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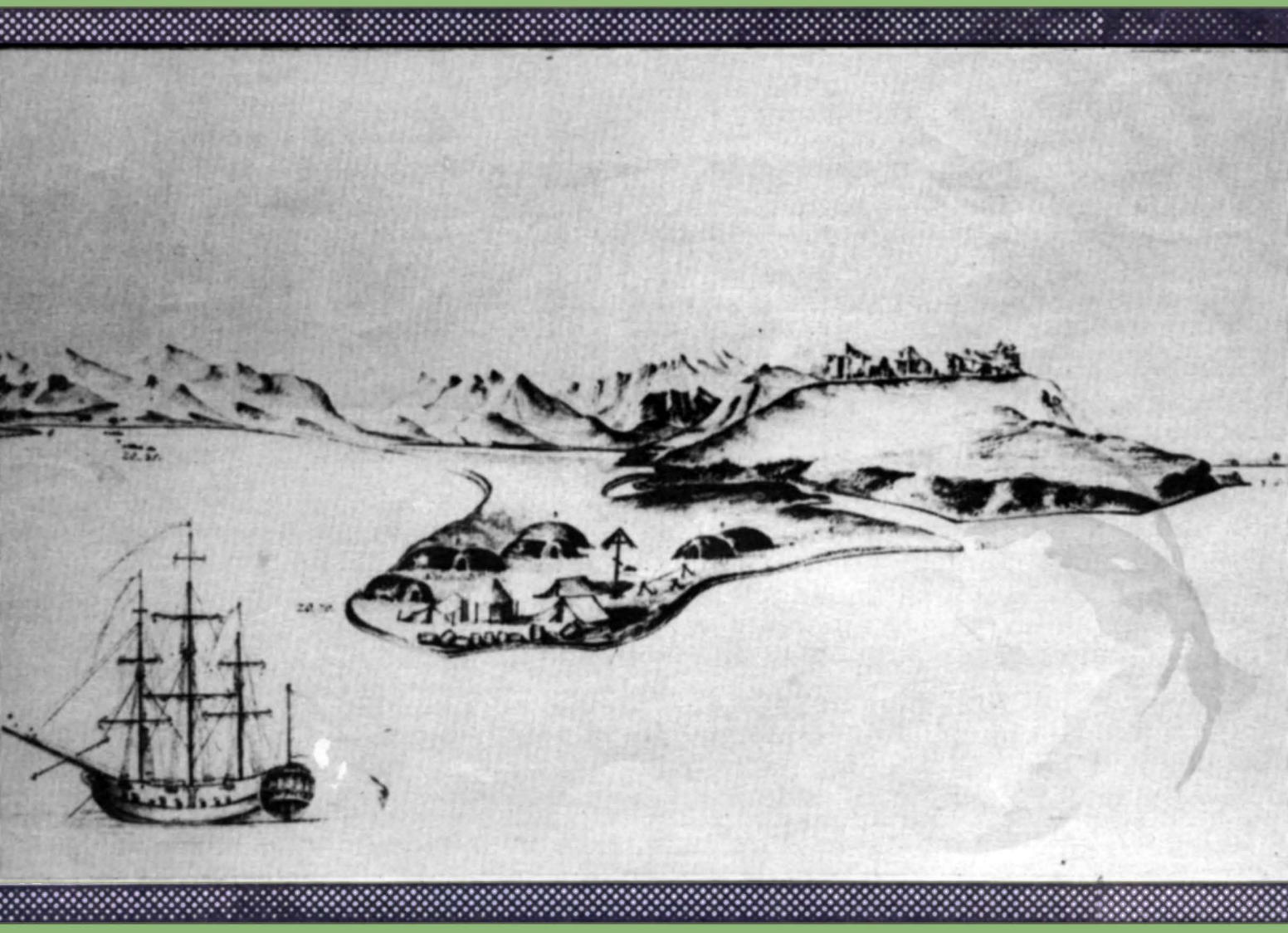
British Columbia Historical News

Journal of the B.C. Historical Federation



The Russians on the West Coast.

The Man Who Made the Vivian Works.

The B.C. Historical Federation Conference Registration Forms.

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 cheque to both the Treasurer and the Editor at the addresses give at the bottom of the next page. The Annual Return as at October 31st should include telephone numbers for contact.

Members' dues for the year 1985/86 (Volume 19) were paid by the following Member Societies:

Alberni District Historical Society, Box 284, Port Alberni, B.C. V9Y 7M7
Atlin Historical Society, P.O. Box 111, Atlin, B.C. V0W 1A0
BCHF — Gulf Island Branch, c/o Marian Worrall, Mayne Island, V0N 2J0
BCHF — Victoria Section, c/o Marie Elliott, 1745 Taylor St., Victoria, B.C. V8R 3E8
Burnaby Historical Society, c/o 8027 - 17th Ave., Burnaby, V3N 1M5
Chemainus Valley Historical Society, P.O. Box 172, Chemainus, B.C. V0R 1K0
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Lantzville Historical Society, c/o Susan Crayston, Box 76, Lantzville, B.C. V0R 2H0
Nanaimo Historical Society, P.O. Box 933, Station 'A', Nanaimo, B.C. V9R 5N2
Nanoose Historical & Museum Society, RR 1, Box 5, Kinghorn Rd., Nanoose Bay, B.C. V0R 2R0
North Shore Historical Society, c/o Ms. Helen Spragg, 103 - 225 E. 16th St., North Vancouver, B.C. V7L 2S8
Princeton & District Pioneer Museum and Archives, Box 687, Princeton, B.C. V0X 1W0
Qualicum Beach Historical & Museum Society, c/o Mrs. Cora Skipsey, P.O. Box 352, Qualicum Beach, B.C. V0R 2T0
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Sidney and North Saanich Historical Society, P.O. Box 2404, Sidney, B.C. V8L 3Y3
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Vancouver Historical Society, P.O. Box 3071, Vancouver, B.C. V6B 3X6
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Affiliated Groups

B.C. Museum of Mining, P.O. Box 155, Britannia Beach, B.C. V0N 1J0
City of White Rock Museum Archives Society, 1030 Martin St., White Rock, B.C. V4B 5E3
Fort Steele Heritage Park, Fort Steele, B.C. V0B 1N0
The Hallmark Society, 207 Government Street, Victoria, B.C. V8V 2K8
Nanaimo Centennial Museum Society, 100 Cameron Road, Nanaimo, B.C. V9R 2X1

Second-class registration number 4447.

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British Columbia Historical News

Journal of the B.C. Historical Federation

Volume 20, No. 1
Winter, 1987

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 provided, if possible. Length to 2500 words. Photos or illustrations appreciated and returned. Sent to: The Editor, P.O. Box 5626, Stn. B, Victoria, B.C., V8R 6S4

From the editor

To begin on a positive note, let me say that I am confident that this issue of the *News* will be an improvement on the last. I apologize for the sloppy proof-reading which allowed so many typographical errors to taste the printer's ink in Volume 19, No. 5. The fault was mine alone and due largely to the fact that the fall is an extremely busy time for me and I allowed the *News* to get seriously behind schedule.

I hope that the format changes evident with this issue meet with general approval. As well as following the general trends in magazine/journal layout and design, the three-column format allows for greater flexibility with illustrations and seems to create less wasted 'white space'. I look forward to hearing reader's reactions.

Volume 20, No. 2 will be our first *theme issue* — **B.C. Railways**. Darryl Muralt, president of the B.C. Railways Historical Association, has kindly agreed to co-edit the issue. Now is the time for all you railway buffs to head to the archives to research that article that has been in the back of your mind all these years! Although the majority of articles in the Spring issue will focus on railway history, general interest submissions are also invited. The Summer issue (Volume 20, No. 3) will have **Native People** as its theme.

The creation in November 1986 of the new Ministry of Tourism, Recreation and Culture promises to be a step in the right direction. The overlap of culture, heritage conservation and tourism has been evident for years. As Minister Bill Reid said "The blending of the tourism, cultural, heritage and recreation communities under the auspices of one government ministry provides a wonderful opportunity to maximize the potential of all of them."

The economic future of British Columbia is inextricably linked to tourism. The heritage and cultural communities in the province stand to benefit greatly from the marketing and development expertise demanded of the tourism industry.

Finally, it would be appreciated if contributors would include a very brief "note on the author" along with their submissions. Thank you.

Bob Tyrrell

From the *News* Publishing Committee:

The committee congratulates Bob Tyrrell on his first issue. Although our new publishing team has some problems to sort out, the reaction to Volume 19, No. 5, for the most part, has been 'very promising.'

The most encouraging news is that production costs have been cut from an average of $1730 per issue in the last financial year to $1200.

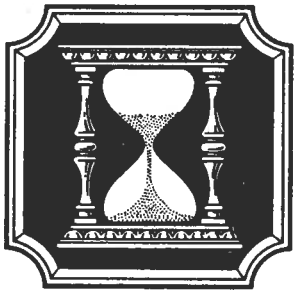
We plan to improve the quality of the photographs and will make a serious effort to cut down on typographical errors.

This issue is the first in the new format. We are particularly anxious to hear your reactions. The editor welcomes opinions both pro and con.

Volume 20, No. 2 will be our first 'theme issue': **B.C. Railways.** If you have a reminisence about their early days or access to archival information which could be turned into an interesting article, please contact the editor right away as the deadline for submissions is March 1. (See the editorial page 1 for future themes.)

Theme issues will also include a variety of other articles submitted to the *News* as well as reports on branch activities etc. So please keep those articles coming in.

Ann Johnston



NEXT ISSUE

Deadline for the next issue of the B.C. Historical News is March 1, 1987. Please submit articles and reports to:

The Editor
P.O. Box 5626, Stn. B
Victoria, B.C. V8R 6S4

Treasurer's Comments

I want to thank the Treasurers of the 12 Member Societies who have sent in the Annual Return as at October 31st. In each case we are in agreement.

Within hours of the receipt of issue 19 - 5 of the *B.C. Historical News* I received an offer to help with the mailing of the magazine from Mrs. Pat Scobie of the Vancouver Historical Society. Thank you Pat. She will assist Mrs. Joan Selby of the Publishing Committee with this tedious chore.

The former Treasurer of the Ladysmith New Horizons Historical Society has written to say that the group has ceased formal organization. It is sad to hear that individuals have had to surrender to advancing years. There is a hope that a new Historical Society might be formed in the future.

On December 3rd my wife and I took the opportunity to visit the *Paper Treasures* Exhibit in the Alberni Valley Museum. The exhibit was very well presented in the 'temporary display' section of the Museum, and showed and explained many of the processes needed for archival preservation.

The Alberni Valley has experienced a very interesting progression of organizations: when I became Treasurer in 1981, the local society was named the "Alberni and District Historical & Museum Society"; then, about 1984, a separate organization was handed the responsibility for the museum, and the name was changed to "Alberni District Historical Society". Now, the name remains the same but the Society's members are developing an extensive Archives section within the Museum premises. It was a pleasure to receive such a warm welcome from Dorrit MacLeod, Mark Mosher, and Anne Holt.

Yesterday morning the Subscription List card file for the *B.C. Historical News* was taken to the word-processing centre so that the information may be entered into a computer data-base. It is unfortunate that quite a number of Member Societies have sent in no subscription information for several months so there will be quite a number of corrections needed (at a charge to the magazine account).

Each address label will show: (1) on the top line — month subscription was received, and the expiry issue; (2) on the second line — name of the subscriber; (3) and on lines three and/or four — the postal address. Experience may show otherwise, but at present it would seem that it would be simpler for the Subscription Secretary if subscriptions were sent in at regular intervals rather than waiting for once a year (especially from large membership Member Societies). Individuals and Institutions will be sent reminder invoices.

The list taken to the W/P centre consisted of: 15 Complimentary or required; 1,030 members from 24 Member Societies; 5 Affiliated Groups; 74 Individuals; and 71 Institutions; Total 1195. For the last issue (19 - 5); 5 copies went overseas — Great Britain, West Germany, Australia; and 19 copies went to U.S. addresses.

If any problems arise with the new process, please sent the information to the Historical Federation's P.O. Box.

The next A.G.M. will see the completion of the sixth year that I have been the Treasurer of the B.C.

(cont. on page 32)

The Russian Prelude

Alix O'Grady

Russian crest placed along the northwest coast. (Alaska State Museum)

"The very ice which seemed
so threatening and so
terrible,
Will lead us from
misfortune to new safety.
Russian Columbuses,
scorning sinister fate
Will forge a new path over
the ice-flows to the east —
And our dominion will
extend into America."
Lomonosov (1760)

Somewhere along the coastline of British Columbia there lies buried at least one cast-iron plate with an inscription in Cyrillic copper letters "Zemlia Rossiiskago Vladeniia" — Russian Territory. At a designated distance from it there should also be a plaque of the double-headed Russian Imperial Eagle, either nailed to a tree or fastened to a rock.

Unfortunately, many of the early Russian charts on which the locations of such metal plates were recorded have gone astray with the passage of time. However, a few photocopies exist in the Library of the University of Washington and in the Library of Congress.

Correspondence of the Russian American Company confirms that from 1787 onward, Russia planted her numbered markers secretly and methodically at various locations from Kodiak Island down along the Northwest American littoral well past the Columbia River to Trinidad, California and beyond. In fact, a crest was unearthed during an archaeological excavation in 1958 at Coronado Beach south of San Diego.

Given the expanse and indentations of British Columbia's coastline and taking into consideration its myriads of islands, sheltered bays and coves, the potential presence of such Russian relics is more than just a likelihood. Professor R.A. Pierce, Canada's prominent specialist on Russian America mentions in his search for "Alaskan Treasure"[2] a plate numbered 18, which had been placed in 1808 on an island near Dundas off Prince Rupert.

The history of early Russian navigation and fur trading operations in the Pacific Northwest has been somewhat neglected in this province. It is thanks to the research by Canadian, U.S. and U.S.S.R. historians during the last few decades that more information has been made available to the public. This paper will give an outline of some of the historical achievements and human endeavours of Russian seafarers during the 18th century, when Russia played a decisive role in shaping events in the history of our Pacific Northwest.

What brought the Russians to these waters within such close proximity of what we now call British Columbia? What were their activities, their claims and their long-range plans?

It is hardly a secret that before the publication of Captain Cook's Journals in 1784, Russia enjoyed virtual monopoly of Northwestern Pacific waters.

Ever since Russian penetration of Eastern Siberia in the 16th century, individual fur hunters and traders, "promyshlenniks" had ventured out to sea in small "baidarkas" (kayaks), in order to capitalize on the tantalizing resources of fur bearing animals which were said to be at the rookeries around the Aleutian Islands. As the numbers of "promyshlenniks" increased, so did the rumours about the "Bolshaya Zemlya," the 'Big Land', which promised even greater rewards of luxurious sea otter pelts — which were to become a favourite trim on Chinese garments — and highly treasured sea lion tusks.

Intrigued by the glowing reports about "Soft Gold" and, possibly motivated by ambitions to extend Russian boundaries further afield, Peter the Great issued orders in 1725 for an exploratory expedition to be undertaken under the command of Vitus J. Bering. The Cap-

tain was to ascertain whether the northeastern limits of Siberia were physically joined to the North American continent. (This expedition, incidentally, was preceded in 1648 by one led by Dezhnev.)

A few years later another voyage of discovery for 1741-1742 was planned under the command of Captains Bering and Chirikov. Preparations for the ambitious enterprise were gargantuan, since men, provisions and materials for shipbuilding — from nails to sails — had to be transported by horse, river boat, reindeer and dogs some 12,000 miles across Siberia to the shores of the Pacific.

It took a period of ten years until the *St. Peter* and the *St. Paul*, (each measuring 80 x 20 x 9 feet and carrying a crew of 76-77 men and equipped with fourteen guns) finally hoisted their sails for the American shore — for the Glory of Russia!

On July 21, 1741 Bering made landfall on Kayak Island at latitude 59°31', naming the Cape and the mountains on the mainland "St. Elias."

Chirikov sighted land before this at latitude 55°36' on July 15, 1741, and worked his vessel in to the shores under Mt. Addington. (Lulu Island west of Prince of Wales Island.)

This intrepid and fateful undertaking was not accomplished without cost; the payments were those typical of early voyages of exploration: scurvy, starvation and shipwreck. The crew of the *St. Peter* was marooned through winter on a treeless island where Bering himself perished. But, with characteristic Russian tenacity, the survivors managed to rebuild a hooker from the remains of the shipwreck and made it back to Kamchatka under sails and oars.

The expedition yielded two important results: it placed vital political and territorial claims into Russian hands, and it gave the decisive impetus to Russian maritine fur trade. Some thirty-seven years later Captain Cook's visit to Nootka Sound reaped similar benefits for the British.

From 1743 to 1797 some forty Russian fur trading companies engaged in open rivalry, and no less than 100 fur gathering expeditions were undertaken.

Using the Aleutian Islands as stepping stones, the Russians swept the natives in their path into their hunting operations, thereby shrewdly exploiting Aleut skills in handling "baidarkas" and harpoons. Thus hunting with native participation became the exclusive trademark of Russian maritime fur trade and during the 19th century joint hunting parties with the Americans were to be carried out off the coast of California.

The year 1784 brought the "Russian Columbus," Gregorii I. Shelikhov, his wife Natalia and 192 men in three vessels to Kodiak Island, which became the fur trading centre in the Russian Colonies until it was moved to Sitka in 1804.

From Kodiak Shelikhov bridged the gap via Afognak to the mainland and, wherever he went, fort and settlements were established. In situations where the Russians felt outnumbered by hostile natives, hostages were taken in order to ensure the safety of the traders and the few settlers.

With the help of his wife, Shelikhov set up the first school in the Pacific Northwest. Contrary to the philosophy of the Hudson's Bay Company, mixed marriages were vigorously encouraged by the Russians who considered a lasting liaison as an effective means for assimilating native society and as a stabilizing influence on the more wayward elements of the "promyshlenniks." That this policy met with a certain degree of success was confirmed by Captain Vancouver's remarks upon the cultural and linguistic assimilation in the Russian colonies, which had made it hard to distinguish between the Russians and the Indians.

For their return voyage to Russia in 1786 the Shelikhovs had chosen to take with them a contingent of forty Indians, some of whom had come of their own free will and others who had been coerced. Two years later Shelikhov was able to write to his manager:

> We are going to send a fine band to America . . . . Do your best to teach more boys reading, writing, singing and arithmetic. Train them to be good navigators and seamen, and teach them crafts, especially carpentry. The boys who were brought here to Irkutsk are studying music. Just now I am planning missionary work. I am going to send you lots of books on mining, navigation, etc., and presents for the best pupils.
>
> Gregorii[3]

Possibly, Madame Natalia A. Shelikhova was the first educated white woman to have come to live for two years in the Pacific Northwest. She must have been an intelligent and energetic woman, capable of conducting business as she was forced to demonstrate when stepping into her husband's position as a director after his death in 1795.

Above all, she must have possessed remarkable courage and physical stamina in order to withstand the dangers and rigours of the long trek across Eastern Siberia and the perilous voyage in a 'nutshell' through the uncharted and treacherous Pacific waters.

As a rule Russian merchant vessels sailing from Ochotsk were constructed without the know-how of shipwrights, and often consisted of planks of green wood sewn together with reindeer gut or leather straps. Such vessels would have offered considerably less comfort than their well-equipped British counterparts most of which were copper-sheathed.

Likewise, Russian crews may

have presented a serious problem. Not only did they lack the thorough training of British sailors but they were notorious for their undisciplined behaviour. This was due to the fact that a good number of their recruits had been drawn from the rabble of convicts, drunkards and fortune hunters who roamed in Eastern Siberia, some of whom had their clanking chains removed in Ochotsk in exchange for service at sea — without ever having seen the ocean.

The tedium of the voyage, the cramped quarters, the vermin and unbearable stench from the bilge mentioned in Mrs. Frances Barkley's diary[4], all of these trials would have been experienced by Madame Shelikhova, possibly to a worse degree, while the quality of provisions would have been greatly inferior to that on British vessels.

Shelikhov's instructions left behind with the manager of the Russian colonies specified:

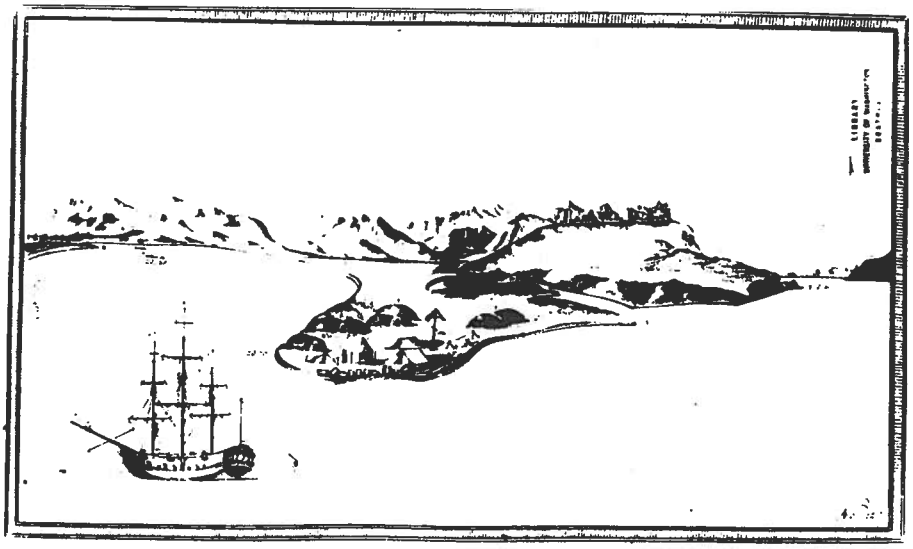
> . . . establish Russian artels in sundry places and pacify the Americans (Indians) and spread the Glory of Russia into the unknown lands of America and California as far as the 40° parallel.[5]

As the first bach of cast-iron plates and plaques arrived at Kodiak, an accompanying note from the Governor of Siberia stipulated:

> . . . particular attention should be paid to 50°40' latitude where the English in 1784 (publication of Cook's Journals) had obtained a great quantity of furs.[6]

In the meantime, Russian transgressions into what were considered to be Spanish waters were causing New Spain a great deal of alarm. Orders were given for protective measures to be taken at once by establishing the new positions and missions of San Diego, Monterey and San Francisco.

From 1774 onward a number of Spanish naval expeditions were dispatched to the Northwest coast with the objective of reconnoitering the area and making a show of the flag in the hope of discouraging further Russian incursions to the south.



Unalaska: Captain's Harbour, 1790. The vessel's name Slava Rossjii *appears on its stern. On shore observatory tents have been set up. Yurts serve as barracks for stores. At the foot of the hills a cross has been erected. Barrels strewn along the beach are possibly watercasks. (Drawing by Luka Voronin in F.A. Golder's portfolio "Alaska Scenes" from the Hydrographic Ministry of Marine, Petrograd. Pacific Northwest Collection, U.W. Library)*

The Russians for their part did not interpret the arrival of Spanish naval vessels as a serious threat to Russia's sovereignty of Northwest Pacific waters and any doubt they may have had in that direction evaporated with the realization that fur trading did not lie within the sphere of Spanish interests.

The opposite, however, was the case in respect to their attitude toward the British. For a number of years the Russians had been watching the British with a jaundiced eye poaching for peltries under the guise of a foreign flag against their very own national enterprises: The South Sea and East India Companies.

Consequently, the arrival of the first official British fur traders in waters where the Russians had been hunting and trading for years brought accusations that the intruders were infringing on Russian soveriegnty and "marauding" up and down the coast from Alaska to the Aleutians and even to Kamchatka, "taking treasure which did not belong to them, charting and renaming territories which had long been discovered."[7]

Toward the end of the 18th century fierce Yankee competition was crowding the "King George's Men" out, and a new era began. Ironically, American trading goods were not only of superior quality, but included items which the Russians were constantly in desperate need of. The discovery of precious foodstuffs, tobacco and tools exchanged into Indian hands struck a sour note with the "promyshlenniks," especially since shipments of provisions from Siberia lagged. In fact, chronic alimentary shortages were forcing the Russians into dependence upon Indian supplies of fish, mussels, berries, roots and "Iukola," the coastal counterpart of pemmican, made of fish, blubber and berries. It was inevitable then that direct exchanges between the Russians and Americans would become a regular, if paradoxical, feature of the maritime fur trade.

(cont. on page 32)

Will Vivian and the Vivian Works

Ehud Yaniv

Will Vivian

On January 24, 1949, Will Vivian celebrated his fortieth year as an engine maker.[1] From his first engine, a single-cylinder, six-horsepower plant in 1909, his firm grew in quality and stature with a line of diesel and gas engines for marine and stationary use as well as military items made during the Second World War and Korean War. It was not until the late 1920's and early 1930's that Will Vivian started to work with the diesel engine which would make his name and fortune. He was called the Henry Ford of the Canadian diesel engine and the diesel industry[2], being one of the first to work with the diesel principle domestically. His greatest period was the Second World War when his plant made engines, parts, and fuse-setting devises for the Navy. This work totalled over $13 million.[3] This, in short, was the company that Will built.

Will Vivian was born the son of a poor Vancouver carriage painter in 1890. For reasons unknown, Will left school at the age of nine to follow the sea. His first job was that of a cabin-boy aboard the Empress of China. It was here that he learned to tinker with marine engines. His second job was as a Westcoast fisherman. This gave him an insight into the needs of the local fishing fleet. Vivian took to mechanical things and enjoyed tinkering so it was only natural for the boy to gravitate towards the machine shops. His first job in a shop was at the Easthope Engine Works at Coal Harbour. Later, he moved to San Francisco where he found work as a helper in the Hall-Scott Motor Company, and later at the Imperial Engine Works. At night, Vivian would work his own plans and finally built his first engine. It was a single-cylinder engine with which he returned to Vancouver and at the age of nineteen founded his shop, the Vivian Gas Engine Works.[4] The year was 1909.

In this way Will Vivian learned the skills that would later help him become the "power behind the fishing fleet."[5] He knew both the sea and the needs of the people who lived by it and so could build a product that they could use. With all this Vivian did not lose sight of the need for some 'book' learning, so he took the International Correspondence School math course and taught himself to draw.[6] With this, his education was almost concluded. All he needed to do was experiment for the right designs.

There is very little known about the early years of the Vivian Gas Engine works. Expansion was slow and piece-meal as the years went by. The most consistent characteristic of the plant in these early years was Will Vivian and his dedication to quality. This is illustrated by the fact that in 1949, his first engine, the single-cylinder made in 1909, was still in use.[7] Will Vivian worked hard along side of his men and it was claimed that he

> . . . could walk around the shop . . . and if somebody had made a screw-up on a machining job, he could spot it. It could be in a boxful of stuff, and if one wasn't right, he could pick it out . . . .[8]

Vivian even supervised the testing room himself.[9] This attention to quality and the help of a good staff is why the Vivian name became known around the world.

The plant managed to stay private and in Vivian's hands. This tended to cause some difficulty in cash flow and funding. To Vivian, the plant was "his baby and he wanted to keep it."[10] Money was so tight that for many years, he lived above the shop. Former employees recall that he would ask the workers not to cash their pay at one place or he wouldn't be able to make the payroll. Also, there were some forced vacations when B.C. Electric would cut the power because of overdue bills.[11]

In some circles, it is felt that if the company had gone public, it would have lasted much longer and might still be here today.[12]

The early years were difficult, because many of the fishermen feared that the noise from the engines would frighten the fish from the boats;[13] there being few gas powered ships as examples. Here, Vivian's fishing experience paid off. He knew how to talk to the fishermen.

In 1930, the Vivian Works made and installed their first diesel engine on the Mv. Totem owned by the

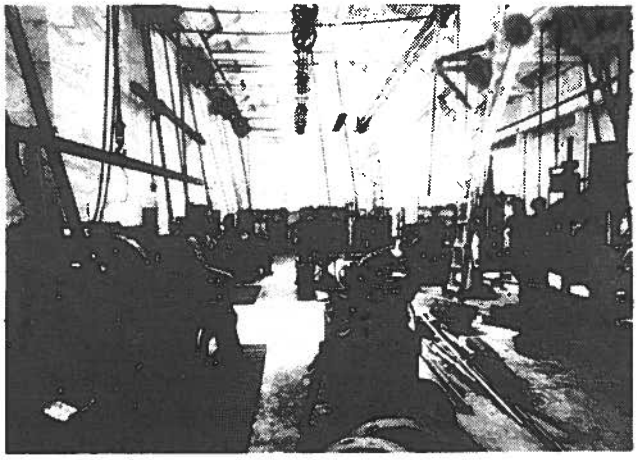
Stone Brothers of Port Alberni.[14] The engine was a three-cylinder, 90-horsepower job that remained in service for many years. This industry was to increase very quickly and by 1933, Vivian was able to send out a flier stating that they now had three different types of diesel engines available.[15] In fact, over 1934, the Vivian Works is noted as having produced about fifty diesel engines.[16]

In the same year, the Vancouver Sun newspaper started a survey of local industry and chose the Vivian Works as their first subject. In it, Will Vivian declines to talk about himself though much is revealed by a tour of the plant. For one thing most of the innovations made on Vivian engines come from Will Vivian himself. It was these innovations which allowed the editor to comment that according to experts, there are no better diesels being made anywhere else.[17] Both Will Vivian and the plant are summed up by the placard . . .

> The d fool didn't know it couldn't be done so he went ahead and did it.[18]

Though the quality of the slow turning engines was well known, Vivian worked very hard for this reputation. In active campaigns he went to both Australia and New Zealand where he eventually set up dealerships and service stations for his engines. A connection has, in fact, been drawn between this an the fact that one of the first Sydney Harbour tugs was called the Vivian.[19] Vivian also used many other forms of advertising including magazines, newspapers, and fairs like the Pacific National Exhibition.

In the Vancouver region, the best advertisement for the Vivian diesel came in 1939 with the Pier "D" fire. On July 27, Captain C. Cates saw from the C.H. Cates dock that the Canadian Pacific Railway Pier was on fire. Willing to help, he called his crew and they set out towards the fire. The reports that followed the rescue of four men from the



Vivian plant, C. 1920's.

water were quick to praise the men and the engine.

He had confidence in his Vivian engine!

There was no delay in starting. At the pulling of a lever the 160 h.p. engine cylinder Vivian started immediately . . .

Quick to start and quick to respond, the Vivian engine demonstrated its value . . . .

> The Charles H. Cates backed and filled, responding to the slightest change of the helm and engine revolutions. It was a great demonstration of the reliability of the Vivian engine.[20]

Both men and machine were tested in heat that blistered paint and shattered windows. After the rescue, the ship even returned to do patrol work. With this report, it was no wonder the Vivian diesel was well-suited for the war that was to come.

One of Will Vivian's most spectacular achievements was the way the company passed through the depression years. It was no small feat that the Works were able to expand twice[21] while other, more established companies failed. Will Vivian "never cut wages, taking the losses as they came without a complaint."[22] In 1934, he even increased wages for the first time in years. The expansions attest to the fact that Vivian had a good name and that quality and service still helped make success.

Because Vivian managed to pass through the depression relatively untouched, it was one of the few Vancouver firms that was able to take on war time contracts in a big way. Before going into the Vivian war effort, one should note Will Vivian's involvement in West Coast Industries (a lobby group which aimed at getting war contracts out to the western provinces). Vivian was well-suited for the position of director of this group because he had always followed the aggressive attitude that one should create a demand for one's products or services.

In his position in West Coast industries, Vivian worked hard to combat the industrial might of the east. To do this, he was often required to travel to Ottawa. One such mission was reported in the Vancouver newspapers which showed that contracts could be brought out west. Upon his return, Will Vivian announced contracts for jigs and tools which would be distributed between fifteen to twenty small shops as well as heavy work to be given to some larger concerns. In the above mentioned case, Vivian did not take on any contracts for his works since they were already working at full capacity on British Admiralty contracts.[23] It should be noted that at first this mission was thought to be about contracts for cargo ships to be built in this area.[24]

For himself, Vivian had taken on some very large and important con-

tracts under the Canadian war effort. In the Vivian shops, the most specialized work was done in the Admiralty shop where gunsights and fuse-setting devices were made. The fuse-setting devices were used in ships on which the big guns were located to load the ammunition for combat.[25] The Vivian reputation for quality undoubtedly helped in getting these special contracts for the Vivian Diesel and Munition Works. The Admiralty shop alone made over $8 million in contracts.[26]

Of the Vivian diesels made during the war, there was only praise. This is shown by a letter from a Rear Admiral, head of the British Admiralty Technical Mission, which states that he asked his deputy (an Engineer Officer) to examine the Vivian engines and give comment. In reply, he stated that

> A number of diesel engines made by Messrs. Vivian of Vancouver, B.C. have been built and supplied to the British Admiralty for installation in ships built for the Royal Navy in Canada during the war.

(This includes an order of eighty-four 150 K. W. generators not made due to the end of the war as well as thirty-four 60 K. W. generators which were made. There were of course many other orders filled for the mission.)

> The Vivian diesel engine is a robust, reliable and strongly designed engine which has given every satisfaction to the Mission.
>
> They are designed to, and do operate with, a minimum of supervision and upkeep and can well be recommended for service where simplicity and reliability are essential.[27]

The naval work in engines alone helped power tugs, minesweepers, landing ships, escort ships and at least fifty of the ships used in the Normandy invasion including a lead ship, the CT-72.[28] There was also work done for special ships used for maintenance, or floating workshops, which were powered by Vivians.

Another facet of the Vivian war work was the building of stationary power plants which were used in camps and bases of both Canada and Britain. If other orders can be taken as examples, these may have been capable of giving power to a small town of about 1200 people.[29]

At the peak of the war time production, the Vivian Works had a labour force of about 1000 people and required two shifts.[30] The plant was in operation almost all of the time. Aside from the work done in the plant, there were some forty sub-contractors ranging from small to medium companies. Though generally located in Vancouver, there were some on Vancouver Island. The Works, at peak production, make a diesel a day. In April of 1945, it was felt that the Vivian Works would be kept at full capacity until 1946.[31]

It must have been a source of pride for all concerned when, after peace was signed, Vivian managed to hold on to all his staf and was not required to lay anyone off due to the loss of war contracts. Unfortunately, this was soon to change.

Somewhere during the war, Will Vivian felt that he had reached the point where his engines were the right size and quality. Even in 1941 when he announced a new engine break,[32] he had already settled into what he felt was his ultimate engine. While others were testing and researching new engines as well as doing war work, Will Vivian was only involved in sales and production. "Within himself, he felt he'd reached the point where he should be. The rest of the world would circle around the slow-speed engine."[33] His attitude seemed to be, "if you don't like my engine, to hell with you."[34] Vivian left the war with the same product he had entered.

In all fairness, it should be remembered that the heavy slow-turning engines that Vivian built always had an application, even in the post-war period with its newer, faster, and lighter engines.[35]

Immediately after the war, Vivian took work for the shattered governments of Europe (especially France) and the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration (U.N.R.R.A.) which was charged with the rebuilding of the post-war world. The orders included generator sets[36] and engines. Other work was done for the English including the production of ships' engines. France also purchased engines at this time. All told, the relief work earned the Vivian companies about $2 million.[37]

Probably one of Will Vivian's most significant undertakings in the early post-war years was in the form of an aggressive export plan. Using the same attitude which helped open both Australia and New Zealand, he would create a market in South America. In 1946, Star Shipyard and the Vivian companies joined together in making and outfitting a ship with the latest in fishing equipment. The engine, of course, would be a Vivian. The $100,000 project was a floating technical mission. The ship, the *Arauco II* [38], was to go south and generate interest in British Columbia and its know-how. The ship was a risk which paid off when the Chilean government purchased the vessel. Orders were received for five more ships of this kind and on January 27, 1947, Mr. J.H. Budd, the Vivian export manager, stated that sales resulting from the Arauco would cover the costs of the mission many times over. He concluded by saying that the world wanted to trade with B.C. and Canada.[39]

The goal of the Arauco mission was to show South American fishermen, many of whom still used sail power, the benefits of diesel power. Will Vivian wanted to become the power behind the South American fishing fleet as well as that of British Columbia. The spin-off benefits for the province were

immense.

Despite the 1946 claim made by Vivian and Dominion Engineering (of Montreal) that they made seventy-two percent of the diesels used in Canada,[40] the future for Vivian was to trap them into the export market more and more. The most significant domestic work that Vivian would get was from the military and in making parts for the old Vivians. To this end, there were many service stations across Canada.[41]

With few successes after the Arauco mission, the Vivian group started to fail. In 1949, the devaluation of Sterling and the available war surplus had caused the Vivian companies to lay-off 200 people. Will Vivian and his remaining staff felt the final blow when the British diesel makers cut prices by about twenty percent.[42] By August of 1950, only eleven months after the lay-offs, the A.B.O.E. Brush group of Britain purchased Vivian, though Will Vivian would stay on as an adviser.[43]

In some ways, the sale of the Vivian companies was unexpected. Will Vivian was, after all, known as a man who did not just quit at the first sign of real trouble. It was little known, however, that Will Vivian was quite ill at the time. This was an easy way to retire.[44]

With Will Vivian retired and in a minor consultant position, the Brush group decided that the Vivian engine was past its prime.

> It was a typical corporate move, where they . . . decided in a board meeting in England that the best engine to be built here was their National brand.[45]

The re-tooling was begun and the newspapers announced with some joy that "Vivian Plans Production This Year." According to Mr. Norris, the Vivian general manager, they were in the process of spending $250,000 and hoped to have full production before the end of 1951. The engines to be made were to be the new Vivian-National and ranged from two to eight cylinders. In fact, they already had a $50,000 order in hand.[46]

In a public announcement to Mayor Hume, Mr. Norris (misspelled as Morris) stated that the new engine could switch from natural gas to oil and would provide work for several hundred men. In fact, the plant would be set up in such a way that on a day's notice, it could asume any part of the engine production of any of the six British plants.[47]

It was quite poetic that the new Vivian-National engine would be tested aboard the *Mv. Totem* of the Stone Brothers which also had the first Vivian diesel.[48]

After a short time, it became apparent to the Brush group that "they could export three engines to Canada for what it was going to cost . . . to build one [here].[49] There were, however, some important orders, mostly for the military, including a 1951 job worth $600,000 in diesels and a 1952 contract worth $214,506 for mortars and parts.[50] In this way, the company that Will built crawled to its final owner, Hawker-Siddeley.

When the Brush group ran into financial difficulty, it became profitable to sell the whole group to Hawker-Siddeley. The Vivian takeover was only a bookkeeping exercise. Vivian was made part of Avroe which now runs Canadian Car (Pacific), a forestry equipment manufacturer. The old Vivian patterns are located there, where they still make spare parts for the few old engines still in use.[51]

To the public, the Vivian name is all but forgotten. Many of the former workers stayed in the business and some Vancouver companies today were founded by former Vivian men. People who owned Vivian engines say that they were some of the best they ever used. Will Vivian died in 1965 but, even today, he is thought of as a great man.

Notes

[1]R.J. Moore, "Builders of B.C.: A Single Cylinder Gas Engine Started Vivian's Vast Industry," *The Vancouver Province*, 24 January 1949. p. 22. Many of the Vancouver Newspaper references to clippings are located in the City of Vancouver Public Archives (V.P.A.) and are only identified by their date.

[2]David Conn, "Will Vivian: Pioneer Engine Builder," *The Raincoast Chronicles*, No. 9 (1981), p. 19.

[3]V.P.A. "War Orders For City Firm Hit $5,000,000," 16 April 1945.; Personal interview with William P. Vivian, 2 August 1985. William P. Vivian is the son of Will Vivian, the founder of the Vivian Works.

[4]David Conn, p. 19; "Diesel Engine Plant Founder Dead at 74," *The Vancouver Sun*, 24 February 1965, p. 2.; "Will Vivian Rites To Be Held Friday," *The Vancouver Province*, 25 February 1965, p. 12.; R.J. Moore, p. 22.

[5]"The Power Behind The Fishing Fleet," *The Vancouver News-Herald*, 23 June 1939.

[6]William P. Vivian, 2 August 1985.

[7]Lloyd Turner, "Local Diesel Maker Marks Fortieth Year," *The Vancouver Sun*, 22 January 1949.; William P. Vivian, 2 August 1985. William P. Vivian states that the average life of a Vivian engine, in good upkeep, was between 20 to 30 years. The last Vivians made would, therefore, still be in use.

[8]David Conn, p. 22.

[9]The Magazine Editor, "What Vancouver Makes: A Great Diesel Engine," *The Vancouver Sun*, 1 September 1934, p. 3.

[10]William P. Vivian, 2 August 1985.

[11]David Conn, p. 22.

[12]William P. Vivian, 2 August 1985.

[13]"Will Vivian Rites To Be Held Friday," p. 12.

[14]V.P.A. "Vivian Develops New Engine Break," 8 October 1941.

[15]V.P.A. C.H. Cates Papers, Mss. 212, Will Vivian to Messrs. C.H. Cates and Sons, n.d. [1933].

[16]Public Archives of Canada, R.G. Bennett Papers, MG-26-K, Rhodes to Perley, 2 April 1935.

[17]The Magazine Editor, p. 3.

[18]ibid.

[19]David Conn, p. 22.

[20]"Charlie Cates To The Rescue." This is an undated clipping supplied to Susan Dodson, the daughter of Charles Cates.

[21]V.P.A. "Building B.C. Payrolls," 24 April 1939. This is a paid advertisement by the Vivian Works.

[22]The Magazine Editor, p. 3.

[23]V.P.A. "Vivian Back From Ottawa," 7 November 1941.

[24]V.P.A. "Vivian In Ottawa On Shipyard Mission," 21 October 1941.

[25]William P. Vivian, 2 August 1985. The newspaper accounts only mention gunsights and engines. This is possibly due to the sensitive nature of the work.

[26]William P. Vivian, 2 August 1985.

[27]This letter was in the hands of Mr. C. Christian, a former Vivian employee. Head of British Admiralty Technical Mission, Rear Admiral Raulings [the name is almost illegible] to Mr. Will Vivian, 23 October 1945.

[28]David Conn, p. 22.; V.P.A. "Vivian's Build Power Plants For Europe," 24 March 1945.; "Vivian Works Sold: Britons Buy Engine

(cont. on page 21)

A Letter Home — 1891

The following letter, while of arguably little importance historically, is included for its charm and the sense it gives of the freshness and vitality of both the country and the people of the period. The letter was submitted by Mrs. Evelyn Goddard, daughter of Joseph Sheasgreen. (The editor).

Vancouver, B.C.
September 13, 1891

My Dear Parents & Sisters:

My arrival here on Tuesday last completed my journey from ocean to ocean on wheels — I was somewhat longer than the regular time owing to a number of stoppages along the way. Since my coming, I have been kept very busy getting things in shape for the expedition of business.

I have looked around the city very little as yet and consequently cannot give you any idea scarcely of the general appearance etc. except that there is every evidence of newness. It has about 16,000 of population. Upon the main streets there are plenty of lots studded with charred stumps and alder bushes that are being daily disposed of at $20,000 and $30,000 per lot. This self same property less that 6 years ago could be bought at the rate of $100 per acre. This will convey some idea of the rapidity in which this place sprung into existence. I dropped you a line here and there on my path to the West but my time and mind being almost entirely controlled by new and interesting scenery I could not very conveniently do more than pass the compliment by giving you my whereabouts occasionally.

My time at Montreal was so short that I could not do justice to my legs and optics and see a very large portion of the city, but Minnie and I made an early start in the morning and visited Mt. Royal where I had a good view of the St. Lawrence, went to the Jesuits Church, ascended the tower of Notre Dame and took in a few more points of interest.

Leaving Montreal there is very little to be seen along the rail until Ottawa is reached where a good view of the Parliament Buildings can be had as the train crosses the Ottawa River. After leaving Ottawa my memory does not bear a very distinct recollection of the country passed through. It was then quite late in the P.M. and the time came for sleeping. In the morning I found myself within about 3 doz. miles of St. Paul and the thoughts of seeing Frank and more especially Ed made me get into my rags in a hurry and prepare to have both my hands shaken off before I could get to the Depot Platform. But when I got out at St. Paul depot and promenaded the planks for 15 min. gawking among a sea of strange faces in quest of a familiar one, my impulses turned more to the line of shaking my fists. While passing through the depot I caught some strong fumes which indicated that beefsteak and onions were frying not over 2 or 3 miles away and that suddenly reminded me that supper was the last meal I had so I followed the scents which led me to a lunch counter. There I got what I wanted and paid for it making exit without ceremony and started in search of Frank. After asking a good many questions and going thro' the general offices of two Ry' Companies without success, I gave up my hunt and paid a cabby 50¢ to take me to Summit Avenue where I was entertained by Mrs. Tozer until Frank turned up for dinner.

In the evening we went to Minneapolis to visit Ed and he surprised us by getting on the train at an intermediate station.

Tis unnecessary to say that I was terrible glad to see him and we started in at once to have a good talk about old times. Rehearsing the incidents of our habit swapping experience and the day mother caught him going around the corner of the woodshed with a bag of carrots and potatoes that he had smuggled thro' the cellar window to supply the little log camp in the woods. I spent 4 days in the twin cities and was sorry to leave, Ed and Frank used me fine. On Sunday we had a carriage ride thro' the city of Minneapolis and out into some of the suburban parts, around Lake Harrison and Lakewood Cemetery etc.

My calculations allowed me only 3 days here but I missed the train on Monday evening trying to make too much of my time. Notwithstanding that it was a matter of compulsion to remain I enjoyed the additional day very much and in the end was quite as well if not better pleased, that I made the miss.

When the time arrived I parted with the folks there and moved over the Great Northern Ry' in the direction of Winnipeg. I boarded the train about dusk and 'twas not long before the bunk had for me more charms than the cigar or newspaper. The morning found me rac-

ing through the extensive wheat fields of Dakota. For miles and miles on both sides of the rails as far as the eye can reach nothing can be seen but golden grain. As Winnipeg is approached the road runs thro' forests of heavy pines and here along the way an occasional lumber crew is to be seen loading ox teams with "forest giants'."

My next stopping was Winnipeg where I made a delay of one day. Tis a town of 30,000 built up of Yellow Brick but apart from the business portion has a scattered appearance. My stay at St. Paul and Minneapolis spoiled any keen appreciation I might have had for the Western Canadian Townships, nevertheless I found attraction in the novelty even if splendor was deficient. In the morning before the train left I went by the street car out to a place called St. John's and about a mile out of the city and saw the graves and Monument erected to honour of a number of soldiers and officers who fell in the N.W. Rebellion of 85.

After leaving Winnipeg the train rolls over almost endless prairies. This tiresome scenery is occasionally relieved by a dozen log hovels huddled together which the Ry' map indicates as a town in reality is only an existing place for a few miserable creatures who from appearances must subsist principally upon prairie weeds and wind. Here and there the isolated shack of a poor rancher is to be seen. The smoky bark wigwam of the Sioux Indian which occasionally looms up seems the most appropriate "ornament" for that corner of creation. The only prairie town of any importance is Regina, the chief post the N.W. Mounted Police and at every station west of that place three or four Red Coats will be seen guarding the train to see that no whiskey is smuggled to the Indians.

After many hours weary riding the prairies are spanned, and as Calgary is reached the locomotive begins to dodge in among the foothills of the Rockies which seemed to me very large until the snow mantled peaks of the mighty Rockies themselves began to put in an appearance when they looked only as specks alongside their majestic "brethern." Upon approaching the first range the road appears thoroughly barred upon all sides and one eagerly watches to see how the obstacle is to be overcome, but the trail "squirms" and twists and without knowing how you got there — you are there — and equally as puzzled to determine how the next giant is to be conquered.

Within this region there is for a long distance a series of light up and down grades until Mount Steven is reached when the ordinary engine is exchanged for a "Mogul" and the train is pulled to the summits of Mt. Steven, 5,300 feet in height. From here the line descends rapidly over a grade of 135 feet to the mile, and as we run over Kickinghorse Pass the road in the course of about 10 miles turns to nearly every point of the compass. At this part the scenery is grand and almost terrible, and passengers were running from one side of the car to the other trying to obtain a satisfactory view of the surroundings.

About 20 miles west of this the excitement begins again as we enter a Canyon 13 miles long. I wish I were possessed of the qualities to give you a description of it but it beggars all descriptive powers of mine. We are "hustled" down a vast chasm where, close to the rail on either side, tower vertical cliffs of solid rock thousands of feet high almost shutting out the sunlight, and here and there we dash "under" a mountain that stands in the way.

I made a stoppage of one day (Sunday) at Banff Springs the fashionable Canadian Summer Resort. Tis really a beautiful spot surrounded on all sides by mighty mountain peaks. Directly in front of the hotel towers Mt. Sulphur, 10,000 feet, and from its sides gush the famous hot sulphur springs. The largest has its source within a cave. I had a dip in it and when I made the first plunge I thought I had struck the lower regions, 'twas so hot, but after a second or two I found that I could bear it. The water has a strong sulphurous odor not unlike the fumes of a burning match only without that suffocating effect. This is where the Canadian "Blokes" come to recoup their energies. The guests while I was there numbered 160 which included a number of signatures, Lady McDonald of Ottawa, W.D. Van Horne & family, etc.

Leaving Banff there is nothing but grandeur in the scenery until Vancouver is reached. In the Selkirk Range the engine climbs to the summit, 4,300 feet, and from there can be seen the grand Selkirk Glacier. Directly after passing the Glacier we run over what is called the Loop. Tis a peculiar piece of engineering and too difficult to explain.

I got here in time to see the C.P.R. steamer "Empress of China" leave the wharf, she had 130 first class passengers on board and about 150 Chinamen. Before the latter were allowed to leave the boat they had to undergo an examination and this revealed the fact that three of their numbers were in the first stages of Leprosy.

Lumbering appears to be quite an industry here. I notice several large sawmills about the harbour. After I remain here a week or two I intend visiting the places near here.

Suppose you have considerable news for me about your intended trip Westward.

I forgot to mention that I had dinner with Uncle Jim at Minneapolis. He has a very snug home and a nice family. His daughter is quite a piano artist. He told me he expected to make $5,000 in next winter's operations.

Hope you are all enjoying good health. Write to me soon and give me all the Eastern news.

With fondest love to all,
Your aff. son and Bro.
Joe

Burnaby Historical Society Records Metrotown

Evelyn Salisbury

What is Metrotown and how did it come about? What role did early transportation routes play in its development?

Burnaby is situated on the Burrard peninsula and has a central area that lies along a prominent ridge 400 feet above sea level. This area drains northward into a valley that has two lakes, namely Burnaby Lake and Deer Lake, and southward into the Fraser River. The central height of land affords commanding views of the Burnaby Mountain, the North Shore mountains and the snow-capped Mount Baker of Washington, U.S.A. To the west is Vancouver's skyline and beyond it is Lion's Gate Bridge and the flashing light of Point Atkinson lighthouse. Burnaby occupies the 36.9 square miles between Vancouver and New Westminster.

In 1859 when Robert Burnaby surveyed lots for settlement, Burnaby was a haven for wildlife amid forest, lakes and streams. Gradually the Royal Engineers carved roads through the forest, an important one being the False Creek Trail from New Westminster to False Creek, known as the Vancouver Road and now called Kingsway. Many Royal Engineers completed their contract and remained in Burnaby to join other settlers in constructing sawmills and building homes.

Transportation played an important role in the lives of the pioneers, particularly when the Canadian Pacific transcontinental railroad reached the west coast in 1866 bringing many settlers. About the same time local improvements were made to the False Creek road. However, the transportation highlight was in 1890 when the B.C. Electric Railway Company built the first Interurban Tram Line in Canada, running tracks through the forest from Vancouver to New Westminster. The line ran parallel to the False Creek road although somewhat south of it. It was along this corridor that tram stations were built with subsequent community development.

The area on the highest point of Burnaby's central ridge was surveyed and laid out as a 200 acre government reserve known as Central Park. It was on the high plateau that settlers first cleared land and planted orchards and gardens. Being adjacent to Vancouver on the Interurban line, the community became a thriving suburb of South Vancouver. The B.C. Directory of 1897 records such amenities as a post office and daily mail from Vancouver and New Westminster, a telephone office and service, a tram station, a Presbyterian church, a grocery store and two nearby schools. Other tram stations along the line became the nucleus of closely-knit families around which various facilities grew to make them self-sufficient. They included Patterson, McKay, West Burnaby, Jubilee and Royal Oak.

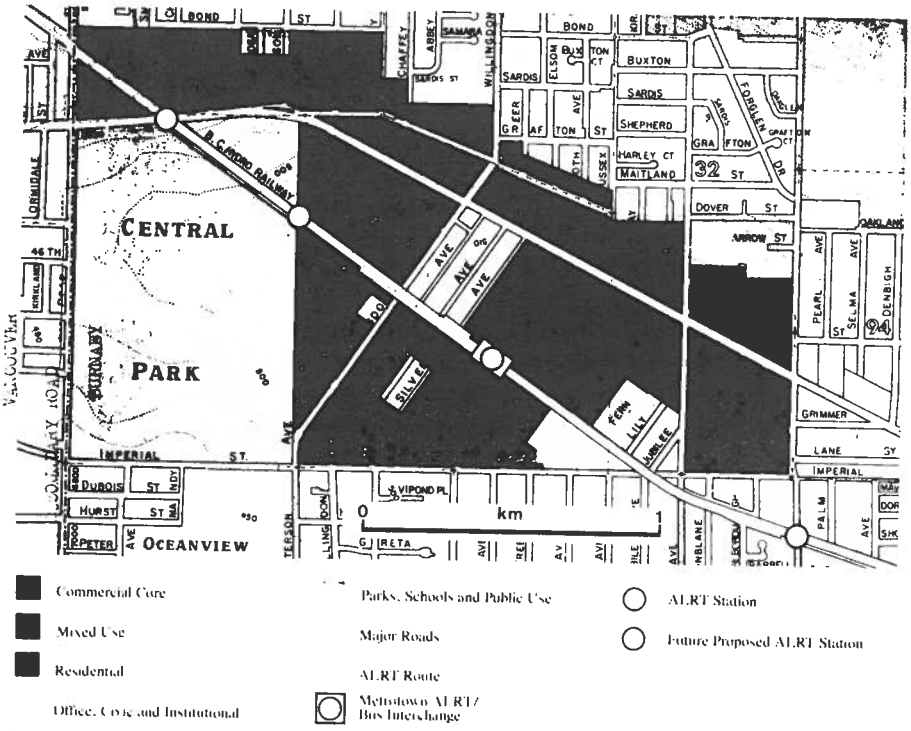
As the population grew the fragmented communities were tied together by unplanned ribbon development along the central Kingsway corridor. It became apparent that the aging Central Park region was in need of redevelopment and Burnaby's Planning Department together with the Director of the Greater Vancouver Regional District recognized that a new community should replace the old one. High priority has been given to the area as a regional Town Center within the Greater Vancouver Metropolitan region. Thus, the oldest and largest commercial center in Burnaby is to be transformed into a new community called Metrotown.

Transportation facilities tend to promote rapid development and in the Central Park area history is being repeated. Just as the early Interurban tram line spurred development along its route, so is the 1986 SkyTrain a catalyst in the growth of Metrotown. The concept envisaged by planners includes commercial, residential and social components. Indeed, Burnaby's Mayor has reflected that a person could spend an entire lifetime in the Metrotown complex utilizing the various facilities. It is expected that 27,000, mostly young, professional people will live in the condominiums and townhouses of Metrotown in a 'high-rise lifestyle.' To ensure a high quality environment, planners have established criteria and guidelines. For instance, the Metrotown perimeter of Boundary Road, Grange Street, Royal Oak Avenue and Imperial St. roughly follows the zoning patterns that separates single family homes from multiple family dwellings. This plan allows high density population to support high profile commercial enterprises while protecting family-oriented areas beyond the boundaries. Metrotown will comprise 735 acres of Burnaby's 23,616 acres and will serve approximately 150,000 people within a three mile radius of centre.

The old communities rose from the forest by dint of hard work by individuals for their livelihood and enjoyment. The new community will rise from the ashes and debris of that historic settlement adding 10,000 more souls to mingle in a Metrotown built by a huge conglomerate.

A friend and I walked along

Burnaby Metrotown



familiar streets and recalled memories of families that grew up, and attended schools here. We were helped in sports and young people's activities by the South Burnaby Men's Club, and were bandaged and consoled by Dr. G. McKee whose office was across Kingsway from the Central Park sports ground, no questions asked. It was from the McKee's forested property that lumber was used in building the South Burnaby Lawn Bowling Clubhouse. Along the street is where old Sid and young Sid lived and were telephoned every morning at 6:00 a.m. to get them to work on time. It was a party line and everyone on it was wakened at 6:00 a.m. Here is where the Toms lived. They gave pencils instead of candy every Halloween, but the children called anyhow.

The Kens lived in this large house and each year there was a new Ken in grade one. They were good in school, sports and everything. Mr. Jack retired from the CNR and when he was ill neighbors took him soup and custard. I wonder if they do that now. Mary enjoyed her orchard and her lovely magnolia tree in this yard. It brought beauty every spring. Her house and trees were demolished after the leaves fell. How would a bulldozer know?

Here is where Ella and George were eventually married. Family and friends gathered for much preparation, the bride was beautiful, the groom had arrived but the pianist and her father, the minister, were missing. A telephone call revealed that the minister had forgotten, the daughter was washing her hair, but they both arrived on bicycles and it is assumed they all lived happily ever after.

We pass a house being demolished. The porch has gone where so many greetings were exchanged. The front wall exposes the fireplace around which stories were told and songs were sung. Billy's bedroom is still a mess but now it is with splintered wood, pink fibreglass and shattered glass. A new roof was added last year. Did Art really think that he could keep his home? Did anyone salvage the oak spindles and newel posts, beams, leaded glass windows, hardwood floors?

Many pioneer homes and businesses had gone and more would go. The Burnaby Historical Society decided that a record should be made of the Metrotown area. Therefore an application was made to the B.C. Heritage Trust Student Employment Program for a grant to pay the salary of an SFU student who would be employed by the BHS to record the Heritage Resources of Metrotown. Ann Watson, and SFU student, assisted by Jim Wolf, BHS archivist, worked through the 63 working days allotted for the project and gave much more of their own time to produce a 144 page book. The book is titled "*Burnaby Heritage Resource Inventory Metrotown*," and the cover page is designed by Society member Robert Powys. It has attracted favourable attention and brought nostalgic memories to many who knew the communities. The book includes history, maps, photographs, and street addresses of inventoried buildings, street names and derivations, architectural styles, landmarks, trees, parks, views, conclusions and recommendations.

One important recommendation urges the BHS to persuade Burnaby Council to establish a Municipal Heritage Advisory Committee. A presentation to Council by a delegation will be made in mid-December, 1986. Our Society hopes that at this fourth time of asking, with support from Burnaby's Planning Department, SFU professionals, and members of the community, Council will establish a MHAS. A comprehensive inventory should be made of Burnaby's heritage resources, natural and man-made. Criteria must be established and applied to the inventory to determine what should be saved for re-use, restoration or possible designation.

Evelyn Salisbury is chairman of the Burnaby Historical Society Heritage Committee.

Matheson Lookout

Peggy Capek

Matheson Fire Lookout, 1936.

Matheson lookout is gone now. Felled by vandals in the spring of 1985, the shattered boards of the old building lie scattered down the steepest side of the mountain. For the first time in fifty years the skyline is unbroken by the wooden tower.

Through a depression and a war, the fire lookout, perched on its rocky fortress in the Sooke hills on southern Vancouver Island, provided needed employment. It was abandoned in 1950, and in the years that followed, the elements exacted their toll. The door and wooden shutters disintegrated, and the whiskered shingles blew down the path, but the town remained standing due to the efforts of the present owner. The mountain is and always has been private property.

In 1936 fire lookouts were a new venture on Vancouver Island, a step forward in provincial fire control. The Matheson lookout was the latest in a string of towers situated on the highest peaks on the Island. They were connected by telephone, and later by radio to the nearest Ranger Station which, for the southern area, was at Langford, a small community about fifteen miles from Victoria.

The sparsely populated district of East Sooke watched with interest as truckloads of men and supplies arrived to begin construction. They struggled up a rough road to the summit of Mount Matheson to erect an eight by eight foot tower. Just below, sheltered by the great rock, a small cabin was built to house the man who was to work there. Telephone lines were laboriously strung from tree to tree up the side of the mountain. In those bitter years, the sight of men working was heartening, although the job was difficult.

The first lookout was a local man as were most of those who followed. The pay was good for those days at eighty dollars a month but the work was seasonal. If the weather was dry, the job lasted from the end of April until the end of September. Wet springs and early autumns meant loss of working time for men weary from the depression and glad of a pay cheque.

The lookout man stayed at this post from sunup to sundown, seven days a week; forest fires do not keep the Sabbath. He learned to use the firefinder, and instrument which was designed by the Forest Service in Vancouver. It was mounted on a map of the area, and could turn, horizontally, a full 360 degrees. Location of the fire could be detected by pointing the firefinder at the smoke and sighting along the top as is done with a rifle. Readings on the side of the instrument provided the elevation of the fire as compared to the lookout. This information was relayed immediately to the Ranger Station who compared it to sightings from other towers to pinpoint the exact location of the blaze. Four to five fires a day in the dry months were spotted by this simple method. Obviously good eyesight was a prerequisite although binoculars were provided.

Hazard sticks were used to measure the moisture content close to the ground. Kiln dried sticks weighing exactly 100 grams were placed on a special scale which would only measure weight over that amount. The moisture in the air added the additional grams. If the reading was seven or less, the forest was dangerously dry. These tests were run several times a day.

There were other lookouts in the area: Mill Hill, Empress Mountain, Prevost and Shepherd. The jobs were the same, and the greatest enemies of the lookout men were monotony and loneliness. Some men were meant for the outdoor life while others were miserable. Often the wind would blow for days, whining around the guy wires that supported the towers, and keening an endless tuneless dirge that could twist men's minds.

When the isolation became unendurable, a man could break. One

such incident happened on a nearby mountain during a particularly busy fire season in the forties. A replacement was recruited in the middle of the night from a nearby fire site; he was bundled into a truck and delivered to the job by sunup, the beginning of the working day. There was no sleep for him that day.

Earthquakes lent a certain zest to the job, especially if the tower was high. During an unusually severe quake in 1946, the lookout man at Mills Hill made an unprecedented dash down the ladder when he realized that his swaying tower was not the result of workmen rocking it. He looked down to see, not prangsters, but bolted plates securing the supports leaping out of the rock. When all was quiet, he climbed back up to report to his worried superiors that all was well. A lookout on the north end of the island did not fare as well; a ninety foot tower was demolished although the occupant escaped unhurt.

There were touches of home in these far away places. The men created tables and benches from logs and the wood left from construction. Some had plants growing in tin cans from slips they had brought from home. The shortage of water discouraged any major gardening effort for water was transported in canvas back packs. Those who rode horses to their jobs built leantos to shelter the animals from summer storms.

At Mt. Matheson, there was the regular type of rough table and benches beside the little potbellied stove with its tin chimney reaching high enough to sift out the sparks. All meals were prepared in the fresh air. A metal box with open ends to catch stray breezes was nailed on the shady side of a tree to serve as a cooler. An exercise bar fastened between two pines provided fun for the more agile.

The inside of the cabin contained a sleeping and working area plus another telephone. The bedroll, mattress and personal possessions consisted of whatever the occupant felt like carrying up the mountain on his back. Some brought felt pads to sleep on, and others stuffed ferns or straw into ticks. Since the cabin had a canvas roof in the early years, clothing and bedding became damp during the rainy months.

One enterprising young man learned to bake a tasty spice cake in his little outdoor stove. It was popular with visiting Rangers, and one guest ate half a cake with his afternoon tea.

The average day of the lookout man on Mount Matheson began at 6:30 a.m. when the rising sun increased the chances of fire from careless campers, hunters, and heat magnified through broken glass. Having checked the blue hills for smoke, he would go back to his living quarters for his breakfast.

With his dishes washed or soaking in a minuscule amount of water, he returned to check his instruments and begin his daily vigil. The freshness of the summer morning and the song of the birds disappeared as the sun rose higher to bake his rocky prison.

If the weather was wet, there was paper work to catch up on, and the telephone line to check and repair if necessary. It was mostly a one man operation, and the wise man stayed healthy and accident free, although help could be summoned from the Ranger Station if needed.

Often in the evening, when dusk was settling in, the lookout man would trudge down the trail, looking for a little human companionship from a homesteader nearby, and fresh water to see him through the next day. It happened to be the custom of an old bear to visit the watering hole about the same time. On the evenings when the bear got there first, the water bag was filled from the neighbour's well.

The lookout was maintained during the war years by those who could not serve in the military. In 1944, the radio replaced the

telephone. Still there was a need to establish a better surveilance of the area because Matheson had a blind spot; fires could not be detected in East Sooke. By 1950, Matheson lookout was abandoned in favour of Shepherd (two miles north of Saseenos) which in turn was closed in 1970 as better methods of fire detection were developed.

Aerial surveilance and modern technology have replaced the old ways. Lookouts are few now; the cost of maintaining them is prohibitive. The Protection Branch depends on public awareness a great deal because areas are not as isolated as they once were. Hikers, fishermen and campers report the first sign of smoke, and outnumber the few who are careless.

Now, broken boards are all that remain of this old landmark. It is a sad reflection of our times when historical objects are destroyed through thoughtless, mindless acts of others, but the indomitable spirit of the men who worked there will be remembered, and Mount Matheson itself remains invincible, a rocky giant maintaining an aloofness and dignity in a relatively untouched wilderness.

The Nelson Ferry

Jean Webber

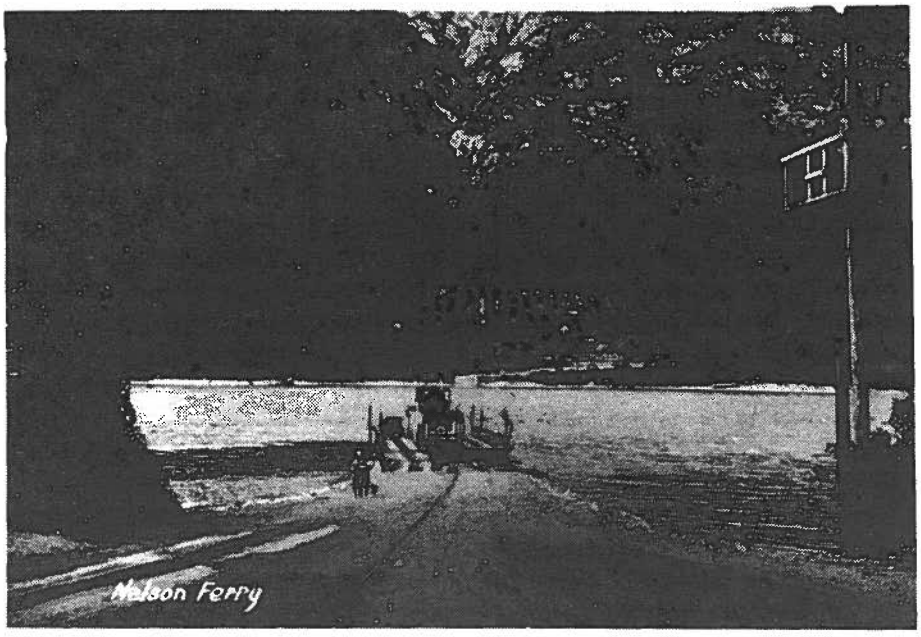
Children live in the present, they say. And that is probably true. Certainly in the spring of 1925 when I accompanied my family across the ferry from Nelson's Fairview to our new home on the North Shore it never occurred to me that a mere twelve years earlier there had been no ferry.[1] Nor in the twelve years to follow when ferry schedules regulated our comings and goings did I ever consider what life on the North Shore might have been like without the ferry. Perhaps our parents saw in the piles which stood before most lakeshore properties with the occasional weathered boathouse still tethered to them evidence of a period in which each settler had to be responsible for his own transportation.

For us children the piling offered convenient markers in our swimming games. As for the future, "when they build the bridge," that was not very real either in spite of the men with their transit instruments who arrived at pre-election intervals to pound stakes into the "rise" in our orchard. My father explained that they were surveying the northern footings of a bridge that would make our land more valuable, but this concept of development was wholly adult. We measured the value of those acres according to the number of Indian Paintbrushes, Tiger Lilies and Blue Lubins they produced. When finally the bridge was built in 1957[2] our family was long gone. Somebody else made "all that money." Nor did the bridge, in the end, finally come to rest on our property in spite of all those stakes.

The ferry was our reality and an important influence in the life of any child growing up "across the lake." A.R.C. Duncan, speaking of man's need to realize himself as part of a community, says: "We become persons only through our relations with other persons."[3] Waiting for the ferry in all seasons and in every kind of weather, huddling about the coal stove aboard in the ferry waitingroom, or leaning companionably against the ferry rail on some golden afternoon such relationships were almost forced upon us. Adults and children conversed.

I recall Mr. Cuthbert, one mellow evening, telling of Irish peasants drying up a neighbour's cow by putting the evil eye upon it. He spoke with a gentle urbanity which didn't quite express belief in such practices but still left the impression that such things might happen. And there was Jack Mulholland, the prospector-poet, with his wisdom of the hills. "Don't know how anybody can get lost in the mountains. Only two ways to go. One's up and the other's down. When you finish doing the one you got to do the other," he would say. One day our return from school coincided with Jack's return from a few convivial hours spent in town. When he heard that we had had a track meet at school, Jack immediately arranged an impromptu continuation on a deck mercifully clear of cars. The ferrymen went about their business with bemused smiles as if they understood something that we did not. For our part we were amazed at the way in which old Jack could out-hop-step-and-jump us all.

We soon learned to categorize adults. The most important classification had to do with the prospect of cadging automobile rides. There were those who probably would give us a ride,



The Nelson ferry. The picture was taken sometime before 1925. The creek from which the diverson was made can be seen top centre. The author's family lived just west (left) of orchard shown in centre. (Kootenay Museum Assoc.)

British Columbia Historical Federation Conference
May 14, 15, 16, 1987
Royal Canadian Legion, 32965 1st Ave., Mission, B.C.

Thurs. May 14th	
Noon - 5 p.m.	Registration and Open house at Museum 33201 - 2nd Ave.
6 p.m.	B.C. Historical Federation Council Meeting.
7:30	Welcome by Mayor and president of Historical Society.
7:45	Scottish Dancing by the Stave Falls Scottish Dancers.
8:30	Wine and Cheese Party — Book display — Photo display.
Friday May 15th	
8 a.m.	Registration Royal Canadian Legion.
9 - 10:30	John Gibbard plus old slides of Mission. Book display by Cold Stream Books.
10:30	Coffee
11 - 12	Norma Kenney, president — Mission Heritage Association.
12 - 1:30	Lunch — On your own, or at the Indian Friendship Centre.
1:30	Bus tour to the Fraser River Heritage Park and Kilby's General Store Museum.
5 - 7 p.m.	Dinner on own
7 p.m.	Speaker — Clarence Woods on the "General Store in B.C."
Saturday May 16th	
9 a.m. - 12	A.G.M.
12 - 1:30	Lunch — Captain's Cabin. Bus tour Stave Falls, Westminster Abbey.
6:30	No host bar.
7 p.m.	Banquet — speaker Jacqueline Gresko.
Sunday, May 17th	
8 a.m.	Council meeting — Smitty's Restaurant.

British Columbia Historical Federation Annual Conference
May 14 - 17 1987 — Birch Room
Royal Canadian Legion, 32965 1st Ave., Mission, B.C.

I/we wish to register for the following events at the annual conference of the B.C. Historical Federation.

Registration:		Price/person	Amount
	$25 if postmarked on or before Apr. 20th	$25.00	_____
	$35 if postmarked after April 20th	35.00	_____
Thurs. May 14	Wine/Cheese — entertainment	5.00	_____
Fri. May 15	Lunch (Indian Friendship Centre* or on your own		
	Bus Tour — Heritage Pk/Kilby's	4.00	_____
Sat. May 16	Lunch Captain's Cabin	2.50	_____
	Bus Tour — Dams & Abbey	3.00	_____
	Banquet — Legion	20.00	_____

* arrangements not finalized.

Please send registrations to: **Mission Museum, 33201 2nd Ave., Mission, B.C. V2V 1J9.**

Speakers for the 1987 B.C. Historical Federation Conference

May 14, 15, & 16 — Mission, B.C.

John Gibbard — Grandson of Pioneer George Gibbard, who brought his family to a small cabin in Cedar Valley in 1887. Roads had yet to be carved through the woods and neighbours were far apart. John grew up among the early settlers and listened attentively to their stories. His keen interest in history won him a scholarship in Canadian History and a silver medal in European History. He was the Head of the Social Studies Dept. at Magee High School and a member of the Faculty of Education at U.B.C. as Associate Professor and assistant Director of the Secondary Division. He co-authored *Living Together in Canada* and contributed articles to the *B.C. Teacher* and *B.C. Historical News*. For his masters he wrote the Early History of the Fraser Valley from 1808 to 1885.

Norma Kenney — Many know her as Norm Lock, singer and wife of Mark Kenny, Canada's famous band leader. Norma is well known for her community activity and the formation of the Fraser River Heritage Park, located on the original site of St. Mary's residential school. Through her tireless efforts and determination, Mission now has a 50 acre park and a log-constructed reception centre, appropriately named the Norma Kenney House.

Norma will be telling us a little of the history of the park but more importantly of its future.

Laura Buker — was born in Mission and attended school here. She took her teaching degree from U.B.C. and taught high school in North Vancouver. She received a full presidential scholarship to complete her Phd. She is presently taking her Masters in Los Angeles and working for the Centre for Indian Arts and Culture in Los Angeles. Her topic will be the "Rainbow Women of the Fraser Valley".

Mildred Vollick — Her grandparents were the Abbots who homesteaded in Mission in 1895, Mildred is a Home Economist and the president of the Mission Historical Society. She has many stories to share with us on growing up in "Mission City".

Jacqueline Gresko — a teacher of history at Douglas College, she wrote an honours essay on the Roman Catholic Missions in the Fraser Valley from 1860 to 1910. Her master thesis was a comparison of what happened in the Roman Catholic Missions in Saskatchewan and British Columbia. Jacqueline's address will be on St. Mary's Mission in Mission, B.C.

Clarence Wood — worked in various museums across Canada as a volunteer for a number of years. In Wells he operated a print shop and later worked in Barkerville Historic site. He is now the curator of the Kilby's General Store Museum, in "Kilby's Provincial Historical Park". The General Store played an important part in the development of the community. It was a place to meet friends and exchange news, pick up your mail as well as a place to buy groceries, hardware, etc. Clarence will be giving us a talk and slide presentation on "The General Store in B.C."

B.C. Historical Federation Conference

Mission, B.C. — May 14, 15, 16, 1987

Everyone loves to show off their community to visitors and this is what the District of Mission Historical Society is planning to do on May 14, 15, and 16, 1987.

There were a few settlers in the area in the early 1850 - 60's. However in 1861 Father Fouquet chose Mission as a site for his residential school for Indian Children. This really marked our beginning.

The coming of the C.P. Railway in 1885 and the building of the first bridge across the Fraser River connecting us to the American markets were the next stones in our development. All freight and passengers from the east, the west, and the south came through "Mission Junction". Gradually more settlers were taking up homesteads and the virgin soil was producing a bumper crop of fruits and vegetables, especially strawberries. We were to be known as the "Home of the Big Red Strawberry". The propect of a large metropolis was in the eyes of the real estate promoters.

Our speakers at this years conference are all intimately connected with the history of Mission. Some were born here, others developed keen interest in this community. John Gibbard's family homesteaded in Cedar Valley in 1887. Jacqueline Gresko became involved through her studies of the Roman Catholic Mission. Norma Kenney was successful in preserving 50 acres of the original St. Mary's school site for the creation of the Fraser River Heritage Park. Laura Buker's grandmother married a Royal Engineer, joining two cultures and producing the "Rainbow Women of the Fraser Valley". Clarence Wood, through his work at Barkervile and Kilby's General Store Museum, found the value of the General Store more than just a place to pick up supplies. And Mildred Vollick, was born and raised in Mission. Her family came in the spring of 1895 to take up a homestead. She will be telling us about her experiences and the development of Mission and its surrounding districts.

Throughout the Conference there will be a display of books for sale from our local book store Cold Stream Books. The Museum will be opened from 12 - 4 p.m. daily for you to visit.

Our Bus Tour on Friday will take us to the site of the old St. Mary's Resident school. We will see the foundations of the old buildings, the orchard and the cemetery where Father Fouquet is buried. Weather permitting we will walk up to the foundations of the Grotto where a magnificent view of the valley can be enjoyed. All this area is now known as the Fraser River Heritage Park. From there we will visit the Kilby General Store Museum. Acton Kilby a prominent dairy farmer, took over his father's general store/hotel in 1928 and operated the store till 1976.

[We are awaiting confirmation a salmon luncheon at the Indian Friendship Centre for this day]

Saturday after the AGM we can have lunch at the Captain's Cabin, a pub by the Fraser River or you may choose one of the many small cafes or restaurants in town. Our bus will leave from the Pub, picking up anyone else at the Museum and proceed out towards Ruskin Dam, Storyland Trails, Stave Falls Dam, through Cedar Valley, Ferndale past the Municipal Hall to Westminster Abbey, returning through Hatzic. The Abbey, built in 1953 by priests of the Benedictine Order, contains the Seminary of Christ the King, which is both a high school and a degree granting arts and theological college where students prepare for the priesthood.

The Mission Historical Society is looking forwards to meeting all the members of the B.C. Historical Federation at the AGM in May 1987.

BED AND BREAKFAST ACCOMMODATIONS
MISSION, B.C.
SPONSORED BY THE MISSION CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

Name/Address	Sin	Dou	Tw	C	Rms	PB	NS	LR	FB	CB	PIH	Pa	Extras
Eric & Edwin Hearn 33746 Dlugosh V2V 6S2 826-2279	$20	$30		*	2			*	*	*	*	*	Tents & R.V. Parking
Danielle King 32525 Beaver V2V 5R3 826-2386	$18		$25		*		*		opt	*	no	no	Fr. speaking, T.V. privileges, no drinking, natural foods.
Helmut & Heidi Lohr 31695 Laslo V2V 4H9 826-1026	$25	$35		*	2								2 R.V. Spaces German spoken
Jack & Mable McRae 32157 Holiday V2V 2N3 826-8802	$20	$25	-	*	2		*	*	opt	*	no	no	Central location
Beaton & Kay Patience 32180 Holiday V2V 1L2 826-7714	$20	$25	-	*	2				opt	*	no	no	Central location Air condition R.V. Parking
Jean Stevens 32752 7th Ave. V2V 2C1 826-7719 or 826-0408	$20	$30			2				no		Gde dog		Portuguese spoken Double & Single each room
Mildred Vollick 32862 3rd Ave. V2V 1N1 826-7255	$24	$25	$30	*	2				opt				Central location 1 R.V. space, crib avail., no drinking
Alex & Phyllis Wood 34678 Dewdney Tr. R.R. 6 V2V 6B2 826-	$20	$30	$30		2								Extra meals arranged No drinking

Extra person (in room) $10; Children under 10 half price; Telephone Area Code for Mission, B.C. is 604

Legend:

Sin — Single
Dou — Double
Tw — Twin
C — Children
P.B. — Private Bath
N.S. — No Smoking
L.R. — Living Room Privileges
F.B. — Full Breakfast
C.B. Continental Breakfast
P.I.H. — Pets in House

those who probably would not, and those who definitely would not. Alla Johnstone was in the first category. One terribly wet morning Alla loaded all she could get into her little roadster with its rumble seat, rushed up Nelson Avenue to the Hume School and then doubled back to rescue the remainder of our bedraggled lot.

Even adults who seldom spoke to children made indelible impressions on our young minds. One of these was the Sheriff, a gentleman always addressed by his official title. Very old country — highly polished shoes and leather leggings, breeks, a tweed jacket, impeccable shirt and tie, and fedora. As I remember he could laugh but in rather a mirthless fashion. In my childish mind I could never quite dissociate him from Nottingham. One morning the rhythm of our twenty-minute service was interrupted for the laying of a new ferry cable. In order to accommodate the regulars going to work and to school a tug had been engaged to push the ferry barge. On our trip there was some difficulty in getting the two vessels suitably attached to one another. The Sheriff came bustling over to the ferry rail and began giving orders to the men below in the tug. There was not a flicker of acknowledgement on the part of the boatmen. Obviously they preferred their problem to the Sheriff's solution. Finally the Sheriff moved off, very dignified, back ramrod straight, but we all knew that the great man had suffered a defeat, a defeat at the hands of those whose boots were not polished.

There was a tweedy couple who had very little to say to anyone. When they did talk to an adult it was usually to refer to something which they had read in one of the numerous library books which they carried to and from town. I believe that they were the people responsible for the introduction of the word "diversion" into my vocabulary. Not much was said at home within our hearing, but one spring morning my brother and I set off with our father, who had the righteous air of one vindicated and supported by official action, to climb three-quarters of the way up Elephant Mountain. There, with the shovel we had carried with us, Dad dammed a channel which had been carefully and laboriously dug about a shoulder of the mountain in order to divert water from the creek on which we and two neighbours held the water rights into a somewhat smaller gully to the east.

Of course one of the chief delights of the ferry trips was the association with our school fellows. When I first began school in the fall of 1925 the only other elementary pupils crossing were Julia Koftinoff and her cousin Fanny. Out of the ferry acquaintance developed the habit of visiting each other's home. Julia's home was bare of furniture and decoration but spotlessly clean. I was fascinated to see her mother spinning on a wheel that might easily have come right out of the story of *Rumpelstiltskin*. Mrs. Koftinoff, responding to my interest, offered, in Russian translated by Julia, to teach my mother how to spin. I rushed home elated with this marvellous invitation only to meet with mother's surprisingly vehement refusal to participate. Mother was not an arts-and crafty person, preferring rather to read in what time could be saved from household tasks which had to be accomplished without a washing machine or a vacuum cleaner. She had worn druigidh[4] as a child and was only too happy to be released from the cottage industry provision of such necessities as textiles.

At that time Julia and Fanny were the only Doukhobors in our school. One day a gang, fastening on this difference, began calling "Doukhobor, Doukhobor, Two-by-four" and other such crude and rude rhymes after the two girls. Sheeplike, I joined in. To this day I can see Fanny standing at the edge of the playground, her face dark with hurt and a sense of betrayal.

One morning Julia informed me that her father had bought a new white linen tablecloth because Peter Verigin was coming to dinner. Very soon after that both families moved away — "back to the Community," my father said.

I cannot forget the part which the ferrymen played in our growing up. George Clerihew, Nelson's first ferryman and the person on day-shift throughout my childhood, was one of those people who respected the person of even the youngest of his passengers. One afternoon when I was six years old, I was bouncing a ball on deck when suddenly the ball went overboard. I cried out. Immediately Mr. Clerihew's head appeared out of the wheelhouse above.

"What's wrong, Jean?" he asked.

"I've lost my ball."

Mr. Clerihew stopped the ferry right there in the middle of the lake, lowered the apron, came down on deck, took the pike-pole from its rack and retrieved my precious ball. There was another passenger aboard, a man in a car, and he had the grace to make no complaint about this interruption in his journey. Indeed that was a more patient age.

One February our old Airedale, while attempting to cross the lake, went through the

rotten ice and was unable to extricate himself from the hole he had made. The ferrymen launched the ferry lifeboat and made their way to him, breaking the ice as they went. Paddy was still alive when they reached him but as they lifted him into the boat blood flowed from his nose and mouth and he was gone. The old dog had been struggling almost an hour in the icy water.

As ferry traffic increased and ferry schedules developed from every hour in the morning and every half-hour in the afternoon to twenty-minute service all day long and regular trips after midnight, the ferry staff increased from two to five.[5] Mr. Johnson, a short, sturdy man, served on deck afternoons through my high school years. Once he annoyed me mightily. A young man with Down's Syndrome took to visiting me. Special classes, sheltered workshops and organized social activities for the mentally handicapped were unheard of in those days. Eric had good and caring parents but there was absolutely no community backup in support of them. Mr. Johnson began to tease me about my "boyfriend." I felt, and justifiably, that his leer was a deprecation of Eric. I snubbed Mr. J. for several days. However, in retrospect, that incident pales before something that happened one cold winter afternoon. My friend Wilhelmina and I had just walked home from Junior High over the ice and snow of the Bluff, Wilhelmina wearing only thin patent leather slippers. How happy my friend was to feel the comfort of the waitingroom stove! Mr. Johnson came in to stoke the fire and as he left he looked me in the eye and muttered angrily, "No child should be sent to school in shoes like that." Now Mr. Johnson knew how hard it was to clothe his rather large family on a ferryman's income and he knew that the Professor, Wilhelmina's father, did not have such money at his disposal for his numerous household. It is even possible that the family did not meet the stringent requirements for getting on the relief roll. Against whom was the ferryman's ire vented? We were in the depth of the depression and Mr. Johnson had a government job. At any rate a new line of thought began to open for me. My parents had demonstrated compassion for the Professor and his family in tangible ways but it was Mr. Johnson who taught me that poverty was not to be accepted passively. Poverty was to be rebelled against.

The ferry and its landings figured in our sports. A chair from the waitingroom steadied our first attempts to skate. Later we rode our soap-box cars down the long slope of the wooden landing slip only to be caught up short by the force of the water. We canoed under the slip through the supporting piles forcing our way as close as possible to the place where water and wood met. By the almost daily change in our course through the piling we measured the recession of those great spring freshets which we experienced annually before blasting at Grohman Creek and the proliferation of dams on the river narrowed the gap between high water and low. The final plunge of our pre-breakfast swims was often taken from the rail of the ferry as it pulled out on its six-forty run, the momentum of the ferry giving a twist to our bodies and adding to the shock of the icy Kootenay water.

Ever more powerful than these physical delights was the growing awareness of life which I now associate with that North Shore landing. One summer morning when I was seven and my brother almost five, we were rowing about the ferry slip when a car came down the approach with its horn honking. There was no response from the ferry which was quite legitimately moored on the town side between its hourly runs. The man got out of his car and, coming down to the water's edge, began to shout, his hands cupped about his mouth, "Help! S.O.S." He called again and again. Perturbed as he was, he ignored my brother and me. I wanted to say, "We'll go for the ferryman," but we were shy and also we had had instructions to keep near the shore. Curious, we tied up the boat and wandered up past the car. There in the car was a woman obviously in agony and very big — big with child I later figured out (How did I come to that conclusion in those days before TV made children knowledgeable beyond their years and when adults did not think it necessary or desirable to inform young children about the facts of life? I think that I overheard some talk about a baby being born on the steps of the hospital and a half-recognized name was mentioned).

During the depression caravans of families, all their possessions loaded on an old truck, into a touring car, or on a wagon drawn by a four-horse team, took their places in line waiting for the ferry to carry them across the Kootenay on their journey from drought-ridden Saskatchewan to some place in British Columbia where they would at least have wood and water.

Then there was that dreadful winter night when I was on my way home from our Girl Guide meeting and I waited and waited for the ferry to return to the town side. Finally it arrived and I learned that there had been an

accident. A car holding five people on their way from Alberta to visit relatives living along the Kootenay River had come down the hill. In the dark the driver had mistaken the ferry approach for a road down into and through a prairie coulee. As the lake was at its winter low the slip was bare almost to its extremity. Before the driver realized his situation and before the water could stop the car he had driven off the end of the ferry slip into deep water. The three strong young men were able to break a window and force their way out of the vehicle. Although they could not swim they were bouyed up by their heavy winter coats and the wind drove them onto the landing. An elderly couple in the back seat were not able to extricate themselves and drowned. When I reached home the atmosphere of our little house was heavy with the smell of thick winter clothes drying and three stunned young men sat drinking hot sweet tea. The poor desolate fellows, one of whom I think was a lawyer, stayed that night with us. A few days later a beautiful bouquet of pink carnations arrived for my mother.[6]

Even fleeting friendships could be meaningful. There were the elderly Chinese who worked in the gardens of some of our neighbours and lived their solitary lives in the shacks provided. Also there were young loggers and miners who lived in some cheap cabin between jobs. These people often offered us coins. We were delighted with the prospect of an unexpected ice-cream cone, chocolate bar or bag of cent candy. Later I understood the pathos of those modest gifts from lonely men hungry for family and an associaiton with children. One Chinese was different, Charlie Bing. He was much younger than the old gardeners, taller, more robust, and exuded a cheerful self-confidence. We always thought of Charlie as one of our friends although he never offered us money. Charlie had a Chinese wife and children on his Willow Point farm. Much later when I learned about such things as head taxes[7] my observations clicked into place in a maturing world view.

Among the loggers and miners was a young Swede who intrigued me. He was tall, blond and generously moustached, a very Viking to my mind fresh from reading Norse legends, learning about Leif Ericsson in school, and hearing mother read aloud *Thelma* by Marie Corelli. One fortunate afternoon I found myself alone with this hero, waiting for the ferry in the rustic summerhouse at the edge of Lakeside Park.

"What is your favourite subject at school?" the Viking asked.

"I like arithmetic," I answered.

"Oh," he said, "do you know a very fast way of checking a multiplication question?"

"You could reverse the multiplier and the multiplicand and multiply it out again," I replied.

"But that might take a very long time," he objected. "Suppose you had a question so big that it covered this floor," and he made a gesture with his arm which embraced the whole of the summerhouse. "How could you check it in a few minutes?"

I had to admit ignorance. Then the Viking taught me how to check multiplication by casting out nines. The process did not occur in our school curriculum until three or four years later when I was in Junior High and then the teacher did not look a bit like Leif standing at the prow of his dragon ship, nor did he have the imagination to stimulate our interest by hypothesizing a multiplication question twelve feet by twelve feet.

The 1957 bridge is a fine structure, beautiful in design and I am sure much needed. Even in the late thirties ferry lines could be horrific. Forgive me though when I say that I cannot drive across that bridge without suffering a dreadful feeling of loss. What will anyone learn as he drives to the North Shore? Whom will he meet? What will he see of life? And certainly no one is going to learn how to cast out nines from a Viking or anyone else as he speeds above the water of the West Arm of Kootenay Lake.

Footnotes

[1]*The Nelson Daily News* of 29 September 1913 reported that the Board of Trade crossed by ferry on 27 September and travelled by automobile to Balfour. However, it would seem that regular service really began 30 September. An item in the paper of 1 October 1913 says in part: " The ferry across the west arm was yesterday operated throughout the day at half hour intervals and only twice was the service interrupted by some minor incident.

"Today it is expected that considerable equipment will be added to the ferry and those in charge are at present arranging a schedule for each day, which will be in force as soon as the engine of the ferry is tuned up and in perfect running order.

"A considerable amount of traffic made use of the ferry yesterday."

An item in the paper of 28 November 1913 states: "In about a week the provincial government ferry at the shipyards will commence a night service and will operate until ll o'clock. At present it runs until 6 o'clock in the evening."

The names of the ferrymen are given: George Clarihew and Ernest Cole.

In January 1912 the Nelson City Council had asked the provincial government to build a bridge at Nelson. *The Nelson Daily News* of 17 January 1912 carried an editorial of this subject. However, the bridge was built at Tagum. The paper of 3 April 1913 reported that a contract to construct a ferry had been let to Hale and Stepp. The ferry was to be 60' long and 20' wide. "It will carry four teams." There was to be a centre cabin for people and an engineroom to house the gasoline-powered motor. The paper of 5 September 1913 reported the laying of the cable.

[2]Program for the bridge opening ceremonies, Nelson Museum. Ground breaking ceremonies

(cont. on page 21)

Shutty Bench:
A Social Portrait

Naomi Miller

Shutty Bench is a rural community north of Kaslo on the west side of Kootenay Lake. The first settler was Andrew Shutty who, in 1897, claimed approximately 500 acres. He prepared hayfields, a garden, a cabin, and the shell of a large home. John Shutty Sr. arrived from Podbiel, Czechoslovakia in 1930 to join his son. John Mikulasik, Joe Surina and John Shutty Jr. came shortly after that. The central section of the mountain bench was cleared, homes built, and jobs taken to earn the fare for brides and/or families to come out from Podbiel or Kriva. Joe Surina married Andrew's sister, Sophia Shutty, in 1910. Later arrivals included Steve and Joe Bendis, Joe Gallo and Louis Furiak.

All hospitable terrain on the bench and the waterfront was claimed or purchased prior to W.W.I. This wave of immigrants was mainly British except for the Koehle brothers from Germany, and a Dane. Colonel Kemball built a mansion at the north end of the community prior to being recalled for military service. Stock broker Rupert Guthrie built a huge home half a mile along the shore from the Kembals. Shirrifs, Pogson, A.P. Allsebrook and the Harrison brothers established small ranches. After the war, Colonel Armstead purchased the Kemball estate from the widow of Colonel Kemball, and Captain G.A. West acquired Guthrie's holdings. Captain West and his bride planted a cherry orchard that was one of the best in B.C. till "Little Cherry" disease hit in the late '40s. Other arrivals included veterans Mark Jesty, E. Kurnock and Captain Richardson, Barr colonist Charlie Nichols, and a young farmer from Lancashire, Tom Taylor. The community was given the nickname "British Bench" by certain observers.

Neighbours were neighbourly; the Brits (with one exception) had as much contact with the Czechs and Germans as they did with each other. Community spirit was evident in good times and bad. Early Czech weddings were celebrated for several days following the ceremony; guests would pause to sleep in the hayloft or perhaps go home to care for animals and chickens, then return for more eating, drinking and dancing. W.A.S.P. weddings were held at the bride's distant home, but the newlyweds would be shivareed by Shutty Bench residents. There were knitting bees and quilting bees during both World Wars. Christmas concerts at school were very special community events; a volunteer Santa ho-hoed his way into the gathering after the concert to give out marvellous parcels from Eatons (paid for by donations) to every child from cradle to Grade Eight. Subscribers to magazines passed them from one home to the next; those magazines included *Liberty, Saturday Evening Post, National Geographic, Punch, Colliers* and *Macleans*.

There were only five telephones in the community prior to 1940. Messages received on those phones were speedily relayed by a messenger on foot to homes at least half a mile distant. There were kind deeds individually and collectively if there was illness or injury. When my mother broke her wrist, neighbours arrived with baked goods, stayed to clean the house and even did the laundry with washboard and hand wringer. End-of-year school picnics grew into a community sports day with races and scrub baseball for one and all.

A community club functioned during the '30s and '40s for organizing dances, whist and bridge parties, and summer weiner roasts. The Catholic children would have their summer catechism classes on Surina's front porch or lovely lawn. The Anglican children would be invited into Kaslo to join the year end Sunday School picnic. One rarely went into Kaslo without doing an errand for at least one neighbour. There were a lot of friendly people on Shutty Bench.

Transportation to the "outside world" was entirely dependent on lake steamers or small boats in the early years. A road was cleared from Shutty Bench to Kaslo in 1910, but the road connection to Nelson was not completed until 1927. Shutty Bench obtained a public Wharf, built by the Dominion Government, in 1912. The earliest apple and cherry crops were shipped from that wharf, and supplies ranging from lumber to sacks of grain and flour were dropped there to be carried to their destination by horse and wagon or stoneboat. Although the steamer now had a wharf, it would occasionally nose into a private beach with some special cargo. The earliest, and for many years, the only cars on the Bench were Mark Jesty's Model-T, Surina's always immaculate green Model A, and Cowan's old black Chev. Tom Taylor drove a horse and buggy or horse and cutter till his dying day (1953). Alsebrooks went to town in a small boat with an outboard engine. Everyone walked the four, five or even seven miles to town. Most of them walked home again; some would pay the Kaslo taxi to drive them home with

their mail, meat, groceries and other purchases. With improved roads came a regular truck freight service from Nelson to Kaslo. Boat service was first reduced to once a week, then ceased when the *S.S. Moyie* was retired in 1957.

Road work, ie. highway maintenance, was done intermittently. The main thrust of maintenance and improvement came in the spring when the locals worked off their property taxes. The work crew sweated and grunted with picks, shovels and wheelbarrows. They owed two, three or four weeks of work, depending on their property assessment. Colonel Cowan of Crystal Creek Ranch (at the north end of the Bench) had the largest assessment but he was able to retire his obligations as quickly as the rest by participating with a team of horses and a scraper. (A team with driver rated 2½ times the pay of a navy.) Steve Bendis undertook the obligation of opening roads in wintertime. After a snowfall he would hitch up a V-shaped wooden plough, do the main road from Taylor's to Cowan's then side roads where the families had children attending school. Many times my brother and I would make our own trail through fresh snow and meet Steve just starting down the road to our waterfront home. A mechanical grader would eventually clean the road from Kaslo to the north end of the Bench, but Steve's four foot wide trails were all that those on feeder roads could expect before W.W.II. Tom Taylor was road foreman for the Shutty Bench road crew in the early years. Joe Surina Sr. succeeded him as part-time, then full-time, foreman with responsibility of a much larger area.

The community had its first school near the waterfront at Pogson's place. The second school was on the Shirrif homestead next door to Joe Surina's. A traditional building was erected circa 1920 on a block of land donated by Andy Shutty. Teachers at that school included Kaslo residents Charlie Archer, Miss Tapinella, Miss Lingard, and Kay Gillis. There was a Mrs. Ormon who taught four years and lived in the tiny annex of the school. Mary Barnett of Argenta was teacher for one year, followed by Ronald Seal of Balfour for four years. Charlie Holland taught 1938-40, Betty Walton, Margaret Huscroft and Amy Kershaw conducted the one-room school until it was closed in 1946 in favor of bussing students to Kaslo Elementary-Secondary School. The school building was bulldozed when the road was widened in 1950 and cut through to Lardo before the building of the Duncan Dam. The loss of the school house effectively terminated the Community Club and turned Shutty Bench into a suburb of Kaslo. The old order changeth — —!

Naomi Miller is currently president of the B.C. Historical Federation. Her father came to Shutty Bench in 1911, brought his bride there in 1925, and lived in the original home until both his children had graduated from U.B.C.

(cont. from page 19)

The Nelson Ferry

had been held 22 October 1955. The bridge was opened 7 November 1957. Until 1963 a toll was charged.

[3]A.R.C. Duncan, *Moral Philosophy*, Toronto, 1965. p.65

[4]*druigidh*: Gaelic for homespun

[5]*The Nelson Daily News* of 23 January 1925 carried the following report on ferry traffic for the previous two years:

	1923	1924
Single rigs	1060	878
Double rigs	145	111
Passengers	75	96
Freight in tons	137	65
Horses	65	41
Cattle		1

[6]The accident was reported in the *The Nelson Daily News* of 14 January 1933 with stories following on the 16th and 17th. The accident occurred just before 7 o'clock 13 January 1933.

Drowned were Mr. and Mrs. Wasyl Androsoff of Mossleigh, Alberta.

Escaped: William Cherstibitoff, 27 years, car owner, of Mossleigh, Alta. Joe Novak, 27 years, of Arrowwood, Alta. Bill Foffonoff, 24 years, driver, of Falcon, Alta.

[7]The head tax was a charge which immigrant Chinese had to pay when they entered Canada. In order to discourage immigration the tax was increased a number of times during the early part of this century until each immigrant was paying $500.00. Regulations made it even more difficult for Chinese women to enter Canada than it was for Chinese men.

With respect to this subject the following remarks are to be found on page 118 in *Okanagan History: the 48th Report of the Okanagan Historical Society*: "The immigrant taxes rose from $25 to $50 to $100, and then, in 1920, to $500! Then, since the Chinese immigrants still kept coming, an exclusion act was passed in 1923. That lasted until 1947, the same year that the Chinese achieved the ability to vote. Also, before 1947, Chinese were excluded from working as miners and in the fields of law and teaching. Women were not allowed into Canada — period." (from "Armstrong the Celery City" by Niels O. Kristensen).

(cont. from page 9)

Will Vivian and the Vivian Works

Plant," *The Vancouver Province*, 17 August 1950.

[29]These generators may have been of the same type made for the Ministry of Trade and Industry in 1941.

[30]William P. Vivian, 2 August 1985.; "Vivian Works Sold: Britons Buy Engine Plant."

[31]William P. Vivian, 2 August 1985.; "War Orders For City Firm Hit $5,000,000."

[32]"Vivian Develops New Engine Break."

[33]David Conn, p. 22.

[34]ibid.

[35]William P. Vivian, 2 August 1985.

[36]"Vivian's Build Power Plants For Europe."

[37]"Vivian Works Sold: Britons Buy Engine Plant."

[38]Photographs of the ship show the proper name to be the Arauco though the name has varied between Aurauco, Arauco, and Argosy in newspaper accounts.; David Conn, pp. 23-24.; V.P.A. "B.C. Ship, Captain To Teach Chile About Fishing In $100,000 Argosy," 20 September 1945.; "Vessel Built in Vancouver Impresses Latin Americans," 21 Janaury 1947.; R.J. Moore, p. 22.

[39]"Vessel Built In Vancouver Impresses Latin Americans."

[40]"Vivian Works Sold: Britons Buy Engine Plant."

[41]R.J. Moore, p. 22.

[42]V.P.A. "Diesel Plant Layoff Total 200," 30 September 1949.

[43]V.P.A. "To Brush, Vivian Sale Confirmed," 19 August 1950.; "Vivian Works Sold: Britons Buy Engine Plant."

[44]William P. Vivian, 2 August 1985.; David Conn, p. 24.; "To Brush, Vivian Sale Confirmed."

[45]David Conn, p. 24.

[46]V.P.A. "Vivian Plans Production This Year," 5 March 1951.

[47]V.P.A. "New Diesel To Be Made At Vivian," 3 March 1951.

[48]Pat Terry, "City-Built Diesel Joy To Experts," *The Vancouver Sun*, 8 December 1951.

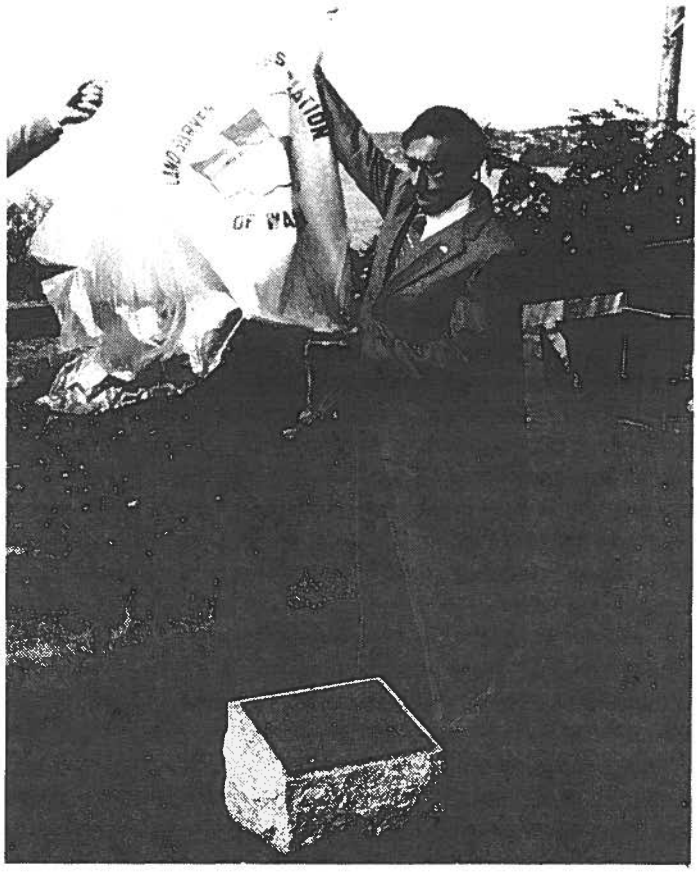
[49]David Conn, p. 24.

[50]"City Firm Gets Arms Contract," *The Vancouver Province*, 17 November 1952, p. 15.

[51]David Conn, p. 24.

Boundary Survey Commemorated

John D. Spittle



125th Anniversary of the International Boundary Survey. Peace Arch Park, September 24, 1986. Dr. Alec McEwen, Canadian Commissioner to I.B.C. unveils monument. (photo: J.D. Spittle)

To commemorate the 125th anniversary of the completion of the first international boundary survey from the Gulf of Georgia to the summit of the Rocky Mountains, land surveyors from both sides of the border recently placed a replica of Monument 5 close to its original site on the boundary west of the International Peace Arch. None of the original cast iron monuments have survived. On 24 September, 1986, at a ceremony attended by dignitaries from both Canada and the United States, the monument was officially unveiled by Dr. Alec McEwen, Commissioner of the Canadian Section of the International Boundary Commission.

Rhys Richardson, our Treasurer, brought greetings on behalf of the British Columbia Historical Federation and emphasized the historical significance of the occasions to the large crowd attending the ceremony. Later, Gerry Andrews, retired Surveyor General of British Columbia and past President of the Federation, addressed those who stayed on for a luncheon in Blaine, Washington.

Both the inspiration for and research on the project came from Dennis M. DeMeyer of Lynden who is Chairman of the Historical Committee of the Northwest Chapter of the Land Surveyors' Association of Washington. DeMeyer recently recovered from the site of Monument 42 sufficient remains to establish the dimensions of an lettering on the original castings. The 600 lb replica was cast in Arlington and a brass plaque has been set in granite at the base. The project was funded jointly by the LSAW and the Corporation of Land Surveyors of British Columbia.

Driving south through the Blaine border crossing the monument is visible from the highway some twenty feet to the west and in line with the Peace Arch.

News and Notes

PASSPORT '87, DISCOVERY REVISITED
27 April - May 2

Interface between the Native and European cultures continues as the basic theme of this conference to be held on Galiano. The Russian-America story will begin to be examined under the guidance of Professor Richard A. Pierce, Queens University. Cheryl Samuel, weaver and historian will give two workshops: one on thigh spinning and one on the Raven's Tail Knot (integral to the Chilkat Dancing Blanket) and present a paper. Hilary Stewart, author of several important books, the latest one *Cedar*, will give a paper/workshop for adults and another for young persons. Her presentations, wandering over the whole spectrum of cedar usage, are dramatic, informative and fun. Important contributions will be made by the Canadian Museum of Civilization and updates on the Spanish/Pacific Northwest with a focus on Sutil are planned. The Society's plans include expansion of its integrated approach to assure that educators and young people benefit from the remarkable resources brought to these conferences. Expect to see archaeological programmes for all age groups and interest levels along with a dugout canoe in process. The confluence of National Book Week and Passport '87 promises a truly eventful reception on Thursday, April 30. For more information and/or registration forms write to the **Galiano Historical and Cultural Society, Box 10, Galiano, B.C., V0N 1P0 or telephone Edrie Holloway at 539-2581.**

Vancouver Historical Society

Heritage Notes

For twelve years The Heritage Canada Foundation and other organizations have been urging the Federal government to adopt policies and programmes to encourage private sector investment in the rehabilitation of early buildings. Concerned by the continuing lack of action by the Federal government, delegates to the annual conference of The Heritage Canada Foundation last October passed a resolution asking the foundation's Board of Governors to make money available to spearhead a renewed campaign for incentives. The Board acted at once to give this matter the highest priority among all the foundation's lobbying initiatives, and launched a renewed campaign for preservation incentives. The Foundation decided that the means for providing incentives was of lesser importance than the actual principle itself: that as a matter of public policy the Federal government should be encouraging the preservation of two categories of buildings: duly designated heritage structures and other older buildings. Such Federal encouragement could take the preferred form of tax incentives, which were hugely successful in the United States, or a system of grants, mortgage guarantees, venture capital programmes, and other means.

During July and August, The Heritage Canada Foundation will be preparing campaign kits for the Buildings Revival Coalition. The kit will contain information on preservation incentives and copies of an eye-catching advocacy paper. Suggestions for lobbying will be included.

Heritage Canada Tours — A Unique Opportunity

For years National Trust and Historical Preservation Societies in the United States and Europe have offered exceptional travel opportunities. The Heritage Canada Foundation feels that the time has come to offer Canadians enriching and in depth heritage travel experiences. For 1987 Heritage Canada Tours will include spring and fall day tours in selected Canadian cities; Washington and Williamsburg in the spring; the Heritage Train, travelling from Toronto to Vancouver at the height of the fall, will explore the diversity of Canada's built, natural and cultural heritage; and finally a tour in may focussing on southern England's stately homes, mighty castles and magnificent gardens. For a free brochure write:

Heritage Canada Tours 1987
The Heritage Canada Foundation
P.O. Box 1358, Station B
Ottawa, Ontario
K1P 5R4

Tourism Minister Bill Reid has announced that the province will invest $100,000 in the historic town of Yale to improve the heritage area containing the Yale Museum and the Church of St. John the Divine. The funds will be used to conserve the heritage site and to increase visitation to the historic area.

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

News and Notes

Vancouver Monuments

Three boats were acquired by the Vancouver Maritime Museum for $5,500 at the November 8 Expo auction. They included a Pakastani dhow, a long-tail river boat from Thailand, and a Chinese Fu-junk. They are moored at the Museum's Heritage Harbour.

The statue of Gassy Jack (John Deighton) is to be moved to a more prominent site on the brick mound at the wests side of Maple Tree Square. A new base, about two-and-a-half feet high, will be built, faced in bricks to match the existing paving. Deighton's metal barrel moves to the new location as well. In addition, a new plaque on the base will explain the history of Gassey Jack.

The Centennial Rocket, an exact stainless steel replica of the Jubilee Rocket constructed 50 years ago, has been moved from its Expo site to the south foot of the Cambie Street bridge.

The old B.C. penitentiary site in New Westminster is about to become a fashionable retirement village. The peniteniary's gatehouse, original 1878 jail building and one guard tower will be retained as part of the development.

Scholarship Fund

Help us establish a scholarhsip for a 4th year student taking a major or honors course in Canadian history at a B.C. University. All donations are tax deductible. Please send your cheque today to:

The British Columbia Historical Federation
Scholarship Fund
P.O. Box 35326
Station E
Vancouver, B.C. V6M 4G5

East Kootenay Historical Association

"The Silver Anniversary of Fort Steele Historic Park" was the theme when members and guests assembled for the Fall Meeting of East Kootenay Historical Association. Photographs showing Fort Steele before and during the restoration were on display. The after dinner speaker was Dave Morley, Operations Supervisor of Fort Steele Historic Park, who reviewed the twenty-five years of restoration and development of the park. The village of Fort Steele has not only been restored/reconstructed but it also offers many people-oriented programs. Summer visitors spend an average of 4½ hours in the park when they become caught up in the Living History Program.

Allan Wood Hunter of Cranbrook was honored for his part in establishing Fort Steele as a Provincial Heritage Park, and for working in its early years as Curator. Hunter, a charter member of the East Kootenay Historical Association, received a plaque from the Association and an Award of Merit from the British Columbia Museums Association.

Verdun Casselman, Vice President, reported on work done at historic sites up Wildhorse Creek. The Wildhorse cemetery had its fence repaired and a clean up. The trail to Thomas Walker's grave was reconstructed. A Chinese burial site was identified close to the Dave Griffith home site. Several sections of the Dewdney Trail have been clearly defined for interested hikers.

Summer outings saw some of the members walk on The Spirit Trail, and visit the site of an early railway construction camp at Isadore Canyon.

Certificate of Merit Nominations Invited

The Regional History Committee of the Canadian Historical Association invites nominations for its Certificate of Merit Awards. These annual awards are given to individuals, groups and organizations who make an outstanding contribution to regional history. In 1987, for the first time, the emphasis will be on the work of the non-professional historian. Please send your nominations with as much supporting documentation as possible to:

Clarence G. Karr,
Department of History,
Malaspina College,
900 5th St.,
Nanaimo, B.C.
V9R 5S5

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Bookshelf

Book editor is Anne Yandle. Books and review articles should be sent directly to her c/o:
P.O. Box 35326, Station E,
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***Vancouver Centennial Bibliography: A Project of the Vancouver Historical Society.* Compiled by Linda L. Hale with cartobibliography by Frances M. Woodward. 4 vol. (1791 p.) Vancouver Historical Society, 1986.**

by David Mattison

The best bibliographies are the least appreciated. They do their job in a seamless fashion. They are timely, thorough and accurate and do not raise questions in a researcher's mind about omissions. Such bibliographies perform their function of access to descriptive information with effortless grace. Users of bibliographies rarely consider the often vast expenditure of time and energy in compiling the information, unless, as sometimes happens, there are errors or convoluted means of looking up information. Then the questions begin. But first the good news.

The *Vancouver Centennial Bibliography* is timely. The last major bibliography on Vancouver was Katherine Freer's "Vancouver: a Bibliography" (1962). Only three typescript copies of this work exist. Elizabeth Walker, former librarian in the Vancouver Public Library's Northwest History Room, suggested the Society publish a definitive bibliography on Vancouver as the Society's contribution to the city's centennial legacy. The project was wholeheartedly and enthusiastically supported by the executive and membership of the Society. Groundwork and research was conducted over a three-year period between 1982 and 1985. Major funding was received from the Social Sciences and Humanities Research Council of Canada over that time. The resulting publication is a handsome contribution to the bibliography of not only Vancouver, but British Columbia as well; many entries involved Vancouver within larger contextual envelopes (geographic, economic, social, political, etc.).

The *Vancouver Centennial Bibliography* weighs in at four volumes, a total of 15,900 items described in 1002 pages. The first 3,393 items described are books. Volumes one and two detail, in addition to books, pamphlets and broadsides, theses, articles, serials, manuscripts, maps, architectural records, microforms, photograph collections, film and video productions, sound recordings, portfolios and kits, machine readable data files, and some miscellaneous materials. Volumes three and four are the indexes, of which there are four types: name, title, subject and series. Since the indexing was based on the descriptive entries, the accuracy of the former is contingent upon scrupulous proofreading of the latter.

It's a massive task to proofread over 15,000 bibliographic entries. Some errors are bound to creep in, so users are forewarned by this reviewer to check alternate spellings if they have reason to suspect a work should be here but isn't listed under a particular name. Pierre Berton, for example, also appears in the name index as Pierre Burton, because one of the book entries has his name spelled that way (an error on the bibliography's part).

The indexes are particularly easy to use. You pick the type of index, look up an entry, copy down or remember the entry numbers, and refer back to the first two volumes. The subject index requires some secondhand serendipity. A film on automobile safety and traffic regulations is found under the subject terms "Traffic Regulations" and "Safety Regulations," but not under terms such as "Automobiles," "Automobile Driving Regulations" or "Accident Prevention." Presumably, when the bibliography becomes available in a computerized on-line format some of these subject access problems will be handled through the use of synonym lists attached to specific subjects. The subject index incorporates over 6,400 terms, among them are literary genres and the 22 Vancouver local area designations (i.e., neighbourhoods and districts).

The descriptive entries, although they cross media lines as shown by the contents mentioned above, are presented in a uniform format, that of the *Anglo-American Cataloguing Rules* (2nd ed., 1979). This has led to some curious and perhaps questionable practices. Paperback and hardcover versions of books are separately listed because they are considered bibliographically distinctive. This was done even when there were no textual changes between the two works. A preferable treatment would have been to list the paperback edition in a note if it differed only in binding and typesetting. To qualify for inclusion books and all other materials described had to exist in a library or archives.

Herein lies the biggest difficulty

with this bibliography. In point of fact, many more pieces of film, video, photography, manuscripts, books and so on about Vancouver exist inside and outside archives and libraries. Many such items inside archives and libraries were somehow missed or passed over by the bibliographic researchers, and many more have come to light since the research phase ended. All bibliographies are confronted sooner or later with this dilemma, an inherent condition of the bibliographic enterprise.

David Mattison is a photographic historian and librarian in the Library and Maps Division, Provincial Archives of British Columbia, Victoria.

The Alaska Highway: Papers of the 40th Anniversary Symposium. edited by Kenneth Coated University of British Columbia Press, Vancouver, 1985 208pp. $22.95

by Lewis Green

The book contains 14 essays based on papers presented at the 40th Anniversary Symposium held at Northern Lights College of Fort St. John, B.C. in June 1982. In the Preface, the authors are referred to as "leading authorities in their fields" but only meagre information is provided on most, and two appear to have been completely overlooked. More on their backgrounds, perhaps as a footnote to respective essays, would have been informative. The work is not a complete history of the Alaska Highway, rather papers are focused on specific aspects ranging from lobbying for a highway in the 1930s up to the state of the highway in the 1980s.

Comparatively little is included on the exciting period when the Alaska Highway was being pushed through, rather most authors deal with negotiations between governments or with resulting changes in the lives of northerners, both Indian and white. Much of the political history involves foot-dragging by successive Canadian governments that, for one reason or another, usually chose to do the minimum, perhaps in the vain hope that immediate problems would simply go away. This makes discouraging reading; one can sense the frustrations of both the politicians lobbying for a highway in the 1930s and of the engineers who, after World War 2, were expected to perform miracles with grossly inadequate resources.

In a final section on the impact of the Alaska Highway, two papers deal with the Yukon's Indian population. One author considers that it was minimal and the other that it was "a decisive factor bringing Yukon Indians to the marginal position they have in the present Yukon economy and society." Certainly there have been major changes since the highway was built, principally in government policies towards the Indians, but perhaps the road, a highly visible symbol, has been saddled with too much of the blame.

The book is a unique source of information on negotiations leading to the building of the Alaska Highway and on its postwar history. May it stimulate further studies on the Alaska Highway, a monumental piece of construction that, despite its limited strategic value, offered hope when defeat was everywhere.

For another useful reference see: *Crooked Road: The Story of the Alaska Highway* by David A. Remley, McGraw-Hill, New York, 1976.

Mr. Green is author of The Boundary Hunters, *1982 and* The Gold Hunters, *1977.*

GORDON SHRUM: An Autobiography, with Peter Stursberg, edited by Clive Cocking. Vancouver, University of British Columbia Press, 1986. pp. xvi, 158, illus., $19.95.

by G.M. Volkoff

This slim volume, based on nineteen hours of taped Oral History interviews conducted in 1983 by Stursberg, compresses the eventful story of a man, who towards the end of his life was widely regarded as "the greatest living British Columbian," into fourteen short chapters. This hardly does justice to the man who said: "Life is made up of experiences, and the more experiences you have, the more you live. I certainly have had more than my share, and I have enjoyed all the challenges."

Shrum's own reminiscences are preceded by Stursberg's six-page introduction which draws on recollections of some of Shrum's former students and associates as well as of his son and daughter.

Shrum's childhood, which he describes in the first chapter, was spent on a farm in southern Ontario where he had to walk a mile and half to a one-room school. He attributes his propensity for hard work to his German ancestors, and his ambition to an Irish grandmother who from the outset insisted that he should go to university. To give him easier access to high school the family moved from the farm to the village of Smithville.

Chapter 2 describes his year at Hamilton Collegiate followed by three years at the University of Toronto where he enrolled in the course in physics and mathematics with a view to becoming a school teacher. There Shrum "came under the spell of a tremendous professor of physics (J.C. McLennan) and the experience changed my life completely." (Some years later Shrum played a similar role in the life of the present reviewer, and

doubtlessly of many others).

The next two chapters deal with Shrum's World War I experiences. Near the end of his third year at university he enlisted in the 67th University Field Battery with which he went overseas. He took a part in several major battles, was wounded in the head and was awarded a Military Medal. Shrum concludes his graphic description of life and death in the front lines with the sentence: "I did not have an illustrious military career, but I managed one thing that was very valuable: I survived." He also came to appreciate the value of discipline.

Chapter 5 deals with Shrum's return to the University of Toronto where he completed his B.A. in 1920. In spite of having won a silver medal and a National Research Council Scholarship, he turned down the scholarship in favour of going to work. However, after three months as an office boy and six weeks as a school teacher, he received an offer he could not refuse from Professor McKennan — to build a liquid helium plant, the first in North America and the second in the world. He stayed to earn a Ph.D. and following that spent a year in fruitless pursuit of the elusive auroral green line. He then tried an industrial job at Corning Glass but was not satisfied with it and returned to work with McLennan in Toronto. Shrum finally succeeded in producing the auroral green line in the laboratory, but had a row with McLennan over co-authorship of this work. This contributed to Shrum's decision to accept an offer at UBC in 1925.

Chapters 6 and 7 outline Shrum's several overlapping careers at UBC between 1925 and 1961: as a successful showman-lecturer, a lieutenant-colonel commanding the COTC, Director of Extension, Head of the Physics Department, Director of B.C. Research Council, Dean of Graduate Studies, chairman of dozens of committees, and President N.A.M. MacKenzie's "chief expediter" to handle the post World War II influx of veterans.

Mandatory retirement from UBC at age 65 was two years away when Shrum was caught up in an entirely new career outside the University. In chapters 8 and 9 he describes his appointment by Premier W.A.C. Bennett as chairman of a royal commission to investigate the financing of the B.C. Power Commission and its relationship with the B.C. Electric. Shrum's outline of the major political controversy about hydroelectric power in British Columbia from the vantage point of a man who had a close look at it makes interesting reading. Shrum's work on the royal commission brought him to Bennett's attention. Shrum writes: "Bennett was much like McLennan: when he started something, he wanted it done right away — yesterday, if possible. That is what I liked, too." The two strong men got to know, respect and trust each other, and this propelled Shrum into his public career as chairman of the B.C. Energy Board and subsequently as, at first, a co-chairman with Hugh Keenleyside and then as sole chairman of the B.C. Hydro and Power Authority. Shrum's account of the two-river policy in building power dams on the Peace and Columbia rivers is a fascinating one.

Chapters 10 and 11 trace out the story of the building and staffing of Simon Fraser University and the tumultuous days of its emergence as "Berkeley North" at the time of student and faculty unrest, and deserves to be read in detail. Shrum refers to SFU as "probably the most interesting and important achievement of my career."

The brief chapter 12 describes Shrum's last days at B.C. Hydro, which he had to leave when the NDP came to power in 1972.

Chapter 13 mentions Shrum's brief venture as president of two mining companies and goes on to an account of his appointment as Director of Vancouver Museums and Planetarium Association, followed by a stint as the cost-cutting expediter on the Robson Square courthouse project and as an overseer of the early stages of the pier B.C. project which was later taken over by the federal government (and as Canada Place became its contribution to Expo '86).

The concluding chapter is Shrum's introspective evaluation of his own career and of what the future holds in store for Canada and B.C.

The theme of hard work recurs throughout the book and in this chapter he comes back to it: "I developed an almost puritanical love for work, both physical and mental. I have seldom taken a holiday." He also realizes the price he paid for this total immersion in work. In the two brief paragraphs out of the whole book in which he makes any mention of his family life he says: "If there was an opportunity lost in my life it was in my not doing more to make my two marriages a success . . . I was really too busy, however, to do justice to any home life during that period."

The image of Gordon Shrum that is evoked by this autobiographical book matches quite closely my personal recollections of this outstanding man whom I have known for fifty-six of his almost ninety years; first as my professor and mentor, then as Head of the Department into which he recruited me, and in later years as a friend.

G.M. Volkoff is Dean Emeritus, University of British Columbia.

***Heritage Cemeteries in British Columbia*. Collected papers, ed. by John D. Adams (Victoria Branch, British columbia Historical Federation, 1985).**

by Valerie Melanson

This well-illustrated volume presents a collection of papers prepared in conjunction with the "Heritage Cemeteries in British Columbia Symposium" held in Victoria in April, 1985.

The book has value to the local history world for several reasons. Not least is its merit in representing communication between diverse historical societies, heritage groups, museums, genealogical groups, colleges etc., communication that has not always happened up till now, as John Adams points out in his Introduction. The Symposium was a successful first bridging of the communications gap.

Heritage Cemeteries also has value as it examines a particular facet of history on a provincial scale and from different points of view. There is a little of everything for a local historian here from the cemetery of a religious group to a cemetery that arose due to a smallpox scare; from native cemeteries to a listing of cemeteries that have been transcribed, to gravestone art and gravestone composition, as well as the histories of particular cemeteries.

Also, very importantly, the book draws attention to the transience of cemeteries and the critical need for their study, investigation, and recording before the human history documented by them is lost. In this regard the list of cemeteries that have been transcribed is very valuable, especially when one notes that the very important Ross Bay Cemetery in Victoria is not amongst those listed. Even more valuable would have been a list of those known to exist and that need to be recorded before the passage of time takes its toll. Such a list would aid local groups immeasurably in allocating their volunteer time without wasting it. Another valuable list would have been a roster of the Historical Societies of B.C., particularly those who are members of the Federation. Such a list would aid the reader in contacting groups who may have further information on cemeteries and their interests.

The Index is very valuable, detailed and almost perfect (only a few names on stones in the photos have been missed), and is a joy to see when so many historical books are either inadequately indexed or not at all. The only other improvement that the reviewer feels could be made would be giving the addresses of the contributors so that readers could contact these local experts directly (e.g. to access the British Columbia Genealogical Society's collections of transcriptions).

All in all this is a book that marks a landmark for B.C. historians and should be found on the shelves of all libraries in British Columbia, both public and private.

Available for $6 postpaid from:
Victoria Branch, B.C. Historical Federation,
c/o 628 Battery Street,
Victoria, B.C. V8V 1E5

***Asahel Curtis: Photographs of the Great Northwest*. Frederick, Richard and Jeanne Engerman. Tacoma: Washington State Historical Society, 1983. 72p., illus.**

David Mattison

Asahel Curtis was the younger and less renowned brother of the North American Indian photographer Edward S. Curtis. Asahel was in a way Edward's protege, but the two quarreled over ownership of Asahel's Klondike gold rush photographs — an assignment given him by Edward in 1897 — and the rest, as they say, was photographic history.

Asahel Curtis spent his entire career, except for a few years in Alaska and one year in San Francisco, photographing the Pacific Northwest from his Seattle headquarters. He ranged across four states and British Columbia, assembling over a period of nearly twenty years a large collection of images whose contents form an invaluable legacy.

The Washington State Historical Society acquired the collection in 1943, a scant two years after Asahel's death at age 67. As the authors of the Society's own tribute to Asahel point out, "Historians, researchers and especially photo catalogers are fortunate that Curtis left detailed records of his work." Fully cataloguing over 30,000 negatives and 40,000 prints is more than a lifetime's work, and over the more than four decades the collection has been preserved, only fifty per cent of the images are individually catalogued.

Asahel Curtis is, like a predecessor book by David Sucher published in 1973, a sampler. The selection of photographs is heavily weighted towards Asahel's Washington imagery. The book covers portions of his career, beginning with the Klondike years, then photographs promoting Washington's agricultural potential, the reshaping of Seattle's topography, transportation history, mountain climbing, whaling as practiced by the Makah Indians of Neah Bay, and the industries of the Northwest. Only one photograph from British Columbia appears, a portrait of Chief Joseph John taken in 1931 at Tofino. A list of subject headings in the Asahel Curtis Collection at the Society includes at least a dozen documenting B.C. scenery or people. The worst aspect of this otherwise excellent publication is the atrocious binding.

British Columbia Place Names

G.P.V. Akrigg and Helen B. Akrigg. Victoria: Sono Nix Press, 1986. 346 p.p., maps.

David Mattison

Don't throw out the authors' *1001 British Columbia Place Names* just yet. The Akriggs' latest contribution to the province's toponymical history goes beyond its predecessor's quantitative limit, but their earlier work includes names for places no longer in existence. The previous book also contains a valuable introductory essay, "Place Names and the History of British Columbia," which the authors refer to in their new work.

The starting point for any study of place names is the *Gazetteer of Canada: British Columbia* (3rd ed., 1985). Out of those 42,500 names the Akriggs made their selection on the basis of geographical importance and the "degree of interest inherent in the story of the naming." In addition to a host of new names based on European history and new explanations about the origins of other names, the Akriggs also documented numerous place names derived from Indian languages and history. It is gratifying to see so many familiar names whose origins were not previously documented by the Akriggs.

Aside from including more names, the Akriggs also improved their reference system for locating some of the names in two ways. The book's map has more names on it and each name in the book includes a brief location reference, such as "POTATO RANGE, N.W. of Chilko L." There is no bibliography but, while the introductory essay discusses the bibliographic history of toponymical books, it is not comprehensive. The Akriggs acknowledge in suitable fashion the pioneer of B.C. place names, Captain John T. Walbran, whose book *British Columbia Coast Names, 1592-1906* was republished in 1971. There is now some overlap between the Akriggs and Walbran, with the latter usually providing more anecdotal detail (trivia really) about personages in place names. Compare, for example, the Akriggs and Walbran on "Collinson Point."

British Columbia Place Names is fun to browse through, for there is a lot of history between its pages. No library or book collection about British Columbia would be complete without this book and the third edition of *1001 British Columbia Place Names* (Discovery Press, 1973).

Scholarship Fund

Help us establish a scholarship for a 4th year student taking a major or honors course in Canadian history at a B.C. University. All donations are tax deductible. Please send your cheque today to:

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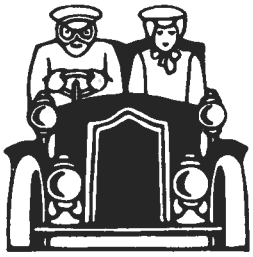

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for donations to build up endowment funds for two projects undertaken by the British Columbia Historical Federation. It has been moved/seconded and carried that the British Columbia Historical Federation give:

1.) A monetary prize to the winner(s) of the annual competition for Writers of B.C. History. May 10, 1986, Annual General Meeting.

2.) A scholarship for a student entering fourth year in a British Columbia university taking a major in British Columbia/Canadian history. Annual General Meeting May 4, 1985.

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.

The Scholarship Fund at present is not sufficient to endow a scholarship for 1986. Please make it possible for us to award this scholarship in 1987.

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

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Baptismal Window in St. Stephen's Church, Summerland

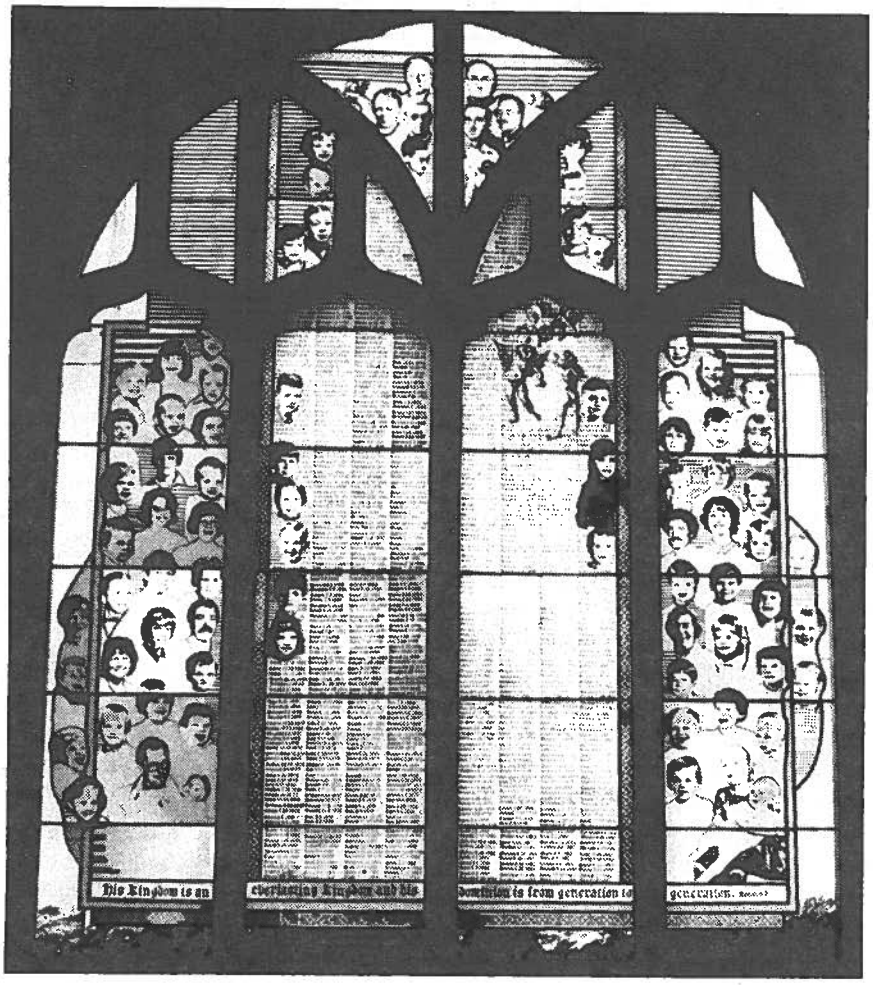
Marjorie Croil

In 1985 St. Stephen's Anglican Church, Summerland fitted a unique baptismal window into a large gothic arch in the south-west wall of the church. The design was the work of Lutz Haufschild, internationally known architect and stain glass artist.

The window was installed to mark the anniversary of St. Stephen's seventy-five years of worship and service in the community from 1910 - 1985. The project was made possible by a bequest received by the church in 1984.

History in glass, etched on it in a dull crimson are the Christian names and christening dates of the 839 souls baptized since the church was dedicated. Around the perimeter are five inch circular pictures, one face chosen for each of the seventy-five years, from pictures submitted by parents of the children. At the top are the etchings of the seven rectors who served in the parish, Rev. Archdeacon H.A. Solly, Rev. Humphrey Pearson, Rev. L.J. Tatham, Rev. Canon F.V. Harrison, Rev. A.A.T. Northrup, Rev. Norman Tannar and, the present incumbent, Rev. R.G. Mathews as well as that of Rev. Wilf Sparrow, honorary assistant rector. Whimsically included is the bearded face of the architect, Lutz Haufschild.

All around the window a clear yellow glass emphasizes the light pouring in and represents the enfolding presence of the Holy Spirit, so often there invoked. Ivy was removed from the wall outside the church prior to setting the window. Part of the architect's vision was that as the vine grew again it would edge the glass adding further interest to the arresting effect.



Across the bottom of the window a verse from the book of Daniel 4:3 promises: "His kingdom is an everlasting kingdom and his domain is from generation to generation." Arnold Edinborough writing about the window in the Canadian Churchman, November 1985, said, "It might just as well have been from Hebrews 12:1 "We are surrounded by so great a cloud of witnesses."

The baptismal window was dedicated October 13, 1985 by the Right Reverend Fraser Berry of Kelowna, Bishop of Kootenay.

A part of the anniversary renovations was restaining all the wood appointments at the east end of the church to match the original interior. Outstanding among these is a new dark wood frame for the dossal made by Indian carver, Simon Dick of Vancouver.

During 1985 St. Stephen's had many special events. In May the Most Reverend Edward Scott, Primate of Canada, spoke at an anniversary dinner and attended an open house tea. Artifacts and enlarged pictures were shown tracing the development of the church, rectory, parish hall and the memorial garden and landscaping

originated by Canon and Mrs. F.V. Harrison.

St. Stephen's was designed after St. Botolph's in Chevening, Kent, England. For some time it was a mission of that church, supported in the amount of 450 pounds per year, an encouragement to the British people who pioneered in building churches and in settling and developing the Okanagan. Stone for the edifice was available readily as land was cleared for planting.

Giovanni Biagioni, at that time recently from Italy, was the stone mason. John Robertson, father of Gordon Robertson of Summerland, was in charge of construction.

The cornerstone was laid by the Venerable Archdeacon Beer in 1909 and the first service was held in 1910.

Coming from England in 1913, the oldest member of the congregation, both in years and long standing, is Mrs. Robert (Gwendoline) Atkinson now in her 100th year. Her great grandchildren are the fifth generation on two sides of her family to belong to the church, "from generation to generation," as the text on the Baptismal Window proclaims.

The Scholarship Fund and The Historical Writing Prize Fund

Our thanks go out to: Evelyn Salisbury of the Burnaby Historical Society, Pamela Wetmore of the West Vancouver Museum & Historical Society, and Helen B. Akrigg of the Vancouver Historical Society for a donation to one or other of these two Funds. As at December 10th the amount in the Scholarship Fund was $435.00 and in the Historical Writing Prize Fund was $1,541.41 (most of this sum has been transferred from the former Seminar Fund).

(cont. *from* page 5)

The Russian Prelude

If, in spite of numerous setbacks, Russian expansion and profits were on the upswing, a large part of the credit would have been due to the energetic efforts of the legendary Alexander A. Baranov, who served the Russian American Company from 1790 for over 27 years, first as manager and subsequently as Governor.

This visionary man, who crossed vast stretches of the Northwest Pacific repeatedly by "baidarka," spared neither his men nor himself in furthering the development of the Russian settlements. Wherever he went he ordered the planting of kitchen gardens. At his command, tenacious (but futile) efforts at growing grain were undertaken, and he was responsible for the importation of cattle to Kodiak Island which he envisioned as a future agricultural centre.

In 1793 at Chugatsk Bay (Seward), Baranov selected a site for shipbuilding and work was begun almost immediately under the expert guidance of English shipwright and navigator James Shields who was in Russian service.

The first church was erected and consecrated in Kodiak in 1796, followed by a census taken of the native population in which 3,221 men and 2,985 women were registered.

Simultaneously, at Yakutat Baranov was working on yet another project. His report to the directors read:

> Iron ores have been discovered in quite large quantities and as an experiment iron has been melted and the prospect is open for us to introduce iron works for the benefit of the Fatherland.[8]

Finally, in 1798 the Russian American Company was granted monopoly and was placed under the Protection of Czar Paul who was one of the shareholders. Like the Hudson's Bay Company, the enterprise had the Crown and political backing behind it, which was to confer on it more power, credibility and prestige.

Thus, as the sun set on the 18th century, Russia had become firmly entrenched from the Aleutian Islands to the coastal regions of Southern Alaska. Significant for the history of the Pacific Northwest that Russia had played the role of the catalyst and turned this hitherto unknown region 'au bout du monde' into an area of international contention. Having operated for years under a mantle of secretive silence, Russian had unwittingly passed a 'carte blanche' into the hands of her rivals.

Plans projected for the 19th century held visions of Juan de Fuca Strait "teeming" with Russian vessels[9] and further expansion to California, as well as the establishment of a supply farm on the Sandwich Islands.

There were as yet sixty-seven years left before the sale of Alaska — Alexander II's folly! Fort Victoria had not yet been put on the map when visiting Britons and Americans referred to Sitka, the new fur trading centre of Russian America, as the "Paris of the Pacific."[10]

Notes:

[1]M.V. Lomonosov, *Piotr Veliki*, Canto I, ii Akad. Nauk, 1893, pp. 163-73.

[2]R.A. Pierce and A. Doll, "Alaskan Treasure — Our Search for the Russian Plates," *Alaska Journal, I, 1 (1971) pp. 2-7.*

[3]*P.A. Tikhmenev, A History of the Russian American Company*, Vol. II transl. D. Krenov, ed. R.A. Pierce & A.S. Donnelly, (Kingston: Limestone Press, 1978) p. 21.

[4]Beth Hill, *The Remarkable World of Frances Barkley, 1769-1845* (Sidney, B.C.: Gray's Publishing Ltd., 1978) p. 95.

[5]A.I. Alekse'ev, *Osvoenie russkimi liud'mi Dalnego Vostoka i do konza IXI veka*, (Moskva: Nauka, 1982) pp. 103-104.

[6]Tikhmenev, P.A., op.cit., p. 17.

[7]R.V. Makarova, *Russians on the Pacific, 1743-1799* transl. & ed. R.A. Pierce & A.S. Donnelly, (Kingston: Limestone Press, 1975) p. 3.

[8]K.T. Khlebnikov, *Baranov*, ed. R.A. Pierce, (Kingston: Limestone Press, 1973) p. 15.

[9]Tikhmenev, P.A. op.cit. p. 182.

[10]Toivo Haryunpaa, "The Lutherans in Russian Alaska," *Pacific Historical Review*, 1968, V. 37, p. 132.

(cont. from page 2)

Treasurer's Comments

Historical Federation. That is long enough, and it is time that someone else assumed the duties. An outline of the routine that has been followed is fastened inside the Journal and I would willingly explain procedures to my successor — someone with some experience of acounting who has retired recently?

It would be preferable to have a volunteer from someone in the general Vancouver area so that the same Postal Address may be retained for the following reasons: (i) There have been a surprising number of enquiries, especially from the U.S.A., re-directed from earlier addresses of the B.C. Historial Federation that have been obtained from listings in Public Libraries and similar places — it takes time for a change of address to filter down through national and international directories and records; and (2) the Postal charges for change of address are now considerable and would need to be continued for two years at least.

Anyone offering their services should get in touch with Past President, Len McCann, or another member of the Table Officers.

Rhys Richardson
December 11, 1986

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