



BRITISH COLUMBIA HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

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Editor: Mr P. A. Yandle

Published November, February, April and June each year by the B.C.H.A.
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The Convention of the Association held this year in Victoria was an extremely interesting and well organized event, and the Victoria Branch may stand and take a bow for their efforts. There was little spare time for many of us to do any browsing around the city on our own. Some events may be termed routine, which encompassed the business of the Association, but the Maritime Museum, the Centennial Square film and the bus tour of old homes in Victoria are worthy of extra mention. A tribute must also go to the weatherman who gave us a week-end of sunny, breezy, early summer weather. The two major addresses given to the Convention, first by Mrs Jordon, the President, at the Annual General Meeting on the subject "Florence Baillie-Grohman - her unpublished manuscript", and secondly by Mr Clifford Wilson on "Robert Campbell, the forgotten explorer", at the Banquet, will be published in their entirety, one in this and one in the next issue. It was our pleasure to have with us at the Banquet the three students who won the major awards in the B.C. Historical Association Centennial Scholarship Contest. We have now in our possession all the essays entered in the competition, and many will find their way into forthcoming issues of the News. A year ago I was beating the weeds for material for the News, but now I have a nice cosy back-log to draw on. The Annual Reports of the branch societies under Notes and Comments will not appear in this issue, having been covered in past issues. Unreported events will be added to the reports in the Fall issue. However, if any society has been overlooked or slighted, please let me know so that it may be rectified or a suitable penance carried out. Suggestion - a walk from Vancouver to New Westminster with my shoes full of peas. (May I boil them first?)

We wish all members a pleasant summer and happy holidays, and if you're driving please drive safely. We want to see all of you next season, and it is unlawful to litter the highways.

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The following are the minutes of all meetings as recorded by the Secretary, but have not been ratified for adoption.

Minutes of Third Council meeting for 1967-68 of the B.C. Historical Association, held in Victoria, May 24th, 1968 at 9.00 a.m.

Present: Mrs Jordon, President; Mr Brammall, Vice-President; Mr New, Mr and Mrs G. Bowes; Col. Andrews; Mr Nash; Mr Schon; Mr Ireland; Mr Yandle.

Minutes of Council Meeting of November 19th, 1967 were read and adopted on motion.

Arising from the minutes, Mr Ireland reported that the Quarterly was well under way and an issue could be expected in June or July 1968.

The Centennial Scholarship results were read from the report by Mr John Gibbard (Chairman of Scholarship Committee) and were as follows:

University Section: Miss Jacqueline Kennedy of New Westminster (U.B.C.) - \$250.00. "New Westminster, 1861-1869, a Disappointed Metropolis"

Secondary School Section: Joint winners Miss Sandy McLeod of Ganges - \$125.00. "The Caldwell Family of Saltspring Island". and Mr J. Roderick Grierson of Vancouver - \$125.00. "There Be of Them that have Left a Name Behind Them".

Regional Section: Five prizes of \$50.00 each.

- Region 1. Jody Whittaker, Cowichan. "The Cowichan Indian Tribe of Vancouver Island."
- Region 2. Michael Robinson, Vancouver. "Rose Skuki".
- Region 3. Dorothy Affleck, Haney. "The Doukhobors of B.C."
- Region 4. Carole McKay, Keremeos. "Captain George Vancouver."
- Region 5. Donna Wesser, Chase. "The Shuswap Indians of Yesterday and Today".

Prize money in the Regional Section was donated by the B.C. Social Studies Teachers' P.S.A.

The Secretary reported that the three major winners had been invited to attend the Banquet on Saturday evening, when the President would present their prizes; a press release had been given to Mr Bruce Ramsey of the Vancouver Province, to appear in Monday's edition. Council further instructed the Secretary to write to the principals of schools concerned in the Regional Section, enclosing the \$50.00 cheques for the winners.

Council went on record that all essays in the Competition were the property of the Association, along with the right to publish all or any at the discretion of the editor.

Mr Ireland thought that some of the submissions might be considered for inclusion in future issues of the Quarterly.

Moved New Seconded Nash That the Treasurer be instructed to disburse the prize money from the General Funds, and issue the appropriate cheques. - Carried.

The Treasurer reported that donations totalling \$375.00 had been made to the Scholarship Fund, and a pledge of \$100.00 to come would bring the total to \$475.00.

Mrs Jordon reported that her request to Mr L.J. Wallace asking for consideration to publish the series "Founders of B.C." had been refused. Reason given was that it was not financially possible at this time.

Mr Ireland asked Council's consideration to make facsimile reprints of back issues of the Quarterly. There would be no cost to the Association; they would sell at approximately \$5.00 per volume. After discussion it was Moved New, Seconded Brammall, That the Association give approval in principle to reprints of the Quarterly. - Carried.

Moved New, Seconded Nash That the Secretary write a letter of condolence to Mrs Holmes on the death of her husband, Major Holmes - a founding member of the Victoria Branch. - Carried.

There was some discussion on the site for next year's convention. It was suggested that it be recommended to the General Meeting to consider Alberni or Nanaimo. It was the general opinion of Council that it would boost the interest in the smaller centres.

Re Captain Vancouver painting presented to the Association by Dr Patterson. Mr New stated that he had approached Col. Symons some time ago with a suggestion that it be displayed in the Victoria Maritime Museum as it was lying in storage in the basement of the Vancouver Maritime Museum and the plaque had been stolen. This offer had been accepted with thanks. Mr Bowes thought it would be of more benefit at this time to Vancouver as the opening of the new museum, combined with the proposed replica of the "Discovery" would make a worth while display. Moved Yandle Seconded Bowes That the picture be on loan to the Victoria Maritime Museum for the current museum season. - Carried. Vancouver Maritime Museum was to be asked to crate the picture and Col. Andrews will arrange transportation to Victoria. Mr Brammall to make the arrangements and ask the Vancouver Maritime Museum to replace the missing plaque.

The present officers indicated that they would continue for the season 1968-69 if required by Council.

Mrs Dalzell, recipient of a Koerner Foundation grant through the Association, has published her book on the Queen Charlotte Islands; it went on sale May 21st at \$12.00 plus tax per copy.

Meeting adjourned on motion at 1.00 p.m.

Annual General Meeting of the B.C. Historical Association, held in Victoria, May 25th, 1968 at 10.00 a.m.

The meeting was called to order by the President, Mrs Jordon, with the reading of the minutes of the meeting held in Williams Lake, May 27th, 1967. Moved Yandle, Seconded New That the minutes be adopted as read. - Carried.

Treasurer's Report was read by Mrs Bowes. Cash on hand in General Fund - \$1,933.10. Receipts - \$368.15 - to make a total of \$2601.25. Disbursements \$487.57, leaving cash in General Fund as of April 30th, 1968 - \$2,113.68. Publication - \$2,428.15. Drury Fund - \$75.00. Total cash on hand April 30th, 1968 \$4616.83. Moved Mrs Bowes, Seconded Leeming - That report be accepted. - Carried.

The Secretary reported that the normal duties of his office had been carried out and reports from the Centennial Scholarship Fund had been attended to according to the recommendation of the Chairman, Mr Gibbard. All arrangements had been made for the announcement of the winners at the Banquet on Saturday night, which would be made by the President. An advance press release had been forwarded to the Vancouver Province. The Secretary wished at this time to thank Mr Gibbard for his co-operation and compilation of the final report.

As editor, the Secretary had acquired the necessary equipment to produce the B.C. Historical News and so far two issues had been produced and circulated to the various societies, along with complimentary copies to non-member organizations. The costs of producing the News had been cut to a minimum and it was running at approximately 12½ cents per copy, all inclusive. This was using present available funds of 50¢ per member and leaving nothing for other secretarial expenses.

The President thanked the judges who had worked on the submissions to the Centennial Scholarship competition. In the University section they were Mr Douglas Cole, Dept. of History, Simon Fraser University, Mr Willard Ireland, Provincial Archivist and Librarian, and Professor Neil Sutherland, Faculty of Education, University of B.C. From the High School Section they were Mr H. R. Bramhall of the B.C. Historical Association, Mr Bruce Ramsey of the Vancouver Province and Mr W.D.M. Sage of the Social Studies Teachers' Provincial Specialists Association.

A resolution from the Native Sons of B.C. was read, dealing with the preservation and protection of artifacts and archaeological sites in B.C. In the discussion Mr Ireland stated that there was an act already in force in this Province, but the authorities found it virtually impossible to put it into effect. In the matter of totem poles and Indian artifacts, most of these were on reservations and as such come under the jurisdiction of the Federal Government and therefore are not subject to Provincial regulations. Mr Ireland stated that the province has no powers covering purchase of relics bought to be exported. In his own department he had found it wise to give as little publicity as possible to new finds, so as to keep the general public from molesting such sites. Moved Col. Andrews, Seconded Awmack - That the President be empowered to refer this matter to someone of her choice for further study. - Carried.

Regarding the suggestion in the rider to the resolution of volunteer wardens it was moved Mrs Turnbull, Seconded Leeming That we are in favour of volunteer wardens. - Carried.

The site of next year's Convention was proposed by Council to be either Alberni or Nanaimo. Both societies felt that they could not at this time undertake such a venture, but would start preparations now for a future convention. Several sites were suggested, including the proposal of a joint convention with the Okanagan Historical Society. As nothing was resolved the matter was left to Council to make a decision.

It was moved New, seconded Stevenson, That the Association consider raising an assessment to cover the cost of the News. The Secretary and Mr Brammall both felt that the financial situation of the Association at this time was not serious, and that it should be the aim of the Association to give the affiliated societies something for their membership without taxing the members at this time. Mr Ireland said that his Department would assist the News by supplying stencils and paper. In view of the discussion the mover and seconder withdrew their motion.

Arising from discussion Council was empowered to set a price for individual copies of the News.

The President thanked Mrs Yandle for the work she had done in typing and assistance in producing the News.

Reports on the activities of the Societies were given by the respective secretaries, with the exception of Burnaby which had no report.

Arising from the reports there was a resolution from East Kootenay dealing with the petroglyphs near Cranbrook.

" Whereas the petroglyphs near Cranbrook represent one of the few known sites of ancient rock carvings in the interior of British Columbia, and whereas some vandalism has occurred at the site, Therefore be it resolved that the B.C. Historical Association go on record as recommending that a suitable fence be constructed to protect the petroglyphs south of Cranbrook, B.C."

Moved Awmack, Seconded Brammall that Council be empowered to deal with this matter. - Carried.

Mr Brammall proposed a vote of thanks to the Victoria Branch for its splendid arrangements and conduct of the Convention proceedings, which was unanimously endorsed by the Meeting.

Meeting adjourned on motion at 1.00 p.m.

Minutes of First Council meeting of the 1968-69 season of the B.C. Historical Association, held in Victoria, May 25th, 1968 at 2.30 p.m.

Present: Mrs Jordon (President); Mr R. Brammall (Vice-President); Mrs G. Bowes (Treasurer); Mr D. New (Past President); Mr P. Yandle (Secretary and Editor); Col. G.S. Andrews (Exec. member); Mr H.B. Nash (Exec. member); Delegates: Mr Schon (Nanaimo); Mr Bowes (Vancouver); Miss Johnson (Trail).

The first order of business was the election of officers for the ensuing year, and all officers for the past year were re-elected by acclamation.

Mr Bowes considered that our money could be held in available securities bearing considerably better interest rate than at present. Moved New, Seconded Yandle that the Treasurer be given authority to invest in a True Savings Account surplus monies as she sees fit. - Carried.

The Council was unanimous that the Secretary be given a petty cash account in the amount of \$25.00 and that he be reimbursed for out of pocket expenses incurred as Secretary and Editor.

Moved Yandle, seconded Andrews that the Drury Fund of \$75.00 be transferred to the General Funds for use in publishing the B.C. Historical News. - Carried.

Col. Andrews to get information from Mr Ireland regarding supplies offered to the Association to publish the News.

The Editor stated that requests for copies of the News to date had been supplied to interested parties, non-members, on the basis of a subscription paid to the society of their area of residence. There are on hand a number of requests outside of the Province, and it was Moved Bowes, seconded Schon that copies of the News could be sold outside the area of any society at \$1.00 per copy or \$3.00 per year. Monies to go to the General Fund of the Association. - Carried.

The Secretary to write to the Native Sons concurring in their resolution, and that the General Meeting of the Convention wholeheartedly supported the idea of voluntary wardens, and also supported in principle their action in this regard.

Regarding the matter of the petroglyphs near Cranbrook, Mr Schon felt that the Provincial Parks Board would take care of this if approached. A similar situation at Nanaimo had been fenced by them. It was the decision of Council that Mrs Jordon take the matter in hand.

Discussion dealing with the site of the next convention failed to produce a positive solution to the problem. Moved Brammall, seconded Andrews that Mrs Bowes' offer to approach the Okanagan

Historical Society be accepted, to find out if there is a possibility of holding a joint convention next year.

Meeting adjourned on motion at 3.30 p.m.

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Presidential Address given by Mrs Mabel E. Jordon, President, British Columbia Historical Association, at Victoria, B.C. on May 25th, 1968.

FLORENCE BAILLIE-GROHMAN - HER UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT

My address today is not designed to be the exacting historical paper usually delivered as a presidential address, and for this reason I hope it won't be a disappointment. Being a special year for the city of Victoria it seemed appropriate to choose a subject related in some way to this city, but to find something new or different in or about Victoria where you have so many historians constantly digging into the past was something of a problem. As well as Victoria I wished to include in some way something about East Kootenay since it is not unusual for a president to speak about the area which he or she represents. My subject includes both places.

This talk is different in the sense that I shall be reading some selected excerpts from the unpublished manuscript mentioned in the title of this address, but first I should say something about the author.

On one of my former visits to England I had occasion to call on a very distinguished gentleman whose birthplace is Victoria; the year 1888. His name is Vice-Admiral H.T. Baillie-Grohman, C.B., D.S.O., O.B.E., retired from the Royal Navy. He then gave to me a copy of this manuscript written by his mother, Florence Baillie-Grohman, titled "British Columbia", and as late as a month ago when I met him again he informed me that this had not been published.

Florence lived for several years in Victoria, from 1887 to 1894, coming here as a bride. Her husband, William Adolph Baillie-Grohman, has gone down in history because of his project in the Kootenays which was one of building a canal and lock to divert water from the Kootenay River into the Columbia for reclamation purposes, but his wife is little heard of. During her six years residence in British Columbia this young woman twice journeyed back to England and also spent a summer with her husband at the canal works.

At the time that part of the interior of the province was just a wilderness, and ladies with any degree of rank seldom ventured so far from civilization. She writes at some length of having to rough it in the bush, without the servants she was accustomed to having; yet she was able to see the lighter side of life and adapted herself to almost any condition, as you will learn later.

She was born Florence Nickalls in 1861, the eldest of a family of twelve. Her father was a very popular Master of Hounds and consequently she became an expert horsewoman. The father had an interesting link with America in the 1860's in Chicago. He was involved in some way with the Pony Express mail carriers but it was unprofitable for him. However, because of the knowledge he had acquired regarding transportation and the upcoming railroads he accumulated some stocks and shares and made a fortune on the stock market, then returned to England.

This manuscript of Florence's was written in England in 1932, eleven years after the death of her husband. She was then sixty-one years of age and was obviously reminiscing on her experiences and friends in British Columbia. If some of the dates she mentions are not entirely accurate it is of no real consequence here today. The manuscript comprises fifty foolscap pages.

This was not her first attempt at writing. Her husband had had several books and numerous articles published, probably one of the best known here is his "Fifteen Years of Sport & Life in Western America & British Columbia". At the end of this book is a chapter by Florence dealing with the servant problem in Victoria as she found it when she lived here. Years later she assisted her husband with a major work, that of editing "The Master of Game" from Chaucer's English into a modern version and her name appears as co-editor. The preface was written by President Theodore Roosevelt of the United States, a fellow sportsman and friend of Baillie-Grohman.

Florence was also an artist of considerable talent. She studied with the Slade School of Art, and painted in the art galleries in Dresden, Germany.

I shall now read from her manuscript some of her observations and experiences of life in "British Columbia" beginning in 1887. Many of the names she mentions will be familiar to some of you I am sure:

She writes:

"I think British Columbia was one of my happiest experiences. Before going into any details I must say that I liked the people, the life, and the country. My mother had been dreadfully upset about my going out West, but I am sure that if she had been younger, it was exactly what she would have enjoyed: beautiful scenery, which was never monotonous; all kinds of people, all very hospitable and friendly, and a lovely climate.

We arrived there in June. (1887). I think it was the year that the Canadian Pacific was opened: the cars were not yet in good running order, and (en route) we did not catch up with the restaurant car, so between Calgary and Field we were nearly one whole day without a meal, the breakfast eventually arriving rather late at night! Luckily as a wedding present I had a very nice luncheon basket which had been very well-filled, and so for the two starvation days I was able to feed not only ourselves, but other people in the same car, one of them being Sir Joseph Trutch, agent for the Dominion in British Columbia. Through the luncheon basket we became fast friends.

Arriving in what is now Vancouver, we found the smoking ruins of what had been a little log encampment for the workers of the C.P.R. and the depot man. The only sign of habitation now was a few tents erected, but we passed straight from the train on to the ship which was to take us across to Victoria. I think it was about fifteen or sixteen months later that I returned to Vancouver with a party on H.M.S. Caroline (the Captain was Sir Charles Wiseman) to attend a ball on the opening of the first hotel in Vancouver. In that fifteen months large buildings had been erected; an hotel had been built with 500 bedrooms; a theatre was going up; electric trams were running; and electric light poles were everywhere, but still the roads were very muddy. As one passed along a street, one saw a big building with shops and offices, then burnt logs, then trees, and another big building - just the elements of the large town that was to be.

Arriving in Victoria we went to the Driard Hotel, then run - I think - by a Frenchman and Englishman in partnership, and I had my first experience of Chinese servants. As my husband was going upcountry I could not very well stay at the Driard, as a good deal of drinking went on there in the evening - the Frenchman was supposed to have the best wine in Victoria. We hunted about for rooms, and went for a short time to a little bungalow opposite the Cathedral, owned by a Mrs Howard. She was a widow, and a pretty daughter lived with her. They let rooms to bachelors. This place I found would not do very well either, as I felt the three or four men living there would rather have it to themselves. There were the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works (Mr Vernon - an Irishman); Mr Drummond, a widower, and Marmaduke Pike. His brother Warburton, was then away on a sporting trip, and we had his room. There was also Ted Bovill, a great character in Victoria in those days, and secretary to Sir Joseph Trutch. We heard there was a widow and her daughter living alone in the bungalow next door; and we thought she surely had more rooms than she wanted! After a little persuasion she consented to give us two rooms, and to let me stay there while my husband went up to the Kootenay country, which was then a good four or five days' journey, so I packed into there, and after two or three weeks' strenuous work in the various offices in Victoria my husband went off to Kootenay, intending to come back in a couple of months. Meanwhile I had made friends with several of the inhabitants already at Sir Joseph Trutch's house, where we had dined. I met Mr Bovill's sister, afterwards Mrs Butt, and his brother: also his mother who although she was 85, had just done a trip around the world, going to Ceylon to see one son and coming on to see the other in Victoria. A truly wonderful old

lady! Then there was Mrs Langley nee Fisher, one of the prettiest little women I have ever seen, looking sweet in a bonnet, and a man who was farming in Manchausan." (Netchosin?)

"Soon people began to call on me at Mrs Doan's, and some of these people have remained my lasting friends. There was the family of the Tyrwhitt-Drakes, as sporting a family in British Columbia as their relations and ancestors had been in England; Judge Gray's wife; the Creasys, and the Pembertons and many others.

My husband had arranged for me to take a horse from Barnard's livery stable, so that I could ride, which I did nearly every day. It was a very nice little Mexican nag, which was "bridle wise" I was told. Not knowing what this meant at first, I was surprised when I pulled my reins, he would dig his feet in and stop so suddenly that I nearly shot over his head. Were the ends of the reins thrown over to the right, he moved to the left, and vice versa. When I once knew this, it was all right, but it nearly cost me a couple of falls before I found out what was meant by "bridle wise". Mr. Bovill very kindly escorted me on some of these rides until some old lady suggested it might be injudicious as my husband was away, so I asked if she thought it would be better if I rode alone, to which she replied: "You could not possibly do that!" So I said: "Now Mrs Gray, why don't you come with me?" However, I did not ride very much longer

Mrs Doan was quite a character. She was not at all popular in Victoria as she was what people would vulgarly call "no class" but she had had a romantic life. She was one of eighteen children of Irish parents who had emigrated to Australia in the early days. One of her brothers had come to California in the gold rush, and had struck it rich, and had written home to know if one of his sisters could not come and keep house for him, so she persuaded her father to let her come over to San Francisco, she being then not quite 18. Captain Doan was the captain of the schooner in which she sailed from Australia to San Francisco, and having arrived there she found no brother to meet her, but her brother's friend who said the brother had been killed at a card affray, but he had got two bags of gold dust for her which he handed over. While considering what to do, her fate was settled for her by Captain Doan proposing to marry her. From that time she travelled about in the schooner all up and down the coast of North and South America. She did the journey from San Francisco to Halifax and back again, twice. I think she said it was in the '58 or '59 that when at San Francisco her husband heard that there had been a gold rush at Victoria, and thought he would sail up and do some trading. When he landed in Victoria there were thousands of miners encamped. The Hudson Bay fort was still surrounded by its wooden walls, and houses were going up in every direction. Mr Yates came to meet her husband, and they went to stay with him. I mention this as there is a street now in Victoria called Yates Street. The Doans were so delighted with the greenness and the rich look of the country, that old Doan put some money into town lots and bought other property there. He seems to have retired from the schooner, lived there for a few years,

and then died. Mrs Doan had one son who was in a Bank in New Westminster, and one daughter who was living with her. She knew the history of everyone in the town, and very soon I knew the origin of most of the families - as known by Mrs Doan! She would sometimes say of someone, with a sneer, perhaps a smart lady then in society: "Who is she? Why her father had only got a second rate schooner. Of course it was easy for her to marry her man because there were so few white women here then." There were two or three who seemed to have come up on schooners besides Mrs Doan. There were many too, whom she knew had Indian forbears

Until the railway was built, the only communication with British Columbia had been, first around the Horn, or alternatively the Isthmus of Panama. My old friend Mrs. Tyrwhitt-Drake, on her first journey out, had come round the Horn, and when she went home with her eldest daughter, to see her friends in England and Scotland, she carried her daughter in front of her on a mule across the Isthmus of Panama

It was most interesting to hear all these old tales, and my husband was especially interested in all that had happened in the early days. Mr Tyrwhitt-Drake he knew would be full of information about those times, but he told me he was very close and would never say anything. I found, however, that he talked most freely to me about events. I think when he was asked questions in the eager way my husband was apt to interrogate, having a legal mind, he felt he was being cross-examined, and cautiously would not give himself away. He told me one day when I asked him why he would not tell my husband anything, that he always wondered what was behind it! Great annoyance had been caused by a man who also wanted information about the old days. He had been there some years previously, with the intention of publishing a book on the history of British Columbia, and had got all kinds of valuable papers from Chief Justice Matthew Begbie and others in Victoria, promising to return them, but he had never done so. As Sir Matthew said: "That rascal had stolen all the papers which ought to be in our archives." Everyone had been induced to subscribe to these volumes as they came out, and these were being shot at them one after the other. I think my husband, following on with eager questions after this, did not get the results he had hoped for, although I obtained a good deal in pleasant gossip!

To return to the Doans, Miss Doan was subject to hysterical epileptic fits, and one day when talking to me had had one; meanwhile Mrs Doan had gone to bed with bronchitis, and I tried to look after them both. Their Chinaman left, saying that Miss Doan had got the devil, and no other Chinaman could be induced to come, so I did the cooking and looked after the invalids as best I could. After the doctor had paid one or two visits, he said I could not go on doing this and I had better leave. I replied that I could not possibly leave the woman alone, and should not know where to go until my husband came down. However, Willie returned in a few weeks, and then we set out to look for a more permanent residence. The first place we went to was on the Esquimalt road, a house belonging

to Colonel Holmes. He greeted us with great cordiality, and pulling a card out of his pocket said (to me): "I had the pleasure of meeting your father at our mess in Toronto some years ago and he invited me to go and stay with him in Surrey." We did not take the house as it was too large for us, but we took one on the straight road between the Gaol and the town, belonging to a Mr Tighe. It was a small red brick bungalow with two bow windows, each side of the front door, and a bow window looking out at the side on to a small garden. There were two sitting rooms, a bedroom, and two little dressing rooms, a kitchen, and a Chinaman's room, and there was a field behind for the pony. This suited us very well, and as Mrs Tighe was leaving for a trip to Europe, she asked me if I would take on her Chinaman, a boy of 18, which I did, and never regretted it. When engaging him, I asked if he could cook. To my surprise he walked to the corner of the room, put himself in the corner in fact, back to me, and roared with laughter, then said: "Oh! what do you think? Of course I can cook." Not knowing the ways of Chinamen, this amused me very much; in fact he always did amuse me. He was quite frank in his opinions of everybody, and was full of gossip. If I had listened to him, he would have gossiped all day long, and I should have known the history of every man in Chinatown, and every woman out of it, so I was rather surprised later on when one of the older inhabitants of Victoria - she had kept house there for 30 or 40 years - informed me that it was so nice having Chinamen, as they never gossiped, and nothing that went on in your house ever went out of it! How mistaken the poor lady was, for my Gee would even tell me how many times one of her daughters had tried to get married, and had just missed it, and the names of all the fortunate Naval Lieutenants and Commanders who had escaped! He certainly could cook, and was extremely clean. He asked me who was boss in the house, and I said: "I boss you, and Mr Grohman bosses me." To this he assented, but when my husband wished to give him any orders, he used to come and ask me if he should obey them!

Gee was the only Chinaman I have ever seen on a horse, and when he went out on the old white pony that his former master had left in our stable, it was truly a sight to behold. The first time I saw him he was carrying a huge bundle in one hand, and the reins and his hat in the other, his pigtail floating in the wind as the old pony ambled into town.

It was in this house that my boy was born, in January. I had been trying for some time to get a good monthly nurse, but those who appeared in answer to my enquiries were so dreadful that I really could not have had them in my room, so I bethought me of a faithful old servant of one of my Kentish aunts, who, after my aunt's death, had been through Queen Charlotte's Hospital, and was now monthly nursing in London. I cabled to her asking if she would come out, mentioning the wages, and saying she must stop two years and should start at once. It was a great relief when I received a reply cable that she was starting in a few weeks' time, and she arrived a fortnight before the baby. I do not think I should have survived had she not come, as the doctor who attended me infected me with puerperal fever, and at one time they did not think they would see me through, and they had to cable home that I was dangerously ill.

However, my good constitution took me through. The doctor afterwards told me he never expected I should live: he had had thirteen cases in the last few months, and only I and one other had lived. I was too ignorant at the time to know that he had no business to have attended me under these circumstances. This doctor, who had a great reputation there as a surgeon, was always sober, and the other two to whom I might have gone, were apt to be anything but sober in the afternoon. A few years later he went to Europe for a couple of years, visiting the hospitals in Vienna, Berlin, and London, and on his return I asked him if he had learnt much that was new, and he said that having been there now and seen everything, he wondered he had not killed more people than he had!

The Chinaman was greatly disturbed by nurse's presence: he did not like her quiet, solemn ways, and said she had the evil eye. As soon as she went into the kitchen to get something, he turned his back on her. He was very anxious for me to engage a Chinese woman, who would know how to wrap the baby up properly - in white flannel, instead of all these white clothes.

During my illness, I had found the bed most fearfully uncomfortable, and although I do not remember, I suppose I complained about it very much as I lay tossing in fever. One day I said to nurse: "The bed is much more comfortable than it was. Have you done anything to it?" and she looking rather surprised, replied: "Don't you remember we changed it ma'am?" Then she told me that when Mrs Drake heard me complaining about my bed, she had sent round a nice new spring mattress. Afterwards I heard that her husband had given her this mattress that very Christmas, and she had never had a spring mattress before in British Columbia. Such was the kindness of Mrs Drake, and in fact the whole family, all the time I was out there. I received so much hospitality and such kindness from so many people while in British Columbia, that as I have said before, it was one of the happiest times of my life. I could never understand a lot of Englishwomen going out and saying, as they did, that they did not like the Colony, and that it was a dull place. There was plenty going on: the Navy was in Victoria a greater part of the year, and there were dances, tennis parties, and picnics, boating picnics up the Arm of the sea, and many drives on a duckboard with the Drakes did I have. Added to this, there was the lovely scenery, the fine weather, and the beautiful wild Spring and Summer flowers, besides all the well-known English flowers grown in the pretty gardens. The families there, were mostly old English or Scottish."

Here I would like to add an anecdote about Gee from Mrs Baillie-Grohman's chapter in her husband's book which, although some of you have read it, I am sure you will find amusing. It goes like this:

"One day Gee rushed in in great excitement. Ah Lam Sam, a friend of his, the head of his company (they all belonged to societies of some sort), had been put in prison on what he said was a false charge of writing a threatening letter to the English Government interpreter."

"Too bad, too bad", moaned Gee. He really seemed in great distress. Ah Lam Sam was what they call a boss Chinaman; he owned a shop in Chinatown, and was a contractor for Chinese labour. While he was in gaol, his wife and little girl used to drive by our house once a week on their way to visit him, but he remained there some months, and, as he was not allowed out on bail, his business languished, and ready money became short. Soon his wife and child, instead of driving, hobbled painfully on their little feet along the two miles or so of wooden sidewalk that led from their house to the City gaol. As my house was a little more than half-way between the two, Gee asked me if the woman and child might rest in my kitchen, so for the time that Ah Sam was in prison they had tea once a week there. During that autumn and winter the late Sir Matthew Begbie, the Chief Justice of British Columbia, came to lunch with us every Sunday. As soon as his duties in the choir of St. John's Church were over, he would stroll on to our cottage, which was near by, would knock the ashes of his pipe out on the doorstep, would put this dear friend of his, from whom he was never separated, into his waistcoat pocket, so that the bowl stuck out as a reminder to all that it must be filled again at the very earliest opportunity. After a few Sundays his appearance would be preceded by a Chinaman or two, who would go round and gain entry by the kitchen door; these were not Chinamen of the ordinary domestic class, but such whose rank entitled them to wear a black silk cap, with a black or coral topknot to it, instead of the ordinary soft felt wide-awake adopted by those of meaner degree. More Chinamen would hang by twos and threes outside the gate. Just before lunch was ready, Gee would come and call me out of the room, and beg me to come into the kitchen. I soon found that I was expected to interview these Chinamen, who had come on behalf of Lam Sam. They suggested that as the Chief Justice lunched at our house, I was a good friend of his, I could talk to him, and tell him how wrong it was to keep Lam Sam in prison; they wanted me to introduce them to Judge Begbie, and say they were honest men; they would take their affidavits that the incriminating letter was not in Lam Sam's handwriting, they would prove this to me, then I could take my affidavit. It was hard to convince them that I could see no difference in Chinese hieroglyphics. I was to take my affidavit that Lam Sam was a very good man, and Judge Begbie would believe me if he would not believe a Chinaman, and, beyond everything, I was to get plenty of presents if I could induce Judge Begbie to let him out on bail. It was no use explaining that I would not be bribed, that I could not possibly mention the subject to Judge Begbie. I only made my escape on one Sunday to receive the same application the next Sunday. Gee would, or could, not keep them out of the kitchen, and there they would sit for hours till I went in and peremptorily dismissed them, when they would seize the opportunity and eagerly offer me papers and proofs and affidavits. Having at their request told them which lawyer to go to for their defence, they acted upon my advice. At last Lam Sam was brought up for trial, and his case dismissed at once, as nothing could be proved against him. But Sam and his friends persisted in being grateful to me, and did not seem to believe that it was the absolute lack of proof of any kind against Lam Sam that let him off so easily, but that it was because the lawyers and judges were "velly good friends of yours, Missus Gloman."

The very day he was released Lam Sam hired a hack and pair of horses and drove up with his wife and little girl and one of the friends who had besieged me on Sam's behalf on many Sundays, and they were ushered into the drawing-room. Lam Sam preceded them all, and with beaming smiles came forward to shake hands, and then made way for his wife and child, who were laden with pots of ginger, cumquets, packets of special tea, huge parcels of lychee nuts, and a pair of Chinese shoes, a little red flannel wadded waistcoat, a green silk overcoat, and a curious little Chinese headdress. All these garments, excepting the shoes, having been made by Mrs Lam Sam for my baby. "We thank you velly much, you velly good friend, we have brought you little presents, if you like any more will you say so?" Gee then handed round sherry and cake, and suggested that I should bring in the baby. The visitors all stood solemnly round gazing at it, then Lam Sam, raising his glass, said, "Good luck to son, I hope one day he will be a big judge". The sequence was not clear, but the judgeship was evidently considered the result of success to which any profession might lead."

In the winter my husband came down from Kootenay where the work was going on well. They were digging a canal which was to drain part of the Upper Kootenay River into the Columbia - part of the reclamation scheme they had in view....

In the Spring of '88 as soon as the country was open, he went upcountry again, and said if things were pretty quiet he hoped I could go up later on in the summer. The previous summer I could not have gone, as a white man had shot an Indian who was supposed to be cattle stealing, and then some Indians went for some white men. After this the few settlers in the country who wanted to do trade with their produce sent up a cry of danger from the Indians, and asked for a troop of mounted police to be sent. Of course it was good for the country to have the mounted police there, wanting hay and oats for their horses, but as far as the Indians were concerned, my husband said it was perfectly safe. He said he would get a little shack built where I could stay for a few months, as he would be busy there all the summer, so in June, we gave up the Tighe's house, and as we thought it was rather dangerous to take the baby, although he was a nice strong boy, up into the wilds where we were three days from a railway, I asked Clare Drake if she would come up and stay with me in Kootenay, her mother taking nurse and baby in exchange. Pa and Ma Drake willingly agreed to this.

On this first journey upcountry I landed at Golden (1888) where my husband met me, and where we had to stay the night, as the little flat bottomed steamer to take us up the Columbia did not move until morning. At that time there were two shacks and one saloon in Golden, and the house where the C.P.R. depot man lived. He offered to vacate his bedroom for us, and said he would sleep in the kitchen.

The next day we went on the little steamer run by a man called Captain Armstrong. The engine burned wood, and there were piles of wood along the banks of the river at intervals, and everybody got out and helped throw some of it on the steamer. There was a party

of gold prospectors going up on the boat - three or four rough looking men; there were Mr Tom Cochrane and Lady Adela Cochrane, and Mr and Mrs Tom St. Maur, who were afterwards the Duke and Duchess of Somerset; and Lord Norbury. They were all going up to some placer mining at Findlay Creek which belonged to Tom Cochrane. The cabins on the steamer were all occupied, so I curled up on deck with my Mexican saddle as a pillow. At breakfast my husband and I were alone for a moment at the table, when in came the very dirty engineer of the ship. We asked if he was not going to have breakfast. "Not until the toffs come down," he said, "I want to have breakfast with them." I was glad he had chosen the toffs instead of us.

We arrived at Brewer's Landing the day after we boarded the boat. This place consisted of one large shack with a bar in it and some benches; two little lean-to rooms next to it for Mr and Mrs Brewer, and their son Hope, otherwise called 'Opey, and a sort of chicken ladder lot up to the roof from the bar, the ceiling of which was composed of a few loose beams over rafters. We were not going to sleep there, but as Mrs Brewer felt sure I should feel dull sometimes at Canal Flat, she said I was to be sure and come and spend a day or two with her. She said there was no 'lady' in the valley for 60 miles below Canal Flat, and as she was 60 miles beyond, she said she reckoned only two white 'ladies' in 120 miles. She much impressed me. She was a plain woman with gnarled hands and a weather-worn face. She was dressed entirely in black cretonne with pink roses on it; evidently intended for curtains. She was Irish by descent, and still had a pleasant brogue. Mr Brewer was a weakly looking man with a long beard; a pair of blue overalls, and a black cretonne shirt with pink roses on it. Hope was dressed in the same costume and I discovered the short blinds in her bedroom and the bed covers were all of the same pattern. She told me a man had come down with a piece of material, and she had taken the whole lot. I took a photograph of Hope, which will be found in my collection, with what they called, his right side on, because the poor little boy had been left once near a kitchen stove, and wishing to grab at the coffee on the stove, he had fallen on to it, and one side of his face was burnt and scarred. Mrs Brewer confided in me that he was very bright and very cute, and had a better vocabulary of swear words than his father! They were hoping to be able to send him to school, and make a lawyer of him! I often wondered what became of them. She said I had only to write her a note and she would come down and stay with me at once, if I felt lonesome. I never felt lonesome enough to accept this kind offer.

We had a great deal of luggage to unload, as my husband had had lots of cases sent from the East: he was opening a store for the workmen at the Canal, and was getting in provisions. I think there were about 200 Chinamen and a good many white men. There was no railway nearer than Golden, and at that time of the year one could not get any higher than Brewer's Landing on account of the salmon shoals. Our luggage was put on the express cart, and my husband and I rode along the west bank of the lake, making a halt

at Mr William Hardy's ranch.

A few days after our arrival at Canal Flat, this man came with a large sackful of potatoes and onions grown on his place for which he would take no payment, saying he knew we should be short down here and he could always give us as many as we wanted. I am glad to say we were able to give him a square meal, as I had brought up a good Chinese cook from Victoria.

On our arrival at Canal Flat, I found that my husband had had a nice little shack put up for us, consisting of one central room, a bedroom each side leading out of it, and a kind of tiny lean-to for a kitchen. This had been built by a Dr Elliott who had come up to Kootenay looking for a job, and his friend Sucksmith, a Cockney. Sucksmith was handy, and with a true London accent, and noitches in his composition. Besides these two up there, there were the two Owens, brothers-in-law of the Mr Bates who was in the Kootenay Syndicate. The younger one, who from his love of putting a flower behind his ear, or carrying one in his mouth, we called Ophelia, looked after the team that was hauling the large logs to the saw mill, and Tom Owens did general superintendence and clerical work, I believe. Then there was young Hugonin, whose father was a General, and he had failed for the army. He had the reputation of going on the 'bust' when he had occasional remittances from home, and had a rather ruddy character, but he behaved very nicely when up there, and played the banjo and sang songs with Clare Drake. We used to have a camp fire, and all the college songs, including the famous Clementine, were sung night after night.

Hugonin, who was a hefty fellow, was packing slabs at the sawmill - pretty hard work - and Tom Caine used many strong oaths when they were not packed quick enough. I thought he was an unpleasant man: he was sent out with the machinery from Canada, and was called by the Englishmen, "that damned Cannuck."

On the Canal Flat, which was about a mile square - besides ourselves, the saw mill, and 200 Chinese workers, there was a cook shack for the Chinamen, and tents and another cook shack for the white men, and a little wooden inn. Adjoining our house, one of the sub-engineers had put up two tents, and had installed his wife in them. Seeing her outside the tent the day of my arrival, I called out a greeting to her, and the next day seeing her again, I said if on a wet day she found it very disagreeable, she must come and sit on our verandah. To my surprise, it was reported to me later that she had resented my talking to her before she called, because she had been there first! However, she accepted my invitation, and sat many a long afternoon on the verandah, far oftener than I really cared to have her there.

After some weeks, my Chinaman suddenly came to me and said: "I go." I asked him why, and he replied that he had won some money at cards and was going to fish next day. I told him I would not pay his wages for the last three weeks, as it had cost a lot of money to bring him up (here). He said: "No want." I then said: "Won't you stop until another Chinaman comes from Victoria?" He

said: "No, I go fish tomorrow." So I did the cooking - quite easy in an ordinary household but a great deal of ingenuity was required to make a variation in the meals. There was no store except our own, and one on the C.P.R. but this was certainly not less than 100 miles away. I had to bake the bread in a very tiny oven, so it had to be done three times a day for the very hungry people who came to eat, as besides our party of three, I had told Hugonin and the Owens that they could meal with us, as it was pretty rough down in the white men's shack. There was breakfast at 7 - and a hearty breakfast it was, too! - to be got ready; at 4 they rushed in for tea, or it was sent out to them, and at 7, supper. I did not mind a bit doing the cooking, but as it was sometimes 80° or 90° in the shade, I got rather tired by the end of the day. I told the men I did not mind what I did, but the boys must wash up after supper in the evening. They readily consented, but the change in them was wonderful; they would use the same spoon for soup, curry, and pudding; the one tin plate did for any amount of courses, and they refused gravy because it made such a mess, so I soon had to give that up, and the washing up was again done by me. During this rather harassing time between Chinamen, when I had had a heavy day's cooking, to refresh ourselves Clare Drake and I would ride over to the Lake and bathe, returning in time to make tea "

(The engineer's wife mentioned before who lived in the tent) pretended to be rather surprised that we went out riding without a man with us. She told me you could not do that in Goderich, from whence she hailed, and she said she always understood that English ladies rode with a groom behind them, whereupon I said that some did, and some didn't. She never appeared on my verandah without gloves: she had a long dress which she held up, and walked up and down the bank of the Canal with a parasol overhead, to the intense amusement of everyone except herself. Of course we were in short tailormades, or riding kit most of the day. It is wonderful how some people who have always roughed it, like to pretend they never have. I think Mrs St. Maur and Lady Adela, when they came down to buy bacon at my husband's store, must have been a revelation to her, for these - as she called them - peeresses of the realm, had at that period very short skirts, only half way up their calves, nice crocodile belts mounted with silver, at their waists, and small six-shooters, cowboy hats, and lovely jewelled brooches!

We had all kinds of visitors who used to come upon us unexpectedly, but we were anything but Starvation Ranch. Sir Matthew Begbie, the Chief Justice, was one of our guests when he was on his rounds; Captain Herkomer (Herchmer) of the Mounted Police, who was later on to take some of his scouts to the Boer War; young Manor Sutton; French Sisters of Mercy, and one of the most interesting of all - Pere Coquelin of the Kootenay Mission. He was a young and energetic man who had done wonders since he had taken over the very derelict district of Pere Fouquet. He got some French Sisters of Mercy to come and start a school for the girls, teaching them needlework. Two Sisters came, and had a very bumpy ride from Brewer's Landing. Just before they got to Canal Flat, on a steep hill, the pole of the express car came away, and pushed the whole of the freight

into the bush, so they walked on and fetched up at our house, where we put them up for the night. "Putting them up for the night" sounds very easy in England: we ourselves had camp beds, but I made a sofa in the sitting room of sacks filled with pine needles, pushing one sack against another along the floor, and putting other sacks against the wall; these I covered with rugs and buffalo skins, and it made a very large comfortable bed, which everybody appreciated. The only disadvantage was that they had to turn out before breakfast at 7, but as most people performed their ablutions in the river at the back of the house, this was quite easy.

Those sisters and the priest told me they had been at work among the men, and the sick in the different C.P.R. camps, when it was being built. They had seen the roughest crowds, but never by word or deed had any of them been offended by what the men had said or done, which speaks well for humanity I think. The Mission was 50 or 60 miles south of us near Cranbrook, now a large town, but at this time the only building was a small log hut erected by Colonel Baker, who had come out to British Columbia on my husband's advice. He and his two sons were living there then. A man called Galbraith, of whom I heard a great deal but never saw, lived a little way down the river

One day Clare and I went bathing in the Lake.... On our return, to my intense astonishment a cablegram was brought from my father, which he had sent from California saying he was arriving in about a week's time at Victoria. There was a nice dilemma! We had given up our house in Victoria, so there was nowhere I could go back and receive him, besides being a rather long and expensive journey, so we decided that we must make the best of matters, and he must come to Kootenay, although how we were to make him comfortable I did not know, especially as the cablegram said: "Arriving with Nina, Hugh, and Geneva Campbell." I said I could do with Hugh and father and Nina, but why bring another girl? I had to wire him that we were in Kootenay, and I was very nervous of what he would say at finding us in a wooden shack in the wilds, instead of in a comfortable house in which we had been hitherto in Victoria. We then got another wire, saying they were arriving on a certain day at Golden I sent word down to Golden that they were to come up on the steamer, and we would meet them at the Landing. We rode down to the Landing, taking three horses for them and also the express cart for any luggage they might have. I soon spotted my party on board, but I could not see Geneva, and presently an old military man came on shore with my father, and was introduced as General, not Geneva, Campbell! This was a great relief! The Owens who had built a little wooden shack for themselves, had offered to turn out into a tent, and leave the shack for my father and brother, and now we found we could put all the three men in there together, and my sister (Nina) turned in with Clare Drake. I had made the shack look as pleasant as possible, with some flowers, and had nailed up some little white butter muslin curtains

Father had a good view of everything . . . Hugh was very anxious to get some shooting but it was not quite the right season, and as I was intending to go to England a little later on father

suggested that Hugh should stay on, and come home with me, while he and Nina went on ahead as he had to hurry back. He stayed about ten days. General Campbell got a couple of horses and journeyed off south down the valley, and Nina and father went off, catching their train at Golden.

As my husband anyway had to go home to consult the Company on business in the autumn, as soon as the works closed down, we wrote to nurse and arranged for her to bring Tom up to the Field Hotel to meet us. Willie (my husband) went as far as this with us - we had found nurse in the train at Golden, and Tom looked at me in enquiring surprise, refusing to come to me, although I had been away from him only three months. Not until we got to Field did he suddenly make up his mind that he had known me before, and it was at this hotel that he first performed the marvellous trick of standing alone. We stayed here two days, and then Willie said good-bye to us and returned to his works. Hugh, Nurse and I went on (back to England), Tom was then nine months old

I very much wanted to build a little house on the Esquimalt road (when I returned to Victoria) on a plot near the sea. I had had an estimate, and found I could build just what I wanted for about £1,000. We could have always let a little house like that to one of the Naval officers' wives who came out to join their husbands. While I was in England, my husband wrote to me that he was thinking of buying Lawyer Jackson's house, Swallowfield Cottage, for £2,000 so that we should have a home for the rest of the time he was on the works in Kootenay. I knew the house well, as Mrs Jackson was a most hospitable hostess and gave nice tennis parties, having two good tennis lawns, but it was the last kind of house I wanted, and in the last kind of position. It was one of the very early settlers' lumber houses, and although it was covered with roses and wisteria, it was more picturesque than solid. I felt it was not a good purchase at that price, and I cabled out: "On no account buy. If bought, sell" but it was too late: the deal was already done. My husband had really hoped to please me vastly by getting this romantic creeper-clad cottage, which he thought would look rather like an English home, but he had not looked at it as a woman would, and had not seen its drawbacks. As one of my visitors said when we got in: Everyone was much surprised that we had bought it, as the price was enormous - it could not have cost more than a couple of hundred to put up, and they thought it was only held up by the creepers on each side of it! When the wind blew, the carpets were absolutely lifted off the floor; they waved about in billows, and made one feel seasick. My husband also bought a great deal of ugly furniture with it, but I quickly transformed this by raiding the Hudson Bay Stores and searching out a very large piece of white dimity with coloured roses and green leaves on it (there were no cretonnes there in those days) and draped the ottomans and sofas with this. It had four small sittingrooms and a kitchen and store-room; and four rooms upstairs. Of course we sold this house at a loss when we left

We went out for that summer, and finding we should not be home for the winter, we thought the children had better come out, so old Jane Griffiths brought them over, and made no more fuss about it than if she had taken them for a short trip on the Underground She took them for long walks in the afternoons, on Beacon Hill, and up to the Cemetery where the great thing was to see the Chinese funerals. My husband had to go over to England, and I remained with the children in Victoria. He meant to be away for about six weeks, in which time he thought he would be able to finish up things, but as a matter of fact he did not return for nine months. He went over in the Spring of '92....

In the summer of 1892 there was an outbreak of smallpox in Victoria and yellow flags were hung out of a good many windows - some quite close to us. All those people who could were rushing away from Victoria, and we heard that the hotels in Vancouver, Banff and Seattle were full of refugees. I had very little cash at the time; too little for us to go to one of these expensive places, and so was remaining at home with my family. Our doctor came to see us one day, and advised me to clear out as two houses near us were infected. He asked me why I did not camp. In the first place I knew nothing about camping, and then I had no tents, and did not know where to camp, but that afternoon I met an old English Colonel - MacCullum by name, who had a house near the Esquimalt docks, and I told him my dilemma. He kindly said he knew just the place: he owned a large plot of ground where there had been a settler's hut, on the far side of Esquimalt Harbour. It was a fenced-in field with forest all round it except for one side which faced the sea. He offered to go with me to buy some tents, and he and his Chinaman would put them up for us, as he had been doing that kind of thing for a great part of his life! He said we should only go out to the camp when all was ready. I bought two "A" tents and a diningroom fly. A friend of mine, hearing I was going to camp, asked if his sisters might join my camp, and of course I consented readily, on the condition that we each went our own ways and did as we liked

Some people held up their hands in dismay when they heard I was camping without a man - so dangerous! To one old lady who was a tremendous gossip, I said: "I should hate an old man in the camp; he would be a nuisance, and if I took a young one, with my husband in England, what would you say?" She was quite non-plussed, and had to laugh, and say it was quite true!

My two friends, Ada and Susie Pemberton, had a pony chaise in which they drove out to the camp, which was about 15 miles from Victoria. Nurse and I and the two children rowed over in a boat, and we hired a flat bottomed boat so that we could row across the harbour or row in the lagoon, close at hand We took a Chinaman out with us, who left the second night, as he was too frightened to stay alone, so I had to go back to Victoria to get another. I brought him out, and he seemed very frightened about sleeping in a tent and we could not persuade him he would be alright. As he was threatening to depart, I produced an unloaded six shooter, and told him that if he went, I should shoot him - he had much better stay! He looked at the six shooter for a moment, and asked if I could kill the wild animals.

On my assuring him I could, he thought better of it and stayed with us for the three months, and seemed perfectly happy.

There was a beautiful spring on the place, where we got our water, and during the three months we spent there, we had only one afternoon's rain. We took a cold dip in the sea each day and it is very, very cold in those parts - there seems to be no Gulf Stream to warm it up! We had large camp fires at night, and Kitte Bevan, the third girl who had joined us, used to play the banjo and sing. Sometimes her brothers and the Pemberton's brother would come over and join us, and many other friends."

Florence goes on at some length about their life in camp, all extremely interesting, but I feel I have taken enough of your time, so I shall just read her concluding remarks about British Columbia:

"After considering all the pros and cons which exercised our minds all that (last) winter, we decided to return to Europe. My husband was really heartbroken at the idea of leaving British Columbia, but there was no reason for us to stay now (as) he was no longer connected with the Kootenay Company . . . My husband returned to Europe a very depressed man.

One great blow in leaving British Columbia was that our dear nurse who had been our stand-by for six years, had made up her mind to marry in Victoria. The faithful woman, however, insisted on first accompanying us to England, and handing Lovey and Dovey (our two children) safely over, and I think we all cried when she waved good-bye to us at Dover. She was going back at her own expense, to marry Mr Oakes. She was one of the really good old-fashioned servants that one hears of but so seldom meets."

Neither Florence nor her husband ever returned to B.C., but son Tom did, first in 1904 when he was stationed at Esquimalt for three months with the Royal Navy on H.M.S. Grafton, a flagship cruiser. He told me that on leave in Victoria he stayed at the home of his mother's friend, Ada Bevan, nee Drake, at Oak Bay, and took time to find Swallowfield Cottage. He again called on her in 1931 when he was on his way to his naval station in China. Florence's husband died at their castle in Austria in 1921, exhausted from doing relief work in Tyrol to help those suffering the after-effects of the First World War and the British blockade. Florence carried on the work, particularly with infants, often travelling for miles, sometimes alone, in the Alps, to assist one isolated child or family. For this work she was awarded the Order of the Golden Cross by the Austrian Government, the citation reading: "For her Infant Welfare work in Tyrol during 1918-1926 after the great war." This was 1927 and she was the first woman to receive this Order and the first foreigner.

Florence died in Edmonton, Essex, just outside London in 1945. Her second child, Olga, died in Nairobi in 1947. The son survives in England.

A unique memorial ceremony to honour Florence was held in the village of Brandenburg, in the valley of the same name where she had done so much work. There, a sculptured plaque of this Protestant woman on a Roman Catholic Church was unveiled by a British admiral (her son) in German territory; wreathes were placed and three volleys were fired in her honour. A photograph of this event is among others here for any who wish to see them, all loaned for this occasion by her son.

Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you.