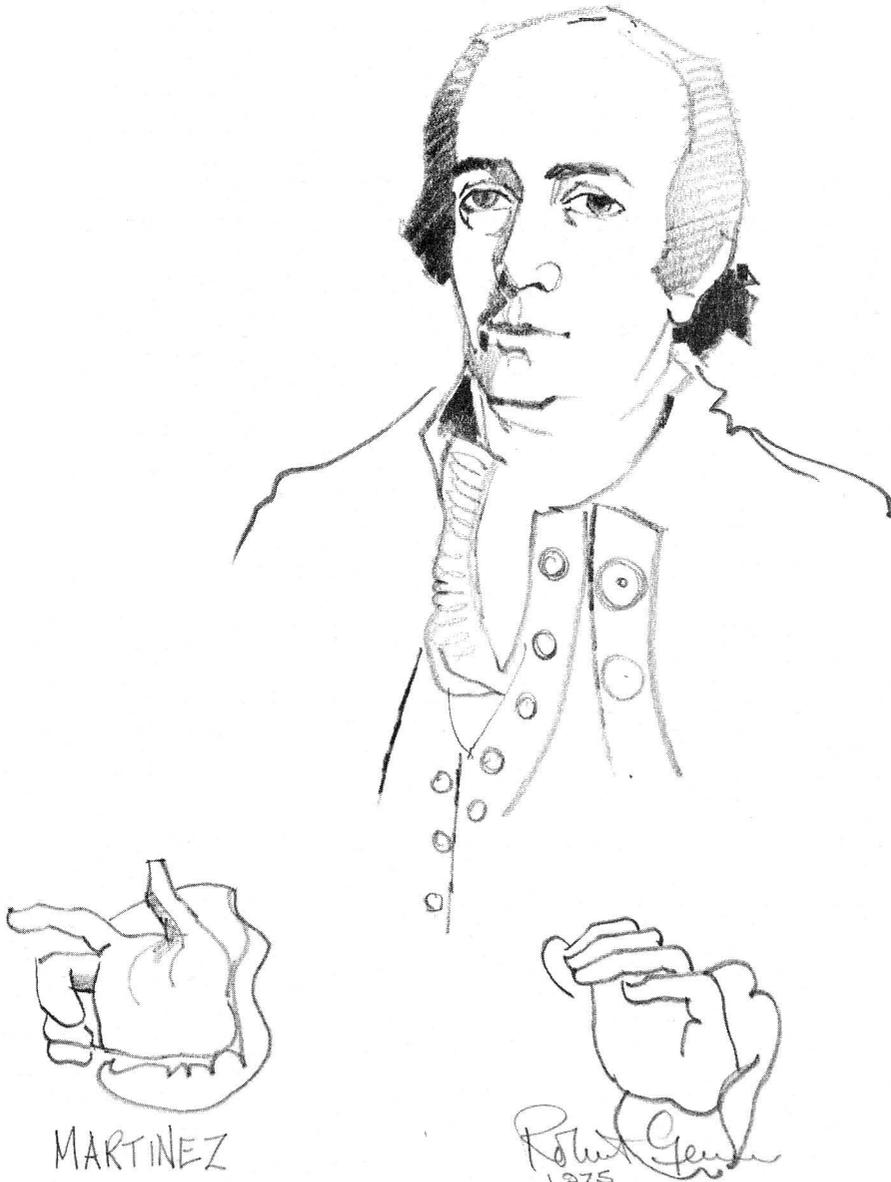


# B.C. historical NEWS

NOVEMBER 1974



BRITISH COLUMBIA HISTORICAL NEWS

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Executive 1974-75

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The cover series for Volume 8, drawn by Robert Genn, focuses on the Spanish explorers, who were the first 'whitos' to reach the west coast of British Columbia.

This issue features Esteban Jose Martinez, 2nd pilot on the Santiago or Nueva Galicia, who accompanied Perez in his voyage to the Northwest coast in 1774.

## EDITORIAL

Over the years society has been mindful to create expressions which can be used to illustrate particular situations that mankind disseminates. To this end, like the parson for his sermon, we have chosen the expression "it depends on whose ox is being gored". There never was such a time in history when it seemed virtually impossible to reach unanimity on any two-edged debate. International affairs do not bear thinking about, in the light of the variety of opinions expressed on the unresolved problems of the day that seem to threaten our very existence. We live from crisis to crisis until it seems that the only intelligent reaction is to ignore it all and hope that it may all go away!

Assuming that we can ignore it and that we are also capable of turning deaf ears to the frantic multi-party bleatings which emanate from Ottawa, there is still all the verbal diarrhoea that has to be dealt with at the local level. This is indeed a masterful accomplishment if one still has sanity after this ordeal. Every spokesman has been right, and never is there the slightest thought that anybody could be wrong. And the reaction - why of course it has all been wrong; it is a question of "it depends on whose ox is being gored".

By this time is it any wonder that the unanswered questions we have been asking over the past years make us see red? How about a few samples of what the Association has been bleating about. There is the request for protection and preservation of the old Brigade Trail from Tulameen to Hope; what about the Carnegie Library Building in Vancouver and Haslam Hall in Nanaimo? Why did they drown Kinbasket Lake? And the loudest cry of all goes up for Nootka. Can't we get something done to dedicate for all time the birthplace of our province? This is the bi-centenary of the first European presence on our shores during the expeditions of the early Spanish explorers.

Whose oxen are being gored? Why, of course, ours, and one of the many reasons can be found in the quest for a fast buck.

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## MINUTES

Minutes of the Second Council Meeting of the British Columbia Historical Association, held at the home of Mr F. Street, 6176 Walker Avenue, Burnaby, on 10th November, 1974 at 1.30 p.m. Present: F. Street (Pres.); J. Roff (1st Vice-Pres.); A. Slocomb (2nd Vice-Pres.); Jill Rowland (Treas.); P.A. Yandle (Sec. & Ed.); Anne Yandle (Co-Ed.); G.S. Andrews (Past.Pres.); R.Watt (Recording Sec.); Elizabeth Norcross (Nanaimo); Gordon German (Victoria); R. Millway (Burnaby); D. New (Gulf Is.); K. Leeming (Victoria); Ruth Barnett (Campbell River); Helen Ford (Pt.Alberni); A. Turner (Prov. Archivist); T. Bartroli (Visitor).

Moved Leeming, seconded Roff, That the minutes of the previous meeting be adopted as circulated. Carried.

The Secretary reported briefly on items of correspondence. The Haslam House issue that had been raised by the Nanaimo Society had at one time been considered to be resolved, but a recent letter seemed to indicate

that all levels of Government were not satisfied that the house in its present altered condition warranted saving. Miss Norcross wished it to be known that Nanaimo members considered it still very much an issue and will keep the Secretary advised as to what action should be needed. A request for names of old school houses in B.C. that had been converted to other purposes came from a Toronto source. The request for information had been circulated in the last issue of the News and a detailed list came from Mrs Gustafson, a member of our newest affiliate at Chemainus. The newly formed American Canal Society had produced a newsletter, which contained a front page historical account of the Baillie-Grohman canal, credit being given to Mabel Jordan and the B.C. Historical Quarterly. The Provincial Government grant had not yet been spent, although an electric collator had been tried for the last issue. It was felt that the cost of over \$500 was not justified when all that it accomplished was to prolong the agony. A letter from Victor Wilson, President of the Okanagan Historical Society asking for funds for their 50th Anniversary was rejected. Moved Leeming, seconded New that we write to the Okanagan Historical Society and inform them that we are unable to assist them financially. Carried. The Atlin Historical Society had pointed out an error on the cover of the April issue of the News. The depicted ship was not a sternwheeler.

The Secretary asked if we should not give a copy of Champness to Robert Genn in appreciation of his help. Moved Roff, seconded Slocomb That the Secretary present a copy of Champness to Robert Genn and express the thanks of the Council for his continued artistic help with the covers of the News. Carried.

The President asked for a report from Mrs Barnett of Campbell River regarding plans for the 1975 Convention. Mrs Barnett outlined proposals centred around a Friday excursion to Friendly Cove on the M.V. Uchuck. Considerable discussion and clarification followed including mention of guest speakers, luncheon and dinner arrangements for the day of the Friendly Cove trip, and costing. The Annual General Meeting would be held on the Saturday morning and a variety of activities had been suggested for the afternoon, with the banquet that night. Following a suggestion made by Professor Bartroli, it was MOVED Watt, SECONDED Rowland, that the President and Secretary write to the Ambassadors of Spain and Mexico, inviting them to send representatives who would bring greetings from their respective governments to the celebrations of the Bi-Centennials of the landings and passage of the Spanish explorers to the Nootka Sound area. Carried. Professor Bartroli observed that each government should be aware that the other was being invited.

Discussion moved to the question of the celebration of the Bi-Centennial of Captain Cook's landing in 1778. The Secretary opened the discussion by reporting a meeting that he and Mrs Yandle had held with Mr Turner, the new Provincial Archivist. The Secretary said that he felt that these celebrations should be something beyond the ordinary and should involve others in the Province in addition to the Association. Mr Turner added to the Secretary's remarks and reported in general terms on a meeting held with the Deputy Provincial Secretary who had received the idea of a province-wide celebration favourably. Mr Turner then talked of some ideas he had had concerning the shape of the celebration and in particular, a conference such as the one set up recently at Lethbridge as part of the Northwest Mounted Police Centennial celebrations.

Moved Andrews, seconded Rowland, that the President be empowered to strike a special committee at his discretion to deal with the Cook project.  
Carried.

Under new business, the secretary raised the question of the Historic Sites Protection Acts, both federally and provincially. In their present form it was difficult to make any use of them due to the length of time taken for any action to commence. Mr Turner reviewed a part of his own experience as former Chairman of the Historic Sites and Monuments Board, and counselled patience in the light of several problems at all levels. He stressed the large number of recommendations made by the Board and approved by the Government, which to date had not been acted upon.

The Secretary read a newspaper announcement about the creation of a new 130 acre park near Port Alberni, the gift to the province by long time members, Mr and Mrs Ford, and said he was sure the Council concurred in his feeling that the Fords deserved congratulations for their very generous donation.

Col. Andrews presented a framed certificate of Life Membership to Mr New, who replied expressing his gratitude for this tangible memento of the Association's earlier honour.

Miss Rowland distributed copies of a draft brochure prepared by herself and Mrs Yandle, and asked Council to forward their suggestions to the next Council meeting.

The Secretary announced the death of Mrs Barraclough of Nanaimo, and Council asked the Secretary to convey the expression of sympathy of the Council to Mr Barraclough.

There being no further business, the meeting adjourned on motion at 4 p.m.

Robert D. Watt  
Recording Secretary

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#### SOCIETY NOTES AND COMMENTS

ATLIN The Atlin Historical Society, Box 111, Atlin, is selling two publications this year. One of these is a reprint from the B.C. Historical Quarterly, with a pictorial supplement, of a 63 page article by W.W. Bilsland, entitled Atlin, 1898 - 1910: the story of a gold boom, selling for \$2.50. The second is a handsome collection of twelve sepia drawings, with text, by Jan Harvey, of Atlin relics and buildings - poignant reminders of the hard and happy times shared by prospectors and their families during their feverish scramblings for gold. These drawings are suitable for framing and would make a very acceptable gift.

BURNABY The annual field trip in July took members to Fort Langley where they were given a presentation with slides, on early Canadian history. Members then boarded the Albion Ferry crossing the Fraser River to Maple Ridge, and after touring significant historical sites of that area they ended the trip with a picnic supper at the home of Mrs W.E. Dunning, publisher of The Gazette.

During the past few months the Burnaby Camera Club has joined forces with the Historical Society to provide a public service by copying the Society's growing collection of old photographs on 35 mm. film. Dr W. K. Lamb spoke at the September meeting on "Some Hazards of History", with serious and humorous glimpses into the life of an archivist. At the October meeting members viewed a film entitled The Drylanders, stirring up many old memories. Anyone interested is invited to attend meetings of the Burnaby Historical Society, which are held on the second Wednesday of each month at the James Cowan Centre, and the President, Mr Reg. Millway, 939-7151, or the Secretary, Mrs Arlene Bramhall, 433-7176, would be glad to give further information.

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CAMPBELL RIVER Through an increased municipal grant, the Campbell River & District Historical Society has for the first time been enabled to hire a trained curator for their museum. Mr John Frishholz has been appointed to this position. As a condition of the increased grant, the historical society members undertook to operate the Visitors' Information Centre for the summer season. This was under the direction of the Vice President of the Society, Mrs Mary Ashley. At the first regular meeting of the fall season, members had an opportunity to meet their new Curator-Administrator, Mr Frishholz. A large part of the Society's activities for the coming season will be the planning and arranging of next year's Annual Convention of the B.C.H.A., which is to be held in Campbell River on May 22nd-24th.

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CHEMAINUS At a recent meeting Mrs Audrey Ginn, former owner of the first section of pre-empted land on Kuper Island, told the story of the white settlers on that Island. The small Pioneer cemetery there, deeded by Mrs Ginn to the Chemainus Valley Historical Society, is being cleared and tidied by members. At another meeting members saw a film "The Making of a Totem Pole", produced by U.B.C.'s Dept. of Anthropology, which showed the late Mungo Martin at work on some of the totem poles at U.B.C.'s Totem Park. Col. G.S. Andrews spoke at the September meeting on topography and surveying. Using two projectors and two screens he showed on one glass slides of some early maps of B.C., and on the other some coloured slides of areas in the province while they were being surveyed and prepared for mapping. In July the members hosted a historical tour of the district from the Victoria Branch, during which W.H. Olsen, author of "Water over the Wheel" gave a talk on the Mount Sicker mines, explaining the significance they played in eventually restoring prosperity to the district following the Depression of the 1930's. On October 25th Mr Billie Thomas, the first white male child to be born in the district celebrated his 100th birthday. Three Society members recorded an interview with Mr Thomas on tape, which was the subject of a programme earlier in the year. Mr Thomas's personal story of the early days in Chemainus will feature in a pioneer's book for which material is being collected by members of the Society.

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GOLDEN On June 1st, 1974, the Golden & District Historical Society officially opened its new museum. The museum is the result of the dreams, plans, work and good management of an active group of members. In March 1968 a group of local residents met to initiate the Historical Society. Its declared aims were "to preserve records, pictures and historical items of interest pertaining to the Golden area; and to work toward the establishment of a museum". Many buildings were investigated as a home for

the museum, but without success. The Elks Lodge offered to donate a block of land for a site, and the Society decided to erect a new building for its museum. Between 1969 and 1974 various ventures brought forth funds - a 22 mile Walkathon realized \$10,000, a Skateathon realized \$1400, a mini-Walkathon earned \$2000, an auction sale brought in \$500, sales of "Kinbasket Country" brought in \$1200 net, and many other smaller projects realized much needed funds. In June 1971 the first sod was turned and footings were poured with volunteer labour. In July 1971 a 40 x 50 foot Steiner Arch Building was erected on these footings by a contractor. The cement floor was poured in the fall of 1972, also with volunteer labour. In January 1973 a Local Initiatives Project was started in order to get carpentry, wiring, plumbing and insulation done. At the completion of the L.I.P. job volunteers moved in and finished the painting and started cleaning artifacts, erecting shelves and cataloguing museum materials. In January 1974 another L.I.P. project paid for a clerk-typist-custodian, a carpenter and helper.

Artifacts have been collected from a great variety of sources; they range from pioneer tools to a natural history exhibit of moths and butterflies. The Town of Golden has cooperated in several ways. The museum has been exempted from taxes; the road to the museum has been graded and ploughed as needed, and the Town Council has given every encouragement possible.

The Golden and District Historical Society is to be congratulated on its magnificent achievement in such a short period of time, and we wish them every success.

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EAST KOOTENAY The annual dinner meeting was held on April 28th with 94 present. These included members and guests from Eureka, Libby, and Rexford in Montana, Fernie, Grasmere, Invermere, Moyie, Sirdar, Kimberley, Marysville, Chapman Camp and Cranbrook. In the President's address, Mr Mayberry mentioned the restoration programme, social events of 1973, and said he hoped the Baillie-Grohman canal project for 1974 would be carried on with Invermere and District cooperation. Mr Hunter discussed plans for the forthcoming B.C.H.A. Convention. David Morley of the Fort Steele staff spoke of work done there recently. Mrs Grace Jeffrey directed a sing song. Officers for the coming year are as follows: Hon. Pres.: Mrs Alice Parnell, last surviving daughter of Michael Phillips; Hon. Vice-Pres.: Chief Joseph Pierre of the Mission Band; Chief Charlie Gravelle of Tobacco Plains; Colin Sinclair of Grasmere, Arthur Nichol of Fort Steele. Pres.: Hank Mayberry; 1st Vice-Pres.: Fred Fodor; 2nd Vice-Pres.: Mrs Marjean Noble; Corresp. Sec.: Dave Kay, Recording Sec.: Mrs Grace Leighton; Treas.: Mrs Evelyn Mayberry.

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WEST KOOTENAY At their April meeting, Mr F.E. DeVito spoke on a recent visit to Moscow to attend the World Congress of Peace. He described the social life and customs as he saw them, and as a former mayor of Trail, applauded the community service on an honour system, where each citizen is expected to give one day a week to the community, much of the efforts going towards keeping the city clean. At the May meeting W.A. Sloan of Selkirk College talked about the Interior Salish and Kootenai Indians. He outlined their cultural and trading patterns before white man came to the region, and stressed the importance of Colville as a meeting and trading site. Of particular interest was his discussion on the unique Kootenay canoe.

Members viewed a film, The Old Dewdney Trail, at their October meeting, and a report was given by the Horsemen's Society on the latest progress in clearing the Dewdney Trail in the West Kootenay.

For years the Society's small collection of museum material has been stored in various basements, etc. Now they have been offered accommodation in the Trail Memorial Centre.

In June the members went on a field trip up the Pend Oreille River above Waneta Dam to see, perhaps for the last time, the river in its wild state before another proposed dam is built. Members viewed a huge sluice box belonging to one member whose hobby is searching for gold. Another member has started necessary proceedings to enable interested parties to work on an archaeological dig before Hydro start construction of access roads.

In August the Society lost a good friend and tireless worker in the untimely death of Marion Redgrave. Mrs Redgrave, an ex-teacher, was an organizer and charter member of the Council of Women in the Trail area. In addition to being a member of the Historical Society, she was active with the Trail Mental Health Group, the Citizenship Council, she organized Meals on Wheels in the Trail area, and first suggested the Trail Pioneers Group during the celebration of Trail's 70th birthday in 1971.

Current officers of the West Kootenay Historical Society are Pres.: A.K. McLeod, Vice Pres.: M.R. Landucci, Sec.Treas.: Mrs Ralph Cook.

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NANAIMO The Society has had a busy summer as a lot of groundwork was undertaken in connection with preserving the Haslam House. Other interested groups joined in on a committee and the matter was taken to Provincial and Federal level. Disappointingly, the Provincial Government did not feel it was of sufficient historical or architectural merit to be given special recognition on a provincial basis. They suggested, however, that it was possibly so municipally, and meetings are to take place with the City on its future. We still await the Federal Government's decision. There has been strong support and behind the scenes work from many quarters, for which we are grateful. In particular the B.C. Historical Association is to be thanked for its work.

The summer field trip, accompanied by several members of the Cowichan Valley Historical Society was to the Forest History Museum at Duncan. The Fall programme opened with Mr Albert Dunn, Nanaimo's Fire Chief, recounting the history of the Fire Service. At the October meeting two members spoke on their life in Nepal.

Nanaimo's centennial celebrations have been more festive than of a historic nature so far, but the "historic" part of the year is approaching, starting with Princess Royal Day on November 27th. Mrs Flora McGirr, a past President of the Society has been Nanaimo's Centennial Queen, and to mark her part in Nanaimo's life and her long association with the Society, Life Membership was conferred upon her.

The Society notes with regret the death of Mrs Wm Barraclough, an indefatigable member of the Society. She was a granddaughter of one of the Princess Royal settlers, and with her death the Society has lost a living link with the founding of the City.

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PORT ALBERNI In September Mrs Meg Trebett, who was born and raised in rural Beaver Creek, gave members a nostalgic treat, appropriately titled "Those Were the Days". She brought to life the joys and sorrows of farm life, and rekindled memories among her listeners. At the annual Social evening in October, Mr Eugene Ruttan gave a short background of the routes

taken by the gold seekers of '98, and showed excellent slides taken this summer when he and his wife Marjorie hiked the Chilkoot Trail. At the Annual Meeting the following officers were elected for the coming year; Pres.: Mrs Helen Ford; Vice-Pres.: Mr G.C. Jamieson; Sec.: Mrs Alice Riley; Treas.: Mrs Ann Holt.

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VANCOUVER The first award of merit presented by the Society was given to the University Women's Club of Vancouver for its preservation of Hycroft. Hundreds of hours of manual labour went into the physical restoration - painting, decorating, and many more hours into fund raising projects. The Society's field trip was to Squamish in September on the "Royal Hudson" train. At the September meeting, Mr Gerald Rushton, author of "Whistle up the Inlet", gave an illustrated address on "Union Steamships: lifeline on the coast". Mr Harvie Walker spoke at the October meeting on "The Hudson's Bay Brigade Trail". Mr Walker has spent some time working with Harley Hatfield of Penticton in identifying the trail and studying the records of those who used it.

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VICTORIA Member Mr J.W. Awmack, who is a former President of the East Kootenay Branch, spoke at the April meeting on "On the Trail of History in the East Kootenay". He illustrated his talk with some excellent slides and reminded the members that this was the scenery they could expect to view if they attended the forthcoming Convention. Rev. J.G. Titus was a surprise speaker at the May meeting, filling in for Rev. Ivan Futter, who was indisposed, speaking on the subject "Coastal Mission and Country Parish". Rev. Titus illustrated his remarks with slides of British Columbia coastal views.

For the annual field trip on July 6th, two bus loads of members made an early start for Chemainus where they were met by members of the Chemainus Historical Society and given a conducted tour of local historical sites. At the September meeting members had the opportunity of meeting and listening to the newly appointed Provincial Archivist, Mr Allan Turner, who spoke on "Dust gets in your eyes - the World of Archives". Dr Joyce Clearihue was the speaker in October when she recounted the adventures of her grandfather in a number of Pacific North-West gold rushes, well illustrated with slides of early photographs and scenes from a recent visit to the old gold fields.

This year the Society's Historical Awards to two University of Victoria students went to Miss Barbara J. Mayfield and Miss Joy Smith. Each student was presented with copies of W. Champness' book "To Cariboo and Back in 1862", published by the B.C. Historical Association and the reprint of Capt. John Walbran's "British Columbia Coast Names".

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#### JOTTINGS

Some random items from the newspapers! John Raybould sends a full page spread of text and pictures from the Kamloops Sentinel in praise of the Kamloops Museum and in particular the work of Mary Balf. "She thinks people are becoming much more history conscious . . . Younger people are more interested these days in what the museum has to offer".

Dept. of Highways News Release May 17th: "Graham Lea has announced an allocation of \$125,000 this year for archaeological and historical site reconnaissance of proposed highway routes and areas, where upgrading and maintenance of existing roads is to take place.

From the Vancouver Sun, Sept. 10th: "A prime tract of waterfront property on Sproat Lake has been given to the Provincial Government. The land, donated by Mr & Mrs F. Armour Ford of Port Alberni, has nearly a mile of lake front". And again on November 9th: "the 130 acre piece of land has been created a Provincial Park by Cabinet Order... Fossli Park, located on the Stirling Arm on Sproat Lake about 3 miles from the Ucluelet-Tofino road was donated to the Government by Mr & Mrs F. Armour Ford". We do have some very nice people amongst our members.

Vancouver Sun, Sept. 4th: "The Provincial Government issued an order Tuesday stopping the demolition of the old B.C. Land Building at 918 Government Street in downtown Victoria. The order was issued by Provincial Secretary Ernest Hall under the Archaeological and Historic Sites Protection Act. Preliminary work on the demolition had already started when provincial government employees posted the order in one of the windows, immediately stopping the work". That was a close shave!

Vancouver Sun Oct. 8th: "City officials said it would be about a month before a recommendation would be made on the future of the old Carnegie Library at Main and Hastings. Lawyer Harry Fan has proposed leasing the building for museum exhibits he has acquired from the North Star Rock Museum in Minneapolis." What a business venture, when all other museums have to be heavily subsidized to keep them open! And what will happen to the building in the proposed alterations?

Readers may be interested in a few extracts from a letter from Gwen Hayball, a former member of the Vancouver and Gulf Islands Historical Societies, and who now is living in England. . . . "Boxing day they always go to the meet of the South Dorset fox hounds. That took place in front of a small country house in the village of Affpuddle (used to be Affpiddle) where there was an extensive green for the large number of riders to gather and partake of the stirrup cup. There must have been nearly a hundred horses and riders, including children. Two of the women riders were outstanding in being extremely well turned out - they might have stepped out of the Tatler. And one particular male rider was a perfect Jorrocks character; stocky, rotund and with cheery, ruddy complexion. Because so many people turn up to watch this most British of British scenes they collect donations as people pass between the stone pillars of the entrance to the house, which helps towards the cost of the hunt. We followed along the lanes on high ridges in cars, so that we could get a view of the hunters and hounds. I loved being out in the glorious Dorset countryside and not having to dress up. Above all I was glad that the fox got away, but of course dared not say so as the wife of a nephew was riding and most of the family approve of the so called sport . . . . . Mayne. I miss the peace and solitude of that chapter in my life and of course the wonderful view. . . . . The two organizations which I belong to relating to history are "Friends of the Red House Museum" in Christchurch (Dorset) and "The Bournemouth, Christchurch and Poole Historical Society". I miss the intimacy which one gets in dealing with local people and places. The B'th, Xch. and Poole Soc. is rather highbrow. Their lectures are given by professors of universities most of the time and the only one which appealed to me was on Newfoundland. . . . .

"The lecture was very political and was entitled "John Bull's other Ireland". This society is a branch of The Historical Association, London. The number of retired teachers among the members is noticeable. Their annual luncheon, with lecture, is a very formal affair - lots of "Pray silence for . . ." etc., and toast to the Queen. Sitting opposite me was a young student who was going to attend Univ. of Victoria, B.C."

Erica Johnson of Trail writes "Mrs Turnbull (Victoria) had sent me a copy of Gwen Hayball's article on 'Lobsticks', and here she is again in June issue with an article on Agnes Deans Cameron who, with her niece Jessie Brown had two Lobsticks of their own. I haven't seen them (on the Peace R.) but I did get to Herschel Is (1961) off the Mackenzie Delta. I have a copy of the Cameron book and have met the Brown family in Victoria."

The Ontario Historical Society Bulletin has a bit of advice for those uninitiated into the rules of copyright: "We would like to remind Newsletter editors that there are copyright laws. One newsletter that we receive is copying a chapter from a local history each month. This is an interesting idea, which no doubt spreads a lot of knowledge of the locality, but it is a dangerous one. If you wish to copy an author's work, you should be sure to have written permission before starting."

A unique evening was held at McPherson Park Jr. Secondary School in Burnaby on November 14th. It was held in honour of Maquinna, chieftan of the Nootka Indians at Friendly Cove, and the man who met Captain Cook in 1778. By all reports it was a resounding success and the staff and students who made it possible are to be congratulated.

The Canadian Culture Series, P.O. Box 34248, Postal Station D, 2405 Pine Street, Vancouver 9, B.C. is a set of studies, published at U.B.C., about the place in Canadian society of several cultural groups, prepared especially for schools. To date studies have been published on Indian, Ukrainian, and Japanese contributions. Further details may be obtained from the above address.

On October 10th the Jewish Historical Society of B.C. held its Annual General Meeting in the Jewish Community Centre at Vancouver. It was entitled Pioneers' Night, and all members of the Jewish community with residence in B.C. of 30 years or over were invited to attend and be photographed. The success of the Society is a tribute to Cyril Leonoff, who was the founder President, just five years ago, and the incoming President, Myer Freedman outlined a very ambitious programme for the coming year, the major portion of which would be taping interviews with Jewish pioneers of the period 1910 to 1930.

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#### GORDON BOWES MEMORIAL VOLUME

TO CARIBOO AND BACK IN 1862, BY Wm Champness. Introduction by Wm Sampson. 106 pp. illus. hard cover. Fairfield, Wash., Ye Galleon Press, 1974. \$10.00, including postage, to members of the B.C. Historical Association.

There are still copies available to our members, and it would be in the financial interest of members to get their copy before the price changes. It would make a very lasting and beautiful gift for all ages at this time of year. Send cheques, made payable to the B.C. Historical Association, to The Secretary, 3450 West 20th Avenue, Vancouver, B.C. V6S 1E4.

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BRITISH COLUMBIA BOOKS OF INTEREST, by Frances Woodward

- ALLAN, Andrew. Andrew Allan, a self-portrait; introduction by Harry J. Boyce. Toronto, Macmillan, 1974. 199 pp. illus. \$8.95.
- BANNERMAN, Gary. Gastown: the 107 years, with walking tour supplement. Vancouver, Unity Bank, Gastown Branch, 1974. 40, 12 pp. illus. \$3.95.
- BEAGLEHOLE, J.C. The life of Captain James Cook. Stanford, Stanford University Press, 1974. 760 pp. illus. \$18.50.
- BELL, Michael, ed. Painters in a new land: from Annapolis Royal to the Klondike. Toronto, McClelland & Stewart, 1974. 224 pp. illus. \$22.50.
- BIRD, Annie Laurie. Thomas McKay. Parma, Idaho, Old Fort Boise Historical Society, 1972. 86 pp. \$3.25.
- BRITISH COLUMBIA. Dept. of Recreation and Conservation. Parks Branch. Bugaboo Glacier Provincial Park and alpine recreation area. Victoria, 1974. 6 pp.
- Cape Scott Provincial Park. Victoria, 1974. 5 pp.
- Mount Assiniboine Provincial Park. Victoria, 1974. 10 pp.
- BRITISH COLUMBIA. Dept. of Recreation and Conservation. Provincial Museum. Modern history exhibits. Fort Victoria, 1843-1861. Victoria, 1974. 4 pp.
- BRODIE, Steve. Bloody Sunday Vancouver - 1938 (Recollections of the Post Office sitdown of single unemployed) Vancouver, Young Communist League, 1974. 24 pp. illus. \$1.00.
- BROWNING, Robert J. Fisheries of the North Pacific. (Anchorage, Alaska Northwest Pub. Co. 1974) 408 pp. illus. \$27.50.
- BURNES, J. Rodger. Echoes of the ferries. Vancouver, 1974. 105 pp. illus.
- CALL, Robert E. Land, man and the law: the disposal of crown lands in British Columbia, 1871-1913. Vancouver, U.B.C. Press, 1974. 333 pp. illus. maps. \$14.95.
- CANADA. Geological Survey of Canada. Rock and mineral collecting in B.C. by S. Leaming. (Paper 72-53) Ottawa, 1973. 138 pp. illus.
- CANADA. National Museum of Man. Haida burial practices: three archaeological examples. Ottawa, 1973. 113 pp. \$2.00
- CARTER, John. A guide to Kokanee Glacier Park. Castlegar, Cotinneh Books, 1973. 50 pp., illus.
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### BOOK REVIEWS

EXPLORING VANCOUVER: Ten tours of the City and its Buildings, by Harold Kalman and John Roaf. Vancouver, University of British Columbia Press, 1974. 264 pp., illus. \$5.95.

Guide books make fascinating reading. The famous Michelin Guide of France has led many weary travellers to a delicious meal or a comfortable bed. The century old German Baedeker Guide is still a treasured source of historical information for both tourists and scholars.

Harold Kalman's Exploring Vancouver is a guide with a specific focus: architecture. The book is not only a pictorial guide but a record of architectural trends during the few decades of Vancouver's existence, thus providing us with a much needed historical perspective of the peculiar architecture of this city.

The author impresses with his well researched information on architects, builders and owners and, particularly in the case of older buildings, the socio-economic ambiance of the times in which buildings were erected. He thus gives teasers to the more than casual reader to explore other aspects of the history of our young city.

Kalman divides the city into six walking tours of Vancouver and four driving tours of the greater Vancouver area. This device to exploring the city works particularly well on the walking tours, but despite our dependency on the car to get around, the driving tours are too spread out, thus losing the specific atmosphere of a series of streets one experiences when walking. As I have explored many cities on four continents on foot, I feel that the observer would have gained much if he were encouraged to park his car and take in smaller areas on foot. It would have given the author an opportunity to point out lesser buildings but nevertheless of historical value, such as the lower part of Lohsdale Avenue in North Vancouver, to mention only one unfortunate omission.

The selection of buildings on the whole, however, is excellent, giving the visitor and student to building history a splendid cross section of lesser and important architectural achievements in Vancouver. I find it particularly refreshing to see many insignificant structures included which however are part of the nostalgic or emotional fabric of many long time residents of the area.

The crisp and simply factual photography isolates the individual buildings from their surroundings, allowing the reader to observe the overall design and specific details. I only wished when leafing through the book or walking along the prescribed routes that each chapter were concluded with full street scenes to record the total setting of the individual buildings. Even with this omission the guide is<sup>a</sup> superb historical document providing pictorial proof of the architectural diversity of Vancouver, especially as some of the featured buildings crumble under the blades of bulldozers.

Unmentioned by the author, but intensely present to the reader is a real concern for the preservation of the architectural heritage and it is hoped that this guide will encourage those who have not been concerned with conservation to raise their voices when yet another historic structure is slated for destruction. After all the Europeans have successfully saved good and bad structures of the past for us to see.

It is my hope that the author will expand his guide and possibly consider publishing it in pocket size format and on a tough airmail type paper (like the Michelin and Baedeker forerunners) to make it truly portable.

Werner Aellen.

Mr Aellen, a former architect, is now a motion picture director.

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JOHN McLOUGHLIN'S BUSINESS CORRESPONDENCE, 1847-48., edited by William R. Sampson. Seattle and London, University of Washington Press, 1973. li, 179 pp., illus. \$12.50.

One hundred and one letters, written by Dr John McLoughlin between March 1847 and May 1848, form the nucleus of this work. These are taken from a letter book purchased in 1962 by the United States National Park Service and at present on loan to the Oregon Historical Society, Portland, Oregon. As the editor, Mr W. Sampson, points out, "The letter book is a valuable addition to the scant information available on his (McLoughlin's) business activities in Oregon City". One can appreciate this when the wonderful written records pertaining to McLoughlin's era with the Hudson's Bay Company, published in large part in the three volumes of The Letters of John McLoughlin (E.E. Rich, ed.), are contrasted with the scarcity of material for the period following his retirement from the HBC in 1846.

The letters in John McLoughlin's business correspondence, 1847-48 were, with one exception, written by McLoughlin. Most deal with the day-to-day operations of his businesses, though some are concerned with personal affairs and several contain remarks about developments in the Oregon region. It is these comments which the majority of readers will find most interesting. I agree with Mr Sampson's assessment that "The letters afford no basis for re-examining the economic history of Oregon for the period" though "they do provide a tantalizing glimpse into the various trading ventures of an early 'merchant adventurer'".

However narrowly the letters confine that tantalizing glimpse, Mr Sampson has broadened the glimpse considerably with a fine introduction and superlative notes. These additions require more type than do the letters. The introduction, 37 pages long, gives a summary of McLoughlin's

life, a description of the letter book and its acquisition by the United States National Park Service, and an explanation of the editorial procedures. Extensive footnotes clarify matters introduced in the letters. In addition, three appendices, three supplementary letters, a listing of commercial ships, other than HBC vessels, which visited the Columbia River during 1846-48, and biographical notes on thirty-one of McLoughlin's correspondents and persons mentioned in the letters are provided. A bibliography, index of correspondents, and a general index, each accurately and fully compiled, complete the book.

The result is a polished product. The reader receives a new look at the controversial McLoughlin. It is rather interesting to discover that the "Father of Oregon" "rarely used punctuation, and his sentences run on interminably;" that he was "an erratic speller at best" and "in the matter of capitalization . . . was at his most versatile" - a striking contrast with the laborious grammatical precision of the "Father of British Columbia", McLoughlin's successor in the HBC, James Douglas.

George Newell

Mr. Newell is a member of the Victoria Branch of the B.C. Historical Ass'n.

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THE WRITING ON THE WALL, by Hilda Glynn-Ward; introduction by Patricia Roy. Toronto, University of Toronto Press, 1974. 148 pp., \$4.95.  
(Social History of Canada series No. 20)

Any student of British Columbia's history should take the time to read The Writing on the Wall, a rabidly anti-Oriental novel set in our province, which was first published in 1921 and has recently been reprinted with a valuable introduction by Patricia Roy, by the University of Toronto Press. Dr Roy's introduction is extensive and informative, placing Hilda Glynn-Ward's novel within its historical context, and the novel itself clearly conveys the spirit of racism common to this province from its earliest days.

In the introduction, Dr Roy has drawn on her extensive research into the anti-Oriental mood in British Columbia to produce an outline that describes both the genesis and evolution of the anti-Oriental spirit and the place of this novel within that movement. The conclusion to the introduction is a short study of Glynn-Ward herself, illustrating her personal contribution to the anti-Asiatic mood in British Columbia. The introduction is so useful it should be examined both prior to reading the novel, in order to better comprehend the historical roots of The Writing on the Wall, and upon completion of the book, in order to pause and consider the novel's role as an expression of racism in this country.

As for The Writing on the Wall itself, it is a ringing propaganda tract, designed to expose the corrupt, self-serving politicians and capitalists who were supposedly selling the country out to the Oriental menace. The novel may be fiction to current readers, but it is clear that Glynn-Ward intended that the story be edifying, not entertaining. The author, as an activist against the Asiatic menace, hoped that readers, informed of the horrific future possibly in store for British Columbia, would act to halt the Asiatic take-over of their land.

As to the literary merit of The Writing on the Wall, Patricia Roy's assessment that it is ". . . a penny dreadful", is correct. The characters are absurd caricatures, the text is sketchy, and the sudden transfers through time, from the past to the present and into the future, which are accompanied by the most skeletal outlines of events during the intervening yet important years, were most unsettling. Yet, to stress the low literary quality of the work would be to miss the point of the book; Glynn-Ward was more concerned with the political than the literary impact of her book. The story is sketchy in order to concentrate on the dramatic, the sudden shifts in time occur in order to suggest the immediacy of the Oriental challenge, and finally, the characters are exaggerated in order to shock the reading public to act. Present readers, aware of the extremism of The Writing on the Wall, should, however, not consider it an isolated instance of local racism.

A product of the mainstream of British Columbia life, this novel is hardly an insignificant historical document, as has been suggested elsewhere. Dr Roy, while noting the limited number of reviews given the book in 1921 (an apparently common occurrence at the time), states that, "Because of the extent and variety of anti-Oriental agitation in the early 1920's, it is impossible to isolate the impact of The Writing on the Wall. Clearly the book had a wide reading public; according to a source active in the book-selling trade at the time, Glynn-Ward's novel was a local best seller which graced the coffee tables of many Vancouver homes. Thus the University of Toronto Press is to be complimented for bringing us an important document from this province's past. At the same time, it is sad that the initiative for reprinting The Writing on the Wall had to come from Ontario, not British Columbia.

William C. McKee

Mr McKee is an assistant archivist at the Vancouver City Archives

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AGNES DEANS CAMERON . . . A MEMORY

by Ada McGeer

The article I read about Agnes Deans Cameron, written by Gwen Hayball, in the June edition of the B.C. Historical News, brought back vivid memories of my childhood days in Victoria, particularly those spent at South Park School, when Agnes Deans Cameron was the Principal.

After several primary years at private schools, where I learned nothing, my parents decided to send me to South Park public school which was near our home. This was in 1902, when I was 12 years old. School then became a delight rather than a drudgery, particularly when I passed into Miss Cameron's class room.

The school, still operating, is in a lovely part of Victoria, near the northern end of Beacon Hill Park. We lived at the southern end. Every morning on my way to school, I would see Miss Cameron returning from her daily walk through the Park. She always wore a tailored suit, which became her slim mannish figure, (she would have enjoyed wearing slacks).

When the bell rang we lined up in the school yard and marched into the Assembly room, to say the Lord's Prayer, sing the National Anthem, and listen to any pithy comments concerning the school and ourselves which Miss Cameron saw fit to make. I well remember the day I was the embarrassed subject.

A well known Shakespearean Company was due to perform *The Merchant of Venice*. As a publicity ploy, one of the daily newspapers offered a prize for the best essay on the play, written by a pupil. I sent my contribution in without consulting anyone, carelessly failing to check the spelling of the characters' names. As I won the prize, the newspaper printed my essay, incorrect spelling and all. The next morning at Assembly, Miss Cameron read it to the whole school, making scathing remarks on my carelessness and the dishonour I had brought to the school. After 70 odd years I still remember my humiliation. Hers, too, apparently, for she had picked me to pass first into high school. The fact that I did, indirectly involved her in one of the many situations she seemed to court. Miss Cameron taught all the subjects for entrance into high school, except drawing. The teacher for this subject was a poor disciplinarian, whose lessons were periods of "high jinks" for our class. When our drawing books were submitted as part of our final exams, the examiner failed most of the class, contending that we had drawn freehand lines with a ruler. I got a bare pass mark which pulled my average down considerably. A bitter controversy arose between Miss Cameron, the examiner and, eventually, the School Board, which ended in the whole class being summoned to appear in court. This disturbed the parents, and Miss Cameron was severely censured. However the pupils enjoyed appearing with their drawing books before the fatherly Judge, who settled the matter satisfactorily for both sides.

I remember another altercation with the City Council. This was over the extension of Bird Cage walk which is now Government Street. At that time the street ran from Belleville past the Government Buildings, as far as Michigan, where it stopped smack in front of the Camerons' home. The city wished to cut the street straight out to the sea front at Dallas Road, which necessitated demolishing the Cameron house. Mrs Cameron, who was in her 80's, did not wish to leave her home. From her front windows she could look down Bird Cage Walk as far as James Bay Bridge, she could see the homes of her two married sons and those of other pioneers, like herself. She could chat over the wooden fence with friends who lived nearby, such as the Carr girls, including "Emily, with her outlandish ideas and painting kit". Her indomitable daughter delayed the action of the city with every device she could think of. She succeeded, until her Mother settled the matter by dying in 1906 at the age of 84.

There were other contentious matters in Miss Cameron's life at this time, which finally resulted in her dismissal as principal of South Park School. This proved to be a blessing, for she could now devote her life to writing, lecturing and travel, which brought her world fame. But there are many of her former pupils who remember her for her criticism of outmoded ideas and her untiring work for school reform. It is the fortunate pupil, who in the course of school days encounters a teacher who kindles a spark for learning. Agnes Deans Cameron did this for many of her pupils. Thankfully, I was one of them.

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## FATHER DE SMET IN THE COLUMBIA VALLEY

by Winnifred Weir

Following is the text of an address presented by Mrs Weir on 24th May, 1974, at the Annual Convention of the B.C. Historical Association.

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The invitation to speak to you about Father Pierre Jean De Smet is something I am most grateful for, for if I had not had this opportunity I might never have learned all that I have about this very remarkable man. Because I have long been interested in the history of the Windermere District I had long ago heard about Father De Smet. I knew that he was a missionary priest who had explored the west and had worked with the Indians, baptizing large numbers into the Catholic faith. I knew the story of his being in our Columbia Valley and visiting Baptiste Morigeau, the first white man to reside in our area. But I did not know what a truly amazing man he was nor of the vast amount of information he had compiled about his travels and the people he met.

To give you his background briefly, Father Pierre Jean De Smet of the Society of Jesus was born in Belgium in 1801 of a well respected family. Educated in a seminary, he was a distinguished pupil and excelled also in sports; in fact so great was his physical strength that he was nicknamed Samson.

Hearing of the need for missionary priests in America, he voluntarily exchanged the life of civilization in Belgium for life among a people who he understood were barbarous. He pawned his personal belongings to raise funds for the trip to America in 1821. He was ordained in 1827 in St. Louis University. There is no doubt as to Father De Smet's zeal and devotion to the cause of bringing christianity to the Indians. The depth of his religious fervour is evident in all his letters, yet this man has been elected to the National Cowboy Hall of Fame, surely an unusual honour for a man of his calling. This rotund, devout, courageous man, armed only with his Bible and his crucifix, invaded the wilds of America's most barbarous natives, suffering hardships and braving dangers that caused him to risk his life countless times.

For ten years after his ordination in 1827 he taught students and functioned as a priest, then started a mission in Iowa. For years the Flathead Indians had been begging for a Blackrobe, as they called the Jesuit priests. De Smet met their delegation and requested the assignment, which was approved by the bishop.

In the spring of 1839 he was set ashore from the ship, St. Peter, on the Missouri River in hazardous Dakota land. After landing him the seamen rowed hastily back to their ship, fearful of Indian attack. Alone on the shore, Father De Smet was reviewing in his mind the message he wished to bring in the language he had learned as a requisite for his assignment, when suddenly Indians leaped from the woods around him, their stone point arrows were set on taut bow strings. De Smet raised one hand in the universal gesture of peace. As he grasped his crucifix with his free hand, one Indian tore open his black robe and found he was unarmed. Puzzled by his garments and his calm manner the natives took him to their chief where the priest attempted to communicate, and gestured to the Great Spirit. The chief got his intent, was convinced of his friendship and let him stay. He baptized their children and attended their sick as well.

It seems that Father De Smet was blessed by Divine Providence, because while several of his fellow missionary priests died while on similar missions, he emerged unscathed from one hardship or adventure after another. Once he was caught in a blazing canyon fire and escaped only by a fortuitous turn of the wind. Once he had to wade in deep and icy waters to escape scalp hunters. He was lost frequently in strange mountains; once he was down to two meals a day in which the food consisted of frozen potatoes and a morsel of fresh meat. Once on the lower Columbia, he left his companions in a frail craft while he walked on the bank. The canoe was caught in a violent eddy and five men were drowned. Once he faced shipwreck which he described thus, "waves rose in pyramids and masses of water, torn by the fury of the wind, were hurled upon us in floods".

Travelling west in 1840, he described one experience. "I had been no more than six days in the wilderness", he wrote, "when I was overcome by intermittent fever, with chills that ordinarily precede the attacks of heat. This fever never left me until I reached the Yellowstone on my way back to the mountains. I cannot give you any idea of my deplorable state. My friends advised me to go back but I went on. I stuck to my horse as long as I had the strength, then I would go and lie in a cart on the boxes on which I was jolted often as we crossed deep and perpendicular ravines, throwing me sometimes with my feet in the air, sometimes like a thief between the boxes, cold as an icicle or covered with sweat and burning like a stove. During the three days that my fever was at its height, I had no water except what was stagnant and dirty".

Another time he contracted cholera and was given the last rites of his church by a fellow priest. Hours later he heard a weak call for help and tottered to the bedside of that same priest to administer the last rites to him before he died. Because he had formed the habit of keeping a journal recording his experiences, we know all these things from his own memoirs.

But tonight I want to tell you, not of Father De Smet's adventures with the Indians to the south of us, but of his experiences in our Columbia Valley. His journal tells us that before noon on September 4th, 1845, he was at the source of the Columbia River. The two lovely lakes Columbia and Windermere, which are really widenings of the river, he described as the reservoirs of its first waters. He pitched his tent on the bank of "the first fork that brings in its feeble tribute" to the head of this mighty stream, and here he met Baptiste Francois Morigeau, a French Canadian and the first white settler in our valley, whose descendants are still to be found in our midst. Father De Smet wrote a lengthy description of this man in his usual poetical style. He called him "The Canadian, the Monarch who rules at the source of the Columbia. The skins of the rein and moose deer are the walls of his portable palace and, to use his own expressions, he embarks on horseback with his wife and seven children and lands wherever he pleases. His sceptre is his beaver trap, his law a carbine, his numerous furry subjects are the beaver, otter, muskrat, martin, fox, bear, mountain sheep and goat and moose. He extracts from them the tribute of flesh and skin. He does not forget his duty as a Christian, and each day, morning and evening, devoutly recites his prayers amidst his little family." Father De Smet's description of our first white settler was longer than that, but I will not quote him further. Suffice to say that because Morigeau had never had the services of a priest to unite him with his Indian wife, who was the daughter of

thé Shuswap Indian Chief Kinbasket, Father De Smet performed the nuptial rites and baptized the seven children all during the same ceremony. Following the ceremony Morigeau entertained his guest royally, and Father De Smet described the meal with relish, a ragout consisting of the two paws of a bear, roast porcupine, a moose muzzle and a great kettleful of stew containing back fat of the buffalo, venison, beaver tails, quail and rabbits, dumplings and broth.

Father De Smet described the flocks of water birds in our valley, and at the north end of Lake Windremere the salmon, cut and battered from their long trip up the Columbia to spawn. He visited what is now Fairmont Hot Springs, describing them as water "soft and pellucid and of the same temperature as milk drawn from a cow".

A little wooden church on the Shuswap Indian Reserve has a truly amazing memento of his visit there as recorded in his own narrative. It is the original cross erected by Father De Smet on September 8th, 1845. It is fastened by thongs to the western wall of this tiny church which has only nine pews, each seating four persons. On that warm September day in 1845, Father De Smet wielded a crude axe to fashion this large cross from timber cut from the hillside. Before him stretched waving grasslands on a mountain prairie that he named the Plain of the Nativity. Sweat stood out on his brow as he worked alone, watched by a group of Kootenai Indians as he chipped away forming the cross arms to fasten to the main stem of the tall cross he was creating. His journal tells us he carved the top end of the upright with a religious symbol and also the ends of the cross pieces to add beauty to the simple design. Finally, with the crude tools at his disposal he burned holes in the cross piece and the upright at the point where they joined, and inserted wooden pegs to form the cross. Then he dug the necessary deep hole in which to set it upright in the ground. We can imagine the amazement of the Indians watching this rotund and far from young man exerting himself to such a degree to erect this symbol of his belief.

Nearly a hundred years later a group of men who had read of its position determined to find the cross if possible. They searched the long grass on the mountain prairie. It was not difficult to locate the site because the priest had made a most exact topographical map of the area on which he had marked clearly the locations of two crosses he had erected. The map on which the locations are marked is beautifully executed in detail with name places in French. All land marks are accurately drawn and the elevations are shown in freehand drawings. They are not, however, drawn to scale. The map shows the source of the Columbia River, traces Father De Smet's trail along the eastern shore of Columbia Lake to the Plains of the Nativity and shows clearly where he erected the Cross of the Nativity. The cross was twelve feet in height and the cross bar five feet across, both members roughly hewn of fir. The pins which held the two parts together through the burned area were tree limbs of suitable circumference.

It is not known how long the cross remained upright or what violent wind finally brought it toppling to the ground. When found it showed evidence of having been lying in the grass for many years. The shaft had rotted to about half its original thickness and the cross was in three pieces. The parts were collected with care and it was brought to the Shuswap Reserve where it was mended with infinite care and erected on the wall inside, fastened to it with leather thongs.

After erecting the Cross of the Nativity, Father De Smet journeyed to the summit of Sinclair Pass, forded the Kootenay River and followed the Cross River to its source. Here on the east shore of a little lake he planted a second cross on September 15. This he marked on his map as the "Croix de la Paix". This cross has never been found. It was here that Father De Smet paused long enough to write a letter describing his trip through the Columbia Valley, a letter that is one of the most graphic descriptions known of those very early days. He described, among other places, passing through what we know now as Sinclair Canyon, which has towering red rocks that are one of the landmarks of our valley and which many of you may know. He called Sinclair Pass the Liars' Valley, saying the Indians knew it as the "Place where the old man lied", and he reported that no Indian spoke as he passed through it.

From the Columbia Valley he travelled to Boat Encampment, where he embarked on the Columbia and journeyed to the Arrow Lakes and thence south again to Washington. Of this trip he also wrote graphic descriptions.

In 1846 he set off from Fort Jasper on a hazardous trip across the mountains to Boat Encampment where the Canoe River enters the Columbia. This was said later to be the severest test of his physical powers to which Father De Smet was ever subjected. For a large part of the way he had to wade the icy waters of the streams. He lost the nails of his toes and suffered such hardships that he declared he would not have survived had it not been for the aid of a small band of Indians whom the party encountered. Because of Father De Smet's excessive weight it had been recommended that he should not make this trip, much of which had to be on snowshoes. So great was his resolution that he set out to reduce his weight by a rigorous fast of thirty days and he was reasonably successful. After he started the meagre provisions available gave him no opportunity to regain his weight.

He was said to be of a genial and buoyant temperament, fond of jest and merriment and with a keen sense of humour. He once said "I am naturally inclined to laughter", and relished telling a joke on himself. In writing to his niece he suggested that they make the door of one bedroom six inches wider than normal so that when he visited them he would be able to pass through.

Father De Smet was concerned about the influence of the white man upon his beloved Indians. On one occasion he wrote, "one cannot help being anxious for the fate of the Indians. The treasures concealed in the heart of the mountains will attract thousands of miners from every land and with them will come the dregs of civilization, gamblers, drunkards, robbers and assassins".

The story of the settlement of the west has been enriched by Father De Smet's own descriptions of his travels. He fell into the habit of keeping a record of the distances travelled, and in later years estimated that he had traversed some 180,000 miles. He crossed the Atlantic seventeen times. He compiled an elaborate album, much of it written in his own hand, with sketches, poems and prayers as well as descriptions.

In a letter to the Mother Superior of an Orphanage he told of awaiting a shipment of goods which consisted of certain things for his church and clothes for a year. He had been without shoes for a year and for some weeks had been destitute of supplies. The Indians he was with at the time were

eating acorns and wild roots. At last Father De Smet and his Indians heard that the long awaited boat was approaching. They went to the highest hill and watched it nearing the shore. Father De Smet arranged for two carts to go for the supplies. Then he reached the shore just in time to see the vessel strike a rock and sink rapidly in the waves. The confusion was great but no lives were lost. Total damage was estimated at \$40,000, a vast sum in those days. Of the supplies four things were saved: a plough, a saw, a pair of boots and some wine.

His memoirs tell us that they used the plough to plant a large field of corn; the saw to build a house and enlarge the church. With the boots, Father De Smet said, he was able to walk in the woods without fear of being bitten by the serpents that thronged there, and the wine was used for mass, a privilege that had been denied them for some time. They returned with courage, he reported, to their diet of acorns and roots until a month later another boat arrived.

It is a fact not easily explained that Father De Smet did not again return to this great field of missionary work, and only twice revisited the western territory, both times on other business. Yet he was heard to say over and over again that it was the cherished desire of his heart to spend the remainder of his days among his beloved Indians. "I am like a soldier", he said, "when I receive orders I march where I am sent. I may have my preferences and these are decidedly for the Indian country." And later again he said, "I regret very much the plains, the Indians and the wilderness with all their privations, miseries and dangers. They were treats, indeed, compared with the monotony with which I am now surrounded". In a letter to his Father General he asked the privilege of being sent away to some obscure mission to spend the rest of his days.

One of the sorrows of this world is the regrettable fact that true zeal, talent and effort so often goes unappreciated and unrewarded. So it was with Father De Smet. Accused by his contemporaries, possibly because of their jealousy, that his descriptions were poetical flights of the imagination and not true pictures of the situation, Father De Smet defended himself in another letter to his Father General. "When you were my superior, you frequently corrected me for being dejected when things were against me, to which I must plead guilty. Something of the kind has occurred again, and from headquarters, which has brought me very low indeed, the more so as I have the full conviction that the charges against me are untrue, false and unjust and bring evil in their train".

He was charged, it seems, and again I quote from his letter, "of the neglect, in a great measure, of the Indians for whom I would gladly have sacrificed the remainder of my days. I stand accused (1) that my letters have done a great deal of harm in America; (2) that they are nothing but imagination and poetry, false and untrue; and (3) that I have lost the mission by over-liberality to the Indians and by promises to them which the fathers have been unable to fulfil".

He had the satisfaction of having justified himself to the Father General and he hoped then to be allowed to spend the rest of his life among the Indians.

Mrs Weir is the President of the Windermere Historical Society.

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GETTING DRESSED

by Clare McAllister

Dressing for school in winter involved a child in quite a bit of winding. I am thinking back to a time around 1911, when I would have started school in British Columbia's West Kootenay.

For me, as a small child, heavy, black cotton, ribbed drawers buttoned at each hip were the cold weather winter garment. There were heavy ribbed, black cotton stockings to put on, over. First the drawers' long legs had to be wrapped carefully, tight round each ankle, the stockings then cautiously pulled over the underwear, hopefully leaving the pant legs still neatly and tightly wound. A long white vest had been slept in all night, affording additional warmth under a heavy flannelette nightgown. For daytime wear a "waist" was put on over the "shirt" (which was what we mostly called an under-vest). The waist was a sort of bodice, double layers of heavy cotton, additionally strengthened with tapes sewn over its surface. It was perhaps a hangover from days when young girls would have to be prepared for later wearing of a corset? Its purpose, beyond warmth-giving, was to serve as a point of attachment for garters. (Some called those suspenders, but, in our house, suspenders were what held up men's pants.) Each garter had a metal nipper to hold one elastic strand to the waist; this bifurcated below, to hold two elastic strands, each terminating in a metal nipper, two to a stocking top. The next wrapping task was to get the stockings over each underwear knee without too much bunchiness, and held by garter nippers, with just enough slack to permit movement. One petticoat of cotton covered this assemblage. (There still were extant in the cupboard, from covering me when I was a smaller child, petticoats from the days when a cream wool flannel one was worn under a cotton one - dress history in the closet!)

The moment of being finally dressed (at least for indoor purposes) culminated, along with the rattling of the coffee grinder on the kitchen wall. The day's chosen dress, perhaps of scratchy, good wool, blue serge, dropped over the underthings. A dress might often be covered by a pinafore - a kind of sleeveless sack of cotton print. In the days before cleaning establishments, when mothers wished to avoid having to sponge spots off serge, pinafores were a useful laboursaver - that is, if one did not think of washing and ironing and starching the pinafores!

Sorry, the mind runs on.

Mother's brushing and winding and parting and braiding of the hair, with red ribbons to hold tight the braids, might precede or follow the descent downstairs. There was the good warmth of the diningroom heater. A modern family, we scorned porridge, and took newfangled nourishment: shredded wheat, with Niagara Falls rushing down the carton; or Post Toasties, with a black cat sitting by the package's pictured hearth. Blobs of yellow cream crowned the poured milk. The table napkin slid from the lap, as the rush to get on outdoor garments began.

Under the hallrack sat my father's overshoes and my outer footwear. No friend's memory, and not my own, lets me give a name to the gear that kept children's shoes from snow and wet. Imagine an ordinary pair of rubbers, with the feet of a very heavy pair of ribbed woollen stockings cemented inside the rubbers, the legs extending above. So the shoe, encasing the leg, already wound in long underpants and hose, had to be carefully inserted into this outer woollen stocking, and down into the rubber, cautiously finding its proper relationship with toe and heel. Then the

stocking had to be pulled up and grabbed by the nippers already holding cotton hose. The time had come to get on one's coat. I myself never rose to the glory of a "red river" heavy blue blanket-cloth coat, with a red, knitted, cheerful sash, voyageur style. I remember brown coats. Buttoning up was followed by the business of unwinding one's toque, a sort of double stocking thing, which, inevitably, in the taking off, had got pulled out into a long shape, without a hole. This puzzle had to be unwound, and doubled into itself, so as to stash on one's head, and pull down over the ears. A scarf, wound round and round the neck and nose, finished the job.

Soooooo, down the elevated, snow-deep wooden sidewalk; past the first livery stable; past two morning-closed saloons; past the second livery stable, the one with a working blacksmith at its forge, to which the pack-horses trotted back, unaccompanied, from the mines; . . . sooooo, to school.

All the winding and unwinding of outer clothes was to do again twice, home-going and returning, in the one and a half hour noon break. Merchants and children alike went home for a hot dinner. Perhaps the extra half-hour was required for winding and unwinding?

Bypassing Sunday and party clothes, I recall stiff-frozen clotheslines of long gone days. A child knew well what was the winter wear of other folk. Those gentlemen who did not wear thick ribbed winter combinations wore under-drawers and vests of fine yellowish wool, which for some odd reason, had always a fine red strip knit along wrist and ankle margins. There was also an inferior underwear, of an off-white sort, with blue-grey streaks pervading the material. Men's underdrawers had loops at waistline, front and back, so that suspender tabs might afford security to underpants as well as to trousers. Englishmen's trousers, but not your ordinary Canadian's, had high-rise backs to attach to presumably shorter suspenders. Men's shirts had long, long shirt-tails, both front and back; indeed, the front tails must have forked to nearly reach each knee - no question of separation between shirts and pants! When cuffs and collars had had their ultimate, thrifty "turning", there was lots of material left from strong-woven shirts, to make women's aprons, or children's pinafores. When I was small, men's vests had already left behind any special, fancy weaves, for a uniformity with the material of suit coat and trousers. However, the photos of fathers and brothers and uncles with check or brocaded vests were still about, on mantels or pianos. Gentlemen's trousers had a tiny watch pocket ensconced in the waistline, from which a leather bootlace might entwine into the same loop that held braces. With the more affluent, watch-chains draped across both sides of the vest, perhaps dangling fobs or seals. Men's overcoats were of double-woven, thick coating, and "weighed a ton". Their velvet collars showed prosperity. In the seat of the hall-rack were "german socks to pull above shoes and up over trouser cuffs when mountain snowfall was especially deep. These were of coloured knit, and had drawstrings with metal tag-ends. They were supplementary to metal-clasped, rubber and woven overshoes.

And ladies' dress? - aaah, ladies' dress! Old pictures and old family tales mix with direct recollection, because the family had been in Rossland, "before the railway", and that was before I was born, in Nelson. The old, worn, velvet-covered album still shows ladies, tam o'shantered, thick-pullovered, with a snow-shoeing party on top of Mt. Spokane. Their woollen skirts trailed on winter snows of over 20 feet in depth. My mother's skirts cleared her ankles, revealing neat boots, with airspace between skirt and snow.

I do not recall later addiction to similar daring in her dress, perhaps the reverse. I never knew my mother to travel by train, or lake boat, without donning black, glove-silk bloomers over her ordinary cotton drawers. Did this go back to the days when it might be feared carriages could overturn? More likely it was traceable to the bottom dresser drawer, where there lay, under bleached salt-sacks full of dried rose petals, out-moded ladies' drawers, with two legs and a curious crotch that doubled over, but was not seamed together. These in turn perhaps harked back to the days of long-gone pantelettes? Scottish Naomi Mitchison, in a 1973 biographical recollection of her Edwardian childhood, refers to woollen combinations - clean on Sundays - "the edges round the slit at the bottom tended to get a bit . . . scratchy. Over these one wore serge knickers . . ."\*

Ladies, of course, still wore corsets, though not with VERY tightly laced waists. That very modern invention, the brassiere, had not come yet. A garment called the corset-cover decently obscured the bust, which was propped up by the expanding top of the corset. Early corset-covers were of white, machine-embroidered fine cotton, lace garnished. Later, in the daring days of peekaboo crepe de chine blouses, corset-covers might be of brocaded ribbon, to glimmer through pale bronze, or softest blue, sheer crepe. An Ontario friend recalls "a sort of bodice, precursor of the brassiere, I suppose, which was boned with fine bones, and made ladies stick out in front like a bigger kind of bubble. No cleavage! With some ladies who lacked frontage, the bubble was hollow. With others only too well filled". These must have been peculiar to the effete East. I can guarantee you they did not make their way to mountainous Kootenay.

Blouses and skirts were much worn by ladies in the old photographs of picnic parties and excursions to mine workings. They show that, in the time before I remember, ladies affected the wearing of masculine wide-brimmed Stetson hats. In the time of my own recollection, for "good" wear, ladies rustled in changeable taffeta, ruffled petticoats, in a most feminine manner.

Young ladies, who had perhaps just "turned up" their long hair, had party bags of satin and taffeta silk, with corded drawstrings, in which to carry their dancing pumps, while they walked with their beaux to a dance, in the Eagle Hall, or some other place of respectable resort. Not yet risen to the luxury of taffeta petticoats, they might have hand-embroidered frills of fine cotton, to flutter below the swirl of tight-waisted party dresses, in the heat of the polka or two-step.

What were the boys wearing? - the boys, obscure spectators of feminine flutter. The old picnic photos show at mothers' skirts small boys in long cotton Buster Brown stockings, above their well-polished boots. Some wore sailor suits with short, and some with long pants. Later there were knickerbocker pants for boys, buckled below the knees, with three-quarter hose over the cuff ends. For summer wear, even town boys might resort to that most comfortable of garments, the loose blue overall, with shirt well tucked within. Summer-hot boys wore farmers' straw hats. Winter found them wearing caps. Immigrant English small boys wore grey

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\* Mitchison, Naomi. Small talk. Bodley Head, 1973. p.42.

flannel pants, striped belts and round grey felt hats. The dashing young males, those affluent enough to proceed on to high school, were indeed gloriously arrayed. Most conspicuous were their bright silk socks - red, purple, paddy green. In summer they affected straw boater hats, perhaps banded with "Yip aye addy aye eh" or "o you Kid". Their ties were daring. Unlike their fathers, they did not wear stiff-starched collars, the rigid product of the steam laundry. Thus at ease, they could sing, "Kelly with the green necktie" or warble at passing girls, "I'm forever blowing bubbles".

Some old ladies were still dressed as a quite different section of the female portion of the population, dripping with jet and fringes; cloaked, rather than coated; bonnetted, rather than hatted. Such fashions had an air of some eccentricity, permitted rather than expected of the common run of old lady.

Babies were already freed of the long dresses, known only in photographs of older sisters and brothers. However, they were still much swaddled and wound in shawls. Toddling girls were in stiff-starched lawn, like enough with lace inserts. Toddling boys wore rompers, a bloomerish sort of one-piece garment, usually of coloured cotton print.

Print . . . lawn . . . dimity . . . who knows dimity now? Who has heard of nun's veiling for a "Sunday dress"? Who knows the names of laces? . . . valenciennes, cluny, torchon, Honiton, Irish. Who uses a bodkin to run pink ribbon through the insertion lace of nightgowns and corset-covers? Who would starch and blue washed cotton garments? Who remembers burnt orange and Alice blue and Kelly green? Gone are cotton stockings, with lisle stockings for best. Silk hose have been replaced by nylon pantihose.

The clothing of yore is with us no longer, but we are here for a while to remember, however much it may astonish those who've come after.

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Mrs McAllister is a member of the Gulf Islands Branch of the B.C. Historical Association.

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