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Volume 20, No. 4
Fall, 1987

British Columbia Historical News

Journal of the B.C. Historical Federation

Native Indian History.

Wilby in the Kootenays.

The Little Red Schoolhouse.

Convention Photos.

MEMBER SOCIETIES

★★★★★★★★★★★

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 given at the bottom of this page. The Annual Return as at October 31st should include telephone numbers for contact.

Members' dues for the year 1986/87 were paid by the following Member Societies:

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Lasqueti Island Historical Society, Lasqueti Island, B.C., V0R 2J0

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Contents

The B.C. Historical News welcomes submissions of interesting and informative articles or photo essays on any subject relating to British Columbia history. Manuscripts should be typed (double-spaced) with footnotes and/or bibliography, if possible and pertinent. Length to 2500 words. Photos and illustrations appreciated and returned. Authors are asked to provide a very brief "bio" to run at the end of the article. Send to: The Editor, B.C. Historical News, P.O. Box 5626, Stn. B., Victoria, B.C., V8R 6S4.

Editorial

Volume 20, No. 5 is the second in the series of 'theme issues' for the *B.C. Historical News*. With the prominence of the land claims issue in our newspapers these days, "Native People" is both a topical theme and one that the majority of us would do well to learn more about. I personally am fascinated by the history and culture of those who have lived in this part of the world long enough to truly understand the land. I only hope that I live long enough to witness the publication of a history of the west coast from the perspective of the native people. I fear, however, that a cultural bias (i.e. the lack of a written tradition) will make this event unlikely. I believe that there is a great deal to be learned from a culture that for centuries was able to live in harmony with nature along our coast — something that today presents us with a good deal of difficulty.

I am pleased that we are able to present a variety of articles that deal with native Indians in this issue; however, I am also very disappointed that we have only one submission from an Indian. I had hoped to have more. I am pleased to present Walk Taylor's interesting and informative perspective on the land claims issue.

Our next theme issue will be Volume 21, No. 2 (Spring) and will focus on the history of the Chinese in British Columbia. This is another rich area of our province's history that remains largely untapped. If you have expertise in this field, know someone who does, or are looking for a new area to explore, now is the time to get started. Submissions should be recieved by March 1, 1987.

Themes to be explored in future issues of the *B.C. Historical News* include "Pioneer Women in B.C." and "Education in the Frontier Community." The intent is to have two theme issues per year (alternate issues). It should be stressed that there is room for well-written articles on any subject dealing with B.C. history in every issue of the *News*.

Bob Tyrrell

Letters to the editor

To the editor:

The Telkwa Museum Society is currently involved in a historical research project of the Bulkley Valley in Northwestern British Columbia. This area stretches from Houston to Hazelton, and includes the communities of Smithers, Quick and Telkwa. Our primary concern is with the Telkwa/Aldermere area in the period between 1900 and 1930.

Any information you can give us on buildings, customs, roads, etc. would be greatly appreciated.

Thank-you for your time and we eagerly anticipate your reply.

Sincerely yours,
Sandra Lussier
Telkwa Museum Society,
Box 365,
Telkwa, B.C. V0J 2X0

Publishing Committee Report

We were pleasantly surprised at the ease with which our list of subscribers was computerized a few months ago. But we rejoiced too soon! A number of problems have begun to appear: our own tardy invoicing of individual and institutional subscribers; the mysterious disappearance of those who the Post Office advise us have 'moved'; and confusion in interpreting subscription lists sent in by Branch treasurers.

We are trying to do better with invoices. A form will be included in this and future issues for the use of those who are moving; we would appreciate having treasurers or membership secretaries advise us promptly about changes of address as well, so that members will not miss issues.

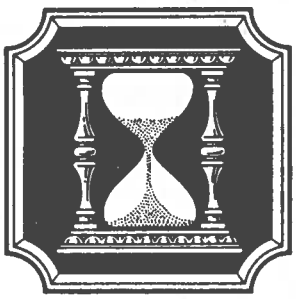
We will try to overcome the confusion which has arisen in the past few months in transferring information from branch treasurers' submissions to the computer program by mailing, every six months or on request, duplicate copies of a printout of subscribers of each branch. In this way, renewals, changes and corrections can be made on the printout sheet itself. One copy can be returned to the Subscription Secretary, while the second is retained for the Branch's records. Treasurers should have received up-to-date printouts before this issue of the *News* is distributed.

The sorting out of this situation has been a big job and, in a few cases, paid-up members were sent invoices. We are very sorry for any consternation or inconvenience which this has caused.

We are grateful once again to the B.C. Heritage Trust for a $2000.00 grant towards the cost of publishing the *News* over the next two years.

In closing, we must thank Rhys Richardson once again for the tremendous contribution which he made to the publishing of the *News* during its transition period last year. We hope that he enjoys catching up with all his other commitments; retiring he is not!

Ann W. Johnston, Chair.



NEXT ISSUE

Deadline for the next issue of the B.C. Historical News is Dec 15, 1987
Please submit articles and reports to:
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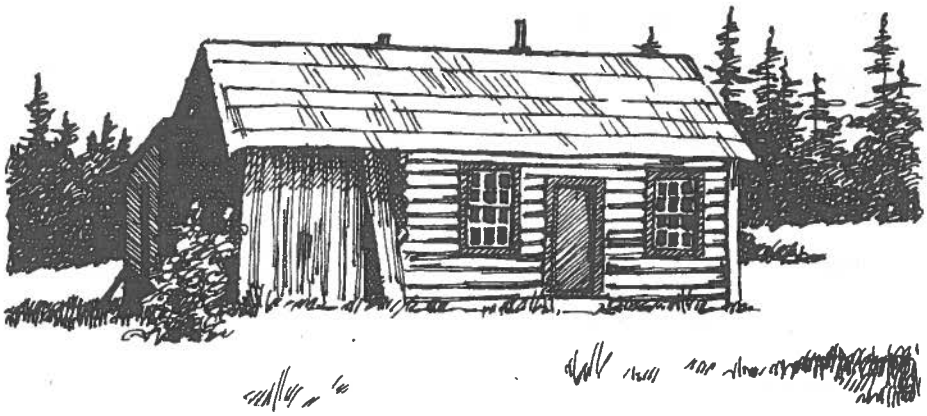


M. ROBINSON
CRAIG HOUSE 1890

An Aboriginal and Ecological Conspiracy: The Life-Sustaining Turning Point in History

Walt Taylor

The "land claims" struggle has been misunderstood in British Columbia as a potential threat by Indian people against non-Indian interests.[1] From the very beginning of contact with native people on both Atlantic and Pacific coasts, most non-native North Americans have assumed that their superior, European, civilized society would endure and prosper while the backward, savage, heathen, original people whom they misnamed "Indians" would eventually vanish — one way or another.

For more than a century in British Columbia, and several centuries elsewhere, the persistent non-Indian answer to the so-called "Indian problem" has been *assimilation*. Every time one approach failed another was tried. With the best of intentions sometimes, and other times the worst, pressures and inducements prodded Indian people to catch up with the dominant society's language, religion, law, education, and aggressive economic development.

During recent years, however, much evidence has been accumulating that human well-being and possibly the very survival of life on earth depend on the willingness of all people, especially industrialized people, to change our ways of thinking and begin catching up with the more advanced aboriginal heritage of living in responsible harmony with nature. [2] [3] [4]

We could call it cultural leapfrog. After generations of looking back on Indian culture we now find that it is out in front in some very significant ways. Some may consider the new approach assimilation in reverse, but it will be more useful and appropriate to describe it as an urgently needed, two-way cultural interaction, with mutual respect and for mutual benefit.

The ancient aboriginal hertitage and the more recent ecological science have much in common. Working together they provide the most promising glimmer of light we can now see at the end of this century's long, dark tunnel of worsening conditions for life on earth.[5]

The good news is that the land claims process in British Columbia can now be appreciated as an opportunity for mutual advancement instead of being feared, ignored or attacked as though non-Indian residents must somehow lose whatever Indian people win.[1]

The Hidden History of B.C.

The history of British Columbia as experienced by native people is unfamiliar to most residents of the province even though it may not have been deliberately suppressed. To understand Indian land claims, however, it is necessary to absorb this little-known history directly from well-informed sources or to search the available literature for information about the agonizing and still continuing struggle by Indians to retain their aboriginal rights and to exercise their traditional responsibilities in order to survive as a people.

The constructive achievements of Indian people are also part of the hidden history, but we are beginning to hear more about the unique contribution which native people are making to solving complex problems of modern society. The land claims process will eventually be understood as a very important step toward the survival and advancement of all people.

Agonies of History

In his 1856 inaugural address to the Legislative Assembly of the colony of Vancouver Island, Governor James Douglas referred to the uneasiness in the colony caused by maurauding bands of Indians, but he declared, "I shall nevertheless continue to conciliate the good will of the native Indian tribes by treating them with justice and forebearance and by rigidly protecting their civil and agrarian rights."[6]

Douglas arranged 14 treaties in the 1850s covering small areas in the southern tip of Vancouver Island. Federal Treaty Number 8, signed in 1899, extended into the northeastern part of British Columbia. Otherwise the land question in the entire province has never yet been resolved by any treaty, agreement, purchase, court decision or other arrangement with native people, and not even by conquest.

For all 116 years of its existence, the province of British Columbia has refused to negotiate, arguing that aboriginal title or interest never existed, but even if it ever did, it was extinguished when B.C. joined Confederation as a province in 1871.

Through all those years native people in British Columbia suffered more agonies than any short paper can adequately summarize. Children were removed from their home communities to attend residential schools where they were severely punished for speaking their own languages by both government and religious instructors. Many communities were decimated by alien diseases. When the feast or

potlatch was outlawed by non-Indian legislation between 1884 and 1950, obedience to that foreign law tended to undermine the foundations of indigenous peoples' very existence — aboriginal law, religion, education, economy, government, family and clan life, and the combined wisdom and spirit for respecting and protecting all of nature.

All these facets of Indian life were integrated into one unbroken circle which anticipated the first law of ecology, that everything is connected to everything else — not compartmentalized or fragmented into separate categories.

For more than a century B.C. Indian people have persistently and patiently tried to resolve the land question. In 1915 and 1916 the Allied Tribes of British Columbia was formed to act in support of the 1913 "Nishga Petition." It was the first inter-tribal Indian organization in the province.

In 1926 the Allied Tribes, through Rev. Peter Kelly, a Haida minister, Andrew Paull of the Squamish Band of Mission Reserve and Chief Johnny Chillihitza, presented land claims positions to Parliament which set up a Joint Committee to hold hearings and make recommendations. Chief Chillihitza summarized a point of view that has been eloquently presented around the world by countless chiefs long before his time and right up to the present date:

"My forefathers and my own father were some of the leading chiefs of British Columbia and they never relinquished their titles, but now they are dead, and I am their successor, and I still have the title; I did not give them to anybody, and now I come over here in Ottawa so that the government in Ottawa will give me power in my titles and my rights.

"The Indians do not want to be enfranchised; they want to be as they are. All the Indians want is to be just Indians, and not to be taken as white people, and made to live like the white people; they want to be the way their forefathers used to be, just plain Indians. That is what my people want. They do not want to be enfranchised."[7]

In 1927 the special joint committee dismissed the claim as unproven and closed the door on any more Indian political activity around land claims. In response to committee recommendations, Parliament even made it a criminal offense for Indians to organize or to collect money to assert their land claims.

In June, 1969, during the early period of Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau's government, a "new Indian policy" was published by Indian Affairs Minister Jean Chretien. The colour of this "White Paper" was appropriate. In a quick response representing enormous Indian fury, young Harold Cardinal published *The Unjust Society* before 1969 ended.

"Now," he wrote, "at a time when our fellow Canadians consider the promise of the Just Society, once more the Indians of Canada are betrayed by a programme which offers nothing more than cultural genocide . . . a thinly disguised programme of extermination through assimilation . . . Small wonder that the native people of Canada look back on generations of accumulated frustration under conditions which can only be described as colonial, brutal and tyrannical, and look to the future with the gravest of doubts . . . Indians have aspirations, hopes and dreams, but becoming white men is not one of them."[8]

Cardinal reported in 1969 what has been happening increasingly ever since:

"Many Indians once again are looking toward the old as the hope of the future. Many Indian leaders believe a return to the old values, ethics and morals of native beliefs would strengthen the social institutions that govern the behaviour patterns of Indian societies."[9]

Faced with this unexpected opposition, the federal government slowed its pace of assimilation and began funding Indian groups to undertake the necessary research and planning for negotiating their land claims. The Union of B.C. Indian Chiefs was formed to tackle this huge task. In 1973 the Supreme Court of Canada surprised federal politicians with its judgment in the Calder case. Three judges held that the Nisga'a still had aboriginal title to their land; three ruled that they once had such title but it had been taken away without ever being compensated. The seventh sitting justice ruled against the Nisga'a only on a technicality, their failure to obtain provincial permission to take the case to court.

Prime Minister Trudeau acknowledged that aboriginal rights might be stronger than he had thought and his government agreed that claims should be settled by negotiation. As it always had done, British Columbia refused to participate. Fourteen years later negotiations have not even started on any B.C. claim.[10]

Now that all else has failed, 54 Gitksan and Wet'suwet'en hereditary chiefs have taken the provincial government to court in order to assert their ownership and jurisdiction over 57,000 square kilometres of traditional land. The province successfully forced the federal government into the case as co-defendant, even though the federal government has a trust responsibility to protect Indian interests.[11]

This landmark case began in a Smithers courtroom with six weeks of powerful testimony presented in May and June, 1987, by four chiefs — three Gitksan and one Wet'suwet'en. It was scheduled to re-open September 8, but B.C. Supreme Court Chief Justice Allan McEachern agreed on that day to a postponement requested by the plaintiffs because they lack sufficient funds to pursue the case. The federal government had reduced by one-third the funding needed and expected by the plaintiffs. The senior governments, as co-defendants, apparently have whatever financial and research resources they may require. For the best interests of all Canadians, this case is considered too important to be discontinued for lack of sufficient funds to complete it.

Ecstacies

"The Honour of All" is a video docu-drama about the Alkali Lake Band of Shuswap Indians successfully advancing in 12 years from nearly 100% alcoholism to about 95% sobriety. Led by Chief Andy Chelsea and his wife, Phyllis, the actors in this historical show are band members who play the parts they actually lived in real

life, "warts and all." An essential feature of community recovery was a return to traditional spiritual values, including the sweat lodge ceremonies, counselling by Indian Elders, and warm, substantial, neighbourly support for everyone willing to attempt to give up drinking.[12]

On Haada Gwaii ("the Islands of the People") — the Queen Charlotte Islands — the Haida say, "The land is still our culture, our bodily sustenance, our artistic inspiration, and the source of our spiritual well-being. Our people cannot and will not allow the destruction of this priceless heritage."[13] A two-week Rediscovery programme was initiated in 1978 by Thom "Huck" Henley for Haida youth with problems at home or with the law. Expanded now to include children of all backgrounds, this hands-on experience encourages respect for nature and Haida culture through wilderness adventure. Haida elders often visit to teach about life in ancestral villages. At least seven similar camps have developed in British Columbia and the U.S. based on Rediscovery's success.[14]

The Gitksan-Wet'suwet'en Tribal Council, centred in Hazelton, is confident that its combination of years of biological research and centuries of direct experience in protecting fish and the environment will lead to improved conditions for natural salmon and for *all* responsible fishing people. The Tribal Council plans to re-establish the conservation benefits of an inland fishery based on traditional as well as modern scientific wisdom and methods.[15]

Although not opposed to development, the Nisga'a "do not support the kind of development which imposes tremendous negative impacts while offering few benefits. We are for orderly, rational development which is in tune with our culture, economic interests, and long-term survival."[16] In respect to B.C.'s important forest industry, for example, the Nisga'a have been doing research and preparing for years to replace the present short-sighted logging system in the Naas Valley with their own, genuine, sustained yield plan for development that will continue to provide valuable timber for the next seven generations.

From Melting Pot to Mosaic

Fortunately, in spite of endless pressure to assimilate, indigenous people of British Columbia, Canada and around the world have refused to vanish. Instead of disappearing, they are becoming the world's highly respected consultants on the best ways to survive dire straits. We are beginning to appreciate the strengths in cultural diversity.

The Turning Point

For the first time in a million years on earth, human beings must now choose between survival, with possibilities for a higher quality of life than we can now imagine, or — extinction.

Our Common Future is the title of a 1987 report by the World Commission on Environment and Development.[17] Chaired by a woman who is Prime Minister of Norway, Dr. Gro Harlem Brundtland, Commissioners from 21 very different national backgrounds — including two distinguished Canadians — conducted hearings around the world for nearly three years. Although disagreeing on details and priorities, they agreed completely on significant changes required for survival. They conclude, "We are unanimous in our conviction that the security, well-being, and very survival of the planet depend on such changes, now."[18]

The absolutely essential key to *Our Common Future* is "sustainable development. All twelve chapters of the Brundtland Report emphasize the adjective, *sustainable*.

This report is by no means the first to recommend that the endangered industrialized society put on some cross-cultural hearing aids in order to listen with more understanding to the wisdom and experience of aboriginal people. It offers, however, the most recent and compelling evidence that we have come to an unprecedented turning point in history:

"We are not forecasting a future; we are serving a notice — an urgent notice based on the latest and best scientific evidence — that the time has come to take the decisions needed to secure the resources to sustain this and coming generations."[19]

How shall we begin to change our ways of thinking toward *sustainable* development? The WCED Report notes that "some communities — so-called indigenous or tribal peoples — remain isolated because of such factors as physical barriers to communication or marked differences in social and cultural practices . . . ."[20]

"The isolation of many such people has meant the preservation of a traditional way of life in close harmony with the natural environment. Their very survival has depended on their ecological awareness and adaptation . . . ."[21]

"These communities are the repositories of vast accumulations of traditional knowledge and experience that links humanity with its ancient origins. Their disappearance is a loss for the larger society, which could learn a great deal from their traditional skills in sustainably managing very complex ecological systems. It is a terrible irony that as formal development reaches more deeply into rain forests, deserts, and other isolated environments, it tends to destroy the only other cultures that have proved able to thrive in these environments.[22]

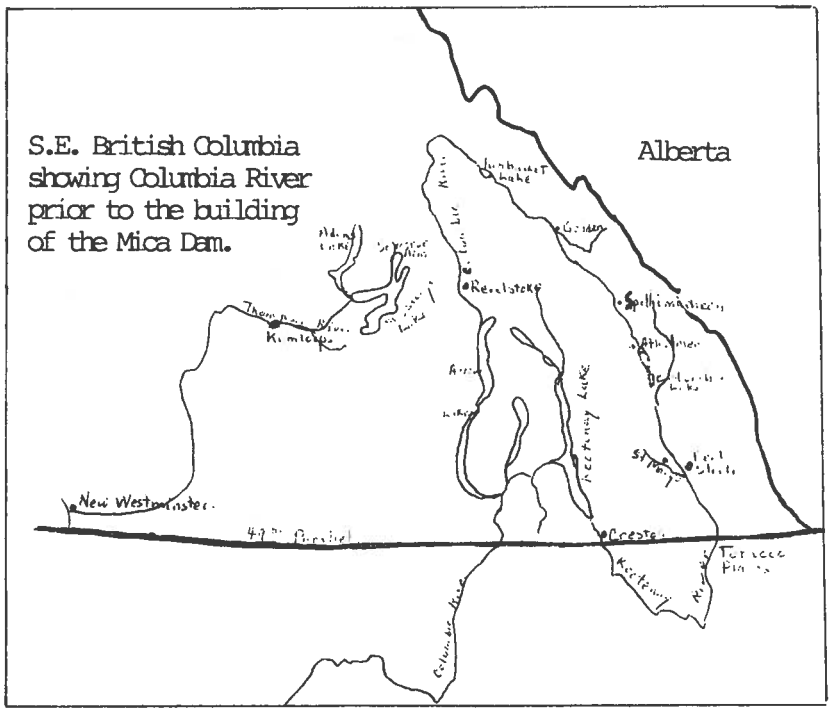
"The starting point for a just and humane policy for such groups is the recognition and protection of their traditional rights to land and the other resources that sustain their way of life — rights they may define in terms that do not fit into standard legal systems. These groups' own institutions to regulate the rights and obligations are crucial for maintaining the harmony with nature and the environmental awareness characteristic of the traditional way of life . . . .Hence the recognition of traditional rights must go hand in hand with measures to protect the local institutions that enforce responsibility in resource use. And this recognition must also give local communities a decisive voice in the decisions about resource use in their area.[23]

"Those promoting policies that have an impact on the lives of an isolated, traditional people must tread a fine line between keeping them in artificial, perhaps unwanted isolation and wantonly destroying their lifestyles . . . ."[24]

(cont. on page 25)

THE SHUSWAPS: A BAND MOVES TO THE COLUMBIA VALLEY

Shelagh Dehart



Many years ago Chief Yelhillna of the Shuswap tribe led a few friends to explore eastward from Adams Lake by way of Seymour Arm. They went over the mountains then followed the Columbia River around the Big Bend to Kinbasket Lake. The group migrated every spring and returned in the fall to their winter homes at Adams Lake. Through time they abandoned the Columbia River route and bush-whacked through the mountains to Albert Canyon, Revelstoke, Eagle Pass (Spelqwax) and on to Adams Lake. Once this path was cleared they were able to use horses for their seasonal trek.

When Chief Yelhillna grew old and was in failing health, his son Paul Ignatius Kinbasket, who had just become a Catholic, replaced him. Shortly after this time there was some trouble among the men of the tribe. One was murdered and his body left on a steep cliff. Because of the dissension in the group, the new chief gathered his family and a few friends to trek to Kinbasket Lake to make it a permanent home.

Life was good at Kinbasket Lake if it was not mosquito season! The women and children were left at the camp on Kinbasket Lake while the men explored southward — upstream on the Columbia River. At night the babies were put in a group; wild swan chicks were caught and tethered in a circle around the infants. "Whadoog! Whadoog!" was all you could hear as the swans kept snapping up mosquitoes. But the women could not stand this for too long. When the men returned to camp the women and children were gone. They had had enough and returned to Adams Lake.

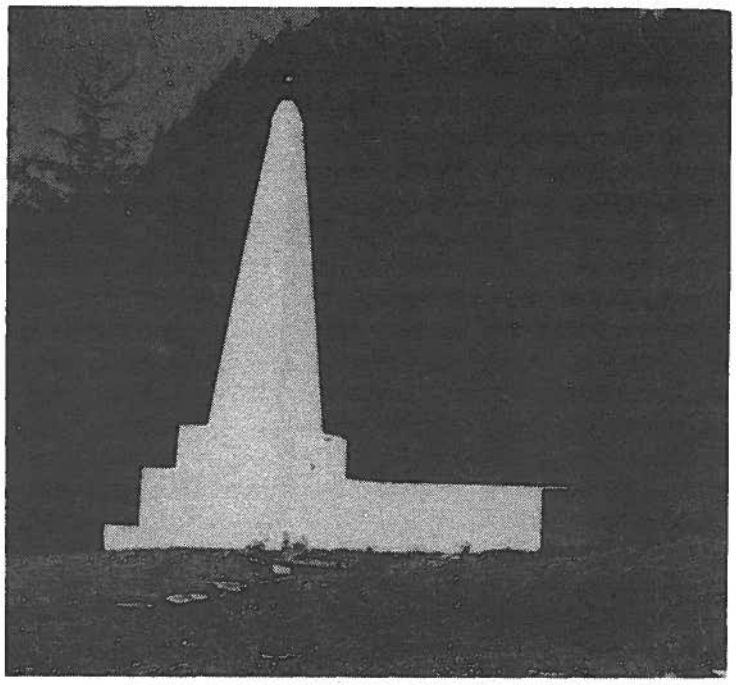
But the women were brought back to the Columbia Valley. At first they camped at Golden. Old Yelhillna died there and was buried beside the Columbia River. Later the Kinbasket group moved to Spillimacheen.

Strangers were near their new camp. The Shuswaps had seen footprints in the hills. One day twelve Kootenay men walked out of the forest with bows and arrows in their hands and almost at the same time the Shuswaps were on their feet with their weapons. The Kootenays stood in line with their hands by their sides. Chief Paul Ignatius Kinbasket, with his heart pounding, ordered his men to line up facing the strangers. The Kootenay man who seemed to be the leader spoke and made signs. He gave his bow and arrow to the chief. Then all the men exchanged theirs with the Shuswaps. The Shuswaps understood that they were welcome to the land of the Kootenays.

Old chief Paul Ignatius was bothered with what he called "shortness of breath". His son Pierre took over his father's business. Pierre, on the group's last trip to Adams Lake, had married Marianne who bore his first child a year after he became chief. The Kinbaskets went to AkAm (St. Eugene's Mission) near Fort Steele to visit the Kootenays. They were met by a crowd of women, one of whom snatched Marianne's papoose and

MEMORIAL TO A COWICHAN CHIEF

Elsie G. Turnbull



Grave of Chief Chipaya-moult on Mt. Tzouhalem.

A rocky mass rising above the waters of Cowichan Bay, Mt. Tzouhalem commemorates in its name a notorious chief banished to living in its caves, but on the forested slope stands a memorial to another chief honored by his fellows. From Cowichan Village across the water we often noted the gleaming white obelisk until a sunny August day in 1966 lured us to futher investigation. Driving around the head of the bay we turned along Khenipsen Road to find our way up the steep hillside. Now on land belonging to the Cowichan Indian Band we climbed the trail to a rough clearing where we found an imposing column topped by a large brass ball. Standing beside a cement slab which was surrounded by a wood framework with wire fencing, it marked the burial place for several graves. A broken headstone lay nearby. There was no inscription anywhere but a blank space was obvious on the obelisk shaft. A quiet spot beneath the rocky cliffs of Tzouhalem, it gave no hint as to who lay buried there.

Now, twenty years later, in this year of 1987 we have found the answer to our query. On the recent Cemetery Symposium Tour of the Cowichan District, Jack Fleetwood, a long-time resident of Duncan recalled the story heard in his youth. "I remember my father mentioning the death of Chief Charlie Chilpaya-moult who died in 1920 at the age of 110 years and was buried on the slope above Khenipsen Road. In 1923 the Cowichan Band built a tomb, 18 feet high, on its base a plaque bearing the message: "In loving memory of the Chief who organized the deputation of Indian chiefs on Vancouver Island to King Edward VII in 1905. After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

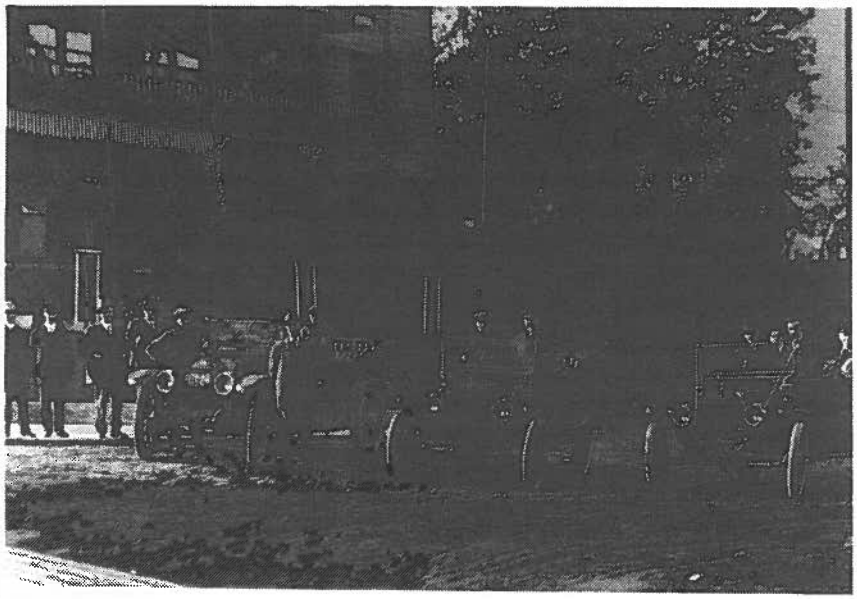
In 1964 the members of Post No. 10, Native Sons of B.C. obtained permission from the Cowichan Indian Band to clear brush and debris from the site and to paint the obelisk. The plaque had been stolen long years before but the Chief's daughter had a replica under glass. This she let them photograph, which was fortunate, for a short time later her house and the replica were destroyed in a fire.

In Jack Fleetwood's words, "the Indian people were very disturbed at the way their tribal rights, such as fishing and hunting, were being restricted or suppressed by the Dominion government, so raising a considerable sum of money, decided to send a delegation of Island Indian Chiefs to visit King Edward VII in London. They asked him to intercede with the Canadian government to ensure that Indian traditional rights would be recognized by that body. However, it didn't work out."

Chief Charlie Chipaya-moult still sleeps on that hillside, his tomb still cared for by later generations of the Cowichan Band but forgotten by a world which still questions tribal fishing and hunting rights that he sought eighty years ago.

WILBY IN THE KOOTENAYS

Ron Welwood



Wilby poses beside his Reo Special touring car in front of the Strathcona Hotel in Nelson, October 6, 1912.
(photo courtesy of Kootenay Museum Assn.)

This saga beings with a photograph that was to be cropped and used on the cover of a Nelson heritage brochure. Simply enough. The cropped photo shows an early automobile parked in front of the old Strathcona Hotel — an appropriate illustration for an architectural motoring tour. Copies of the photograph were located in three collections: Nelson Museum, David Thompson Library (Nelson), and the Provincial Archives of British Columbia. The information collected from these sources, however, revealed vast discrepancies in detail. Many hours of research later, the Wilby tale unfolded.

Little is known about Thomas William Wilby (born in 1870) except that he was a British journalist and novelist, as well as an automobilist and a "good roads" advocate who was not unfamiliar with continental motor touring.

In 1911 Wilby, accompanied by his wife, Agnes, and a driver logged 9,000 miles in a circular tour of the United States. Leaving New York on August 31, they travelled westward to San Francisco, Calif., then south to San Diego before returning eastward by a more southerly route arriving in New York 105 days later on December 13. The purpose of the trip was to log Middle and Southwest routes from Atlantic to Pacific in order to promote the development of transcontinental highways. According to Wilby, "The man who goes across the continent by train, like a package at so much per mile, has no intimate contact with the land." (*Logging,* 29)

During the journey the trio usually travelled, on good roads, at about 20 - 24 miles per hour for a total average speed of 16 m.p.h. During the actual running time of 85 days, the automobilists made no more than one hundred miles per day. Average daily expenses for two people was $5.00! Driver's expenses, upkeep of the car including oil, gas and garage charges (but not including tires) were approximately $55.00 per week.

It appears that this trip whetted Wilby's appetite for a greater automobiling challenge in Canada. "Canada, indeed, was apparently a unit only by the good-natured tolerance of the railroad, having none of that true cohesion of human agglomeration which the existence of a network of continuous and perfected highways alone can impart." (*A Motor Tour,* ix - x) Consequently in 1912, under the auspices of the fledgling Canadian Highway Association and the sponsorship of the Reo Motor Car Company, Wilby commenced his epic journey to support the "Good Roads Movement" and to promote a Trans-Canadian Highway from Atlantic to Pacific via the "All Red Route".

For the arduous trip, Wilby selected the Reo Special touring car, manufactured in St. Catherines, Ontario. In 1905, it was the first automobile to make a double transcontinental trip of the North American continent; and in 1910, it captured the speed record by crossing from New York to San Francisco in ten days. The thirty horsepower, 5 passenger car had a short wheel base and high clearance with a single control lever in the centre. The car was outfitted with two long boxes on the running boards which contained reserve gasoline tanks, oil cans, wheel chains and the pulleys for block and wire tackle. The vehicle had a total carrying capacity of 23 gallons of gasoline. Dunlop

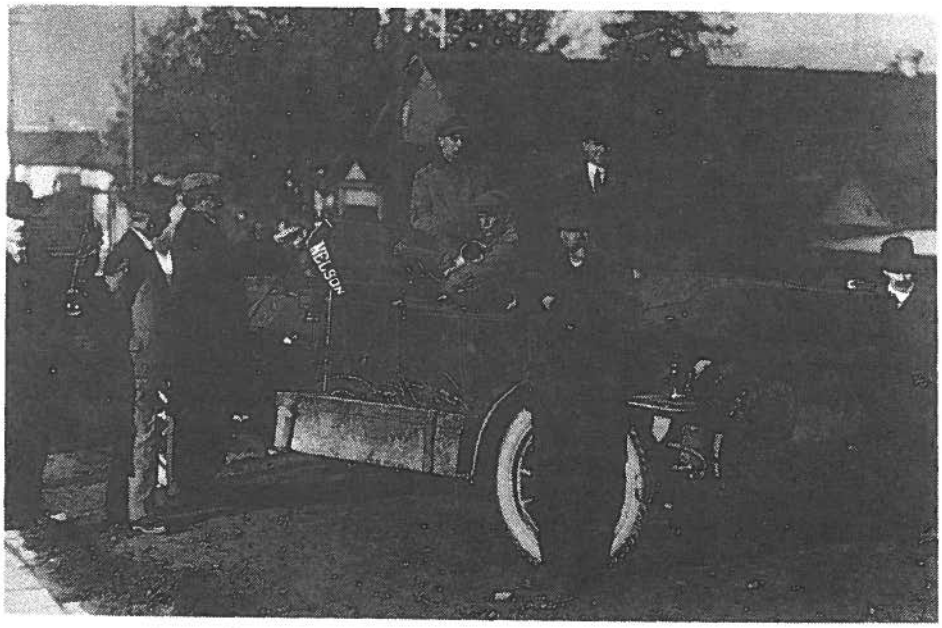
Traction Tread 35 x 4 tires were used and only two spares were carried. In all, the Reo weighed 3280 pounds.

In keeping with his Victorian civility, Wilby proposed and secured commercial or private shelter every night while on this transcontinental trip. Perhaps he did not want to sacrifice his daily routine of partaking in coffee and cigars! Therefore, camping equipment and guns were deliberately excluded from the equipment list.

Forever dressed in his baggy tweeds and battered fedora, Wilby was accompanied by a Reo Motor Car mechanic, F.V. Haney, who doubled as chauffeur. It is interesting to note that in his 290 page account of the entire trip, Wilby never once mentions Haney by name! He is only referred to as the "driver" or the "chauffeur". A second driver, Earl Wise, joined them in Regina, Saskatchewan.

No wheeled vehicle had ever before attempted to make the journey from coast to coast solely on Canadian soil. Many of the roads, where they existed, were uncharted and unsignposted. In some areas there were no roads at all. From northern Ontario to Winnipeg, the Reo had to be shipped by boat and rail — much to Wilby's dismay. Existing road maps were restricted to specific regions; and, at best, many roads were just glorified pathways. Consequently, it was necessary to enlist pilots selected from the various auto clubs across Canada. These pilots volunteered to guide the pathfinder through the uncharted districts. Such arrangements created enough advance publicity for the argonauts that they heartily received rousing civic welcomes in the communities they visited; and, of course, these receptions were accompanied by the usual public speeches and dinners.

At four o'clock on August 27, 1912 in Halifax, Nova Scotia, a flask was filled with Atlantic water and the wheels of the Reo were ceremoniously backed into the ocean. The westward journey from Nova Scotia to British Columbia is eloquently and humorously described in Wilby's book of Victorian prose, *A Motor Tour Through Canada*. The purpose of this paper is not to relate the travellers' tale



The Reo Special touring car manufactured in St. Catherines, Ontario.
(photo courtesy of Kootenay Museum Assn.)

between these two points but to describe the astonishing feats accomplished in motoring through the Kootenay region of British Columbia. This alone should give the reader an inkling of their adventures from "Halifax to Vancouver — All Red Route".

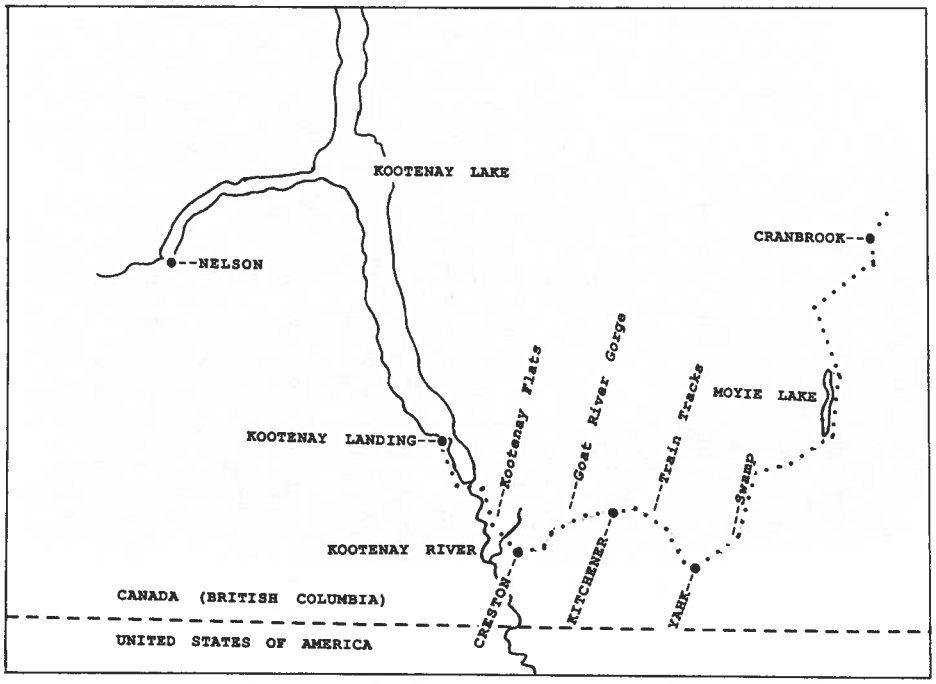
By October 3, 1912 Wilby, Haney and Wise had reached Cranbrook, British Columbia. Although superb trails and roads entered Cranbrook from the east, the route westward included a swamp and a narrow mountain trail considered impassable by automobile. The motorists were strongly advised to ship their car by rail to Nelson or even Castlegar and spend their time touring the beautiful Kootenay valley to the north. However, our stalwart heroes refused to entrain the Reo unless absolutely necessary.

The next day, after the usual city hall reception, the trio left Cranbrook at about three o'clock following J.R. McNabb's pilot-car that would guide them to Yahk. Walter Halsall joined the group for the trip to Creston. Although their objective was to reach Yahk by dusk, there was a five mile swamp and forest between Moyie Lake and their destination point. As a precaution, the automobilists had telephoned ahead to have a team of horses waiting for them but, upon entering the swamp, driver and horses were nowhere to be seen. The motorists lit their acetylene lamps and the Reo tentatively took the lead over a narrow track filled with rock, mud and water. Mirky pools of unknown depth were cautiously sounded before being crossed.

> Often we plunged along at angles which no motor-car was ever intended to take, inwardly praying for the advent of the horses. We were buried to the flanks in the slough and at times both cars sank to the hubs, listing heavily, grinding and ploughing their way, pounding the tyres to rags, while the engines roared and groaned and the wheels angrily shot the water in inky spindrift over men and trees. (*A Motor Tour*, 244)

After two hours the automobilists came across the long expected horses; and the remainder of the journey to Yahk was relatively uneventful.

At Yahk the trail came to an abrupt end. The only route ahead was fourteen miles of train tracks. Since driving along the railway right-of-way was illegal, the pilot surreptitiously made inquiries at a dingy bar and discovered that no trains, "barring a possible freight or two", were expected for the next few hours. After a hasty meal, the motorists bid farewell to their pilot



who had to return to Cranbrook through the swamp. They then drove west to find a level crossing where the automobile could be placed on the track under the cover of darkness. For the next few hours Wilby and his crew encountered the most dangerous and nerve-racking section of the entire trip.

> Four pairs of eyes strove to pierce the distance ahead and behind; and every nerve was strained in listening for a possible monster of steel and steam which might dash down upon us at any moment from around a curve or catch us in its swift career from behind! Muscles were tense, ready for the leap to a precarious safety at first sight of an approaching headlight . . .
>
> As the wheels — one within and one outside the track — crept from sleeper to sleeper, there was an incessant and infernal jiggling and jolting that shook the teeth and vibrated through the spine. The jaw rattled slightly as when a man shivers with cold. One felt as though in speaking there was a danger of biting the tongue at every attempt at articulation.
>
> Time dragged on interminably as we chased the long triangle of brilliant light into the forest. The way had been straight only for a mile or so, then it began to contort and twist and writhe and throw itself into agonies as if trying to toss us off the rails. The track ran sharply downhill: one could sense the grade in the sound of the engines and the 'feel' of the pedals. The curves grew sharper and shorter, the contortions more violent. (*A Motor Tour*, 246 - 47)

On occasion the wheels would get caught in the frogs of the switches. The car was hastily jacked up, freed, and continued on its way. Needless to say, the spikes on the sides of the rails cut the tires to ribbons. Finally the lonely railway station at Kitchener loomed out of the darkness and it was then possible to get on the "government road" to Creston.

The motorists' celebration was shortlived when they soon discovered that the "road" was actually a mountainous path that precariously climbed up above the Goat River gorge. Fortunately the canyon was hidden in darkness or they may never had attempted the narrow, winding ascent. On one steep hill of shale rock, the car was stuck three times. Block and tackle had to be used to slowly pull the vehicle up the incline. At three o'clock in the morning of October 5th, the Reo was the first automobile to enter the town of Creston by "road". Four weary travellers roused the sleepy-eyed proprietor of a darkened hotel, had a short celebration in the dimly lit bar, and then tumbled off to bed.

Later that day, the travellers left Creston on yet another swampy trail. Their destination was Kootenay Landing, the Canadian Pacific Railway's terminus of the Crows Nest Line located on the west side of Kootenay Lake at the mouth of the Kootenay River. Two river crossings separated them from the Crow Boat for Nelson. The motorists were guided past the Kutenai Indian Reservation via an almost invisible trail meandering amid stranded logs until they reached the first ferry crossing about twelve miles south of the steamboat landing. They then proceeded across the tall, rank grass of Kootenay Flats to the second crossing. At this time of the year the water level of the Kootenay River was twenty feet below its mud banks.

> To get the car down to the level of the river was a Herculean task which required all the strength and ingenuity of five men and the aid of stubbing posts, ropes and planks. Once on the raft, boats towed it across and a team hauled it up to terra-firma again. There were moments when it looked as though the career of the Reo would end there and then in a watery grave. (*'Cross Canada*, n.p)

The pathfinders finally reached Kootenay Landing one minute before the scheduled departure of the Crow Boat for Nelson. According to Wilby this was the first automobile trip between Creston and Kootenay Landing. At the Nelson City Wharf, a deputation of Nelson's two automobiles met Wilby and his crew. That evening the motorists were entertained at the Strathcona Hotel by local dignitaries. This gave Wilby the opportunity to discuss with road experts the best route from Nelson to the coast. Because of the difficult terrain west of the city, it was decided to ship the Reo by flatcar to Castlegar. H.H. Cleugh would

accompany Wilby as pilot between Castlegar and Rossland.

The next day, October 6, just before their departure a photograph was taken in front of the Strathcona. This is the photograph that inspired the research for this story.

The rest of the trip to their coastal destination was relatively uneventful except for one thrilling section in the Fraser River canyon just north of Lytton. Again the Reoists were motoring on rough, meandering roads when darkness caught up to them. With their big acetylene lamps on they slowly crept forward and on two separate occasions they came face to face with wagons heading in the opposite direction. Twice they gingerly backed out onto a jutting ledge to let the wagons pass. As if that was not enough, approximately ten miles from Lytton, the lamps went out leaving them in total darkness! They were out of acetylene gas and because the small oil lamps were mounted too far from the road their light was too feeble. In desperation, Earl Wise took one of the lamps, stretched himself along the outside fender, held the lamp out close to the ground, and shouted directions to Haney as they inched their way forward! This night certainly matched the excitement of their Kootenay experiences.

Their long journey, however, was not considered complete until they dipped the front wheels of the Reo Special into the Pacific Ocean at Alberni, B.C. on the west coast of Vancouver Island. On October 17, 1912 after 4,000 miles of travel, the flask of Atlantic water was ceremoniously emptied into the Pacific. The Reo Special had lived up to its builders expectations and, amazingly, the front right tire was the same one that had left Halifax fifty-two days earlier! The objective of the Canadian Highway Association was also realized and the importance of having an east-west, "All Red Route" was demonstrated. The Association hoped that this celebrated trip would inspire the governments to construct a complete transcontinental highway by 1917, the fiftieth anniversary of Canadian confederation. Unfortunately this dream was not fully realized until decades later.

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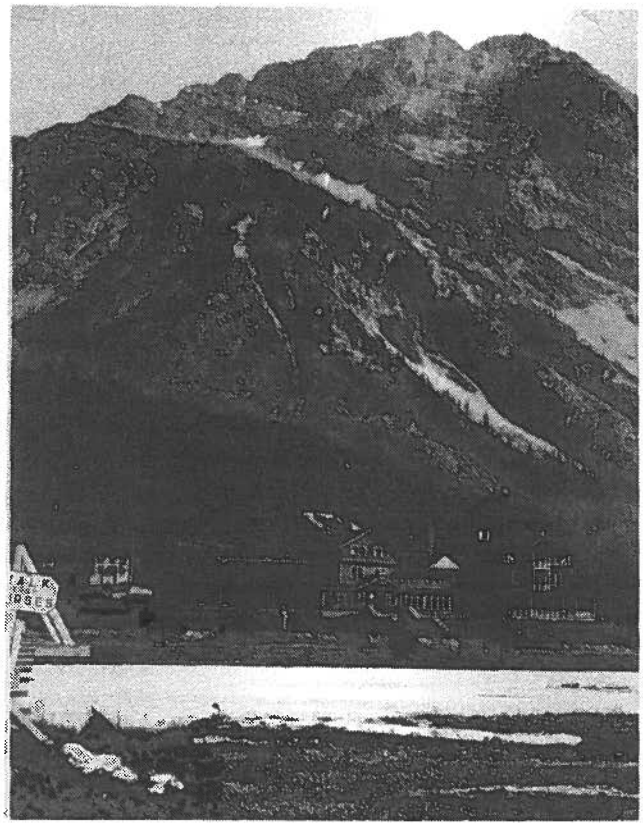
BEYOND THOSE RUGGED MOUNTAINS

Gerry Andrews



Railway YMCA, Field, B.C., 1919. Mt. Dennis behind; Kicking Horse River in Front.

The first white men to penetrate the Western Plains far enough to see the Rocky Mountains were intrigued by what might be hidden beyond them. Young Henry Kelsey from Hudson Bay, 1690-92, did not get far enough to see them. La Verendrye's sons likely saw them from the Missouri River before 1750. Anthony Henday reached the foothills in Alberta in 1754. Alexander Mackenzie was first to cross all mountains, north of Mexico, to the Pacific Ocean, in 1793.

I completed Grade IX at Kelvin High School in Winnipeg, in 1918 at the age of 14. That year from late March till mid September I worked on a Manitoba farm as a "soldier of the soil," the First World War situation being still very grave. Among other things I learned about handling horses. After harvest I moved with my parents to Calgary and enrolled in Grade X at Crescent Heights High School. On winter mornings, climbing up the hill to school I could see the Rocky Mountains in grand panorama to the West, illuminated by the rosy tints of sunrise. The highest ground I had ever seen before was probably Birds Hill, at a gravel pit near Winnipeg. Like the early explorers, I wondered what was beyond those rugged mountains.

As holidays approached in June, 1919, I was again in the market for a job. A want ad in the Calgary Herald offered one for the summer as waiter in the Railway YMCA at Field, B.C. Even at that tender age I had learned that a telegram goes to the top of the pile for attention so I applied by Night Letter. It worked. I went up to Field by CPR, the last Saturday in June — about a 5-hour trip — through Cochrane, Morley, Banff, Lake Louise, over the Great Divide and down through the Spiral Tunnels to Field — exciting for a prairie lad!

The discovery and choice of Rogers Pass (El. 4345 ft.) through the Selkirk Mountains, in September 1882, also cast the die in favor of Kicking Horse Pass (El. 5339 ft.), discovered in 1858 by (Sir) James Hector, for the CPR's crossing of the Rocky Mountains, 1883-4. Political and financial advantages of this choice imposed a high price in engineering and operational costs due to excessive grades, particularly between Cathedral (El. 4501 ft), near the mouth of Yoho River, and Hector (El. 5219 ft) at Wapta Lake, where a route distance of little over 3 miles had to climb 718 feet. This equates to a grade of over 4%, twice the "acceptable" maximum.

To service this critical segment of the railway a major depot was established and named Field, after Cyrus W. Field (1819-92), of trans-Atlantic cable fame, who visited the area in 1884. It was located about 10 route miles west of the summit on the left bank of Kicking Horse River at the base of Mount Stephen where there was enough level ground for railway yards, shops, warehouses and personnel accomodation.

The steepest grade became known as the "Big Hill" and was notorious for accidental loss of life and equipment as well as prohibitive operational costs. These were remedied 1909-11 by boring the famous "Spiral Tunnels" into the massifs of Mount Ogden and Cathedral Mountain thereby adding about 5 miles distance to reduce the grade within the acceptable limit of 2%.

The scenic amenities surrounding Field made it an important base for tourism when Yoho National Park was established in 1886.

The "Y" at Field in 1919, was housed in Mount Stephen House, the old CPR hotel, built in the late 1880's. It was an enormous wooden gingerbread structure, fronting on the station platform (photo 1). Its coffee shop, open all hours, catered mainly to railway crews, and to day-coach passengers who could get a quick cheap snack there. Field was a Divisional Point where crews and locomotives from Calgary and Revelstoke were changed and coaches serviced. This took about half an hour. At that time and season there were at least six passenger trains each way each day. Highways were not yet built, so all through travel was by rail.

I reported to Mr. Rice, the "Y" Secretary, and was given a small bedroom, one floor up overlooking the station. I was put on night shift in the coffee shop — 10 pm to 8 am, seven days a week, pay about $40 per month, all found. This was nearly twice what I got as a "soldier of the soil" in 1918. The seven-day week seemed hardly compatible with "Christian" in YMCA. I soon got into the routine, if a bit clumsy at first. I never became adept at carrying umpteen plates or cups of coffee with one arm.

The clientele on my shift were mostly freight crews, who were sometimes cranky, being away from their homes in Calgary or Revelstoke. I stood my ground against the bullies but discovered there were some "good guys" too. I contrived to eat some breakfast before going off duty and supper after going on at night — but without much appetite. Often I made a bag lunch to eat outdoors. The quiet hour was about 4 am when I could hardly keep my eyes open. But by 8 am I was very wide awake. Instead of going to bed I had to get out in the glorious sun and scenery. There were easy hikes to beautiful and interesting places. I felt hemmed in by the four nearby mountains, Stephen, Dennis, Burgess and Field, which cradled the town. The problem, aggravated by the noise of trains below my window, was to get enough sleep.

One day a friendly pusher engineer asked me if I would like a ride with him up through the Spiral Tunnels. He said I should be near the track about ten o'clock, out of sight just beyond the station. I was there and as he passed, I hopped on the step and climbed up into the cab. The fireman, not much older than I sat on a leather cushion on the left with his hand on a fuel control — pretty soft! His pay would be more than twice mine. The engineer sat on the right, at the throttle. It was exciting to be carried along in the bosom of this dragon monster. In about half an hour we saw the beautiful Yoho Valley on our left and then entered the lower spiral tunnel. Lingering smoke from the front engines was suffocating and I fainted, partly from nervous tension. They revived me with a cold air jet and thought it a big joke. I survived the second tunnel. Then, at a siding near the summit, the lead engine and the pusher were detached, allowing the rest of the train to move on east. The two extra engines then hooked together and returned downgrade to Field, stopping in the yards past the station. I thanked my hosts for such a wonderful experience and walked back to the "Y" and to bed — to dream of space travel in a steam leviathan.

Toward the end of July I became disillusioned with the job at the "Y" — not enough sleep, no days off, smelly indoor work and poor appetite, but I did not complain. Someone must have recommended me to Mr. Joe LaBelle who, I think, ran a large boarding house in Field for CPR laborers. I had no contract with the "Y", so when LaBelle offered me a job as bullcook at the CPR tent camp at Takakkaw Falls up the Yoho Valley, I accepted and notified Mr. Rice that I would quit as of the end of July.

Takakkaw Camp, ten miles from Field by wagon road, catered to tourists. Most were driven there by carriage for a posh lunch at the camp and returned to Field in the afternoon. More affluent and leisurely guests took a 3-day trip by saddle horse with guides. The first day was by trail over Burgess and Yoho Passes to overnight at the camp. The second day featured

Takakkaw Camp, Gerry Andrews, bullcook, 1919.

the trail up to the head of Yoho Valley to see the ice cave and other sights there and back to the camp for a second night. Day 3 was by trail over Yoho Pass and down to Emerald Lake Chalet, thence to Field by road. Mr. LaBelle had the concession to operate the camp and Brewsters handled transport and guides from their depot across the Kicking Horse River from the station at Field, for which Mr. Lyal Currie was manager.

The campsite, in a rough meadow commanded a fine view of Takakkaw Falls less than a mile away across the valley. There was good forage for horses and a small brook provided excellent water. There was a good cook tent, a large dining tent and about ten bedroom tents for overnight guests and like tents for the staff. A large teepee was used for evening campfires. The cook, Miss Pirie, was boss. She was very Scotch, mature, buxom, capable and short tempered. But she had a warm heart withal. I have since learned that good camp cooks are often cranky — and for good reasons. The waitress-chambermaid, a younger woman, shared a tent with the cook who later confided to me that her tentmate said long prayers at bedtime and added "I've na time ta pray — I talk ta God while I'm workin". When annoyed she did, and with lurid eloquence. Meals served to guests in the dining tent were right up to top CPR

Miss Pirie, cook and 'boss', Takakaw Camp.

standards of the day — spotless linen with the full array of dishes and cutlery. The two women enjoyed decorating the tables with wild flowers. No liquor was served and everything was prepaid in Field so no cashier was needed.

My duties as bullcook included cutting firewood and kindling, lighting all fires, fetching water, washing dishes, peeling vegetables, burying noncombustible garbage and keeping the premises tidy. I slept in my own tent and ate at the cook tent. I had no direct contact with the guests. One morning while filling the boss's wood box, I clumsily upset a tray of cooked bacon set on a large water boiler to keep warm while the eggs were frying. The air was blue with sparks from Miss Pirie's hot line to the Almighty. But when loading my plate she would add an extra portion and say "Tis y're a growin lad and it requires ta feed ye". She had cooked in a hotel at Fernie, B.C., and remembered the devastating fire there in 1908.

My jobs required no supervision so I arranged my own timetable. There was lots of fresh air and the environment was beautiful. In afternoons, after the lunch guests had gone and before the overnight people arrived for supper, we had our interlude of spare time. Miss Pirie, on the other end of a crosscut saw, often helped me cut down a dry tree for the woodpile. To haul the logs, there was an old saddle horse which I looked after and exercised on nearby trails. Often I cut wood in the cool of evening. Occasionally guests strolled by to watch or chat. Many were interesting and kindly. My day began early, lighting the cook's stove first then all the heaters in the guest tents while they were supposedly still asleep. I remember a tall chap's bare feet, protruding in the cold air from the end of his bed. I resisted the temptation to tickle them. The evenings were cool and nights cold, often with frost. The elevation was over 5,000 ft. Often before bedtime the guides lit a fire in the teepee to entertain the guests with songs and yarns. I don't remember being invited to these. When I finally retired to my lonely tent I had no trouble getting to sleep, (Photo 9). Our one neighbor was another Scot, Jock Tocher, Park Warden who bached in his cabin near the foot of the falls (Photo 10). He was friendly and no doubt was attracted by Miss Pirie's hospitality with a good meal on the house.

One evening when I was washing the supper dishes down behind the cook tent, Miss Pirie brought me a lady's riding boots which had got muddy on the trail. The owner wanted them cleaned. I protested that this was not one of my duties and anyway I had no kit. She kidded me along and found me some rags and grease. I was really fond of the old girl so did the best I could and the boots were duly returned to the owner, but not by me. After breakfast next morning I was at the dishwashing station as usual, when the lady in her nice clean boots came down, probably directed by Miss Pirie. She thanked me and offered a $2-tip. This I politely declined, said I was paid for my work and that my family never had to take tips for a living. She was offended and marched off in a bit of a huff. Just as her party, which included a son nearly my age, were ready to mount and leave, she came again, said she appreciated my attitude and repeated her thanks. I was certainly getting some lessons in the rudiments of human nature!

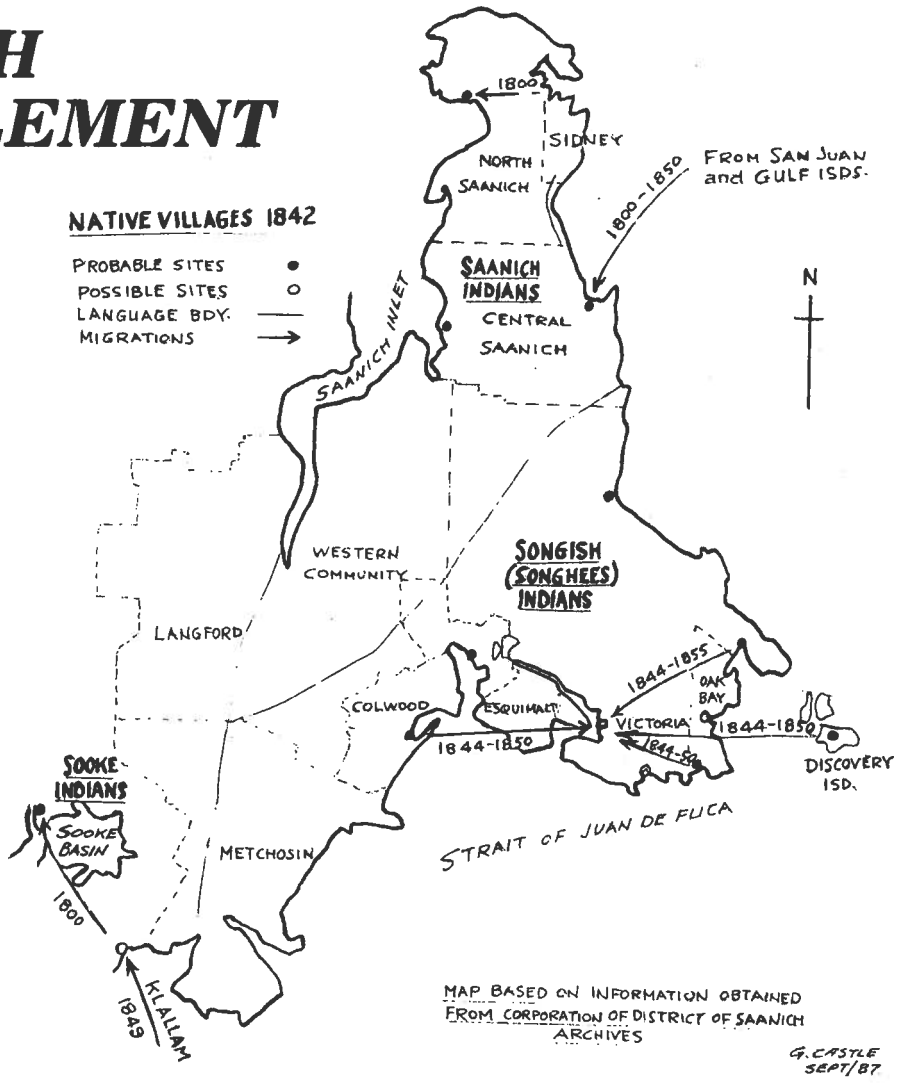
On 3 September just before the camp was to close for the season and I had to think about getting back to school, my father came through Field on a business trip and stopped for the day to see me. Brewsters' Mr. Currie kindly arranged a ride for him in one of the buggies coming out for lunch. He enjoyed one of Miss Pirie's wonderful meals also on the house and we had time to see some local sights before he had to go back. He loved it, (Photos 11, 12, 13).

A day or two later, when the camp was shutting down, my baggage was conveyed to Field by road and I was told to deliver the saddle horse to Brewsters' stables there. Instead of going direct, I was allowed a couple of days to see the local sights by trail. First day I went up to the head of Yoho Valley. Jock Tocher may have accompanied me or at least told me what to see and how to find my way. (Photos 14, 15, 16). The second day I went up over Yoho Pass and down to Emerald Lake, and thence by road to Field. The high trails afforded some grand views of the surroundings (Photos 17, 18, 19). I duly delivered the horse to Mr. Currie at Field and thanked him for his kindness to my father and me. I picked up my baggage, and hopped the eastbound train through scenery now more familiar and got to Calgary in time to enroll in Grade XI at Crescent Heights High School.

I had now seen a bit of what lay just beyond these rugged mountains visible on the western skyline from Calgary. But I did not know then that the summer after next, 1921, Fate would give me one more wonderful summer based at Field, B.C.

SAANICH INDIAN SETTLEMENT

Geoffrey Castle



When Fort Victoria was established in 1843 the Songish Indians, which were part of the Coast Salish native group, inhabited the Saanich peninsula. Their ancestry was a mixture of the two main groupings of people who settled southeastern Vancouver Island.

With the coming of the Hudson's Bay Company activities, they abandoned their villages and lifestyle and virtually disappeared from Saanich. The Sooke-Victoria-Saanich area was settled by 3 separate linguistic groups of Coast Salish. In addition to the Songish in Saanich, Victoria and Esquimalt, there were Saanich Indians on the Saanich peninsula and the Sooke who lived in the Becher Bay-Sooke Basin area.

By the beginning of the 19th century it was estimated that the total Indian population in this area was reduced to 2,000 following a smallpox epidemic. After fur traders introduced firearms there was a further decrease in the native population as they fought one another. Attacks from bands with superior strength caused the Gulf Island and San Juan Island natives to resettle at Saanichton Bay and the Sidney ones moved to Patricia (Union) Bay. The Sooke band moved from Becher Bay to Sooke Basin but by 1850 their population was reduced to 60. The largest remaining groups were found in the villages of the Saanich and the Songish, at Cadboro Bay. Each dwelling housed a clan, and a village like Cadboro Bay consisted of several clans. There the stockade was about 150 feet square and 20 feet high with about 500 natives. Villages were located in bays to provide protection.

Though life centered around the sea and its resources, the Indians hunted elk and deer, waterfowl and bear. They also grew some crops, the most important of which was the bulb of the camas plant. In summer, the Saanich natives travelled to Point Roberts and the Songish went to San Juan Island for fishing. Red cedar provided their clothing (as did dog hides and wool) and shelter as well as transportation.

The southeastern Vancouver Island bands were inter-related from previous marriages and traded with each other but when Fort Victoria was built, the Songish people abandoned their villages and moved closer to the fort. Around then, they changed their name to Songhees.

In 1860, the Songhees relocated in what is now Victoria West and remained there until 1913 when they moved to the Esquimalt Indian Reserve. Today, there are no Indian reserves within Saanich Municipality although there are two in each of Central Saanich and North Saanich municipalities.

Geoffrey Castle is the Municipal Archivist for the Corporation of the District of Saanich and past president of the Victoria section of the B.C. Historical Federation.

A Solar-Lunar Observatory, Montague Harbour, Galiano Island

Les Laronde

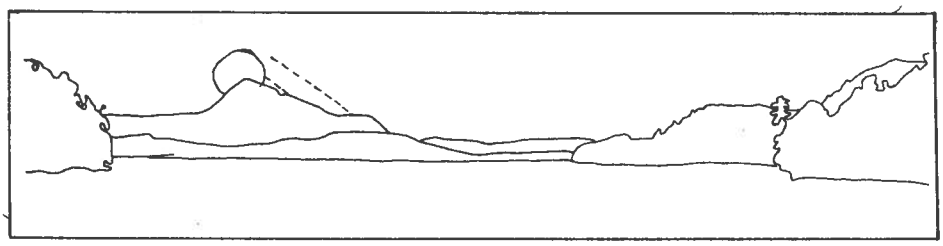


Figure 1. The synodic sunset.[2]

There is evidence that Montague Harbour on Galiano Island may be a site of unique astronomical importance. It is possible that the way we measure time — a 365 ¼ day year divided into twelve months — was first discovered in this Gulf Island setting. From the most protected corner of Montague Harbour, an area with links to primitive man that go back fifty-five centuries, it is easy to calculate the length of the year, the day of the summer solstice and the movements of the moon. It is probable that man was not in the area too long before discovering its astronomical significance. After all, 4800 years ago, seven hundred years after man arrived in the Gulf Islands, construction of Stonehenge was begun by a people who already possessed a highly developed knowledge of the movements of the moon.[1]

When we look out to sea from the ancient village site at the southernmost corner of Montague Harbour, we see that hills and forest surround the sheltered waters except for one narrow channel to the northwest; the lone mountain on the skyline above that channel is Mt. Benson, 57 km away on Vancouver Island. The spectacular sunsets in May down the edge of this 1019 m mountain can be used to compare the relationship between the phases of the moon and the moon's position among the stars.

When the right upper edge of the sun first sets into the right face of Mt. Benson, about May 22 (between the dashed lines as shown on figure 1), the moon is in the same phase, e.g. full moon, as it will be one month later, at summer solstice.

When the entire sun first rolls down and into the right face of the mountain, about May 24 (between the dashed lines as shown in figure 2), the moon appears in the same group of stars where it will be at summer solstice. This method of finding the solstice is accurate to within twelve hours. Finding midsummers day by direct observation is not possible because the sun sets in the same place for three or four days around the time of the solstice.

The people who lived in the Gulf Islands had a practical reason for knowing the movements of the moon: the unique local tides respond to those movements. The Coast Salish people who navigated the inland waters between Vancouver Island and the mainland of British Columbia lived by the tides. They paddled hundreds of miles each year between traditional seasonal settlements gathering food and other resources.[4]

Although there is evidence that a large population lived at least seasonally at Montague Harbour over a very long period of time, just who those people were remains a mystery,[5] and it is impossible to say for certain that they or any other coast Salish could predict the tides.

We do know that the Cowichan and the Saanich people used to spend late spring and early summer in the Gulf Islands. These people had a lunar calendar that began at winter solstice.[6] Some said there were twelve moons to the year and some claimed there were thirteen.[7] The moon is full twelve times in a year but returns to the same place among the stars thirteen times which may explain this discrepancy.

The Cowichans determined the time of winter solstice by going to a certain place and observing the sun rising in relation to a distant mountain peak. A similar method was used at Bella Coola and at other places along the B.C. coast to determine the summer solstice.[8]

All the Coast Salish named constellations so they could have noted the position of the moon in the stars throughout the month.[9]

The Montague Harbour site may be

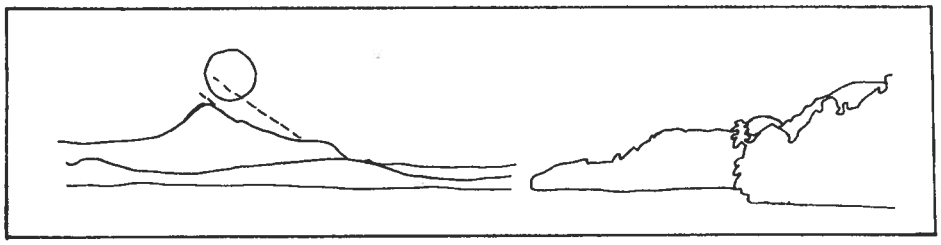


Figure 2. The siderial sunset.[3]

unique in the Americas for fitting the solar and lunar movements to the tides. Although prehistoric observatories were used from Saskatchewan to Peru and from California to Florida,[10] the Inca were the only Indian people known to have timed events by the moon's monthly return to a position among the stars.[11]

The observatory site at Montague Harbour has not yet been radiocarbon dated. Helen Point on Mayne Island, a site six km away at the western entrance to Active Pass has been dated back to about 3500 B.C. and the Pender Canal site on Pender Island has been dated back to about 3000 B.C.[12] so it is probable that the observatory site is about the same age. The earliest investigated observatory site in the Americas, at Izapa, Mexico, was radio-carbon dated to 1500 B.C.[13]

This unique site, where the interrelationship between the observer and the cycles of the sun, the moon, the tides and all the life around him can so easily be seen, should be scientifically investigated and protected for future generations. The remains of one of the world's longest lasting villages are now rapidly washing away.

Notes

1. Alexander Thom, *Megalithic Lunar Observatories* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1971), 115
2. The sun sets as indicated by the dashed lines an average synodic month (29.53 plus/-0.5 days) before summer solstice.
3. The sun sets as indicated by the dashed lines an average siderial month (27.32 plus/-0.5 days) before summer solstice.
4. Donald H. Mitchell, "Archaeology of the Gulf of Georgia area, a natural region and its culture types," in *Syesis*, 4, Supplement 1 (Victoria: British Columbia Provincial Museum, 1971), 26.
5. James C. Haggafty and John H.W. Sendey, "Test Excavation at the Georgeson Bay Site, Gulf of Georgia Region, British Columbia," in *Occasional Papers of the British Columbia Museum No. 19* (Victoria, Ministry of the Provincial Secretary and Travel Industry, 1976), 10.
6. H.G. Barnett, "Culture Element Distributions: IX Gulf of Georgia Salish," in *University of California Publications in Anthropological Records* Vol. 1 No. 5 (Berkeley: University of California, 1939), 250.
7. Ibid., 287.
8. Diamond Jenness, "The Faith of a Coast Salish Indian," in *Anthropology in British Columbia*, Memoir No. 3, (Victoria: British Columbia Provincial Museum, 1955), 87.
9. Barnett, "Culture Element," 251.
10. Ray A. Williamson, *Living the Sky* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1984), 2.
11. Ibid., 15.
12. Roy L. Carlson, in a speech to the Gulf Islands Branch of the B.C. Historical Federation given at Pender Island, March 5, 1986.
13. Vincent H. Malmstrom, "Architecture, Astronomy, and Calendrics in Pre-Columbian Mesoamerica," in Ray A. Williamson, ed. *Archaeoastronomy in the Americas* (Los Altos, Calif.: Ballena Press, 1981), 258.

Les Laronde moved to Galiano Island in 1977 and lived at the observatory site at Montague Harbour for almost 8 years. He has travelled a good deal in Asia and the South Pacific.

We appeal . . .

for donations to build up endowment funds for two projects undertaken by the British Columbia Historical Federation. It has been moved/seconded and carried that the British Columbia Historical Federation give:

1.) A monetary prize to the winner(s) of the annual competition for Writers of B.C. History.

2.) A scholarship for a student entering fourth year in a British Columbia university taking a major in British Columbia/Canadian history.

The writing Competition Prize Fund has seen endowment which will guarantee a $100 prize can be paid to the 1986 winter. This is a beginning. You can make it possible for the B.C. Historical Federation to offer more than one prize, and attract more entrants to this competition.

We thank all those who have made donations to these projects, and urge other readers to send a cheque today to:

The Treasurer — B.C. Historical Federation
P.O. Box 35326
Station E
Vancouver, B.C. V6M 4G5

State which project you are supporting. All donations will be acknowledged with a receipt for tax exemption purposes.

THE LITTLE RED SCHOOL HOUSE

Rae Purcell

This story could begin with 'Once Upon a Time', however, since the dates are recorded for posterity, we shall begin in 1889, four years after the Canadian Pacific Railway had clinked its way across the vast Prairie and struggled through the harsh, unforgiving Rockies bringing settlers, loggers, homesteaders and many other speculators to this land of milk and honey on the West Coast of Canada. Imagine their surprise to find that the area known as British Columbia had already developed the cities of Vancouver, New Westminster and Victoria along the line of the Coast, that the inhabitants had experienced the rise and demise of places like Barkerville, Granite City and Fort Langley along the 'Mighty Fraser River' and that industrious farmers were busy forging a livelihood from the fertile acres of the Fraser Valley.

Communities were flourishing along the stretch of land that bordered the 49th parallel. Spur railroad lines were interwoven through the area to transport lumber and commodities south to lucrative mills and ports in the United States. U.S. border towns provided the mail service for many Canadians.

Place names were constantly changing to accomodate new landowners. One such change occurred at BIGGAR PRAIRIE, an area bounded on the south by the International Boundary Line (0 Ave.), the Old Yale Road to the north, Brown Road (240th St.) and Johnson Townline Road (216th St.) the east and west perimeters of that portion of Langley Municipality.

Department of Education records in Victoria refer to a school being part of the Richard Thomas Biggar homestead in 1889. As was the custom of that day, lessons could have been taught to local children in the parlor of the house. These same records show that in 1892, a power struggle erupted between the Biggar family and the Cameron Clan — homesteaders in 1888 — and that the name Biggar was officially changed to Lochiel, thereby implanting the namesake of the head of the Cameron Clan of Scotland firmly in the lore and soil of British Columbia.

In 1896, a red school house was built with lumber obtained from Baumgartner's mill located on Old Yale Road and floated across the water on Biggar Prairie (the name is still in use today) to a one-acre site which had been cleared out of the wilderness adjacent to the Biggar residence. The school fronted on North Bluff Road (now 16th Ave.) which was little more than a land boundary trail winding through the trees.

It appears that the two feuding factions reached a compromise as the Lochiel School was situated on property donated by the Biggar family. However, there continued to be much wrangling between the three trustees of the school — of which Mr. Cameron was one — and members of the community when the question of retaining teachers arose.

A photograph taken in 1900 and displayed at the Langley Centennial Museum in Fort Langley shows a class of twelve students ranging in age from primary to secondary. An interesting feature of the picture illustrates the dress code adopted for that era; bare feet on the youngsters seated at the front.

The size of enrolment determined the operation of the school which was sporadic in the early days. Any visual aid that was provided came from the sun and the occasional coal-burning lamp. A large heater, filled with cordwood from the shed in the back, sat in the center of the room and supplied the comforts of 'central heating'. For those days when the weather was less than ideal, it also served as a clothes dryer.

By 1924, the school board chose to consolidate the students from the Lochiel district with those at Murrayville. The residents of Lochiel balked at this suggestion and demanded a new school instead. After much debate, an understanding was reached by both parties and a new one-room building to replace the old red school house was erected on the same property, somewhat closer to the road. The arrangement was short-lived. The new structure was used for the period of one year, then abandoned and the students transported to Murrayville in the first recorded school bus in the Langley district.

Wilfred Lewis, who owned a '23 Ford truck with canvas top and a converted van on the back, was paid $75 monthly for the hire of himself and vehicle. In spite of the condition of the roads and the inclement weather at times, he is reported to have provided excellent service. One can only surmise the reaction of the teachers as this same truck was used in the off-hours to haul livestock. Students attending

Langley High School paid $3 per month for the privilege of riding on the tailgate.

In 1937, due to overcrowding in the central school, Lochiel was reopened and students were transferred from Glenwood to ensure a full class with thirty-five to forty pupils in the six grades.

Janitorial services which included lighting the fire, carrying wood, filling a three gallon tank which was situated in the cloakroom with water from the dug well, sweeping and dusting the school etc. cost the School Board $5 per month.

A favorite game of the day was Antey-I-Over; played by two teams, one to each side of the school. The object of the game was to throw the ball over the roof. A missile inadvertently crashing through the window suspended further playing for a period of time.

There was a serious aspect in the lives of the students in these years. War had broken out in many countries of Europe and Canadians answered the call to support England and her Allies. Because of the close proximity to the coast, the danger of invasion seemed a possible threat and the schools were instructed to conduct air drills. All pupils had to leave the building and scatter. On weekends, many of the older boys were trained by the Pacific Coast Militia Rangers to be runners (messengers).

In 1950, Lochiel school was moved to a three-acre plot of land on 224th St., just north of 16th Ave. Two portables, one trucked in from Langley Prairie and the other brought from Fort Langley, plus an administration block, separate from the original building, were added in the fifties. The outdoor 'biffies', no longer in use but still on the property, were retired in 1956.

With the advent of indoor plumbing came frozen pipes, and Lochiel experienced its first fire. A torch being used to thaw the lines, ignited the tinder-dry wood under the sink. A passing RCMP officer, alerted by the alarm, assisted the staff with portable fire equipment and the blaze was extinguished.

In the years 1965 to 1975 enrolment in the school reached as high as one hundred and fifty-six students. The complex consisted of four classrooms, music room, three administration rooms, a new library and half-gym as well as the old building.

In 1975, arsonists set fire to the building after vandalizing the rooms, and the school was destroyed with the exception of the half-gym, part of the library and the old school which suffered severe smoke and water damage. Heavy snowfall and freezing temperatures prevented firemen from using local ponds or ditches for a water supply.

The local Lochiel Community Club have moved the old building to the club property at the corner of 16th Ave. and 224th St., where it has sat idle this past decade. Renewed interest in heritage buildings has prompted a former teacher and student to pursue this possibility. In the event that the negotiations now in progress are successful, The Old Red School House will be restored and situated on the Rowlett Farm in Campbell Valley Park.

As it was in the beginning, so it shall be in the end.

ARE YOU MOVING?

Please let us have your change of address. The list of branches of the B.C.H.F. is found on the inside front cover. If you cannot remain a member of your current historical society or join a new one which is affiliated with the British Columbia Historical Federation, please indicate your wish for an *individual* subscription when your present one runs out.

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Native Issues: Selected Quotes

"The aboriginal people of Canada, while reluctant to abandon or even seriously compromise a way of life that has stood them in good stead for many centuries, have always believed that the land and its resources are to be shared for the common good of all people, not for the exclusive pleasure of a few. We share the view of some developing nations that while we attempt 'the great ascent' to a further measure of economic fulfillment, we wish to do so in accord with our own best interests, mindful of our traditions and cautious in our relationship with a fragile environment we understand intimately. We do not accept the proposition that anyone is as well qualified to make decisions affecting our environment as we are ourselves."

Aboriginal People of Canada and Their Environment, revised edition, National Indian Brotherhood, Ottawa, 1973, page 1. (President at the time was George Manuel of B.C.)

"My father's generation was a happy, singing people. They were a proud people. They were strong and healthy people. They knew what they wanted and what was good for their own. The Indian aspired to a clean and wholesome mind and a staunch, fearless heart. He was at peace with his god and he was at peace with himself.

"Quaint folklore tales were used widely to teach the young the many wonders of nature; the importance of all living things, no matter how small and insignificant; and particularly to acquaint him with the closeness of man to all animal, bird life and the creatures of the sea. The young were taught through the medium of the tales that there was a place in the sun for all living things.

"This resulted in a deep understanding and love of man for all animal life. This was so prevalent that an Indian would show remorse and do penance on the spot whenever he killed an animal for meat. This practice prevailed throughout all the coastal region of British Columbia."

Son of Raven Son of Deer: Fables of the Tse-Shaht People, George Clutesi, Tse Shaht author and artist, Gray's Publishing, Sidney, B.C., 1967.

"They had what the world has lost. They have it now. What the world has lost, the world must have again, lest it die. Not many years are left to have or have not, to recapture the lost ingredient . . .

"What, in our human world, is this power to live? It is the ancient, lost reverence and passion for human personality, joined with the ancient, lost reverence and passion for the earth and its web of life.

"This indivisible reverence and passion is what the American Indians almost universally had; and representative groups of them have it still.

"They had and have this power for living which our modern world has lost — as world-view and self-view, as tradition and institution, as practical philosophy dominating their societies and as an art supreme among all the arts."

Indians of the Americas: American Indians, Past and Present, The Long Hope, John Collier, distinguished non-Indian authority on Indian life, Mentor Books, New York, 1947, page 7.

"We were a people of a great forest. That forest was a source of great wealth. It was a place in which was to be found huge hardwoods and an almost unimaginable abundance and variety of nuts, berries, roots, and herbs. In addition to these, the rivers teemed with fish and the forest and its meadows abounded with game. It was, in fact, a kind of Utopia, a place where no one went hungry, a place where the people were happy and healthy.

"Our traditions were such that we were careful not to allow our population to rise to numbers that would overtax the other forms of life. We practiced strict forms of conservation. Our culture is based on a principle that directs us to constantly think about the welfare of seven generations into the future. Our belief in this principle acts as a restraint to the development of practices which would cause suffering in the future. To this end, our people took only as many animals as were needed to meet our needs. Not until the arrival of the colonists did the wholesale slaughter of animals occur.

"In accordance with our ways, we are required to hold many kinds of feasts and ceremonies which can best be described as 'give-aways.' It is said that among our people, our leaders, those whom the Anglo people insist on calling 'chiefs,' are the poorest of us. By the laws of our culture, our leaders are both political and spiritual leaders. They are leaders of many ceremonies which require the distribution of great

wealth. As spiritual/political leaders, they provide a kind of economic conduit. To become a political leader, a person is required to be a spiritual leader, and to become a spiritual leader a person must be extraordinarily generous in terms of material goods."

Basic Call to Consciousness: the Hau De No Sau Nee Address to the Western World, papers presented to the Non-Governmental Organizations of the United Nations in Geneva, Switzerland, by the Hau De No Sau Nee, the Six Nations Confederacy, the Iroquois, in September, 1977. Edited and published by *Akwesasne Notes*, Mohawk Nation, Via Rooseveltown, New York, U.S.A. 13683, 1978.

In *Strengthening the Canadian Federation*, a Government of Canada publication explaining "The Constitution Amendment 1987," the so-called Meech Lake Accord, the presence of two major language groups is said to be part of what makes Quebec "a distinct society" within Canada. "Historically, it is this linguistic duality that has made diversity, not 'the melting pot,' a Canadian ideal."

On the next page, however, the report briefly acknowledges that many "Attempts to further define aboriginal rights in the Constitution have not yet been successful . . . But the federal government is still committed to this goal . . ." One thousand years after their first contact with Europeans and five hundred years after Columbus, and 209 years after Captain James Cook anchored in Nootka Sound, Vancouver Island, aboriginal people of Canada are in fact the *most* "distinct society" in the country, but not yet officially out of the melting pot.

George Catlin, as portrait painter and expert cross-cultural listener, became well acquainted with many important Indian tribes even before or soon after their first contact with what he called, "the bustling, busy, talking, elated and exultant white man." His view is worth a second look now, no matter how unpopular it was in his day, 150 years ago:

"I love a people who have always made me welcome to the best they had . . . who are honest without laws, who have no jails and no poor house . . . who never take the name of God in vain . . . who worship God without a Bible, and I believe God loves them also . . . who are free from religious animosities . . . who have never raised a hand against me, or stolen my property, where there was no law to punish either . . . who never fought a battle with white men except on their own ground . . . and oh! how I love a people who don't live for the love of money."

George Catlin and the Old Frontier: A Biography and Picture Gallery of the Dean of Indian Painters, Harold McCracken, Bonanza Books, New York, 1959.

George Catlin understood in the 1830s what the World Commission on Environment and Development is trying to tell us late in the 1980s — for the sake of *Our Common Future*, we may finally be able to hear the ancient and still relevant wisdom as more promising than continuing the way we are now going, drifting as Albert Einstein warned in 1946 "toward unparalleled catastrophe" unless we change our ways of thinking.

Selected by Walt Taylor

Walt Taylor has worked as a human development consultant for a number of Indian organizations in B.C. and is active in the Smithers Human Rights Society.

WRITING COMPETITION

The British Columbia Historical Federation invites submissions of books or articles for the fifth annual Competition for Writers of B.C. History.

Any book with historical content published in 1987 is eligible. The work may be a community history, a biography, a record of a project, industry or organization, or personal recollections giving glimpses of the past. Names, dates and places with relevant maps or pictures turn a story into "history".

The judges are looking for fresh presentations of historical information with appropriate illustrations, careful proof reading, an adequate index, table of contents and bibliography. Winners will be chosen in the following categories:

1) Best history book by an individual writer. Winner receives the Lieutenant-Governor's Medal for Historical Writing and a monetary prize.
2) Best anthology.
3) Special Award — for an author or editor of an outstanding book.
4) Best article published in the *British Columbia Historical News* quarterly magazine.

All winners will receive considerable publicity, an invitation to the B.C.-Alberta Historical Conference in Banff in May 1988, and a Certificate of Merit.

Books should be mailed as soon as possible after publication to:

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

Please include name, address and telephone number, the cost of the book and an address from where it may be ordered if a reader has to order by mail. Deadline for 1987 book submissions is January 31, 1988.

Articles should be no more than 2,500 words, substantiated with footnotes if possible, and accompanied by photographs if available. (Photos will be returned.) Deadlines for the quarterly issues are September 1, December 1, March 1, and June 1. Please send articles directly to:

The Editor
British Columbia Historical News
P.O. Box 5626 Station B
Victoria, B.C.
V8R 6S4

Reports from the Branches

District 69 Historical Society

District 69 Historical Society, although it conducts a variety of other programs, concentrates its main thrust in the maintaining of Craig Heritage Park.

This Park is located on 1.3 acres of land owned by the City of Parksville and rented to the Society for a nominal amount. It is a Museum in which are located 5 heritage buildings and one incompleted modern museum building.

The genesis of Craig Heritage Park was the re-location there by the Society of Knox Heritage Church, which was made available when a new Knox United Church was built in Parksville. Although the Society was formed in 1972, it was not until 1982, when the Church was set-up in Craig Park, that the Society had a home. It subsequently obtained, moved and restored a number of other buildings. The French Creek Post Office is 100 years old as is the Duncan MacMillan House (named for the early settler who built it). The Montrose School House and the Craig's Crossing Post Office are other old transplanted survivors.

The incompleted museum building was brought to its shell stage by means of a Canada Works grant in 1985. It was supposed that a 1986 grant would see its completion but the Canada Works Program was cancelled.

Student guides escort summer visitors around the Park and draw their attention to a variety of local artifacts housed in the Church and to a lesser degree in the Duncan MacMillan House and the Montrose School.

In 1987 an ambitious program was a course in "Museum Management For the Layman" funded by New Horizons with assistance from the B.C. Seniors' Lottery Fund. For 10 weeks, 19 senior students met for one afternoon per week to learn the A.B.C.'s of museum-keeping. The instructor was Maureen Gee, a former Education Officer with the B.C. Provincial Museum. Miss Gee also acted as Curator of Craig Heritage Park and was invaluable in upgrading the expertise of our Trustees and other directors. Our number one priority is the completion of the museum building. All of our efforts are now directed to this end.

Pat Trebble — Secretary

Vancouver Historical Society

Plans are in place for a good year ahead. We expect that our fall programme, arranged by Vice-President Cyril Leonoff, will maintain the high standard set in previous years. Our September topic, *Mount Pleasant and Brewery Creek,* will be presented by Charles Christopherson, chairperson of the Brewery Creek urban committee. For October Jim Bezanon, a local architect and heritage advocate, had entitled his talk *A Look at Vancouver History through Architectural Style.* In November, Elaine Bernard will discuss *Union Labels, Boycotts and Beer: One Hundred Years of Organizing the Brewing Industry in B.C.*

Cyril Leonoff has arranged for a tour of the B.C. Sugar Museum for November 5. Our president, Dr. Hugh Johnston, head of the History Department at Simon Fraser University and an authority on the history of the Sikhs in British Columbia, has arranged a bus tour of the Vancouver and Richmond Sikh temples and the Punjabi market for October 24.

The U.S. based Roman Meal Company is introducing into each province of Canada a heritage bread. Manitoba was the pilot province for this idea. British Columbia will follow in October. The company has approached VHS for permission to carry its crest and information about the Society on the bread packaging. The Society will receive a royalty of five cents for every bag sold.

Our executive has decided to support the publication of a Vancouver Atlas. Considerable work has already been done on this project by our Publicity Chairperson, Bruce MacDonald. A committee composed of Hugh Johnston, Bruce MacDonald and John Spittle will oversee the project.

Morag Maclachlan, Secretary

NORTH SHORE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The subject of our September, 1986 meeting was "The Story of Steam Engine No. 374". Most of us had already seen the engine that brought the first C.P.R. Transcontinental Passenger Train to Vancouver in 1887. It was very interesting to see the videotape prepared by the "Friends of Locomotive No. 374", introduced by Evelyn Atkinson. The tape was the story of the actual work of restoration, much of which was done at Versatile Pacific Shipyard in North Vancouver.

In October, our speaker was Roy Pallant, author of "The History of St. Martin's Church", and now our 1st Vice-President. The book is more than the history of one congregation. It includes famous events in the City and District of North Vancouver over the last 75 years.

November 11th saw the opening of Pioneer Park in the centre of Lynn

News and Notes

National Historical Societies Meet

B.C. Historical Federation President Naomi Miller of Wasa and Secretary T.D. Sale of Nanaimo participated in the Heritage Canada/National Network of Historical Societies meeting at Quebec City September 24 - 27, 1987. The trip was made possible by a grant from the Heritage Trust.

The meetings began with reports from Provincial Heritage Societies and a panel chaired by Mary Liz Bayer of Victoria. Some delegates were enthusiastic about programs and progress; other expressed frustration, often due to having to deal with various levels of government. The evening of the first day was highlighted by a concert of French and English heritage tunes by musicians playing old instruments.

On the second day Professor Marc Leplante and Paul-Louis Martin of Quebec Culture and Recreation Dept. spoke on "Heritage Tourism." Both B.C. Historical Federation delegates took the 'rural' tour on Ile d'Orleans with Wayne Choquette of Cranbrook as facilitator. This was followed by dinner at a heritage restaurant in Old Quebec.

On September 26 the Provincial Historical Societies met; Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, Alberta and B.C. were well represented. Each province outlined their objectives and described their activities. The delegate from the Canadian Historical Association (an organization for college and university professors) was surprised to learn of the variety of projects undertaken by provincial historical groups.

In summary, while caution prevailed over the possibility of setting up a National Historical Society, the meetings left all delegates better informed, and provided contact with the national academic historical group (C.H.A.)

Naomi Miller

FIFTH B.C. STUDIES CONFERENCE

The fifth B.C. Studies Conference will be held at Simon Fraser University, Burnaby, 4-6 November 1988. The B.C. Studies Conference is interdisciplinary with an historical focus. The organizers invite proposals for papers that will enhance an understanding of any aspect of British Columbia's past, current and future development. Approximately ten sessions will be held at the conference. Most sessions are made up of two papers on a related subject followed by a commentator's critical assessment. One special evening session will also be held.

Suggestions for conference papers will be considered as they are received; the deadline for proposal submissions is 1 November 1987. Enquiries and paper proposals should be directed to Robin Fisher, Department of History, Simon Fraser University, Burnaby, British Columbia, V5A 1S6; Robert A. J. McDonald, Department of History, University of British Columbia, Vancouver, V6T 1W5; or Peter Baskerville, Department of History, University of Victoria, Victoria, V8W 2Y2.

The Second Canadian Business History Conference

Includes papers on mining, lumbering, industrial development and business archives in B.C., as well as papers on the history of business in other parts of Canada. Puts the development of business in B.C. in a comparative frame. March 3-5, 1988, University of Victoria. For further information, please contact: Peter Baskerville, Department of History, University of Victoria, Victoria, B.C., V8W 2Y2, (604)721-7393.

Goldstream Region Museum

The Goldstream Region Museum, 697 Goldstream Avenue, Victoria, B.C., V9B 2X2 has a number of projects underway. The museum is looking for old-fashioned Christmas recipes for a planned booklet, "Tastes of Christmas Past." The museum has also established an oral history program and is looking for volunteers for all aspects of the program (interviewers, transcribers, researchers). The museum is also seeking volunteers to act as host/hostesses at the museum and to serve on various committees. If you can help in any way, call the museum at 474-6113.

SILVER DART AVIATION HISTORY AWARD

The Canadian Aviation Historical Society is very pleased to announce the winner of the second Silver Dart Aviation History Award, Kyle McIntyre.

Kyle McIntyre is a graduate of Queen's University, Kingston, and is in the second year of a two year Master's course at the Royal Military College, Kingston, specializing in Canadian military history. His essay was titled "The Politics of Air Power: Mackenzie King and the Development of an Autonomous Canadian Air Force, 1935 - 1939". This essay will be printed in an up-coming Journal of the Canadian Aviation Historical Society.

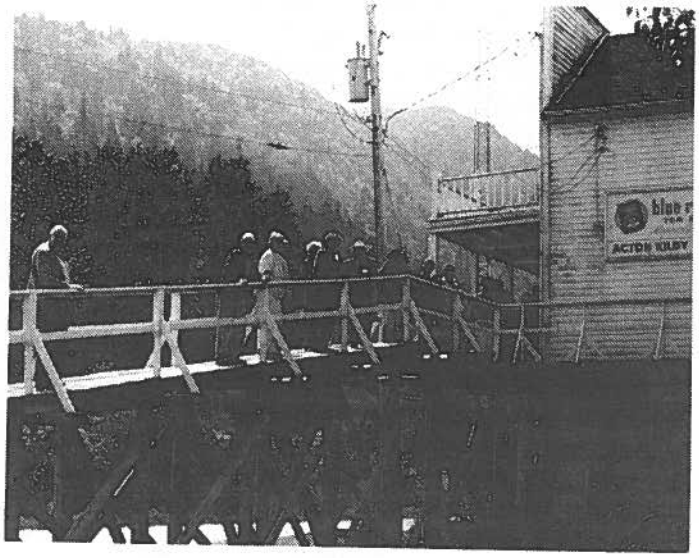
The Silver Dart Aviation History Award is offered annually by the Canadian Aviation Historical Society to students at technical colleges, aviation schools and universities. It's aim is to encourage the research and publication of Canadian aviation history. The Award consists of a prize of $500 plus a trophy.

Last year's winner of the Silver Dart

(cont. on page 25)

CONVENTION — 1987

Photos courtesy of John D. Spittle



(cont. from page 5)

A Conspiracy for "Our Common Future"

During the last decade of the Twentieth Century, enlightened, non-Indian self-interest may finally open the way for indigenous people to contribute what the world most needs without native people losing the dignity and worth of their own unique identity.

Literally, to conspire is to breathe together. Conspiring differs fundamentally from the historical approach to native concerns, the persistent but fortunately unsuccessful pressure on Indian people to become assimilated. Conspiring is breathing together; assimilating is one culture smothering another.

Enlightened self-interest will lead toward *sustainable* development because the only alternative is extinction.

"Our Common Future" clearly depends now on cultivating this great conspiracy between the ecological knowledge of recent decades and the aboriginal wisdom of recent millennia. Instead of concentrating on the bottom line or the next election, ecologists and other enlightened Canadians will begin to share the aboriginal sense of responsibility for the well-being of the next seven generations of people and other life on earth.[25]

The decisions we make at this turning point in history will either enhance or terminate the opportunities for future generations even to be conceived. Their only voice in these decisions is ours.

Endnotes

1. "Answers to Eight Common Concerns about the Gitksan and Wet'suwet'en Land claim," a pamphlet by Smithers Human Rights Society, 1987, Box 3595, Smithers, B.C. V0J 2N0.
2. Hugh Brody, *Maps and Dreams: Indians and the British Columbia Frontier*, Douglas and McIntyre: Vancouver/Toronto 1981.
3. Felix Cohen, "Americanizing the White Man" in *The American Scholar*, 1952.
4. Walter Taylor, "The Relevance of the Indian Heritage to the Survival of Man" in *Exploration*, Journal of the British Columbia Social Studies Teachers' Association of the B.C. Teachers' Federation, Vol. 10, No. 1, November, 1969.
5. *Aboriginal People of Canada and Their Environment*, National Indian Brotherhood, Ottawa, Revised Edition 1973.
6. *Native Rights in Canada*, Second Edition, Edited by Peter A. Cumming and Neil H. Mickenberg, The Indian-Eskimo Association of Canada in association with General Publishing, Toronto, 1972, page 176.
7. "Land Claims in B.C." in the information poster, "Aboriginal Rights: Legacy of Our Forefathers," Union of B.C. Indian Chiefs, Vancouver, February 9, 1980.
8. Harold Cardinal, *The Unjust Society: The Tragedy of Canada's Indians*, M.G. Hurtig Publishers, Edmonton, 1969. Pages 1 and 3.
9. Ibid., page 89.
10. *Living Treaties: Lasting Agreements*, Report of the Task Force to Review Comprehensive Claims Policy, Murray Coolican, Chairman, Department of Indian Affairs and Northern Development, Ottawa, December, 1985. Page 5.
11. "Aboriginal Title Action Against the Province of British Columbia — Background Papers," Gitksan-Wet'suwet'en Tribal Council, Hazelton, B.C., October, 1985.
12. "The Honour of All," in *Kahtou*, Native Communications Society of British Columbia, Volume 4, Number 5, May, 1986, page 17.
13. Duu Guusd: Haida Tribal park, poster of the Council of the Haida Nation, Queen Charlotte Islands, 1987.
14. Moira Johnston, "Canada's Queen Charlotte Islands: Homeland of the Haida," *National Geographic*, Volume 172, Number 1, July 1987, page 120.
15. "Aboriginal Title Action Against the Province of British Columbia — Background Papers," Gitksan-Wet'suwet'en Tribal council, Hazelton, B.C., October, 1985, "The People's Food," pages 15 to 24. (Same reference as Endnote 11, except specific pages.)
16. "The Nishga Position: Some of your questions with Nishga answers," Nishga Tribal Council, New Aiyansh, B.C., July, 1983.
17. *Our Common Future* by the World Commission on Environment and Development, Oxford University Press, Don Mills, Ontario, April 27, 1987.
18. *Ibid.*, Chapter 12, page 32, paragraph 126.
19. *Ibid.*, Executive Summary, page 1, paragraph 4.
20. *Ibid.*, Chapter 4, pages 19/20, paragraph 70.
21. *Ibid.*, Chapter 4, page 20, paragraph 71.
22. *Ibid.*, Chapter 4, page 20, paragraph 74.
23. *Ibid.*, Chapter 4, page 20, paragraph 75.
24. *Ibid.* Chapter 4, page 20, paragraph 77.
25. *Basic Call to Consciousness*, papers presented to the Non-Governmental Organizations of the United Nations in Geneva, Switzerland, by the Haudenosaunee, the Six Nations Confederacy, the Iroquois, in September, 1977. Edited and published by Akwesasne Notes, Mohawk Nation, Via Rooseveltown, New York, U.S.A., 13683, 1978. Page 96: "Our culture is based on a principle that directs us to constantly think about the welfare of seven generations into the future." The same principle applies throughout many if not all indigenous communities.

(cont. from page 23)

Aviation History Award, Officer-Cadet Dwayne Lovegrove of College Militaire Royal, Saint-Jean, is currently undergoing flight training at CFB Moose Jaw.

The Canadian Aviation Historical Society is now offering the third Silver Dart Aviation History Award for the best original essay on Canadian aviation history. Papers must be received by the Award Chairman by March 15, 1988. Further information on the Award is available by writing:

Mr. David Neufeld
Chairman, The Silver Dart
Aviation History Award
111 Buxton Road
Winnipeg, Manitoba
R3T 0H1

The Canadian Aviation Historical Society is a non-profit organization dedicated to the preservation of Canada's aviation history. Further details may be obtained by writing to: Canadian Aviation Historical Society, National Headquarters, P.O. Box 224, Station "A", Willowdale, Ontario, M2N 5S8.

Bookshelf

Book Reviews should be sent directly to the book review editor, Anne Yandle, 3450 West 20th Avenue, Vancouver, B.C., V6S 1E4.

***Mayor Gerry: The Remarkable Gerald Grattan McGeer.* David Ricardo Williams. Vancouver: Douglas & McIntyre, 1986. 319 pp., illus. $24.95**

British Columbia has had many colourful politicians. Among them was Gerald Grattan "Gerry" McGeer who served as M.L.A. (1916 - 20, 1933 - 34), M.P. (1935 - 45), and Senator (1945 - 47). As the title suggests, he is best remembered as Mayor of Vancouver (1935 - 36, 1947). In his first term, Mayor "Gerry" fought the bankers and senior governments to refinance Vancouver's debts and he reformed the police department. Although he antagonized labour by reading the Riot Act to unemployed strikers in 1935, he revived flagging spirits generally by such devices as organizing Golden Jubilee celebrations and building a new City Hall. Yet, Williams rightly concludes that McGeer was "in a real sense . . . a failed politician." (p. 298)

McGeer, an exceptionally able orator, was a hard fighting, hot tempered man with an active imagination, unlimited optimism, and seemingly boundless energy. At the same time he was a man *manque* and a man of contradictions. His many activities frequently took him away from home. He wrote affectionate letters to his family but seemed distant to his children. A champion of prohibition, he was a heavy drinker. As a lawyer he won British Columbia's case for lower freight rates in the 1920s; as a politician he was less successful in arguing that Ottawa paid too little attention to the West. As provincial advocate for lower freight rates he earned such a generous fee that it haunted his later political life; at times his legal practice languished and only the fact that his wife, a daughter of David Spencer, had a small monthly income and unlimited credit at her family's department store allowed the McGeer household to enjoy material comforts. McGeer promoted the construction of a railway to the Peace River and the development of Alberta oil fields and preached his own ideas for monetary reform through speeches, articles and a book; none of his schemes came to fruition. His railway and petroleum plans were ahead of their time; his monetary theories, though leading to a friendly correspondence with John Maynard Keynes, were among many such ideas which sprouted up in the 1930s. As a politician, McGeer was a frequent campaigner at home and in other provinces; when elected, he was so much a maverick that no premier or prime minister would appoint him to a cabinet.

Williams has intelligently documented how "Gerry" ran. He even presents the tangled and potentially tedious subjects of freight rates and monetary reform in a clear and agreeable manner. The literary, but unhistorical device, of re-creating speeches conveys some of the flavour of McGeer's oratory. A selection of photographs enliven the text. The cartoons which serve as chapter introductions would be even more effective if their sources were fully cited.

While Williams undoubtedly enjoyed writing about McGeer, this is not a sycophantic hagiography. The author properly recognizes McGeer's weaknesses such as his failure to comprehend "the implications of a fully regulated economy." (p. 130) Williams also notes discrepancies between McGeer's public utterances and private views but appears uneasy in trying in explain them. Similarly, while he refers to McGeer's "deeply held religious convictions" (p. 121) he makes little attempt to fathom their roots or assess their effect. Thus, the book, like the man, is somewhat wanting because it does not fully explore why "Gerry" ran. Nevertheless, it is an entertaining volume and a valuable contribution to British Columbia historiography.

Patricia E. Roy

Patricia Roy, a member of the Victoria Branch, is a member of the History Department, University of Victoria.

***Metis Outpost: Memoirs of the First Schoolmaster at the Metis Settlement of Kelly Lake, B.C. 1923 - 1925.* Gerry Andrews, Victoria: the author, 1985, pp. 340, illus., maps, bibliography, index, appendices. (Marketed by Pencrest Publications, 1011 Fort St., Victoria, B.C. V8V 3K5.)**

About 1910 two Metis families headed by Narcisse Belcourt and St. Pierre Gauthier moved into the Kelly Lake area in British Columbia, sixty miles due west from Grande Prairie, Alberta. This was the western tip of the Metis migration from the Red River after white settlement disrupted the lives of these people, born of the fur trade. The Belcourts and Gauthiers were followed by other families and in 1923 an assisted school was started for the Cree-speaking children of the community. Jim Young, a local fur-trader, took the initiative in having the school established and Gerry Andrews, too young to vote, accepted the position as teacher.

Metis Outpost contains the recollec-

tions of Andrew's two years at Kelly Lake, journals of two packhorse trips, an account of later contacts with Kelly Lake acquaintances, the diary, supplemented by other records, of a young Englishman, John Bennett, who died attempting to travel through Pine Pass in the winter of 1930 - 1931, correspondence, genealogies of Kelly Lake families, an English-Cree vocabulary with comments on the language, many photos and maps as well as a bibliography and index. This is a collection of such diverse material that it appears to lack the unity necessary in a well structured book. It is not a study of the Kelly Lake Metis community. In spite of all the information compiled, in spite of his warm relations with the children and their parents, Andrews did not get inside that culture. Some of the correspondence, to a large extent replies to Christmas greetings, seems irrelevant and in some cases information in the letters is also contained in the text. But the book does not lack unity. This is a book about Gerry Andrews and everything in the collection relates in some way to his Kelly Lake experiences. His character, his values, his gift for friendship, his sense of humor, his common sense and his interest in people and place are all strongly evident.

When his pupils had learned enough English, Andrews expanded the school curriculum beyond reading, writing and arithmetic to include history and geography. "For geography the starting point was HERE, and for history it was NOW," declares Andrews (p. 125). Here, undoubtedly, is the key to the success of this book. It is not surprising that a young teacher who introduced his pupils to geography by mapping their own locality, who found a place on the time-table to learn Cree from the children he taught English, would as an "old timer," realize the value of compiling primary sources as a basis for writing our history. For the reader, the journals of difficult trips through the Rockies are a sharp reminder of the enormous difficulties of a terrain that we traverse in a matter of hours. We gain some perspective on the development of B.C.'s educational system from the memoirs of a teacher who built desks for a classroom in a log building which also contained a store/fur trading post cum living quarters for both Andrews and Young. This collection is, as W. Kaye Lamb states in the Foreword, "a little jewel in the treasure house of history."

Morag Maclachlan.

Morag Maclachlan, a member of the Vancouver Historical Society, retired recently from the History Department at Langara College, Vancouver.

Books recently received:

Timber: history of the Forest Industry in B.C. G.W. Taylor, Vancouver, J.J. Douglas, 1975. $6.95

An overview of British Columbia's forest industry. It includes logging, sawmills, paper mills, and also touches on such ancillary industries as the making of pallets and machinery for woods and mills.

The Mackenzie, Yesterday and Beyond. Alfred P. Aquilina, North Vancouver, Hancock House, 1981. $7.95

While the major portion of the Mackenzie River is inside Northwest Territory boundaries, one of its tributaries does begin in British Columbia. Several chapters on the Klondike gold rush are included.

Now You are My Brother; Missionaries in British Columbia. Margaret Whitehead. Victoria, Provincial Archives, 1981. $3.00.

Reminiscences of Indian agents, parishioners and children of some missionaries. An insight into how faith overcame the privations facing these early pioneers.

Puffin Cove; Escape to the Wilderness of the Queen Charlotte Islands. Neil G. Carey. Surrey, Hancock House, 1982. $16.95.

Another book of a city couple escaping to an idyllic and remote island and the problems they encounter. Good escape reading for a dreamer.

Milestones on Vancouver Island. Ken Pattison. Victoria, Pattison Ventures Ltd., 1986 edition. $9.95.

Very handy to keep when travelling the Island, even for those of us who travel there often. Our memory is refreshed on forgotten points of interest.

The North Bentinck Arm Route. Lt. Palmer's Trail of 1862. Adrian Kershaw & John Spittle. Kelowna, Okanagan College, 1981. $6.00. Available from the College.

The book is about the retracing of the trail in 1979. There is an update on the trail, and maps. A reprint of Lt. Palmer's report and a copy of his map are included. Excellent background history for a person who wants to know about the early explorers.

Snow Wars; an Illustrated history of Rogers Pass Glacier National Park, B.C. Toronto, National & Provincial Parks Association of Canada. 1983. $6.00.

An illustrated story on the keeping of the east-west transportation system open during the winter. Rail buffs will be interested in snow removal on the railways. When the Pass opened to automobile traffic the avalanche control men of the Canadian Army were stationed nearby every winter. Photos are shown of this aspect of the Pass's history.

(cont.)

The Columbia is Coming. Doris Anderses. Sidney, Gray's Publishing, 1982. $9.95.

A well researched book on the Anglican coast mission boats covering the northern and eastern coast of Vancouver Island and the opposite mainland. In addition to the missionary work the boats were noted for the hospital services to isolated logging and fishing camps, which are still being carried on today.

Methods of Placer Mining. Garnet Basque. Langley, Mr. Paperback, 1983. $5.95.

For anyone dreaming of taking a gold pan and finding a nugget this is a 'how to' and 'where at' book. A good winter-time read and to take with you when you travel B.C. in the summer.

Lost Bonanzas of Western Canada. T.W. Paterson & Garnet Basque. Langley, Sunfire Publishers Ltd., 1983. $5.95.

A book for those of us who dream of finding a lost gold mine or a robber's loot. Eight of the lost caches are in B.C.

Outlaws & Lawmen of Western Canada. Vol. I & II. Surrey, Heritage House Publishing Co. Ltd., 1983.

Short articles by various authors about desperados and their captors in our four western provinces. If you think all the shoot-outs were in the American West, these books will change your mind. Maps and photos illustrate these popular paper-backs. These are excellent books to persuade our young people that western Canada's history is not dull.

Peggy Imredy.

Peggy Imredy is Past-President of the Vancouver Historical Society.

Report from the Branches
(cont. from page 22)

Valley Community. The Lynn Valley Centennial Cairn was rededicated, and a statue of pioneer, Walter Draycott, was unveiled. Walter died in 1985 at age 102. He had authored the book, "Early Days in Lynn Valley."

In February 1987, we had a videotape presentation about Victoria's past, arranged by Robert Brown.

"The Royal City", by Jack Scott, a videotape about New Westminster's history, was the program for our Annual General Meeting in March.

In May, 1987, our subject was "Remembrances of Things Past". Roy Pallant persuaded members to tell their memories of life on the North Shore.

The Station Museum in Mahon Park, North Vancouver, was our meeting place in June. We saw a collection of old signs, and dairy farming equipment from the days before the North Shore lost its early farms.

David Grubbe

(cont. from page 6)

disappeared with it into one of the teepees. Marianne slid off her horse and ran to her husband to ask for help. "Surely baby will be killed by these terrible people." "No fear," her husband assured her, "they only wished to have a good look at a Shuswap papoose."

On another trip to AkAm Marianne saw the pack trains returning from the buffalo hunt east of the Rockies. "It was like a bad dream." Two men were badly wounded by the prairie Indians; one was scalped and had to wear a cloth on his head for the rest of his life.

We are told that before David Thompson came the Indians met French scouts now and then. One was found sitting by a tree near Golden, suffering from frozen feet. The Kinbaskets took care of him until a party of three whitemen came by on their way to the south country (U.S.A.). The Frenchman was able to travel along with the three.

Father DeSmet came to the Columbia Valley and baptized some Indians including the Morigeau family and Chief Pierre Kinbasket's first child. Some couples were married also at that time. Several years later Baptise Morigeau (who spoke English) married Colette Kinbasket, sister to Chief Pierre Kinbasket. When Walter Moberly hired Pierre to guide him over the mountains in search of a suitable pass for the railway, Baptise was his interpreter, therefore communication was possible between the two parties. The old Indians used to say, "Mobly was one of us!"

The Kinbaskets were good people but not all saints. The dark side is illustrated by the story of the ailing exchief Paul Ignatius who suddenly appeared doing his own pow wow and war dance. The white man gave him some very good medicine. It made him well. Soon he was begging white men for the "good medicine" almost daily. He died near Athalmer and was the first to be buried in the Shuswap Cemetery near the present day Invermere airport.

Shelagh Dehart learned the information contained in this article from her grandparents, Chief Pierre and Mrs. Marianne Kinbasket.

Shelagh and her sisters were second generation students at St. Eugene Mission School near Cranbrook. Fellow classmates and boarders were Kootenay Indian children from Columbia Lake, Creston, Tobacco Plains, and the St. Mary's bands. The author and her Swiss born husband Dino recently celebrated their Golden Wedding anniversary.

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