1889, his confident advertisements and entries in newspapers, directories and brochures promoted the Pioneer Art Gallery. Hardiman believed in blanket advertising and in giving potential customers a full description of his offerings. Banner ads (no doubt expensive) graced every eighth page in *Williams' 1890 B.C Directory*. The gallery was located at 522 Cordova Street. Cordova, the city's main commercial thoroughfare, was rapidly developing in a western direction where it connected with the CPR station (merely a waterfront shed). As the city grew, in 1891 it renumbered the streets so, without moving, the growing Pioneer Gallery got a new address, 622-624 Cordova.

Vancouver's primary art dealer advertised his highly visible location as "opposite the CPR Station;" indeed, in 1889 the Pioneer Art Gallery was

Vancouver's first recorded "Art Gallery." The narrow high-windowed shop, positioned between Granville and Seymour Streets, extended onto the wooden sidewalk and was crammed with etchings, paint pots and sample mouldings. In addition, Hardiman endeavored to turn a measure of artistic talent (Victorian painted landscape and seascape genre) into a profitable business venture. He advertised himself and his gallery as "carver, gilder and manufacturer of mouldings and picture frames— wholesale and retail artists requisites" and, of course, "art dealer" and teacher of painting. In 1890, he added to his business an agency for Geo. Rowney and Co. of London (respected manufacturer of "artists' colours") and more significantly — the British Columbia representative for the Art Union of London England. [also known as the London Art Union]. While Hardiman was earnestly involved in developing a prosperous business, he was also keen to promote the aesthetic and uplifting benefits that art brought to the average citizen. Vancouverites, especially those of British heritage, would have been familiar with the Art Union. The AUL Society (incorporated in 1846) published an attractive, forward-thinking and respected magazine, *The Art Journal*. Art Unions were a very popular type of 'lottery', introduced in Britain in 1836. By 1857 the craze had traveled to Canada where there were five agents. AUL draws were so popular that the winners of a draw held in Toronto were announced in the *Winnipeg Daily Times* on June 5, 1883.

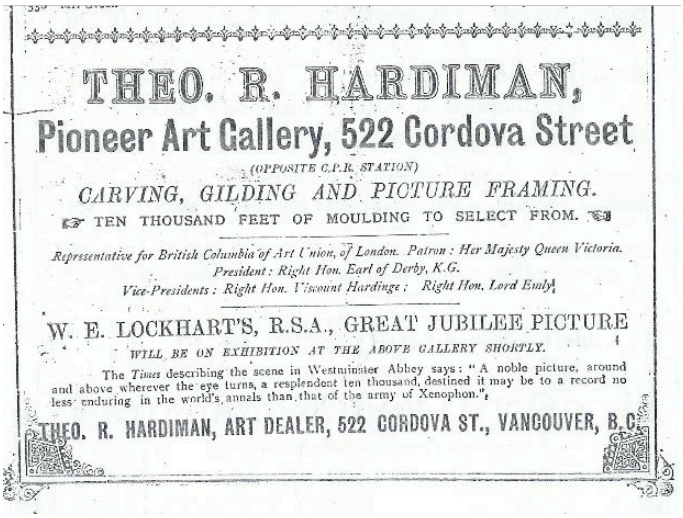
The Art Unions' goals, reflecting the 19th century ethical theory of Utilitarianism, were to extend the love of Art and Design, as well as to educate the populace throughout the British Empire in matters of artistic taste. Its founders believed that anyone was capable of being ennobled by art! It encouraged artists and rewarded them financially by popularizing their works. That was important at the time because traditional patrons of the Arts (clergy, aristocracy and military) were less inclined to support individual artists. By subscribing to or taking out a membership in an Art Union for the annual fee of one guinea, each subscriber had the chance to claim a prize — a work of art most frequently a painting highly-valued and created by a noted artist. Over the years, several methods of selecting or drawing names of winners (sometimes a large number) evolved. In larger cities, the contested *objets d'art* were viewed in special exhibition halls. In current jargon, in 'the Bonus Draw,' every subscriber received a fine engraving depicting a popular theme by a noted artist. The proprietor of the Pioneer Art Gallery would certainly have been most pleased to offer a wide selection of mouldings and frames to set off the engraving accepted by every AUL subscriber! The Art Union strategy proved so popular that Mr. Henry Josiah de Forest, the most prominent artist in Vancouver at the time, formed his own art union "…for the purpose of disposing of his paintings. There will be 17 members in it [the art union] and they will pay $15 each. …[The] prizes are 16 paintings valued at $45 each and one large painting worth $350." Despite the competition, Hardiman continued, no doubt successfully, as agent for the Art Union of London until 1896.

Theophilus Richard Hardiman and family arrived from Winnipeg in 1887. In 1889 the Hardimans lived above the Pioneer Art Gallery on Cordova and posed for the Cambie St. photographer Trueman and Caple. (L to R.) Mary Theresa Hallam Hardiman, "Queenie", Theophilus, Maude, Percy. ***Courtesy Barbara Hardiman Pope, Langley BC***

In addition to his commercial interests in art, Hardiman was active in Vancouver's Art Association. On January 17, 1889 the *Daily News Advertiser* announced "a meeting of local artists for the purpose of forming an Art Association" to be held at Capt. Webster's office at 217 Hastings. Mrs. Webster (whose Art School was at the same location), the Mellons and artist William Ferris attended along with other similarly interested Vancouverites. The Art Association, with 40 members, commenced operations with a loan exhibition of art works, antiquities and curiosities at the Van Horne Block on Granville Street. Lieutenant-Governor Hugh Nelson and Mayor David Oppenheimer presided at the Opening on June 28, 1889. Surely the exhibition was a triumph. — eclipsed only by the more ambitious First Annual Exhibition of the Vancouver Art Association, October 6-11, 1890, at the Lefevre Block at Hastings and Seymour. This 1890 Exhibition featured over 338 paintings. Eighty-two were the works of local art students and were part of a competitive showing, while the rest were on loan from private collections. Hardiman shared four paintings from his collection.

A brilliant eleven page Program described the associated events — a Grand Ball, Catalogue of paintings, Committee members, Association members

(including Hardiman) and contributors, a Soiree Musicale, a Dramatic Performance and the Grand Opening — once again under the patronage of Mayor Oppenheimer and Lieutenant-Governor Nelson. Exhibition committee members had solicited detailed and descriptive advertisements to augment and finance the Program. Layfields' Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Mrs. Braggin's instructions in Decorative Needlework, Bailey and Neeland's Art and Stationery Store and, of course, T.R. Hardiman's Pioneer Art Gallery gave commercial support. Upon seeing this Catalogue forty-nine years (!) later, Charles Hope commented to Vancouver City Archivist Major Matthews " She [Mrs. Webster] was the whole 'works' of that association and exhibition; I was the 'hanging committee' of one…I climbed up the ladders, did the hanging of the pictures and then climbed down."



Pioneer Art Gallery sponsored a large ad in an Art Exhibition Progamme. The Exhibition of over 300 paintings was held in October 1890.
Vancouver City Archives Add MSS 154 Box 512-E-8 file 1

Hosting the Exhibition must have taken its toll for little was heard of the Vancouver Art Association in the following year and a half apart from mention of a futile attempt in February 1892 to revive it with a 'vision statement' now expanded to include literature and history. No progress was made in establishing a permanent collection or location. However, an undated, unidentified newspaper clipping in the Vancouver Art Association Scrapbook (1905-1927) hints of controversy (or explanation?) and casts some light (albeit unfavourable) on the organization: "A resolution had been passed in this organization [Vancouver Art Association] that no lady should have a voice in the management of the affairs and as a consequence, shortly [it] faded into oblivion." What should one make of such a commentary?

No matter the cause of the disappearance of the VAA, on April 17, 1894 an abruptly called meeting was held in O'Brien Hall for the purpose of forming a new organization. None other than T. R. Hardiman moved and Mrs. Mellon seconded the motion "that a Society to be formed under the Constitution as so described." In addition to the art concentration of previous efforts, it would include a literary and historical mandate with a special regard to the preservation of native Indian relics. The new organization's Minute Book recorded that "all previous organizations had ceased to exist."

Therefore, Hardiman, along with members of the City's cultural and artistic elite, became an active, founding member of the aptly named Vancouver Art, Historical and Scientific Association — the predecessor to the Vancouver Museums and Planetarium Association. With the exception of Captain and Mrs. Webster, Mrs. Mellon and T. R. Hardiman, none of the officers and General Committee of the VAHSA had been involved in the earlier Art Association. Twenty-one Honorary Vice-Presidents drawn from the clergy, politics and professions served under the Honorary President, Lieutenant Governor Edgar Dewdney. One thousand copies of the Constitution were printed and distributed to Vancouver worthies. In order to facilitate a smooth transition, the Secretary of the new Association was instructed to make a "personal intimation" [sic] to the former Society for the transfer of funds remaining with the Art Association. The Treasurer, career artist, Lee Rogers, had his studio at the Pioneer Art Gallery and collected the $1 annual membership fee.

Concerns focused on finding a permanent address for meetings and the collection as the VAHSA hop-scotched between five or six city center addresses between 1894 and 1896. Undeterred by this instability, the VAHSA staged an ambitious Loan Exhibition November 1-7, 1894 in Dunn Hall at Granville near Hastings. The undertaking, complete with the usual musical performances and lectures, was under the tutelage of Prof. Chas. Hill-Tout, noted anthropologist and William Ferris, landscape artist and future Curator of the Vancouver Museum (1912-1925). Its importance can be gauged by the fact that the Governor General of Canada, Lord Aberdeen and his gracious and popular Lady Marjorie Gordon Aberdeen attended the opening. Lord Aberdeen pronounced, "the beauty of these regions renders it specially incumbent upon all to do their best to promote a love of nature and a true admiration of the wondrous works of the Creator, and to develop any facilities we may possess for the cultivation of Art in its fullest sense."

Although the Exhibition of 1894 was not a

financial success, it a great boon for the VAHSA. Membership increased, a code of By-laws was adopted and social events for members were organized. Hardiman remained a member of the General Committee in 1895, but his attendance flagged somewhat. In 1896. Mrs. Mellon, Mrs. Webster, Mr. Hill-Tout, and artists de Forest, Rogers and Ferris were joined by the formidable Mrs. Sara McLagan, who was to become publisher of the *Vancouver World* newspaper. Serious lobbying with City Council over matters of collection ownership, annual grants and especially a permanent location, took place. After several years of storing artifacts and files in the basement of City Hall, the Museum was installed in commodious premises in the brand-new Carnegie Library at Main and Hastings Streets in 1903.

By the end of the decade, Hardiman was experiencing a successful, satisfying and promising career. He was immersed in the cultural life of an energetic and increasingly sophisticated city. However — abruptly — in 1897, a nearby Cordova address (612), boasted two entirely new enterprises: "B.C. Mining Prospectors' Exchange Co. Ltd." and "London and B.C. Gold Venture Syndicate" of Vancouver and London. Their secretary was Theophilus Hardiman who began a personal campaign to secure certification as a Notary. He courted mining developers and read up on prospecting, assaying, mining promotion and overseas markets. By 1898 Hardiman (accompanied by the ever-faithful Mary Theresa and young Lionel) was in England. He was agent for Associated Gold Mines of British Columbia and his pursuit of art was reflected only in the journalistic reports of mining ventures that he scribed as editor of the *British Columbia Prospectors' Guide and Miner's Exchange Journal.*

Had proximity to the furious traffic in Burrard Inlet inspired by the beginning of the Klondike gold rush turned his head? Or had the downturn in the Art Union market, caused by easy availability of art prints and photography, accompanied by intense regulation of lotteries in Britain and in Canada, taken the shine off the art-related business world? Or had personalities in the organization of the Art, Historical and Scientific Association become just too much? When the gala opening of the museum at the Carnegie Building finally came about on April 19, 1905 Theophilus Richard Hardiman had moved on to a world very far removed from the art and culture scene of 20th century Vancouver.

In 1889, the north side of Cordova St. between Seymour (left) and Granville (right) anchored by the White Swan Hotel, overlooked the CPR station and Burrard Inlet.
Vancouver Public Library photo collection #13234

Shortly before his death in 1928, Hardiman shared his recollections of Vancouver's early artistic community via a Letter to the Editor of the Vancouver Daily Province. *He cited a July 15, 1928 article about Vancouver's Art Gallery (or lack thereof) with "reviving old and pleasant memories reminiscent of the young city's early struggle to develop and support artistic talent at that stage of our history…. The writer's place [Pioneer Art Gallery] was the rendezvous for artists, Messrs. Mower Martin, Bell-Smith, De Forest, Ferris, Lee Rogers, …whose pictures of British Columbia are known throughout the Empire." As we have seen Rogers, Ferris and de Forest were part of Art Associations stories that intersected with T.R.Hardiman's involvement in Vancouver's art scene. Their works are now viewed with interest and reverence in Calgary's Glenbow Gallery, National Gallery of Canada, Vancouver Centennial Museum and other noted galleries and collections.* •

The Life and Times of Foon Sien

By Larry Wong

Larry Wong is the President of the Chinese Canadian Historical Society of B.C. and has been always been interested in the history of Vancouver's Chinatown.

Largely forgotten since his death in 1971, Wong Foon Sien was perhaps the most influential person in Vancouver's Chinatown, if not in Canada, in the campaign to ease the restrictions of the immigration laws. In the late 1940s, the Chinese in Canada could only bring in from China their spouses, unmarried children under 21, and father over 65 years of age and mother over 60. For eleven years, Foon Sien made annual visits to Ottawa seeking fair treatment in immigration policy. His success coincided with the introduction of the 1967 Immigration Act based on a universal point system of assessing prospective immigrants and, by correcting the unbalanced ratio of Chinese men to Chinese women, ended the 'bachelor society' of Chinatown.

We know that Foon Sien was born in China and, in a 1960 interview, he assured me that his birthday was July 7. The year of his birth, however, is uncertain. One account has the year 1899; others have either 1901 or 1902. His Chinese name was Wong Mun Poo.

His parents migrated to Cumberland, B.C. where his father ran a successful general/herbal store called the Kwong Mee Lung. As a 10-year old, Foon studied the Four Books and the Five Canons of Chinese learning after public school. Like most Chinese parents of the time, his parents had envisioned sending him to China for a proper education and a later career in Imperial China. Their plans turned askew when the young Chinese revolutionary, Dr. Sun Yat-Sen visited Cumberland in 1911 on a fund raising mission to overthrow the Qing Dynasty. That visit inspired the young Foon Sien to study law. He finished high school and moved to Vancouver where he became one of the first five Chinese to attend the University of British Columbia. However, after a year he secured a job from Attorney-General A.M. Manson, as an official court interpreter. One of his early cases was the trial of Wong Foon Sing, the houseboy accused of the 1924 killing of Janet Smith.

As a Chinese person, Foon Sien, could not vote. In 1874, the provincial legislature added a clause to the Elections Act: "Chinamen of the Province of British Columbia may not make application to have their names inserted in any list of voters and are disqualified from voting at any elections." Not until the 1949 did the Chinese in British Columbia finally cast their votes in provincial and federal elections. Because the professional societies regulating such profession as law, pharmacy, and accounting required members to be on the voters' lists, even if trained, Chinese could not practice those professions.

Moreover, it was difficult for the Chinese to become naturalized. The Chinese government in the early part of the twentieth century deemed all Chinese born outside of the mother country to be Chinese Nationals. Thus, if a Chinese person born in Canada wished to become a Canadian, he had to write for permission from the Chinese government and once, granted that permission, apply to the local courts for citizenship which, in most cases, denied it.

Hardship blanketed the Chinese communities when the federal government introduced the 1923 Chinese Immigration Act, commonly known as the Chinese Exclusion Act. In spite of the head tax imposed on Chinese immigrants since the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway, starting at a fee of $50 and rising to a maximum of $500 in 1903, Chinese immigrants had continued to enter Canada.

The 1923 Immigration Act, the only Canadian immigration legislation specifically aimed at a particular race, shut the door to any further Chinese immigrants with the exceptions of students, clergy, and diplomats. Chinese who had been born in Canada or who had certificates proving that they had paid the head tax and had previously entered could, however, return to Canada. The effect of the Act was disastrous on the Chinese communities. Without new immigration, men already in Canada were isolated from their families in China. With the Depression of the 1930s, some took desperate action. Some left Canada for China, some lost their jobs and homes, some accepted their fate to wither in Chinatown, and some committed suicide.

Foon Sien became prominent in 1937 when he was appointed publicity agent for the Chinese Benevolent Association's Aid-to-China program that began during the Sino-Japanese War. He was part of the successful campaign to stop the export of scrap metal to Japan and was known as "Japan's No. 1 enemy in North America." He also founded several associations, the most important being the Chinese Trade Workers' Association in 1942.

During the war, the federal government's Department of National War Services recruited him as a censor of mail and telegrams.

After the war , he worked for a year on the editorial staff of the New Republic Chinese Daily, a newspaper published in Victoria Along with other Chinese leaders and veterans, he succeeded in gaining the right of the franchise for Chinese in Canada. This in turn led to other rights of citizenship. For his efforts

the Chinese Canadian Citizens Association recognized him with an award.

In a peculiar way, Canada was a nation without citizens before 1947. A "Canadian" was simply a British subject living in Canada. For a country that emerged from the Second World War with a strong sense of nationhood, it was embarrassing. After a Liberal cabinet minister toured the military cemetery at Dieppe, the site where thousands of Canadians fought and died in the name of their country, he was inspired to create the Canadian Citizenship Act. On January 1, 1947, the Canadian Citizenship Act came into effect and Canadians finally became "Canadian citizens." The name of the minister was Paul Martin Sr.

Wong Foon Sien with some of the many awards he received over the years.

This photo appeared in the August 3, 1971 issue of Chinatown News shortly after Wong Foon Sein died

Although the government removed the exclusionary clauses of the Chinese Immigration Act on May 14, 1947, there were still severe restrictions on Chinese immigration and it was this very issue that Foon Sien took it as his cause. In 1948, he became the president of the Chinese Benevolent Association and for the next eleven years, he lobbied the federal government in Ottawa for the relaxation of the qualifications of Chinese families.

In an article that appeared in the June 3, 1955 issue of Chinatown News, Foon Sien wrote that "our people are still suffering reverses in our fight for equal immigration rights. In 1951, I pleaded with Mr. Harris, the then Minister of Immigration, to allow entry for unmarried children of Chinese Canadians between the ages of 21 and 25 on compassionate grounds. This was allowed at the time but was stopped by a new ruling dated March 12, 1955.

These reverses in our struggle have handicapped us seriously in our struggle for equal immigration rights."

Foon Sien observed that "it would be a great boon to aging Chinese Canadians if they could bring youngsters to Canada to give them the advantages of the better standard of living and way of life here. Not only would this make up in part for the sacrifice these men have made in being separated from their families so long, but it would provide Canada with a fine new type of Chinese citizens who would rapidly assimilate the culture and traditions of this country." In 1957, he was instrumental in changing the imbalance of Chinese men to women by convincing the government to allow Chinese men who had lived in Canada for two years to post a $1,000 cash bond for the fiancees that they brought over from China.

In the course of his life, he became a staunch supporter of the Liberal Party but in 1957 he gave his support to the Progressive Conservatives when Douglas Jung, a young war veteran and lawyer, ran for that party in Vancouver Centre and won by a landslide to become the first Chinese Canadian Member of Parliament.

Regardless of what political party was in power, Foon Sien continued his annual treks to Ottawa.

During this time, newspapers reported that illegal Chinese immigrants were coming into the country. The Chinese community denied this accusation but on Sunday morning, May 24, 1960, rude awakenings shocked the Chinese communities across Canada.

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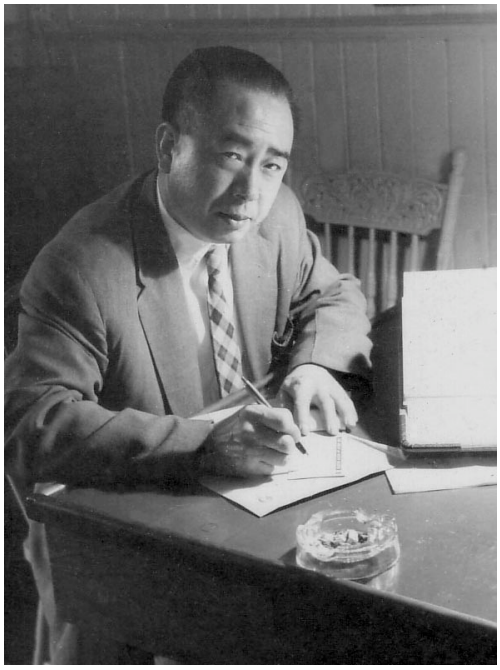

Wong Foon Sien writing at his desk.
Photo courtesy of Vivian Wong

The RCMP, accompanied by members of the Hong Kong police force, simultaneously raided the selected offices and homes of Chinatowns from Victoria to Trois-Rivières, Quebec, including those of Foon Sien. The national police seized correspondences, records and other documents in search of illegal immigrants. Shock and dismay led to outrage as Foon Sien declared, "They (the police) are checking every man, woman and child. In my mind, I think it is destruction of human rights and dignity and, to us, a loss of civil liberty."

A month later, twenty-two delegates from the Chinese communities met separately with Prime Minister John Diefenbaker, Justice Minister Davie Fulton and Immigration Minister Ellen Fairclough to find out the outcome of the raids. They were assured that no Chinese who helped with the illegal entry of family members would be persecuted or deported. In the end, twenty-four Chinese were prosecuted, five of whom were never brought to trial, and two acquitted, two on probation and the rest fined or imprisoned or both.

Eventually, the Chinese Adjustment Statement Program, an amnesty policy, was implemented from 1960 to 1972 when over 12,000 Chinese had their status adjusted.

In that time, Foon Sien retired but continued his interest in international affairs, Chinese customs, social and political problems faced by the Chinese Canadians and life in Chinatown. He was, to many people, a person to seek for help or advice. In his own backyard of Chinatown he helped settle disputes and loaned money out of his own pocket to those in need.

He was an active member of not only the Chinese Benevolent Association but of the Wong Kung Har Society, the Chinese Canadian Citizens Association, the Chinese Trade Workers Association and the Liberal Party, Vancouver Centre branch. He was a founder and board member of the Vancouver Civic Association, the forerunner of the B.C. Human Rights Council. He was a member of the Canadian Council of Christians and Jews and the Vancouver Citizenship Council where he served as a Chinese community representative on the B.C. Ethnic Sub-Committee. Newspaper columnists called him the "unofficial Mayor of Chinatown." He was also termed "Champion of Chinese Rights" but the "mayor" label stuck and indicated that Foon Sien spoke with a single voice for Chinatown.

When he finally retired from the Chinese Benevolent Association in 1960, he was satisfied that the government had finally relaxed the immigration policy. He said, "Our idea was to ask the government to put a more humane concept into its immigration laws to allow Chinese to enter Canada on almost the same terms as European immigrants. This is not the same as asking for complete equality. We do however; feel that relatives of Chinese Canadians such as direct descendants should be allowed into the country irrespective of age."

Shortly after Foon Sien's death on 31 July 1961 Bill Kan, a columnist of the Chinatown News gave credit to Foon Sien for: "the following tangible results: 1) the restoration of the Canadian citizenship rights to Chinese Canadian females who lost those privileges through marriage 2) readmission to Canada for all those belonging to this category together with their husbands and children under 21 3) permission of parents of Chinese Canadians over 65 to take up residence in Canada, and 4) entry of mail order brides. Through this improved legislation, thousands of Chinese Canadians were able to join their families and take up residence in Canada today, thanks to a tenacious fighter named Foon Sien."

Foon Sien's constant lobbying kept the government in check and reminded them that the immigration policy did not treat Chinese immigrants equally and fairly. The number of Chinese immigrants dropped after he retired in 1960 but his persistence laid the groundwork for the Immigration Act of 1967.

The new Act ended the explicitly racist immigration policy and with its point system, ranked independent immigrants according to age, education, labour skills, language skills and resources in a fair and equitable manner much as Foon Sien had wanted. In his lifetime he was a recipient of many awards. His funeral, a final tribute, was one of the largest seen in Chinatown. •

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Up Coast Adventures Continue

By Tom Fox

As a sixteen year old greenhorn at the wheel of a seine boat, I was nervous and excited when the skipper told me to "steer for the point" on the far side of Johnstone Strait from Alert Bay. The brisk westerly wind whistling down the Strait from the open Pacific was causing a build up of mid-day choppy seas to crash against our port side, making for a rough crossing. I found myself at the bottom end of a steep learning curve as I listened to the plethora of comments and observations made by the coffee drinking crew sitting uncomfortably in the galley behind me. Gradually I realized that I had to judge the moment of impact of each wave and adjust the wheel and speed carefully (not wildly) just before it struck to reduce the blow. I also had to stay on course! Was it just three days earlier that my Mum and Dad had driven me over to the Union Steamships dock in Vancouver to begin my trip up the coast to the summer cannery job?

As the far shoreline became closer, I nervously viewed the waves breaking on a series of rocky islands and reefs lying dead ahead. Fortunately for us all, the skipper took over the wheel at this point and told me to go down to the galley and wash up the dishes. What an unusual way to win relief! He proceeded to skillfully helm the *Porlier Pass* through to the slightly calmer waters at the mouth of Knight Inlet which loomed ahead as a long, narrow passageway between increasingly higher conifer forested mountain slopes.

After a brief stop at Minstrel Island "for needed provisions" we proceeded up the inlet toward our destination at Glendale Cove. A pod of killer whales crossed our bow and I watched in awe as they alternatively surfaced and dove off toward the far shore. We clearly heard the air being expelled through their blow holes and their odd whistle-like communications. Although the occasional eagle or gull circled overhead , no other living creatures were to be seen. We proceeded almost due east for about thirty five miles through beautiful blue-green glacial water which was liberally flecked with white foam from the choppy seas that followed us inland. Huge cedars and firs grew in abundance on the mountainsides. Few if any anchorages were apparent until we rounded Macdonald Point and I had my first sight of Glendale Cove and the cannery which would be my summer home for the next three years.

It was just turning dusk and the clusters of lights here and there around the large U-shaped cove were a welcome sight. To the right, a large logging camp with a dock and a network of roads leading off it dominated the central west shore. Across at the end of the bay a string of lights just above sea level illuminated the Bordman's floating logging camp while directly ahead the ABC Glendale Cove Cannery had the appearance of a small town.

Glen Dale bunkhouse
Tom Fox photo

Tom Fox wrote part one of his adventure for issue 37.3. Because of the many requests for more, Tom has once again put pen to paper for readers of BC History with part two.

Typically, the large cannery buildings, net lofts and some housing stood on piles over tidewater while the bunk houses and family accommodations occupied the lower hillside, spilling over a little on either side of the main plant. As we approached the numerous inter-connected floats radiating from several docks, one of our crew inflated a white balloon and attached it to the rigging. (I later learned that such balloons were also called condoms). As the skipper blew a couple of blasts on the horn, a small festive crowd gathered to greet us and help tie up. They all trooped off carrying the bottled Minstrel Island "provisions" skillfully wrapped (to prevent damage, I presumed.) .I followed them up the ramp to the dock, carrying my duffle over my shoulder.

A few people were about and I was directed to the manager's house which stood just behind the company store. All the buildings were painted white and around the store and office, someone had planted boxes of flowering plants. In the background, a diesel generator was providing the power and background noise that I would soon become accustomed to hearing - day and night! Mr. Norm Corker answered my knock and invited me in to meet his wife and young daughters who regularly spent their summers with him at Glendale. I was soon spirited off to my shared room in a long building behind the main bunkhouse which I learned was occupied by the most junior crew members. I was also informed that there were strict rules of behaviour which would be rigidly enforced and these were then outlined in some detail, as were the mess hall and working hour times. Wow!

Then next morning, as promised, I was awakened by the 6:15 am whistle and I had to hustle through the shared wash up routines to reach the mess hall before the 7:00am breakfast gong rang. As the outer door was opened, the gathering crew surged in and quickly occupied their accustomed places at the three long tables, leaving me to find an empty place setting. Wedged in between two denim clad strangers, I stared at the array of breakfast foods that had been

The unloading dock at Glendale
Tom Fox photo

set out and, as I wondered where and how to start, the activity around me quickly evolved into a well-practiced series of pokes, jabs, chews and swallows that I had never experienced before but quickly learned to emulate. Despite the constant serving plate refills by the agile bull-cook, the feeding frenzy quickly ended and the crew filed out to get ready for work. I was soon to learn that a good cook and staff were considered to be essential in all coastal camps and that in any disagreement between general crew and the kitchen crew the latter always had the management's support.

At eight I reported to Mr. Mickey Ross, the foreman, who looked me over and finally asked me if I knew how to paint. Canning wouldn't begin until after fishing opened in two or three weeks time, so most of the crew were busy doing maintenance work and I realized that I had few skills to offer - and so did he! My affirmative response seemed to help him place me, a little hesitantly, with a large brush and a bucket of Cuperenol under a barge that had been pulled up on the ways for antifouling. I was told to get coveralls, a hat, gloves and goggles and start painting. Two days and multi buckets of Cuperenol later I had become a full-time member of the painting crew and ready to tackle my next assignment, the boiler room smoke stack. No cramped neck for me this time! I was hoisted up in a bosun's chair dangling from a rope over a pulley at the top of the eighty-five foot stack. Starting at the top with brush in hand and a large bucket of black tarry paint dangling beside me, I used my legs to wiggle the chair around the stack and back again, gradually lowering myself back to roof-top level. Mission accomplished in just over a day. My last (and almost final) painting job of the pre-season was the corrugated iron roof of the net loft. It stood two and a half stories above the dock and was almost one hundred and fifty feet long. The aluminum paint was in large buckets, the brushes were long handled " scrubbers" and the painter was secured by a heavy, new rope around his waist and over the roof-top then tied off around one of the dock pilings below on the opposite side. With so much freedom to pendulum back and forth, the job was going quickly when I was stopped by a shout from below. "Keep still! Do not move!" I froze. Another rope was tossed over to me and I was told to tie it on then come back down the ladder. Once I was down, I was shown that my original rope had worn nearly through as I dragged it back and forth against the sharp ends of the steel roofing pieces. The rest of the job proceeded more slowly.

As my proficiency with a paint brush improved, I also developed new mess hall skills that enabled me to keep up with my table mates. Fresh pies were placed on the lunch and dinner table at the same time as the main course and the educated diner always started by spearing a slice or two of pie and putting these on his bread plate before getting into the meat and potatoes. While eating with one hand, it was best, especially with some table companions, to keep the other hand as a hovering guard over the selected dessert. I also acquired the courage to become involved in the banter at the table as I came to know my co-workers and they me. Although I had done my best to wash off the accumulation of the various paint products that I had been using, hand laundering my clothes, and scrubbing my exposed extremities hadn't been entirely successful. One evening at dinner my companions strongly recommended that I visit the boiler room after work the next day for a steam bath and shower, even suggesting that I wear my clothes in the shower as well. The engineer promised to show me how the system worked.

Most of the canning machinery was powered by steam, as were the huge retort ovens that cooked the tray loads of canned salmon that were stacked and wheeled inside them. Steam and water lines ran everywhere. Adjoining the boiler room was a large shower facility composed of an outer changing room and the inner wet room with its row of showerheads and pairs of valves. Bathers could turn on a straight steam or a water valve, or a combination of water and steam valves which produced very hot water. Either usage resulted in the whole complex being turned into a steam filled sweat box which I was urged to attend. The very next day, fully clothed in my working gear, I entered and soon managed to fill the large shower area with dense steam and was busily scrubbing when I became aware of a lot of laughing and giggling coming from the change room. I had been told that usually nobody else showered right after work, so I was shocked when ten or twelve native ladies rushed in, overpowered me, and then proceed to give my clothes and then me the scrubbing of my life! Once they released me, I quickly exited the facility with my wet clothes under my arm to the hoots and hollers of the

crew of the seine boat and most of my dinner table mates who had gathered outside to enjoy the show!

Over the next few days several other younger employees arrived and I was able to make some strong new friendships. Our little group enjoyed weekend hikes along the game trail to the river estuary at the end of the cove where we could watch the bears catching spawning salmon. We would often carry on up to Tom Browne Lake for swimming and fishing. On occasional Sundays we had the use of a small fish packer, the Lady Christine, and we would travel up to the head of the inlet to visit Laurette and Jim Stanton who lived a life of complete isolation in a log home that they had built during the early 1930's. Two rivers, the Franklin and the Klinaklini, emptied into the inlet on either side of their homestead and they eked out a poor but happy livelihood fishing, trapping and logging in the area. A book written by Beth Day entitled *Grizzlies In Their Backyard* best portrays their frontier life style. Most welcoming of visitors, they continually amazed us with their stories of life in one of the most remote areas of our coast.

One hot day my friend Don Stewart and I, accompanied by his cocker spaniel, decided to leave the rest of our companions talking with the Stantons and go for a walk up the dusty trail that bordered the Franklin River. As we hiked upstream, we noticed the occasional string of tin cans hanging from the lower branches of trees and shortly after each set we would come upon large bathtub shaped depressions in the trail. The dog, a natural explorer, was staying remarkably close to us. As the heat increased, we decided a swim was in order and, leaving our clothes in a heap on a sandbar, waded into the river. The dog stayed with our clothes and soon began to bark furiously. Wondering what the commotion was all about, I looked back to see an enormous grizzly bear pawing through our clothing and one little spaniel trying to chase it away. The bear was getting annoyed and we were getting so cold as we slunk down in the water in an effort to be inconspicuous that I was sure my testicles had moved up into my throat. Finally the bear left to go back the same way that we had come! After getting dressed and waiting a short time, we returned to the Stanton's and sat in the sun on their doorstep. Jim and our friends came out to join us and Jim, without blinking an eye, proceeded to tell us of how dangerous a startled grizzly can be and that he had tied cans from trees every so often along his trails which he would rattle as he went by to warn any bears who were nearby. He explained that the hollows in the trail were dust baths that the bears enjoyed and that, like humans, they didn't like to be disturbed while bathing. We certainly appreciated this lesson and his low key delivery.

Mickey Fisher and Tom Fox enjoy a paddle
Tom Fox photo

After graduating from the painting crew, I was put to work in the top story of the cannery building and taught how to make wooden and cardboard boxes. These were stockpiled before canning started. Other jobs involved helping repair the dam and water lines high up the hill behind the cannery along with numerous carpentry projects.

By the big day in early July when the first loads of fish started to arrive, our cannery crew had grown considerably. Forty or fifty Chinese workers now filled their bunkhouse while the native Indian fishermen with their wives and children now numbered close to one hundred as they occupied their housing areas. We had become a village!

Just before the first fish packer arrived with its holds brimming with salmon, I was equipped with high rubber boats, oilskin pants and jacket and a long pole with a sharp, slightly curved steel spike attached to one end of it called a fish fork. My job was to stand among the fish, sort them by species if needed, then spear each just ahead of the gills and flip it into a large, round steel-rimmed purse net called a brail which, when full, was hoisted up onto the dock where some of the Chinese crew began the processing. I had to be careful not to damage the body of the salmon and fast enough to stay ahead of all the inside workers! It was tiring work but I learned to use my knee as a fulcrum and soon became speedy, accurate, and a bit of a fish-pitching showman.

Once cleaned, the sorted fish travelled by conveyor belt through the cannery. They were sliced to fit the size of can being processed (either quarter, half, or one pound) and swiftly packed into cans by long rows of white overall clad women. A pinch of salt and a little water were automatically added just before weighing, then the lids were sealed on. Down the line, another crew spread these cans tightly across large steel trays piled high on one another atop mini rail cars. These were rolled into the retorts for cooking. Later, the cooled cans had labels applied and were packed into shipping boxes. Pallet loads of these boxes were then sorted by fork lift trucks and stored in the large warehouse for shipment to market. It was an assembly

Back:Tom Fox, Mickey Fisher, Shirley Fisher, and Don Stewart,
Front: unknown and Bill Larkley
Tom Fox photo

line totally dependent on team effort and efficiency, and it usually ran well into the night during the height of the season.

One Sunday evening in late August after dinner, Norm Bender and I decided to go cutthroat trout fishing in the canoe off the mouth of the Glendale River. The fishing was excellent and we headed back with our catch as darkness fell. Unfortunately, the seas had become rough and the usual half hour paddle turned into quite an ordeal. Life jackets were uncommon at that time and we certainly should have had them on as we struggled back to the cannery through increasingly angry seas. It was the lights from the cannery that guided us back to the float upon which the canoe was to be secured. With great relief we pulled our little vessel up onto the heavy plank decking , unloaded our gear, and lashed the canoe down. Although these floats were supported by large cedar logs that were chained together, they were being tossed up and down quite violently by the rough seas making it difficult to stand. Norm led the way carrying the fishing rods and our catch, while I followed with the paddles. The gap between the floats was normally about three feet across but now the distance extended and retracted swiftly as the abutting ends of the two floats rose and fell. With a well timed leap, Norm flew across the gap to land safely on the other side. Seconds later, I followed but in mid jump everything suddenly went dark. I was aware of a sharp pain in my lower rib cage and I was unable to move although I knew that I was now in the water between the logs.

I remember clearly thinking about many things including my parents, sister, relatives and friends and that I seemed to be floating in the dark. Gradually, I became aware of pressure on my back , voices, bright lights and a choking feeling as I coughed out sea water. I learned later that just as I jumped the gap the diesel electrical generating plant was shut down as it normally did at 10:00 p.m. on non-canning nights. In the instant pitch darkness I went feet first into the gap between the floats, striking the end of a log with my chest as I plunged into the water. Norm had heard a splash and, getting no answer from me, deduced that I had fallen between the floats. He quickly called for help and for the generator to be restarted, then started blindly feeling down in the water between the logs until he touched my arm and was able to drag me back up onto the float. Fortunately for me, he knew how to resuscitate and soon had me breathing normally again despite a rib that I had broken in the fall. By this time, the lights had been restored and several of the crew had come down to help Norm get me up to the medical room where I passed the night and most of the next day. I am eternally grateful to Norm. I should also mention that I was born with a caul or membrane over my face which, according to mariner lore, is a good omen and protects that person from drowning. I have kept my caul to this day, and it just might have helped me on one or two other occasions as well.

I returned to Glendale for the next two fishing seasons and enjoyed a number of different jobs and adventures, including driving the fork lift, crewing on some fishing trips, participating in a United Fishermen and Allied Workers Union strike and a resulting stint as a crewman on a west coast freighter. After the third year, the cannery closed. Some seasonal employees like me opted to transfer north the next year to Sunnyside Cannery on the Skeena River. For many, the closure was quite devastating both economically and socially as the cannery season had been a big part of their families' lives for two or three generations. Travelling up north to the distant Skeena was out of the question for them. Over the next year, most of the cannery buildings were razed. On one of my last trips back, only the boiler and some tumble-down houses remained. I recently saw our former bunk house in Alert Bay where it had been put to use as a detox facility while the Chinese bunk house has been barged down to Steveston where it is hopefully undergoing restoration at the old Britannia Shipyard site.

If you visit Glendale Cove today, you'll find a very comfortable Lodge on the old cannery location. It features nature treks and grizzly bear watching! To think that I had all that, along with the opportunity to earn and save a fair sum of money to invest in my future, as well as total immersion in a small multi-cultural community that helped shape and guide me at no extra charge! I consider myself to have been very fortunate. •

Gray Creek Hall

Tom Lymbery

In 1911-12 the small community of Gray Creek on the East Shore of Kootenay Lake was growing, and there were enough children to apply for a school. Fruit growing had replaced the earlier mining boom. All along the lake, land had been subdivided into 10 acre lots, the size that was thought adequate to provide a family income. Although most of the early fruit growers were bachelors they were keen to have a school and willing to help construct it. There was a shortage of eligible women in the community and the chances were that the teachers would be female. Moreover, the school could also serve as a community hall.

Under the school law of the time, if the community provided a building, the provincial government would assist in paying the teacher's salary. Much discussion followed, if a hall was constructed to qualify for a school, where could it be placed? Everyone wanted it near his home, but none would consider contributing land that could possibly support apple or cherry trees - the staff of life. Eventually, it was discovered that south of the mouth of Gray Creek was a road right of way that had probably been drawn on a map in an office, without the knowledge that this was a rocky foreshore, so that the actual road had been placed further back. Where better for the new building? Lake frontage was not seen as valuable and once some stones were removed, the hall had its own swimming beach.[1]

Contributed cedar logs were horse skidded to the chosen place, and work bees soon had the structure rising, log by log. Craftsman, Sam Birkbeck supervised, and did most of the mitered corners, after broad axes had flattened the sides. The logs were set on large stones, of which there was no shortage. Roofing was hand split shingles, as there was no shortage of good cedar, and the door was, naturally hand made. Many years later, when cement was more available, and plumbing and wiring could be installed, we wished the builders had left some space. "Cedar doesn't rot" was the word in 1912. Perchance not, for about 40 years, given air movement and lack of moisture, but who looks that far ahead.

While local land owners donated cedar logs, the community required cash to pay for lumber to frame and cover the roof, for the floor, windows, and nails. Possibly there was a Provincial grant, but it certainly did not cover all the costs so the community had to raise some funds. The date of the opening dance is not recorded but it is known that for music, Granny Oliver's piano was loaded on a stone boat and pulled by a horse to the new hall. There was lots of lifting on and off, and stabilizing the load during that bumpy trip behind the horse.

Once the building was ready, negotiations started for an actual school teacher. In September 1914,"Verle Moore, who had travelled from Wardner to Nelson by train, and *SS Nasookin*, boarded a much smaller boat which journeyed down Kootenay Lake, stopping at every ranch where there was a landing. Her destination was Gray Creek, such a tiny place she had never heard of it." During the Great War, the population of Grey Creek declined and in 1916 the school closed because, despite enrolling a mentally challenged boy, it did not have sufficient students. By 1920 there were more children and in 1929, the arrival of George and Mary Oliver and their growing family, ensured that the class size was sufficient for many years.

Teachers rarely stayed more than two years, leaving either to be married, or to move to a community with better pay. However, Gray Creek with sternwheeler *S.S.Nasookin* bringing a Greyhound with daily mail and vehicle traffic and its regular hoot as she left the dock at 10.30 am, and 1.30 and 4.30 pm. was a far cry from very isolated Chezacut, in the Chilcotin for Miss Stoddart who was here in 1934-37. In 1937-8 Jim Burge ran a school bus bringing children from La France, and enrolment swelled to sixteen. After grade eight, some students stayed on to take grade nine by correspondence - a tough task, but made easier with a teacher. One room school education was an interesting challenge - students listened to the grade above them, as much as to their own, almost taking two years at once.

Gray Creek Hall painting by Will Bayliss

Although the 1930s brought depression, the arrival of the Trans Provincial Highway in 1931, replaced the twice weekly CPR steamer calls. Better access brought a few more residents, such as Tom Peters, an English sugar planter, retiring from Antigua.

His second daughter, Toby attended the school, while the elder, Topsy formed the Hopalong Trio.

Fund-raising for the building was a frequent activity. With Barbara and Gwen Burge, Topsy Peters purchased a player piano in Nelson, on the installment plan. The player piano, with its rolls of music activated by pedal power, belonged to the hall; the school was allowed to use the piano but not its rolls. Fund raising dances, might only bring in $7.00, but over about eight years the piano was fully paid for. What a great asset - for the school, for

Tom Lymbery lives in Gray Creek and operates Kootenay Lake's oldest general store - Gray Creek Store - which opened in 1913.

1 This lot was purchased from Schoolteacher Miss Stoddart and Jim Burge, who purchased lot 1 of District Lot 1489 when they were engaged. However, they broke the engagement and Jim married the next year's teacher, Miss McLaren. The resulting rift left the jointly owned property in limbo for nearly 50 years, until Stoddart and Burge finally agreed to sell the lot!

entertainment of all sorts, and for hymns when the hall was used for wedding, funeral, or monthly church services. The Nickel Swindle Club, a card playing evening for a five cent charge - probably labeled by Fred Smith, the community pessimist, was another fund raiser. Provincial and federal elections provided an occasional influx of funds as the hall charged a $5 rent for its use as a polling station.

Fund raising was necessary because in exchange for the Gray Creek School Board buying the firewood, the Hall Board maintained the building and improved it. As built in 1912 the log structure had only one door. The original plans included a kitchen and a stage but they had not been built. In the 1920s a kitchen was a priority, how could this be done'? There were still matching cedar logs on site but interlocking them with the existing structure could be difficult. Kathleen Lymbery, the hall secretary who advertised for tenders for the kitchen., incurred the wrath of Gray Creek builder, Tom Oliver -the successful bidder was Lawson Hepher - from BOSWELL! An out of town worker! Boswell is 10 miles south and because it had no road connection then, Lawson had to bring his tools on the *Nasookin* to Procter, then change boats to arrive at Gray Creek where he stayed to complete the project. He attached the logs with nails, put shakes on the roof, and made the entrance through the kitchen. Cutting a new door through the logs required stabilizing the side walls with one inch steel rods, still visible in the ceiling area. This also made it easier to bring in wood for the heater, as the new doorway was closer to the woodshed. In addition, the kitchen needed a wood cookstove, so a new brick on bracket chimney served both stoves, replacing the original unsafe stovepipe. In 1930, a small cloakroom was added at the north east corner to provide space for coats, a water bucket and wash basin. Sir John Eardley-Wilmot contributed $25 for quality fir flooring, and this is still giving good service in 2005.

1938 CLASS PHOTO
Front row left to right: Alice Oliver, Roy Miller, Brennen Drew, Barry Simpson
2nd row l to r: Beth Oliver, Roland Treneman, Fred Simpson, Evelyn Adams, Ruth Miller, Tom Lymbery.
Back row left to right: Jack Miller, Mary Miller, Ruth Burge, Violet Adams

The main wood stove was stationed almost in the middle of the hall, with a long horizontal stove pipe connection to the chimney. This could be moved for dances, while the desks were screwed onto two by fours in sections, so they also, were moved aside. As Christmas neared an eight foot stage would be assembled, making a small hall even shorter. This used the same material each year, so the floor planking was not solidly nailed down, making it somewhat noisy underfoot. Practices for the Christmas Concert kept the teacher planning in September, with practices running daily in November on. Teachers, who were not musical or did not have a musical student, had problems. In 1941 Miss Pennington compensated with a wind up gramophone — her weekly music class consisted of two 78 rpm records, "Rock of Ages" and "Danny Boy."

Large windows on the lakeside meant that the school, even in the dark days of winter, had sufficient natural light. But for nighttime events, with no electricity, the hall used oil lamps and then graduated to two Coleman pressure units, burning white gas with hand pumped air pressure, these gave much better light. Power arrived in 1952, when the Consolidated Mining & Smelting Company (Cominco) constructed the longest power line in the world, across the lake.

Since it was situated on a road right of way, it was impossible to secure title for the building. In 1937 about one quarter of an acre was purchased from the lot to the north for$25.00 plus $10.45 transfer fees. With that purchase, that part of the property was registered in the name of the Trustees of Gray Creek Community Hall. In the 1980's consternation was aroused when an adjoining campground owner applied for a foreshore lease of the hall lake frontage – since we didn't own all the property, could we lose it? Committee member, Ross Oliver contacted the Ministry of Highways, which agreed to the transfer if the hall would pay for an expensive survey. This was done, and in 1989, just under one acre was registered in the name of the hall.

By then, the hall had long since ceased to serve as a school. The population of children had fallen and in 1945 the Gray Creek School closed and the remaining children were bussed to Crawford Bay. The desks were taken away but the teacher's desk, clock, piano, and blackboards, remained, since they belonged to the Hall. A new two room elementary school built above the highway in Gray Creek in 1953 was in use until 1974. It had no connection with the Hall. Population growth in the 1950s, because of the re-opening of the Bluebell Mine in Riondel, and Gray Forest Products logging and sawmill operation, meant greater use of our Hall. The Porcupine Club (the ladies were usually knitting during their meetings) changed its name to the Gray Creek Ladies Club - apparently translated into German porcupine becomes "prickly pig", as a good many of the new residents were of German origin.

One of the popular entertainments in the hall

were movies. The first ones shown were those of Reverend Kinney who took his camera in *The Broadcaster*, a boat provided by his church for his visits to construction camps on the CPR west shore rail line and the highway construction on our side of the lake. I remember seeing sister Alice and myself, ages 6 and 4 in one of Kinney's films. Between 1931 and 1942 the BC Forestry Association sent a representative to rural communities to show films each summer. These films encouraged sensible forest practices, featured fire safety, but no tree planting. At each stop, a teenage boy was selected and given a bright red shirt (the colour became pink after several washdays) marking him as a Junior Forest Warden. After the war, a goodly crowd attended the monthly showings that the National Film Board provided through the fall and winter. "The Loon's Necklace" was an especially memorable film but every showing included one on pulp and paper, always with the THUMP of trees falling. During the second season of these shows, I began training to run the program, as the NFB was spending heavily on this program. The Nelson-Creston freight truck would drop off the generator and projector and I would wheelbarrow or sleigh them to the hall. Would the engine start, would there be a working soundtrack? Once no effort would produce any sound - I wished that someone from Lister, West Creston, Sirdar, or Boswell had put in a note that a tube had burned out!

By the 1970, there were many homes high above the power line but even those with power could only receive CBC TV. David Zaiss formed the Gray Creek Film Club and a capacity crowd enjoyed feature films. David organized voting on possible coming choices, as well as who would bring popcorn. 'Sometimes a Great Notion', 'Catch 22' are among the great memories. To confine the projector noises to the kitchen, Brian Denault crafted a cedar door with a porthole. Log buildings have excellent acoustics, thus Gray Creek has been a popular stop for dance orchestras and singers, even though you would expect that the space was too small to be considered. Valdy and Long John Baldry are among those performers.

The Centennial Years - 1958, 1967, and 1971 were a boost to our community, as the grant programs encouraged improvements and celebrations. A Centennial committee decided to re-foot the foundations of the 1912 structure and add the stage at the south end. The original builders had left cross cut saw slots in the logs for the addition of the stage, but by 1958 the chainsaw made these unnecessary. Committee secretary, Kathleen Lymbery, sent postcards inviting all earlier residents for the official dedication, and many came. Catherine and Len Clark, Enid, daughter of 1929-31 teacher Mrs. Hodnett, the Smiths, Burges, Olivers, Drews, and many more. Member of Parliament for Kootenay West, Bert Herridge did the honours at the opening.

Fortunate indeed that new cement pillars supported the lakeside hall - for in 1961 Kootenay Lake reached its highest ever level, and washed right under the building. In 1912 the creek had passed to the south, but a flood in the 1920s had changed its course, to 400 feet north of the hall. The first flood, along with the danger of waves at high lake water, had seen a cribbing put between the building and the lake - this all disappeared in 1961. Construction of an upstream Kootenay River dam at Libby, Montana in 1970 has prevented the lake from rising so much again.

This encouraged beach improvement so Jim Burge was hired to move boulders with his D6 Caterpillar bulldozer. These had been rolled down the creek in springtime runoff so were rounded, and difficult to pile as breakwaters. Since the mouth of the creek is to the north, unfortunately, the beach improvement is unable to catch any of the sand the tumbling water brings to the lake as the prevailing south wind moves it to the north, away from the hall.

In 1968 a grassed area was leveled on the lakeside, shaded by the Lombardy poplars that Fred Smith had proposed in 1947.

Sketch of the hall by unknown artist showing added kitchen at left and stage at right.

The Gray Creek Hall is still in regular use and is still being improved. In 2003, Longest resident and most consistent supporter, John Oliver made a generous cash contribution to a new project which provided a terrace behind stone walls at the same level as the building and with railings and wooden benches. Future plans include converting a window to a door to connect the terrace to the main hall. Despite these changes, the Heritage Hall remains the only pre 1914-18 war log community hall still well maintained and used, left in Canada. •

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Lost Nanaimo—taking back our past

by Dr. Jean Barman

This is an adapted version of a talk presented to the BC Historical Federation Annual Conference in Nanaimo in May 2004 hosted by the Nanaimo Historical Society.

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In my general history of British Columbia, written over ten years ago now, I noted briefly the Hudson's Bay Company's (HBC's) relocation of their coal mining operations from Fort Rupert at the north end of Vancouver Island to Nanaimo in November 1852.[1] I then went on to populate Nanaimo with the miners remaining from the failed Fort Rupert enterprise, and with "some two dozen others and their families brought out from England" two years later on the *Princess Royal*.

There are twenty or so subsequent references to Nanaimo in my book, all of which relate to the mining economy, and to the coalminers' struggle for better working conditions. This is of course a topic that is very pertinent to the labour relations and political climate in British Columbia today. What I had done was to construct Nanaimo's history from a modern perspective.

What I have since come to realize, and what I want to explore here, is that the danger in this approach is that we may lose some aspects of the past, simply because they do not accord with our present-day interests. I am increasingly convinced that we need to take back the past as it was, not as we would have it be. We need to learn to drive in two directions. Most often we use our present-day understandings as our vehicle for moving back in time. Far less often do we head in the other direction by taking the past on its own terms. When we do so, we are likely to encounter a lot of diversions and perhaps some dead ends. In other words, while the present leads rather easily into the past, or rather into the particular past toward which we choose to head, going from the "actual" past to the present is a far more difficult undertaking

When we dare to take back the past on its own terms, we may well discover, in the much repeated opening lines of British writer Lesley P. Hartley's novel *The Go-Between*, published in 1953, that "the past is a foreign country, they do things differently [there]."

The history of Nanaimo, or for that matter of any other community in British Columbia, is, I suspect, not so neat and tidy as we would like, once we examine it as it was rather than as we would have it be. Looked at in this light, there are, I think, two important aspects of Nanaimo's early history that may have faded from view—an *excess of tradition* and the *erasure of diversity*.

By an excess of tradition, I mean that the societal values the *Princess Royal* families brought with them from England were so firmly held that they became, over time, more of a hindrance than a help to their making their way in the new world. By erasure of diversity, I mean that difference, particularly racial difference, was much more present in Nanaimo than the blip at the beginning it is usually made out to be.

Each of these two propositions—an excess of tradition and the erasure of diversity—may sound contentious, but please bear with me as I try to make my case.

Early Nanaimo

Early Nanaimo is usually conceived, as I summarized in *The West beyond the West*, as having two stages. First the HBC; then the *Princess Royal*. As Richard Mackie reminds us in his book, *Trading beyond the Mountains*, by the middle of the century the HBC had long since diversified away from furs—they were "beyond the mere traffic in peltries."[2]

The HBC began mining coal at Fort Rupert in 1849 to supply Royal Navy ships plying the Pacific coast. Three years later, mining operations were moved to Nanaimo for a variety of reasons including the higher quality of coal to be found there; disputes with the northern Natives over who actually owned the coal; and the HBC's inexperienced and inept management of their first coal mining venture.

It is generally accepted that the people of Nanaimo were from many different backgrounds up until the arrival of the miners and their families on the *Princess Royal* in November 1854. Aboriginal people played a role in both the discovery of the coal and its extraction in the early days. The first school teacher, young Charles Bayley, recorded how, on his arrival in 1853, "the population of Nanaimo or Colville Town as it was named by the H.B.Co. was about one hundred and twenty-five composed of Whites, French Canadians, Iroquois, Kanakas [Hawaiians], and half Breeds, a motley crowd."[3]

In this view of the past, written as we perhaps would like to see it unfold from the perspective of the present day, the Nanaimo Bayley evoked was already giving way to another way of life on the model we associate with settler societies. The only element of diversity generally recognized as continuing was Chinese miners. Discriminatory attitudes toward them are well known, as is their material legacy in Nanaimo's Chinatowns.

What was celebrated from Nanaimo's first years, as is still proclaimed on the Nanaimo Museum website, was the "birth of the first white girl, Margaret" to the McGregors on March 16, 1853, and

then "the first white boy born in Nanaimo," Alexander Dunsmuir, shortly after on June 2.[4] These first white children came from among the families who had arrived on earlier vessels bringing white women, as well as men, to this distant corner of North America.

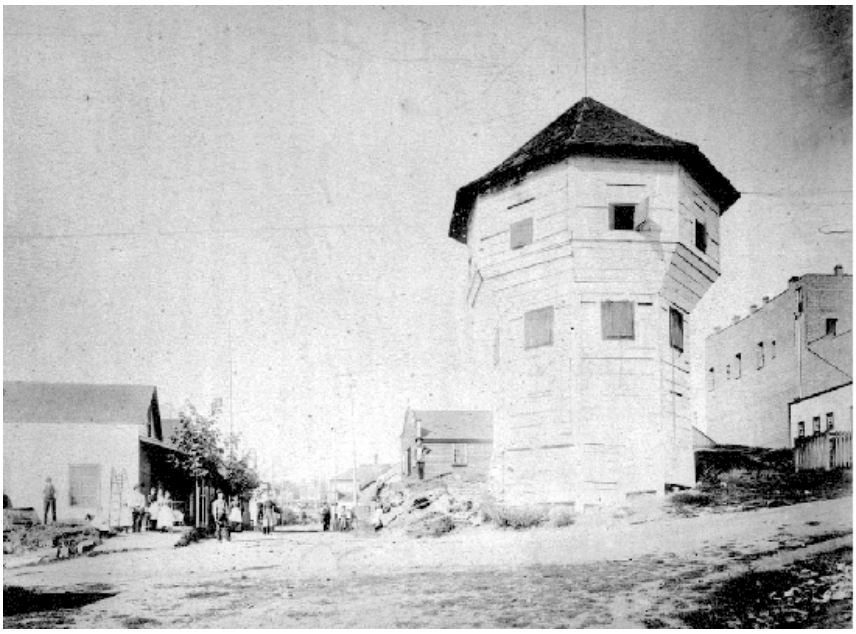
The excess of tradition

The seminal moment for early Nanaimo is most often considered to be the arrival in November 1854 of the *Princess Royal*. It was part of the agreement made in 1849 between the HBC and the British government that, in return for proprietorial rights to Vancouver Island, the HBC would undertake to establish a settlement of resident colonists. It was also in the interests of the company to promote long-term stability. Accordingly, the HBC recruited intact mining families in Britain. Twenty-three men, twenty of them with wives and over half with children, came on the *Princess Royal* in 1854 to become, in the words of early British Columbia's leading chroniclers G.P.V. and Helen B. Akrigg, "the true founders of Nanaimo".[5] While some of the arrivals briefly chased other opportunities, in particular the riches to be had from gold, none of them returned home. As one early resident enthused, "not one of the passengers who came out on the *Princess Royal*, and who were entitled to a return passage, in terms of their engagement, embraced the opportunity to go back." [6]

Rather, the *Princess Royal* contingent put their backs to the task. Faced with Charles Bayley's "motley crowd," they had to scramble for authority, and perhaps for that reason may have scrambled doubly hard to assert a way of life that was familiar to them from their lives in England. As John Belshaw argues in his recent book on Vancouver Island coalfields, "the miners' identity as miners went beyond the business of work and was something that the miners themselves were engaged in fashioning."[7] The priority given to recruiting mining families of good character almost ensured that they would seek to retain familiar ways. They followed these ways so fully in their new setting that tradition became a trap.

An excess of tradition had very real consequences for the second and subsequent generations. Thanks to Peggy Nicholls' meticulous research on the *Princess Royal* families, it is possible to get a fairly good sense of their priorities for their offspring.[8] It was assumed daughters would marry young, and that sons would go to work even younger.

The forty-two daughters of the first generation who can be followed into marriage in the Nanaimo area wed between 12 and 27 years of age. Some of the latter were held back by virtue of having, as said about one of them, "to sew and to help care for the seven babies that followed her".[9] Even so, seven out of every ten daughters were wed by the time they were 18 years old.



Nanaimo's Bastion
BC Archives photo B-02463

Sons followed their fathers into the pits. While I do not have overall data, Peggy Nicholls' examples argue that they did so at an early age, much as they would have in England had they stayed there. The Ganner family arrived with two sons, to quote from the correspondence prior to their departure, "aged respectively abt. 13 and 11 [who] have worked in the mines for some two or three years".[10] Similarly, 10-year-old John Hawkes went to work underground in 1863, coupling coal cars to be hauled by mules to the sorting bins.[11] His friend, John Meakin, was given the same task a year later on reaching the age of 11,[12] as was George Sage in 1865 at the age of 10.[13]

Sam Thompson, who went to work in 1868, may have begun at the even younger age of 9 because his first job was to load coal cars for his father. Unlike the others, who earned 75¢ for an eight-hour day, Sam recalled receiving only board and pocket money.[14] Because another *Princess Royal* son, George Bevilockway, was considered a particularly good student, his entry into the mines was delayed until the age of 14 in 1871. He confirmed the worth of his additional schooling by soon becoming an assistant manager.[15]

If sons went to work young, they did not

necessarily immediately follow their sisters into marriage. They tended to wait awhile. The twenty-five sons who can be traced from the *Princess Royal* contingent wed between 20 and 37 years of age. Only half of them were married by their mid-20s.

Once ingrained, the force of tradition was hard to break in Nanaimo. Attitudes toward schooling make the case. The new province of British Columbia created in 1871 was determined to give children equality of opportunity by making education free and non-denominational. Viewed from the perspective of the present day, it seems almost taken for granted that families would make use of the opportunity. When we take the past seriously, on its own terms, we quickly discover that this was not the case, certainly not in a community like Nanaimo bound to the traditions whence families came. The trap that tradition became precluded Nanaimo offspring from taking advantage of a public good intended to serve all young British Columbians.

Nanaimo families' attitudes were evident from early on. The first head of education in the province, John Robson, noted how on the day he visited the Nanaimo school in 1872, just 11 boys and 16 girls were present whereas the community likely contained about 175 children of school age. Numbers gradually rose, but twice as fast for girls, and Robson noted somewhat wryly two years later how "there are probably as many boys as girls in the town."[16]

The adherence to tradition gave Nanaimo children little motivation either to go to school or to behave while there. Robson's report from the mid-1870s read: "When the school was visited, the senior classes in both departments were little advanced in their studies. The boys were noisy and disorderly."[17] Robson was well aware of the reason. "A disposition on the part of many parents to send their children into 'the pit' at an early age is exercising a prejudicial influence on the rising generation by depriving them of the advantages of free school education."[18]

Cases of "truancy" were especially high in Nanaimo. In 1880-81, for example, 23 cases were reported in the provincial capital of Victoria among 310 enrolled boys, whereas Nanaimo recorded 70 cases among 148 boys.[19] The relative proportions were one for every sixteen boys in Victoria; one for every two boys in Nanaimo.

In 1876, written examinations were held for admission into the new public high school established in Victoria, the first in the province. Whereas 54 out of 70 Victoria students who took the exam passed, not one of the 26 who sat for it in Nanaimo did so. The average score was 277 in Victoria, 139 in the other principal city of New Westminster, just 53 in Nanaimo.[20] A year later no one from Nanaimo even bothered to sit the high-school entrance examination.

The head of the provincial system again despaired: "It is a difficult matter to raise and maintain a high standard of attainment in the senior division [of the elementary school in Nanaimo] in consequence of pupils being withdrawn from school at a much earlier age than they ought to be. Parents should not under any consideration send their children into the mines, or give them employment above ground, till the before mentioned examination has been creditably passed.[21] Over time, some Nanaimo boys did sit for the exam, but very rarely did the few who passed then bother to go on to high school.[22]

In 1886, a high school finally opened in Nanaimo itself. Attitudes toward it demonstrate the full extent to which the traditions put in place by the first generation still held firm. Just twelve pupils enrolled. The problem lay, school authorities explained, in many being "engaged in pursuits by which they were enabled to support themselves or assist their parents."[23] In the late 1880s, growing racism led to Chinese miners being prohibited from working underground. The school inspector lamented the consequence. "Owing to the exclusion of Chinese from the mines, a great many of our boys left school to fill their places, and consequently deprived us of some of our best material."[24] The high school by this time contained 9 boys and 16 girls, whereas Nanaimo's elementary schools enrolled 430 children.

The only change came from the outside in the form of provincial regulations raising the entry age for mining. The earliest restricted boys under 14 from working underground except with special ministerial permission. Only after the turn of the century were boys under 14 completely banned from the pits. Even then they could still do clerical work above ground. A school official admonished Nanaimo parents at length in 1893: "The great inducements held out to boys of thirteen to fifteen years of age to work in the coal mines naturally draws a large number from the school every year, and place the senior divisions at a great disadvantage. You will notice, by the list of pupils, quite a number of the boys of the age above mentioned have gone to work, thus carrying off the material that should go to the High School."[25]

This excess of tradition had unintended consequences. By the time Nanaimo parents realized

1 Jean Barman, *The West beyond the West: A History of British Columbia*, rev. ed., (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1995) p.55.

2 Vancouver: University of British Columbia (UBC) Press, 1997. Chapter 9.

3 Charles Bayley, *Early Life on Vancouver Island*, 6-7, typescript in BC Archives (BCA), E/B/B34.2.

4 ndmuseum@nanaimo.museum.bc.ca

5 G.P.V. Akrigg and Helen B. Akrigg, *British Columbia Chronicle 1847-1871*, vol. 2, p.78, (Vancouver: Discovery Press, 1977) p.78. I am grateful to Barrie Humphrey for alerting me to this reference.

6 Mark Bate, *Closing Chapters of History of Nanaimo*, Nanaimo Free Press (NFP), 18 May 1907.

7 John Belshaw, *Colonization and Community: The Vancouver Island Coalfield and the Making of the British Columbian Working Class*, (Montreal and kingston: McGill-Queen's University Press, 2002), p.212.

8 Peggy Nicholls, *From the Black Country to Nanaimo 1854*, 5 volumes, Nanaimo Historical Society, 1991-95.

9 Amanda Meakin in Nicholls, *From the Black Country...*, 5, 1995.

10 Ganner family in Nicholls, *From the Black Country...*, 4, 1994.

11 John Hawkes in Nicholls, *From the Black Country...*, 3, 1993.

12 John Meakin in Nicholls, *From the Black Country...*, 5, 1995.

13 George Sage in Nicholls, *From the Black Country...*, 4, 1994.

14 Samuel Thompson in Pearl C. Reynolds, *60-Year-Old Photograph Awakens Memories of Early Nanaimo*, Vancouver Sun, 25, Magazine, March 25 1944.

the value of schooling, the damage was done from the perspective of provincial authorities. Helen Brown has written about the enormous efforts made in Nanaimo during the 1890s to improve the quality of schooling, but by then no one much was listening.[26] Provincial officials had despaired, among the consequences being large class sizes. Nanaimo's growth in population exacerbated the situation.

Fifty, sixty, and more pupils were crammed into a single classroom. The only solution, the board decided in 1899, lay in having "one half of these divisions attend school in the morning and one half in the afternoon."[27] Near the end of the year, sixty elementary children were moved into the high school building, which was still being underused.[28] By this time some secondary education had become the norm in urban areas of British Columbia, but not in Nanaimo.

Peggy Nicholls suggests, astutely, that one of the factors eventually moderating the situation would be local teachers from Nanaimo, who understood the familial and job pressures being put on students.[29]

The erasure of diversity

Not only an excess of tradition, but the erasure of diversity were fundamental aspects of early Nanaimo's history.

Virtually all of the men and women who put themselves in charge of settler society on Vancouver Island and across British Columbia shared similar attitudes toward diversity. Seeing themselves as white, and on that basis inherently superior, they looked down on persons with darker skin tones. Aboriginal people were to be disparaged, all others who were perceived as less white belittled. If not physically removed, they were at the least to be erased from view.

This perspective comes through loud and clear in the recollections of one of Nanaimo's most prominent early residents, Mark Bate, who arrived in 1857 at the age of 20 on a subsequent voyage of the *Princess Royal*. Within a dozen years Bate was manager of the Vancouver Coal Mining and Land Company, which in 1862 bought out the Hudson's Bay Company. As well as running the company employing most Nanaimo residents, Bate was mayor for much of the time between 1876 and the end of the century. His reminiscences, published in 1907, provide one of the most graphic portraits to survive of early Nanaimo. They give us unusual insight into how the dominant view of its history was constructed by the men who had put themselves in charge.

Mark Bate's perspective on diversity has two components. The first is his determination to reduce the perceived contribution of the HBC employees who had built Nanaimo, quite literally, into something of little consequence. Exemplary is his view of Narcisse Montigny, an HBC employee who arrived in Nanaimo in 1854 or 1855. According to Bate, "Montigny was an Axeman who supplied the Poles for House building, etc. etc. He was an uncouth, gruff, customer, who used to have lively times with the Iroquois, and others of his Tillicums. He left Nanaimo in 1858 for Fort Hope."[30] Bate's very visible sigh of relief that such persons departed and could thereby be erased from Nanaimo's history is even more evident in his description of three Iroquois he names as Lazaar Oreasta, Tomo Sakiowatti, and Louis Oteekorie who, in his words, "left Nanaimo prior to the termination of the Hudson's Bay Company's regime." [31] While acknowledging the contribution of the trio, and also of their fellow Iroquois Tomo Aumtony to city building, just as he did with French Canadians, he emphasizes how Sakiowatti, for instance, was "a rather wild, quarrelsome fellow" who "was often mixed up with drunken carousals and brawls."[32]

Mark Bate took great pride how, in the first census taken in February 1857, all of the 132 persons counted as living in Nanaimo were English, Scotch, and Irish, "excepting" 5 Iroquois, 2 each French Canadians and Hawaiians, and 1 Norwegian.[33]

The second linked component of Bate's erasure of diversity relates to his attitude toward Aboriginal people. Bate sharply differentiated between men and women among the "250 S'nenymos"[34] who, according to his calculations, lived in Nanaimo in the 1850s.

Aboriginal women Bate considered useful to city building, noting, for instance, how "a number of Indian women were employed carrying clay" to build the dam running the first sawmill.[35] Bate was especially laudatory in his description of early work processes. "Coal was conveyed in canoes for shipment…thrown into a lighter made fast alongside a vessel, thence hoisted or shoveled on board. In this work of conveyance, the Indian women, as well as the men were engaged—the former, as a rule, earning the most wages, or goods." [36]

But Bate's recognition of Indian women went only so far. As with his need to erase the HBC link, he was determined to hide from view another aspect of Nanaimo's early history. A long time gender imbalance in the newcomer population across British

15 George Bevilockway in Nicholls, *From the Black Country…*, 3, 1993.

16 Department of Education (DoEd.), Annual Report 1874: 17.

17 DoEd., Annual Report 1876: 94.

18 DoEd., Annual Report 1876: 94.

19 DoEd., Annual Report 1881: 270-71.

20 DoEd., Annual Report 1876: 128.

21 DoEd., Annual Report 1877: 19.

22 DoEd., Annual Report 1885: 313.

23 DoEd., Annual Report 1886: 144-45.

24 DoEd., Annual Report 1888: 199.

25 DoEd., Annual Report 1893: 542.

26 Helen Brown, "Binaries, Boundaries, and Hierarchies: The Special Relations of City Schooling in Nanaimo, British Columbia", unpublished Ph.D. dissertation, UBC, 1999.

27 Nanaimo School Board, Minutes, meeting of 2 September 1899, also 2 December 1899, Nanaimo Archives (NA).

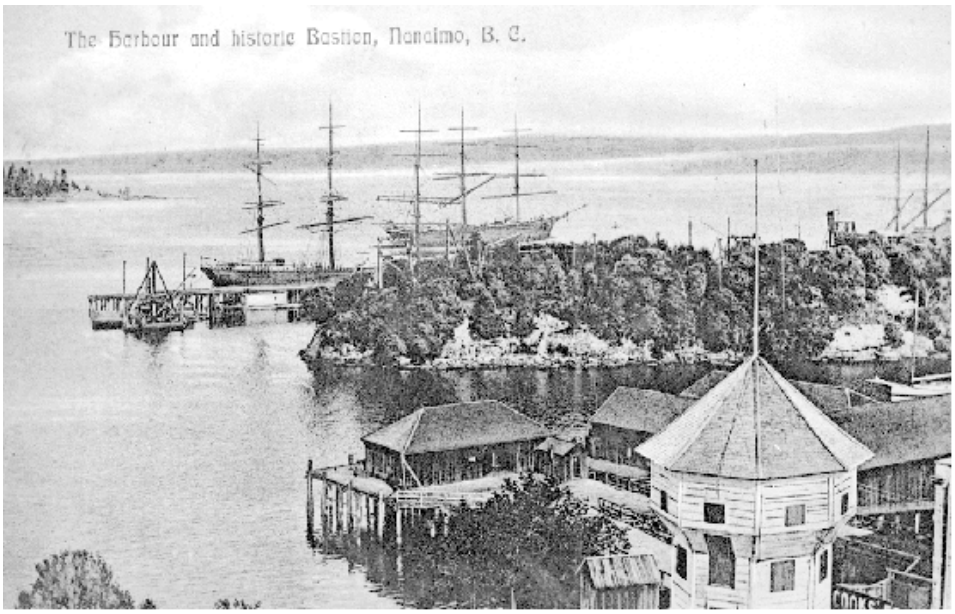
28 Nanaimo School Board, Minutes, meeting of 28 December 1899, NA.

29 Peggy Nicholls, conversation with the author, 7 May 2004.

30 Mark Bate, *The Men Who Helped to Build Nanaimo*, NFP, 26 March 1907.

31 Mark Bate, *The Men Who…*, 1907.

32 Mark Bate, *The Men Who…*, 1907. To be fair to Bate, many of his observations echoed those of HBC officials, as caught in their correspondence and journals. Bate had possession of the Nanaimo journal at the time he penned his reminiscence. See Foreward to *Nanaimo Journal*,



Columbia encouraged relationships between Aboriginal women and newcomer men. The 1857 census of Nanaimo counted 58 males, 21 females, and 54 children. There were, in other words, 2 men in the newcomer population for every woman.[37] The situation did not much change. In 1870 there were 395 newcomer men compared to 206 women, or twice as many men as women.[38] Through the end of the nineteenth century British Columbia as a whole counted two to three newcomer men for every newcomer woman.

Mark Bate, like most of his contemporaries, would have none of this. The unions which numerous men, in Nanaimo as elsewhere, formed with Aboriginal women simply did not exist, from his perspective. In his published recollections, Bate gave wives to all but one of the *Princess Royal* contingent and to four other men who came out on earlier vessels. These women he described in glowing terms. They were "faithful,"[39] "a good mother, a good house manager"[40] "a kind-hearted, generous woman who delighted in 'doing a good turn'".[41] They were all white women.

In sharp contrast, at least three Englishmen, three from the Orkneys in northern Scotland, a Welshman, a couple of French Canadians, and a couple of Iroquois who Bate mentions at length, were described as if they were wifeless when in reality they had Aboriginal wives.[42] Bate could be enormously flattering about these men. He characterizes Englishman William Sampson as building up "a valuable Estate" on Saltspring Island, but as if he did so all by himself.[43] With James Stove from the Orkneys, who remained in Nanaimo, Bate described how he, "with much steady, persevering labour, made himself a home there which is today, with its alluringly pleasant surroundings, as pretty a spot as one could wish for."[44] Bate erased Stove's Aboriginal wife, just as he did with the others.

The only person to get an acknowledgment from Bate as having a family by an Aboriginal woman was for the purpose of ridicule. A Welsh miner named Thomas Jones is described as "a run-away military man from Uncle Sam's domain" who died in 1864 and "was father, by the way, of Azariah Jones, known in town as the 'Dummy'".[45]

Bate effectively erased Aboriginal women from the history of Nanaimo. They could not, almost by definition, be faithful wives, or indeed wives at all. What is absolutely clear is that the Nanaimo Mark Bate and others erased did not disappear. Diversity was, rather, lost from view in the determination of the *Princess Royal* contingent and others to construct the Nanaimo of their aspirations.

An early glimpse of the diversity that marked Nanaimo comes from February 1860, when a Victoria newspaper reported that an Aboriginal girl aged 12, who had supposedly "already been the victim of a white man's passions under the guise of keeping house for him," was found dead in the home of a Nanaimo man named Weston.[46] Not only was she discovered there, the article claimed that Weston's "Indian woman" had been feeding the dead girl liquor in order to secure her "possession" by another man.[47] Bate recalled William Weston, almost certainly the same man, only as "the village Constable, Nanaimo's first 'bobby'".[48] Clearly, Bate kept in contact with

August 1855-March 1857, BCA, A/C/20.1/N15.2; and *Nanaimo Correspondence*, 1852-53, BCA, A/C/20.1/N15.

33 Mark Bate, *Closing Chapters…*, 1907.

34 Mark Bate, *Reminiscences of Early Nanaimo Days*, NFP, 9 February 1907.

35 Mark Bate, *The Men Who…*, 1907.

36 Mark Bate, *Mr. M. Bate, Continues His Nanaimo Reminiscences*, NFP, 16 February 1907.

37 Mark Bate, *Closing Chapters…*, 1907.

38 G.P.V. and Helen B. Akrigg, *British Columbia Chronicle…*, p.404.

39 Mark Bate, *Sketch of Geo. Baker And Other Pioneers*, NFP, 6 April 1907; also *The History of the Early Nanaimo Settlers*, NFP, 4 May 1907.

40 Mark Bate, *More Sketches of old Time Nanaimoites*, NFP, 13 April 1907.

41 Mark Bate, *Sketch of Geo.…*, 1907.

42

Isbister	Orkneys
Martin	English
Sampson	English
Stove	Orkneys
Fortier	French Canadian
Paley	Orkneys
Iroquois	a couple
Jones	Welsh
Monigny	French Canadians
Weston	English

43 Mark Bate, *The Men Who…*, 1907.

44 Mark Bate, *How Chase River Came by Its Name*, NFP, 30 March 1907.

45 Mark Bate, *Closing Chapters…*, 1907.

Weston, for he described his death a couple of years before Bate wrote in 1907.

Another glimpse comes from a decade and a half later, December 1876, when the British Columbia Reserve Commission visited the Nanaimo area to confirm Indian reserves. As Cole Harris documents in *Making Native Space*, the commission's principal goal was to free up as much of the province as possible for newcomer settlement.[49] Thus, not unexpectedly, the three commissioners first consulted with Mark Bate in his dual capacities as mayor and manager of the town's principal employer, the Vancouver Coal Company. The commissioners next met with local Indian chiefs, when, to quote from the commission's report, "the evils of concubinage of their young women with the white men around were specifically pointed out." [50]

The commissioners almost certainly admonished the Indian chiefs at Bate's request, given no similar lecture was given to chiefs anywhere else on Vancouver Island or on the lower mainland. In other words, Bate was well aware of the diversity he was determined to erase and sought, via the commission, to persuade Aboriginal men to stamp it out through prohibiting their daughters from taking newcomer husbands.

We can also glimpse the erasure of diversity from the perspective of the men themselves. For all of the attempts to ridicule and discourage such relationships, they persisted. The gender differential within the newcomer population virtually ensured that only some of the men at work in the mines would find marital partners of similar backgrounds to themselves. The relatively older ages at which *Princess Royal* sons married than did their sisters testify to the paucity of marriageable young women. Girls as young as 12 were routinely courted, and sometimes persuaded into wedlock.

Numerous men working in Nanaimo opted for Aboriginal women. Hawaiians and Iroquois did so as a matter of course, but so did at least four dozen English, Scots, French Canadian, and others who, in the language of the time, were white. The records of Nanaimo's St. Paul's Anglican Church, Ebenezer Methodist Church, and St. Peter's Catholic Church make it possible to trace marriages, as do colonial and provincial records. Because of their survival, we gain an appreciation of how men did not so much seek to prostitute women for the short term, as with the Weston incident, but sought them out as life partners through church-sanctioned marriages.

Some men persevered in Nanaimo, likely repeatedly made conscious of the way in which they had diverged from the accepted life course. As just one example, 16-year-old Orkney Islander James Malcolm was among the first group of prospective miners brought to Fort Rupert in 1851 then transferred to Nanaimo in November 1852. Within the year he was living with a local Native woman named Emma. Their first child together was born at precisely the same time as the Dunsmuir son hailed even today as the first "white" boy. The HBC's head at Nanaimo informed his superior, James Douglas in July 1853: "Two births have occurred in this Establishment since the *Cadboro* sailed in the cases of Mrs. Dunsmuir and the native wife of John Malcolm, labourer."[51] James Malcolm married Emma in Ebenezer Methodist Church in 1861. The Malcolms' eight children suffered the consequences of diversity, as with the Nanaimo school teacher's equation in 1880 of the Malcolm sons' behaviour with their skin tones. "The Malcolms are half-breeds and it is more difficult to deal with them as they are not looked after at home and they take the other boys away from school with them."[52] Given the high rates of truancy in Nanaimo, it seems likely that the Malcolm sons were only participating in a general phenomenon.

Numerous men responded imaginatively by erasing themselves. From 1859 it was possible to take up land on Vancouver Island and the nearby Gulf Islands by marking out up to 160 acres, registering the claim, taking up residence, and then paying a relatively small sum once the land was surveyed. While Nanaimo was given over to coal mining, nearby islands beckoned, including Gabriola Island, just three miles (five kilometres) away.

The men who settled Gabriola were certainly not all from Nanaimo, nor did they all have Aboriginal wives. But, at the same time, as June Lewis-Harrison describes in her book, *The People of Gabriola*,[53] and as I detailed a couple of years ago in the Gabriola history journal *SHALE*, a preponderance of early settlers fit both categories.[54] The first pre-emptor was Nanaimo carpenter Alexander McFarlane in January 1863. He was followed two months later by two and likely three Nanaimo miners, Richard Chappel, Thomas Degnan, and Thomas Jones, and over the next several years by at least a dozen men who, like their predecessors, had families by Aboriginal women. Some of these men lived on Gabriola prior to taking up land, and numerous of them commuted to work in Nanaimo mines as they attempted to make their Gabriola

46 Information from Bruce Watson's biographical dictionary in process, used with permission.

47 *To the Editor*, Victoria Gazette, 22 February 1860.

48 Mark Bate, *Interesting Early Nanaimo History*, NFP, 11 May 1907.

49 UBC Press, 2002.

50 Alex C Anderson and Archibald McKinlay, *Report of the proceedings of the Joint Commission for the settlement of the Indian Reserves in the Province of British Columbia*, Victoria, 21 March 1877, in Department of Indian Affairs, RG 10, vol. 3645, file 7936, C10113.

51 Joseph William McKay to James Douglas, Nanaimo, July 17, 1853, in *Nanaimo Correspondence*.

52 John Mundell, teacher at Nanaimo, to C.C. McKenzie, Superintendent of Education, Nanaimo, 18 March 1880, in BC Superintendent of Education, *Inward Correspondence*, BCARS, GR 1445.

53 Friesen & Sons, 1982.

54 Jean Barman, *Island sanctuaries—Early mixed race settlement on Gabriola and nearby coastal islands*, *SHALE* 2, 5-14, March 2001.

55 See Jean Barman, *The Remarkable Adventures of Portuguese Joe Silvey*, Raincoast Monographs 1 Madeira Park: Harbour, 2004.

56 Jessop Diary, BCA, GR 1468, 8 October 1874.

57 Jessop Diary, 8 October 1874.

58 Jessop Diary, 23 March 1874.

59 Jessop Diary, 11 February 1878.

60 See Jean Barman, *Maria Mahoi of the Islands*, New Star, 2004.

holdings self-supporting.

Other men with Aboriginal wives took other courses of action. Saltspring Island attracted a larger group of men with families by Aboriginal women, including onetime Nanaimo resident Henry Sampson. Other men sought out an island of their own. Joe Silvey pre-empted smaller Reid Island north of Saltspring. Although Portuguese Joe, as he was known, never lived in Nanaimo, for him, as for many other islanders, it was their market town. For many years, Joe sold there the oil from dogfish he caught for use in miners' lamps.[55]

By losing themselves from view, families on islands gained greater opportunities to manage their children's upbringing. In the case of Gabriola, parents repeatedly made clear the value they attached to the school. In 1874, the provincial head, John Jessop, described how there were "thirteen children in attendance, all half-breeds."[56] The designation was not, however, nearly as judgmental as it might have been in Nanaimo, for the superintendent found much to praise. "Second class reading & spelling very good—All in first Reader last spring—First Reading Class making fair improvement…Children orderly & well behaved & making good progress."[57] Jessop enthused how "Parents also (in great contrast with other districts) are much interested in the school and careful to keep up the attendance."[58] Unlike Nanaimo, parents took control of the school to the extent of complaining bitterly, a few years later, about a teacher who did not meet their expectations. As to the reason, the superintendent noted how he "Heard complaints of parents respecting the non-improvement of their children."[59] Gabriola parents saw in the school the best possibility for their children to acquire skills permitting them to negotiate their diversity.

Lessons learned

The very different attitude of Gabriola and Nanaimo families toward the principal state institution of the day, the public school, makes little sense so long as we persist in viewing the past from the perspective of the present day. It is very hard to understand why parents would not take advantage of the opportunity for free education. Staying in school a year or two longer would not have lost Nanaimo daughters a husband, or sons a job in the mines. It is equally difficult to comprehend why parents on Gabriola erased themselves from view rather than fighting for their rights, in line with today's priorities. It does appear that, yes, the past is a foreign country.

All of these actions become comprehensible once we take the past on its own terms. An excess of tradition caused Nanaimo families to lose sight of the opportunities formal education might offer their children. Families marked by diversity were both erased by others and erased themselves.

The direction in which families headed, whether in Nanaimo or on islands like Gabriola, did not necessarily lead down a straight road to the present day. As Helen Brown has so well demonstrated, Nanaimo families had to work very hard during and after the 1890s to join the educational mainstream from the divergent path they had chosen for themselves in earlier years. In similar fashion, it was only as negative attitudes toward race moderated in the dominant society in the later twentieth century that families who hid themselves away on islands, whether it be Gabriola, the Saltspring and Russell Islands of Maria Mahoi,[60] or the Reid Island of Portuguese Joe Silvey, could comfortably take pride in their distinctive identities.

By treating history, not as a reflection of ourselves, but as a foreign country, we acquire a greater appreciation of why it is that individuals acted as they did. We need to learn to drive in two directions. By doing so, we can take back the past on its own terms to discover that, yes, they did do things differently there. •

The Sullivan Diamond Drill of Coal Creek

By Dirk Septer

It is not too often that one finds an antique drill rig complete with all the drill steel, pumps, hand tools, etc. totally undisturbed in a location not too far from "civilisation."

Historical Background

The steam-powered Sullivan diamond drill was found on a coal claim in the bush near Smithers at the headwaters of the Zymoetz (Copper) River. Local Native people had known about the existence of coal in the area for many years but not until 1908 did J. Ashman stake claims to two small seams 69,120 acres (27,648 ha) on Coal Creek. The owners of the Ashman Coal Mines Ltd. did little work on the claims because of difficulties of access before the completion of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

Until that railway arrived in 1914, access to the property was by coastal steamer from Vancouver to Prince Rupert then to Hazelton by riverboat up the Skeena for some 180 mi. (288 km). From Hazelton, a stagecoach took travellers up the Bulkley Valley to Telkwa and Aldermere, the original townsite above present day Telkwa at the confluence of the Bulkley and Telkwa rivers. From Telkwa, the property could be reached via a good horse trail. Passing on the south side of Pine Hill along Pine Creek, the trail skirted Hudson Bay Mountain and continued along the north side of the Copper River to Coal Creek, then called Chettleburgh Creek. The greatest elevation attained on the trail was 3,000 ft. (900 m) on Silver Creek Flats just beyond Aldrich Lake.

Around 1910, the Copper River Coal Syndicate, with Frank B. Chettleburgh as superintendent, acquired the property. This syndicate was a subsidiary of the North American Security Company, of which the National Finance Company of Vancouver was the fiscal agent. By then, the original group of claims had been reduced to 75 sections of one square mile each or a total of about 48,000 ac. (12,000 ha). The 75 claims shown on a map of Copper River Coal Company's property marked "Map 1" and signed by Chettleburgh, Hazelton, 1911, however, turned to be more like quarter sections than full sections and a map, dated December 27, 1912, shows that the number actually surveyed by Cartwright, Matheson & Company of Vancouver amounted to a trifle less than 15 sections. Nevertheless, between 26 September and 10 October, 1912 Edward Dinan, a mining engineer of Seattle, had examined the property and estimated that an "exceedingly large tonnage" of coal underlay it.[1] This confirmed the findings made a year earlier by the English firm of Foster, Brown, and Rees whose engineer estimated "that 15 million tons of coal lie in the neighbourhood of Coal Creek and that 12 million tons could be mined from seams already opened up."[2]

After the preliminary surface work of exposing the different seams, the company prospected by drift-tunnels. By 1912, exploration work, as far as tunnels were concerned, had practically reached its limit so drilling was used to test the amount of coal and the continuity of the seams. This led to the discovery of a total of five seams, all close together. The provincial department of mines reported in 1914 that the deposits were of a bituminous coal of coking quality and an engineer had advised that it was a good steaming and domestic coal. By using a by-product oven, the coal would produce a good metallurgical and commercial coke of highest grade, good density, structurally strong and exceedingly low in sulphur.[3] The coal was of such quality that in 1913 samples from the Coal Creek claims won the special silver cup for the best exhibit of commercial coal at the Prince Rupert Exhibition.[4]

In the fall of 1913, a Mr. Rice of the firm Messrs. Robert W. Hunt & Company, Engineers of Pittsburgh and Chicago, "a firm of such wide reputation that this report is of more than usual interest", examined the area.[5] He believed the property was:

an exceedingly promising one inasmuch as the quality of the Coal is exceedingly good, the mining conditions are excellent, the area of the probable coal bearing territory is large, and there only remains the proving of the coal to depth by Diamond Drilling in order to justify the expenditure of building a transportation line into the property and the development of the same.[6]

There was talk of constructing a branch line from the recently completed Grand Trunk Pacific Railway at Telkwa; in the meantime, a 40-mi. (64 km) long sleigh road from Telkwa was built. During the winter of 1914-15, 30 tons of diamond drilling equipment, including a diamond drill outfit, a big steam boiler and other machinery and oil were hauled in over the snow covered rough road.[7] However, all work stopped in 1914 when the National Finance Company, fiscal agent for the North American Securities Company, went into liquidation.[8] The drill was never used. For several years it remained at a place 0.75 mi. (1.2 km) northwest of the workings on Coal Creek, the planned location for the first drill hole.

By 1920, the property was downscaled to 20

Whenever the author is not looking for abandoned steam drills, he writes freelance specialising in aviation history.

Part of the collapsed Sullivan drill, July 18, 1987
Author photo

sections, or 2,243 ac. (897.2 ha). At the end of 1920, A.C. Garde obtained an option on the property from the liquidators on condition that diamond drilling start in the spring of 1921. The drill was found to be in good order and the Robinson Diamond Drilling Company Ltd. of Vancouver started drilling in the summer of 1922. Though the drill was fitted to go to a depth of 2,000 ft. (600 m), three holes were drilled only to a depth of 832, 863 and 823 ft. (250, 259 and 247 m), respectively. The results were satisfactory as in two of the holes, four coal seams were found in much of the same relative positions as indicated by the outcrops in Chettleburgh (Coal) Creek. The third hole only showed one coal seam, but this was probably because bad weather necessitated stopping the drilling before it reached the other seams.[9]

At this last location (drill hole #3) the drill, steamboiler and other equipment were left abandoned. According to the Reports of the Minister of Mines for 1926, 1927, and 1928, Chettleburgh did some work on the property but, for unknown reasons, no more drilling was done after the summer of 1922. In 1928, on behalf of British Pacific Industries, Ltd., a company incorporated in England, Frank S. Taggart acquired an option on the Zymoetz River coalfield from the Yorkshire and Pacific Trust Company.[10] During the summer of 1929, a forest fire swept through the area, put the diamond drill out of commission, and burned down the camp buildings at Camp Flats.[11]

Given that loss, the Depression, and the war little was heard of this coal field. As late as 1946 Chettleburgh was still trying to raise interest in it. That year, G.A.W. Hepburn of London, England made an unsuccessful attempt to promote the property. Intermittent exploration for coal continued. In 1956, Lloyd Gething, who later operated the Bulkley Valley Collieries Ltd. near Telkwa, hiked into the property, as the old road had been washed out. He packed out some 80 pounds (36 kg) of samples that turned out to be a relatively good quality coking coal. Gething also took out some coal powder to obtain some "fresh" coal but no developments followed. Then, about 1966, coking coal was in demand. After reading in the Minister of Mines Annual Reports about Coal Creek, Smithers-based geologist Will Tompson applied for the coal licences there. A Victoria resident, Hugh Weydert, who read that application in the B.C. Gazette, informed Tompson that his friend Chettleburgh, now deceased, had given him many of the original reports and data on the deposits and work done on the property between 1914 and 1922. Tompson thus acquired all the files, reports and maps for the Coal Creek property.

As the Ministry of Mines reports said that the drill had not been taken out, Tompson and his prospecting partner the late Glen Huck of Vanderhoof went looking for it. Following a sort of a trail where the trees had all been cut over a width of about 6 metres, they walked right into the drill. They visited the site two or three more times in 1968 and 1969, one time with Huck's son Gene and at least once with Japanese geologists from Marubeni and possibly another company. Yet, when Tompson took Crows Nest Resources' geologists there in the early to mid 1970s, he had a "hell of a time" finding the place.[12] After forming a partnership with two other people, Tompson's new company did some drilling. Unfortunately, the driller put the holes in the wrong spot, and drilled at the wrong angle.

Around 1970, Kaiser Resources Ltd. took an option from its owner, Western Coal & Coke Ltd. and worked the claims, now down to thirteen. The Kaiser firm also did additional exploration including geological mapping, and stripping, fourteen thousand ft. (4.2 km) of trenching of the seams and the construction of 6 mi. (9.6 km) of access road from Coal Creek to McDonnell Lake. Only two of the seams were considered economic. The lower one varied from 6 to 16 feet (1.8-4.8 m) thick, and the upper seam averaged about 6 ft. (1.8 m) thick. The work indicated that the seams might be continuous under an area 2,200 by 1,500 ft. (660 x 450 m), containing a possible reserve of some 1,492,000 tons. The area under which coal seams could occur was now said to be not more than 2 square miles.[13] During the 1985 Zymoetz River exploration program, Crows Nest drilled a few diamond drill holes on the claim on which the old drill was found and an adjacent claim. It also apparently bulldozed all the original 1910-1914 vintage adits. Having walked the full length of Coal Creek from its mouth to its headwaters at Louise Lake, I have not found any trace of the several old adits.

Recovery & Restoration

In 1987, Tompson pointed out the rough location of the drill site. Following his instructions, in July 1987, I located the drill rig at the edge of a small swamp, totally overgrown by thick alder brush. Due to the fire, the timbers on the drill set had burned and the drill fell over on its side. Though collapsed, it was still in fairly good condition. Due to its remote location, the access road along the Copper River having been washed out for many years, and being invisible from the air, the site had virtually been undisturbed. Even all the small hand tools, such as wrenches etc. were

1 Robert W. Hunt & Company, Report on Copper River Coal Property, October 29, 1913;

2 Copper River Coal Company's Property section description by Foster, Brown, and Rees 1911.

3 British Columbia, Minister of Mines, *Annual Report*,1914 (Victoria: King's Printer, 1915), K207-13; Coal Areas of the Headwaters of Zymoetz River, Coal Creek 13(1)A p. 3; The estimated amount of by-products from the coal would be approximately 18 pounds of ammonia sulphate, 8 gallons of coal tar and some 7,500 cubic feet of gas per ton. (Report on Copper River Coal by Robert W. Hunt & Co. December 2, 1913).

4 *The Omineca Miner*, 4 October 1913.

5 Coal Areas of the Headwaters of the Zymoetz River, Coal Creek 13(1)A p. 1; Minister of Mines, *Annual Report*, 1914, K110.

6 Robert W. Hunt & Company, Report on Copper River Coal Property, October 29, 1913.

7 Smithers Bulletin of Progress, January 27, 1914;Minister of Mines, *Annual Report*, 1915, K206-13.

8 Report on Copper River Coal by Thos. Falcon. December 5, 1914 for The Yorkshire Guarantee & Securities Corp. Ltd.; Minister of Mines, *Annual Report*, 1918, F122. Falcon described the Copper River coal property for the liquidator.

9 Minister of Mines, *Annual Report*,. 1923, N111-12.

10 Minister of Mines, *Annual Report*, 1928. C185.

11 Until 1932 British Pacific Industries Ltd. of London, England with Mr. R. Hutton as their Director held the property.

12 Will Tompson to W.H. McRae, September 27, 1997.

13 BCDM, GEM, 1970. Geology, Exploration, and Mining, 1970, 530.

14 Apparently, in Sudbury, Ont. the Inco mining company has a similar drill restored.

still in place. Some small artefacts, including a peavey, wrench, pulley, coupling wrench and a pipe threader were packed out along the narrow, washed out trail along the Copper River.

A few days after locating the equipment, the site was visited again, but this time by helicopter. Dave Lefebure, then Regional Geologist with the provincial Ministry of Energy, Mines and Petroleum Resources and Rod Kirkham, a geologist with the Geological Survey of Canada, were interested in visiting the site. Kirkham especially wanted to see the old drill, as more than 10 years earlier he had worked in the area without seeing it. Even though I knew its exact location, it was still hard to spot it from the air. After visiting the site, we flew some heavier items, including a Canadian Fairbanks water pump and a large size pulley back to Smithers. A few months later, the site of the original mining camp on Camp Flats along Coal Creek was located and two sections of drill steel were recovered and packed out. Other artefacts, including a four-legged portable forge made by the Canadian Buffalo Forge Company in Montreal, were sorted and piled.

In August 1987, as one of the Directors of the Morice-Bulkley Heritage Museum Society of Houston, I obtained the salvage rights to the drilling equipment from Crows Nest Resources, who held the claims. The plan was to bring out the complete drill unit and rebuild it at the future site of the outdoor museum planned in the Bulkley Valley. Plans to build a forestry access road into the area and a bridge right at Camp flats gave some urgency to the removal of the small equipment. The next August, I hiked into the site at Camp Flats to clear a small helipad on the flat narrow bench along Coal Creek and packed out some more artefacts from the site of drill hole No. 3. Due to time and money restrictions, and the urgency to guarantee the complete and safe removal of all equipment and its subsequent restoration, the ownership of the equipment was assigned to J.T. Thomas Diamond Drilling of Smithers. This company agreed to pay the estimated $10-15,000 cost of helicopter and ground transportation and restoration and planned to display the restored drill in front of its Smithers office where the public could see it.[14]

In October 1988, the equipment from Camp Flats was slung out, using a helicopter belonging to J.T. Thomas. However, the drill and related equipment remained in the bush even after a bridge was built over Coal Creek and logging operations started in the immediate area. A dispute had arisen about the ownership of the drill equipment. Early in 1991, Lloyd Gething, unaware that his museum society had signed over the rights to the drill to J.T. Thomas, applied for the drill on behalf of the Morice-Bulkley Heritage Museum Society which planned to establish an outdoor museum of large equipment used in mining, railroading, forestry and agriculture in Houston. In the early stages of constructing its site, however, the society ran into trouble with the Workers' Compensation Board and the resulting heavy fine put its future on indefinite hold. Since the Morice-Bulkley Heritage Museum Society had earlier signed over the ownership of the drill to J.T. Thomas, the drilling company seemed to own it. However, Crows Nest Resources did not know that, despite having the coal leases, they never owned the drill so could not have given the salvage rights to the museum. In other words, the province of British Columbia, through its Ministry of Energy, Mines and Petroleum Resources, still owned the drill. In August 1991, the late W. C. "Lefty" Gardiner, a long- time Smithers resident and former guide outfitter in the Coal Creek area, asked the Ministry if he could purchase the drill for $50. Gardiner said that one of his hunters found the drill in the early 1960s. In August 1992, based on my 1987 letter to Crows Nest, B.H. Good, District Inspector for the Mines Ministry assigned ownership to the Bulkley Valley Historical and Museum Society which, because of Tomson's donation in 1990, already possessed the original files relating to Coal Creek and many coal properties elsewhere in British Columbia.

Portal No.3 seam 210 ft. drift.
photo courtesy Will Tompson

With a logging road passing within 200-300 m from the drill, it became urgent to move the drill and the related artefacts. But, as often is the case with not for profit societies, lack of funding prevented the Smithers museum from moving the equipment. Finally in the summer of 1994, the drill was recovered from the bush and put in safe storage near Smithers. Dave Chapman and Bob Storey donated their time and the use of a low-bed and a skidder with backhoe attachment to bring the heavy equipment out. The next and bigger step will be restoring the drill and finding a site to put it on public display. •

Pack train arriving at Camp Flats, August 1922
photo courtesy Will Tompson

Chala-oo-chick Revisited

By Kent Sedgwick

I was pleased that Peter Trower managed to utilize Yvonne Klan's notes to write a very interesting story of the original Fort George (*British Columbia History 38.2*). Yvonne contacted me before the BCHF conference at Prince George in 2003 and I was able to guide her and Peter to the site of Chala-oo-chick. I knew where I was going because I had previously visited the mouth of the Chilako (Mud) River where it enters the Nechako River, looking for a Grand Trunk Pacific Railway station called "Chilako " (demolished decades ago). Also at the mouth of the Chilako is Indian Reserve #4 of the Fort George band (Lheidli-T'enneh First Nation) which encompasses the site of Chala-oo-chick.

The reserve was defined as a "fishing reserve" in 1892 by Indian Reserve Commissioner Peter O'Reilly and surveyed in 1894 by F.A. Devereux. The reserve of 115 acres is on the east side of the Chilako River where it enters the Nechako. The reserve included a portion of the Stoney Creek trail which connecting Fort George (Prince George) with the Stoney Creek reserve south of Vanderhoof, and a ford where the trail crossed the Chilako. The railway line was constructed through the reserve in 1913 with a major bridge over the Chilako River just above the mouth. In 1914, a provincial Royal Commission on Indian Affairs noted that there were two native families living in tents at Chala-oo-chick because it was chiefly a fishing station. They were also growing potatoes and vegetables.

The term Chala-oo-chick seems to have been short-lived. Daniel Harmon , a fur-trader based at Fort St. James from 1810-19 refers to a number of locations in his journal but not Chala-oo-chick, or Fort George for that matter. William Connolly, travelling with the Columbia brigade in 1826, refers only to the "rapids of Chala-oo-chicks". No travellers on the Nechako after Connolly use the name, nor was it noted on Morice's map. By the time the reserve was surveyed in 1894, the name Sa-la-quo was applied, the same name appearing on some current topographic maps.

The reason why McDougall built at Chala-oo-chick rather than at "the Forks" of the Nechako and Fraser rivers, as instructed, is quite a puzzle. The answer may be suggested by Yvonne's notes (she provided me with a copy) on Chala-oo-chick. A single sentence states that in September 1820 an employee named Fleming was sent to Chala-oo-chick to meet with some Iroquois trappers sent out by the Hudson's Bay Co. Another source, quoting Colin Robertson's *Correspondence Book*, states that in January 1820, Ignace Giasson and six Iroquois were sent from the Peace River country into New Caledonia "to open an intercourse with the natives…". Possibly, even probably, these were the Iroquois Fleming was to contact. When McDougall was sent to build the post in October 1820 at the Forks, perhaps he thought it would be better to build at Chala-oo-chick to offset the influence of these traders from the rival HBCo.

The final background to the Chala-oo-chick/ Fort George story begins when Yale finally completed the new Fort George at the Forks in the first half of 1823. In August of that year, two of his men were killed by natives while Yale was absent in Fort St. James. After Yale returned and found the murders, he was moved on to another assignment and the post (now HBCo after the merger with the NWCo) was closed in 1824. It was re-opened in 1829 and there was a HBCo presence in Fort George until 1915. That store was again closed and only in 1948 did the company build a large new store in Prince George, a business which has continued until the present day. •

The "old Hudson's Bay Fort George, B.C."
BC Archives photo B00337

Token History

Armour & Kennedy, of Cranbrook, B.C. / Armour, of Cranbrook, B.C.

By Ronald Greene

Cranbrook today is one of the leading cities in the South East Kootenays, in British Columbia. It was established in 1898 when the railway decided not to run a line into Fort Steele. Rather quickly it supplanted Fort Steele as the centre of the region. The City of Cranbrook was incorporated in 1905 and one hundred years later it has a population of about 18,500 and services a region of about 34,000 people.

John Egan Kennedy, who arrived on December 1, 1897,[1] was one of the earliest residents, driving a four-horse team during the railway construction days.[2] He was the son of Patrick Kennedy and Jane Egan Kennedy, born in Chapeau, Quebec, August 26, 1874 and grew up in Mattawa, Ontario.[3] He started working in sawmills, but by the age of nineteen he was railroading, an occupation he followed for some fifteen years. In 1900 when he signed up for Strathcona's Horse he was a brakeman. His unit went to South Africa and fought in the Boer War.[4] Kennedy remained in South Africa until May 1901, receiving a medal and four bars. Returning to civilian life Kennedy resumed his railway work, but in 1902, while yard foreman at Crookston, Minnesota, he lost a leg in an accident. Unable to continue in his previous occupation, he moved into the accounting department of the Crow's Nest Pass division of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, residing at Cranbrook. In 1904 Kennedy married Mary Ethel Pearl Fanning.[5] In 1909 Kennedy left the railway to work as a book-keeper with P. Burns and Company in their Lethbridge, Alberta office. He stayed with Burns for fifteen months, then worked for six months with the City Cartage Company, also in Lethbridge. At this time he was the secretary of the Lethbridge Business Men's Protective Association. He was also said to be active in the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, and was the Grand Knight of the Knights of Columbus.

In 1911, John E. Kennedy purchased the Brunswick Bowling Alleys and Pool Room in Cranbrook in partnership with John Armour. Unfortunately there were no earlier mentions of this establishment in the *Cranbrook Herald* so we know neither when it was established, nor who ran it previously. An August 1911 report states, "The large billiard parlors, known as The Club, conducted by Messrs Kennedy and Armour, have been found inadequate to meet the requirements of their patrons. This week the proprietors had the rooms enlarged preparatory to installing two additional billiard tables." [6]

In July 1908 John Armour was mentioned, running the Cranbrook Employment Agency.[7] The next month he took over the bill boards and business of A. Grenier, the Cranbrook Bill Posting Company. In 1909 Armour advertised as Real Estate and Employment Agent. He sold the bill posting business in April 1910, and in June of that year he placed an ad for McKinstry & Armour, sole agents for B.C. for the Automatic Vacuum Cleaner.[8] Mr. Armour seems to have been willing to put his hand to anything, which in the time and place was typical of many as there could be insufficient business in any one field to make a living. The following quote provides a few more details about Mr. Armour and his activities:

> *"On last Saturday morning the Cosmopolitan hotel changed hands, Mr. A.D. Cameron disposing of his interests to J.F. Campbell and John Armour. ...The new proprietors are well known business men of the city, Mr. Campbell just retiring from the firm of Campbell and Manning to take the active management of the hotel. Mr. John Armour, of the firm of Armour and Kennedy, has been in Cranbrook for the past six years. He first started an employment agency, later engaging in the pool room business, in which he became associated with Mr. Kennedy. He continues in this business and will devote much of his time to real estate, in which he is heavily interested."*[9]

The only hint of John Armour's life before he arrived in Cranbrook at age 29 is the May 1913 mention that he received a cable from Berlin, Germany announcing the sudden death of his sister. Does this indicate that he came from Germany? Unfortunately we won't know more until the 1911 Canada Census is released.

John E. Kennedy was elected as a Cranbrook alderman in January 1913. He was politically active, a Liberal according to the Howay & Scholefield biography, but he did not run for re-election in 1914. In July 1913 he purchased the Brunswick Bowling Alleys,[10] an operation which had been opened in February the previous year by T. Horten Campbell with four bowling alleys, a spacious billiard and pool parlour and a cigar and tobacco stand.[11] Subsequently D.D. McLaws had become a partner, then the sole owner.

In 1915 the partnership of Armour & Kennedy added a fruit stand in their store at the corner of Van Horne and Baker streets[12] but the newspaper is strangely silent about either partner or the business for the next three years. This is frustrating because of the lack of any comment regarding the termination of the partnership. However, John Armour was occasionally noted as travelling quite extensively in

1 *Cranbrook Courier*, September 16, 1926, p. 12, "Old-Timers will shortly organize..." Kennedy was listed as the fourth in seniority by arrival date, on December 1, 1897.

2 *Cranbrook Courier*, September 27, 1945, p. 1

3 Howay & Scholefield, *British Columbia From the Earliest Times to the Present*, S.J. Clarke Publishing, Vancouver, Winnipeg, Montreal and Chicago, 1913-1914. 4 Volumes of which volumes III and IV are biographical. Vol. IV, pp 1274-1275. gives a synopsis of Kennedy's career to 1914.

4 *Cranbrook Herald*, February 8, 1900, p. 1

5 Register of Vital Events, Marriage 1904-09-162685, microfilm B11386, October 19, 1904

6 *Cranbrook Herald*, August 3, 1911, p. 5

7 In the Cranbrook Herald, March 20, 1913, p. 5 where he is mentioned as taking over the Cosmopolitan Hotel with J.F. Campbell, it is stated that he had been in Cranbrook for the past six years. He was listed in the civic voter's list for 1908 published in the *Cranbrook Herald* January 2, 1908, p. 2, which is the earliest reference we have found to him.

8 *Cranbrook Herald*, July 30, 1908, p. 1; August 6, 1908, p. 5; June 10, 1909, p. 3; June 9, 1910, p. 6

4 *Cranbrook Herald*, March 20, 1913, p. 2

5 *Cranbrook Herald*, July 10, 1913, p. 1

6 *Cranbrook Herald*, Feb. 22, 1912, p. 4

7 *Cranbrook Herald*, July 1, 1915, p. 3 and July 15, 1915, p. 3

8 *Cranbrook Courier*, August 19, 1926, p. 1

British Columbia and Alberta. The last mention of the partnership of Armour & Kennedy was January 20, 1916 when, "John Armour of the firm of Armour & Kennedy spent Monday and Tuesday in Wardner on business." The Liberal party had swept to provincial power in September 1916 after a decade of Conservative government and may have made a clean sweep of their appointments, which in those days were patronage positions. By 1917 Kennedy had been appointed to the position of homestead inspector. He was promoted to the office of the mining recorder in 1918 and was placed in charge of the government employment office in 1922. In 1926 he became the Government Agent for Cranbrook.[13] John Kennedy passed away September 26, 1945 at the age of 71.[14] He was predeceased by one son and survived by his widow, two sons, Ernest and Patrick, and a daughter, Pearl.

After his partnership with Kennedy ended, John Armour continued to run the billiard and pool parlour on his own. In 1919 between April and early June a few advertisements appeared for the Willy-Overland cars, J. Armour, Agent, or for John Armour, Dealer, but this appears to have been less than successful as there was no further mention of the Overland car agency in Cranbrook. In September 1920 Armour's pool room was raided for gambling, but he was away and had left the business in the hands of Ernie Dalberg.[15] Two months later armed men broke into the pool room and relieved the card players of some $60. One shot was fired in the incident. The robbers, Pete Zalinski and Travers Roy Rathwell, were arrested later that day, pleaded guilty and were sentenced within the week to seven years and five years respectively.[16]

In July 1921 a new hardware business opened, "in the Lester Clapp store building formerly occupied by Armour & Co.",[17] which probably indicates that the business had been closed. A couple of mentions of a John Armour, Ltd. listed as "aerated waters and liquor export" indicate that he might have gotten into that field, except that there is no record of a John Armour, Ltd., ever being registered in British Columbia. After a trip of several months in early 1922 spent in Ireland, England and Europe, John Armour appears to have become involved in the newest craze – oil leases. By 1924 he was living in Lacombe, Alberta, picking up oil leases. He subsequently moved to Calgary where from 1926 until 1928 he was in partnership with John Roberts, a former Cranbrook policeman, as oil brokers. He continued on his own as a broker for a number of years. He died in Calgary in 1959 and is buried in Queens Park Cemetery.[18] In his years in Calgary he lived in the Y.M.C.A. and several different hotels, which would indicate that he was a bachelor. There was no obituary published in the Calgary Herald.

Both tokens are brass. The Armour token measures 25 mm in diameter, while the Armour & Kennedy token measures 21 mm in diameter.

9 Register of Vital Events, Death 1945-09-669284, microfilm B13188, September 26, 1945

10 *Cranbrook Herald*, Sept. 16, 1920, p. 1

11 Cranbrook Herald, Dec. 9, 1920, p. 1 and Dec. 16, 1920, p. 1

12 *Cranbrook Herald*, July 14, 1921, p. 1

13 Cranbrook Courier, August 19, 1926, p. 1

14 Register of Vital Events, Death 1945-09-669284, microfilm B13188, September 26, 1945

15 Cranbrook Herald, Sept. 16, 1920, p. 1

16 Cranbrook Herald, Dec. 9, 1920, p. 1 and Dec. 16, 1920, p. 1

17 Cranbrook Herald, July 14, 1921, p. 1

18 Queens Park Cemetery, lot 110, block 16, section 16. His dates are recorded as 1884 to 1959.

The Moti Prize

Local History Writng Competion for Elementary Students

History of Pride and Challenges

Abbotsford Sikh Temple National Historic Site

Sikhs came to British Columbia between 1904 - 1914, the majority arriving during the l906-1908 period. The first phase of settlement was one of great difficulties for Sikh immigrants to British Columbia. The immigrants faced many obstacles. The government did not let the men bring their wives and children over. Employers at sawmills sometimes discriminated against Sikh workers. The Sikhs were forced to live as single men in groups in bunk houses provided by mill owners due to the fact that female immigration was not permitted.

The Abbotsford Sikh Temple was constructed in 1911. The one acre located on a famous peak outside the village, was purchased by Sunder Singh who donated it to the local branch of the Khalsa Diwan Society. Hari Singh Malik, another worker in the Abbotsford Timber and Trading Company Mill donated $3600; the Abbotsford Lumber Company donated lumber and Sikh employees carried it by hand to the building site on South Fraser Way in Abbotsford. They carried the lumber on their shoulders and on their backs from the saw mill at Mill Lake more than 90 years ago. As was traditional, the temple was built on a high piece of ground overlooking the community.

With an increasing success and removal of immigration limits, the Sikh population has grown rapidly during the past decade, which has been reflected in the opening of a succession of temples in new communities and replacement of existing ones with larger buildings. As a result, all temples from the initial period with the exception of the Abbotsford building have been demolished and replaced.

Although it wasn't the first temple to be built, the Abbotsford temple is the oldest standing temple in North America. On July 3I, 2002 the early immigrants' struggles, tears, and hard work were honoured as what they built with their own hands was officially selected as a National Historic site by Prime Minister Jean Chretien.

"The Abbotsford Sikh Temple is a simple building. A humble building." he told the crowd, "This is a gift from our Sikh pioneers; it is our duty to care for it. It is our duty to learn its lessons."

Shelia Copps, the Heritage Minister and Minister of Human Resources Herb Dhaliwal were also in attendance.

The Abbotsford Sikh Temple National Historic Museum will be governed by the Board of Directors, of the Abbotsford Khalsa Diwan Society. They will run it, repair it, fix it, and construct a museum and run cultural programs. They are fundraising for the renovation.

The mission of the Abbotsford Sikh Temple National Historic Museum will be to promote and advance the knowledge and appreciation of the Sikh faith and Punjabi culture. Also to celebrate its contribution to British Columbia's and Canada's multicultural mosaic.

The day was very emotional for the Sikhs as it brought back memories of the racism they suffered over the years. Until 1947, Sikhs were not allowed to vote nor were they allowed to bring their wives and children over, they suffered from painful and harmful policies. The older age group experienced a lot of racism. The walls they climbed are being chipped away and today a big wall has come down. Many who worked hard to build the temple are now dead and are not here to see that the temple has become a National Historic Site. It has come a long way.

This was also the first time in history that a Sikh temple in Canada was designated a National Historical Site. •

This article by Marina Sidhu, a Grade 5 student at Dasmesh Punjabi School in Abbotsford, was the runner up in our first competition.

Moti our mascot c.1920s
Editor's collection

Our new annual competition for elementary students writing on local history.

The rules are simple: the competition is open to elementary school students in BC; the submissions must be on local history; the editor of this journal is the judge; entries must be submitted by May 1st of each year; and the winner may be published in British Columbia History.

The prize will be small - $50 to the winner and a subscription to BC History for the school library.

Book Reviews

Books for review and book reviews should be sent to:
Anne Yandle, Book Review Editor BC Historical News,
3450 West 20th Avenue, Vancouver BC V6S 1E4

Bowen Island Reflections.
Edythe Anstey Hanen. Bowen Island Historians, 2004. 160 p., illus., maps. $39.95. Available from Bowen Island Historians, 1014 Millers Road, PO Box 97, Bowen Island, BC VON 1G0

Since their emergence in 1967, the Bowen Island Historians have laboured heroically under the conviction that there is no detail of Bowen's past that anyone would want to forget – and with the triumphant publication of the new book *Bowen Island Reflections,* they have made their most compelling case yet.

The book is a treasure. Or, perhaps more accurately, the historians recognized that they were already sitting on a treasure – hundreds of photographs that recorded all that is wonderful in Bowen's black-and-white past. Now, with this elegant coffee-table publication, they have found a way to share that treasure around.

Bowen Island Reflections can be described as a 160-page, 12-by-9 inch picture book, bolstered by a highly readable accounting of Bowen's history between 1874 and 1958 – but that doesn't nearly do it justice.

The book is a carefully constructed love affair. The photos, painstakingly preserved, have been even more carefully presented. From the earliest visions of sinewy loggers working in the dappled sunlight to the Cecil B. DeMille scenes of high-tone holidaymakers streaming off the steamer *Bowena,* the book's designers (Bowen's Allen de la Plante, with David O'Malley and Jay Duprau) have crafted the perfect settings. One particularly welcome innovation is a map and guide setting out the locations from which major photos were shot. It sets the whole work into a perfectly recognizable context.

The text is equally charming. Edythe Anstey Hanen (Edie, surely), with help from Barbara Murray and editing assistance from Audrey Grescoe, sets out more than a dry history. This is, quite literally, a warm contemplation on the old neighbourhood and the neighbours who have given it colour. From the earliest European settlers, through Bowen's halcyon days as a summer resort, to the development of the distinct neighbourhoods we recognize today, Edie shares the news on the whole, still-intimate, family.

Broadcaster and raconteur Jim Kearney provided a final touch with wry and witty captions for most of the photos. A nice example was, "Beauty bathed on Bowen's beaches at the dawn of the 1920s." You can imagine the photograph.

In the category of quibbles, the historical account ends – with unexplained suddenness – with the arrival of the car ferry in 1958. Surely, there are more photos and facts that can connect Bowen then and now. Perhaps, though, there is something innocent in these grainy black-and-whites (mercifully unmolested by Photoshop sharpening), something that would not fit easily beside scenes more modern.

Regardless, the book is lovely, and you should get many chances to see as much for yourself, because every Bowen Islander, past and present, and most of their family members, should be proudly displaying them by Christmas.

Richard Littlemore is: a freelance magazine, corporate and speechwriter and an amateur historian.

Mountie in Mukluks: the Arctic adventures of Bill White.
Patricia White. Madeira Park, BC, Harbour Publishing, 2004. 248 p., illus., maps. $34.95 hard cover.

Three quarters of a century ago, the men who policed the Canadian Arctic were rough and tough. They had to be. There was no room for the niceties of life in that savage environment. Unremitting cold and primitive living conditions together with the strangeness of the Inuit way of life could defeat even the hardiest of men, and often did. Bill White was one who persevered, and we are the richer for it.

Follow Bill in his journey from reckless teenager and scornful young police recruit to blustering, swaggering crewman aboard the famous R.C.M.P. Arctic patrol vessel *St. Roch* and, finally, to experienced man-of-the-north with a fine-tuned sensibility toward Inuit life and culture.

The story is told in Bill's own voice, compiled from taped interviews and edited only where necessary by writer, Patrick White (no relation). What a story! And what a voice! Steer through the profanities and bawdy commentary, and you'll encounter a man of heroic proportion with a rare feel for the North and its indigenous peoples. Behind the bombast lies a quieter voice with a keen sense of the ridiculous and a non-judgemental perception of the human condition in all its weaknesses and strengths. The result is a fascinating account of the peculiarities of life in the far north, in the early 1930s, that will have you alternately chuckling and gasping.

As Bill's memories unfold, the barren landscape vibrates with life. His descriptive ability is so powerful that at times you'll experience the moment as if you were there: the miseries of crewing the *Roch*, the perils of a solo dog-sled trip in blizzard conditions to find and capture a murderer, fighting for life in a raging, ice-choked river - all are recounted with vivid detail that will stay with you long after you put down the book.

There are many such moments, and along the way you'll met a colourful cast of native people whose moral and spiritual code, so alien to the white man, seems somehow to make sense in the harsh Arctic environment. The "wife-pulling contest", for example, is one episode that is not to be missed!

This book may be a hard read for animal lovers. Bill shows very little respect or compassion for the Arctic creatures that he kills, often for the fun of it. Likewise, his blue language may dismay the faint-of-heart. But the man was a product of his time and I hope that these final observations will not deter you from reading the book. As Bill says at one point, "that was a whole new way of living and thinking and I was always interested in every bit of it".

Carol Lowes is a long time member of the Historical Map Society of B.C.

North by Northwest: An Aviation History.
Chris Weicht. Roberts Creek, Creekside Publications, 2004. 287 p., illus., $41.95 paperback. Available from Creekside Publications, 846 Joe Road, RR 26, Robert Creek, BC VON 2W6

In this well-printed and comprehensively illustrated book, Chris Weicht has written a remarkably detailed account of the early years of aviation in the Pacific North-West region of North America. The illustrations, however, are not of photographic quality, they are of newsprint standard. This enhances the period effect, as we are dealing with the very beginnings of commercial flying, and more than half the aircraft shown are biplanes.

The author's method is to take a selection of the airfields of the time (roughly 1920-1950) and give an account of who first landed at each one, why, and in which type of aircraft. This is followed by mention of any subsequent notable events, crashes, rescues or visits.

The amount of detail provided is lavish, and the book is much more a resource for research than it is for casual browsing.

Twenty-one airports are discussed, each account following the previous one like beads on a string, and there are charts and illustrations on every page. Every aircraft shown or mentioned is identified by its full registration number, and the length and elevation of every runway is specified precisely. Enthusiasts will be delighted by such sentences as

"On December 23, 1953, R. F. McLeod and D. K. Styan of Quesnel bought a De Havilland DH-82C Tiger Moth, CF-CIK, from Skyway Air Services at Langley, B. C., which was later damaged beyond repair in a crash at Shalalth, B. C. while on a flight from Boston Bar to Dog Creek", or perhaps "Barney Boe was a well-known pilot at Williams Lake. He bought a new Fleet Model 2 biplane on floats, CF-AOD, in Ontario September 15, 1930, and flew home to B.C. following the CNR railway".

This meticulous mosaic is the strength of the book. The mass of detail provides a firm, objective viewpoint from which we can gaze back into the past and feel not merely gratitude, but wonder and respect for the skill, bravery, and ingenuity of the early aviators.

Mike Higgs is a retired pilot.

Camp Vernon, A Century of Canadian Military History.
Hugh Rayment and Patrick Sherlock. Kettle Valley Publishing, Vernon, 2003. 524 p., illus.. $49.95 hard cover. Available from Kettle Valley Publishing, 7990 Wilson Jackson Rd., Vernon, BC V1B 3N5

Camp Vernon presents mainly a chronological series of documents, images, and short biographies, in which the reader can trace several aspects of the camp's development through war and peace. This is not a continuous connected narrative, what historians would call a 'secondary source'. Rather the book contains mainly primary sources of diverse character – reproduced local newspaper stories, advertisements, photos, drawings, and first person accounts. In postmodern terms, there is no single 'master narrative', but rather 'many voices' that testify to different facets of life in the camp.

The book's most sustained narrative outlines the several false starts, beginning in 1897. Eventually local boosters combined with militia enthusiasts to persuade the federal government to establish a summer training camp in 1909. The City of Vernon donated the land. There are brief chapter introductions which somewhat unevenly set the stage for each period (e.g. which war) or topic (eg. cadets). Also woven through the whole text is an independently written brief history of the British Columbia Dragoons. Some stories seem to be topics of local history with no necessary connection to the military base, such as the development of the region's airport and flying clubs.

Unlike traditional military histories, women appear both in the photos and telling the stories, most often of their male kin, but sometimes of their own parts as well. In World War One they appear as nurses, during and after World War Two in a broader array of roles. Between the wars, women are featured as fruit pickers, a role having no obvious connection to the army camp. While 'aliens' get a mention only in the coverage of World War One, for World War Two there is greater ethnic diversity apparent both amongst the Canadian soldiers and our allies, specifically the Free Polish troops (although the latter had no connection to the Vernon area until after the war). There is ample coverage of noncombatants, even including mascots and local 'wild life' (particularly snakes).

Much of the book is taken up with short 'war stories' by or about family members or friends. Some of these have only the most tenuous connection to Vernon and none, apparently, to the army camp (e.g. E. P. Evans on p. 82 and Dick Cresswell, pp. 341-342). One chapter is given over to a "Farm Boy's Diary" which covers one soldier's experience through World War Two. But there is no introduction to tell us who he was, although photos of him and his family are included. The authors conclude the book, indirectly acknowledging its sometimes fragmentary nature, with "Pictorial Perplexity" – an assortment of photos which came to them with little or no documentation, included in hopes someone could identify the people or situations depicted.

An example of the unsatisfactory nature of this somewhat loose 'many voices' approach to the past is the camp's role in internment during the First World War. The only written account offered is a story from the local newspaper of the day, on enemy aliens being interned at the war's outbreak, since they were liable for military duty in their homelands. The several photos however clearly show *families* were interned, not just military-age men. The photos' heading is "1914-1920". The reader has no idea why women and children were interned, no clue that they began to be released in 1916, and only a guess that those interned as late as 1920 would have been political prisoners or prisoners of war (not alien civilians). While the 'many voices' approach gives a multitude of personal and family reminiscences (some only vaguely

linked to the camp), there is no reference to Al Hiebert's recent 2002 *Okanagan History* article on the camp and enemy aliens in the First World War.

There is some general discussion of conscription in the two world wars. But there is, again, only a single story reprinted from the local press on the home defence conscripts' protest at being ordered overseas in November 1944. There is no mention that the Vernon demonstration sparked a half dozen others around BC, nor that it made headlines across Canada. Once again the 'many voices' seem not to include the work of professional historians.

***Camp Vernon* illustrates many diverse aspects of both the army camp and the local area. Like much of the best in amateur history, it shows the particular and personal side of events, which are often lost in more general works.**

Peter Russell, Okanagan University College, Vernon.

A Canadian Patriot and Imperialist; the life and times of Brigadier James Sutherland Brown.

Atholl Sutherland Brown. Co-published by the Laurier Centre for Military Strategic and Disarmament Studies and Trafford Publishing, 2004. 217 p. $32 paperback.

It's a risky business for a son to write a biography of his father, particularly when the latter is a controversial character like James Sutherland 'Buster' Brown. But the author does it superbly well with an objectivity that exposes most of his hero's warts and with commendable restraint in defending him when he is attacked.

This is more than a biography of a complex military man; it is an intriguing history of his times during which the public image of a man in uniform evolved from hero to buffoon and back again. By birth and upbringing Buster was typical of the many Anglo-Canadian patriots who joined the permanent army or militia in the early twentieth century. But he was in no sense monotypic; he was an intelligent and popular leader who at the same time was vain, blunt and lacking in diplomatic skills.

An excellent organizer, he made notable contributions in the planning of successful military engagements in World War I. Much has been written about the Canadian battles of Vimy Ridge, Lens, Passchendale, Amiens, Mons, and the acquisition by the Canadian Army of an identity distinct from that of the British Army; but the evolution towards that goal, achieved in 1917, is made more authentic by the author's linking it to his father's leadership at the Front during this crucial period of the war

For several years in the twenties Buster served as Director of Military Operations and Intelligence at National Defence Headquarters in Ottawa. It was while in this post that he produced - under the orders of the Chief of the General Staff - 'Defence Scheme No. 1', designed to meet an attack by the United States against Canada and the United Kingdom. Ironic though it may appear today, in the early postwar years there was insufficient evidence to eliminate completely the possibility of such an attack from the south.

This scheme - innovative, daring, complete in every detail - carried Buster's imprint. It was studied carefully and filed away, but, by chance, in the 1960s, it came to light in the Archives of Queen's University. Its author was ridiculed by both historians and journalists and his son rightly rises to his defence. Subsequently it became known that such an attack had been on the boards of the U.S. military planners.

Of particular interest to readers of *British Columbia History* may be the latter part of the book which recounts Brigadier Sutherland Brown's service, during the depression years, as District Officer Commanding (DOC) of Military District Number 11, consisting of B.C. and the Yukon. The worst of the doldrums hit in the early thirties when the Army, its salaries reduced and low in public esteem, was called upon to assist the unemployed by the operation of relief camps.

Exacerbating Buster's problems was the creation by General A.G.L. McNaughton, CGS, of a federal system of camps competing in British Columbia with those financed by Public Works. The fact that these camps - his camps - provided better treatment than those under National Defence added powder to the explosive tension that had been building up between the two men. The result was inevitable: the top man won and the Brigadier resigned on 28 June 1933 at fifty-two years of age.

It is this clash between two public personalities, beginning in mutual respect and ending in mutual loathing, that gives a human dimension as well as dramatic pace to this engrossing biography.

The author, Atholl Sutherland Brown, is an accomplished writer whose publications include a history of geological surveys in British Columbia and *Silently Into the Midst of Things*, a fascinating account of his experiences as a fighter pilot in Burma.

Formerly a Squadron Leader, Arthur Sager was a member of Canada's delegation to Holland for the peace celebration.

Remember When… : celebrating 100 years of Crawford Bay on Kootenay Lake, British Columbia.

Susan Hulland & Terry Turner. Crawford Bay, BC: The Authors, 2004. 242 p., illus., maps. $25.00. Paperback: Available from S. Hulland, Box 42, Crawford Bay, BC V0B 1E0 or T. Turner, Box 201, Riondel, BC V0B 2B0

Crawford Bay, a small rural community on the east shore of Kootenay Lake, celebrated its centenary in November 2004. During research for this centennial book, the authors interviewed many residents who, recalling their experiences, would begin with the nostalgic refrain, "I remember when … " thus the title.

It is amazing that a book of this size (242 pages) could be compiled about such a small community (about 300 people currently live in the broad valley surrounding Crawford Creek). It is a testimonial to all those individuals who helped forge this unique and vibrant rural community in what was once a rather isolated section of the province. An amazing story of resiliency and, at times, stubbornness.

Both Hulland and Turner are accomplished authors with several publications under their collective belts. Their first joint publication, *Impressions of the Past*, was runner-up in BCHF's 2002 Writing Competition. The same graphic designer helped create *Remembering When…* so the layout and design of both publications are quite similar — why alter a winning formula? Well over 400 illustrations, primarily photographs, are distributed on almost every page of this book.

All twenty-eight chapters begin with the refrain "Remember When" and all remembrances seem to be covered: pioneer recollections, post offices, fruit ranching and farming, logging and sawmills, early stores, newspapers (8), sports, churches, Girl Guides and Boy Scouts, Women's Institute, schools, artisans, floods and fires, fall fairs, outdoor recreation, and much more. Although Crawford Bay may be known for its championship Kokanee Springs Golf Resort, few people realize that the Crawford Bay Women's Institute in the late 1950s, because of health issues, chose and leased 24 acres for a central dump site.

In order to help defray production costs, advertisements are subtly inserted into the book. These are not loud or garish; in fact they are almost indiscernible and complement the text with sympathetic design and location. Those struggling with publication costs for small, regional histories should take note. Unfortunately there is no index to the book. Because it includes so many Crawford Bay names, costs would have been prohibitive. Too bad, but understandable under the circumstances.

All in all, an excellent publication about a small, resilient community whose "economy has mirrored the peaks and valleys of the surrounding landscape with periods of prosperity and recession". Its very existence parallels that of so many other small communities in the province.

Ron Welwood, resident of Nelson, BC, is a former President of the BC Historical Federation.

Lilies & Fireweed; frontier women of British Columbia.

Stephen Hume. Madeira Park, BC, Harbour Publishing, 2004. 80 p., illus. Raincoast Chronicles 20. $24.95 paperback.

This short volume does a credible job covering an enormous topic in less than 100 pages. Limited to the events and lesser-known personalities who populated British Columbia prior to 1914, the book challenges any notion the reader might have about frail, tightly-corseted Victorian women often pictured around the family hearth.

The female pioneers who populate this montage were tough, inventive, and unorthodox; however there are few indications of why they choose to venture to the frontier. A lengthier biography of Susan Allison, a vivacious 17 year old, who settled in Okanagan Similkameen Valleys in the late 1800s, provides a more complete picture of these early women but otherwise there is only a glimpse of the lives of the other women and the hardships they encountered.

The tribute to aboriginal women is a welcomed inclusion as they are so often absent from our history books and their contribution and role as the province's original women who sustained communities, shared their skills and knowledge with fur traders and settlers, needs to be acknowledged.

The stories are inclusive — all the way from the grand Lady Amelia Douglas, the wife of Governor James Douglas to the hurdy-gurdy girls in dance halls of Barkerville. The province was populated by those from away, the most surprising of whom were those from the Sandwich (Hawaiian) Islands and the freed American Blacks who settled Saltspring Island.

British Columbia offered unfettered opportunities to a variety of women in the 19th Century but these pioneers had to be resourceful, determined, and fearless to survive the challenges. For the most part, they were conventional enough to continue venturing into the wilderness in their long skirts and impractical hats but where they went and how they got there was anything but the norm.

This small volume contains a good selection of photos as well as source notes and a bibliography to assist the curious to search out more information. It is a welcomed addition to this under-recorded segment of the province's history.

Sharron Simpson is the author of Boards, Boxes, and Bins: Stanley M.Simpson and the Okanagan Lumber Industry.

Ruby Red and Gold Rush Yellow; an early Cariboo adventure.

Branwen C. Patenaude. Victoria, BC, Trafford, 2003. 265 p. $16.95 paperback.

A longtime member of the Quesnel Museum Commission and the author of four books of nonfiction, Williams Lake area resident, Branwen Patenaude, has gravitated to fiction with her interesting debut historical novel, *Ruby Red and Goldrush Yellow.* But despite changing her genre, she has retained her commitment to the fascinating history of North America's famous gold rushes. For the strength of its story, its action and romance, and the artistic credibility of its historical settings the book is well worth reading in spite of its occasional typographical errors, several inconsistent spellings and a grammatical flub or two.

Patenaude has invested years in researching her subject area, more than twenty in fact, in uncovering the details of the roadhouses between New Westminster and Barkerville that are referred to in her novel. Thus there is the reader's strong impression of realism when she refers to her characters travelling past, eating in or staying at such stops as Frank Way's Deep Creek House, Chapman's Bar House, Henry Herkimer's Stage Hotel at Lillooet, Thomas Davidson's ranch at Williams Lake or the Sellers and Dunleavy hostelry.

Patenaude's story is simple but not simplistic. It involves a thinly disguised Philip Henry Nind, the Cariboo's first Gold Commissioner, as Arthur O'Rourke, an illegitimate son who travels from Ireland to

find his father, Thomas Moore, in the goldfields of the Cariboo. The son's identification of his Da is to be made through a large gold ring with a ruby setting and the paternal family crest, a gift to Arthur's mother when Tom left Ireland without knowing his wife was pregnant but knowing full well that her father had forbidden their marriage. In turn she gave him a locket with her portrait. The plot unfolds in the travels and travails of the protagonists as they unwittingly cross paths while Arthur develops his own romance with young Annie Ross, whom he met on the boat to Canada.

While Arthur searches for his father and assumes the role of the Cariboo's first Gold Commissioner, he encounters historical figures doing, within the bounds of Patenaude's artistic license to create, the things they were known to do. Colonial Secretary, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, interviews Arthur as an applicant for a government position in the British Possessions. Sir James Douglas governs from the "Bird Cages" in Fort Victoria and the Chief Commissioner of Police, Chartres Brew, assigns a policeman, William Pinchbeck, to assist Arthur in his endeavours. On their travels they meet the Reverend George Hills , the first Bishop of British Columbia and further on encounter "Matthew Baille (sic) Begbie, first Judge of the Colony, with his entourage, Arthur Bushby, clerk, Sherriff Nicol, and the Irish Barrister William Kelly." Joel Palmer, "Cap'n Joel Palmer what hails from Indiana", is around too and so are others such as the Chinese miners with their discovery of a Chinese mercury mine, the drovers herding their cattle past Fort Kamloops, even the famous Cariboo camels. Anecdotes and stories of clashes between and among various factions - the Americans, the Chinese, the intruding miners and local First Nations - of fortunes won and lost, and of acts of cowardice and bravery also lend authenticity to Arthur's quest.

Although much of the focus is on the Cariboo gold rush, a sizeable portion of the story involves Tom Moore's journey west with Kit Carson's wagon train, the gold fields of California, the development of the Oregon Trail and a tale of murder, robbery and drug dealing that add intrigue to the plot and spice to the historical flavour of the novel. For Patenaude it's a laudable first attempt at historical fiction.

M. Wayne Cunningham writes a weekly column of book reviews for The Kamloops Daily News.

Sawdust Caesars and Family Ties in the Southern Interior Forests.

Denis Marshall. Salmon Arm Branch, Okanagan Historical Society, 2003. 223 p., illus. $23 paperback.

This handsome book is about sawmill operations, logging companies, forest entrepreneurs, and mill towns in a small section of the BC Interior. Geographically, the focus is on the Shuswap area, though the text also follows people on journeys to Golden, Nakusp, Yukon, and the Alberni Valley. Chronologically, it begins in the 1880s and 1890s--decades when railway construction opened up the region to industrial forestry, prairie settlement provided growing markets, and timber depletion in the United States caused investors to look north--and runs through to roughly the 1940s. The emphasis is on the business side of the industry. A number of families and individuals are at the core of the narrative, most notably the Genelles, the Carlins, Pat Burns, A.D. McRae, and R.W. Bruhn, but people connected with smaller companies are also mentioned. The Columbia River Lumber Company is the most prominent firm discussed in the book.

Marshall has uncovered many interesting tidbits, such as how Kualt received its name, through newspaper and archival research, and he has drawn on a number of local histories of area towns. He also dipped into the academic literature to build up the data base. The book traces the roots of this lumber industry to central Canada and the United States, and notes the presence of Asian workers, the use of logging railways in area operations, and the activities of the Industrial Workers of the World, a radical union, in the camps and mills. Marshall is especially strong in listing investors in early milling concerns.

A lively writing style and interesting, nicely-reproduced photographs enhance the text. A map would have helped locate the study, but most readers will be from the area, and thus familiar with the terrain. An index of names provides assistance in finding families mentioned in the text.

Marshall's main goal is to get the facts about local development down on paper and to celebrate the pioneers of an industry that is so important to the province. He is also keen to give the Interior its due: 'Popular legends tend to glorify the coastal forests and the men who hacked them down, but in the Southern Interior family cooperation and enterprise cut a wide swath, too.' (p. 11) *Sawdust Caesars* contributes to rectifying this imbalance.

Gordon Hak, Malaspina University-College

The Wild Edge; Clayoquot, Long Beach & Barkley Sound.

Jacqueline Windh. Madeira Park, Harbour Publishing, 2004. 168 p., illus. $34.95 hard cover.

This very beautiful large-format book is a photographer's personal record of Vancouver Island's Pacific Rim. She approaches her subject as a sea kayaker with detailed and intimate knowledge of this stretch of coastline, and also as a professional geologist.

The Wild Edge however, is much more than a personal account. Guidebooks to the beaches, islands and waterways of this increasingly popular region have typically focused rather superficially on the natural beauty of the area. By contrast, Jacqueline Windh adds a dimension of central importance: in text and photos she examines the history, geography and culture of the Rim from the native (Nuu-chah-nulth) point of view. The 10,000 year history of the Native settlers of 'the wild edge' and the often catastrophic contact between Nuu-chah-nulth and Europeans in the eighteenth and

nineteenth centuries are not closed chapters in the past. Alongside the white population of the Pacific Rim's towns the traditional native culture still thrives.

For both populations, life is focused on harvests of forest and sea. This fact is stressed in Windh's excellently comprehensive history of the communities of Ucluelet and Tofino. As in many of B.C.'s coastal places it is the history of an evolution from industry to industry (sawmilling, a gold rush, fish processing), with tourism emerging now as the area's new vital force. The latter activity has brought about an ironic change: this stretch of coast whose remoteness was once its principal attraction now draws a million visitors each year.

An intriguing feature of this book is its large number of highly informative sidebars, fascinating little micro-essays on such topics as phenomenal rainfalls, environmental protests, beachcombing, shipwrecks and much more.

Chiefly, however, this is a photographic book. The life of the coastal communities, the breathtaking magnificence of the Pacific Rim beaches and the less well known loveliness of the Clayoquot Sound islands are revealed in Windh's stunning photos. It is a skilful blend of pictorial art and historic content, a book to be highly recommended.

Philip Teece, a retired Victoria librarian, has kayaked and sailed the coasts of Vancouver Island for more then forty years.

Plants of the Haida Gwaii.

Nancy J. Turner. Winlaw, BC, Sono Nis Press, 2004. 264 p., illus. $38.95 paperback.

Although botanical books fall outside the scope of this quarterly, *Plants of the Haida Gwaii* merits inclusion because its outstanding scholarship and stunning presentation gives the reader an insight into one aspect of life on the Queen Charlotte Islands (Haida Gwaii). Nancy Turner, eminent ethnobotanist of British Columbia, with the help of many Haida plant specialists and elders, provides detailed information about food and medicinal plants, plant fibres and dyes, and the spiritual and ceremonial aspects of them.

Indexes of English and scientific plant names as well as Haida ones, Haida language symbols, and a five-page bibliography supplement the text. Over 200 colour and black and white photographs and ten paintings of Haida plant stories by Haida artist Giitsxaa (Ronald Wilson) add the final touch to this impressive work. A joy to browse!

Elizabeth Walker is a member of the Vancouver Historical Society

Note from Ed. ***Plants from the Haida Gwai*** *won the Lieutenant Governor's Award at the recent BCHF conference in Kelowna.*

"A Woman's Place:" Art and the Role of Women in the Cultural Formation of Victoria, BC 1850s-1920s.

K.A. Finlay, ed. Maltwood Museum, University of Victoria, 2004. 129 p., illus., $25 paperback.

Too seldom does Victoria get credit for the cultural foundation it established for the province of BC. It is often as unrecognized as the women of that city whose contributions to its cultural ambience provide a fascinating story for all British Columbians, told in *"A Woman's Place."*

The book is one product of a research project which hugely expanded our knowledge of women's place in the arts of Victoria from the 1850s to the 1920s, a catalogue of artifacts that were shown September 1, 2004 to January 11, 2005 at the Maltwood Art Gallery and Museum at the University of Victoria. Led by Dr. Karen Finlay, Professor of Art History at the University of Victoria, a team of twenty-seven students and uncounted others in the city researched the arts and crafts of Victoria women for two art exhibitions and a variety of published articles. A number of the articles constituted the Fall, 2002 issue of *British Columbia Historical News*, under the theme of "Womanly Arts."

The idea for the project came from Jennifer Iredale, Curator in the Heritage Branch of the Provincial Government, then responsible for the four Victoria heritage homes: Carr House, Craigflower Schoolhouse and Manor, Helmcken House and Point Ellice House. The arts and crafts contained in those four houses formed the core of the exhibition, but art pieces were also gathered from the Royal BC Museum, the BC Archives and other public, church and private collections. Finlay directed the research, which ultimately uncovered, often for the first time, the part that many women played in the "womanly arts."

"Womanly arts" are those that excluded certain kinds of fine arts, such as studies from live human models and wartime depiction (allowed only to men at the time), and include the crafts executed with needles and hooks, looms and carving tools. "The exhibition includes—as well as paintings, drawings, and architecture—lace, embroidery, china painting, pottery, basketry, weaving, photography, carving, and interior design." Seldom labelled or attributed to their creator until this project, these works are skilfully put in context. The extensive notes and bibliography attest to the diligence of the researchers.

Despite its conformation as a catalogue, with only some artifacts photographed and reproduced in colour, and all the rest illustrated in small black and white, it is a fascinating book, arousing curiosity as much as satisfying it. Connections and significances pop up without introduction, but demanding recognition: the fact that white women, as the "angels" of society, the "civilizing influence" sought by the earlier settlers, jumped in to establish some of the finest and earliest arts and crafts schools in the country; the trend against the Industrial Revolution; promoting a move back to hand crafting; the impacts of various moods of acceptance or rejection of aboriginal women; the social weight of women's crafts in funding buildings and programmes through donations in time and skill rather than money.

As exciting as the stories told here are the possibilities for more such research,

along with a different appreciation of these arts and crafts.

Anne Edwards a resident of Moyie and MLA for Kootenay 1986-1996, has a long time interest in heritage and history.

Dr. Fred and The Spanish Lady: Fighting The Killer Flu.

Betty O''Keefe and Ian MacDonald. Surrey, Heritage House, 2004. 221 p., illus. $18.95 paperback.

In 1918, the Spanish flu killed 25 to 50 million people worldwide. Betty O''Keefe and Ian MacDonald have written a compelling and detailed account of the conditions that helped to spread the disease and the effects the pandemic had on Canada and, in particular, BC. Unlike previous influenza, the Spanish Lady was hardest on those aged 20 to 40. Therefore, thousands of soldiers fighting in the First World War succumbed to the disease, including Colonel John McCrae the author of "In Flanders Fields." Troopships returning to North America with casualties often lost men to the virus. Other military personnel successfully reached Canada's shores but, as they made their way home, they carried the flu across the country.

Using archival information, interviews, newspaper accounts, photographs, poems, timelines, and a variety of publications, O'Keefe and MacDonald vividly recreate the short-lived but deadly events of 1918. Approximately 50,000 of this province's inhabitants died during the pandemic, and the authors highlight the fears, bravery, and suffering of BC's citizens. In particular, they pay tribute to the work of Dr. Frederick Theodore Underhill, Vancouver's first medical health officer, whose pioneering and sometimes controversial tactics kept the death toll from being higher.

Prior to 1918, Dr. Underhill had organized the city's first garbage collection and "stalked city streets to ensure that manure piles were removed regularly." He instituted cleanliness regulations for food handlers and restaurants, was a "pioneer in the control of infectious diseases," and instituted the use of quarantine signs when households were struck with infectious diseases such as typhoid and diphtheria. During the pandemic, he suggested that sheets be hung between patients' beds and that care givers cover their noses and mouths with masks. He published a "do's and don'ts" list for children and another for adults. These contained such simple but sage advice as eating well, not spitting, not kissing, keeping one's hands clean, using clean hankies, using individual dishes and utensils, and avoiding people who were sick. His advice was preferable to some of the folk remedies that abounded at the time: putting sulphur in one's shoes, each eating three cakes of yeast a day, or gargling with crude carbolic.

Tales of individual heroism, such as those of nurses and doctors working to exhaustion and then succumbing to the flu themselves, highlight some of the ways in which people rallied to help one another as they fought the Spanish flu. Accounts of valiant volunteers, stories of entrepreneurs who exploited the situation, and the rumours of far-fetched cures (such as rubbing the chest with goose grease), vividly recreate the atmosphere of 1918. Furthermore, sad stories of the deaths of people in isolated situations illustrate the horror of the Spanish flu.

Eight-seven years ago the world suffered its worst pandemic. This book provides a fascinating look at the ways in which British Columbians dealt with the deadly disease.

Sheryl Salloum, a member of the Vancouver Historical Society, is a Vancouver writer.

Jean Coulthard: A Life in Music.

William Bruneau & David Gordon Duke. Vancouver, BC. Ronsdale Press. 2005. 216 p. illus. $22.95 paperback.

History has not been particularly kind to women composers. Although many have been successful and known in their day, a lack of documentation has led to their disappearance in our times. Quick, other than Clara Schumann, how many women composers can you name? Fortunately for us, and for the history of music, William Bruneau and David Gordon Duke have written a charming and useful biography of Jean Coulthard, a successful Canadian composer. Coulthard's music is well-known to many of us thanks to the CBC and concert halls across the country. In addition, generations of young Canadian music students are fondly familiar with her music and name through her series of graded piano books and other educational works..

The authors are modest, almost to the point of invisibility (there are no author descriptions outside or inside the covers, forcing the curious reader to turn to the internet for information) but it is clear that they are admirers of their subject. Based chiefly on a number of interviews with Coulthard, done by William Bruneau, a historian who had known her for many years, and extensive musical analysis by David Duke, a composer, educator and student of Coulthard's, plus the wealth of Coulthard's archives, both personal and musical, held by the University of British Columbia, the biography traces her impressive development as a musician and composer from her earliest years through seven decades.

Coulthard, who was born in 1908, was the daughter of a Vancouver doctor and his musician wife. She came from an exceptionally well-educated family and she herself showed early promise and musical ability which was encouraged and cultivated by her parents. Growing up in the comfortable, if slightly provincial, surroundings of Vancouver's West End and Shaughnessy Heights she had access to the "better class" of cultural events and some gifted teachers, including Frederick Chubb and Jan Cherniavsky. As her horizons expanded internationally, thanks to a Vancouver Women's Musical Club Scholarship, she studied with Ralph Vaughan Williams in London and later continued to teach and compose in Vancouver. In 1937 she married Donald Adams who was himself intensely interested in the creative arts and encouraged her to look to new musical

developments in the United States where she was to study with Aaron Copland.

War brought many European composers to North America and Coulthard eagerly sought out opportunities to meet and study with many of them, including Arthur Benjamin, Darius Milhaud, Bela Bartok and Arnold Schoenberg, all of whom influenced her music.

In 1947 Coulthard was appointed as a lecturer at the University of British Columbia, a post she was to hold for twenty-six years. With a few exceptions her UBC years were happy: she enjoyed her students and, most importantly, she was free during the summers and on sabbaticals to travel internationally, frequently with her daughter Janey, to make professional friendships and to enjoy her own increasing recognition and success as a composer. After retirement she continued to be increasingly productive and, unlike many struggling artists, she received recognition and many honours during her lifetime.

The biography gives us an agreeable general view of Coulthard's life and changing musical styles. It is factual and discreet in its historical perspective rather than speculative, and the reader occasionally would like to see more in-depth commentary on the part of the authors such as an examination of the reasons why Harry Adaskin, the Head of the Department of Music at UBC tried (unsuccessfully) to fire Coulthard in 1951, or the influence of Elizabeth Poston, the well-known English composer, on the life and work of Coulthard. There is a rather intriguing and curious time line called " life, compositions and context" which relates dates of importance in the musical and outside world to Coulthard's compositions and life. For example in 1994 the time line shows that she was made an Officer of the Order of Canada, composed *Celebration Fanfare for Orchestra* and Nelson Mandela was elected President of South Africa. The book also contains a selected list of published and unpublished works and some excellent illustrations. The musical analysis of individual works is useful as an overview as it is not too technical and is thus accessible to the average reader. Her own analysis and comments, quoted often, are particularly interesting. For a serious music student, the biography offers a good starting point for a study of Coulthard's changing musical style and influence, for the rest of us it is a pleasant picture of an elegant and successful composer with deep roots in Vancouver and Canada.

Laurenda Daniells. UBC Archivist Emerita

Noteworthy Books

Books listed here may be reviewed at a later date. For further information please consult Book Review Editor, Anne Yandle.

Art & Artists in Exhibition: Vancouver 1890-1950. Gary Sim, Sim Publishing, 304-1348 Barclay St., Vancouver, BC V6E 1H7 **CD-ROM**

Coldstream: the ranch where it all began. Donna Yoshitake Wuest. Madeira Park, Harbour Publishing, 2005. $23.95 paperback.

Common & Contested Ground; a human and environmental history of the Northwestern Plains.
Theodore Binnema. University of Toronto Press, 2004. $27.95

Denny's Trek; a mountie's memoir of the march west. Sir Cecil Denny. Surrey, Heritage House, 2004. $18.95

Disasters of Western Canda. Tony Hollihan. Edmonton, Folklore Publishing, 2004. 240 p., iillus. $14.95 paperback.

Eastern Arctic Kayaks; history, design, technique. John D. Heath and E. Arima. Fairbanks, University of Alaska Press, 2004. US$45

Enduring Threads; ecclesiastical textiles of the St. John the Divine Church, Yale, BC. Ed. Jennifer Iredale. Historic Yale Museum, 2004. 52 p. illus. $12

The Heavens are Changing; nineteenth-century Protestant Missions and Tsimshian Christianity. Susan Neylan. Montreal, McGill Queens University Press, 2004. $27.95

Land Here? You bet!; the true adventures of a fledgling bush pilot in Alaska and British Columbia in the early 1950s. Sunny Fader and Edward (Ted) Huntley. Surrey, Hancock House, 2005. $19.95

Legh Mulhall Kilpin; teacher, painter, printmaker. Ed. Barbara Winters. Langley Centennial Museum, 2003. $19.95

Mobsters and Rumrunners of Canada: crossing the line. Gord Steinke. Edmonton, Folklore Publishing, 2003. $14.95

Outposts and Bushplanes. Bruce Lamb. Surrey, Hancock House, 2005. $17.95

Triumph and Tragedy in the Crowsnest Pass. Diana Wilson, ed. Surrey, Heritage House, 2005. $14.95 paper.

Watari-dori (Birds of Passage). Mitsuo Yesaki. Vancouver, Peninsula Publishing, 1740 Comox St., #1105, Vancouver, BC V6G 2Z1. 2005.

Wings Across the Water; Victoria's Flying Heritage, 1871-1971. Elwood White & Peter L. Smith. Madeira Park, Harbour Publishing, 2005. $28.95

World Tea Party, Victoria; an exhibit of tea wares and tea-related art curated by Bryan Mulvihill and Judith Patt with Sheila Connelly.. Art Gallery of Victoria, 2004. $14.95

Archives and Archivists

Andrea Sanborn, Executive Director, U'mista Cultural Centre, Alert Bay, BC, V0N 1A0

Edited by Sylvia Stopforth,
Librarian and Archivist, Norma Marian Alloway Library,
Trinity Western University

U'mista: the return of something important

Our name, U'mista Cultural Centre is most fitting, as our Collection comprises "the return of something important." The primary focus of our Centre is our permanent exhibit, the Potlatch Collection. This Collection includes most of the objects confiscated by the Canadian Government in 1922 following a large potlatch held at Village Island in 1921. It was during this period that the Potlatch ceremony was banned; introduced in 1884, the law just quietly dropped from the book of statutes in 1951. This group of objects included Kwakwaka'wakw ceremonial masks, rattles, frontlets, cedar-bark dance regalia, coppers and many other objects held sacred by our people.

Following many years of negotiations by many people, the federal government agreed to return these objects if we had a proper place in which to house them. A building meeting museum standards was required and so the U'mista Cultural Centre was built, as was the Kwakiutl Museum in Cape Mudge that also holds some of this Collection. For a period of time, the federal government provided some operating funding, but this changed in 2000 when the criteria for their funding changed. They no longer support the U'mista with operating funding because all funding is now project specific.

As we and our sister museum in Cape Mudge are small organizations, this created hardship for both the U'mista Cultural Society and the Nuyambalees Cultural Society. For the U'mista to suddenly lose our operating funding from the federal government and be expected to generate this from visitor admissions, museum shop sales and membership sales is unreasonable. We are on a small island very dependent on ferry traffic with a ferry too small to service our island during the busy summer months.

Operating a building requiring museum type standards for environmental controls is very costly. These costs do not disappear if we want to maintain our standard as a Class A Museum, which is very important to our future.

Following the changes in government funding came the terrorist attack on the Twin Towers in New York and the Pentagon in Washington, DC in 2001, bringing further challenges to our funding including a ridiculous increase in insurance rates – which has doubled our premiums to date - that we can ill afford. A small organization such as ours cannot afford $30,000.00 per year in insurance premiums.

We do receive $38,200.00 from the BC Arts Council each year but have recently received a letter from them questioning our

Old masks: part of the confiscated masks, **BC Archives**

ability to demonstrate that we can meet the BC Arts Council program guidelines and standards. The Council is concerned that our emphasis is on language retention, which is not included in their guidelines as a primary focus. Our language is our culture and as such is an integral component of the Potlatch Collection. If we are to portray ourselves as the Kwakwaka'wakw First Nations, we must do so with our language, kwakwala. They are also concerned that an evident lack of curatorial or museological programming exists. This is quite a catch-22 as our operating funding is clawed back. If we had the financial resources, we would hire qualified people to run the U'mista with all the museological programming required.

In the meantime, we continue to tread water until the federal government reviews our Special Claim and agrees to settle it with compensation. Compensation will allow us to increase our staff from one person to a team of at least four, that will then allow us to do all the programming required and become less dependent on government funding. Our Special Claim includes compensation for all the injustices endured by our people following the banning of our Potlatch ceremony, thereby allowing us to continue to rebuild our culture, socially and economically. However, be it known that our language will always be the focus of who we are and how we portray ourselves in our exhibits and our programming.

We have many visitors from all over the world that truly appreciate the experience a visit to the U'mista gives them. We are often called upon for advice as other places plan to build their Museums and Cultural Centres. We are used as a model for their development planning. We will be celebrating the 25th Anniversary of the Umista Cultural Centre on November 1, 2005; we must be doing something right. We will be here for some time to come yet and we will continue with our repatriation process until all of the Potlatch Collection returns to its rightful place, here at the Umista.

In the meantime, we continue to ask the governments for their support not only for the U'mista Cultural Society and the Nuyambalees Cultural Society but also for all of Canada's culture. What legacy can we leave our future generations if not our culture?

Photographs courtesy of the U'mista Cultural Centre

Miscellany

Halcyon Hotsprings Note

Finally read the great story by Bill about this mine but he has made a dreadful error in the last paragraph about Lt Governor Charles McIntosh - saying that he had bought Halcyon Hot Springs and built a spa and hotel there. This is very incorrect.

According to our research and as stated in our recent publication 'Halcyon. The Captain's Paradise', Capt. Robert Sanderson purchased 400 acres aroung the springs in 1890 and built a diminutive building at that time.

By 1894, a much larger hotel was constructed to house 75 guests and it then opened under the name Halcyon Hot Springs. Invitations were sent out for a gala occasion for the opening ceremonies which brought people from Nakusp, Nelson and Revelstoke.

In 1896 Capt. Sanderson sold a half interest to Nate Lay and in 1897 Dr. Robert Brett and David McPherson bought the Halcyon Hot Springs complex. Dr. Brett, with his association with the CPR, spearheaded the building of the Banffs Springs Sanitarium. It was thought that he had big plans for the development of Halcyon too along the same lines.

To obtain enough funds to upgrade and expand the hotel and grounds, 40 shares of $1000 each were sold with the formation of the 'Halcyon Hot Springs Sanitarium Co. Ltd.' in 1898. One of the prominent shareholders was Honorable C.H. McIntosh, Lt. Governor of the Canadian Northwest Territory. He was given the position of manager of the complex.

However, in 1899, W.C. Husband became the manager, so McIntosh was only there for one year.

Milton Parent
Author/Historian for the Arrow Lakes Historical Society

Editor's note: Milton has written the book Halcyon, The Captain's Paradise *which is available from the Arrow Lakes Society for $25.00 + $10.00 P&H. Contact them at P.O. Box 819 Nakusp, B.C. V0G 1R0*

Stave Falls Hydro-electric National Historic Site

The National Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada plaque commemorating the national historic significance of the Stave Falls Hydro-electric installation was unveiled on September 18, 2005.

Work began on the first phase of Stave Falls in 1909-1910. Power production started in 1912 with transmission lines from Stave Falls to receiving stations at Ardley (between New Westminster and Vancouver) and Sumas, Washington. In 2000, the original 52.5 MW powerhouse at Stave Falls was decommissioned and replaced by a new 90 MW powerhouse at the same site. The Visitor Centre was created at the original powerhouse to preserve the heritage and history of one of BC Hydro's first hydroelectric installations.

Can you help?

The Parksville & District Historical Society is missing the following issues of the Historical News & would like to have them if they are still available: -

Vol. 1 Nos 1, 4
Vol. 2 No 4
Vol. 3 Nos 1, 3, 4
Vol. 9 Nos 1, 2, 3
Vol.10 No 4
Vol.12 No 1

The Society has some extra copies of the Historical News Magazine Vols 11 (1978) - 36 (2003). Not all volumes are complete, some issues are missing. If anyone is interested please contact me as soon as possible.

Paddy Cardwell
Collections Manager (Volunteer)
email (Home): paddyc@telus.net
Phone/Fax: (250) - 248-9541

Address correction

In issue 38.2 the book reveiw column reviewed Maureen Duffus's book on Langford and her old address was noted. If you are interested in her book contact her at 7, Governor's Point Rd., Victoria, V9B 5L8.

Obituaries

Canadian history has lost a notable figure in the death of Charles W. Humphries, Associate Professor Emeritus, University of British Columbia History Department. In addition to teaching Canadian history, Dr Humphries enriched the lives of many talented scholars through UBC's Transition Program for secondary school students. He served as the British Columbia member of the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada, 1979-1993. Dr Humphries was the first contributor to the fledgling *British Columbia Historical News*, in 1968, with his article The Banning of a Book in B.C. •

Edward Barraclough

With the death of Edward Barraclough at age 82, the Nanaimo Historical Society has lost one of its most stalwart members. Ed was president from 1986 to 1988, and was unique in the Society having followed in the footsteps of his father, William, who was president in 1955. Ed also served as president of the Nanaimo District Museum and contributed to the inception of the Nanaimo Community Archives. He gave valuable advice and played pivotal role in the preservation of Nanaimo's heritage.

A keen enthusiast of history, Ed quietly promoted the many aspects of British Columbia's past and had a personal interest in the early pioneer days of Nanaimo. His mother, Ethel, was the granddaughter of John and Elizabeth Thompson, who were passengers on the *Princess Royal* in 1854. The Barraclough family initiated the Ethel Barraclough Memorial Award for history students at Malaspina University-College in her honour.

Ed recalled visiting his grandfather, Samuel, on Kennedy Street, and how he was enthralled listening to accounts of Nanaimo's early years as friends gathered to play cards and tell their stories. Ed was a familiar figure in his Cowichan toque and rarely missed attending the Princess Royal Day celebration to answer the roll call of families. •