$4.00
Volume 30, No. 1
Winter 1996-97

ISSN 1195-8294

British Columbia Historical News

Journal of the B.C. Historical Federation

Winter Trip on the C.P.R.

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Member Societies and their Secretaries are responsible for seeing that the correct address for their society is up to date. Please send any change to both the Treasurer and the Editor at the addresses inside the back cover. The Annual Return as at October 31 should include telephone numbers for contact.

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District 69 Historical Society	Box 1452, Parksville, B.C. V9P 2H4
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Gavel Historical Society	3 - 1384 West 10th Avenue, Vancouver, B.C. V6H 1J6
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Salt Spring Island Historical Society	129 McPhillips Avenue, Salt Spring Island, B.C. V8K 2T6
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SUBSCRIPTIONS / BACK ISSUES

Published winter, spring, summer and fall by British Columbia Historical Federation
P.O. Box 5254, Station B
Victoria, B.C. V8R 6N4
A Charitable Society recognized under the Income Tax Act.

Institutional subscriptions ..... $16 per year
Individual (non-members) ..... $12 per year
Members of Member Societies ..... $10 per year
For addresses outside Canada, add ..... $5 per year

Back issues of the *British Columbia Historical News* are available in microform from Micromedia Limited, 20 Victoria Street, Toronto, Ontario M5C 2N8, phone (416) 362-5211, fax (416) 362-6161, toll free 1-800-387-2689.
This publication is indexed in the *Canadian Index* published by Micromedia.
Indexed in the *Canadian Periodical Index.*
Publications Mail Registration Number 4447.

Financially assisted by BRITISH COLUMBIA Heritage Trust

British Columbia Historical News

Journal of the B.C. Historical Federation

Volume 30, No. 1 **Winter 1996-97**

EDITORIAL

From Nelson to Atlin, Victoria to the Peace River district, come stories of early settlers and some of community involvement up to recent times. We introduce four new writers, three of whom submitted an essay as part of their application for the BCHF Scholarship.

We thank Anne Yandle for introducing the requirement that an essay be submitted as part of the application for the B.C. Historical Federation Scholarship. Anne distributed guidelines to every post secondary institution in the province. Submissions were received from twelve students, seven of whom attend the University of Victoria, one from UBC, and one each from Malaspina University College, University College of the Cariboo, University College of the Fraser Valley, and Simon Fraser University.

There has been enthusiastic appreciation from students who have had their writing published. We are glad to offer encouragement, and delight in following the careers of earlier scholarship winners. We appreciate receiving essays or articles from young and old alike as this ensures that we can compile a mixture of topics and writing styles in future issues of the **B.C. Historical News**.

No one should dare to complain about recent travel problems after reading Michael Phillipps report on his Winter Trip on the C.P.R.

Best wishes to all for 1997.

Naomi Miller

COVER CREDIT

This 1885 engraving (artist unknown) is titled "Weary Passengers Settling for the Night." The original is part of the collection in the Glenbow Museum in Calgary. This was one of the illustrations used when the "Winter Trip on the C.P.R." appeared in the **Alberta Historical Review** 18:2 Spring 1970. We thank Dr. Hugh Dempsey, editor of **Alberta Historical Review** (now called **Alberta History**), for repatriaing this report written by a B.C. pioneer, and for lending us his copy of this delightful picture.

CONTENTS

Manuscripts and correspondence to the editor are to be sent to P.O. Box 105, Wasa, B.C. V0B 2K0.
Correspondence regarding subscriptions is to be directed to the Subscription Secretary (see inside back cover).

Printed in Canada by Kootenay Kwik Print Ltd.

Nelson Christmas Past

by Ron Welwood

Christmas, commemorating the birth of Jesus Christ, is an important religious event for Christians; but in many countries Christmas has been replaced by a nonsectarian winter holiday. Simple traditions of the past are now supplanted by a blitz of mass media commercials beginning in early November. Greeting cards[1] begin to arrive, Christmas specials are shown on television, glossy advertisements are received in the mail, displays appear in every store window, gifts are purchased and gaily wrapped, coloured lights appear, trees are decorated, school Christmas concerts are produced, carols are sung and food preparations are made. Despite all its commercialism, Christmas is a time for family and friends. It is the festive season that often evokes fond memories of, what would appear to be, less hectic Christmases past.

* * * * *

In the early settlement years when isolation and cabin fever seemed more acute during this festive season, the Christmas spirit was rekindled by getting together with colleagues and friends. By 1888 Stanley, the former name and future townsite of Nelson, was in its earliest stages of clearing and land development. In that year the first recorded Christmas dinner was served in Mrs. Mary Jane Hanna's log cabin when *"She rounded up a dozen lonely bachelors and fed them a hearty dinner of roast wild duck and all the trimmings she could manage."* (Turnbull, 50; Collins, 9)

One week later, Bob Yuill's loneliness at Ainsworth Camp on Kootenay Lake spurred him into action . Unaware of the first Christmas gathering in Stanley, he decided to leave for that townsite very early on New Year's morning, 1889. He rowed a heavy freightboat, capable of carrying a load of one ton, southward along the western shoreline of Kootenay Lake and then westward down the lake's west arm (Kootenay River), a total distance of approximately 48 kilometres (30 miles). Bob was no stranger to hard labour and, difficult as it might be for us to imagine, he arrived at Stanley shortly after noon on New Year's Day! After prowling around the almost deserted townsite he came across the newly constructed Hume & Lemon store occupied by fourteen men[2] who had just finished their New Year's dinner, courtesy of Jane Hanna.

Bob recognized the majority of faces in the building and after being introduced to some of the men he did not know, he was invited to the Hanna's cabin to have a late dinner consisting of leftover wild duck. When he finished this well-deserved meal, Yuill returned to the store to purchase some provisions and to join in an all-male drinking party which, needless to say, became somewhat boisterous as the day advanced. (Norris **Historic Nelson**, 174-193)

Christmas was a bad time to be alone. People travelled for days to be with others. If this was not possible, the link to the "outside" was by mail and in the winter this could be tenuous. But often, the postal service and the Eaton's catalogue were the only means available to Christmas shop.

Clare McAllister, daughter of M.R. McQuarrie a former mayor of Nelson, had a very clear recollection of her childhood Christmases. *". . . all the trees were fresh cut so that when the tree came into the house out of the frosty, snowy winter air, into a warm house, it 'smelled' of Christmas . . . the Christmas tree was not put up weeks before, it was erected magically on Christmas Eve by Santa Claus. . . On Christmas night, of course, the candles would be lit, and there is nothing more magical than a living room fireplace blazing and the candles in a dim room on a lighted tree; it's a very magical thing. . . . People perish at the thought of candles on a Christmas tree, but I never heard of any Christmas tree going on fire like I have heard with electric lights. People took great care to put the candles nice and steady in their little nippers that clutched the branches and they didn't ' put them immediately under another branch."* (Mole, 41) On Christmas morning there was always a piece of coal and a Japanese orange in the toe of the stocking that was hung either on the bedpost or by the fireplace.

The Christmas tree was often the focus of activities and the **Nelson Daily Miner** described an assembly of school children of the Presbyterian Church where *". . . the centre of attraction was, of course, a gigantic Christmas tree which stood near the lecture room door, all blazing with candles, and burdened down with the presents. . . . All the school children present were given presents, but the measles epidemic kept a good many children away thus there were a large number of presents undistributed. There are about 80 children in all on the rolls."* (31 December 1898) In addition to church functions, the schools held Christmas concerts and each class would compete to put on the best play.

Social entertainment frequently included music and recitations. In 1892, the Methodist Church sponsored such an event which, according to the **Miner**, was deemed *"A Grand Success"*. On this occasion a Mr. Bowes *". . . . entirely caught the feeling of the meeting. He reminded the citizens present that they were not merely individuals engaged in the pursuit of money, but members of a society, and said that one advantage of the winter's seclusion in Nelson was to draw people closer together, and to make them realize that, independent of race, creed and denomination their interests were one, and that it was their duty to act together in developing the resources of the country."* (31 December 1892)

John Norris, Nelson raconteur and historian, vividly described Wo Lee's Christmas Gifts. *"Those three special treasures that Wo Lee brought each year were*

as much as anything else a part of our Christmas. Through them Wo Lee was in our thoughts continually throughout the Christmas season." These special gifts were: tins of dried lichee nuts, vases of ginger and Chinese lily bulbs. *"We knew that the blossoms could not come in time for Christmas, but it was our wish to have them before New Year's Day, although an exact duplicate of the one we had sat down to at Christmas was different in one respect the smell of turkey now mingled with that of Chinese lilies."* (Norris **Wo Lee**, 48,50)

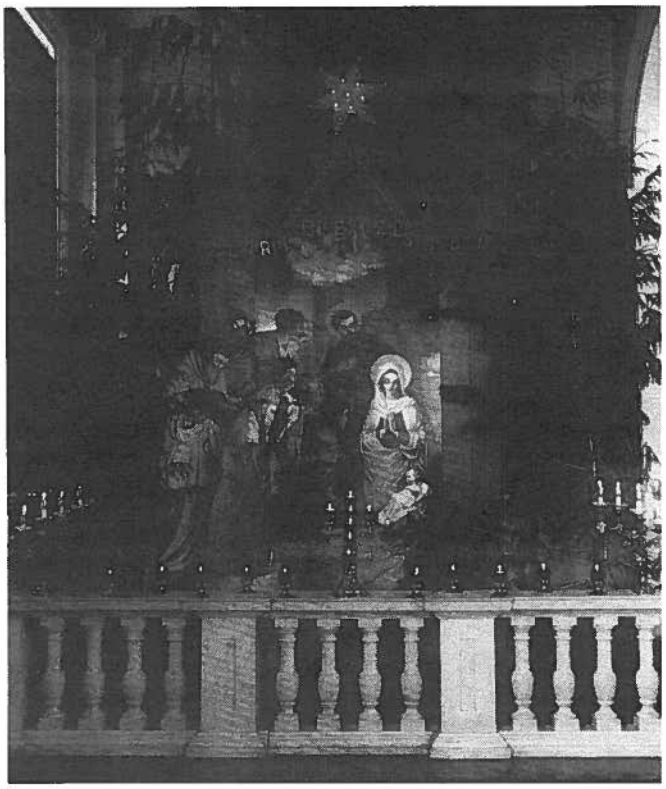
Another tale which has a humorous, nativity connection was related by Dr. Lorris E. Borden, a pioneer in Kootenay medical care and a notable Nelson community figure between 1908 - 1955. At the time, Dr. Borden was living in the Strathcona Hotel run by "Old Pop" Phair *"who had a sharp tongue that at times lost him customers."* One night when a member of a group of evangelists required accommodation, he was given a tiny room with a comfortable but small bed on the third floor. In the morning the customer came to the office full of complaints. Pop Phair looked at him momentarily and quietly replied: *"I believe the man you are supposed to work for was born in a manger."* Apparently the man left without any further word. (Borden, 44)

*****

Newspapers and their editorials often reflected the thoughts of the community; and around the turn-of-the-century Nelson's diverse population had access to a variety of opinions through its three newspapers: **Nelson Miner**, 1890-1902 (later, **Nelson Daily News**); **Tribune**, 1892-1905; **Nelson Economist**, 1897-1903.

On 26 December 1891, the **Nelson Miner** noted that *"All the time-honored customs were observed at Nelson on Christmas-eve and Christmas day.... The grown people with homes, content in knowing that they were residents of a promised land, practiced Christian hospitality by inviting their friends without homes to epicurean dinners. The guests at all the hotels were treated to surprises in the way of eatables and drinkables; the dinner at the Nelson House, especially, being sumptuous."*

The next year on 24 December, the **Nelson Miner** editor remarked: *"It is customary at this season of the year to wish everyone a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. . . . A Merry Christmas is a matter easy enough of attainment, but a Happy New Year depends so much on individual characteristics and the eccentricities of fate, that it is extremely doubtful whether any amount of wishing will affect the outcome of the matter at all. The best that one can do is to endeavour to discount evil chances by foresight and hard work; to buck against hard luck for all one is worth; and to do to others as one would be done by. This is what every man practically undertakes to do when he passes the compliments of the season. If every one were to live up to this agreement, we should all of us stand a much better chance of having a good time during the coming year than is at present the case."*



"Gloria in Excelsis Deo" Cathedral of Mary Immaculate, Nelson, B.C. c. 1920
Courtesy Diocese of Nelson Archives

In those days, newspapers were published every day but Sunday. So on Saturday, 25 December 1897, the **Miner** editorial stated; *"Today we celebrate, with the rest of the Christian world, except Scotchmen, the greatest of holidays.... But we can be joyful and festive to our hearts content, and most of us have the wherewithal to meet the necessary outlay. It is a common saying, perhaps too true, that Christmas is not what it was, but there are many amongst us to whom Christmas is still a holiday, studded with presents and garnished with too much candy."*

John "Truth" Houston, Nelson's first mayor and founder of the city's first two newspapers, was considered the best known Canadian newspaperman on the Pacific coast at the time. Although Houston thundered against the establishment and, particularly, the Canadian Pacific Railway which he considered *"the greediest railway company on earth"*, there was no limit to those causes and concerns that he supported. On one occasion he took up a collection to make certain that "Irish Nell" a laundress for many of the town's bachelors, did not go without Christmas dinner. (Wolfe, 12, 13)

However, despite his generosity and spontaneous works of charity, Houston was not an enthusiastic supporter of organized religion. His newspapers' paucity of Christmas editorials reflected this. The first **Tribune** editorial appeared, appropriately enough, on Christmas day, 1900: *"The Tribune wishes its five thousand and odd readers a merry Christmas, and hopes that they will live long and enjoy continuous prosperity. – There was not that prodigality in the giving of Christmas presents this year as has been the custom in former years. Is this because our people are less generous or less neighbourly, or because they are more wise?"*

Although in the previous year on 25 December, the **Tribune** did wish its readers the compliments of the season, the editorial thrust on that Christmas day was to take a characteristic snipe at its

rival, the **Miner**. *"Christmas comes but once a year, and so does a municipal election. The one is supposed to be an occasion when animosity is buried and good feeling and goodwill reign supreme; the other is made an excuse for indulging in all sorts of mud slinging and personal abuse. It seems a pity the two occasions happen so close in point of time to one another. Peace and goodwill suffuse themselves over the earth at Christmas time. . . All enjoy the soothing effects of the Christmas season except the two candidates for the office of mayor. They find themselves held up to the open scorn, ridicule and abuse of their journalistic enemies. . . .Of course there is a certain amount of satisfaction to all concerned in the fact that virulent abuse and mud slinging are merely the way the game is played by a certain kind of smaller intelligence, that even while penning articles of concentrated virulence it knows they are not true, that the object of these attacks knows also that they are not true, and that the smaller intelligence aforesaid knows that everybody knows they are not true. . . THE TRIBUNE. . . readers. . . will not accuse it of insincerity in wishing not only its friends and readers, but all the citizens of Nelson, not even excepting the genius who manages the Miner's mud batteries, a Merry Christmas, to be followed by a right prosperous New Year."*

Since we will shortly embark on a new millennium, the editorial of the 31 December 1900 **Nelson Miner** is worth noting: *"A dying year is depressing enough to those who think it worth while to mark the passing of time; a dying century is much more so. We may profess to rejoice at the birth of a new one; but what has the new one done for us, that our smiles should dry up all the tears in our eyes, as we bid an eternal farewell to the old one that nursed us and made us what we are?"*

* * * * *

Contrary to popular belief, the commercial side of Christmas is not a particularly new phenomenon. A lengthy front page article, "Christmas At Nelson", in the **Miner** (28 December 1895) enumerated the biggest displays by those establishments catering to the Christmas trade. *"If any body comes to Nelson under the impression that the sole articles of merchandise dealt in are pick handles, mackinaw coats, canned salmon and other usual contents of a frontier store, an inspection of the various shops this week would at once dispel the illusion . . . The climate and the occupation of the inhabitants necessitate everything in the range from snowshoes to the latest pin toed tan boots that grace the feet of the dandies of New York or London. . . . At Christmas it is a time honored custom for butchers and grocers and purveyors of all the good things that go to make up a seasonable dinner to dress their shops and display their wares in lavish style . . . In groceries also the Hudson Bay Co. steadily pursues its old policy of keeping the best of everything from rice to champagne, and from its teeming store sundry cases and bottles and jars continuously issue forth that later on make glad the heart of man. . . It will thus be seen that Nelson is by no means behind her sister towns of British Columbia in providing its inhabitants with all the comforts and luxuries of civilization."*

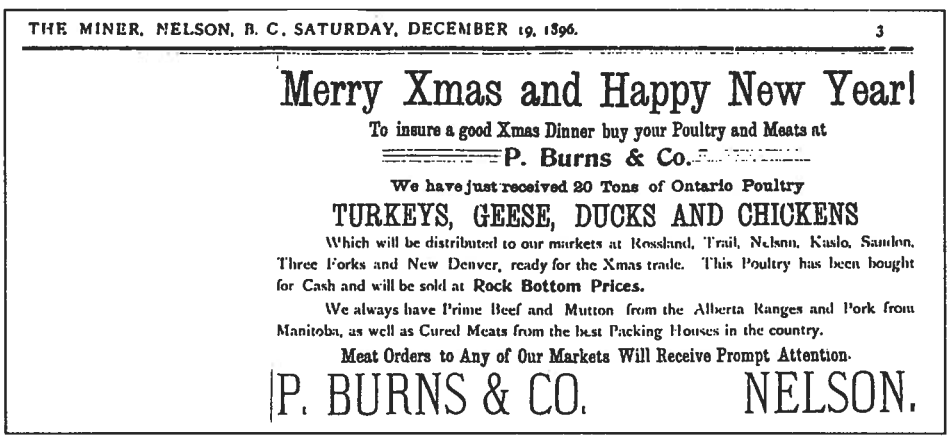
However, the spirit of Christmas was not forgotten. In 1899, it was reported that an active committee sought out homes that were ... not full and plenty, with the object of making them happy. . . . P. Burns & Co., only want to know who cannot afford a good Christmas dinner, and they will supply the main ingredients; and scores of other good people are at work to add Christmas cheer to their less fortunate neighbours." Even at the Provincial gaol Christmas was celebrated by extra rations and a supply of plum duff that was more than greatly appreciated by the inmates. In fact, there was even a cessation of all work and the prisoners were *"allowed to holiday."*

Mr. Horace Hume annually invited *"all the newsboys and messenger lads"* to dine at the Hotel Hume on Christmas evening *"The cloth will be spread for as many of these indispensable adjuncts to comfort and civilization as are available, and the cuisine will be in keeping with the high reputation of the house."* (**Nelson Daily Miner**, 24 December 1899)

A sumptuous Christmas meal, as today, seemed to be the highlight of this festive season. *"Outsiders can form a fair opinion as to what our people had for dinner on Christmas day when it is stated that the aggregate sales of turkeys at Nelson, Kaslo, Three Forks, and New Denver amounted to 4315 pounds, or about a pound of turkey for every man, woman, and child in southern Kootenay."* (**Tribune**, 30 December 1893)

"The good cheer which has been the characteristic feature of Christmas day for centuries will be very much in evidence in Nelson today. For the past week local dealers in poultry have been hard put to supply the demand, plump turkeys, indubitably connected with visions of Christmas dinners, being specially in demand. . . . The city hotels will celebrate the day with special dinners. Skilled chefs have been racking their brains to devise inviting menus and delight those who partake of their Christmas dinners." (**Tribune**, 25, December 1899)

It is obvious that people were not too concerned about their caloric intake in those days. Most led very active lives through hard, physical labour and plenty of walking. In an era before electric refrigeration and rapid transportation it is amazing to look back at the variety of


THE MINER, NELSON, B. C. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1896. 3

Merry Xmas and Happy New Year!

To insure a good Xmas Dinner buy your Poultry and Meats at

P. Burns & Co.

We have just received 20 Tons of Ontario Poultry

TURKEYS, GEESE, DUCKS AND CHICKENS

Which will be distributed to our markets at Rossland, Trail, Nelson, Kaslo, Sandon, Three Forks and New Denver, ready for the Xmas trade. This Poultry has been bought for Cash and will be sold at Rock Bottom Prices.

We always have Prime Beef and Mutton from the Alberta Ranges and Pork from Manitoba, as well as Cured Meats from the best Packing Houses in the country.

Meat Orders to Any of Our Markets Will Receive Prompt Attention.

P. BURNS & CO. NELSON.

food items available and the diversity of preparations offered on the hotel Christmas menus. The Hotel Hume fare exemplifies a typical Christmas feast in 1899.

Raw Oysters ~ Russian Caviar
SOUP
Veal a la Creme ~ Consumme Royale
FISH
Boiled Salmon, Cream Egg Sauce
Potatoes Parisienne
BOILED
Leg of Mutton, Caper Sauce
Sugarcured Ham, Champagne Sauce
ENTREES
Salmi of Duck with Olives
Kidney Saute with Mushrooms
Compote of Oranges a la Port
GAME
Haunch of Venison, Red Currant Jelly
ROAST
Prime Ribs of Beef
Baked Turkey, Cranberry Sauce
Stuffed Goose, Apple Sauce
RELISHES
Crosse & Blackwell Pickles
Mixed Chow Chow
White Onions ~ Olives ~ Celery
Lea & Perrins Sauce
SALAD
Chicken and Lobster ~ Mayonnaise Dressing
VEGETABLES
Steamed and Mashed Potatoes
French Peas ~ Sugar Corn
Sweet Potatoes
PASTRY
Green Apple Pie ~ Mince Pie
Strawberry Tarts ~ Lemon Pie Meringue
English Plum Pudding, Brandy Sauce
SWEETS
Strawberry Wine Jelly ~ Lemon Jelly
Vanilla Ice Cream
Nuts ~ Raisins ~ Oranges ~ Apples
Bananas ~ Grapes
Assorted Cakes & Xmas Cake
Tea ~ Chocolate ~ Coffee

* * * * *

These are but a few reminiscences of past Christmas activities in Nelson; and although unique to this region of the province, they were not much different than those celebrations enjoyed throughout British Columbia or, for that matter, the country. This festive season is enjoyed by both young and old alike. It has no age barriers and, although it has been commercialized and secularized to a great extent, the true spirit of Christmas still prevails – fellowship, sharing and good will towards men.

As the 22 December 1894 edition of the **Miner** stated *"PEACE ON EARTH. So sang the Angels nearly nineteen hundred years ago and the Divine blessing has given its character to every Christmas that has come with the proverbial punctuality ever since. . . . We most cordially wish that the Festive Season may come to all our readers with unclouded happiness and that in the wilds of Selkirk's rugged ranges they may find the means, without forgetting those far off homes, to make themselves a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."*

* * * * *

Ron Welwood has been collecting, and sharing, Kootenay history since he arrived in Nelson in 1969.

FOOTNOTES

1. The first Christmas card was created in 1843 for Sir Henry Cole by John Calcott Horsley, an English illustrator.
2. Twelve men were present at M.J. Hanna's Christmas dinner in 1888. Of these, eight men were also present at the New Year's Day, 1889, gathering (Collins, 9; Norris Historic Nelson, 182-83)

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Askew of Chemainus

by Martin James Ainsley

A really noble future is open to you, and I hope with Governor Douglas you will adopt B. Columbia as your home, and settle there, for the good of the colony, the greatness of England and your own advantage.

-Rev. Charles Edward Searle to Thomas George Askew, June 9, 1863. [1]

The late nineteenth century was a period of rapid change in the Western world. Europe, the United States, and many of the colonial holdings of European nations were caught up in the maelstrom of the new industrial-capitalist economy. Among the many changes brought about by industrialization was a new sense of social mobility that was fracturing the traditional class-based hierarchy by allowing people the opportunity, in theory if not always in fact, to better their station in life through enterprise and hard work. Hand-in-hand with this entrepreneurial spirit was a moral imperative-an extension and elaboration of the Protestant (Calvinist) work ethic. Christian religion and morality were still important, but the new ethic of "self-help" subsumed the spiritual benefits of hard work within a code that was increasingly materialistic. In England, the works of Samuel Smiles popularized this ethic:

> Hard work, respectability to be sure, but crowned by steady advance up the social ladder. This was a classic self-help approach produced in every industrializing country. Workers who saved their money and restrained their animal appetites could go from rags to riches. [2]

In the United States, this theme, in a slightly more acquisitive form, found popular play in the rags-to-riches novels of Horatio Alger and the works of successful industrialists themselves, such as steel magnate Andrew Carnegie's suggestively titled *The Gospel of Wealth* (1900); the selfmade man was the new hero of the late Victorian age. Anybody (any male, at least) could, through hard work and diligence, and a keen eye for opportunity, become wealthy in this *laissez-faire* economy; those who remained in poverty had no one to blame but themselves. Of the many who imbibed this myth and believed in it was one English settler who came to British Columbia in 1858 to make his fortune – Thomas George Askew.

Askew was born in 1839 to a tenant farmer in Odell in the English county of Bedford. W.H. Olsen, an historian of Chemainus, British Columbia, the community on the east coast of Vancouver Island where Askew eventually settled, has noted that "[e]arly in life it was obvious.. .that T.G. Askew was fired by an urge to better himself."[3] While it cannot be determined whether young Askew was familiar with the specific writings of Smiles or Alger, it is clear from the letters sent and received by him, especially those written by his friend and mentor in England, Charles Edward Searle, and by his own actions that the way he saw himself, and was perceived by others, was within the bounds of the self-made man ideal. His case is interesting for the light it sheds on the tension between the ideal and the reality of the new industrial economy on the North American frontier. This essay does not mean to claim that Askew was typical of settlers in British Columbia or that he represents the "spirit of the age" in his entrepreneurial endeavors. He may be both, in certain respects, but it is the atypical specifics of his case that illuminate some of the general forces that were working in British Columbia in the latter half of the nineteenth century. The self-made man was presented as a guiding image for all classes of society at the peak of the Industrial Revolution, but it was a myth. Some, like Andrew Carnegie, seemed to fulfil the myth; Thomas George Askew, though he did all that the code required of him, fell far short of the ideal, and much of his failure can in fact be blamed on the contradictions built into the success myth and the capitalist economy itself.

When he was eighteen years old, Askew left his home in England to seek his fortune on the American frontier. Within a year of his emigration, Askew found himself in California when the Fraser Valley gold rush started in 1858. At the earliest opportunity, he took a ship to Fort Victoria, to embark from there to the gold fields. [4] It is not certain when Askew arrived in the colony, but a letter from Rev. Searle, dated 3 August 1858 warns the lad "Don't be in a hurry to get rich: that is the fault of the Americans, they love money so much, and what a care-worn race they are."[5] Wherever he was when he received this fatherly advice, by 1862 he had recorded a claim in the Cariboo, mining there in the summer and wintering, as did many of the gold-seekers, in Victoria. As 1862 drew to a close, Searle, an avid follower of news from the colonies had been perusing the Colonial Despatches and wrote to Askew,

> In one [of the reports] there is a splendid map of your country, and so I could see Cariboo, and the Quesnel River, where you said you worked, and found your 220 dollar nugget What a prize! You must have earned it hard... .[6]

Although Askew was making a go at mining, he did not forget Searle's earlier admonition, nor was he unmindful of the future. Olsen writes:

> While he never uncovered a fortune, he made, and was able to save a tidy sum of money. While more successful miners dazzled Victorians by throwing hands full of gold nuggets at the mirror behind a bar, or entertained like

> Oriental potentates, young Askew lived carefully and dreamed of a solid, respectable future.[7]

It seems that Askew was most unusual among miners; like all of them, he was looking for easy money, but he was always preparing to use it to establish himself in some more stable venture, for he knew full well that the gold would soon be played out. The communications from Searle certainly encouraged Askew in his ambitions, but were firmly based in the ideals of stability, domesticity and diligent labour. In a letter of 9 April 1863, Searle remarks on the romance of Askew's "roving life" but is anxious about Askew getting settled:

> I should like best to hear that you were a considerable farmer or squire with 2000 or 3000 acres of your own; and Oh! How glad I should be if you could write to me to send you out labourers. The capital you will have saved in time I dare say, and its a pity your agricultural knowledge should be thrown away... ,[8]

Two months later, Searle wrote,

> A really noble future is open to you, and I hope with Governor Douglas you will adopt B. Columbia as your home, and settle there, for the good of the colony, the greatness of England and your own advantage... .Of course a wife is wanted to preside over all this: and I am glad your thoughts in your letter ran towards matrimonial happiness as the greatest on Earth.. .When I came to think over this soberly, I don't think you would be happy with any of our uneducated village girls. You have now a taste for reading and I should like you to have a partner who would encourage and assist you in that taste.[9]

Searle need not have worried. About this time, it seems that Askew was casting about for a place to stake his modest claim. At the same time, his future wife did indeed appear on the bride ship **Tynemouth** which landed at Victoria in 1863. Isabel Julia Curtis, who would prove indeed to be an intelligent and resourceful woman, was herself too young to be married at the time, but her mother was a chaperone on the vessel. It is not clear when George Askew and Miss Curtis first met, but George "fell in love with Isabel." She did not feel the same about Askew, but her mother approved of him. "He was solid, respectable, and a good match for her daughter." At her insistence they were wed in April 1868 when Isabel was eighteen.[10] By the time they married, however, Askew would already have established himself in Chemainus, where he would stay the rest of his life.

The year that Askew came to British Columbia, 1858, the Cowichan-Chemainus area had only one white settler, but in 1862 "HMS **Hecate** dropped anchor in the sheltered waters of Cowichan Bay with one hundred settlers on board."[11] That year a sawmill was built on Horse Shoe Bay (later Chemainus Bay); in 1864, Askew bought this mill with a section of land and three houses for either $1500 or $3000.[12] Askew's new career as a sawmill operator was not immediately profitable, as by the year's end he was borrowing money from Searle.[13] Nevertheless, Askew worked tirelessly to turn his investment into a successful enterprise. On 5 October 1864 he wrote to the Colonial Secretary asking permission to bring a ditch from the Chemainus River so that he could "work the mill all the year round" and for the first rights to purchase the surrounding land "when offered for sale." As the request made the rounds of the colonial bureaucracy for approval, B.W. Pearse, the Acting Surveyor-General added his endorsement: "There is very little good land in the neighborhood but an immense quantity of valuable timber." A.A. Kennedy, Governor of the Vancouver Island colony, however, approved the project with the ominous caveat, "Subject to such rules & regulations as may be prescribed when the Crown Lands question is decided."[14]

By 1866, when the colonies of Vancouver Island and British Columbia were merged, Askew's was one of six sawmills on the Island, described by W. Kaye Lamb as one of the "two small pioneer mills at Chemainus."[15] Two years of running the mill does not seem to have made Askew quite prosperous, as he had had to borrow money locally and his friend C.E. Searle saw fit to offer him a loan of £100, but by the end of the summer, George had been considering sending his father in Odell an allowance and was asking Searle's advice regarding the making of a will.[16] If the money was not flowing in, Askew was at least becoming a prominent and respected member of the growing community. In 1867 he wrote to the Surveyor-General, B.W. Pearse, to complain that the steamer **Sir James Douglas**

> appears so completely to ignore all knowledge of this place, and will not even communicate with a boat when sent off to her with letters of the most vital importance for conveyance to Victoria to be forwarded to Europe and other places.[17]

Askew's role in securing regular water communication with the capital cemented his position as a pillar of the Chemainus community.[18]

> When finally he married Isabel in 1868, George Askew had plans to expand his sawmill. Within a matter of months he had devised a novel method of installing a circular saw in his mill, discovered coal in the Ladysmith-Extension area, obtained timbercutting leases on foreshore land,.. .and had become the leading local opponent of the Annexation Party, which proposed the union of British Columbia with the United States.[19]

His enquiry about obtaining the timber-leases is interesting for the note added by a colonial official, probably Pearse:

> The applicant is a hard working enterprising man, who landed here with half a [shilling?] in his pocket, and by dint of industry has become the proprietor of a saw mill at Chemainus. The application may therefore be [regarded'?] as one of

the few cases in which the grantee does intend to personally utilize the grant, and I think he should be encouraged.[20]

This letter shows both how respected and valued the self-help success ethic was by the colonial elite, and how little it was apparently put into practice by Askew's contemporaries. He was certainly on the lookout for opportunities (and scrupulous about chasing them with due legal process), as the day after he penned his request to the Surveyor-General for the timber-leases, he wrote to the Colonial Secretary a breathless note to announce his discovery of "what appears to be a valuable seam of coal in Chemainus District I therefore request that the Government will permit me to have a reservation of four miles square for the purpose of testing the mine."[21] This incident, in retrospect, holds a tenor that would become common in George Askew's life; the government failed to respond to his request at the time, but the seam he had discovered was ""where the Ladysmith mines were later developed."[22] As Olsen writes,

> It seemed that Askew never tired. He often left his mill for days, while he pursued his dream on foot and by row-boat around the Chemainus area, becoming more gaunt by the day. The arrival of his first-born, Charles Searle Askew, on August 16, 1869, seemed to spur him on, if possible, to greater efforts.[23]

Askew's efforts seemed to be directed by Newton's laws of motion; the harder he worked, the more obstacles seemed to spring up to thwart him. A letter from him to Surveyor-General Pearse in 1870 recounts his mounting frustration with the colonial bureaucracy over his attempts, since 1868, to secure clearly his timber lease. In the meantime, he had managed with the assistance of Rev. Searle's brother to export a cargo of ship's spars to South Africa, but he was still far from wealthy. In 1871 he tried, with a few other investors, to prepare and export another cargo, but, unable to charter a ship, the cargo floated in Horse Shoe Bay for the next two years, slowly deteriorating and weighing heavily on Askew's mind. By then, he and the other principal investors decided to sell the spars at any price before they were ruined. In 1874, two and a half years after they had been cut, the last of the spars were sold to the Esquimalt Naval Yard, which "became Askew's best customer during the following three years."[24]

By 1871, the white population of the Cowichan-Chemainus area numbered about 490 settlers. For the next fifteen years, however, there would be no further growth in the area "as the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway Company had put a reserve on all unsettled lands for twenty miles on either side of their proposed line."[25] The E&N Railway, a project of the wealthy Dunsmuirs and heavily subsidized by the government, more than any other single factor would stand in the way of the realization of George Askew's dream. Perhaps, as Olsen suggests, Askew had dreamt "of building an industrial empire as he sat and stared at the water pouring over the wheel [of his mill], while the saw shuddered and pounded its way through the aromatic Douglas Fir."[26] Perhaps his dream was more modest than this. At any rate, no one in the new Province of British Columbia seemed better to exemplify the self-made-man ideal by which Askew lived than the Dunsmuir family; none but the Dunsmuirs could so effortlessly and carelessly prevent Askew from succeeding.

Eighteen seventy-eight saw the birth of the Askews' seventh child, and things seemed finally to be coming together for George.

> Although Askew was never far from financial disaster, his dreams began to take on the appearance of reality. He was tireless as ever and elated over the latest improvement to the mill. The old water-wheel was gone, and in its place was a more efficient water turbine. The circular saw, which demanded greater speed for efficient cutting, became practical, and increased the capacity of his mill. DeWiederhold & Co. of Victoria agreed to take his increased output. There remained only the problem of an adequate supply of timber.[27]

His application for a new timber lease at this time was not approved, because of the uncertainty still surrounding the railway reserve, but he still retained his previous leases. Askew saw his opportunity. Believing that the railway would soon be built and would bring a surge of development to the area, he had a new sawmill constructed by Albion Iron Works of Victoria. To finance this project, he mortgaged his mill and property for $3500 in 1879.[28] Olsen paints a vivid picture of the day of the new mill opening:

> On May 24, 1879, the 15th anniversary of his entry into the lumber business, Askew held a grand opening of his new mill, an impressive two-storey building, measuring 40 feet by 137 feet. There were speeches, then cheers as the saws bit into the first log. Later there were refreshments for the guests and the idly curious alike. Trestle tables were set up under the trees in which gay Chinese lanterns swung in the breeze. It was a wonderful day for George Askew, whose dreams were on the verge of realization. He was congratulated on all sides and showered with predictions of spectacular success.[29]

Only a week later, he received a letter from Geo. A. Walkem, Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works, advising him that his "only valid timber lease had expired and could not be renewed, due to the familiar Railway Reserve situation."[30] Askew was now faced with a mounting debt, incurred to finance a sawmill he could not use because he could not obtain timber.

Desperate, he sold the mill and property to his mother-in-law's husband, Jules Boucherat for $6500.

> Boucherat assumed the mortgage of $3500, and...leased the mill and property to Askew for $100 per month, agreeing in the terms of the lease *that T. G. Askew or his heirs could buy it all back at any time*

before September 27, 1884, for $10,000.[31]

The final blow for Askew could not be blamed on the Dunsmuirs; he contracted tuberculosis. In April of 1880, Askew was declared by the court to be insolvent, but the tuberculosis killed him by the end of the year, when he was only forty-one years old. Left with eight children, the thirty year-old widow Isabel Askew took over management of the sawmill and also managed in 1881 to open a store in Chemainus "that also served as the post office with herself as postmistress." In the meantime, it seems that she (nor George before her) had not paid any of the rent owing on the mill to Boucherat,[32] and in 1883, over Isabel's objections and possibly against the terms of the original agreement, Boucherat sold the mill to Henry Croft and his partner Henry Severne. So ended Thomas George Askew's long quest for a stable, prosperous life as a capitalist entrepreneur, but it is followed by an ironic postscript.

The new owner of the Chemainus sawmill would do better than Askew; Henry Croft was the son-in-law of Robert Dunsmuir. In the words of a local resident,

> "Henry Croft bought a sawmill . . . and oldtimers were to tell of it afterwards...; he being the son-in-law of Robert Dunsmuir, who owned the E. and N. Railway, was told to help himself to the timber, and acquired a large holding of the best timber on the lake (Cowichan) and elsewhere at $5 an acre." The underpowered mill, bought for $22,000, was fitted with a steam threshing machine engine from Ransome Mfg. of England, to produce 15,000 feet of lumber a day.[33]

Severne sold his share to William Angus in 1885. Croft and Angus ran the mill operation until 1889, when it was taken off their hands by Robert Dunsmuir, "who promptly sold it in 1889 to J.A. Humbird. That same year, with partner Macauley, he incorporated the Victoria Lumber and Manufacturing Company Ltd., the forerunner to MacMillan Bloedel Ltd."[34]

Thomas George Askew was in many ways a perfect Victorian. He was hard-working, religious, respectable, patriotic, and loyal to his friends, family and country. He saved his money and tried to invest it wisely. He kept an eye open always for opportunities to make a better life for himself and his family, but in the end, the self-made-men around him, and the government that worked in their interests, decided they did not need to increase their ranks from outside. The Dunsmuirs were comfortable in their empire, and had no interest in the success or failure of nameless English upstarts. The ethic of self-help was undoubtedly preached by the Dunsmuirs, like other capitalists of the age, but the inevitable consolidation of monopolies in this period militated against the chance that someone else, late arrivals like Thomas George Askew, might pull themselves out of obscurity and into the ranks of the captains of industry.

* * * * *

The author is a student at the University of Victoria now commencing a Master's program in history.

FOOTNOTES

1. Charles Edward Searle to Thomas George Askew, 9 June 1863. British Columbia Archives and Record Service (BCARS), Add. MSS 285, Vol. 1. Hulbert Family, Box 1 (hereafter cited only as Hulbert Family), File 2.
2. Peter N. Stearns and Herrick Chapman. **European Society in Upheaval: Social History Since 1750** 3rd ed. (New York: Macmillan. 1992), 142.
3. W.H. Olsen, **Water Over the Wheel** (Chemainus, B.C.: Chemainus Valley Historical Society, 1963), 54.
4. Olsen, **Water Over the Wheel**, 55.
5. C.E. Searle to T.G. Askew, 3 August 1858, BCARS, Hulbert Family, File 1.
6. Searle to Askew, 31 December 1862, BCARS, Hulbert Family. File 2.
7. Olsen, 55.
8. Searle to Askew, 9 April 1863, BCARS, Hulbert Family, File 2.
9. Scarle to Askew, 9 June 1863, BCARS, Hulbert Family, File 2.
10. Olsen, 62-63.
11. Leonard M. Bell and Ronald J. Kallman. **The Cowichan-Chemainus River Estuaries: Status of Environmental Knowledge to 1975** (West Vancouver, BC: Environment Canada, 1976), 6.
12. The figure of $1500 is given by Olsen, 56, and in Mary Shakespeare and Rodney H. Pain, **West Coast Logging, 1840-1910** (Ottawa: National Museums of Canads, 1977), 26: W. Kaye Lamb, in "Early Lumbering on Vancouver Island," **British Columbia Historical Quarterly** 2 (1938): 114-5, writes. "The original cost of this mill was about $3000," The lower figure seems more likely as Olsen's research is much more specific than Lamb's.
13. Searle to Askew, 14 December 1864, BCARS, Hulbert Family, File 3.
14. T.G. Askew to Colonial Secretary, 5 October 1864, BCARS, File 43a, Colonial Correspondence.
15. Lamb. "Early Lumbering," 116.
16. Searle to Askew, 23 May 1866 and 2 August 1866, BCARS, Hulbert Family, File 4.
17. T.G. Askew to Surveyor-General, 8 February 1867, BCARS, File 43a, Colonial Correspondence.
18. Olsen, 62.
19. Olsen, 63-4.
20. T.G. Askew to Surveyor-General, 31 July 1868, BCARS. File 43a, Colonial Correspondence.
21. T.G. Askew to Colonial Secretary. 1 August 1868. BCARS. File 43a. Colonial Correspondence.
22. Bell and Kallman. **The Cowichan-Chemainus River Estuaries**, 8.
23. Olsen, 64.
24. Olsen, 66-8, 70-1.
25. Bell and Kallman, 8.
26. Olsen, 57.
27. Olsen, 72.
28. Olsen, 72-3.
29. Olsen, 74.
30. Olsen, 74.
31. Olsen, 75, Italics in the original.
32. Olsen, 80.
33. Shakespeare and Pain. **West Coast Logging**. 26-7.
34. Wilmer Gold, **Logging As It Was: A Pictorial History of Logging on Vancouver Island** (Victoria: Morris, 1985), 51.

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———. BCARS. Hulbert Family. Add. MSS 285, Vol. 1, Box 1, Searle to Askew.

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ALSO NOTE:

The Pioneer Bride of Chemainus - **B.C. Historical News** Vol. 28:4, p. 15-17.

Winter Trip On The C.P.R.

by Michael Phillipps

with an introduction by
Dr. Lewis H. Thomas, History Department, University of Alberta.

The following account of travel[1] over the Canadian Pacific Railway from Golden, B.C., to Montreal is the first description of the line which was completed in 1885 by the joining of the westward section of the railway with the line built eastward from Vancouver.[2]

Following the driving of the last spike by Sir Donald A. Smith at Craigellachie on Nov. 7th, 1885, a correspondent of the ***Free Press*** *(Winnipeg), Micheal Phillipps travelled from that city to New Westminster later in the month and then returned to Winnipeg. He encountered no difficulties in reaching the coast and returning. But when Phillipps left Golden for the east on Dec. 15th, the line west was blocked with snow and, as we shall see, the same conditions almost prevented him from reaching Montreal.*

The author of the account, Michael Phillipps, was born in Hereford, England, in 1842, and emigrated to British Columbia in 1862, where he was employed by the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Shephard. He left the service of the Company in 1869 and located the well-known Phillipps ranch on Tobacco Plains in the Kootenay country. In 1887 Phillipps was appointed Indian Agent for East and West Kootenay, holding this position until 1893.[3] A strong and vigorous man, experienced in all types of wilderness travel, he had a keen interest in the resources of the mountain region and blazed the Crow's Nest Trail which became the Crow's Nest Pass route of one of the most important branches of the C.P.R. He continued to live on the Tobacco Plains ranch until about 1906, when he sold out and moved to a nearby ranch on the bank of the Elk River, forty miles south of Cranbrook. Here he died on July 22nd, 1916.

An English friend who knew him well wrote that "a kinder-hearted or more courageous man I never knew – he was absolutely fearless – neither flood, nor storm, nor wild beast ever perturbed him, but woe betide any man who ever crossed his path without good cause. Hot tempered but thoroughly just in every sense."[4]

Phillipps' description of travel on the Canadian Pacific Railway is a trenchant, lively account by a man who possessed an excellent capacity for literary composition. As an observer he expresses his views in candour and vigor, replete with significant details. The narrative is a minor classic of travel in the period of the opening of the Canadian West.

No doubt you read in the English newspapers late last autumn, an announcement of the opening of the Canadian Pacific Railway to the Pacific Coast.

I live in British Columbia in Kootenay, in the interior, between the mighty Selkirk Range and the Rocky Mountains, on the western slope of the latter, about 150 miles south of the railroad, and I proposed paying a visit to England for the winter.

When I read in the **Victoria Chronicle**, B.C., all the Pacific Coast papers an account of the opening of the Dominion Railway from the Atlantic to the Pacific, I decided upon taking that route for England. One newspaper, like history, might lie! But when all the newspapers proclaim the joyful event: "The West shakes hands with the East," "The Last Spike driven in the Eagle Pass"; could there be a doubt of the practicability of that route? The so-called "Last Spike" was indeed driven in by Mr. Donald Smith, in the presence of a few friends; and also, naively adds the **Victoria Chronicle**, "the whole thing was performed without any ceremony–quietly." Yes, they were wise in their generation to drive in the "Last Spike" on the quiet, but wiser far would they have been had they drawn a veil over this part of the scene altogether. Was it a fact that the railway was really open; or, if a fact, was it other than a delusive one? For, how long was the railway open? Sympathy, indeed, would the poor deluded traveller have deserved who attempted to reach the Pacific Coast, by the Canadian Pacific Railway, even a few weeks after the announcement of the opening. The roadbed was not finished; the rails were laid temporarily for the sake of passing over a few distinguished men; and then the whole mountain section was closed up. At this moment, hundreds of miles of railway, from Canmore in the Rocky Mountains to far west of the Eagle Pass,[5] lie buried beneath the snow; and property that cost millions lies unused and idle. Already (in December, 1885) the rails and track have been swept away in many places in the Selkirk Range by devastating snow-slides (avalanches). Today, communication is kept up, and the mail carried by toboggans on this portion of the railway; sleigh - dogs now replace the locomotives.

A deserted house or cabin looks dreary in these mountains, a deserted town more dismal yet, but imagine, if you can, a railway deserted! Hundreds of miles of line abandoned! Signal-boxes, stations, small towns lifeless, and fast being buried beneath the snow or battered to pieces by fierce mountain storms!

The Railway Company have given out now that they will re-open the line on the 1st of May, 1886, and will then reduce their fares, etc. Impossible![6] A wild dream! Or if, at an immense expense, they should shovel away the snow, which will then, in the mountains, be from 20 feet to 30 feet deep, could they keep the line open, for any practical good, even for a single day? Then the warm weather will have commenced, and the snow have

been loosened. Hardly an hour will pass without an avalanche sweeping over some portion of the line, carrying with it the "permanent" way into the ravine below.

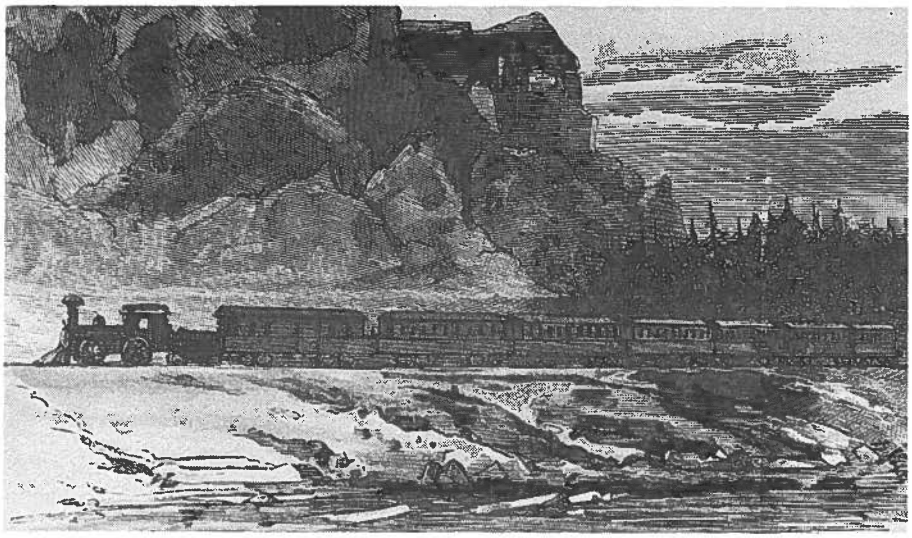
I do not myself think that it will ever be possible to keep the railroad open through the Selkirk Range, certainly never during the winter and spring. The Company may make snowsheds through the entire Range, but can they make sheds strong enough to withstand the snow-slides which, in these mountains, carry trees, huge rocks, and everything along with them, and sweep bare the whole mountain side?

If, as a matter of Imperial or Canadian policy, it was necessary to carry the line so far north, not less than one hundred miles from the United States Boundary,[7] would it not have been better to have gone yet a little further north, and have taken it round the bend of the Columbia River, as was at first proposed, before Major Rogers discovered his supposed pass through the Selkirk Range? To have done this would have increased the length of the Railway by nearly forty miles; but, by following the valley of the Columbia, the Selkirk mountains, with all their difficulties and dangers, would have been avoided. Even now, it would hardly cost more to follow the Columbia round from Donald to the Eagle Pass (through the Gold Range) than to complete the line and make snow-sheds across the Selkirk.[8]

But let me, in a few short words, describe my own trip to the Atlantic by the Canadian Pacific Railway.

I left Kootenay, on the head waters of the Columbia River, on December 15th, and four days afterwards, reached the railway at a point where it first strikes the Columbia River, after crossing the Rocky Mountains, and enters the Selkirk Range. Here there is a small town called Golden City. The railroad through the Selkirk, towards the Pacific Coast, had long before been closed up. An occasional train had, indeed, up to this time crossed the Rocky Mountains and run as far as Donald, fifteen miles north of Golden City; but, beyond this, the line was hopelessly blocked.

I arrived at Golden City on Saturday,



1885 - Train waiting at the end of the Nipigon break, north Shore of Lake Superior.
Photo courtesy Hugh A. Dempsey

just in time for the last train going East, which was taking back all the railway employees who had been discharged for the winter. The railway enters the Rocky Mountains through the canyon formed by the Kicking Horse River. For the first ten miles the valley is very narrow, the mountains rising almost perpendicularly on either side of the stream. The railway crosses and recrosses the river many times, and is for miles cut in the mountainside. There are here four tunnels; and it would have been better if there had been more tunnelling, as, in places, the mountain rises many thousands of feet perpendicularly, and has the appearance of actually overhanging the railway. Even the vibration of a passing train is said at times to bring down large masses of rock, which, gaining velocity as they descend from the mountain heights, would, if they struck a train, hardly add to the comfort of the passengers.

The railway follows the winding of the Kicking Horse River; and the grade for the first forty miles is so gradual that the rise is hardly perceptible.

We passed two small stations, Palliser and Otter Tail, both of which are now deserted, and obtaining an additional locomotive at Field, we commenced the ascent of the actual summit. Passing over a very high wooden trestle, the speed of our train soon fell from fifteen to three or four miles an hour, the snorting and puffing of the locomotives showing with what difficulty the ascent was made. The foremost one of great size and power, is used solely, I believe, for passing and repassing trains across the summit. Indeed, the grade for eight or ten miles on the western slope, approaching the summit, is far steeper than anything I have ever seen in the way of ordinary railway engineering. After about an hour, a few jerks and tugs threw us all out of our seats, and we came to a stand still. Then followed a few more jerks and tugs, as the locomotives in vain attempted to start up, the wheels slipping round and round without biting the rails.

I got out to have a look around. We were now far up the mountain side, the river appearing but as a silver thread away in the ravine below us. The scenery was wild and grand, and very wintry. Rugged and jagged mountain tops towered far above us in every direction, great tracks were to be seen on the mountain sides everywhere, showing where avalanches of former years had swept down.

The snow was not so deep as I had expected to have found it, not more than two feet, and less on the actual track, where the locomotive coming over on the previous day had swept some of it away. Up to this time we had had really no winter; usually, at this time of the year, the snow lies from ten to fifteen feet on the summit of the pass, and increases in depth until the beginning of May.

After some delay the locomotives started off by themselves, leaving us in the cars. The drivers must have had considerable difficulty in breaking a track through to the summit, as several hours elapsed before they returned to bring us on, although the distance could not have been more than seven or eight miles. It was now getting late, and the short winter day fast drawing to a close. The train, however, made better time than I had hoped for, considering the steepness of the ascent, and we arrived at Laggan, four miles on the eastern side of the summit, before it was quite dark.

Laggan was the first Rocky Mountain station we had come to which was not absolutely deserted. Here, in the summertime, a spare locomotive is kept for the purpose of helping trains across the summit. The town is composed of a small wooden-frame station, an engine tank, one store, one hotel – I think deserted, and a few shanties.

From Laggan, to the point where the railway clears out of the Rocky Mountains, the line passes down a valley of several miles in width, the descent being very easy.

The next station was Silver City. I do not think anyone lives at this place now, although somebody appears to have made a great but futile effort to found a city here. Not only are there the usual frame buildings, with "saloon." "store," or "hotel" painted on them, and where, no doubt, the owners carried on a considerable business during the construction of the railway, but there are also a great number of large but half-finished houses, which seemed to speak of a "city" which had fallen into a decline while yet in its babyhood; and saloons, stores, hotels, houses, all were deserted.

A few miles further on we came to another station, or rather siding, for there is but a double line of rails for a few hundred yards. There are no buildings; but the words, "Castle Mountain." appear on a board. A singular, massive, towering mountain, standing out from the range, gives, I suppose, its name to the place. Here on our right, travelling east, we had a view of a fine range of ragged, fantastically shaped peaks.

The last of the Rocky Mountain towns is Canmore, which was to have been the winter terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and here the Company have Round Houses, and keep spare locomotives.

We stopped at Canmore for the night leaving again early in the morning for Calgary, 78 miles distant.

Soon after leaving Canmore, the valley widens out, and grass on the mountain slopes showed that we were fast approaching the plains. The train now bowled along right merrily, going probably thirty miles an hour, which seemed an immense speed after the tediously slow pace at which we had been travelling whilst crossing the Rocky Mountains. A few minutes more and we looked out on beautiful, rolling hills covered everywhere with luxuriant buffalo grass. This is the charming Bow River Valley. We were fast leaving the timber behind us, there being now only a fringe along the edge of the river. Now and again we passed a homestead or farm; but we saw no sign of snow, although we were far into December.

We arrived at Calgary about noon, and here the train stopped some little time, enabling me to take a walk round the town. Probably it will become a place of some importance at no very distant date.

The town site is perfectly level, and the population about 2,000. The Hudson's Bay Company have a fine modern store here, in the place of their old fort, Mountain House. About two hundred mounted police are stationed at Calgary; the barracks are about a mile distant from the town.

We made a start again about three o'clock in the afternoon. The Rocky Mountains passed, I almost thought myself in England. No more trouble now from snow!

The weather, which up to this time had been most beautifully mild, began to change, and before night the thermometer fell to many degrees below zero. The cold must have been much more severe out on the plains than it was near the mountains, as not only was the river frozen, but a few miles from Calgary we found ourselves in the midst of snow, running through a snowcovered plain, which stretched in every direction as far as the eye could reach. This was my first night on the cars while in motion; and I did not sleep much, being unaccustomed to the motion and rattle of the train.

Some time during the night we arrived at Medicine Hat, a station far out on the plains. I bestirred myself, and began to walk up and down the cars, as the cold had become extreme-35 degrees below zero, a fierce blizzard from the northeast, after passing over hundreds of miles of unbroken snowcovered plains, sweeping down upon us with cruel intensity. The cars are most comfortable in ordinary cold weather. There are double glasses to the windows, and a stove at each end of every car; but now the cold and the wind seemed to come in everywhere. In vain did the car attendants and brakesmen poke and throw coal on the stoves; it was impossible to raise the temperature. So cold was it that, even when standing close to the stoves, it was almost impossible to keep warm; and only one or two passengers at a time could get near each stove. The stoves appear to have been too boxed up to give out much heat; but probably this has been done as a precaution against fire in case of the cars upsetting. A little before daylight the engine was uncoupled, and went forward for water, leaving the train standing on the track for hours. There are engine tanks, with a sort of "windmill" arrangement for raising the water, at intervals along the line in crossing the plains; and small and solitary landmarks they seemed in the wide expanse of prairie.

On the open plains the wind had swept the snow from the track; and we steamed ahead all day at a fine pace. The cold seemed less formidable by daylight, as the passengers kept moving about, and crowding round the stoves. At a little after six in the evening we arrived at Moose Jaw. The conductor had telegraphed forward stating how many passengers were in the train; and we found a really good dinner ready for us at the Railway Company's hotel. We remained at Moose Jaw

about half an hour. By the lights there appeared to be quite a little town. On our return to the platform we found fresh cars, another engine, a new conductor, etc.

The cars are simply superb. The crimson velvet cushions, the gilding, chandeliers, and gorgeous fittings, compare strangely with the dingy and confined compartments of an English railway carriage. The cars on all the Canadian and United States railways are between 30 feet and 40 feet long; and passengers can pass from one car to another. The sleeping cars are fitted up with lavatory, and, on a small scale, with all the conveniences that are found in the cabin of an Atlantic steamer. West of Winnipeg, during the present winter, there are no emigrant or cheap rates, and only the saloon cars.

The conductor called us all aboard, not that we needed much calling, for the platform was cold, and the cars nice and warm. The stoves were nearly red hot, and not shut in with sheet-iron casing as we had them across the plains from Calgary. Once more we shot out into solitude-level plain around, and innumerable stars above, but so terribly cold looking. Some time during the night we passed Regina, the new capital of the North-West,[9] where the Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Dewdney, resides. At Regina are also the headquarters of the mounted police.

When morning came, we were still steaming away across the level, snowcovered plain.

About mid-day we arrived at Brandon. All along the railway there are nice farms and houses; though the absence of timber gives them a bare and rather comfortless appearance at this time of year.

From Brandon, all the way to Winnipeg, there are farms and signs of settlement, passengers getting in and out at numerous small stations at which we stopped.

A young Englishman who resides near Brandon, to whom I was talking, complained of the summer frosts, which much damaged the wheat crops last summer.

About six in the evening we began to pass engine sheds and buildings, which showed we were coming to a town of some size. In a few minutes we drew up along side of a long platform, which, like all others I had seen on the Canadian Pacific, was quite uncovered. The conductor walked down the cars, and in a quiet but distinct voice repeated, "Winnipeg. All change here!" Again, to our disgust, we were turned out into the cold, the next train for the East not leaving until the following evening. And now commenced my experience of the bores and troubles of civilization, boys, porters, and hotel runners innumerable, laying violent hands on me and on my portmanteau.

I had already ascertained the name of the hotel I intended going to from some people who had joined the train at Brandon, so, as soon as I had got clear of the hotel boys, I went, with a number of my fellow passengers, to the Douglas House, which I found sufficiently expensive; though, I believe, it is much cheaper than the hotel belonging to the Railway Company.

I was glad to find myself in a bed which was not moving and shaking about, for, although several nights on the cars, I had not quite got used to the rattle and grinding, which is certainly more fatiguing than the motion on board ship.

Winnipeg is a well laid out town, with some very fine new stone buildings, and is lighted by electricity. So the hotel clerk told me; and I was quite content to take his word for it. The thermometer was 40 degrees below zero, and the wind still blowing. Strange as it may seem, I had no wish whatever to go out into the cold for the purpose of looking at Winnipeg.[10]

I spent the following day, the 23rd, indoors. The wind was sweeping down the wide streets, and rendered anything like a walk for pleasure, impossible.

I went down to the railway depot in good time, and took a through ticket to Montreal. From Winnipeg to the Atlantic there are several opposition lines, going south through the United States; and the rates are cheap indeed, compared with those west of Winnipeg.

I decided to continue on by the Canadian Pacific, as not only more direct than going south via St. Paul, Minn., and the U.S. side, but also because there was no change of car all the way to Montreal. The usual time from Winnipeg to Montreal is, under favourable circumstances, four days and nights.

What kind of a country we passed through during the night I do not know. Daylight brought to our view a country differing entirely from the plains through which we had been travelling.

We were now in a rough, broken, woody country.[11] The timber was small, and for a long distance burnt by forest fires, and the hills nowhere rising to the dignity of even low mountains. The snow was getting much deeper as we proceeded.

At eleven o'clock we arrived at Fort William, once a Hudson's Bay trading station, now a town, and about half an hours afterwards we reached Port Arthur (Thunder Bay) on Lake Superior, where we stayed for about an hour, changing engines, conductors, and train hands.

The shore of Lake Superior, close on our right, was ice bound, and looked cold and wintry in the extreme.

The train from the East was several days behind time. The telegraph operators could get replies only from White River, about 100 miles ahead. Beyond that place the storm had evidently thrown down the telegraph wires. Where the Atlantic train was, no one knew. The only answer we could get to our inquiries was, "Don't Know."

The country along the northern shore of Lake Superior is rough and rocky without grandeur, and not even picturesque, if we except a few views of the lake itself. Here the engineers of the Company had one of their hardest pieces of work; indeed this portion of the railway has been open only for a few months, passengers to Winnipeg previously going either by the United States lines, or, in the summer, by steamboat on the lakes to Port Arthur, and thence by the Canadian Pacific Railway to Winnipeg.

Passengers who had been over the new portion of the line told me that the roadbed was as yet very rough, and that we

should have a good shaking; they also gave it as their opinion that the line was blocked with snow. No one, however, anticipated any serious trouble.

There seemed to be quite a number of shops in Port Arthur. If I had had any idea of what was ahead of us, I should have inspected those shops with greater interest, and have laid in a stock of comforts for the inner man.

A little after 1 p.m. on the 24th December we steamed out, with a couple of engines to draw us, and went at a fair speed until shortly after dark, when we came to a standstill at some place. There was a siding with a few cars on it, which were being used as houses by men working on the railway. Huge icicles hanging from the cars, and deep snow all around, presented anything but a cheerful aspect as we poked our noses out into the cold to try and find out why we were stopping. All we could find out was that there was no answer from the East to telegrams, the wires have come to grief, and that, as there is only a single line of rail, we must stay where we were until we received information of the whereabouts of the Atlantic train. When I got up the next morning we were still standing still. Another tiresome day, and the only answer we could obtain to any inquiry as to when we were likely to start was, "Don't know." "White River," I found out, is the name of this delightful place, where we spent our 'Merry Christmas.[12]

There were apparently only six or seven real passengers on board, though there were also a good many who had passes, who had, I suppose, been employed on the railway during the summer. Of the passengers, nearly all were going either to Ottawa or Montreal, only one besides myself being bound through to England.

Early on the second morning, a message came from Winnipeg directing us to proceed ahead slowly during the daylight. The direction to go ahead slowly savoured of mockery. It was nearly noon before the locomotives were ready to start, and, when our two engines did steam off, with all steam on, they moved us along but at a sorry pace. We took with us a large force of Norwegian navvies, who lived in the stationary cars at White River,[12] and who completely filled up the cars.

In less than half an hour we came to another stand, in a cut which was nearly filled up with snow. Out poured the Norwegians with their wooden shovels; but they were soon in again, their shoe-packs and leggings covered with snow, and their beards a solid mass of ice. After they had thawed themselves a little, they turned out again, and recommenced shovelling away the snow.

After considerable delay, we succeeded in making our way through the first cut, only to get into another a little further on. Night came, and found us in a drift, with a light wind blowing, which drifted the snow, and filled up the track as fast as it was cleared. Our friends, the Norwegians, had frequently to come in to warm themselves, but as frequently did they gallantly return to the charge: each time they came into the cars they perceptibly chilled down the atmosphere.

All through the night we could hear the short whistles of the two locomotives, as the drivers signalled to one another, so that they might put forth their strength at exactly the same moment. The sound brought back to my mind the dear old home of my boyhood, where I had so often lain awake, listening to the hooting of the owls in the big elm which overshadows what was once my bedroom window.

Daylight found the engine-drivers vainly endeavouring to back out of a bank of snow, as by this time they had quite satisfied themselves that they could not go forward. After many ineffectual attempts, they decided upon reserving their coal and water, as it was now clear that all attempts to extricate the train before the wind went down were useless, the snow drifting into the cut almost as fast as the men shovelled it out; and the men could not work much until the weather moderated. Soon after breakfast, the Norwegians started back for White River, leaving us to our fate. They had no snowshoes. Although the snow was drifted and packed hard with the wind, occasionally the foot would break through, which made walking without snowshoes very fatiguing.

Our stock of provisions in the dining car was by no means a large one; but we calculated that within three days we should receive assistance, or at all events a fresh stock of provisions, More than twice that time elapsed, however, without our seeing anyone. The conductor could not leave the train without orders; and no one seemed to know exactly what to do.

I had promised to be in England soon after New Year's Day. Christmas had passed, and the New Year had come, but England appeared to be further off than ever.

At the end of the week two dogsleighs, with voyageurs, arrived from Port Arthur. A relief train had brought them to within a few miles of where we were snowed up. The conductor also received orders to feed the passengers free, but, as nearly everything was already eaten up, none of us felt much comforted at the strange liberality of the Railway Company.

As the dog-sleighs were going on at once with the mail, I and two of my fellow passengers determined to accompany them. How far we should have to walk none of us at all knew. After a rather hot discussion with the mail agent-that is a good deal of heat on his part, and perfect good temper on mine-I gained my point that nothing but the letter mail should go forward, and that the dogsleighs should carry our wrappers and necessary luggage in place of the paper and parcel post.

Early on Sunday morning, January 3rd, we wished those passengers who preferred remaining with the train, Good-bye, and started off. Our party consisted of the mail agent, three passengers including myself, one brakeman, and also Narcisse and two other Hudson's Bay voyageurs. The conductor, of course, remained with the passengers in the train. How long it was before they were dug out I do not know. Up to the time I left Montreal, they had not arrived; although the line was reported clear and open between Winnipeg and Montreal.

The first day we made only about seven

miles, the travelling, even behind the dog-sleighs, being a little fatiguing for those who had no snowshoes.

At night we camped out. We found a number of empty cabins and shanties by the side of the railroad as we journeyed along, which had been used during the construction of the line. We did not, however, go far enough the first day to reach one of these, as some of the party were unused to snow travelling, and were completely tired out. I preferred camping in the open myself, as it was generally more convenient for firewood than round the deserted cabins.

The second day we made a long distance, the snow, excepting in the cuts, being little more than a foot deep. As an old snow-shoe walker, I took my turn in advance, breaking track.

We camped at night at a Section House belonging to the Company. The Section men had not turned out since the storm, but proposed doing so on the following day. The wind had died away; and it was decidedly warmer than it had been for the two previous weeks. The men did not know where the break in the wires was, or how far we should have to go before we should be picked up.

On Thursday, the 7th, we fell in with a party of men from the East, looking for the break in the telegraph wires.

We, with true human selfishness, had been picking our foot-steps with eyes cast down, without a thought of any but ourselves, and had forgotten all about the telegraph poles alongside of us, and could not give them any information. They looked cheerful at this, and at us, and at the pleasing prospect of the long trudge before them.

It seems to me that, although the Company could not help the storm, and the trains getting blocked, they might, by a little better management, have saved their servants much labour, and the passengers no little discomfort. They should, I think, have been better prepared for so likely an event, in such a region, as a snowstorm.

On Friday we came across a snowplough, with a couple of engines, in the snow, and off the track. A strong force of men were endeavouring to get them back on to the rails.

The same evening we met the Atlantic Express, which had been the cause of so much uneasiness to the officials we had left behind us.[12] Those in charge did not seem to be in an express hurry, and kindly stopped to have a talk about the weather, and supplied us, moreover, with a small stock of provisions. Notwithstanding our news, as there was a working party on board, they determined to proceed, and assist in getting out the snowplough and in clearing the track.

Early on Saturday, the 9th of January, we arrived at a small station, I think Callander by name, and here ended our walk through the snow of 104 miles, which had taken us seven days to accomplish. After some little delay and telegraphing, an engine and car were dispatched to our rescue, and we were carried on to Chapleau. Here we found a regular passenger train, and proceeded on our journey, and arrived without further delay. We passed Ottawa in the afternoon, and arrived late at night at Montreal.

During the winter months, owing to the freezing up of the St. Lawrence, the vessels of the Canadian Steamship Lines sail from Portland, Me., calling at Halifax for the mails, etc. I found that there would be no boat leaving Portland until the following Thursday, January 14th.

Waiting even a few days in a strange city, where you know no one, is always tedious, and at six on Tuesday evening I gladly left by the Grand Trunk Railway for Portland. We travelled all night, and arrived at breakfast time at Island Pond, just on the American side. Here the U.S. Customs officials examine the luggage. About one o'clock we arrived at Portland.

On the following morning I went on board the Dominion Steamship "Oregon," which, however, did not sail until nearly four in the afternoon. On the 15th, late at night, we reached Halifax, Nova Scotia, and stayed until noon on the following day, waiting for the last Canadian mail; and twelve days later we arrived at Liverpool.

Let those who have crossed the sea in rough weather during the cold season, and who, like myself, are not good sailors, bear witness to the discomfort of a winter trip across the Atlantic. And I felt it somewhat, after having spent Christmas and the New Year in the snow, and after a Winter Trip on the Canadian Pacific Railway.

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This transcription of Michael Phillips writing first appeared in the Alberta History Review 18:2 Spring 1970. It is reproduced with permission of Hugh Dempsey of Calgary, editor of Alberta History for many years. The illustrations are copies of etchings in the Glenbow Museum.

FOOTNOTES:

1. This document is reproduced through the courtesy of the Public Archives of Canada.
2. The **Free Press** (Winnipeg) correspondent made a journey from Winnipeg to New Westminster in November 1885, but there are no accounts of trans-continental travel in **The Globe** (Toronto), **The Mail** (Toronto), **The Citizen** (Ottawa), and **The Gazette** (Montreal).
3. Phillipps ' annual reports as Indian Agent for 1888 to 1893 are printed in the Department of Indian Affairs reports in the Canada Sessional Papers.
4. These biographical details are contained in papers in the Public Archives of Canada, supplied by Capt. J.N.Phillipps,R.E., of Chester, England.
5. Eagle Creek Pass through the Selkirks was discovered by Walter Moberly in 1865 in an exploration for the British Columbia government. (B.C. Columbia River Exploration, 1865, New Westminster, 1866).
6. Phillipps was too pessimistic in this case. The C.P.R. began regular service throughout its line in 1886.
7. The decision was taken by the C.P.R. to guard against competition from American lines, and it was feared that the Canadian government would some day be unable to maintain the monopoly clause. Their decision was also affected by the fact that John Macoun had recently reported favourably on the agricultural prospects of the whole plains region.
8. Phillipps' view of the defects of crossing the Selkirks instead of following the Big Bend of the Columbia was shared by others. See **The Free Press** (Winnipeg March 2, 1885 , and Philo Veritas, **The Canadian Pacific Railway; An Appeal to Public Opinion Against the Railway Being Carried Across the Selkirk Range** Montreal 1885. See particularly pp. 52-54. Veritas favours Fleming's Yellowhead Pass route, surveyed in the 1870s but by 1883 Fleming was prepared to accept the new route. See his **England and Canada. A Summer Tour Between Old and New Westminster, with Historical Notes** (London, 1884). Fleming undertook this journey at the request of the C.P.R., which wanted an independent judgement on their choice. Fleming and Rev. George Grant of Halifax were the first men to cross the mountains from Calgary to New Westminster by horse and on foot.
9. Regina was selected as capital of the North West Territories in 1882 when the railway survey reached and passed this point. The previous capital was at Battleford.
10. Winnipeg had experienced a dramatic speculative boom in 1882 and 1883, but had now settled down to a period of slower but more soundly based growth.
11. They had now reached the great Precambrian Shield country, which extends through much of the area toward Ottawa.
12. White River today prides itself in being the coldest town in Canada.

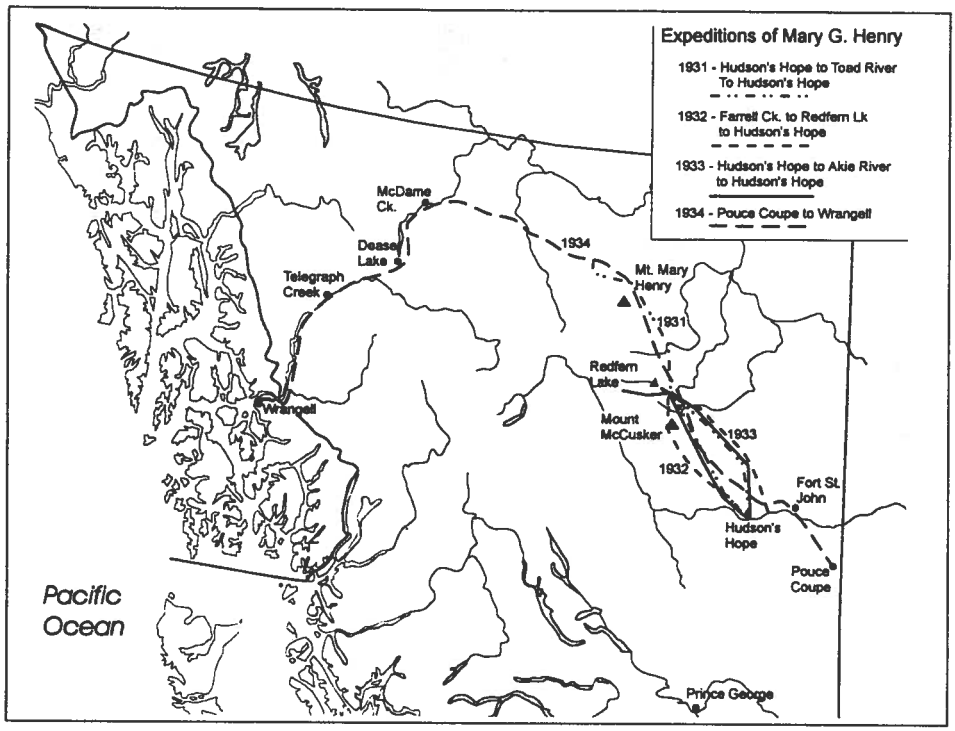
Mary Henry: Pioneer Botanist of the Northern Rockies

by V.C. Brink and R.S. Silver

Very little was known about the Northern Rockies of Canada before World War II and before the construction of the Alaska Highway. Early fur traders had followed the two great rivers, the Liard and the Peace, through the Rockies and had established small centres dependent on trapping. Along the Peace River there was some pioneer farming and ranching. Only a few sketch maps were available for the land between the two great rivers.

The reasons for the geographical "blind spot" on the map of Canada in the 1930's were several. Remoteness, of course, was one of the reasons but, additionally, there was the belief that it was a land of barrier mountains, unending muskeg, and dense boreal forest. There was a history of tragedy and death for those who had sought to reach the gold fields of the Cassiar in the 1870's and later those of the Yukon and Alaska using the route through northeastern British Columbia. The predominantly sedimentary rocks of the land did not attract prospectors searching for precious metals, and wildcatting for oil and gas had scarcely started in the area of the Peace River. In the 1930's, the lands between the two great rivers became a challenge to the venturesome.

Addressing this challenge came an unlikely adventurer, Mary Gibson Henry, botanist and horticulturist from Gladwyne, Pennsylvania. She spent four summers over the period from 1931 - 1935 exploring the region. With Knox F. McCusker, Dominion Land Surveyor, as party chief, she made pack-horse trips of months duration into the foothills and mountains of northeastern B.C. Others, like the French industrialist, Bedaux, came later and received more prominence. His motorized units failed to cross northern British Columbia[1] but



Mary Henry's expedition did.

Cyndi Smith when writing of the Southern Rockies of Canada in her book, **Off the Beaten Track**,[2] states that the mountain literature is replete with the stories of men who penetrated the Rocky Mountain Barrier and explored the vast valleys in the mountains of western Canada, but the stories of female adventurers and mountaineers have largely been overlooked. Cyndi tells the stories of 14 women of the western Canadian mountains. Should the Mary Henry records not be added?

Mary Henry was city bred. Her interest in plants, both native and cultivated, grew gradually as she travelled in Europe and the American West. After her family was raised, she augmented her interest. This had the full support of her husband, Dr. Norman Henry, a physician who had commanded a base hospital overseas in World War I and who later became prominent in United States medical affairs. It must be added that the Mary Henry expeditions for each of four seasons had the support of the Dominion land surveyor, Knox McCusker, whose expertise in the bush and with the pack trains made the expedition possible. But it was of Mary Henry's determination and her deep love of land, its plants and its mountains, which brought the expeditions to reality.

In 1931, Mary Henry, when camping with her family near Jasper Alberta in 1930, heard from a trapper that there was a "tropical" valley to the north. It was curiosity about the plants which might grow there which led her to the explorations of 1931. Through the offices of Sir Henry Thornton, then president of the Canadian National Railway, she sought information in Ottawa about the rumour and was told that little information was available. Furthermore, travel in the north it was stated, would be fraught with formidable obstacles and

should not be attempted. Nevertheless she was determined to go and persuaded the Dominion Topographical Surveys Branch in Ottawa to second to her Knox McCusker, a competent topographer with wilderness surveying background.

On June 30, 1931, Mary Henry and her children accompanied by Dr. Norman Henry, Dr. B.H. Chandlee, a surgeon friend, and S. Clark, an outfitter, arrived at the end of the rail at the tiny hamlet of Pouce Coupe. Pouce Coupe was then the administrative center for northeastern British Columbia and was its largest center (which is difficult to realize today.) Following a journey of 65 miles on bad roads and a ferry crossing of the Peace River, the party arrived at Fort St. John on June 31 and met Knox McCusker for the first time. There Knox had assembled some 60 horses, wranglers, and supplies for a two and a half month pack trip. The first part of the trip was west and then proceeded north up the Hallway River Valley over quite open country (at that time with very few preemptions) along benchlands and rolling hills, through meadows in the colours of early summer, and by aspen parkland, some boreal forest, and some muskeg. Mary Henry wrote glowing accounts of the richness and the colour of the nearly pristine vegetation. By July 9, the party left the Halfway River Valley and arrived at Pink Mountain, a prominent physical feature, today a small center and airfield on the Alaska Highway. By July 14, sometimes using faint trails, they reached the Besa River and beautiful Redfern Lake, half set in the mountains and half in the foothills.

On August 9, the party arrived at hot springs in the Toad River Valley. They had travelled rapidly but, nonetheless, had surveyed, noted landmarks, collected plants, and crossed major rivers including the Prophet and Musqua. As they crossed the Tetsa River, they noted an impressive mountain far up the valley (later named Mount Mary Henry.) The vegetation and tuffa around the Toad River Hot Springs although interesting, had recently been fired and did not present anything approaching a "tropical" aspect. Here the party turned back, probably disappointed. Mary Henry missed the large hot springs in the Liard Valley somewhat farther to the northwest where rich hotspring warm soils support Ostrich fern, Matteucia struthiopteris, with large feathery fronds, some of which grow to over two meters. The abundance and size of this fern's fronds does confer a slightly tropical appearance to the area. This region is now a provincial park on the Alaska Highway.

As the party moved south, it took time to explore a tributary of the Musqua River, the Tuchodi River, its valley, and lovely lakes. On September 9, the party crossed Laurier Pass and on September 17, reached Hudson Hope, then a Hudson's Bay Co. post. The party had travelled over 1000 miles in 80 days edging, at times, the high mountains but mainly through the foothills west of the present route taken by the Alaska Highway.[3,4]

1932: In 1932, Mary Henry wired McCusker asking him to arrange a short collecting trip. She had been impressed with the alpine flowers and the magnificent but unsurveyed mountain group seen in 1931 from Redfern Lake. She suggested that a visit to them should be their objective.

On July 13, she and her daughter, Josephine, alighted at the end of the rail at tiny Dawson Creek which, a decade later, would become Mile 0 on the Alaska Highway. She commented on the primitive hotel and the mud. A painfully slow drive on the muddy road brought them to Taylor's Flat on the north side of the Peace River where they again met McCusker. They proceeded by skiff and outboard motor to the confluence of the Peace and Halfway Rivers where McCusker had 4 wranglers, 21 horses, and supplies awaiting. Heading north, they met settlers in wagons, hoping to preempt land, and several native Indian groups (Athapascan-speaking Sekani, Denne-La, and Dene-Dhaa) on their summering grounds. The Henry party entertained settlers and Indians with a "Victrola!" En route, Mary and Knox climbed Mount Kenny. The party then

Portrait of Mrs. Henry taken when she received the Herbert Medal for her earlier work.

followed a thin trail along the north shore of Redfern Lake, along the braided channels and chalky white waters to the impressive three-mile long glacier, the headwaters of the Besa River.

Again, en route, Mary Henry pressed and dried vascular plants and placed selected living specimens in tins. Josephine collected hymenopterans (bees) and orthopterans (grasshoppers), and McCusker surveyed by triangulation and sketched major landmarks and peaks. On the return south, the party travelled closer to and into the high mountains to the west. Mary Henry climbed a prominent mountain later to be designated Mount McCusker. They explored the upper Graham River which comes into the Halfway River from the west. On August 18, the party was again in Hudson Hope having travelled some 500 to 600 miles.[3,4]

1933: Mary Henry and Josephine returned to the Peace River June 28 where they met McCusker with four wranglers and 24 horses at Hudson Hope. That summer was wet, the rivers ran high, and the party suffered some misfortunes and narrow escapes. At one river crossing, they lost 450 pounds of food so were on short rations for the balance of the trip. Mary and Josephine and others in the party were excellent hunters and fishers and had, as was usual in those days, free miners' licenses which

A typical home in Dease Lake 1934.

permitted them in British Columbia in remote areas to take game animals and fish and to live off the land.

That summer, they were able to survey and collect in areas west of Akie Pass and the valleys draining to the Rocky Mountain Trench on the west, that is, over the great divide on the windward "wet" side of the northern Rocky Mountains. In 41 rough days, they had travelled more than 500 miles.[3,4]

1935: The object of the 1935 expedition was different from those of earlier expeditions. It was primarily to make the crossing of the northern Cordillera from the interior plain to the Pacific Tidewater; collecting specimens and surveying were secondary. The railway from Edmonton to Pouce Coupe in those days suffered frequent washouts and it was not until July 6 that Mary and Josephine reached Fort St. John this time equipped with passenger pigeons and radio to signal to the outside world. The party soon reached Laurier Pass and by August 6, they rafted the Musqua River. The party lingered around the Tetsa River for several days when McCusker took ill. This gave Mary an opportunity to backpack with two wranglers to explore a large mountain to the southeast, later named Mount Mary Henry; she climbed to 8000 feet but did not reach the summit. At Toad River, she and Josephine met a group of Sekani Indians three of whom guided them to McDame Creek. Following an old but rarely travelled track from Muncho Lake (now an important location on the Alaska Highway) the party travelled west, crossed the attractive Gundahoo Pass and into the valley of the Rabbit and Kechika Rivers in the Rocky Mountain Trench then west by Deadwood Lake to the gold camps of McDame Creek and Dease Lake. On September 30, the party reached Telegraph Creek on the Stikine River and by boat from there reached tidewater at Wrangell, Alaska October 2. The party had travelled well over 1200 miles on horse and foot in about 90 days. On October 7, Major Aitken, Chief Geographer for British Columbia, came to Vancouver from Victoria to meet Mary Henry to discuss her travels.[4]

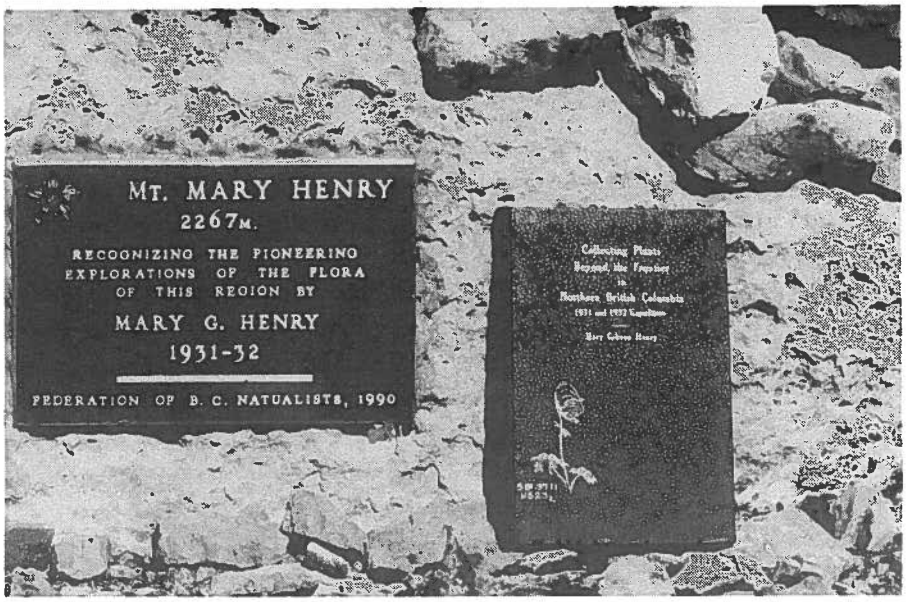
Accomplishments

Collecting plants, drying and pressing them, maintaining living specimens in cans, keeping them on pack horses and watered, keeping diaries and surveying, moving camp almost daily, and daily moving through meadow, forest, muskeg, and tundra in sun and rain and heat and cold, crossing rivers and in wet clothes and boots some days, dealing with insects, all this was taken in stride and Mary Henry loved it. Patience and organization and empathy was called for by collector, surveyor, and wranglers. As her writings attest, Mary Henry was thrilled by the adventure into new lands, the spectacular scenery, the wildlife, and the hunting and fishing for food. She came to know the vascular flora very well; there was excitement over new and beautiful flowers and there was a sustained and dominant seriousness in her collecting.

Mary Henry had little formal botanical training. She was a field botanist with an added horticultural interest. Her collections were checked and classified by Dr. Hugh Raup of the Arnold Arboretum of Harvard University and by the staff of the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences.[5] Dr. Raup undertook, almost contemporaneously with the Henry expeditions, botanical explorations of the more accessible lowlands of the Peace and Liard River wetlands to the east. His publications, **Phytogeographic Studies in the Peace and Upper Liard River Regions, Canada**, published in 1934 with its accompanying catalogue of 750 species became the definitive botanical manual for the area. Of Mary Henry's collection, Dr. Raup writes: "In 1931 and 1932, Mrs. Henry collected plants in the mountains north of the Peace River and on the southern tributaries of the Liard River; in all she collected over 350 species of flowering plants and ferns making many notable additions to the known flora of the region." Part of her material is in the herbarium of the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences, part at the Royal Botanic Garden at Edinburgh and a few specimens of woody plants are at the Arnold Arboretum. Living specimens and seeds were assigned to gardens which later became those of the Henry Foundation for Botanical Research, Gladwyne, Pennsylvania and variously propagated and distributed from there. In 1991, there were a number extant. It is believed that from the Henry expeditions, about 6000 present plant specimens have been placed in herbaria.

In later years, Mary Henry devoted much of her time to the Gladwyne Gardens which later became the Henry Foundation for Botanical Research and

developed fine collections of rhododendrons, lilies, and amaryllids; she lectured at home and abroad at the Royal Botanical Garden, Edinburgh, the Royal Horticultural Society, London, and before the Royal Scottish Geographical Society. She gave much attention to rare and endangered plants of the United States and to the conservation of their habitats. She published frequently and was the recipient of many honours which included the Mungo Park Medal from the Royal Scottish Geographical Society. (The medal was named in honour of the famous explorer of Africa in the late 1700's.) Her awards also included the Herbert Medal and the Schaeffer Gold Medal. The expedition's topographer, Knox McCusker, was able to add information to the maps of northeastern British Columbia. Air photos were not available in those days and many locations had to be determined from high points by triangulation in relatively clear weather for bearings. He had also to keep distances travelled and the details of routing: where and when to cross streams safely, manoeuvring around muskeg and dense forests, and choosing sites for campsites. The expeditions clearly established that travel for the experienced in the foothills and mountains of the Northern Rockies was reasonable and that the area offered magnificent landscapes and a diversified and interesting flora and fauna. Information gained was valuable when, in the next decade under the urgencies of World War II, the Alaska Highway was pushed through Canada's geographical blind spot to the Yukon Territory and Alaska. Mary Henry who was a fourstar mother in World War II obtained some satisfaction that information they had obtained was useful in the determination of the Alaska Highway route from Fort St. John to Muncho Lake.



Plaques near the summit of Mt. Mary Henry.

Photo courtesy of the author.

In Mary Henry's Footsteps

Before she died in 1967, Mary Henry was well aware of the rapidly increasing human intrusion into the wilderness of mountain and foothill she so cherished. The Alaska Highway brought general access. As settlement moved farther northward, other changes followed. Thousands of miles of seismic lines for oil and gas exploration were criss-crossing the region. Almost all major valleys reaching to the mountain divide were being assigned to guide-outfitters. Three provincial parks were being established and more were suggested. The world was beginning to focus on the abundance and diversity of large animals including moose, wolf, cariboo, elk, stone sheep, mountain goat, mule deer, grizzlies and black bear. Travel was being aided by snowmobiles and all-terrain vehicles and aircraft. The way of life of aboriginals and newcomers was greatly altered. Nonetheless, the essential character of the wilderness remains much as Mary Henry knew it despite the many intrusions.

Mary Henry did not reach the rumoured tropical valley. Nor did she climb the mountain which was named after her. The two authors of this article have covered by various means and at various times many parts of the routes taken by the Henry expeditions. We thought it would be interesting to commemorate Mary Henry's remarkable expeditions into the "geographical blind spot of the 1930's," the Northern Rockies. We assembled a party consisting of the artists, Cindy Vincent from Fort St. John and Ken Brauner from Oregon, Bob Bachelor of Northern Mountain Helicopters, the pilot and owner of Northern Mountain Helicopters, Fort St. John (Ron Ericson of the Nature Trust of B.C.), and two authors of this report. On July 28, 1990, on the summit of Mount Mary Henry we built a cairn and on it placed a plaque. The plaque has a commanding view of the northern mountains and foothills Mary Henry cherished.

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Dr. V.C. "Bert" Brink was a professor of Plant Science at the University of British Columbia. He has been active with 22 different organizations related to his interests of geology, botany, archaeology, and photography. He still holds leadership positions in the Federation of B.C. Naturalists and various conservationist movements.

Rod Silver, a former student of Professor Brink, now works for the Ministry of Environment in Victoria. He organized several expeditions into the terrain described in this article.

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Hunting in a Once Distant Land

by Leo Rutledge

Hunting pressure is invariably exerted upon a hunting range in proportion to how accessible it may be. By the turn of the century, because their haunts could then be reached, trophy hunters had already taken scores of rams from the southern Canadian Rockies, the Chilcotin's southern extremity and from Telegraph Creek's surroundings. By then, after shooting up the U.S. West with Teddy Roosevelt, that swashbuckling Englishman, W.A. Baillie Grohman, had drifted north to do a little sniping in the Kootenays: "I was fortunate enough to bag, among the seventy, eighty bighorn I got, an uncommonly fine ram, each of his horns girthing nineteen inches at the base". And by then, (1885) the intrepid Admiral Seymour of the British Navy had, ". . stumbled across the possibility of big game in the country around Lillooet". Consequently, he and his guide, Arthur Martly, took to the hills and three weeks later returned with fifteen rams. Also, in the same general area, from 1903 to 1910, one C.A.Phair outfitted 96 hunting parties that brought out 145 rams (in addition to much other game). Further, by then, to accommodate the gold frenzy of the time, sternwheelers were churning the Stikine white and thus also provided passage to hunters. A Telegraph Creek hunter, J.R.Bradley tells of a hunt he made in 1904 when, "...our troubles and trials were numberless". For one thing, during his 53 day sojourn of the "Roosevelt life", he encountered a lot of "moskeags" (Muskeg) – and for another, the Indians didn't know a hell of a lot:

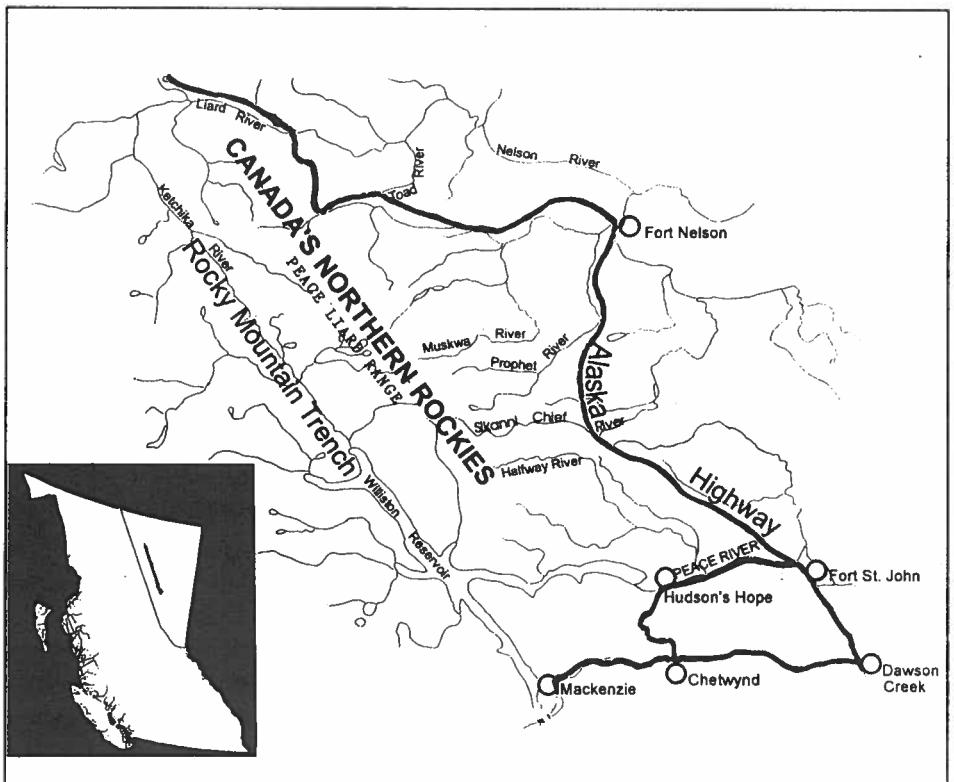
"One Indian knew more about hunting than all the rest put together because Mr. Andrew J. Stone, a former hunter had taught him all he knows". Anyway, although he, "considered the country one of the hardest in the world to hunt", it was well worth while because, "... this is the only place in the world where Stone sheep are to be found" (according to the best knowledge of the time). And all this happened at the turn of the century because relative ease of access had by then made the happenings possible.

But yet, through all this, the Great Blue Ram still slumbered on his lofty ledge, barely lifting a lash — for his was a distant land . . . . His stronghold, the Peace Liard Ranges, was then a far away land still difficult for men to reach. Not until a quarter of a century later was he also to be awakened and then, at first, only gently . .. .

By then, the Edmonton Dunvegan & British Columbia Railway had found its way to Grande Prairie in the Peace River Country (1916) and the Grand Trunk Pacific had dropped off the town of Prince George on its way to the western ocean. From these two railheads, to reach the edge of the Stone ram's domain, a prospective hunter had a choice. To reach Hudson Hope, the point of embarkation by packtrain, he could go up the Peace River from the town of Peace River Crossing in Alberta — or he could float down the Peace R. drainage from Prince George. Most hunters chose neither way — because after leaving Hudson Hope, to reach the core of the Peace Liard Ram Ranges, a two week pack trip, **one way**, was still necessary.

However, despite the distance and difficulty, had more been known about these sheep ranges, it is quite conceivable they would have seen heavier hunting earlier — but this was yet a distant land, still the land of the early-day Sekani and Beaver Indian, a land still steeped in myth and shrouded in mystery — and so it slumbered into the 'twenties'.

By then, my mother and I had emigrated from Christiania (Oslo), Norway to the Peace River Country. As a boy of 10 I was thrilled.. While much of the 'wild west' of legend had already come



"An unwritten compact between the dead, the living and the unborn requires that we leave the unborn something more than debts and depleted natural resources." A Washington State Supreme Court Decision

A pack train moves through Laurier Pass in the Peace Liard Range - c. 1930
Photo by W. Kelly

and gone, I was now at least much nearer to the great wilds and wilderness of Canada than I'd ever been before. As a kid, I guess I must have been a bit of an odd sort ... . Things from far away northern zones fascinated me. In winter, I'd go out of my way just to walk along the streets where bundles of snow white hares and ptarmigan hung frozen outside of food stores. One large store had great bins and trays of things garnered from the woods and sea and mounted elg (moose) heads hung all round. I stood entranced. Even the smell and feel of raw furs hung in a tanner's shop had a strange appeal and when other boys of my age might go to see Douglas Fairbanks, Tom Mix, William S.Hart, Chaplin and Mary Pickford of the 'silents', I was more apt to hie myself clean across the city, past the National Theater, Stortinget, the Ibsen and Bjornson statues, the Grand Hotel and Royal Palace and on to the Museum where I could stand entranced by the things and tools of polar explorers, Roald Amundsen and Fridtjof Nansen. Everything the City Library had to offer on the subject that one of my tender years could grasp, was just so much grist for the mill and when the opportunity arose, I liked to be alone in the woods . . . .

In 1920, the Grande Prairie country was hardly a Wilderness, it had seen settlement of sorts for 8-9 years by then — and after all, people had come for land — not adventure. But being an imaginative kid fresh from the ancient streets of Christiania, the country seemed satisfyingly uncivilized to me. Anyway, it served the purpose for the time being For now, it would have to do . . . .

In due course, to curb the Neanderthalish instincts, aptitudes and aspirations of children such as I, a little red schoolhouse was set up in homesteader land. It was four miles away and I was given a choice: depending on the temperature, the depth of mud or snow, I could walk,ski, snowshoe, ride a horse — or stay home. If at all possible, because my four mile trapline had to be properly looked after, I invariably chose to go. Along with a wondrous assortment of weasels, muskrats ,coyotes and such, I also picked up a smattering of English — so the venture could not be seen as a total loss.

Anyway, while I was unavoidably delayed in this budding farming country, one thing led to another; first a .22, then a 12 gauge, then a .30-.30 and then, finally, to another emigration; this time to Hudson Hope, a fur post at the head of Peace River sternwheel navigation and at the very edge of the Peace-Liard Stone sheep ranges, a wilderness in the truest sense. I'd arrived.. .

Upon arrival, I was to learn a little Stone sheep 'outfitting' had been carried on here for the last 4-5 years. Jack Thomas, a packer, had been keeping up an outfit here for some years for the purpose of packing for survey parties, prospectors, geologists, trappers etc and when the Hudson's Bay Co. would get word from someone that wanted to go sheep hunting, Jack was the logical one to take them. He was simply an able transporter of people and goods and to him, trailing a hunting party or whatever, was all in a day's work. To help him, Jack often hired full-blood Indians, able trail-men and packers — but not far at the time removed from the Stone Age — nor, indeed, from the massacre at the Fort St.John fur post... . Now packing and going down the trail was one thing but guiding trophy hunters was . . . ?? well, not quite the same... . So one day, after Jack got his shooting-show off to hell-and-gone somewhere beyond the Prophet River country, his dusky stalwarts got miffed and walked out — leaving Jack in a bit of a bind . . . .

(At least, with mutiny on the high seas, the crew couldn't just pull the plug and walk off . . . . With the cutlasses stilled, there would still be some togetherness — but here. . . ?)

Now it just so happened that near Jack's forlorn camp, a trapper, Jim Ross, was busy digging in for the winter and when Jack asked him if he would please give him a hand, Jim said, "Sure" .

Now, again it just so happened, this Jim Ross was quite a personable fellow, so one day, having found Jim likeable,

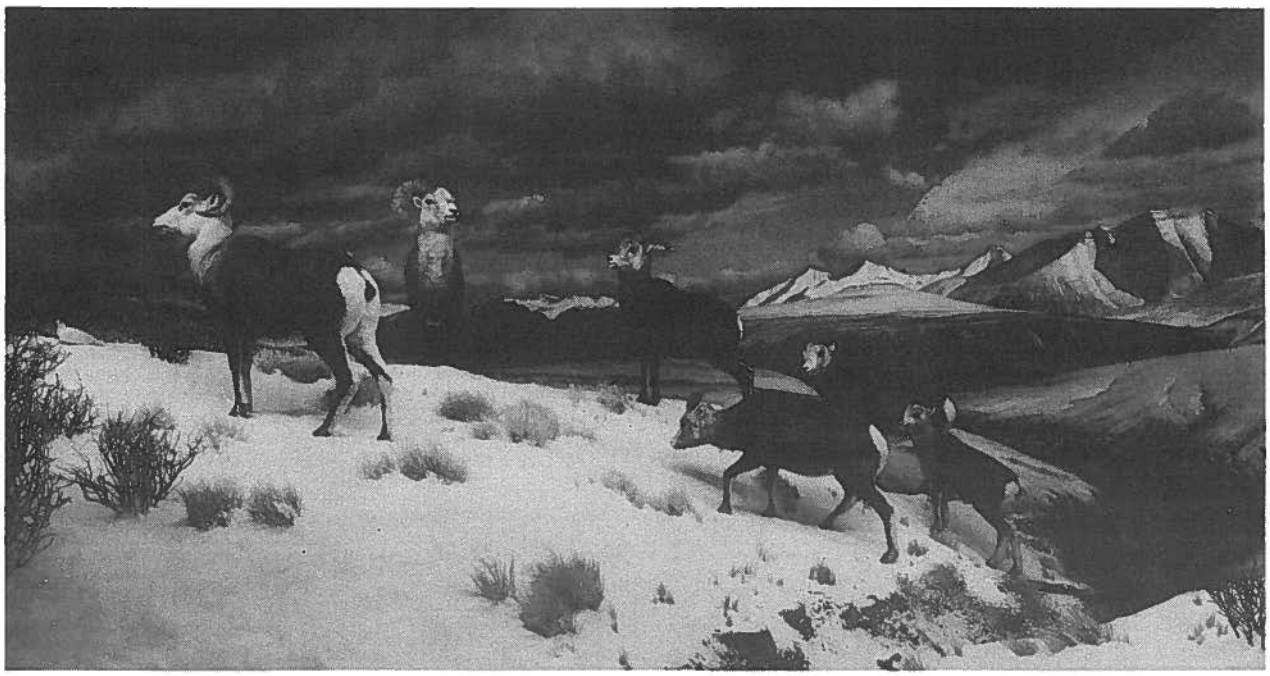
Leo Rutledge posed with skins ready for market when fur was still king in the 1930s.

Col .Harry Snyder, one of the hunters, said, "Jim, why don't you start outfitting on your own?". "Sure", replied Jim, "I'll just do that — if you'll look after promotion from your end". And so, off in a Prophet River balsam patch, a covenant of some substance and duration was made . .. . From these rather inadvertent happenings, the many years of Jim Ross' successful Stone sheep outfitting came to follow. And later, it also happened that Lynn, Jim's son, was to follow in his father's footsteps and continue the successful outfitting operation to this day.

In the early days, in view of the packtrail distance to be travelled, sheep hunts of less than 30 days could not be considered and commitments of forty-two days or longer were essential to reach the more dependable sheep ranges. A few other trappers and packers (than J. Thomas and J. Ross) dabbled with an occasional hunt but bookings were few. For a brief period, a trapper, W.S.Keilly, handled an occasional small party; among them, Sheldon & Borden's journey of exploration.

Louis Desjarlais and Leo Rutledge pose with trophies taken in the Prophet - Muskwa Mountains - c. 1963

I came to get my first look at the Prophet-Muskwa ram ranges in 1931. That year, Alberta Game Commissioner and Big Game Outfitter, Stan Clark, thought he'd have a try at the Peace-Liard Stone sheep ranges and the six-hunter trip that I guided for was his initial effort. Stan did not accompany this venture but instead hired local trail men to run it. Our forty-two horses were brought up from Entrance, Alberta and it soon became evident that they and many a Jasper cowboy had taught each other a lot — a lot we could have done without . . . Once, after we'd got a couple of weeks up the trail, our beloved remuda decided to decamp, hobbles and



This group of stone sheep collected by the Rutledge outfit in 1968 now are displayed in this diorama in the Museum of Natural History in Los Angeles, California.

Photo courtesy of Lawrences Reynolds.

all — and we didn't see either them or the wrangler for a week. Aside from things like that though, we had a good trip but Stan seemed to lose interest in this country and his outfitting debut here was short lived.

1931 was also the year of one of my more successful ventures. I got married and over the years, Ethel and I went on to have three pretty nice children, who, in turn, have gone on to raise ten grandchildren and fifteen great grandchildren-all quite a likely looking lot, I must say.

It was shortly after that (1936) when Curly Cochrane, a Muskwa River trapper, got a chance to take a hunter, L.S.Chadwick for sheep. Mount Robson guide, Roy Hargraves and trapper Frank Golata, were also part of this expedition. This hunt is singled out and mentioned because it was the one that ended up with the all-time record Stone ram and the only one of any sheep species to be taken in the Western Hemisphere to measure over fifty inches.

Frank Golata, evidently liking what he saw of the Prophet Muskwa sheep ranges, went on to become a highly successful and respected Stone sheep outfitter. In outfitting, Frank was a purist — and perhaps, something of a romantic as well. He loved the wilds, all it stood for, and I believe his main reason for outfitting was so that he could afford to be there. As a business, his net returns would be unimpressive-but he did run a real hunting show. To Frank, a sheep trophy booking of more than two hunters was a "circus". In off season, because he loved the land and the outdoor life, he made an effort to capture it on canvas — and became an artist of no small accomplishment. Being a gentle man, Frank was fond of his horses and having clever hands, he fashioned saddles to fit each one comfortably. These, I acquired from him when he could no longer return to his beloved mountains and being beautifully crafted, I shall ultimately give them to a Peace River Museum.

Among the Peace-Liard Stone sheep range's earliest outfitters, Skook Davidson must also be mentioned. Skook had been a packer for many years, mostly in the service of Government Surveyors. In 1937, in order to have an outfit 'on site', so to speak, he moved his horses north to the Big Muddy (Ketchika River) and settled there permanently. At the time, Skook had no intention — or, indeed, desire to ever accommodate hunters.

But no sooner had Skook got himself established than World War Two broke out and the Alaska Highway was rammed through and this, together with pontoon aircraft and the ubiquitous helicopter brought into common use, spelled the end of former modes of transportation to accommodate survey parties etc. In other words, 'progress' was in and the packhorse out — leaving Skook high and dry on the Big Muddy — but high and dry in a vast virgin big game country.

It was about this time that a Fort St.James Mounted Police Officer brought his teen-age son to Skook and said, "Here Skook, see what you can do with this". From this rather inauspicious beginning, a bond of many years duration was to follow and together with R.L.Pop, the well known taxidermist of Vancouver, Skook and Frank Cook built up a highly successful outfitting operation, mainly based upon Stone sheep.

Following the economic disaster of '29, the price of fur 'cratered' along with most everything else. However, such as it was, fur still remained the North's mainstay and fortunately, its value strengthened as the 30's progressed. At least, at the time, there was plenty of room to operate; I could stay out all winter and never see another human track.

Although sheep hunters were not exactly lining up and begging for somebody to take them hunting through the 'thirties' and war years, I managed to keep guiding, sometimes for other outfitters and sometimes with my own little outfit. Like my friend Frank Golata, I shunned big parties. Although usually booking in groups of four, I would invariably divide them into units of two — and sometimes further into one-hunter 'fly-camps' . I found the formula for success in outfitting to be essentially simple: first, the 'game' must be there; second, one must have competent help; third, bookings must not be too large; fourth, they must be of sufficient duration. Beyond this, one only needs to adhere to the age-old maxim: "Look after today and tomorrow will look after itself". All rather self evident of course. . .

It was not until after the war and the Alaska Highway had blasted the Northeast wide open that trophy hunting through the Peace-Liard Ranges came into its own. Previous to that, many of the young boys that had been growing up around the fringes of the Peace-Liard Stone sheep ranges had become experienced packers and trail men working for topographical and resource surveys, running trap-lines and so on. It follows that when a stronger demand for guides arose, many of these young men would avail themselves of the opportunity to enter into the outfitting business. As a consequence, the following years saw the Beatties, Pecks, Watsons, Ross, Kyllo, Brown, Vince, Powells, Callisons, Ardill, Southwicks, Pruckle and several others acquiring 'outfits' — indeed, too many others — until things became intolerably crowded in the mountains for all concerned. In brief, the Blue Ram's slumbering days were definitely over.

To rectify the mutually unsatisfactory circumstance of over-crowding, the guides (after a heroic effort) sorted themselves out and obtained a more secure form of tenure — an arrangement that was later given the formal blessing of the B.C. Fish & Wildlife Branch. This sorting and allocating of guiding territories has proved itself to be manageable and many good years with plenty of sheep and sheep hunters have followed.

In '72, after 42 years in the Stone sheep ranges, I coiled my last block-cinch. Those had been good years that can never come this way again. In those years I met many fine people from the United States, Mexico, Europe and Asia and I had the pleasure of working with many great trail people, both Indian and white. And because it was early in time, I had the privilege and satisfaction of peeking over a few Stone sheep ranges that no white man had hunted before. And in my time I saw

many marvelous things.

And all this while, how has the land itself, our font of all things wonderful, fared? Until recently, quite well actually.. . . tho not by the grace of man's ministrations mind you. . .

Rather, it endured because it was large and sufficiently durable to withstand the intrusions of our past primitive ways and tools — but mainly, it survived because for the longest while, this was yet a distant land.

And now? Faced with the endless onslaught of our needs, greeds and wondrously destructive 'high tech' tools, the land, our provider of all blessings, now stands frightened — because this is no longer a too distant land.

* * * * *

Leo Rutledge and his wife are still active citizens in Hudson Hope, B.C. Rutledge is a director of the Sierra Club of Canada, B.C. Wildlife Federation, served on the Heritage Advisory Council of B.C. and the B.C. Advisory Council on the Alaska Highway Gas Pipeline planning committee.

The Meistersingers: Men's Choirs Have Distant Roots

by Thelma Reid Lower

Many choral ensembles have called themselves "The Meistersingers." In Germany during the age of knighthood the Italian Catholic church lost its virtual monopoly on music. The participation of northern European knights travelling to the Crusades led to greater freedom from the Roman Catholic repertory established by Pope Gregory I or the Great (540-604). The melodies sung in unison without accompaniment or harmony were called "Gregorian Chant".

Popular secular music with its expression of chivalric ideas became more meaningful to the common people than religious music sung in Latin. Accompanying himself on the "fiedel" or harp the popular German Minnesanger, like the French troubadour, sang of courtly love or "Frauenlob" (in praise of women). Frequently the knights' songs reverted to religious themes as the chivalric cult became sublimated into the cult of the Holy Virgin.

The knightly art of Minnesang was promoted in the courts of the German Hohenstaufen emperors (1135-1254) and in the stately residences of the knights throughout the regions of Germany and Austria. The Castle of Wartburg in Thuringen became the great centre of Minnesang. The greatest Minnesanger of them all was Walter von der Vogelweide (1170-1230). Currently, a British Columbian, Ben Heppner born in Dawson Creek is a recognized Minnesanger.

Already acclaimed as the "heldentenor" of our time, Heppner sang the role of "Walter" at the Bavarian State Opera in Munich in 1994 which was recorded by EMI[1].

After the Crusades the tradition of "Frauenlob" declined but the musical rhythms persisted and paved the way for the art of the Meistersingers. In the development of the stylized form of Meistersang a leading role was played by the musicians' guilds where the formal style demanded extreme discipline. The scholar, after courses of progressive difficulty, became a "meister" (master). He was now permitted, and expected, to compose new "tons" (tunes, songs).

The Victoria Arion Choir transporting their guest choirs from Tacoma to a picnic in Beacon Hill Park
Photo courtesy of Thelma Reid Lower

Victoria Arion Choir singing on the steps of City Hall on the occasion of the visit of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth - 1939.

Photo courtesy of Thelma Reid Lower

The Meistersingers had their most productive period of song invention during the time of the shoemaker-poet-singer Hans Sachs (1494-1576) who became the model for the central figure in Wagner's opera **Der Meistersanger von Nurnburg**[1] **(1868).** The dominance of the musicians' guilds and their strict training of Meistersingers generally died out after 1600.

A revival occurred, however, when the German philosopher Johann von Herder published a **Collection of Poetry and Folk Songs** in 1778. Herder emphasized the importance of folk art as the most direct expression of national identity. Inspired by Herder's ideas, German composers resurrected the old songs of the Minnesangers and Meistersangers. Herder further empahsized that the songs should be reintroduced to the people in singing schools. Consequently "Mannerchore" (male choirs) proliferated throughout the country.

During the political and social revolutions in Europe, especially in France and Prussia, many Germans longed for intellectual freedom. Their singing clubs and university fraternities became political protest groups masking behind music. Many Germans, some of them professional musicians, despaired and opted to emigrate to North America. The first German Arion Male-Voice Club was founded in New York in 1854; Leopold Damrosch was persuaded to come from Germany to be their conductor.

The Mannerchore movement spread quickly along the vast networks of North American railways. Rival railway companies competed for freight and passengers; publicity and promotion included offers of generous discount rates to entertainment groups. In 1897 a Singing Train or "Sangerzug" was organized with seven private coaches on which 120 men from Newark and New York slept, ate and sang their way across the continent. They took the southern route which included Yellowstone Park with its fabulous geysers which they claimed was "the climax to everything they had ever seen."

Meanwhile in Victoria, Brtitish Columbia, on the evening of February 16, 1893 thirteen men gathered in the offices of Yates and Jay on Bastion Street to form a singing club. The idea of joining fraternal conviviality with singing is said to have originated when two rival male quartets entertained at the same "smoker". Admiring each other's singing and humorous verses they decided to join together and expand into a full blown choir. The first gathering of 13 male singers was soon augmented by 13 others. The persistence of the mystical number 13 awed the early club members. They connected the formation of their club to the founding of the first German Arion Club of New York which had also begun with 13 members. Without hesitation the Victoria men agreed on the club's name, "Arion."

A second singing train travelled the northern route in the summer of 1899 visiting Minneapolis, Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma and Portland. Prosperous local Arion Clubs gathered together to welcome them. The Victoria Arion Club participated in the western performances of the touring groups.

Over one thousand singers congregated in Seattle in 1911 for the Sangerfest of the North Pacific Sangerbund. They came from Oregon, Montana, Idaho, California, British Columbia and Alaska. After all, it was on the Pacific coast that the concept of the male-voice singing club sent down its deepest roots for there the communities were principally male. Three gold rushes – California 1849, Cariboo 1858 and the Klondike in 1898 – had brought numerous unattached men to the west. This wide geographical network of men's choirs still functions within the Barber Shop Singing Societies throughout the United States and Canada.

In 1916 a self-taught choirmaster, Frederic King, moved from Seattle to Victoria where in 1923 he founded a women's choir, the Shubert Club. This was followed in 1943 by a male-voice ensemble of twenty enthusiastic young men, "The Meistersingers". This group caused a sensation when they attired themselves for their first concert in Victoria's Shrine Auditorium, not in formal bow tie and tux, but in red lounging jackets with flowing black ties "reminiscent of the singers of Europe." An instant success, their theatricality resulted in an invitation from the Victoria Musical Art Society to join the Shubert Ladies Club

First Capital Barbershop Choir - Langley, B.C. 1995.

Photo courtesy of Thelma Reid Lower

in a program of grand opera excerpts in the Empress Hotel Ballroom with Fredric King conducting both choirs. They were invited to participate in the musicals presented at the Starlight Theatre in Victoria, and the Theatre Under the Stars in Vancouver. On these occasions they were under the direction of Beverly Fyfe whose father had been an early conductor of the Victoria Arion Club. The first era of the theatrical Meistersingers lasted only until October 1938 when dissatisfaction arose because Frederic King's insistence of memorization of all material. This early demise of the Meistersingers was short lived. Dudley Wickett, a tenor soloist with the original group revived the group in 1940 with an ensemble of twenty male singers. Wickett's style of conducting the Meistersingers was less dramatic than Frederic King's. Conductor Dudley was the son of Francis T.C. Wickett, a Supervisor of Music for New Westminster Schools, and later, an instructor of music at the Provincial Normal School in Victoria for fourteen years. He also taught at the B.C. Summer School of Education for thirty years. Many British Columbia teachers trained by him used his **Coney and Wickett** music texts of the New Canadian Music Series published by W.J. Gage & Co.

Dudley Wickett's conductorship of the Meistersingers was interrupted by World War II. Two thirds of the members and their accompanist Helen Ockenden joined the armed forces. After the war at a reorganizational meeting in 1945 Dudley was reappointed as leader. His new group of young male singers, once again called the Meistersingers, soon enjoyed an enviable reputation for "somewhat different" presentations. Emerging from the membership were a number of star soloists. Edward "Ted" Boulder (who starred in the cast for Strauss' **The Great Waltz**) became the third conductor of the Victoria Meistersingers, serving from 1955 to 1966.

The Victoria Arion Choir celebrated their 100th birthday with several extraordinary concerts. They published their own history including lists naming their seventeen conductors, twenty accompanists, and 600+ members. The book **One Hundred Years of Singing 1892-1992** is still on the market from Beach Holme Publishers in Victoria. The Arion Club is the oldest continuously singing secular choir in Canada.

Male-voice choirs, who share a common ancestry with the Minnesangers and Meistersingers of the age of knighthood, continue to sing in many regions of British Columbia. If your community has a history of an all male choir, or presently has one singing, the author of this article would like to hear from you. Contact Thelma Reid Lower, 4040 West 35th Avenue, Vancouver, B.C., V6N 2P3.

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FOOTNOTES:

1. Discography: **Der Meistersinger von Nurenburg**, Bavarian State Opera, Munich. Conductor Wolfgang Sawallishc. Set of 4 discs. EMI # CDCD 551422 Approx. $80. (Heldentenor, Ben Heppner)

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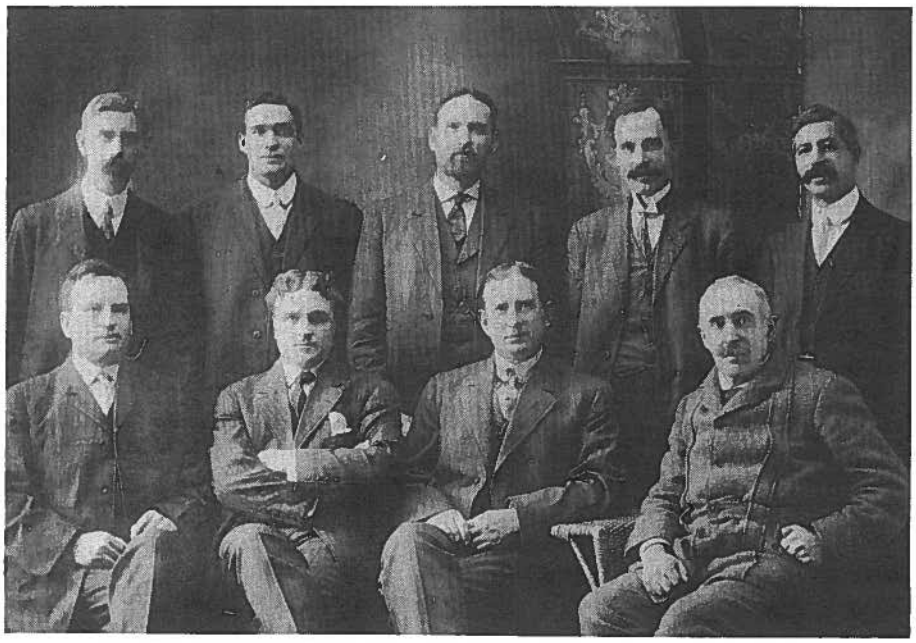
The Mayors of Prince Rupert

by Phylis Bowman



Prince Rupert's first council elected in 1910 for a one year term: G.R. Naden, F. Mobley, A.A. McIntyre, W.P. Lynch and J.H. Hilditch standing; V.W. Smith, T.D. (Duff) Patullo, Mayor Alfred Stork, and A.R. Barrow seated. They determined to "Take young Prince Rupert on their knee and start to make a man of him." They also chose "With net and pick, by rail and ship, we win our wealth" as the town's official seal, and the song "We're Here Because We're Here!" as its official slogan.

The North Coast port of Prince Rupert has had 19 mayors in its history since it was incorporated in 1910, and some of them have been pretty interesting characters.

Take the first one, for instance, a hardware merchant named Fred Stork, (his supporters were called "Storkites"!), who was sworn in at the new little settlement's first council meeting, along with six aldermen, elected only two months after the town's incorporation. It is interesting to note that he had some independent, strong-minded men in that council, who vowed they would "take young Prince Rupert on their knee and start to make a man of him". That first council, which included T.D.("Duff") Pattullo, who later went on to become the local MLA and then Premier of B.C., also adopted the slogan "With net and pick, by rail and ship, we win our wealth" as the town's official seal, and the song "We're Here Because We're Here" as its official slogan - sung at many an oldtime gathering.

The second mayor, William Manson, who was also the MLA, had failed in his first bid for mayor the previous year, garnering 453 votes, 104 less than Stork. He was followed by a colorful character, S.N. Newton, who popped in and out of the political scene for the next few years, serving as mayor for eight one-year terms altogether, but not in sequence. Other mayors after that were M.P. McCaffery, Thomas McClymont, H.B. Rochester, who managed the old Rupert Hotel for many years, S.P. McMordie, always referred to as "Col. McMordie" for he retained his First World War rank as so many of the veteran officers did when they returned to civilian life, and a well-known and well-liked druggist, C.H. Orme, who operated his drug store in Rupert for years before becoming a partner in the pharmacy firm of McGill and Orme in Victoria when he retired there.

Real estate and insurance agent M.M. Stephens had just got his feet wet in his 1933 term when the city was declared bankrupt and the City Council and School Board were abolished, with a former resident, W.J. Alder, who had retired to Victoria, appointed as City Commissioner to cut out all expenses and bring the city's finances back on line. Later a City Hall worker, Don Matheson, took over the post, and then a longtime grocery operator, P.H.(Phil) Linzey. When the city finally struggled out of its financial woes, W.M.Watts, a men's clothing store owner, was elected mayor in 1943, followed by an accountant, H.M. Daggett, who served for three years.

And then, in 1947, the city's one and only woman mayor (so far) Nora Arnold, took over, vigorously promoting the city and tourist trade with gusto in her three years of office. She had come here from England to visit her brother, and several years later, returned to live and teach school, and then marry an insurance agent. When he died in 1936, she took over the business and became very active in community affairs, serving on the Library Board, the Women's Canadian Club and the Business and Professional Women's Club which was a real going concern in the city at that time. And when the Junior Chamber of Commerce and a group called the "Public Relations Committee" took over an old provincial building to make it into headquarters for the local museum and tourist centre, she was there in her flowered cotton housedress with mop and pail to help them out.

Another great gimmick she participated in to publicize the town was recorded in the local papers in 1947, starting out the account with the amazing statement that this news had even reached London, England, where a newspaper bannered "STAMPEDE TO GRAVEYARD? GOLD STRIKE NEAR YUKON!" This was the account in the Rupert paper: 'This will put Prince Rupert on the map' smiled Mayor Nora

One of only three women mayors when elected to that office in Prince Rupert in 1947, Nora Arnold was named Canada's Woman of the Year in 1948.

Arnold as she stood before news cameras in miner's garb, pick-axe in hand, with gravestones in the background. Mrs. Arnold didn't do any digging among the graves and she braved a lot of criticism by refusing to allow anyone else to mine there on the legitimate grounds that the mineral rights were unclear. However, staking went on in widening circles around the mother lode after the city engineer, who was building a road past the cemetery, unearthed a gold-bearing quartz reef near the cemetery gate. Road building stopped when he and his crew sprinted to the government agent's office to record mineral claims, and gold fever set in like the plague when an assay showed the find a rich one.

"Finally sanity was restored by Ald. George Casey, a city pioneer and former miner, who had been silently enjoying the situation. He finally stated publicly that the gold strike was a bust. All the oldtimers, he said, knew there was gold in the graveyard and if it had been in commercial quantities it would have been mined long ago. The quartz was in what was known as 'blind pockets' and prospectors had never been able to find continuous veins worth developing. As a result of Casey's words, prospecting stopped and the residents of the cemetery remained richly quiet". Pictured along with the story was the president of the Chamber of Commerce at the graveyard gate, who was quoted as saying: 'Prince Rupert is no longer a dead fishing village'.

A tall, rather austere-looking lady, Mrs. Arnold, who had served a term as alderman before running for mayor and winning by only four votes over the other incumbent, H.M. Daggett, was one of only three women mayors in Canada when first elected in 1947, and was named Canada's Outstanding Woman of the Year in 1948. But, surprisingly enough, even though Rupert streets and parks have been named for past mayors and political figures, there has been nothing named in that city after her.

The elections held in 1948 were the start of two-year terms for mayor and councils, so the next elections were held in 1950, with George Rudderham, a well-liked businessman taking over the mayor's job. He had gone to Rupert in 1913 from Nova Scotia to work for the B and B Department of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad, and had served as city alderman for 12 years before becoming mayor. Unfortunately, his was a short term, for not long after taking office, when going about his duties at the City Hall on Aug. 13, 1951, he died suddenly of a heart attack, the first and only mayor so far to die in office in that city. A local solicitor, H.F. Glassey, was appointed to fill the term until the next elections, when H.S. Whalen became mayor. The next mayor, the city's 16th, George Hills, had a unique situation on his hands, for one of the aldermen., George Casey, was his own father-in-law, a vociferous fellow who made his opinions known loud and long, causing not a little upset in some council meetings. It was he who had conspired with Mayor Arnold to put Rupert "on the map" with the gold strike at the cemetery story, and the crusty old fellow remained in office until 1956. During Hills' reign of office, when he was one of the vice-presidents attending Union of B.C. Municipalities meetings in Prince George, he was presented with a new set of robes - yellow oilskins, an umbrella and a pair of skin-diving flippers which, his cohorts told him, he "could make use of both in council chambers and out" - obviously a reference to the much-publicized copious rainfalls on the North Coast town.

And next in the mayor's seat was a youngish ex-serviceman, P.J.Lester, a former American who had joined the Canadian Army and served overseas with them and then eventually obtained his Canadian citizenship and settled in Rupert with his English war bride, Mary. He had gained great support from his fellow union members at Columbia Cellulose Company, and claimed that "it was time for a change" as the current mayor, Hills, had been "sitting on the fence, allowing the city to be run by the city engineer, the city clerk-comptroller and the Coffee Club on the main street, Third Avenue", and if elected, he promised to recommend to council a long-range planning committee to consider all expenditures for the next 10 years.

Well, Peter Lester - long known somewhat affectionately as "Pete" by young and old - stayed in office for more than those 10 years. In fact, he supervised the history of Prince Rupert for the next 36, making him the second longest serving mayor in Canada. Reg Dawson of Mount Royal, Quebec, had served a few more months than the North Coast mayor. There had been many contenders for the top post during Lester's time, some obtaining many votes, and others only a few - Lester, himself, had won over Hills by a scant 140 votes - and he took on all rivals cheerfully, sometimes waiting until the last moment to file his nomination papers for an upcoming election, much to the frustration of other potential office-seekers, especially those who claimed they'd run if he didn't or wouldn't run if he did. He saw many changes in the area during his long term, and gained a host of friends as well as many enemies. A very laidback individual, he seemed to take the good and bad in his stride, and laconically admitted he didn't get worked up much about anything.

But it was shortly after taking office that he attained wide recognition by reading the Riot Act to an unruly crowd - one of the few times ever done by a mayor in Canada. And not only once he read it, but twice, both in the same night.

It happened on the night of Sat. Aug.

2, 1958, when there were hundreds of visitors in town. to celebrate the opening of the brand new Museum of Northern B.C. beside the Court House, and to take part in the B.C. Centennial celebrations and Port Day festivities which were being held that week. There had been a monstrous parade that morning through city streets, and then more than 2,000 people had lined the docks along the harbor to watch packer boat races, gillnet setting, troller displays, log rolling and fishboat races. Then after all the festivities at the museum were over, everyone drifted uptown, with more than 3,000 people milling about in the streets, looking for some excitement.

They found it when two police officers arrested a man and a woman in an incident on the main street in an area known as "Apache Pass" for that was where most of the beer parlors were, and put them in a van to take them to jail to "cool" off", and sober up. Some of the onlookers tried to interfere, giving the police a hard time, and the crowd followed the police car until more than 1,000 people blocked the way at a corner near the jail. The police called out all reinforcements, including off-duty officers and the Fire Department, with the firemen laying out hoses, ready to repel any rioting. About 1 a.m., Mayor Lester mounted a fire truck and read the Riot Act over a loud hailer, urging the crowd to break up and go home. But his pleas were answered by a shower of bottles and rocks - some of them quite large.

Undaunted, he donned a helmet and again climbed up onto the truck, in an attempt to read the Riot Act again.. But this time more debris and rocks were thrown, with the crowd milling around, shouting and pushing each other about. The Shore Patrol off the U.S.Coast Guard cutter **Balsam** with their billy sticks much in evidence walked the streets in pairs, along with the local police and members of the Rupert Army Reserve, who were there at the ready with fixed bayonets. And then suddenly, all of the police and Army withdrew, and lobbed tear gas cannisters into the melee, sending everyone stumbling about, coughing and screaming, and finally dispersing. It was quite a night in Prince Rupert! During the years, Rupert had been "twinned" with a Japanese city, 0wase, and it was while on a visit there in the spring of 1993 that Lester again made news when he fell down a flight of stairs there, and broke his hip. He was flown to Vancouver for an operation and then spent some time in the Rupert Hospital before getting about with a cane and ultimate recovery.

And now there's a new mayor in the City Hall. A former alderman, John Kuz, who said he'd quit his job as union agent to be a full-time mayor of the 17,000-resident city - a promise he fulfilled as he conscientiously took over his duties at the beginning of his three-year term in December of 1993. As for Peter Lester - who has no plans whatsoever to retire elsewhere - he continues to operate his travel agency business, and writes a weekly column for the local paper on the new computer which the City Council presented to him on his retirement from civic duties, along with the furniture in the office at City Hall where he had spent so much time and effort while in his long, long, term of office as the 17th mayor in the History of Prince Rupert.

The 1993 civic election was different from the past 35 years or so, for Peter Lester did NOT throw his hat in the ring, saying he was retiring gracefully from public life... although he did become president of the Port Corporation shortly afterwards. The election that November was hotly contested between several entrants, notably two councilmen, businessman John Kuz and local man Jim Ciccone, whose grandparents had come to this area when the railroad was being built to the coast - in fact, his grandfather, Jim Ciccone, after whom he was named, had been there at that auspicious occasion on Apr. 7, 1914, when the Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad's Last Spike was hammered in to complete Canada's second transcontinental rail line.

But the voters chose Kuz as mayor, and Ciccone, no longer in civic politics, took a job in Prince George, and with his wife, Betty and three children, moved there on July 1, 1995. But it was not to be, for two months later, he and two of his children were killed in a terrible car accident there, and one of the biggest funerals ever seen in Prince Rupert was held for them, and the Prince Rupert Civic Centre was re-named the Jim Ciccone Civic Centre, for he had been active in the sporting field, particularly in basketball and had gained honours while playing in the university teams in Vancouver. And Betty, who had also been born and brought up in Prince Rupert, moved back there with her remaining son to resume teaching at Annunciation School.

Meanwhile John Kuz was not faring so well, letting a blazing romance and his public life get in the way of his civic duties, and, pressured by council and public opinion, resigned his post in October of 1995, with Councillor Foster Husoy filling in the mayor's chair until an election could be held. The seven candidates vying for the coveted post in the spring election of 1996 stated their views loud and long in newspapers, public forums and radio, with a local man, 43-year old Jack Mussallem emerging as the winner. His grandparents had come to this growing little port city in its very early days, so he had an historical knowledge of the area and its development firsthand, and was able to relate to its past failures and successes much better than newcomers would have. He has made the job into a full-time position, and is always available for interviews and radio talk shows to discuss any subject pertaining to them. Having worked as city clerk for several years, he also had a foot in the door how civic politics worked as well, and is fulfilling his duties in an adequate and most satisfactory way, for he had, in his younger days, worked on tugs, fishboats, sawmills and other waterfront activities so is well qualified to discuss problems related to them, as well as to finance and commerce connected to the city's day to day business and finance dealings.

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Phylis Bowman has spent much of her life researching and recording the history of Prince Rupert. She is now retired in nearby Port Edward.

Swedish Women Immigrants:

Never, Never Sorry – Always Glad.

by Eva St. Jean

Ladies Auxiliary of I.W.A. This picture from the I.W.A. Archives in Duncan shows the ladies gathered before 1946.

Swedish women immigrated to Canada in the twentieth century both singly and in family groups. Since each immigrant's history is both unique and part of larger patterns, this essay relies more on personal interviews than on secondary research to explore the immigration experience.[1] All Swedish women interviewed claim to have immigrated more for the sake of adventure than as a means to escape an economic or politically disadvantaged situation, and they display little reluctance in assuming the English language or Canadian customs. In the early twentieth century most Swedish women arrived as maids since the Canadian Department of Agriculture warned against importing any "females above grade of servant,"[2] and regardless of educational background immigrant women tend to work in service oriented positions even today. Furthermore, since Swedish women assimilated quickly, many felt little need to preserve their heritage for coming generations through Swedish societies. The one exception in this paper was the Swedish group in Lake Cowichan. The Swedes here, though, lived relatively isolated and created a community where they depended on each other both socially and politically.

Above all, adventure drove most Swedish women to immigrate to Canada. Hildur Grip, who arrived in Vancouver in 1924 remembered:

> My main reason to come to this country was to see it, what I couldn't see at home. I did not come to make money or to work because I had more work at home than I could cope with. And my intentions were to go back in three years, but after that time I sort of got used to this country, and I have stayed ever since.[3]

For Elna Goranson, adventure and economics seem to have played equal parts in her decision to emigrate in 1929. "I came in hope to find a husband here. Times weren't very good in the old country and I thought to improve my luck coming here." Elna found work in a boarding house in Lake Cowichan, where she had "lots of fun" since it was popular with many Scandinavians.[4]

Likewise, later in the twentieth century, women left Sweden for other than financial motivations. Elsa Chiarelli did not recall that economy or politics entered in her parents' decision to emigrate in 1952. Rather it was the dream of a warmer country, namely California, that beckoned. Since it was easier to enter USA through Canada, her parents chose that route.[5] Similarly, when "Lena" arrived alone to Canada in 1975, it was the prospect of living in a different country that tempted her.[6] Iris Lundkvist, as well, who immigrated in 1982, claimed that it was a longing to see new things that convinced her and her husband to sell a successful business in Sweden and try their luck in Canada. The notion of creating a better life for them and their twelve-year old daughter, Anna, was not an issue. "We just wanted to try something else, something new," Iris remembered.[7] Throughout the century, therefore, the possibility of adventure in Canada seems to have been the deciding factor that persuaded Swedish women to forsake the familiarity of their mother country.

Financial circumstances, however, still were important, and in the early century many Scandinavian women worked in domestic situations. Between 1901 to 1915, more than 86,000 single women emigrated from Sweden to non-European countries hoping to improve their working conditions. This accounted for thirty percent of the total emigration from Sweden during that time.[8] Furthermore, Swedish historian Harald Runblom suggests that women's sphere of employment in North America was untouched by economic fluctuations, and as a consequence fewer women than

men remigrated to Sweden, making remigration "clearly a male phenomenon."[9] "We be glad here all de time," journalist Mary Spafford quotes a Swedish maid in a 1906 **Canada Magazine** article. "Never, never sorry-always glad." The Canadian government advertised freely, changed immigration regulations, and provided easier travel arrangements to entice Scandinavian domestic servants to come to Canada. "Without doubt," Spafford exclaims, "the difficulty in obtaining trained domestics, coupled with the exorbitant wages and privileges demanded, is contributing to increase the patronage of Swede girls." [10]

Although one must read Mary Spafford's patronising article with considerable caution, there are other, more balanced studies that indicate a similar mutual appreciation between Scandinavian women and their employers. Joy Lintelman argues that "Swedish immigrants found greater satisfaction in domestic service than white native-born women."[11] Furthermore, she asserts that employment in America represented an improvement in social status compared to similar work in Sweden, and that Swedish domestic servants were highly regarded within their own ethnic group. Most importantly, however, Swedish maids did not suffer the same isolation as the American-born maids. This, Lintelman claims, was due to an extensive support network within their ethnic group. Swedish immigrants helped each other by providing leads to new jobs, and by finding places to stay while unemployed.[12] Swede descendant Clay Anderson recalled how in the 1920s and 1930s his grandmother, Amelia Anderson, allowed single Swedish women in need to stay for free in her Vancouver home. "She remembered how difficult it was for her when she first arrived, and when she was settled, she wanted to help others," Clay said.[13] Varpu Lindstrom-Best's studies of Finnish domestic servants in Canada suggest similar findings. She cites women who took pride in their work, and were respected by their fellow countrymen and women. Finnish social organizations scheduled their activities during 'the maid's day,' and the Finnish employment agencies helped domestics find positions.[14] Hence, Scandinavian domestic servants were appreciated and respected, and responded with pride in themselves and in their work.

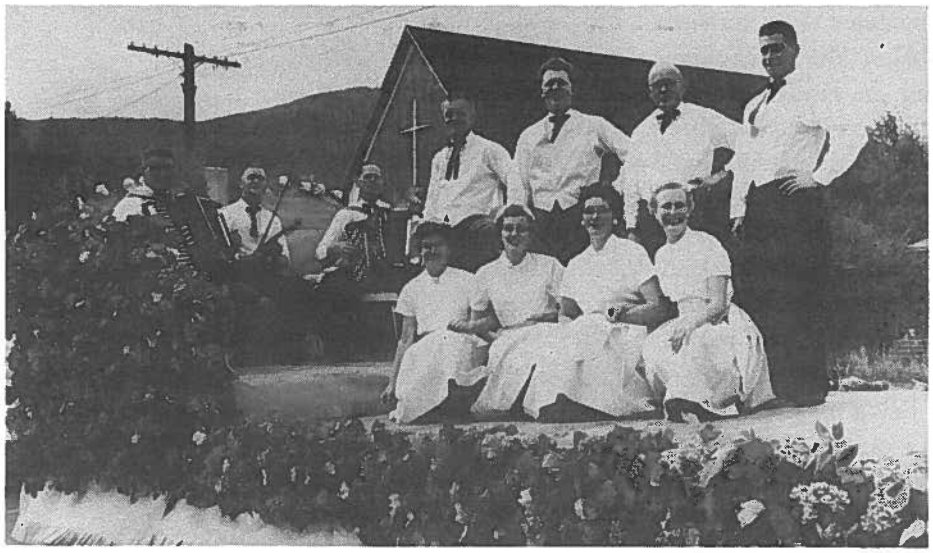
Lake Cowichan Scandinavian Club gathering in Yonbon Hall - c. 1955. Left to right - front row: Elna Goranson, Mrs. Sword, Mrs. Branting, Guli Olson, Ann Lundgren, Hildar Grip, Louise Jutras (Lundgren), Lucille Smith (Grip). Back row: Myrtle Bergren, ??, Paul Sjostrom, Vera Longfurs, ??, Evelyn Oberg, Oscar Oberg, Eva Oberg, Henry Lundgren.

Picture courtesy of I.W.A. Local 1-80, Gold Collection.

Being totally immersed in a local family is also useful while learning a new language. Therefore, when sixteen-year old Elsa Chiarelli arrived in Montreal with her family, both she and her mother decided on domestic work as a tool to gain proficiency in English. When asked how she communicated with her employers Elsa did not recall any difficulties. "When you are doing house work it is things that you are very familiar in doing, so if they are showing me – well this is where you wash the dishes . . . it is things that I can see, and understand they want me to do."[15] However, it took Elsa six months before she had the courage to display her newfound linguistic skills. When she spoke English for the first time one young man looked at her in astonishment. "What, you can talk," he exclaimed, this being the first time he heard her speak English.

Their willingness to learn English helped the Swedish women to assimilate to Canada with astonishing ease. "English was easy for me," Hildur Grip stated. "I even had an argument with my boss (after) three weeks (of employment). I talked Swedish, and he talked English. I won." [16] Still, it was mostly the single, employed women who found it easy to learn a new language. For Gulli Olson the process of acclimatization took longer since her only friends were other Swedish women. Only after her children started school and insisted on speaking English in their home, did she become comfortable in her new language.[17] Many Swedish women wanted to ease the process of assimilation for their children. Lucille Smith recalled how her mother, Hildur Grip, discouraged Swedish, and how, consequently, the children grew up with only a faint knowledge of their native tongue. Similarly, Amelia Anderson forbade her Swedish guests from speaking in Swedish to one another. "She believed it was only by learning to speak English fluently that these newly arrived women would adjust to Canada," Clay Anderson states. Many years later, during Amelia's funeral in 1956, Clay saw a group of middle-aged women he could not place among his relatives: These were the Swedish lodgers paying homage to the woman who had helped them during their first years as Canadians.

Swedish women who arrived after 1950 generally displayed an even lesser commitment to their ethnic roots than the early immigrants. [18] Elsa Chiarelli never felt an urge to build friendships solely based on ethnic background, and although she is still loyal to Sweden, she feels completely integrated in the Canadian society. Elsa still speaks fluent Swedish, and has been teaching it to community groups in Nanaimo; however, she confessed, none of her three children speak Swedish. This is not unusual, and Harald Runblom claims that the second and third generation often forgot Swedish customs and lost their sense of ethnic belonging. "Scandinavian immigration to Canada is a so far neglected field of research . . . (since) Scandinavians show a low level of ethnic segregation as compared to other immigrant groups in Canada. The interest among Swedes to



The Scandinavian Club float in 1962 Lake Cowichan Days Parade. Musicians are Neil Eckert, Oscar Oberg & Ole Belin. Dancers; Nels Olson, Swan Neva, Henry Lundgren, John Davies, June Olson, Mary Neva, Bertha Lowe and Freda Davis.

Picture courtesy of I.W.A. Canada - Local 1-80

Canada. The interest among Swedes to collect documentation and knowledge about their own ethnic group has (therefore) so far been rather weak."[19] Women who arrived even later in the century amplify this sense of estrangement. Iris Lundkvist notes with a wry sadness how her daughter Anna becomes more "Canadianized" every year. Still, Iris admits that Anna has expressed concerns that when she is in Sweden she feels like she is Canadian, and when she is in Canada she is Swedish. "So actually," Iris concludes, "what she is saying is that (as a first generation immigrant) you don't belong anywhere."

It is not, however, entirely without a certain amount of unease that these women recall their introduction to Canada. Iris Lundkvist was unable to continue her work as a cartographer, and she recalls a neighbour's insensitive distinction between 'native' Canadians and new immigrants. "Lena", as well, recalls similar incidents. She arrived on a scholarship from a Swedish university after successfully graduating with a degree in commerce. The scholarship enabled her to work for the Royal Bank of Canada in Montreal for one year. When the year was over she moved to the West Coast, but here Lena discovered that Canadian employers disregarded her Swedish degree: they did not consider it applicable to the Canadian work situation. This is a common experience, reports a 1986 study of immigrant women in Canada. Although recent immigrant women on the average have a better education than the average Canadian-born women, immigrant women have occupational status below those of Canadian women. "It seems," the study concludes, "that being foreign-born and female creates a double disadvantage in the workforce for all immigrant women in Canada."[20] Lena indeed abandoned her training in economics, and now works in Nanaimo as a registered nurse, thus following the trend toward service-related occupations for immigrant women. This, then, indicates that Swedish immigrant women experienced similar occupational obstacles as those of immigrant women from all nations.

Moreover, despite indications of easy assimilation, several of the women expressed a conviction that Swedes, although not belonging to a visible minority, nevertheless display characteristics that make communication with Canadians awkward. "I'm too bold," Iris confessed. "I say things straight out, the way I feel, and you're supposed to sort of have some cotton around it." Lena recalled how an instructor took her aside during her nursing training, and criticized her for having a different value system when she refused to feign emotions she did not have. "They said," Lena continued, "that I didn't react as the other people did. That I was more stoic." The difference is clear, Lena believed, *especially when it comes to conflict situations. I think that the North American way to deal with conflicts is to just not really confront the person, but to let it go and see how things can resolve itself. I think if you have a conflict situation, you can go to that person right away and see what that person feels.*

Notwithstanding the potential for awkward social situations, the boldness the Swedish women displayed was not always a disadvantage.

While Iris Lundkvist and Lena lived relatively isolated from other Swedes, the Swedish women of Lake Cowichan benefited from belonging to a group, and here their "boldness" served them well politically.[21] The Lake Cowichan women have fought for their community since it was established. "My mother only had a grade three education," Lucille Smith said, "but this did not mean that she was stupid."[22] Hildur Grip, like so many other women of various nationalities in this small logging community, grieved over the injustices and dangerous working conditions that their husbands endured.[23] Therefore, the women did what they could to help. In the 1930s, Hildur darkened the windows of her wash-house so that the union organizers could meet without being discovered.[24] Later, after the International Woodworkers of America, IWA, was in place, Hildur Grip worked within the IWA Ladies Auxiliary. She participated in the famous Trek to Victoria during the 1946 strike, and was the Auxiliary President in the late forties.[25] Many other Swedish women were also active in the Auxiliary. Gulli Olson was one of the founding members, and Lorrie Beline was elected secretary, albeit reluctantly, since, as Myrtle Bergren said, the mere thought "scared (her) stiff."[26]

The IWA Ladies Auxiliary continued to work politically until IWA reorganized in 1948. During the 1946 strike they organized fund-raising and provided a soup-kitchen to feed men who would otherwise go hungry.[27] "If it hadn't been for the women, I don't think we would have made the gains that we did," Nils

Olson claimed. Much due to the women's help, the first major victory was a new road from the logging site to the Duncan hospital.[28] As their work grew increasingly political, however, the antagonism from IWA union leaders grew porportionally. "They (American IWA leaders) believed that women should stay home, crochet, and have babies. . . but that's not what we (the men of Lake Cowichan) thought." The Ladies Auxiliary started to weaken in 1946, Nils Olson remembered, and when the union reorganized in 1948 to eliminate the communist influence, the IWA banned the new Auxiliary from political activities.[29] "But these were the progressive loggers whose wives stood behind the union," Nils reflected, "and the new leaders, their wives weren't interested in the same way."[30] The women of Lake Cowichan, therefore, played a crucial role in confronting and correcting unfair labour conditions, and when the Ladies Auxiliary floundered, the Swedes turned to the Scandinavian Club.

Lake Cowichan established the Scandinavian Club in 1946, and Swedish women who had worked in the IWA Auxiliary now became active in the club. Although the founding of the Scandinavian Club coincided with the IWA Ladies Auxiliary dismantling, the degree of Swedish women's influence in the former Auxiliary is unclear and deserves further studies. Nils Olson could not see any connection between the Ladies Auxiliary and the Scandinavian Club, but admitted to a connection between IWA and the Club, since IWA built the Club hall. It is clear, however, that Gulli Olson, Hildur Grip, Lorrie Beline, and many others who had belonged to the original Auxiliary now helped make the Scandinavian Club a success. "The Club was not active in a political way, but very active in the community," Nils claimed. Lately the interest is dwindling, however, and 1994 will probably be the last year they will celebrate the Christmas tradition of Lucia. "The new crop just isn't interested," Nils mused. Although the Club still gets together, the remaining members have curtailed its activities, and are no longer holding regular meetings. Therefore, even in Lake Cowichan, there is no longer a definite cause to join people together, the urge to maintain a Swedish community lessens. Clearly, the Swedes in Lake Cowichan depended on each other as a group, and abetted by their "boldness" they fought a common cause that might have served to bond them together in a manner many other Swedish women never experienced.

* * * * *

The writer is a mature student at Malaspina College. She was winner of the Burnaby Historical Society's 1996 Scholarship Award.

FOOTNOTES:

1. To protect the privacy of her family, one woman, "Lena," chose to use an alias. The other interviewees prefered to use their real names.
2. Irene Howard, **Vancouver's Svenskar: A History of the Swedish Community in Vancouver** (Vancouver: Vancouver Historical Society, 1970) 13.
3. Hildur Grip interviewed by her daughter, Lucille Smith, in Lake Cowichan, February 1981.
4. Elna Goranson interviewed by Lucille Smith in Lake Cowichan, February 1981. See also Myrtle Bergren, **Tough Timber: The Loggers of B.C. – Their Story** (Vancouver: Elgin Publications, 1979) 86.
5. Elsa Chiarelli interviewed by Eva St. Jean in Victoria, February 22, 1994. All further references to Elsa Chiarelli are from this interview.
6. "Lena" interviewed by Eva St. Jean, February 28, 1994. All further references to Lena are from this interview.
7. Iris Lundkvist, interviewed by Eva St. Jean in Tswawassen, February 20, 1994. All further references to Iris Lundkvist are from this interview.
8. Joy K. Lintelman, "America is the woman's promised land': Swedish Immigrant Women and American Domestic Service," in **Journal of American Ethnic History** 8 (Spring 1989) 12.
9. Harald Runblom and Hans Norman, **From Sweden to America: A History of the Migration** (Minneapolis: U of Minnesota P, 1976) 221 and 223.
10. Mary Spafford, "Swede Girls for Canadian Homes," in **Canadian Magazine** 28.6 (1906-1907) 546-549.
11. Lintelman, 12.
12. Lintelman 14.
13. Clay Anderson, interviewed by Eva St. Jean in North Vancouver, February 18, 1996.
14. Varpu Lindstrom-Best, "I Won't Be a Slave!' – Finnish Domestics in Canada, 1911-30, **Looking Into My Sister's Eyes: an Exploration in Women's History**, ed. Jean Burnet (Toronto: the Multicultural History Society of Ontario, 1986) 43-44.
15. For similar experiences, see Spafford 547-548, Lindstrom-Best 38 and 49, and Lintelman 15.
16. Interview with Hildur Grip, 1981.
17. Nils Olson, Gulli Olson's son, interviewed by Eva St. Jean in Lake Cowichan, March 11, 1994. All further references to Gulli, Nils and/or June Olson are from this interview. See also Laura Goodman Salverson, **Confessions of an Immigrant's Daughter** (Toronto: U of Toronto P, 1981) 386, and Edith Ferguson, **Immigrants In Canada** (Toronto: U of Toronto, 1974) 25. Ferguson explores the communication barriers that rise between parents and children when children insist on speaking English to their first generation immigrant parents.
18. Irene Howard compares differences between Swedish women and those who arrived later in the twentieth cenutry. See Howard 115-116.
19. Runblom 276 and 332-333.
20. Alma Estable, Immigrnat Women in Canada - Current Issues (March 1986), 14, 43-44.
21. This paper emphasises the Swedish women's role in Lake Cowichan. I do not claim, however, that the Swedish women were the majority group in Lake Cowichan or the driving force behind the IWA Ladies Auxiliary. The Swedish women, however, played an important role, and I have chosen to portray their story.
22. Lucille Smith interviewed by Eva St. Jean in Yobou, February 25, 1994.
23. See Bergren 9-60.
24. Interview with Lucille Smith. See also Bergren 144, and Sara Diamond "A Union Man's Wife: The Ladies' Auxiliary Movement in the IWA, The Lake Cowichan Experience," **Not Just Pin Money: Selected Essays on the History of Women's Work in British Columbia** (Victoria, BC: Camosun College, 1984) 290.
25. Interview with Lucille Smith. See also Bergren 176-177, and 234-235.
26. Bergren 69.
27. Bergren 225, and interview with Lucille Smith and Nils Olson.
28. Diamond 291, and Bergren 67-68.
29. Diamond 289.
30. The leftist inclination of Swedish loggers is explored by Irene Howard 88-94.

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Empire Over Nation: Victoria Newspapers and the Boer War

by John Threlfall

Victorians who awoke on the Morning of 11 October 1899 to read the headline, "Canadians for Africa!"[1] would have been forgiven for assuming that support for the Boer War was as nationally uniform as that bold statement suggested. It is true that there was an overwhelming public enthusiasm for the imperial war, yet support in Ottawa could hardly be described in such definitive terms. The Boer War, like so many other issues in the history of this country, was a catalyst for further division between imperialists and nationalists and between English and French Canadians. Only in the west was there uniform support for Britain's military endeavour, with British Columbians once more making it clear that the concerns of empire superseded those of the federal government. The cry for a Canadian contingent to join the forces of Britain's other colonies in South Africa was taken up wholeheartedly in British Columbia, but nowhere as enthusiastically as in the provincial capital of Victoria. Victoria's two daily newspapers made it eminently clear to the island's population that the only proper response to this affront to empire was indisputable support for Britain. In direct contrast to the eastern journalists, who focussed as much on the divisive governmental split as on the war itself, Victoria's coverage was undeniably pro-empire, basically ignoring the concerns in the east.

While the selective coverage the Boer War garnered in Victoria may be considered an example of poor journalism, it is hardly surprising considering Victoria's history. Having been a British colony since 1849, most Victorians still undeniably considered themselves more British in 1899 than Canadian. Only joined to confederation in 1871, Victoria, and British Columbia in general, had been less than enthusiastic about the federal government since their designation as a province. Notoriously pro-empire and anti-government, Victorians had less reason to support Ottawa since their disappointment at not being selected as the western terminus of the C.P.R.; the choice of Vancouver instead further promoted the pre-existing animosity between the terminal and capital cities. Thus the Boer War. and the subsequent announcement of the formation of a Canadian Contingent to support Britain, provided the citizens of Victoria with the perfect occasion to publicly affirm their loyalty to empire; a task which its two newspapers, **The Victoria Daily Times** and **The Daily Colonist**, were more than ready to champion.

Although a thorough examination of Canada's involvement in the Boer War is beyond the scope of this paper, some national context is required to fully understand Victoria's position. Rumours of hostilities in South Africa began in the early summer of 1899, at which point Britain first approached her colonies inquiring about the possibility of military support.[2] Met with widespread approval throughout the empire, British Colonial Secretary Joseph Chamberlain no doubt expected the same response from Canada in the form of a nod from its prime minister, Wilfrid Laurier. Despite hearty endorsement of Britain's involvement in South Africa from the House of Commons, Laurier's reply that he felt Canadian military assistance was unnecessary was hardly the response Governor General Lord Minto expected.[3] As Laurier confided to one friend,

> I question very much the advisability, even from an imperial point of view, of a young country like Canada launching into military expenditure... Military expenditure is of such a character that you never know where it will end; I am not disposed in favour of it. We have done more in favour of Imperial defence in building the... Canadian Pacific than if we maintained an army in the field.[4]

It is an ironic side note that the existence of the railroad made the eventual raising and transporting of troops much easier. In addition to Laurier's justified concerns over the cost of such a venture were both his continuing worries over the Alaska boundary dispute and his awareness of the general lack of enthusiasm for imperial wars amongst the French-Canadian population. Of the former, Laurier was willing to barter Canadian support for the war in exchange for a strong British stance against the United States in the boundary dispute;[5] of the latter, being a French-Canadian himself and facing a fast approaching election, Laurier knew how vocal Quebec opposition would become and what it could cost him in support.[6]

The national newspapers were quick to exploit Laurier's hesitation. Fanning the public fires of imperial fervour, both English-Canadian and French-Canadian newspapers ignored the issues behind the war in favour of further sensationalising the division between French and English Canada. Although admittedly pro-Laurier. the editor of Toronto's Globe (designated "the official mouthpiece of the Dominion Government" by another newspaper[7]) called into question "journals responding as imperialist, and at the same time deliberately attempting to strike a blow at the empire by casting an undeserved slur on nearly two millions of loyal subjects."[8] As an example of this paradoxical sensationalism, The Ottawa Evening Journal published these opposing statements in an effort to show the "great diversity of opinion [which] exists in Ottawa as to the advisability of Canada sending a contingent to assist in the

Transvaal war":

Robert Stewart: You can put me down as saying that Canada should offer Britain assistance and she should bear the expense also. Canadians have received enough from the British to give something in return.

P.H. Chabot: I don't believe the war between England and the Boers is justifiable and therefore I am not in favour of having a Canadian contingent of soldiers go to South Africa... If England is so anxious to give her people liberty, why does she not first look to Ireland, a land which she has oppressed for hundreds of years?[9]

As the linguistically distinctive names aptly illustrate, French-Canadians naturally supported the Boer desire for its unique customs, language and independence,[10] while English-Canadians rallied to the national and imperial banner.[11] Following a two-day dispute in the House of Commons regarding the question of a Canadian Contingent, Laurier, apparently heeding the blunt advice of a friend to "either send troops or get out of office," accepted Britain's offer to finance the expedition and announced the formation of the first Canadian Contingent for South Africa. [12]

All this opposition, however, was relatively unknown to the residents of Victoria. Newspaper coverage in the capital city ignored any hint of dissent, choosing instead to focus on the concerns of empire and Victoria's role therein. Lacking the three significant areas of governmental opposition—the party system, a French population and a labour movement[13]-B.C. in general found little reason not to support Britain and empire. One historian has noted that, "[the] outbreak of the South African war in 1899 found B.C. standing loyally at the side of the Mother Country: in no other section of Canada was there greater martial ardour or more enthusiastic endorsement of the British cause."[14] Although slower than their eastern colleagues to jump on the Boer bandwagon, where front page coverage was common since the end of September 1899, by 16 October both Victoria's dailies were giving the war fierce coverage; on that day **The Victoria Daily Times** announced the formation of "A Canadian Brigade,"[15] while **The Daily Colonist** boldly stated, "Canadians To The Front!"[16] Having failed to keep Victorians abreast of anything beyond the most cursory of South African developments in the months prior to the declaration of war, both papers relied on imperial patriotism rather than issues to maintain reader interest. Beyond the recent "outrages" of the Boers and their general temerity in challenging British rule, the residents of Victoria were offered nothing substantial regarding the causes of the war. Victoria's papers in this regard only erred along with their national colleagues, who also rarely discussed the issues of the war, choosing instead to overplay Canada's role in the empire's dispute since "[i]t was easier and more comforting for Canadians to remain divorced from reality in this emotional rhetoric overflowing with Victorian moral values."[17]

Rarely did this imperial rhetoric cease in Victoria. **The Colonist** continued to give front page coverage to the chances of Victoria's eager recruits with such pieces as "Victoria Volunteers", which advises men not to wait too long to get their hair cut to military standards,[18] and "Canadian Contingent" which, while offering news of the national recruiting drive, added a reminder in bold print to Victorians that "Saturday is the last day on which persons can register in Victoria. Let no one forget this!"[19] The Times, marginally the more restrained of the two, eschewed such blatant recruitment strategies in favour of such background pieces as "South African History,"[20] "The Real Uitlander"[21] and "The Boer Today," whom it describes as "only semi-civilised [which] accounts for much of the misunderstanding between his government and ours."[22] Playing on what has been described as "a combination of naive idealism and emotional patriotism,"[23] Victoria's newspapers generally chose to reprint war news from the British wire service rather than seek out a national, or even provincial, perspective. It was left to mainland newspapers such as **The Province** in Vancouver to report on other B.C. cities ("At Kamloops: Six men and Captain Vicars have already volunteered"[24]) and the federal dispute, although even this coverage was marginal and grudging at best, as this editorial, one of the rare mentions of the federal government, makes clear: "The latter [the government] are in charge of the whole affair, and it must be supposed to know what action is best. Therefore, their plans must be accepted, even if they are not the most agreeable to our sentiments."[25] Obviously, Vancouver and Victoria felt their best efforts were to serve empire, not Ottawa.

Neither of Victoria's papers made much effort at hiding their pro-empire stance. W.H. Ellis, editor of **The Colonist**, exhorts Victoria that, "our loved Empire is so wide and the calls upon it may at any time be so great that men may be needed in great numbers. That Victoria is able to do her share for the defence of the Empire no one... can have a moments doubt."[26] **The Times**, not to be outdone, proudly proffered "The Chosen Few: The Lucky Fellows who were Selected Last Night to Proceed to South Africa" and announced "Canada Again to the Front," although if anyone read past the headline they would discover that Britain was now requesting post office officials, not more troops.[27] Although only sixty B.C. residents would join the original thousand strong Canadian Contingent (twenty-five each from Victoria and the lower mainland and ten from the interior) articles such as Mr. Ellis's editorial made it seem like the youth of the island would soon be vanishing. Seen from nearly a century's historical detachment, this type of journalism may seem like a deliberate promotion of anticipated militaristic imperialism, but it must be said that the youth of Victoria, indeed the whole of English Canada, was not exactly unwilling to participate in the South African venture. Although only military men were chosen for Victoria's twenty-five, dozens of civilians showed up for the initial recruitment drive,[28] a pattern which was repeated in recruiting centres across

the country—including Quebec. The young men of Canada in 1899 believed, as they would believe in subsequent wars. that serving empire would offer "the opportunity for the achievement of something great, something on a world scale in which Canada could play an important, possibly crucial role."[29] The newspapers did nothing to dissuade them of this grand vision. So excessive was the zeal of the western journalist that it prompted **The Nelson Reader** to observe that, "one would think it was B.C. that was at war with the Boers, and not the British Empire."[30]

If the national newspapers used the war as a platform to foster anti-Quebecois sentiments and "fed-bashing", then Victoria's newspapers used the war for one of the oldest reasons: to sell papers. The Boer War broke out at a time when both **The Colonist** and **The Times** were searching for a new headline. In the months prior to the outbreak of hostilities, the front pages of both were filled with details of the Dreyfus Affair and the continuing Alaska boundary dispute; yet by October neither of these stories was providing sufficient copy. The Dreyfus trial had fizzled out to a journalistically disappointing conclusion and the Alaska boundary dispute, while close to home, was slow to develop. Both papers resorted to frequent coverage of the America's Cup race in early October, but it did seem to have a habit of being cancelled due to inclement weather or ship repairs. Just at the moment when it would be easy to imagine circulation dropping, the ultimate reprieve comes along: a war. What could be better for distinctly pro-empire newspapers than a war in which Britain was the perceived victim of hostile attack? Certainly **The Colonist** was quick to exploit the war to its fullest potential, offering a "20th Century Atlas" and a "War Map of South Africa" to keep readers posted on the war—for a reasonable price.[31] **The Times**, not to be outdone, exploited the inherent Victoria/Vancouver rivalry in their article, "Heading to the Front: Vancouver's 'Send-Off' Less Enthusiastic than that of the Capital":

At the station, the crowd and the enthusiasm were very disappointing to those whose ears were still ringing with the hearty cheers of the Victoria people. "Why don't you shout?" asked a Victorian, of one of the Terminal City's residents. "Oh, that's very well for people from rural parts," was the reply, "but we are a Metropolitan city and don't do that sort of thing " And they didn't, until as the train pulled out, a Victorian could stand it no longer and giving the time himself, led off three hearty cheers.[32]

This indignant report undoubtedly went a long way in raising both Victoria's ire and the sales of **The Times**, despite its conflict with the report of the same event in **The Province**, which distinctly commented upon the great amount of cheering and band playing that went on.[33]

Another curious aspect of war journalism is the shift which advertising in both papers underwent. Suddenly, slogans like "White Man's Burden, "[34] "The War in Africa, "[35] "Snider Rifles "[36] and the unfortunately titled "Slaughter Sale"[37] began appearing above products that had nothing to do with any of their eye-catching headlines. **The Colonist**, in a patriotic coup over **The Times**, utilised the modern technology of the wireless telegraph to send an abbreviated form of the paper to the Victoria boys as they travelled across Canada; they also made sure it ran as a significant story highlighting that this method "has probably never before been attempted in Canada if anywhere."[38] As was previously stated, **The Colonist** also began producing its own line of war-related printed matter, leaving **The Times** to resort to such blatant ads as, "You Must Take The Evening Times If You Want All The War News First Hand."[39] **The Times** must have subsequently regretted their late-afternoon printing schedule the morning when The Colonist grandly announced that it had "scooped" the news of General Cronje's surrender: "NO OTHER PAPER BUT THE COLONIST IN THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF CANADA TOLD THE GREAT STORY OF THE DAY YESTERDAY MORNING.[40]" Never mind the fact that it was only a two paragraph wire story which neglected to mention the role which Canada's troops played in the surrender; in the war of the dailies, every victory is significant.

Reports of dissenters to the Boer War were commonplace to the readers of national papers, who were familiar with the French-Canadian, Liberal and labour positions, but to the deaf, dumb and blind pro-empire loyalists in Victoria, rumours of opposition were seen as treasonous. It was three months before **The Colonist** broke the story that a "foreign element" was inciting "certain sympathizers with the Transvaal republic" into raising funds to support the Boer's efforts.[41] Although no mention had been made in the paper before, apparently "that there are resident in the city many who are openly in sympathy with the Boer cause is well known"; no action had ever been taken before since, although annoying, "no one dreamed for a moment that an open advocacy of assistance to Paul Kruger would be attempted."[42] **The Times** brought these rumours into a national perspective for the first time, telling its readers that, "the roots of sedition have been sown in Victoria, as well as Montreal, the only other Canadian city where anti-British feeling... seems to have obtained a foothold"[43] But even though the French-Canadian attitude had finally been brought to light in Victoria, the cause of their protest is ascribed to Boer agitation rather than justifable resistance to Britain's imperial policies. The same issue of **The Times** also reports with satisfaction a fight wherein a pro-Boer customer is thoroughly trounced by a pro-empire shopkeeper.[44] Local reaction is, not surprisingly, on the side of empire, with one editorial letter noting, "Give it to the Boer sympathisers !"[45]

Since the news of dissent apparently was now out, **The Colonist** gave its readers the front-page story that "Quebec Artillery Volunteers Not Up To Number Allotted That Province," loyal Victorians were undoubtedly shocked by the news that only forty of the fifty-five positions were filled in Quebec City, while "another field battery in the province was supposed to furnish thirteen men, but

no one has volunteered, and their places have to be filled by others."[46] With no background offered on the reasons behind the long months of Quebec opposition, this news would undoubtedly come as a surprise to the people of Victoria, who embody "the true sentiment of this province, so far removed from the centre of Imperial authority. "[47] In a city where the editors of newspapers are called upon to "give the names of these traitors, so that they may not in any way be assisted by loyal Victorians,"[48] it is not too great an assumption to believe that the "selective news" policy of Victoria's papers was an attempt to intentionally modify, or at the very least encourage, local pro-empire opinion.

One final occasion for the newspapers of Victoria to declare their allegiance to empire came with the news that four of Victoria's twenty-five men had been killed in battle. Although their losses were grieved by the community as a whole, these men did more than just die: they became "the first contribution of Canadian blood for the cementing of Empire."[49] Death was used to further promote Victoria's greater link with empire over nation, proclaiming "to the four winds more loudly than could diplomatic agents that imperial federation-if the shedding of colonial blood for the dream of the Motherland means anything-is an accomplished fact"[50], - a statement made in the provincial legislature, which seems to have the double-edged function of stabbing at both the federal government and the collective Boer dissenters. How different this sentiment from that of **The Globe**, which remarked that the Canadian deaths offer "a cementing of hurts, a forgetting of differences and dissensions and a strengthening of the tie that binds our provinces together."[51] This editorial, made by a newspaper with a startlingly different outlook on Canada and empire than any in Victoria, strongly shows the power that a newspaper can have on moulding public opinion. By ignoring the greater loss to Canada—not to mention the physical loss of the other Canadian dead— the narrow imperial focus of Victoria's newspapers used these deaths to further isolate Victoria from the federal government and to further strengthen its perceived ties with empire.

Despite the fact that "the whole enterprise was small in scale in proportion to the national controversy it occasioned,"[52] the Boer War did play an important role in Canadian history. By falling into line with Britain's new imperial policy of colonial support for foreign wars, the Boer War established precedent for Canadian involvement in World Wars I and II, as well as the Korean War. It also set the standard for both support and dissent of these wars by the federal government and its oppositional forces. Similarly, newspaper coverage of those future engagements would also be dictated by regional and political concerns, just as in the Boer War. For the residents of Victoria, the actions of its two daily papers meant that they enjoyed a vision of the Boer War significantly different than that of the rest of Canada. Isolated by its traditional anti-government, pro-empire attitude, the Boer War for Victorians was just that: a Victorian war, fought for the glory of preserving 19th-century colonial empire rather than the task of strengthening 20th-century Canadian unity. Although the Boer War continued for the first two years of the new century, for the residents of Victoria the tone of the entire war was predetermined by the civic and personal opinions of its local newspapers.

* * * * *

John Threlfall is a mature student who achieved his BA, double Major History and English at U. Vic in June 1996. He has been a columnist, a theatre technician, a volunteer fireman, and a projectionist. He has commenced work on his MA in European history.

FOOTNOTES:

1. **The Daily Colonist**, 11 October 1899, p. 1.
2. Robert Craig Brown and Ramsay Cook, **Canada 1896-1921: A Nation Transformed** (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1974).
3. Carman Miller, **Painting the Map Red: Canada and the South African War, 1899-1902** (Montreal: Canadian War Museum, 1993), p. 32.
4. C.P. Stacey, **Canada and the Age of Conflict: A History of Canadian External Policies** vol. 1:1867-1921 (Toronto: MacMillan, 1977), p.62.
5. Brown and Cook, p. 44.
6. Norman Penlington, **Canada and Imperialism 1896-1899** (Toronto: University of Toronto, 1965), p. 247.
7. **The Nanaimo Free Press**, 12 October 1899, p.1.
8. **The Globe**, 9 October 1899. p. 6.
9. **The Ottawa Evening Journal**, 13 October 1899, p.7.
10. Penlington, p. 246.
11. Brown and Cook, p. 39.
12. Desmond Morton, **A Military History of Canada** (Edmonton: Hurtig, 1990), p. 114.
13. Miller, p. 22.
14. Margaret Ormsby, **B.C.: A History** (Vancouver: MacMillan, 1958), p. 237.
15. **The Victoria Daily Times**, 16 October 1899, p. 1.
16. **The Colonist**, 16 October 1899, p. 1.
17. Robert Page, "Canada and the 'Imperial' Idea in the Boer War Years," **Journal of Canadian Studies**, volume 5 #1, February 1970, p. 47.
18. **The Colonist**, 17 October 1899, p. 1.
19. Ibid, 19 October 1899, p. 1.
20. **The Times**, 17 October 1899, p. 2.
21. Ibid, p. 8.
22. Ibid, 18 October 1899, p. 2.
23. Robert Page, **The Boer War and Canadian Imperialism** (Ottawa: Canadian Historical Association, 1987), p. 3.
24. **The Province**, 20 October 1899, p. 1.
25. Ibid, 23 October 1899, p. 5.
26. **The Colonist**, 20 October 1899, p. 4.
27. **The Times**, 21 October 1899, p. 8.
28. **The Colonist**, 17 October 1899, p. 1.
29. Page, "Canada," p. 37.
30. Ormsby, p. 328.
31. **The Colonist**, 29 October 1899, p. 4.
32. **The Times**, 24 October 1899, p. 8.
33. **The Province**, 23 October 1899, p. 5.
34. Apparently the white man's burden was not Africa but weak kidneys, or so the makers of Doan's Kidney Pills would have its customers believe. **The Times**, 24 February 1900, p.3.
35. This ad cited the war as a probable source of rising diamond prices and encouraged customers to come to the gem sale at Challoner and Mitchell Jewellers. Ibid, 30 October 1899, p. 1.
36. The Snider rifle was equated with bad eye ware, a warning that "the man who satisfies himself with yesterday's inventions is in a bad way to fight today's battles," or so says R.G. Macpherson, Optician. **The Province**, 18 October 1899, p. 1.
37. Although a common term for a bargain sell-off prior to the war, this phrase took on rather unfortunate connotations during wartime. **The Times**, 25 October 1899, p. 3.
38. **The Colonist**, 25 October 1899, p. 2.
39. **The Times**, 31 October 1899, p. 3.
40. **The Colonist**, 28 February 1900, p. 2.
41. Ibid, 3 January 1900, p. 2.
42. Ibid.
43. **The Times**, 3 January 1900, p. 7.
44. Ibid.
45. Ibid, 5 January 1900, p. 7.
46. **The Colonist**, 5 January 1900, p. 1.
47. Ibid, p. 4.
48. Ibid, p. 7.
49. Ibid, 22 February 1900, p. 4.
50. Ibid, p. 8.
51. **The Globe**, 22 February 1900, p. 6.
52. Stacey, p. 70.

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The Victoria Daily Times.

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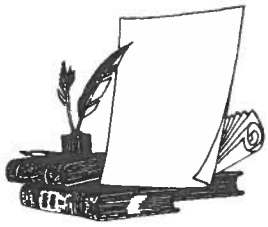

New Denver Piper

The following article is taken from a clipping in one of the scrapbooks of Bill Burns, Pipe-Major of the Trail Pipe Band from 1946 to 1973. The article, entitled "Many Distinguished Visitors Saw the Slocan in 1890s", appeared in the Nelson Daily News, of Jan. 24, 1968.

In a portion of this article, the antics of an anonymous piper were described:

"But a visitor on the humorous side also paid the village a visit in the middle of August 1897. The story goes as this:

It was thought on that Friday evenings that the siren had been put back on the steamer, Slocan, but, it turned out that a Scotch piper with his bags was blown into town. The piper was located at the Windsor and when the sound of his instrument floated out on the moonlight, it had a wonderfull effect on the peace of New Denver. An Irish woman living in a tent on the lake side sat on the ground and told her beads, and crossed herself in fear that every flickering shadow on her canvas wall was a banshee. A Kansas man caught up all his babies, and crept under his home with them, labouring under the idea that a cyclone was coming. Men setting in front of the hotels enjoying the soft moonlight evening rushed up to the bar and said again and again "same". Even the animals were affected. The horses rushed about wildly, the mules rolled in the dust and brayed loudly, the roosters crowed in the pious dread that St. Peter had unlocked the door of the nether regions, and nearly every dog in town sat on his stern in the middle of the streets and solemnly sang to the moon.

There was only one dog that walked on his toes and sniffed the screech-laden air without fear. He was of Scottish descent and was suckled on such noisesome wind. He curled his long tail with such glee that his hind legs would not touch the ground, and his caudal appendage now resembled that of a pig. His master was also affected. He walked with bared head thrown far back, gazing into the fleecy clouds, and shaking his tawny hair like one of Sir Walter's heroes.

It was indeed a fearsome night to all except these two, and the attendance at church that Sunday was unusually large."

New Denver, now a tiny community in the Slocan Valley, was during the 1890s a bustling town, prospering through the discovery and mining of silver. *Reprinted with permission from the book* ***Pioneer Pipers of British Columbia*** *by Carl Ian Walker of Squamish, B.C.*

Dr. Margaret Ormsby

1909 - 1996

The author of **British Columbia: A History** passed away at her home in Coldstream on November 2, 1996. Ormsby was a professor of history at UBC for thirty years, chair of the department from 1965-75. She guided many students through graduate studies in history, including John Bovey, head of BC Archives and Records Service, and Robin Fisher, a dean at the University of Northern BC. Ormsby was president of the B.C. Historical and the Canadian Historical Associations, served on the Historic Sites and Monuments of Board of Canada and encouraged the preservation of B.C. and Canadian history. She was awared the Order of B.C. and the Order of Canada recently.

A group of doctoral students have been working since 1993 to establish a scholarship named for this inspiring teacher. Contributions to the Margaret Ormsby Fund will receive tax deductable receipts. Please send your donation to : Margaret Ormsby Fund, 1454 Begbie Street, Victoria, B.C. V8R 1K7

Another Atlin Adventure

by Hon. James Harvey, Q.C.

I have added the word "another" because in Volume 26 No. 4 of this journal I wrote about a trip I made to Atlin in the fall of 1936. Three years later, in early September 1939, I was due in Atlin for the trial of an action in which I acted for one of the parties. This conflicted with my duty as a member of the Canadian Non-Permanent Militia (sometimes called Saturday Night Soldiers) as we had been called up for active service on August 26, 1939. This was about two weeks before Canada, following Great Britain, declared war against Germany, and more than two years before Germany declared war against the United States shortly after Pearl Harbour.

My Commanding Officer refused to let me go to Atlin for the trial and, reluctantly, I had to ask my partner Thomas W. Brown (T.W.) to take my place. We both knew the likelihood of his having a bad attack of asthma there. This usually happened to him when he left the coast and travelled inland. Nevertheless. he agreed to go.

W.O. Fulton of Prince Rupert was on the other side of the law suit and His Honour Judge W.E. Fisher, also of Prince Rupert, was the judge exercising his special Mining Jurisdiction.

The following is T.W.'s account in a letter dated September 18, 1939 to his brother, Bruce, and Bruce's wife Shirley: a copy was sent to T.W.'s parents.

"I arrived home from Atlin on the afternoon of Saturday, the 16th . . .

Jim is right out of the office now and so long as the War lasts will not be able to come back as he is on full time duty. At the present time I am confronted with an enormous amount of piled up work as I have to take over everything of Jim's in addition to catching up on my own work after my absence . . .

I left here on Friday morning the 1st. of September and arrived in Skagway,

Thomas W. Brown "T.W."

Alaska, on Sunday morning the 3rd. From there I went in to Atlin by the usual route, that is, the White Pass & Yukon Narrow Gauge Railway to Carcross, Yukon Territory, and from Carcross to Atlin by plane. It used to be possible to get into Atlin by a boat service running from Carcross down Lake Tagish. You then crossed on a railroad two miles along a strip of land between Tagish Lake and Atlin Lake and into the boat on Atlin Lake from that neck of land to Atlin. The White Pass and Yukon Railroad got into a bitter feud with the settlement of Atlin about two years ago and withdrew that service. The feud arose because the Atlin people asked for and got a Customs Officer stationed there. The purpose of the Customs Officer was to enable planes to fly in from Juneau direct. Those planes were bringing in freight and passengers much more cheaply than could be done on the White Pass combined train and boat haul.

We had a rather rough plane trip in. The people at Atlin said that it was the windiest day they had ever known.

Anyway we had to land at a lake about 12 miles away as the waves on Lake Atlin were running between twelve and fifteen feet high. I had a lovely dinner at the Government Agent's house, but was wheezing pretty badly before I went to bed at 10 that night. I slept till four the next morning and then was in the middle of a real asthmatic attack.

I spent all day Monday taking evidence of my various witnesses and then on Monday night started having to take adrenalin by muscular injection. I had taken ephedrine orally all day Monday, but by Monday night the congestion was so acute it did no more good and from then on I had to have adrenalin every few hours. Instead of the old adrenalin chloride I had a new form of adrenalin oil with me. The adrenalin chloride never gave me relief for more than an hour, and sometimes the adrenalin oil solution which I had gave me as much as five hours' freedom from extreme spasms.

The case ended Thursday noon with a complete win for my side. I asked for and got a non-suit. That means that we had the Plaintiff's action dismissed after hearing his own evidence only. The procedure is a little bit dangerous as if there were an appeal our evidence would not, of course, be before the court of appeal, but I was so weak by Thursday that I thought it well worth while to take that chance.

In the meantime I was being bothered by other people and did a certain amount of other business. If I had been well I could have done a large amount as Fulton did not seem to make a very strong impression, particularly after losing his case. I arranged to fly out to Juneau on the afternoon of Friday, September 8th, and from there could have got an American boat which would have got me into Prince Rupert by about Sunday, the 10th. For some reason which neither I nor the other three charterers of the plane could find out the plane did not show up. They wired us Saturday that they would try to come then, but in the meantime the weather had closed in so that it was not fit to fly.

I spent Friday night in the Doctor's house and went to the hospital on Saturday. By this time I was getting morphine as well as adrenalin and was in pretty bad shape. On Sunday morning at the hospital the aeroplane agent came up and said the plane would be in at noon. I got dressed to go but just about noon both the Canadian and American agents came rushing up to the hospital and said that in view of Canada's declaration of war Canadian planes could not fly into American territory and vice versa. I could have flown to Carcross and got out in a day or two from there by train to Skagway, but that wouldn't have got me very far. What I finally did was to charter a plane from Atlin to Tulsequah which is on the Canadian side. We had a beautiful flight across the glaciers which unfortunately gave Fulton a severe fright. When we landed on the Taku River at its junction with its tributary the Tulsequah, the Customs Officer there turned out to be a very old friend of Fulton's. I wanted to go down the river and cross the boundary on a boat as this was still permitted even though flying across the line was prohibited. Fulton, however, wanted to have a reunion with his friend Nelson, and so we went up to the mine: eight miles up the Tulsequah River and spent the night.

I went into the Mine Hospital immediately and was given the Doctor's own bed. He had me fairly comfortable by midnight. As he was giving me a final shot of morphine and adrenalin he asked me if I was your brother. His name is J.J. Gibson and he knows you very well. I remember of course hearing you speak often of his family.

He looked after me the whole night through and would not charge me a nickel. I am going to send him a book or something. He, of course wanted to be remembered most cordially to Shirley and yourself.

We were supposed to start down the river at nine the next morning, but did not start until arrangements had been made by wireless for a plane from Juneau to pick us up at 3 o'clock in the afternoon on the American side. We got down to a very famous and palatial resort known as "Mary Joyce's place" about six miles up from the mouth of the river. For some reason which we never could find out the plane did not show up. I had a very painful night as there was no Doctor around and I had nothing of any kind with me left to relieve the spasms which were very severe. I sat up the whole night.

In the morning after we gave up hoping for the plane we started in to Juneau in an ordinary flatbottomed river boat. About half way in we met Mary Joyce, the proprietress of the resort, and she told us she would not permit her employee who was taking us in to go any further on account of a violent gale which had raised quite a storm toward Juneau. We stopped off at a marine power plant and finally by telephoning got a plane to pick us up in a sheltered bay. We got into Juneau about 4 in the afternoon and I went immediately to the Sisters' Hospital there and stayed there until a quarter to eight on Friday morning, the 15th, when I was taken to the C.P.R. boat which reached here in the late afternoon of the 16th.

I have come home in rather better shape than usual as I did my convalescing in Juneau instead of doing it at home. I had hoped that as my last attack in Atlin came in July that I might be safe in September, but apparently there is some pollen there that I cannot handle at all.

Before I went away I had my mind made up that I would enlist, but since my experience in Atlin I realize that I would be completely useless in any military unit where I might have to move away from the coast. I am carrying on the office alone at the present time and am trying to make arrangements to get smaller quarters as it is impossible for me to carry the present overhead.

Mary is planning at present on going south to Vancouver on Thursday night, the 21st, or perhaps by the train by way of Jasper on the 20th. I think she will spend a few days in Vancouver and then go on up to Penticton. I hope that Florence Anne is still being good and not putting you to a whole lot of trouble. As things are here we feel a lot safer with her away from the coast.

A destroyer came into port a few minutes ago and nobody knows yet whether it's Canadian, German, American or Russian. The guns defending the port are still not ready to fire.

The streets are absolutely full of soldiers, but what they could do to defend the port with their present resources would be negligible.

I will close now so that this can get off on the train as it should get to you a lot sooner than by waiting for the next boat.

Love, Wilfrid"

His reference to Mary is to his wife, formerly Mary Dowther, whom he had married in the mid-1930's. Florence Anne was their daughter, always thereafter known simply as Anne. He signed the letter "Wilfrid", his middle name, by which he was called by his parents but by no one else I ever knew. His middle name had been given to him out of respect for Sir Wilfrid Laurier. He was always irritated, particularly by tax collectors, if the name was spelled "Wilfred".

The previous trip to Atlin which he mentions was for a session of the County Court held there on July 19,1939. I remember that he got relief from his asthma attacks on that trip by accompanying miners to underground shafts and tunnels. He made many life-long friends on his many trips to Atlin. Despite his asthma attacks he loved the place, as have I.

* * * * *

The author continued as an absent, non-active member of the firm for six years and two months when he was happy to rejoin the firm as an active member. T.W. was appointed Q.C. in 1950, became a Judge of the Supreme Court of British Columbia in 1956 and died on September 27, 1973. Judge Harvey is an active retiree still living in Prince Rupert.

NEWS & NOTES

NEWS FROM BRANCHES

The Gulf Island Historical Society. . .

held its AGM in September at the Galiano Lodge. Part of the program was a look back at the 1966 BCHF Conference they had hosted in that building. In 1966 one of the special guests was Ma Murray of Lilloet. Past president Myrtle Haslam attended the 1996 event to bring greetings from the BCHF.

Burnaby Historical Society. . .

is pleased to note that the house and garden of the late Drs. Blythe and Violet Eagles is now proclaimed a "heritage site." In June their meeting took place in the new picnic area, named for the Eagles, in Deer Lake Park.

Trail Historical Society . . .

went out to Jack and June Bell's farm near Fruitvale for their June meeting. Another program was a slide show by Steve Saprunoff on his visit to Holland as part of the V.E. Day 50th Anniversary celebration.

Cowichan Historical Society . . .

has found that an annual Summer Fete is a good fundraiser. The 1995 strawberry tea was held at a Victorian era house with members in costume. In 1996 an Edwardian theme was followed at another lovely home with incredible gardens.

The Kootenay Museum and Historical Society . . .

celebrated the 100th anniversary of hydro-electric power with displays of the plant on Cottonwood Falls, and a booklet on the history of hydro-electric service in Nelson.

The old Forest Service launch **Amabilis** is being restored by boat builder Dick Pollard. Do any of our readers have memories of personnel who ran the **Amabilis**? If so, please send them to: The Archivist, Nelson Museum, 402 Anderson Street, Nelson, B.C. V1L 3Y3 - Phone: (250) 352-9813.

Chemainus Museum . . .

sits beside the parking lot where tour buses unload their passengers. In the summer of 1995 1012 buses came to Chemainus; in 1996 1230 buses arrived in the May to October season. The little museum saw 10,000 visitors in 1995 and 12,000 this (1996) summer. Also many students are using archival material extensively at the Chemainus Valley Museum.

Victoria Historical Society . . .

meets at the James Bay New Horizons Centre at 7:45 pm every 4th Thursday except in December, July and August. They have had some outstanding speakers on topics ranging from Underwater Archaeology (wrecks near south Vancouver Island), to the black Americans who came to B.C. 1858-1860 at the invitation of Governor James Douglas.

Boundary Historical Society . . .

has obtained Heritage Protection on the Trixie Mineral Claim site to preserve two intact rock ovens plus five partially collapsed ovens. The members are busy preparing for both the Grand Forks Centennial and Greenwood's 100th Anniversary.

Vancouver Historical Society . . .

meets on the 4th Wednesday of each month (except June, July, August and December) in the Jewish Community Centre on 41st Avenue at Oak Street. This venue has excellent service by city buses so visitors are invited to join audiences hearing interesting speakers. For details phone the new Historical Hotline at 878-9140.

The East Kootenay Historical Association . . .

is pleased to note that the gold-rush site of Fisherville on Wild Horse Creek is now a preserve managed by Fort Steele Heritage Town. Some work was done during the summer to upgrade the loop trail, set up picnic tables and park type toilets.

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Stan McKinnon 1919-1996,

A founding member of Surrey Historical Society passed away on October 19, 1996. He was born in Mission but grew up in Cloverdale. He worked for the **Surrey Leader** for 48 years, most of those years as editor. He entered civic politics on retirement and served on the Surrey Council from 1986 to 1990. This newspaper editor who worked to preserve local history was buried from the Cloverdale church where he had been baptized as an infant.

Bosun Ranch 100 Year Status

Joseph Colebrook Harris began this ranch near New Denver in 1896. He grew fruit and vegetables to sell to nearby mines at Sandon and Silverton, plus cutting hay for pack animals working in the area. A British Navy officer who had jumped ship in Vancouver worked with young Harris for the first three years. Known only as "Bosun" the ex-sailor chose to remain anonymous to avoid punishment. Harris married a Scottish lady who travelled with Mrs. Harper of **Harper's Bazaar**. The couple raised four children on the farm, one being Sandy, father of the present owner Nancy Anderson. Professor Cole Harris also grew up there. Only 66 farms in B.C. have achieved heritage status when the same family works the land for a full century.

National Award for Charles Hou

Charles Hou, who has taught at Burnaby South Secondary School for 31 years, has been chosen the first winner of the new Excellence in Teaching Canadian History Award sponsored by Canada's National History Society. Mr. Hou guided many of his students on hikes through the Douglas/Harrison Lake Trail to give them a feel of B.C. history as they walk the route that many gold seekers walked when B.C. was a brand new colony. Mr. Hou received a medal and $5000 for himself and a computer for his school. We extend heartiest congratulations to Mr. Hou.

Ted Palmer of Cariboo Hill Secondary in Burnaby was a semi-finalist, too.

Burnaby Historical Scholarship Winner

Eva St. Jean of Nanaimo was named winner of the Burnaby Historical Society's Scholarship for 1996. Mrs. St. Jean was born and grew up in northern Sweden. After high school she went to work in Stockholm where she met a Canadian representative of a B.C. engineering firm selling logging machinery. She moved to Vancouver and married Gerard St. Jean (born in Yukon of Quebec parents) in 1977. The couple have two teenaged children. Eva is currently in her 4th year studies at Malaspina College. One of her essays for History 211 has been written and appears in this issue of our magazine.

Eva St. Jean
Burnaby Historical
Scholarship Winner

Malaspina Murals Saved

The old Malaspina Hotel in Nanaimo was slated to be gutted before renovation. Removal of a false wall revealed a mural intact on an inner wall. This, thanks to the efforts of the Nanaimo Historical Society has been carefully removed. Four other murals, painted in 1938, were revealed under a layer of paint. These, too, have been removed and conservation/ restoration will proceed as soon as funding can be arranged.

The mural protected by the wall is by artist Edward J. Hughes who grew up in Nanaimo, then participated in WWII as an artist on Canadian War Records. He still lives on Vancouver Island and is consulting with the conservationist.

BC Historical Federation Scholarship Winner

Nick Klassen of Fort Langley completed his third year at UBC when he was selected winner of the 1996 BCHF Scholarship. He has taken courses at UBC, Trinity Western University, an International Summer Program in Cote d'Ivoire and is currently attending Goshen College in Indiana where his grandfather is professor emeritus. Klassen's winning essay is on the history of the West Coast Trail. (This will appear in the next issue)

Wedding Bells

Our Member at Large, Wayne Desrochers has been a happy bachelor for many years. On October 5, 1996 he became an even happier bridegroom when he wed Stephanie, another volunteer at his home church in Surrey. Congratulations and Best Wishes from all of us in the BCHF.

BOOKSHELF

Books for review and book reviews should be sent directly to the Book Review Editor:
Anne Yandle, 3450 West 20th Avenue, Vancouver, B.C. V6S 1E4

Making Vancouver, Class, Status, and Social Boundaries, 1863-1913. Robert A. J. McDonald. Vancouver, University of British Columbia Press, 1996. 316 p. $49.50

Between 1863 and 1913, the fifty years studied in detail by Robert A.J. McDonald, Vancouver evolved from sawmill settlements on Burrard Inlet into one of Canada's largest cities. Especially during the quarter-century bracketed by the arrival of the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1886 and the onset of a period of hard times in 1913, Vancouver's rapid growth occasionally contributed to heightened social tensions and political unrest. McDonald, who teaches in the Department of History at the University of British Columbia, writes a social history of Vancouver during those hyperactive years.

Making Vancouver combines broad-gauged social analysis with the biographies of individuals prominent in various segments of Vancouver society. This is good strategy because the biographical vignettes (and the wonderful photographs of everyday life) add a bit of effervescence to what might otherwise be dull, industrial-strength analysis of class and status in early Vancouver. The main contribution of **Making Vancouver** lies in its careful delineation of societal bonds and fissures. "Throughout the early history of settlement on Burrard Inlet, Europeans organized their economic activity according to a capitalist mode of production, and the resulting wage system divided residents along class lines." (p. 230) Yet as McDonald makes clear, he is not analyzing class relationships alone because classes themselves would sometimes fracture or coalesce along racial and ethnic lines. For that reason, he feels it is necessary to delineate matters of status as well as class to capture fully the complexity of Vancouver's early social history, noting that "identities were not fixed economic relations but rather reflected a host of influences, of which the system of production was only one." (p. 234)

Making deft use of statistics and a wealth of historical research based on primary and secondary sources, McDonald provides readers of **Making Vancouver** with a detailed picture of the city's social history. Yet at times the result is somewhat like an autopsy: the reader sees clearly the various parts of society and how they fit together, but somehow the full personality of the subject is missing. In the case of **Making Vancouver** that sometimes intangible yet exciting quality that might be called city life or municipal character seems missing or at least muted. Despite our heightened understanding of the social evolution of young Vancouver, we really don't see many comparisons with Winnipeg or Toronto, or with Seattle or Portland that might reveal what the evolution of Vancouver had in common with these other metropolitan areas or what was truly unique about Vancouver. McDonald argues that "Vancouver stands apart from many other North American cities of the period in the degree to which it retained elements of its 'frontier' past." (p. xii). Yet here a comparison with Seattle or Denver, which like Vancouver were home to many seasonal workers employed in nearby natural-resource based industries, might have been appropriate. Basically, **Making Vancouver** provides the social statistics and analysis that bolsters the long-standing argument that Vancouver experienced the same kinds of social tension found in small natural-resource-based communities, though McDonald's careful research also shows that class lines in Vancouver were more mutable or permeable than they were fixed or impervious to change.

Making Vancouver is a solid piece of historical research and writing that asks and answers the fundamental questions necessary to understand the social evolution of young Vancouver. Given its highly analytical approach and its willingness to study subtle aspects of the city's social history it is far more likely to appeal to academics – historians and other students of urban history – than to the general reader; but this book will now serve as the standard against which to measure any serious history of Vancouver. A bibliography and a detailed index enhance its value as a research tool.

Carlos A. Schwantes.
Department of History, University of Idaho.

The Interwoven Lives of George Vancouver, Archibald Menzies, Joseph Whidbey and Peter Puget: Exploring the Pacific Northwest Coast. John M. Naish. The Edwin Mellen Press, Lewiston/Queenston/Lampeter. Canadian Studies Volume 17, 537 p., illus. Cloth, Can. $119.50 (Edward Mellen Press, P.O. Box 450, Lewiston, NY 14092-0450)

So often in our written history, the emphasis has been on events and places, and we learn little about the actual people involved. As a true "people person", Dr. John Naish changes this thrust and brings a refreshing insight into the nature of three of the men associated with George Vancouver and whose names grace the charts of the Pacific Northwest.

This is primarily a book about people and anyone interested in studying the motivations of men at work will not be disappointed. The lives of four very distinctly different personalities are examined in detail and one is left to wonder how things would have been changed had the lives of George Vancouver and Joseph Whidbey been influenced by a woman's touch. The lives of Archibald Menzies and Peter Puget were obviously enhanced by the love and affection of their wives, and in Puget's case, by his large family.

In about 300 pages of his work, Dr. Naish has managed to present the essence of Vancouver's life and voyage, with an emphasis on a possible understanding of what it was that drove the little commander and how this affected his relationships with his men and ultimately sealed his fate. The author, as a retired internist, gives many interesting sidelights, in a clinical manner, on Vancouver's behaviour and while the author of this review may not agree with all of his conclusions, his remarks bear further serious study. Nevertheless, in this work Dr. Naish has given us one of the fairest evaluations of Vancouver's personality, devoid of any of the purple prose inflicted by other writers using only their imaginations to form an opinion. The question of what illness caused Vancouver's's ultimate demise is examined closely and from the evidence uncovered, Dr. Naish has concluded that Nephritis was the most likely cause of an untimely death.

Of our quartet of characters, Archibald Menzies had a brief naval service, but lived the most fruitful and longest life. Dr. Nash has collected much interesting detail of Menzies' early life and service with Vancouver, in addition to his life-long association with Sir Joseph Banks. Menzies' naval service was as surgeon, but his true love was botany and it was in that capacity that he was ordered to serve with Vancouver. Unfortunately, Vancouver was not too keen on botanists and their paraphernalia that cluttered up his ship and what might have been a rewarding association for both never developed. However, one gets the sense that they respected each other for the job each was doing. Dr. Naish relates many interesting episodes during the time Menzies spent with Vancouver, including the climbing of Hualalai and Mauna Loa in Hawaii. Menzies' special interest was with the ferns, mossess, liverworts, lichens and the genus Fucus, and he was considered one of Britain's foremost authorities. In time, he developed an active medical practice, married most happily, but never had a family of his own. He died in 1842 at the age of 88 and is buried next to his wife in All Souls Cemetery, Kensal Green. There is a special warmth to what Dr. Naish has written on Menzies, possibly from sharing the same profession, and his treatment of Menzies' life story is complete with many references to the activities of his fellow botanists who were the founders of the Linnean Society.

Joseph Whidbey began his early life in the service of the Navy, but is better remembered by members of the engineering fraternity for his monumental work on the construction of the Breakwater at Plymouth. He made the transition from the Royal Navy to civilian life, thanks in large part to the recommendation of Vancouver who proposed his employment as a Naval Attendant. It was in this capacity at Sheerness that Whidbey supervised the salvage of the Dutch frigate Ambuscade, which had sunk in 30 feet of water off the Nore Bank. Whidbey had maintained a close contact with Sir Joseph Banks and later came to the attention of John Rennie, a prominent engineer who learned of Whidbey's proposal for an artificial harbour for Torbay through the building of a detached island to provide a safe anchorage. In time a similar suggestion was proposed as a solution for an identical problem at Plymouth, and Whidbey and Rennie collaborated on the final design, with Whidbey being named superintendent of the project in 1811. Over 2,000,000 tons of quarried stone was used for the main structure, utilizing special

boats of Whidbey's design to move the massive stones into place. Whidbey never married and retired in 1830 at the age of 75. He died three years later while living at Taunton. Whidbey's story is one of man's challenging the forces of nature and Dr. Naish gives a lively portrayal of the man and the problems that he faced and overcame, together with much interesting detail, not only of the breakwater project itself, but also of the many people, at various levels of government, involved with its construction.

Peter's Puget's association with Menzies and Whidbey was limited to the period of time he served with Vancouver. After the completion of the great voyage and Vancouver's death, there is nothing in the record to show that Puget maintained any further contact with his sailing companions. Puget's life and interests were entirely with the Navy and his promotions were due in the main to an active involvement with combined operations of land and naval forces that brought his talents to the attention of his superiors. He had varied naval career which concluded with his appointment as Commissioner of the Navy at Madras and later at Trincomalee. His successor was to have been James Johnstone, with whom he had served with Vancouver, but ill-health forced a change in plan and both men returned together from India. Puget had married and fathered 11 children and had enjoyed a most happy family life. This was enhanced by a close contact kept with Joseph Baker, his fellow officer from the **Discovery**, with each naming one of their sons after the other. Puget died in 1822 with the rank of Rear Admiral and is buried at All Saint's Church, in the tiny Somerset village of Woolley, near Bath.

Dr. Naish has presented a most readable story of the lives of four men who, in their own quiet way, have left their mark on our land and who are worthy of our approbation. Unfortunately, the first edition of **The Interwoven Lives . . .** has an excessive number of typos and other gremlin-induced errors which will be corrected in a second edition. The cost is rather prohibitive for the average reader, but a copy is held at the Victoria Public Library and can be obtained through an Inter-Library Loan.

J.E. Roberts.

Ted Roberts, a resident of Victoria is an enthusiastic student of Pacific Northwest exploration.

Pay Dirt. Laura Langston. Victoria, Orca Book Publishers, 1995. 144 p., ills., paper $9.95

Tides of Change. Sheryl McFarlane & Ken Campbell. Victoria, Orca Book Publishers, 1995. 32 p., illus., paper $15.95

Orca book publishers has published two books recently on British Columbia themes for the juvenile trade.

Pay Dirt, written by Laura Langston and illustrated by Stuart Duncan, appears to be a decided success. Aimed at elementary school readers, it provides an entertaining account of the nineteenth century quest for gold in British Columbia. The text is clear and unadorned, with short sentences conducive to readability at about the Grade five level. The print is large and clear. Each page has been carefully designed, with a variety of format to hold reader interest. The use of "windows" in which additional information is given makes it possible for a reader to select items of particular interest. The book is generously illustrated not only with old photographs but also with hand drawn maps and pictures, the dated style of which suits the subject and complements the photographs. The reader will find a good mix of detail on prospecting, mining and transporting gold and of yarns from the gold rush days. The work should prove to be an excellent resource, reference or text-book for elementary school Social Studies courses.

Tides of Change, text by Sheryl McFarlane and illustrations by Ken Campbell, purports to offer a child's eye view of the world of the Northwest Coast. Much of the very brief text consists of rhetorical questions, some of which are evocative while others are ambiguous. The book is formatted as a picture book, directed presumably to the pre-school level. Each picture deals with some aspect of coastal life, but both the pictures and the related text are much too advanced for a small child's perception. Most pages consist of questions, the answers to which one assumes should be found in a contiguous illustration. One searches vainly, however, in the illustrations or in a "Tidbits I discovered" appendix at the back of the book for clues to some of the questions posed. To what age group are the illustrations supposed to appeal? Many of the objects in the illustrations are not those which a small child can identify, nor does the text in many cases indicate where such objects can be found. Some illustrations may appear gaudy and lifeless to any age group, while the meagre background information in the text will hardly satisfy the appetite of young readers. The cover design, illustrating a child poking a stick at a living sea creature is offensive. The editorial smarts manifest in the production of **Pay Dirt** appear to be lacking in **Tides of Change.**

Pat Ajello.

Pat Ajello is a retired elementary school teacher who served as an art specialist and learning assistance centre instructor.

John Tod: Rebel in the Ranks. Robert C. Belyk. Victoria, Horsdal and Schubart, 1995. 240 p., $14.95.

One of the problems in preparing a biography of someone long dead is finding reliable information on the subject. Belyk starts off in the preface by stating that a lot of the previously published information about Tod was "ambiguous and contradictory" and that "pioneer societies were not the best guardians of their history." All of this made Belyk's work doubly difficult.

John Tod was born in October 1794 in Scotland. He was the eldest of nine children in a religious middle class family. On June 26, 1811 he sailed for York Factory on Hudson Bay, finally reaching his destination on September 24th. He had signed on as an apprentice clerk to Lord Selkirk's agricultural society on the Red River; however, due to their late arrival they were forced to spend the winter and work at various Forts on Hudson Bay. He ended up serving his apprenticeship with the Hudson's Bay Company and was eventually put in charge of various Forts near and around Hudson Bay. In 1820, the Hudson's Bay Company and the North West Company consolidated, and by 1823 over two hundred employees had been laid off because of over-staffing. Tod was fortunate to have retained his job but after a disagreement with Governor George Simpson he was sent to New Caledonia. He left behind his 'country wife' and five year old son and after a long and arduous trip, he finally arrived at Fort McLeod. He managed the Fort well and turned a profit but because of Simpson's dislike for him, there was little chance for promotion. Finally though, in the spring of 1834, he was promoted to Chief Trader.

From his arrival in Canada in 1811 his retirement to Victoria in 1850, his life and that of all others working for the Company was very difficult and often times life threatening, considering the modes of transportation, forms of housing, and remoteness of the locations of the Forts. As in Tod's case, if the Committee or Governor Simpson didn't like you, you were destined to the furthest outposts with little chance for promotion.

Even after retirement, life in frontier British Columbia was not easy, but Tod did survive and he was the last of his generation of fur trade officers, dying on August 31, 1882. Tod Inlet on the west side of the Saanich Peninsula near Victoria and Tod Mountain, a rugged peak near Kamloops, commemorate this tough old fur trader. Belyk ends his book by saying "It is not difficult to imagine it (Tod Mountain) as the embodiment of the old trader himself, standing a little apart from his comrades and looking ever northward toward that inhospitable stepmother, New Caledonia."

The entire book gives an interesting insight into life in early Canada and especially British Columbia in the first half of the 19th century – something that is not always truly written about. Belyk's bibliography is extensive and he has done his research well. The book is well organized and written and has pictures and maps nicely dispersed throughout.

To end, the following quote from the back cover sums it up: "This definitive biography presents the picture of an unusual man in an exciting era."

Robert W. Allen.

Robert Allen is a Professional Land Surveyor living in Sechelt, B.C. and is Chairman of the Historical and Biographical Committee of the Corporation of Land Surveyors of the Province of British Columbia.

Pilgrims In Lotus Land; Conservative Protestantism in British Columbia 1917-1981. Robert K. Burkinshaw. McGill-Queen's University Press, 1995. 353 p., map. $44.95.

Unlike European settlers elsewhere in the

Americas, few immigrants to British Columbia have been inspired by either missionary zeal or the need to flee religious persecution. In this most secular of the provinces, fewer and fewer people even pretend to belong to any denomination. Robert Burkinshaw identifies a major exception to this general slippage, in the continuing growth and diversity of conservative Protestant groups. The history of these groups provides insights into the demography of Vancouver and the Lower Mainland in particular, and into the political evolution of the province as a whole.

"Conservative Protestant" in not quite synonymous with "fundamentalist", but, in Burkinshaw's words, "highlights the desire to conserve traditional doctrines and strong evangelist thrust, but not necessarily with a high degree of militancy and separatism." His definition can thus include conservatives within mainline Protestant denominations (Anglican, Methodist, Presbyterian, United), all those concerned in 1917 and later that the authority of the Bible was being trampled in the rush to go along with modernism and the spirit of the age. Necessarily, as he investigates the period after 1920, his focus is on Baptists, Plymouth Brethren, Pentecostals, Mennonites, charismatics, and the myriad sects and chapels whose zeal for personal evangelism has made them the major Christian presence in British Columbia. Zeal for "church-planting", reinforced by immigration from the Prairie Provinces and Europe, significantly affected the population of the lower Fraser Valley and many regions of the interior. Conservative theology and evangelism were accompanied by a suspicion of a "social gospel" which increasingly permeated the mainline churches with the implications that "social transformation could be achieved by human effort apart from the conversion of the individual." After World War II, this suspicion dovetailed with the Cold War suspicion of socialism to strengthen the ranks of the Social Credit party. Burkinshaw's dispassionate account does much to illuminate the process.

This is a scholarly book. Robert Burkinshaw is chair and associate professor of history and political science at Trinity Western University, and in his own work offers proof of that institution's claim to a high standard of academic excellence. His presentation of facts and erudite analysis is backed by fifty pages of notes and bibliography. He seldom reveals personal bias, except in his possibly ironic use of the word "respectable" when referring to mainline denominations and colleges. For the most part, he writes about groups and institutions rather than individuals. When he does discuss personalities, he refrains from character sketches or gossipy biographies, coming closest in his sympathetic treatment of the Rev. Walter Ellis and his somewhat bemused description of the "effervescent" Phil Gaglardi, whose evangelistic fervour propelled him into the Socred cabinet.

One does find, as happens in all good history books, old facts from a new perspective. We learn, for instance, that the 1949 fall of the Chiang Kai-shek regime in China necessitated the closing of the China Inland Mission in Vancouver and thereby caused the decline of the formerly flourishing Vancouver Bible Training School.

So, is this book only for students and researchers? I don't think so.

My first encounter with **Pilgrims in Lotus Land** occurred at a conference of worried "mainline" Christians. The speaker knocked the socks off his audience by quoting Professor Burkinshaw's eloquent statistics. Protests and schism in defence of one's beliefs may be signs of life, and splinter groups may promote growth: a subversive and not entirely "respectable" message in a postmodern era.

Phyllis Reeve.
Phyllis Reeve is the author of Every Good Gift: a history of S. James Vancouver, 1881-1981.

Women of the Klondike. Frances Backhouse. North Vancouver, Whitecap Books, 1995. 212 p., illus., paper, $16.95.

The book, describing women's part in the Klondike Rush, is a deceptively easy read. A second reading brings the realization that this is not from lack of content but rather from the writer's skill in focusing on her subject and in combining many women's stories into a composite portrayal. It may be unusual for a review but a list of the chapter headings shows how this has been achieved:

1. **First Women of the Klondike:** The Kate Carmack story and the Klondike Discovery of 16 August 1896.
2. **Women on the Gold Rush Trail:** Women's experiences on the various routes to the Klondike.
3. **Loyal Wives and Hopeful Spinsters:** Mainly women who accompanied their husbands to the north.
4. **Ministering to the Wants of Helpless Masculinity:** The entrepreneurs: seamstresses, dressmakers, restaurant and hotel owners and laundry operators.
5. **Come and do a Shuffle with me, Sam:** The entertainers, dance hall girls and prostitutes.
6. **Hunting for Souls in the Gold Fields:** The nuns and missionaries.
7. **The New Women in the North:** The nurses, doctors and journalists.
8. **With Shovel and Gold Pan:** The women involved in mining both as owners and operators.
9. **"Doing the Klondike"** The tourists.
10. **Woman holds the Field:** More women arrive and by 1900 Dawson is no longer a male-dominated frontier boom town.

The Klondike, discovered at a time of great economic uncertainty, brought on a gold fever bordering on mass hysteria that infected both men and women throughout the world. Some taking part in the rush may well have looked back in their later years and wondered what led them to follow an impossible dream. Each person's experience was different and now one hundred years later it seems pointless to attempt a broad analysis. However, the composite portrayal developed in this excellent book gives a glimpse of the many and varied parts women played in those exciting years.

Lewis Green.
Green is a member of the Vancouver Historical Society.

Readers – Do you know a student who could use this information? Please share the following guidelines:

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The British Columbia Historical Federation awards a $500.00 scholarship annually to a student completing the third or fourth year at a British Columbia college or university.

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The British Columbia Historical News
P.O. Box 5254, Stn. B
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Any book presenting any facet of B.C. history, published in 1996, is eligible. This may be a community history, biography, record of a project or an organization, or personal recollections giving a glimpse of the past. Names, dates and places, with relevant maps or pictures, turn a story into "history."

The judges are looking for quality presentations, especially if fresh material is included, with appropriate illustrations, careful proofreading, an adequate index, table of contents and bibliography, from first-time writers as well as established authors.

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