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BRITISH COLUMBIA HISTORICAL NEWS

VOLUME 17, No. 3
1984



- John Aitken, Amateur Photographer
- The Hartley Road, Moberly
- A Tribute to Dorothy Blakey Smith

On the cover ...

The white handkerchief drops, and they're off! Amateur photographer John Aitken caught the intensity, determination ... and cheating ... of a May 24th egg and spoon race at Mayne Island in 1913. (Photo courtesy Anna DeRousie)

...Story starts on page six

MEMBER SOCIETIES



Member societies and their secretaries are responsible for seeing that the correct addresses for their society and for its member subscribers are up-to-date. Please send changes to both the treasurer and the editor whose addresses are at the bottom of the next page. The Annual Report as at October 31 should show a telephone number for contact.

Member dues for the year 1982-83 (Volume 16) were paid by the following member societies:

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Chemainus Valley Historical Society, P.O. Box 172, Chemainus, B.C. V0R 1K0
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The Hallmark Society, 207 Government Street, Victoria, B.C. V8V 2K8

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The B.C. Historical Federation gratefully acknowledges the financial assistance of the British Columbia Heritage Trust.

From the Editor

A wealth of historical information is stored away in old photograph albums, and musty boxes of negatives—perhaps even on glass plates that have survived intact for almost a century. This issue contains just one example of the amateur photographer's art at the turn of the century. Do you know of any more?

If you have a photograph collection that illustrates some important aspect of British Columbia history, please consider sharing it with our readers. Photographic stories are eligible for the writing contest.

— Marie Elliott

NEXT ISSUE

Deadline for submissions for the next issue of the **Historical News** is June 1, 1984. Please double space. Mail to the Editor, *B.C. Historical News*, 1745 Taylor Street, Victoria, B.C. V8R 3E8.

WINNERS ANNOUNCED FOR WRITING COMPETITION 1983

The British Columbia Historical Federation wishes to acknowledge and encourage writers who are recording any facet of history within our province. The first annual writing competition brought in a variety of articles and nineteen entries in the book category. Overall the quality of submissions was very high. The books submitted will be on display at the convention in Vernon, and will be listed in the next issue of this magazine.

Honorable mention was awarded to Mr. J.B. Glanville and his publications committee for the *Boundary Historical Society—9th Report*, and to John Adams of Victoria for *Historic Guide to Ross Bay Cemetery*.

The winner of the 1983 competition is Mrs. Daphne Sleigh of Deroche, for *Discovering Deroche: from Nicomen to Lake Errock*.

The best article award was given to Shirlee Smith Matheson for "Learning Our Legends Through the Hudson's Hope Museum".

Our congratulations to these writers, and a thank you to all who participated. We hope to make formal presentations to each of the winners at the banquet at the British Columbia Historical Federation Convention in Vernon, on Saturday, May 5, 1984.

—Naomi Miller

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Writing Competition



The British Columbia Historical Federation invites submissions of books or articles for the second annual competition for writers of British Columbia history.

Any book with historical context published in 1984 is eligible. Whether the work was prepared as a thesis, or a community project, for an industry, or an organization, or just for the pleasure of sharing a pioneer's reminiscences, it is considered history as long as names, locations, and dates are included. Stories told in the vernacular are acceptable when indicated as quotations of a story teller. Please include the selling price of the book, and an address from where it may be purchased.

Submit your book with your name, address, and telephone number to:

British Columbia Historical Federation
c/o Mrs. Naomi Miller
Box 105,
Wasa, B.C. V0B 2K0

Book contest deadline is January 31, 1985.

There will also be a prize for the writer submitting the best historical article published in the *British Columbia Historical News* quarterly magazine. Articles are to be submitted directly to:

The Editor,
British Columbia Historical News,
1745 Taylor Street,
Victoria, B.C. V8R 3E8

Written length should be no more than 2,000 to 3,000 words, substantiated with footnotes if possible, and accompanied by photographs if available. Deadlines for the quarterly issues are September 1, December 1, March 1, and June 1.

A Message from the President

It hardly seems possible we are looking forward to the end of our first year as a federation. It has been a very busy year for the members of the executive, what with the new constitution and other rules and regulations.

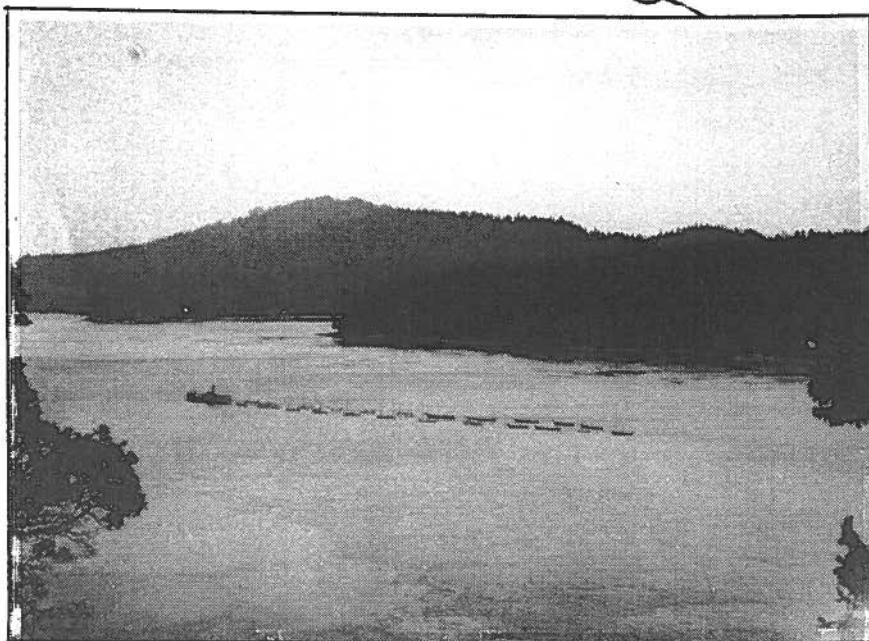
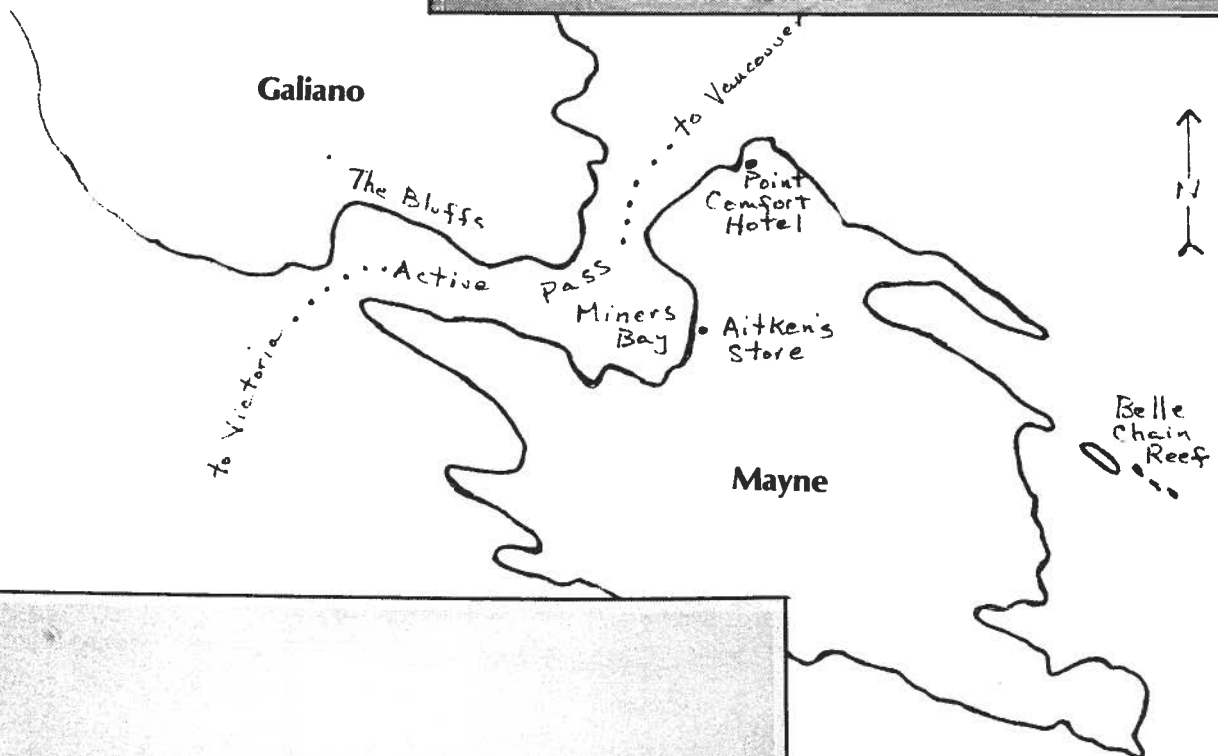
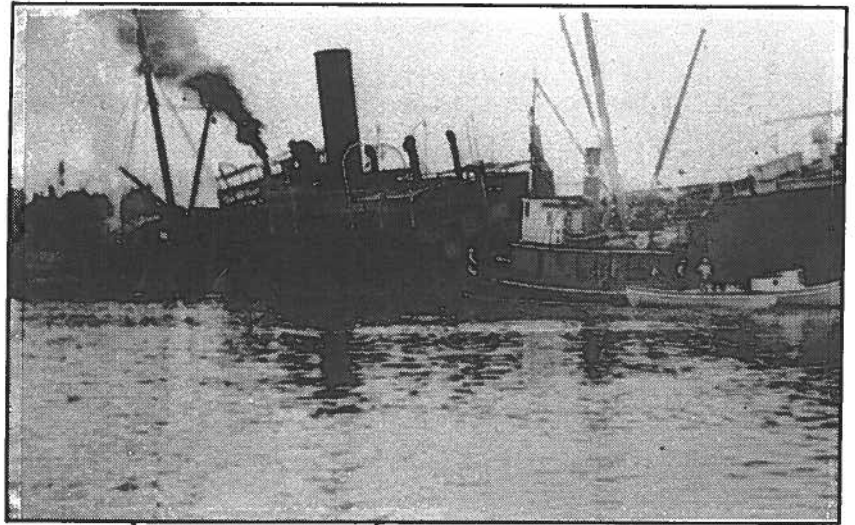
I would like to thank my executive for a year of accomplishment, and my committees for carrying out their duties so diligently. A very special thanks to Dr. Pat Roy for the time and expertise she has given to our past editor Maureen Cassidy, and our present editor, Marie Elliott. It is the devotion of people like Dr. Roy which makes a project of this nature successful.

The report from our convention centre this year in Vernon sounds very exciting. I do hope you will all be able to attend and take advantage of the opportunity to learn a little of the history of this area, and the part it played in the development of the history of British Columbia.

See you in Vernon the first week in May.

Barbara Stannard

Bound for Vladivostock with railroad equipment, the *Kenkon Maru* #3 was holed on Belle Chain Reef during a severe snow storm in January 1916. Termed one of the worst wrecks ever hauled out at the Esquimalt drydock, Japanese salvage experts worked for six months before the ship was refloated. The salvage tug *Dola* from Vancouver Dredging and Salvaging Company. is standing by while one of four attempts is made to refloat the vessel.



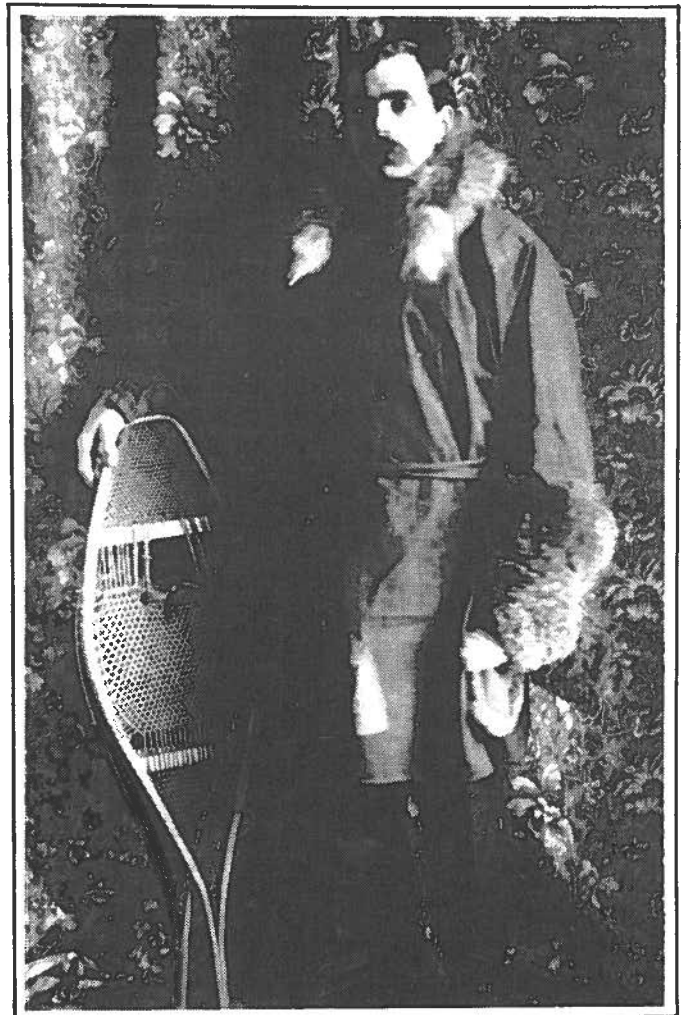
At the beginning of the fishing season, steam tugs brought flotillas of Indian sailboats and canoes from the West Coast of Vancouver Island to the Fraser River. From "the Bluffs" on Galiano Island, John framed the *Squid* and her tow entering Active Pass, ca. 1905.

Marie Elliott

JOHN AITKEN, AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER

The amateur photographer has played an important part in documenting British Columbia history. In rural areas, especially, beginning at the turn of the century, he or she recorded social history that eluded professional photographers in the cities. By 1900 new techniques made the camera a popular acquisition for the novice. A "dry plate" process had replaced the difficult "wet plate" process of earlier years for glass plates, and negative film had been introduced which would soon make the plates obsolete. Often employing second-hand equipment, and with makeshift darkrooms, these self-taught photographers managed to produce excellent camera work. In many cases their photographs are the only evidence we have of a building or major event of the time.

Whether capturing the annual migration of Indian fishing families to the Fraser River, the intensity of an egg and spoon race (see cover), or two proud young Japanese families, John Aitken's photographs are a prime example of the contribution amateur photographers have made to the visual history of British Columbia. John arrived in Victoria as a young lad of twelve from Scotland in the late 1880s. One of his first jobs was as a milkman's helper, ladling milk from a can into housewife's pitchers, but by the late 1890s he had married, and purchased his camera, probably a second-hand model. It was a large, clumsy contraption, his daughter Anna De Rousie remembers, with storage sections for glass negatives, a tripod, and the traditional black cloth. In 1898 John took his camera with him to the Klondike, lugging it over the Chilkoot Pass. At the end of the season he returned to Victoria with a permanent record of his adventures, and two gold nuggets for his first-born daughter.



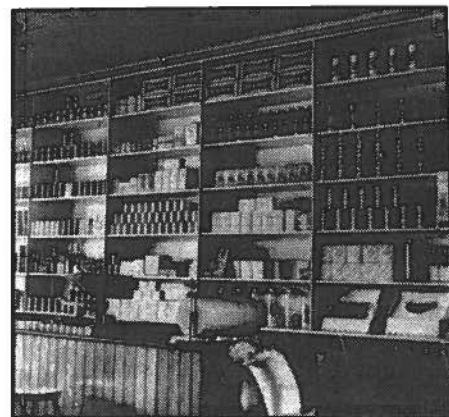
John Aitken, bound for the Klondike in 1898.



John Aitken proudly photographed his first home on Mayne Island, which was an essential part of any rural community, the grocery store.

Shortly thereafter, the Aitken family moved to the Gulf Islands. They lived on Moresby, then Galiano, and finally Mayne Island. The photographs that John continued to take as a hobby for the next twenty years represent one of the finest visual accounts we have of social events in the Gulf Islands between 1900 and 1920. Anna remembers her father being very fussy over details, even when arranging a casual picnic gathering for the camera. The pictures shown here confirm that he had a sharp eye for composition and lighting, and excellent timing in capturing the "right moment". A keen historical sense is displayed also in the photographs of the *Egeria* at anchor in Miners Bay, and the *Kenkon Maru* #3 on Belle Chain Reef, which were once-in-a-lifetime events.

John's first home on Mayne Island, the Mayne Island Store, built ca. 1900, and purchased from Eustace Maude in 1909, is still used as a private residence. It is one of the few buildings remaining that he skillfully recorded for posterity.



The author wishes to thank:

Anna DeRousie, John Aitken's daughter, for generously permitting the use of her father's photographs.

David Mattison, archivist with Sound and Moving Images Division, Provincial Archives, for his professional advice. David is preparing a directory of photographers in British Columbia prior to 1900.

Robert Spearing, Department of Education, Victoria, for his expert knowledge of West Coast marine history that he is currently researching.



Riding majestically at anchor in Miners Bay, the survey ship HMS *Egeria* was photographed in 1904. Built in 1873, the ship served on the China Station, and came to Esquimalt in 1898. The 940 ton, 4-gun screw sloop was scuttled at North Vancouver in 1913.

Designed by architects Soule and Day of Victoria in 1892, to emulate an old English inn, the Point Comfort Hotel offered thirty bedrooms and "all the pleasures of the bar" to local residents and middle class vacationers from the mainland at the turn of the century. The building reverted to a private residence in 1910, and was demolished in 1958.





Yuso Adachi and Kataro Kadonaga, and their families in 1915. The Japanese residents formed one-third of the population on Mayne Island by 1940. Their relocation in 1942 was a great loss, socially and economically, to the community.

Victoria Day celebrations, May 24th, began early in the settlement history of British Columbia. While the day had patriotic overtones, it was also a major social gathering in rural communities after a long winter, and spring planting was done. Mothers pored over catalogues well in advance to ensure that their families would be dressed in their very best. ca. 1913



Kay (Hartley) Piersdorff

THE HARTLEY ROAD

The Hartley Road, which was named after my father, George Williamson Hartley, runs from the Trans-Canada Highway at Moberly, up the hill toward Moberly Mountain. It crosses the Upper Donald Road, which my father also had a hand in building, and leads to the land that was the Hartley homestead from 1912 until about 1930, when the land was sold for taxes. Moberly is approximately six miles west of Golden, in British Columbia.

I have been able to piece together the story of that time when the Hartleys lived at Moberly, and the Hartley Road was built. It is a story of hardship, of courage, and often of despair; and it is a story of a gentle man and an indomitable woman who succeeded better than they ever knew.

George Williamson Hartley was born in Butler County, Ohio, in 1878. He was the fifth child in a family of ten. He had planned to become an electrical engineer, and had completed the first year of his University training when two things happened to change both his plans and his life. His father died, leaving no money for University, and he himself caught typhoid fever. After he recovered, he realized that the dream of being an electrical engineer had to be abandoned. He made the decision to train for the Ministry, since he had always maintained close ties with his church. He took his theological training at Dayton, Ohio, but he was not ordained at the time of his graduation. In those early days, the prospective minister was ordained when a congregation called him. Apparently there were no openings at that time.

My father got a job with the Y.M.C.A.; his task was to go to cities and towns where there was not yet a Y.M.C.A. to help build one.

George Hartley married Daisy (Jane) May O'Bannon in 1902, and from then on, he moved his family yearly. David was born in Mattoon, Illinois, in 1903. George Jr. was born in Danville, Illinois in 1904, and James was born in Pontiac, Illinois in 1906.

Then, once again back in Mattoon, George and Daisy were given the choice between going to New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, or out to Washington State, for the Y.M.C.A. The choice was left to Daisy. Because she did not know anything about either place, and New Glasgow was closer to home, she chose New Glasgow. And thus the Hartleys came to Canada in the spring of 1909.

While George worked sixteen hours a day to establish a Y.M.C.A. in New Glasgow, Daisy kept busy with her children, and added to the family. Margaret was born that fall in New Glasgow.

To Field

In the spring of 1911, the Home Mission Superintendent for the Presbyterian Church came to New Glasgow. He was seeking a man to go West where "Men were men, and needed to be saved", as he put it. He decided my father was the right man for the job.

The man who was to go forth and save Western souls had to be an ordained Minister. The Presbytery of New Glasgow got busy and admitted my father as a Licentiate of the Presbyterian church. He was ordained on July 4th, 1911.

John was born two weeks later. When he was just three weeks old, my father took his family back to Mattoon to stay with his mother until he could send for them. He went on to Winnipeg, expecting to meet the Home Superintendent there. To his dismay, he found the Superintendent had left on a lengthy visit out West. Father had to find his own way out to Field, B.C. where his mission was to begin.

In October of 1911, mother and her five children, ranging in age from three months to eight years, left to go to Field. They were accompanied by her widowed father, George O'Bannon, who came along to help her with the young children. From Winnipeg, they travelled in a Colonist car, with wooden slat-seats and a big stove at one end of the car.

During the train journey west, one of the children picked up scarlet fever. When they arrived in Field, they were placed in quarantine. My father had found a house for them; it was little more than a shell held together with wallpaper, and for twelve very long weeks, over the Christmas season as well, the family stayed isolated in that small house.

Father had a mission to perform, so he stayed in a small shack nearby and brought mother the food and fuel that she needed, handing it all through the window. Milk and bread came from Calgary, and like fuel, were very expensive.

That was a dreadful winter, and one from which my mother did not readily recover. During the time that she was confined to the house, nursing her sick children and almost losing young George in the battle, father learned of land near Golden, in the Forest Land Reserve, that was being thrown open for settlers. Father and grandfather O'Bannon decided to go and get some of the land.

To Moberly

On the advice of a family named Bergenham, who had lived in the district since 1897, Grandfather O'Bannon took out land at the upper end of a wood-cutting road, at Moberly. The land was taken in his name at the time because he was able to stay on it and prove it out, while father had to return to Field. Grandfather, who was a carpenter by trade, set up a tent with a small stove in it, took out his tools, and set to work to build the nucleus of the home that was to shelter the Hartley family. He chopped down slim firs to use as supports, and with the lumber that had been sent up from Golden, he made an eighteen by twenty room, with a single-slope roof. The floor was still a dirt one when the family came from Field in May, and there was still snow on the ground.

Father was given the charge of a Presbyterian Church as Nakusp, along with several other small places on the Arrow Lakes, including Brouse, so he was often away from home. Mother and Grandfather cleared the brush around the stumps left when the land was logged out. Some of the stumps, especially the cedar ones, were four feet across, and presented quite a problem in preparing enough land for a decent sized garden.

Grandfather laid the floor for the big room he had built, which was later to become the kitchen. The floor was essential, because mother had brought with her from Illinois the heavy oak chairs and sideboard that her father had made as a wedding gift.



At New Glasgow, N.S., October 1908

At first, until a viable well could be dug, water was obtained from Andrew Erickson's spring, a quarter of a mile away. While there was a creek just above the house, it was too small for such a large family. That first summer, two four-gallon kerosene cans on a shoulder yoke was the way mother and grandfather got the water from Mr. Erikson's spring.

There were several large flat rocks up the creek from the house, and this became mother's laundry room for the summer. She took her copper boiler, her wash tubs and washboard, her soap that she had made herself, and her family's clothes up to the rocks. She made a ring of rocks on one of the big flat ones, and lit her fire to heat the water in the boiler. She set up a small tent for herself, and after she had done the wash, she slept at night in the tent, to keep an eye on both the fire and the clothes that she had strung out on lines between the trees.

Perhaps she welcomed the opportunity to get away for a while from the many demands that were made on her. She knew she could count on grandfather to take good care of the children.

That summer, mother's sister, Ethel O'Bannon, sent her young ward out to the homestead. Ethel was teaching school in Kenora, Ontario. One of her pupils was a young Indian boy named Robert Laurensen. When he was suddenly orphaned, Ethel adopted him. By the time he had reached the age of thirteen, he was too much for Ethel to cope with, and she felt he needed the regular family life. She sent him out to mother. Her wire saying he was on his way never got past Golden, and when the young thirteen-year old got off the train at Moberly, there was no one to meet him. He was a frightened boy until he found someone to tell him how to get to the homestead.

Once there, he quickly became one of the family. He taught David and George how to make and use bows and arrows, and he knew how to handle a gun. In those days, the gun was part of every family's possessions. There were bears to frighten away, and rabbits to shoot for the table.

To Nakusp

Before winter set in, the family moved to Nakusp. Grandfather O'Bannon and Bobby stayed at the homestead, to finish the house before the family returned in the spring. They had only grandfather's Civil War pension to live on, and they almost starved that winter. Ethel came out, stayed with them a short while, and then went to Nakusp where she obtained work and sent her salary back to the homestead.

The house in Nakusp was much better than the one in Field. Though the Hatley family were crowded, they were comfortable and warm. They made an extra bedroom for the boys by closing in the porch with screening and canvas.

Father acquired a boat and added a motor to it, and he went up and down the Lakes to his charges on Sunday. Mother led the Young People's Society in the church at Nakusp on Sunday afternoon, and had the church all cleaned and ready for father to take the service Sunday night.

As was customary in those early days where there were no fast-food places and few restaurants, people who came in on the noon boat, which mother called the *Minto*, came to the minister's house for the noon meal. Mother had to find the extra food for the unexpected guests as well as for her large family. She never seemed to get the grocery bills paid off, but she was an expert in stretching a couple of chickens and a potato or two a long way.

Most of the clothing for herself and her children came from the 'Missionary Boxes' that were sent to the minister's family by the church. Luckily, mother was handy with a needle, and had an old treadle machine as well. She seldom needed a pattern. Before her marriage she had worked in a clothing factory in Mattoon, where she had done piece work. The clothes were 'hand-me-downs' though, and one of my sister's earliest memories are of dresses and skirts made from the clothes in the Missionary Boxes. Her dearest wish was to have something brand new and all her own.

The congregations at Nakusp and down the Lakes were happy ones. Mother's memories of those days at Nakusp were far happier than any since she had left New Glasgow.

In the spring of 1913, the family moved back to the homestead. Father decided that the work of clearing the land was not going quickly enough, mainly because there was not enough money for dynamite to move the big stumps. The only solution was a loan from the Land Settlement Board. Once the stumps were gone, mother and grandfather and Bobby were able to get a fairly big garden in.

Grandfather had built a barn, and had added the lean-to onto the house. They put in the root cellar in the sandy soil to hold their vegetables for the winter; they got a cow, another horse and some chickens; they put in a strawberry patch; and they settled in.

Father took out a claim on the piece of land above that of Grandfather O'Bannon's, put up a tent with a small cookstove, and stayed there to prove out his land that summer. He was privately admitting that being dependent on the Home Mission Field to clothe and feed his family was not the best way to go. For a while, although he could not abandon his ministry, he took on other jobs and interests.

The people in the Moberly area felt that they were badly in need of a school. Ethel was teaching my brothers and Bobby at home, but a school was in order if enough children could be found to make the provincial government agree to finance the building of the school. The number of children in the district exceeded the number required, so the money came to start building the road to where the school was to be built.

Father 'straw-bossed' the building of the road, through our land. The road was later to become the Upper Donald Road. He also worked as secretary for the local Farmer's organization, and helped to set up a Creamery in Golden.

On June 18th, 1913, he became a naturalized Canadian citizen in the Court of the East Kootenays. His witness for that ceremony was C.R. Parsons, of Golden.

That summer, mother thought she should do something to bring in money as well. She went to Calgary and took a seven-week course in demonstrating and selling a product called Mapleine. Mapleine is a maple-flavoured extract that is in use to this day. Mother was to be paid twenty-five dollars a month, plus her railway fare, to go on the C.P.R. to various towns and demonstrate the product in British Columbia.

When the course was over, she was allowed to work her way home from Calgary, going on to Revelstoke before she finally got back to the homestead. She reached Golden at noon, and decided to stop over at the homestead for one night before going to Revelstoke.

She left her trunk at Golden, took her kimono wrapped in a newspaper with her, and set off for home. The new road had been built while she was gone, and it confused her. She got lost. She eventually found that she was on a wood-cutting road that seemed to be leading around Moberly Mountain.

Somewhere along the way she had taken off the jacket to her new navy blue suit that she had made especially for the new job. And somewhere along the way she had lost it. By sundown, she knew that she was well and truly lost. As darkness fell, she curled up in a hollow, and with her kimono and newspaper over her, she spent a fitful night.

She was up with the dawn, and she hitched her hobble skirt up around her knees, took a sighting on the Selkirks across the river, and set out. She finally found her way home. She got there twenty-four hours after she had left Golden. That evening she and father took the horses and tried to retrace her steps, hoping to find her suit jacket. They were not successful. Mother took the midnight train to Revelstoke to demonstrate and sell the Mapleine. Like my father, mother had many talents, and selling was one of them.

On one of her trips with the Mapleine, she went to Hedley. She was able to talk the manager of the coal mine there into allowing her ... in fact, he personally escorted her ... into the mine to talk to the men. It sounds unbelievable, but she returned home with vivid memories of climbing down, and back up the ladder into the mine in a hobble skirt, and of very angry miners who felt that having a women in the mine would bring bad luck.

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On one occasion when she went to Revelstoke, she took the opportunity to talk with the man who supervised the schools in the Moberly-Golden district. The road-building to the Moberly school had been stopped because the money ran out when the war started in 1914.

The superintendent advanced the money to finish the road and get the school ready. In the fall of 1914, the Moberly school opened its doors. Its first teacher was my aunt, Ethel O'Bannon.

Mother recalled that year from the summer of 1914 to the winter of 1915 as being a very good time for the family on the homestead. She loved the mountain that she could see from her kitchen window; she called it her red-and-gold mountain, because when the sun was on it, it had a reddish-gold color that seemed to glow.

She had a Maytag washer that ran with a gasoline engine, and the engine also ran her churn. They had been able to get in on a butchered hog, and had plenty of chickens. The strawberry crop had been very good, and there were jars of preserves tucked away. They had milk and butter and cream, and a good stock of vegetables in the root cellar. For once, Mother felt she was getting on top of things at last, and she was content.

In December of 1915, two days after Christmas, my sister Jean was born. Miss Wright, who had taught with Ethel in Kenora, and had moved out to Victoria, came to visit us before Christmas. She was with mother for the birth, and though she had never seen a baby born, she was able to cope very well. Mother, of course, was an old hand at it. She had all her babies at home, and most of the time the baby arrived long before the doctor did. Jean was ten hours old before the doctor managed to get away from his busy practice in Golden and come to the homestead.

During the winter of 1915-16, father worked on the Connaught Tunnel through the Roger's Pass, at one time operating a steam shovel at the tunnel. It was a very hard winter for him; he was a quiet man and not at all suited for the type of labor he had to do to keep his family fed and clothed. There were many times during that winter when he really despaired of ever establishing a firm foundation for his family.

The Mill

In the spring of 1917, father and mother borrowed money from the United Grain Growers in Calgary and bought a sawmill at Parson, down the Columbia from Golden. They got good orders for the lumber in the mill and things began to look up. There was a busy sawmill at Golden, but there seemed to be enough work for both mills.

Mother had become very tired. She was pregnant again, and at forty she most likely felt that she had enough children. There seemed to be no end to the number of people in the house demanding her time and her energy. She had to help father with his orders for the mill as well. Ethel and Bobby were living in a small cabin up near the school, but mother had her six children and her father, and things seemed to pile up. Father was away most of the time at the mill.

Mother lost her patience, and asked her father to leave. He was seventy-nine. He never reproached her for what must have seemed like gross ingratitude. He went into Golden, deeded his land over to my father, and left for California.

I was born that summer. I was a puny wee thing who needed constant attention for the first few weeks of my life. Because I was so small, Ethel never realized that mother was pregnant, and mother took care not to let Ethel know. Ethel was away visiting neighbours when I decided to make my debut. Mother send David to get the horse and ride into Golden for the doctor. The horse sensed David's excitement, and ran away. David finally had to go into Golden on foot, running a

good part of the way. In Golden, the Methodist minister had the only car available. He brought the doctor and David home, but by then, I too was many hours old. Father was away at Donald, having made the trip early so he could be back before I came. He got home after the doctor had left.

When Ethel came home and found that there was yet another child in the house, and she with no idea that one was expected, she was furious. She left soon after, joining grandfather O'Bannon in California. They lived there until he died in 1927.

In the fall of 1917, father moved his family in to Golden, renting a house there. He needed mother to answer the telephone for the orders for the mill. All that winter, he and a man named Charlie Nicholson cut logs for the mill, snugging them behind a boom so that when the spring break-up came, they would be ready to be floated down to the mill.

The spring break-up became a raging torrent. The Columbia and the Kicking Horse Rivers went on a rampage, flooding their banks. Father had hired a watchman to keep an eye on the boom, with orders to let mother know if it looked as though it might give away. The watchman, alone and probably cold, fortified himself with liquid fire, and missed the boom's going completely. The logs floated past Parson, and on to the mill at Golden.

My father could not pay his workman and he lost the mill. Neither he nor mother thought of going back to the United Grain Growers to ask for help, which, as they learned much later, would have been gladly given to them. They had paid off the first loan in record time. By the time they knew that they could have had help, it was much too late.

Father went to Calgary in the summer of 1918, and got work with Mount Royal College as a Field Representative. Mother and the family followed him, and while they were in Calgary, they felt some of the effects of the great flu epidemic, although none of the family was seriously ill.

Nanaimo, McBride and Jasper

The Y.M.C.A. got in touch with father, and again gave him two choices of places to go, Nanaimo or Edmonton, Alberta. Again mother made the choice, and we went to Nanaimo, in the spring of 1919.

Nanaimo didn't want a Y.M.C.A. The Home Mission stepped in and sent father to McBride. We stayed on in Nanaimo, since there was no

place for a large family in McBride. At first, we lived on Townsite Road. To make ends meet, mother washed dishes at night in a restaurant downtown. She left home after her young children were in bed, and came back in the early hours of the morning, and she carried her gun with her because she had to walk both ways. Like Bobby, mother knew how to shoot.

Meanwhile father was sharing accommodations in McBride with the man who operated the town gambling house. To augment his salary, father got a moving-picture machine that was hand cranked, and showed pictures in a tent at McBride, at Lucerne, and above Otto's Pool Hall in Jasper. Later he obtained a Delco plant that ran on batteries, to run the moving pictures. David joined him in Lucerne in 1920, and helped run the movies

That summer father gave up the Home Mission Field for good. He could not feed, clothe and educate seven children on the money he got as a minister. He and David went to Jasper, and got work on the C.N.R. We joined them in March of 1921, and Jasper became our home.

Epilogue

It was to be fifty years before any of the Hartleys went back to the homestead at Moberly. Sometime during those years, mother had managed to find the man who had bought father's land, above the homestead, and she bought that land back from him. She couldn't locate the person who had bought the homestead itself, but in getting father's land back, she brought the family back full circle as well.

Kay Piersdorff is a resident of Salmon Arm. She returns to Moberly every year because, "The land and the mountain have a special pull on us. Whether we own it or not in the future, the homestead at Moberly will be a part of us as long as we live."



JOIN!



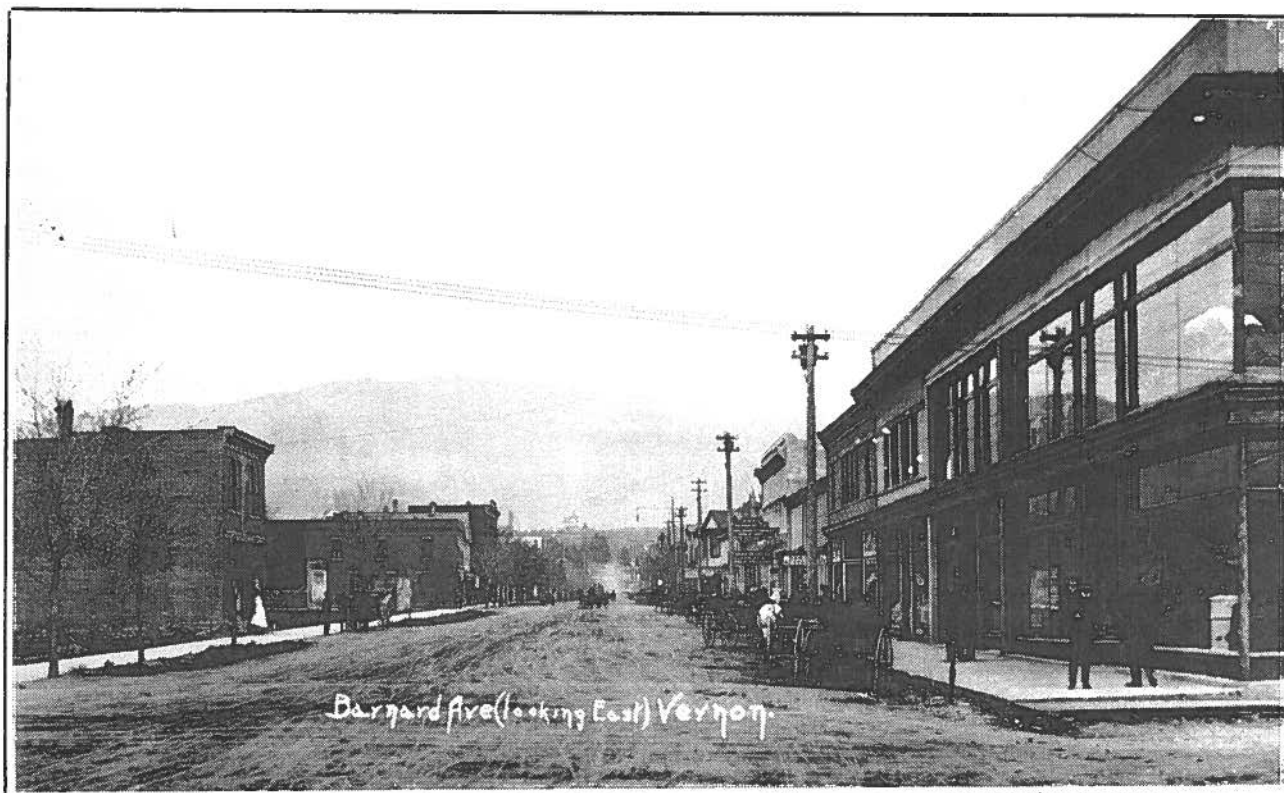
Why not join the British Columbia Historical Federation and receive the *British Columbia Historical News* regularly?

The BCHF is composed of member societies in all parts of the province. By joining your local society you receive not only a subscription to *British Columbia Historical News*, but the opportunity to participate in a program of talks and field trips, and to meet others interested in British Columbia's history and the BCHF's annual convention.

For information, contact your local society (address on the inside of front cover)... No local society in your area? Perhaps you might think of forming one. For information contact the secretary of the BCHF (address inside back cover).

VHS Book Sale

Please support the Vancouver Historical Society **BOOK SALE** at the British Columbia Historical Federation convention at Vernon, May 3-6.



BCHF

Annual Convention

VERNON 1984

Annual "get togethers" for organizations are usually an accepted fact—but when one can combine a working meeting with a "mini-holiday" so much the better.

For the Okanagan Historical Society—Vernon Branch—it is a distinct pleasure to host the 1984 B.C. Historical Federation's annual get-together.

Many of you know the Okanagan for its fruit, but the Okanagan is also renowned for many treasures—beautiful bodies of waters with names like Shuswap, Kalamalka, Skaha, Vaseaux, Tuc-el-nuit, and Osoyoos to mention only a few. You'll enjoy fragrant, colourful desert country, green, lush hillsides—sage—brown grasses—wild flowers in a mass of colours that only Mother Nature could paint.

Incorporated in 1892, Vernon lies at the confluence of 5 valleys. When the early fur trade and mining fever faded—cattle provided new opportunities. The railroad came in 1891 and Sternwheelers on Okanagan Lake offered a

sense of continuity to the Valley and generated greater growth. We do have a storied past.

The Vernon Historical group has planned a busy three day agenda—so come prepared to keep on the move. You will visit two historic cattle ranches—the O'Keefe Ranch with its museum, and the still very active Coldstream Ranch. A visual presentation will introduce you to the Okanagan from the desert border country to the lush green areas of the mainline in the north.

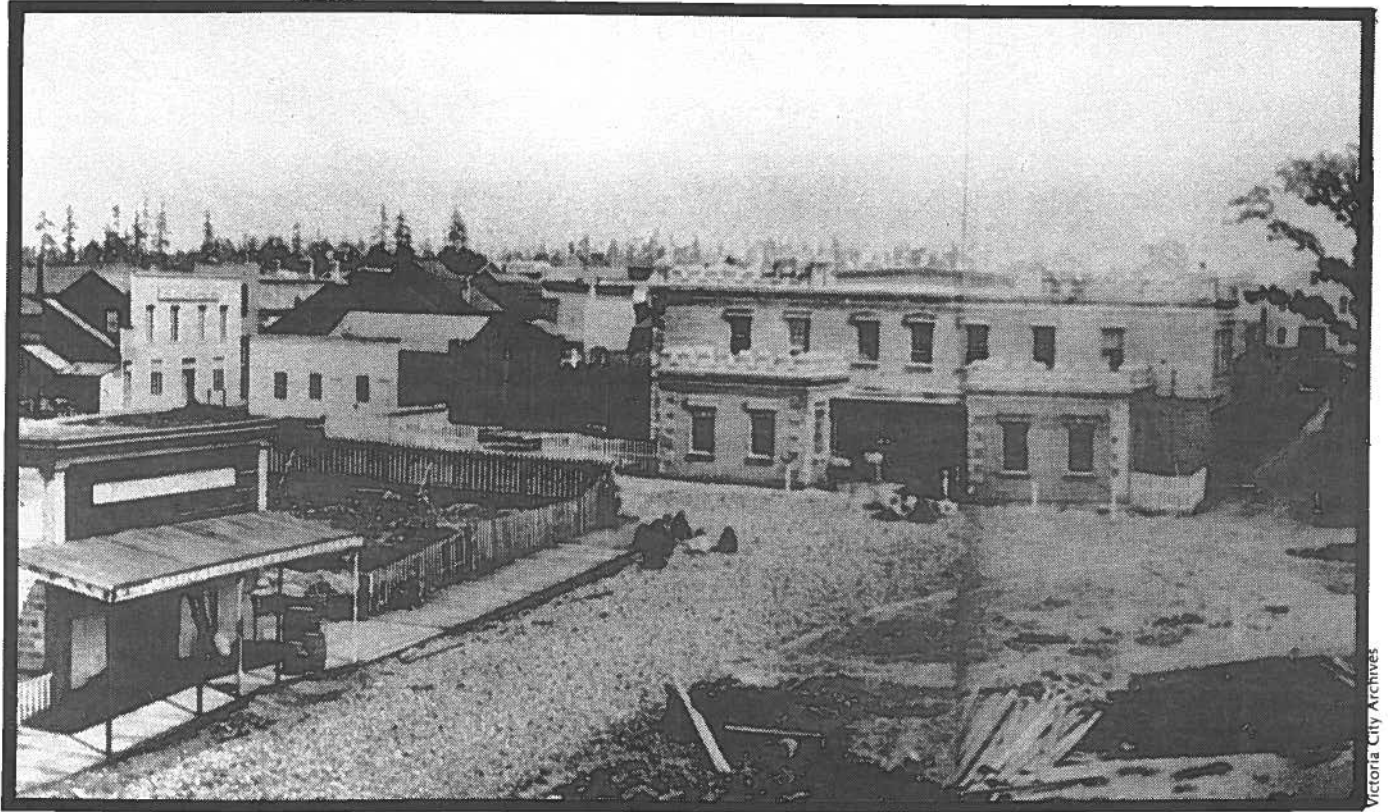
Our featured speaker at the annual banquet will be the very well respected Historian, Dr. Margaret Ormsby. The subject will be "Growing up in the Okanagan".

Again, we invite and urge all B.C.H.F. members to attend the annual conference in Vernon—May 3, 4, 5, 6, 1984.

Headquarters are at the Village Green Inn.

For further information please contact: Hugh Caley, Okanagan Historical Society, Vernon Branch, 2101-12th Street, Vernon, B.C. V1T 3S5, Phone number: 112-542-0562.

Discovery: Prisons' Regulation Act



Victoria City Gaol, Bastion Square ca. 1865

Regulations regarding Visitors.

—o—

1. Visitors may be allowed to see prisoners under sentence on Saturdays, between the hours of 1 and 4:30 p.m.
2. On Sundays, from 1 to 2:30 p.m., and from 4 to 4:30 p.m.
3. Visitors may be allowed to see prisoners awaiting "trial" at any hour between 10 a.m. and 4:30 p.m. (excepting on Sunday, when Rule 2 must be followed), provided the business to be transacted is of such importance.
4. No visitor shall be allowed in the Gaol or to speak with prisoners at any time, except with the permission of the Officer in charge of the Gaol, and a Gaol Official must be present at all interviews unless otherwise ordered.
5. No visitor shall be allowed to enter or remain in the Gaol at any other hours than those specified, without the written permission of the Superintendent of Provincial Police or the Warden of the Gaol.
6. All visitors are requested to make their visits as brief as possible.

Prisons' Regulations Act.

—o—

Scale of Dietaries for use in Provincial Gaols.

1. No beer or wine, or fermented or spirituous liquors of any kind, shall be allowed to prisoners, or permitted within the Gaol, unless specially ordered by the Gaol Surgeon, such order to be recorded in his Journal, together with the name of the prisoner for whom the article is ordered.

2. No smoking shall be allowed, nor shall any tobacco be permitted in the Gaol, except by order of the Gaol Surgeon, such order to be recorded in his Journal, together with the name of the prisoner to whom the privilege is allowed.

3. No food of any kind shall be sold by any Gaol Officer to a prisoner, or by one prisoner to another; nor shall any Gaol Officer have any pecuniary interest, direct or indirect, in any food, clothing or other articles supplied to the prisoners; nor shall any Gaol Officer, or any member of his family, use any of the Gaol stores except for heating, lighting or cleaning the house or quarters allotted to him.

4. The Gaol dietaries shall be divided into two scales, viz:—

(1.) For prisoners awaiting trial, or under sentence with hard labour for a term of thirty days or under, where the labour is done in ordinary Gaol work.

(2.) For prisoners sentenced with hard labour for a term of over thirty days, and the labour consists of cutting wood, breaking stones, or is extra-mural.

5. The dietary under the foregoing scale shall be as follows:—

Scale No. 1

Breakfast.

One pint of gruel (made from oatmeal or Indian cornmeal) and eight ounces of bread every morning.

Dinner.

Five ounces of cooked meat (without bone), eight ounces of bread, and eight ounces of potatoes on three days of the week. Eight ounces of bread, one pound of potatoes, and one pint of gruel on two days of the week. One pint of soup and eight ounces of bread on two days of the week.

Supper.

One pint of gruel and eight ounces of bread every night.

Scale No. 2.

Breakfast.

One pint of gruel, eight ounces of bread, and one pint of pea coffee, sweetened with molasses or brown sugar, every morning.

Dinner.

Six ounces of cooked meat (without bone), eight ounces of bread, and eight ounces of potatoes on each day that hard labour is performed; otherwise Scale No. 1 to be followed.

One pint of gruel and eight ounces of bread every night.

Supper.

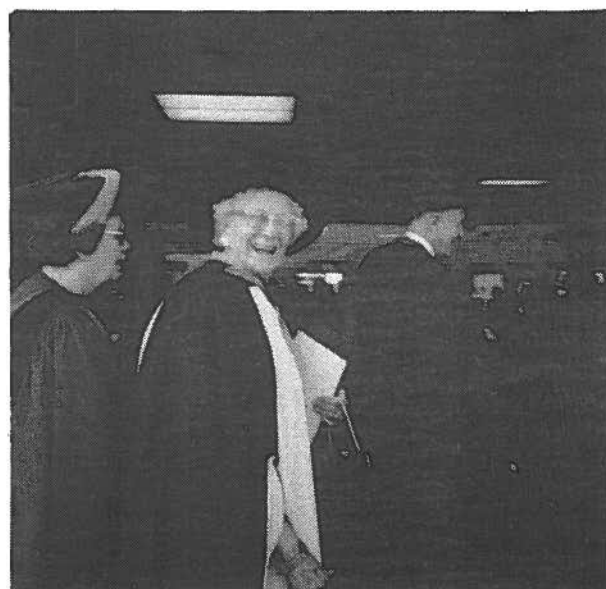
6. The oatmeal gruel shall contain two ounces of oatmeal to every pint of water, and the Indian cornmeal gruel two and a quarter ounces to the pint; the soup shall contain three ounces of cooked meat to the pint, and the usual quantity of vegetables, with pepper and salt. Pork may be used once a week instead of beef, but one ounce less in weight must be given than is named in the different scales; fish may also be substituted for beef once a week, in which four ounces more must be given than is named in the different scales; and all prisoners shall be allowed at their meals as much good water and salt as they desire.

Frances Gundry

Dr. Dorothy Blakey Smith

Dr. Dorothy Blakey Smith was closely associated with the Provincial Archives of British Columbia from 1956 until her death on December 10, 1983. She came to the archives in 1956 as a research assistant with the British Columbia Centennial Committee under Dr. Willard Ireland. In 1958 she became a permanent member of the staff and was, until her retirement in 1968, the archives' premiere researcher, working on special projects for Dr. Ireland, answering the majority of the reference letters received by the archives, editing articles submitted to the *British Columbia Historical Quarterly*, and writing articles and editing manuscripts for that journal herself. Researchers who came into the "old" archives will remember Dr. Blakey Smith and the invaluable reference service which she, together with Miss Inez Mitchell, then the Assistant Provincial Archivist, provided. Those using the new archives still receive enormous help from the hundreds of Dr. Blakey Smith's "memos" - the originals in her rather distinctive typing, all initialled D.B.S. and dated - to be found in the archives Vertical File.

Dr. Blakey Smith's career at the archives was only one phase of a varied, interesting and useful life. She had a remarkable academic record, winning the Governor General's medal both on matriculation and on her graduation from the University of British Columbia in Honours English in 1921. She taught school, first in Alberta, during the university vacations, and then, after obtaining her M.A. from U.B.C. in 1922, at the high school in Trail from 1922 to 1925. She then went to the University of Toronto, from which she received her M.A. in English in 1926. After a year as a Teaching Fellow at the University of Toronto and four years as an assistant in the Department of English at U.B.C., she went to the University of London for her Ph.D. in 1931. Dr. Blakey Smith completed the work for her degree in two years. When her thesis on the Minerva Press was



Dr. Dorothy Blakey Smith LL.D. 1978

published by the Bibliographical Society in 1939, the *Times Literary Supplement's* reviewer wrote "... it would be hard to find, granted the extent and obscurity of her subject, a piece of research more thorough, accurate, and intelligently planned than Miss Blakey's book ... the Minerva Press - the chief exponent of Gothic Romance - has been as completely charted as it is ever likely to be."

Following a delay caused by the depression, during which Dr. Blakey Smith marked papers and taught school in Vancouver, she rejoined the Department of English at U.B.C. in 1935. Any U.B.C. student who wrote an essay after 1939 will remember with gratitude "Blakey and Cooke" - *The Preparation of Term Essays* which she wrote with Albert C. Cooke of the Department of History. First published in 1939, it was last reprinted in 1974.

In 1948, Dr. Blakey Smith resigned as an Associate Professor of English to join her husband, F. Stuart S. Smith, whom she had married during the war, at the small, isolated forestry station of Thurston Bay on Sonora Island, north of Campbell River. The Smiths lived at Thurston Bay, where Mr. Smith was an engineer with the British Columbia Forest Service, until 1955. On Mr. Smith's retirement, they moved to a house on the waterfront in View Royal on the outskirts of Victoria. There they developed a beautiful garden in which Mr. Smith grew an exotic variety of fruits and vegetables. Mr. Smith died in the spring of 1982 and Dr. Blakey Smith continued to live in the house, which she dearly loved, until her own death.

After her retirement from the archives in 1968, Dr. Blakey Smith, as well as keeping in touch with her enormous number of friends, and maintaining her interest in music and the theatre, produced a body of work which many people would consider quite satisfactory for a lifetime. In addition to the autobiographical article which appears below, and which conveys a great deal of her charm, she wrote a biography of Sir James Douglas and a number of *articles for the Dictionary of Canadian Biography* and edited the letters of Sophia Cracroft, the reminiscences of her friend Gwen Suttie, and the reminiscences of John Sebastian Helmcken. In 1978 she was granted the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters by the University of British Columbia.

Dr. Blakey Smith's work brought her into the archives frequently. She was generous with her time, acting as the court of last resort for reference questions the staff could not answer. She was always the most welcome of researchers, cheerful, interesting, and interested in everyone. She set an extraordinarily high standard, both in her life and her work, and the staff of the Provincial Archives will miss her very much indeed.

Frances Gundry is Head of the Manuscripts and Government Records Section, Provincial Archives, Victoria.

Dorothy Blakey Smith

Early Memories of Vancouver

My first memory of Vancouver is of rain — steady persistent unrelenting rain — that poured down remorselessly (at least in my recollection, if not perhaps in the records of the weather office) for six solid weeks after my mother, my younger sister and my fourteen-year-old self arrived direct from England in late October 1913. I remember the trans-continental train pulling in to the long wooden platform beneath the red brick turrets of the old CPR station at the foot of Granville Street, and the relief with which our weary trio climbed down from the tourist sleeping car with its smell of babies and oranges, and its communal galley where the pots and pans slithered unendingly back and forth across the stove. I remember the lifting of my own personal nightmare that the bell-clanging monster would leave me behind, all alone in a foreign land, at some Prairie station where mother had sent me to forage for fresh milk or butter; and I remember anxiously scanning the crowd for my six-foot-one father's blue eyes and sandy moustache, and the shock of mild surprise to find his image more than a little blurred by nearly three years of separation.

My father had come out early in 1911, believing all the glossy propaganda so shamelessly put out by the CPR and the Government of British Columbia during the first decade of this century. He had found the Port Moody lots he had purchased, sight unseen, under water at high tide (or so the family legend insisted). He had very soon lost his capital, derived from the sale of the firm of cabinet makers and shopfitters he had owned and managed in England, by investing it in some fly-by-night Vancouver business whose books had been most competently cooked; and he had then been confronted everywhere by the sign "No Englishman need apply". Fortunately for him, the building boom in Vancouver had not

quite come to an end by 1911; and since he looked like a Scot, and did not speak with the accent of a remittance man, he managed to get work, first as a construction carpenter on a new Granville Street hotel, and then as a travelling salesman for the original Restmore Manufacturing Company, whose unpolished but refreshingly honest founder, F.H. Barber, was then in fierce competition for the business of supplying beds and furniture both to the citizens of Vancouver and also to the hotels and construction camps of the still developing hinterland. My father's adventures by four-horse stages and Indian canoe in the wilds of British Columbia are another story. But by the time he had scraped together enough money to send for his family, the boom had collapsed completely, and then came World War I.

Consequently family finances were far from stable when I was growing up in Vancouver. We lived at first in a five-room bungalow at the lower end of Maple Street in Kitsilano — not a fashionable part of town. The small brown-shingled house (now obliterated by apartments) followed a common Vancouver pattern: verandah across the front; door in the middle leading directly into the living room; kitchen behind containing a wood-and-coal-burning stove with a high warming oven and much shiny curlicue trim. I remember the sour smell of the wet fir slabs from the Rat Portage woodyard, piled in the back garden for my father to split for the stove, and the frustrated and sometimes even tearful rage of my gallant mother, accustomed to the dependable kitchen ranges of England, as she struggled, first to get the fire to burn at all, and then to keep it in long enough to cook the dinner in time for Father's return.

Outside the small front garden ran the usual three-plank, slippery-when-wet wooden sidewalk of those days, tall grass growing alongside and sometimes through the cracks. There were plenty of vacant lots still, where my little sister and her pals played after school among the salmonberry and elderberry bushes, the wild roses, lady slippers and skunk cabbages. A few blocks away was Kitsilano Beach. There were no "amenities" then, no tidy park, no landscaping, and few people. I remember the endless summer days (for it did finally stop raining) on the wide stretch of sun-warmed sand bordered by coarse grass and native bushes; the picnic meals, with a hole scooped out to make sitting more comfortable, and one's back against the logs so casually distributed by the winter storms; and the

expanse of sea between Point Grey and the Point Atkinson lighthouse that grew opalescent as the sun went down and a purple haze drifted across the Sleeping Beauty and her sister mountains on the north shore. We swam, too; and I still remember the scratchiness of my navy blue lustre bathing costume; a skirt well below the knee, trimmed with white braid, over a sort of romper suit with baggy bloomers and elbow-length sleeves that rubbed my upper arms raw until mother sewed silk patches inside.

The beach was the terminus of the Kitsilano tram line. Sometimes we went into the city on the street car, but more often than not, for my mother was a formidable walker, we would go across the trestle bridge over False Creek, proceeding in single file alongside the street cars themselves. Then as now, the principal streets were Granville and Hastings. The "quality" stores were Gordon Drysdale's and the Hudson's Bay; David Spencer's catered to the middle income. But we usually shopped at Woodward's, whose slogan was "We Sell Everything; the Best for Less", and who really did invent not only \$1.49 Day but its predecessor, 95 Cent Day — known to some of my contemporaries, though not in our family, as the Highland Games. For my sister and me, mother bought only what she must: buttoned boots, for instance, and sand-shoes; and coats, which she could not make herself as she did our dresses and hats. If we had too many parcels we might take the street car back; but usually, fortified sometimes by the treat of a sundae at Purdy's, we would walk home again across the trestle.

There was no Burrard Bridge in those days. Maple Street ran uphill from our house to the Fourth Avenue tram line that went over the Granville Street Bridge, but I don't remember using this street car, not even to go to "A.J. Parker Fresh Fish Daily" near the corner of Granville and Fourth, for the crabs or shrimps that were a favorite high tea on Saturdays, when father was at home. It was easier, too, to walk there than to ride my bicycle, which had come out with us from England, knocked down, in one of the packing cases marked "Settlers' Effects". Father had put it together again, and with another English exile I did ride it once in a while round Stanley Park. But in Vancouver in 1914 it was not the thing for females to ride bikes, and small boys jeered at us as we passed. And I certainly didn't need to ride to school, for Henry Hudson, which has survived in the same building to this day, was just across the street from our house.

Nobody need try to tell me that schooldays are the happiest time of one's life. My sister was young enough to slip easily into Canadian ways, but I was not; and I suffered. Everybody my age was wearing skirts and middie blouses then; and everybody, or so it seemed to me, had curly hair. English print frocks were all wrong; and mother could not afford to get rid of mine in exchange for the sword ferns or woven baskets brought by Indian women to our door. Long straight hair and granny glasses — why couldn't I have been born sixty years later? — were cause for mirth. My English accent (and I really couldn't help it!) was imitated to the point that I opened my mouth at school as little as possible. Worst of all, I was a short-sighted rabbit at games. At school in England these had been part of the curriculum, and everybody had played basketball and grass hockey, badly or otherwise, as a matter of course. I still remember the agony of those after-school games of girls' baseball in which I tried to take part; and the humiliation of being the last one to be picked up for the side by a captain at her wit's end. Even with the tennis racket used in those days by the girls instead of the regulation baseball bat, I was a total loss.

And I wasn't much happier in the classroom. I had been at a girls' high school in England, but now I must pass the entrance examination into the local high school system; and since I had not been enrolled at Henry Hudson until November there were eight months to be endured before I could even try the exam. In arithmetic, reading and spelling, grammar and composition, geography and drawing I was well in advance of my classmates — which was not conducive to popularity, in spite of the help with problems and parsing often asked and gratefully given. Of Canadian history I was abysmally ignorant — and I simply *had* to pass Entrance next June; family finances permitted no delay. The textbook was duller than ditchwater; the teaching, conscientious but uninspired; and I still remember the resentment with which I laboriously got up the details of the Family Compact or the Hincks-Morin ministry — if that's what the nadir of boredom was actually called.

Canadian history notwithstanding and to my own surprise, I won the Governor-General's bronze medal in the 1914 Entrance examination, and so passed on to King Edward High School. I had made two or three lifelong friends at Henry Hudson, but I have to admit that I left that institution a painfully shy and awkward adolescent, with few social graces and a

reputation as a "brain" — a reputation which I didn't want but couldn't afford not to have. Those first new months as a displaced person had shaken my once normal self-confidence pretty badly; and it was many a long year before I was able to contemplate without squirming most of my early memories of Vancouver.

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Editor's Note:

We neglected to mention in Vol. 17, No. 2, that Shirlee S. Matheson, author of "Learning Our Legends Through the Hudson's Hope Museum," is a native of Manitoba who has lived in Hudson's Hope and is now at Calgary. She has written numerous articles for literary and commercial magazines. She is presently preparing the biography of Father Emile Jungbluth, OMI, tentatively called *Priest of the Peace*, for publication.



WOMEN'S HISTORY IN BRITISH COLUMBIA CONFERENCE

Friday evening and Saturday
April 27-28, 1984
Camosun College
Young Building
Victoria, B.C.

TOPICS

Topics to be discussed at the Conference include:

- The B.C. Women's Institutes in Two World Wars
- B.C. Schoolgirls in the Business Boom
- Chinese Women in B.C., 1920-1930
- Equal Pay: A Retrospective
- Women in the Kitchen in the '20s
- Vancouver Club Women, 1910-1928
- Women in Politics: Mary Ellen Smith, Grace MacInnis, and Dorothy Steeves
- Mattie Gunterman (1872-1945): Pioneer Photographer
- Early Women Missionaries in B.C.
- Women's Historical Fiction: a Canadian Subject

REGISTRATION

Fees: \$25

\$15 (students and unemployed)

Send registration requests to:

Barbara Latham
Pacific Canada Research/Development
Centre
Camosun College
3100 Foul Bay Road
Victoria, B.C.
V8P 4X8

For further information, phone: 592-1281, local 337

(Hours: 12:30-4:30 pm)

News and Notes

Reports from the Branches

Chemainus

The "Festival of Murals" mural of Hong Hing, which we donated, was completed in 1983. Hong Hing was a very colourful personage for many years in Chemainus, and was known as the "Unofficial Mayor". A plaque was installed, giving us recognition.

A \$300.00 bursary was presented to a deserving student. Our work towards a museum is continuous. We sincerely hope our efforts will one day be rewarded in the not too distant future.

We enjoyed several outings. One was to the Black Nugget Museum in Ladysmith, which is privately owned and worthy of much praise. This museum can boast of being in a very historic building, brought in from the Extension mining site in the early 1900s. Known as the Jones Hotel, it was purchased by a lad of eighteen a few years ago, with no help of grants. This museum has the original bar room with "peek-a-boo" door, and the original bar complete with brass foot rail and spittoons.

—Audrey M. Ginn

BCHF Convention

Delegates to the annual convention are requested to bring a written report of their group's activities. This report will appear in the *Historical News*.

Please send an account of any special event to the Editor as soon as possible after it occurs. Include a photograph or newspaper clipping, where applicable.

Vancouver

In December we took part in the first annual Historic Church Tour, sponsored by seven of New Westminster's oldest churches. They arranged to open their buildings and provide guides for the visitors. We were permitted to tour Holy Trinity Cathedral, Knox Presbyterian Church, St. Paul's Reformed Episcopal Church, St. Mary the Virgin Anglican and St. Barnabas' Churches, Olivet Baptist Church, and St. Aiden's Presbyterian Church. Afterwards a large tea was supplied in St. Barnabas' Hall. The money raised went to the Food Bank.

The Native Daughters of B.C., Post No. 1, opened the doors of their Old Hastings Mill Store Museum for a special visit by members of the Vancouver Historical Society January 14. About 30 members of the Society took advantage of the occasion and an unusually fine day.

Among the many items crowded together in the building are a good collection of Native Indian artifacts, and early photographs of Vancouver people, landscapes, and events. The building is believed to be the oldest building surviving the Great Fire of June 1886. It was built about 1865 and served the Hastings Mill as store and post office. When the Mill buildings were to be demolished, the store was saved on the initiative of the Native Daughters, and moved by barge in 1930 to its present site.

—Marion E. Johnson and
Mary Rawson

From the Treasurer

At the meeting of the Council of the Federation held in Vancouver Museum on February 18 the Treasurer reported on a number of items.

The following figures constitute a comparison of the financial position as from January 31, 1983 to the same date in 1984: Dues/Subscriptions—\$5,540 down to \$3,450; Sales (of the magazine)—\$480 down to \$247; Interest—\$1,863 down to \$1,312; Exchange—\$40 down to \$3; Total Receipts (other than the Grant) \$9,865 down to \$5,279; and Expenses: B.C. HISTORICAL NEWS—\$8,214 up to \$10,665 (but for 3 complete and part of 2 issues); Secretarial—\$207 up to \$883. The Balance in the working Bank Account—\$8,594 down to \$4,822; and the Funds available for General Purposes—\$14,860 down to \$11,011.

It was not pleasing to have to report that there were 10 Member Societies that had not submitted a complete "Annual Return" by January 31. On the other hand, it was very satisfying to report that a new Subscriber (as from November 1983) had ordered a copy of all available back issues of the magazine. It was possible to let him have 32 issues.

As a result of letters to "Tax Interpretations, Excise Branch, Pacific Region" of Revenue Canada, we received a letter in December that stated THE BRITISH COLUMBIA HISTORICAL NEWS qualifies for exemption from Federal Tax. Somewhat similar letters to the Provincial Minister of Finance has resulted in an exemption from the payment of Provincial Sales Tax on materials which become a component part (ink, paper, binding elements, etc.) of the publication. The B.C. Heritage Trust has granted \$4,000, for one year, to further assist in the establishment of the B.C. HISTORICAL NEWS under our new revenue scheme.

Two Regulations under Bylaw 38 (on page 4 of the yellow insert in Vol. 17 No. 2) had additional wording approved by Council: Regulation 3, Membership—a new sub-clause "(6) DUES for an Affiliated Group are set as, and include, an Institutional Subscription to the magazine."; and to Regulation 7, Annual Return—

a new sentence "The Form, together with any monies owed to the Federation, is to be sent to the Federation Treasurer by the next, succeeding, December 31."

Two policy decisions were also adopted by Council without dissent: (1) "Institutions that have in the past subscribed through a Member Society at member's rates should be advised that they should pay for the rate for Institutional Subscribers" and (2) "That postage be charged for magazines that are not included in the regular mailing."

Another very important request regarding the B.C. HISTORICAL NEWS arose from the meeting: that all members and Member Societies should continually endeavour to increase the sales of the magazine. In particular it was requested that local book stores (especially independents) and similar outlets be approached with a sample issue of THE BRITISH COLUMBIA HISTORICAL NEWS to see whether a small (or large), regular, commercial order (say 5 to 10 copies) would be possible. The cost to the store would be 60% of the cover price (60% of \$3.50 is \$2.10) with return and credit privileges for unsold copies. Any such order is to be sent, with full particulars, to the Editor of the magazine.

Finally, an effort should be made to encourage societies that do not have the word History (or Historical) in the society name to join the Federation as an Affiliated Group. Such action will strengthen the influence of the Historical Federation. Further details are in the Bylaws, and any application to join should be sent to the P.O. Box number.

—J. Rhys Richardson

Back Issues of the News

Back issues of the News can be ordered at \$3.50 each plus postage from the Editor.

MUSEUMS AND ARCHIVES

Cranbrook Railway Museum

MUSEUM RESTORATION—STAGE V — the sleeping car “Rutherglen” restoration is now going ahead full speed thanks to two recent assistance programs. The B.C. Heritage Trust awarded the museum \$28,800.00 to have a contract awarded to re-do the steel work on the windows which had been severely “modernized” during the early 1950s. Then in January, the Federal Job Creation program awarded \$46,000.00 to insulate, re-wire and restore all original windows, panelling on the interior. This last project is employing 5 people until September.

SOLARIUM-LOUNGE CAR USE — public usage of this car increases as more people find out about the *afternoon teas*, 12:00-5:00 P.M. each Saturday. Besides several community groups who meet often in the parlour, other occasional special-interest groups are beginning to use the space as well. Local musicians such as flutists, guitarists, etc., are being assembled, as well, to provide quiet entertainment in the parlour during tea.

CAR #19 (Superintendent's Car) — donated by C.P. Rail to the B.C. Heritage Trust and to the museum on a permanent loan basis, this beautiful, original 1928 private car is now on site and ready for environmental controls to be installed. A corps of volunteer tour guides is being assembled to take the public through the car beginning in April.

SPECIAL DINING CAR DINNER EVENINGS

B.C. Young Artists Exhibiton 83/84 April 8-28

A touring exhibition of student art from across British Columbia and assembled by the Emily Carr College of Art in Vancouver.

Secondary Student Art April 29-May 17

The 4th Annual Exhibition of selected student art from Mt. Baker, Parkland and Laurie Schools.

Butterflies of the World May 20-31

A unique display from the private collection of Lloyd Janz of Cranbrook.

Cranbrook Historical Exhibition June 3-Sept. 20

The 3rd Annual Summer and Fall Exhibition illuminating Cranbrook's past, and growth into a major British Columbia city

RESEARCH

Genealogy

The last issue of the *Historical News* contained some suggestions for geneological research. Here is another one. A list of “Material of Use to Genealogical Researchers” is available from the Provincial Archives, Parliament Buildings, Victoria. The material is noted under headings: Printed Material, Government Publications, Newspapers, Government Records, and Private Reports

Voters' Lists

A request for a source of voters' lists in British Columbia prior to 1900 has been received. These are bound in the *Sessional Papers* for most years from 1871 to 1899.

The Registrar of Voters, 421 Menzies Street, Victoria, has the voters' lists from 1900 to present. Please inquire in person, if possible.

Don't let your subscription expire.
Check your address label for date of renewal.

News from the British Columbia Heritage Trust

The following is a report on The Gitwinksihlkw Heritage Conservation Project:

THE PAST AS A LIVING HERITAGE

The Nisga'a village of Canyon City, British Columbia—traditionally known as Gitwinksihlkw—perched on the edge of the Naas River canyon attributes its origin to a volcanic disaster. When visiting the Canyon City area, it is the vast and surreal-like Lava Beds which catch a person's attention. However, along with this stark natural locale is the fascinating Nisga'a oral history which records the volcanic eruption and its effects. Perhaps no other community in British Columbia has a cultural tradition which so strongly details the volcanic phenomenon.

Nisga'a tradition states that prior to the eruption of the Naas Valley volcano there was only a shallow lake "full of lizards, frogs, and fierce small animals" (Chief Wiihoon of the Wolf clan to William Beynon, 1929. Recorded in *Totem Poles* by Marius Barbeau, p. 77, 1950). The lava flow destroyed two or three large Nisga'a villages, the Lake of Lizards, and forced the Naas River to flow down the north side of the valley rather than up against the mountain on the southern side of the valley.

The lava took at least two years to cool. The Nisga'a people then migrated near the Naas River canyon—the river is the Naas Valley's thoroughfare and principal source of food—around the old site of the Lake of Lizards. The Nisga'a people constructed new longhouses and fishing sites at this place. The village was called Gitwinksihlkw—people of the Place of Lizards—and the Nisga'a have lived at this canyon since the establishment of that site.

The story of the volcano and the resultant village migrations has been recorded for posterity in the form of several Nisga clan histories (adaawaks) as told by High Chiefs of Canyon City. *The Gitwinksihlkw (Canyon City) Heritage Conservation Project* report documents the various oral and written records of this unique village history, and by doing so outlines the ways in which this cultural heritage functions as the basis of the Nisga'a social structure.

As an ethno-history of one of the four Naas River communities, this report describes the relationship between the tribe, their history and the land. It documents the functions of clan affiliations and illustrates the manner by which people inherit certain rights to lands and resources from certain territories.

Most significantly of all, this report stresses the fact that this cultural heritage has not been relegated to the role of a museum piece. The "Nisga'a Way" is a living heritage which still operates today. The granting of historic names, the granting of title to traditional lands, still exists today. This is evidenced by the way in which hereditary title and leadership responsibilities of Canyon City's Highest Chieftainship, Chief Baxk'ap, was transferred in the Feast Hall in June, 1983.

—Margaret Woods

This project was carried out under the British Columbia Heritage Trust Student Employment program.

Thinking of Publishing?

A seminar publishing local history, given by Philip and Helen Akrigg, may be arranged for your historical society. Please contact Leonard G. McCann, #2, 1430 Maple Street, Vancouver, V6J 3R9.

Bookshelf

Publications of The Jewish Historical Society of British Columbia

- PIONEERS, PEDLARS, AND PRAYER SHAWLS:
THE JEWISH COMMUNITIES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA AND THE YUKON
Hardbound at \$15.00
- PIONEER JEWISH MERCHANTS OF VANCOUVER ISLAND AND BRITISH COLUMBIA
Paperbound at \$5.00
- PIONEERS, PLOUGHS AND PRAYERS: THE JEWISH FARMERS OF WESTERN CANADA
Paperbound at \$4.00
- WAPPELLA FARM SETTLEMENT: THE FIRST SUCCESSFUL JEWISH FARM SETTLEMENT IN CANADA
Paperbound at \$4.00
- THE ARCHITECTURE OF JEWISH SETTLEMENTS IN THE PRAIRIES
Paperbound at \$4.00

- EARLY JEWISH AGRICULTURAL COLONIZATION IN SASKATCHEWAN
Offprint from Saskatchewan History, Spring 1983 \$2.00
- THE SCRIBE
The Jewish Historical Society of B.C.
periodical
\$1.50 per issue

Order from:

The Jewish Historical Society of British Columbia
950 West 41st Avenue
Vancouver, B.C.
V5Z 2N7

This Book Review section is to help you or your group with publicity of your newest publication. Please submit your book for review to Patricia Roy, Book Review Editor, at #602-139 Clarence Street, Victoria, B.C. V8V 2J1

VHS BOOK SALE

The Vancouver Historical Society will be holding a book sale at the BCHF Convention at Vernon. These book sales are very popular, and the profits go towards supporting the VHS Centennial Bibliography Fund. For further details please contact:

Mrs. Anne Yandle,
3450 West 20th Avenue,
Vancouver, B.C. V6S 1E4
Phone: 733-6484

Please note: Anyone wishing to have their book sold must contact Mrs. Yandle **before** the Convention.

A HOLIDAY SUGGESTION

Much of British Columbia's history is rooted in the Pacific Northwest states. Both Oregon and Washington State have historic guides available if you are planning a holiday south of the border. Washington's Department of Commerce and Economic Development, Tourism Promotion Division, 101 General Administration Building, Olympia, Washington 98504, U.S.A. will send a 22-page typed guide to historic places and museums, region by region. Their highway map gives inserts showing freeway exits and local roads.

WELCOME

The following societies have recently joined the BCHF:

Hedley Arts and Crafts Society
Saltspring Island Historical Society
City of White Rock Museum Archives Society
The Hallmark Society, Victoria



Contest

The winner of our contest is Elizabeth Norcross, Duncan, B.C., who correctly guessed that the name Bennett is common to two British Columbia premiers and an important Klondike water route.

Watch for a new contest next issue.

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA HISTORICAL FEDERATION

Honorary President: Col. G.S. Andrews, 116 Wellington, Victoria, B.C. V8V 4H7
382-7202 (res.)

Officers

President: Barbara Stannard, #211-450 Stewart Ave., Nanaimo, V9S 5E9
754-6195 (res.)

1st Vice President: Leonard G. McCann, #2-1430 Maple St., Vancouver, V6J 3R9
736-4431 (bus.)

2nd Vice President: Naomi Miller, Box 105, Wasa, V0B 2K0
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Secretary: T. Don Sale, 262 Juniper St., Nanaimo, V9S 1X4
753-2067 (res.)

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295-3362 (res.)

Treasurer: J. Rhys Richardson, 2875 W. 29th, Vancouver, V6L 1Y2
733-1897 (res.)

Members-at-Large: Tom Carrington, #401 - 1012 Collinson St., Victoria, V8V 3C1
383-3446 (res.)

Myrtle Haslam, 1875 Wessex Road, Cowichan Bay, V0R 1N0
748-8397 (res.)

Past-President: Ruth Barnett, 680 Pinecrest Rd., Campbell River, V9W 3P3
287-8097 (res.)

Marie Elliott, Editor, *B.C. Historical News*, 1745 Taylor St., Victoria, V8R 3E8
592-9521

Chairmen of Committees:

Historic Trails: John D. Spittle, 1241 Mount Crown Rd., North Vancouver, V7R 1R9
988-4565 (res.)

B.C. Historical News Policy Committee: Ruth Barnett, 680 Pinecrest Rd., Campbell River, V9W 3P3
287-8097 (res.)

Publications Assistance Committee (not involved with *B.C. Historical News*)
Helen Akrigg, 4633 W. 8th Ave., Vancouver, V6R 2A6
228-8606 (res.)

Loans are available for publication. Please submit manuscripts to Helen Akrigg.

**1984
ANNUAL CONVENTION
British Columbia Historical Federation
VERNON
May 3-6**



Registration Form Inside