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Fall 1988

British Columbia Historical News

Journal of the B.C. Historical Federation

Pioneer Women in B.C.

University Women's Club

Convention '88

MEMBER SOCIETIES

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Members Societies and their secretaries are responsible for seeing that the correct address for their society is up-to-date. Please send any change to both the Treasurer and the Editor at the addresses given at the bottom of this page. The Annual Return as at October 31st should include telephone numbers for contact.

Members' dues for the year 1987/88 were paid by the following Members Societies:

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Princeton & District Pioneer Museum and Archives, Box 687, Princeton, B.C. V0X 1W0
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Saltspring Island Historical Society, P.O. Box 705, Ganges, B.C. V0S 1E0
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City of White Rock Museum Archives Society, 1030 Martin Street, White Rock, B.C. V4B 5E3
Fort Steele Heritage Park, Fort Steele, B.C. V0B 1N0
The Hallmark Society Society, 207 Government Street, Victoria, B.C. V8V 2K8
Nanaimo Centennial Museum Society, 100 Cameron Road, Nanaimo, B.C. V9R 2X1
Lasqueti Island Historical Society, Lasqueti Island, B.C. V0R 2J0

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British Columbia
Historical News

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Contents

Editorial

Readers take note. This is the first issue of the **British Columbia Historical News** produced in the East Kootenay. We thank the staff at Kootenay Kwik Print in Cranbrook for their patient cooperation with your nervous new editor.

Writers and potential contributors of articles are urged to keep a flow of items coming over the editor's desk. Those of you who "almost wrote" an article on one of the previous themes should dust off your notes and typewriter, finish the article and mail it in. Are you looking for a challenge for future theme issues? The Spring '89 issue is to be on "Education". This will include those memories of one room schools, big schools, university, special buildings, teachers, instructors or programs.

The theme for Fall 1989 is to be "Memories of the 1930's". Remember, however, we look for articles on any aspect of British Columbia history.

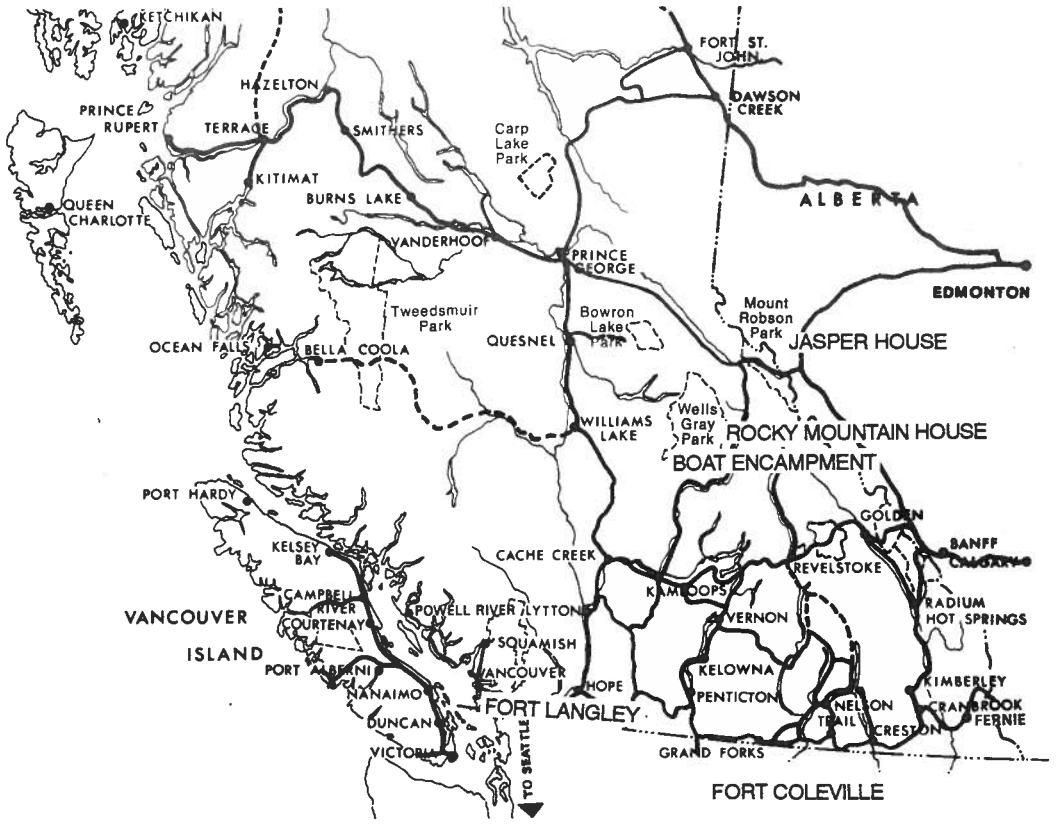
This issue on "Pioneer Women" does give a taste for life in many parts of our province. Mrs. Nicholl's "Aunt Jane Klyne," wife of a Hudson's Bay factor, and Win Weir's family who lived in a barn are great contrasts to Mrs. McRae who lived in the elegance of **Hycroft** in Thelma Lower's article. I was hoping we could have included even more contrast with the life of native women, or the Sisters who started schools and hospitals across the province. Let's have those topics in the near future! The cover photo shows two British brides and a German matron wrinkling their noses at the stench of an unhealthy bear. This look at Women in B.C. should entertain readers and inspire research of our history in terms of the ladies as well as our forefathers.

It is my intention to use the compilation dates advertised for so many years... March 1, June 1, September 1, and December 1. This is your magazine. Please keep it healthy by submitting items about your local society, and encouraging potential contributors of articles to type their stories and send them to:

Naomi Miller
Editor - B.C. Historical News
Box 105,
Wasa, B.C. V0B 2K0

Jane Klyne McDonald 1810 - 1879

M. Nicholls



Somewhere along the banks of the Athabasca River, Jane was born to Michel Klyne (Klein, Clyne, Cline) of Dutch Canadian descent, and Suzanne LaFrance of French Canadian and Indian parents. The date was the 23rd of August, 1810. Michel was a voyageur with the Athabasca River Department of the North West Company. Suzanne and her three young daughters travelled everywhere with Michel. In 1813 the family was stationed at Fort Rae, the traditional hunting ground of the Dogrib Indians on Great Slave Lake. By 1821 when the North West Company and the Hudson's Bay Company were united Michel was an interpreter in the Lasser Slave Lake area and he continued this occupation under the new company.

In 1824 he was promoted to postmaster at Jasper House, the last support fort east of the Rocky Mountains on the Hudson's Bay Company route overland to the Columbia by way of Athabasca Pass.

From Trader Ermatinger we learn that Jane rode horseback as a child travelling with Michel and Suzanne on their yearly trip from Edmonton to Jasper House. On one trip Ermatinger accompanied them travelling on horseback, by canoe and on foot through marshy land, over fallen trees and through thick underbrush. Jane also learned to use and make snowshoes and moccasins for the family. She was soon helping to care for little ones as there were now six children in the Klyne family.

In spite of the hardships and remoteness the children had a happy life. Alexander Ross, a fur trader says, "Michel Klyne was a jolly old fellow". Suzanne taught her girls the lore and traditions of both nationalities.

In 1824 Governor Simpson spent time en route to the Columbia. One author claims that Jane became one of his "bits of brown", a term Simpson used of the many different Indian or Metis girls that accompanied him on his cross country trips. It is possible that Jane accompanied him on his 1824 trip down the Columbia. In September 1825 Jane married Hudson's Bay trader, Archibald McDonald in the fashion of the country. If this is so it would not be the first time that Simpson had passed on his girl companion to an employee. However, it is very possible that Archie met Jane when she travelled to the Boat Encampment with her father. (This is the story the family believes) It was certainly a love match no matter what the origin of their marriage for they were a very devoted couple.

Archibald was born in Scotland, had some medical training at the University of Edinburgh, and in 1815 had come to the Red River in Charge of 94 settlers sponsored by Lord Selkirk. He continued at Red River Settlement until it was destroyed by the Nor' Westers. He returned to England and Scotland and came back with more settlers in 1817.

In 1820 he joined the Hudson's Bay Company as a clerk with a salary of 45 a year. He spent a winter at Ile-a-la-Crosse and then was sent to the Columbia post of Fort George as an accountant. Here in 1823 he married Princess Raven, daughter of Chinook Chief Comcomly, in a very elaborate ceremony. Princess Raven died in 1824

soon after giving birth to a son named Ranald, who had been born in February.

So Jane began her married life as a stepmother. Several family letters refer to this relationship and they give the impression that she often favoured Ranald over her own children. In his memoirs Ranald speaks of her with a great deal of affection and pride.

McDonald was given charge of the Thompson River Division in 1825 with a salary of 100 pounds a year. When he left to survey his new territory in 1826 he left Jane at Fort Okanagan as she was expecting their first child. He travelled north where he met James Douglas (later Sir James) with whom the family would become friends, also Francis Annance and John Work whose paths would all cross many times.

After wintering in this area Archie was getting anxious about Jane so he went down the Columbia with the fur brigade. He found that he had a 10 day old son, Angus, born on the 1st of August, 1826. Young Angus was less than a month old when Jane carried him on horseback on the two week trip to her new home at Kamloops. Two year old Ranald rode with his father. Mrs. Annance and her little son accompanied them as her husband was to be McDonald's clerk. Jane would have female companionship at the outpost. This was fortunate, for Archie was away a great deal trading and exploring the area. On the return from one trip he drew the first map of the interior of British Columbia.

Jane's second child, Archibald, was born at Kamloops in February, 1828. This time Archibald was at the fort with Jane but left six weeks later with the fur brigade.

Jane's reputation as a good frugal cook began at Kamloops. Her yearly allotment of two sacks of flour and a small quantity of sugar came around Cape Horn and then had to be shipped up from Fort Vancouver partly by bateaux and partly by horseback. The gingerbread cakes that Ranald and his dad loved were rare treats baked for special occasions.

In 1828 McDonald left Jane to go east to the council meeting of the Northern Department. On the return journey he accompanied Governor Simpson on his trip down the Fraser. McDonald kept a detailed journal of this trip which became the background for Malcolm McLeod's book, **Peace River - A Canoe Voyage.** He again met James Douglas at Fort Alexandria where the party arrived with much ceremony accompanied by Colin Fraser piping the arrival. From Alexandria, Simpson and Archie travelled on horseback to Kamloops to find that Jane had gone to Fort Vancouver. At Kamloops the group began a canoe trip down the Fraser arriving at Fort Langley in October. Archie was to be Chief Trader here for the next four years.

It was July 1829 before Jane and the boys could travel from Vancouver to Fort Langley on the Cadboro. McDonald's diary says it was five more days before they came alongside the wharf at Langley and "landed me, my little family, all well".

During the winter before Jane arrived Archie had kept his men busy preparing the "Big House" for his family. Jane must have been delighted with her quarters, two wainscoted, spacious rooms with fireplaces, a garret above and several storage cellars below. There was a huge adjoining kitchen with a bake oven and a large garden to provide them with vegetables to relieve the monotonous winter diet of dried salmon.

Jane and the children soon became the focal point of family life at the fort. The good-natured Kanakas loved the children. Some of them had "married" Indian women but they were not allowed to bring them into the fort. The children sometimes spoke French with their mother and the French Canadian voyageurs and English as well as some Gaelic with their father. The parents were strict, but the children had the run of the fort. Archie established regular hours for study. His diary says he had "a thriving school" - "the little children are quite smart" but their mother was "an excellent scholar". Jane learned to write, read and cipher. The Bible was her main book. McDonald held prayer meetings at the fort which everyone was expected to attend.

Hundreds of Indians gathered outside the fort when the salmon were running. One of the tribes was the Nanaimos who had summer encampment of their own on the river's edge. Most of these tribes stayed close to the fort because of fear of the northern "Yukultas" (Archies's spelling). McDonald provided some guns to the Indians near the fort thinking this would help protect Fort Langley against the murdering northerners. Jane does not seem to have made friends with the Indians outside the fort. She was aware of the kidnappings and murders among the tribes so kept her little boys within the fort.

By 1830 she was busy with her new son Alexander who was followed eighteen months after by Allan (later a rancher and gold miner in the Caribou). Archie left Langley to establish a farm at Nisquilly (Tacoma). Ranald was taken with him to attend John Ball's small school at Fort Vancouver where he was unhappy. Archie was granted a furlough and he made arrangements for the little boys and Jane, or Jennie as he called her, to spend the winter with her parents in the Rockies. In February 1834 their only daughter Mary Anne was born at Rocky Mountain House. Sometime that summer Jane crossed the prairies with her children. She was possibly accompanied by her parents who were due to retire to the Red River Settlement. At Red River she and the children lived with Reverend William Cockran while Archie was travelling in Scotland and England. The older boys began school and Jane was studying the

Episcopalean faith. She was baptized by Rev. Cockran on the 2nd of November, 1834, as were Ranald, Mary Anne and the four boys.

Archie came home through New York and Montreal rejoining his family in June, 1835. He was delighted with the boys' progress at school and convinced Jane that the four boys should remain in the Red River schools. Ranald, Angus and Archibald went to the Red River Academy while Alexander stayed with his Klyne grandparents and went to day school.

Before Jane and Archie left for their new assignment at Fort Colville they were legally married by Rev. Cockran with the Hudson's Bay Council in attendance. This marriage pleased Jane, for the time had come that marriages in the country fashion were being frowned upon.

Jane and Archie with Mary Anne and Allan left for the west with the Fall Express knowing that it could be five years before they saw their children again. In Cockran's journal he remarks on Jane's "sacrifice and self denial". After a sad farewell they travelled west with James Douglas. There were six gentlemen, two families, twenty-four servants and 51 horses in the express. It took a little over two months to reach Edmonton, another month to Jasper and two more weeks to reach the pretty valley of Fort Colville.

At Colville the McDonalds ran a huge farm. Jane now had servants to help her with the work but she continued to do much of the cooking herself. Archie claimed that no one could make better Yorkshire pudding. The McDonalds entertained a lot while on the farm. Hudson's Bay men stopped there and were all enthusiastic about the McDonald's hospitality. One visiting trader enthused, "when seated at the table with Mr. and Mrs. McDonald and their family, one cannot help thinking himself once more at home enjoying a "tete-a-tete in some domestic circle". Unlike so many other traders Archie insisted that Jane take her place as hostess at the dinner table.

At Kamloops and Langley they had always celebrated both Christmas and New Year in the Scottish style, the men with a tot of rum and the women with wine. One Christmas the men who had come with the Fall Express from York had been unable to get away because of an early winter. Jane served roast been and plum pudding to 35 men. On an occasion when Governor Simpson was making one of his 2,000 mile trips across the country, Archie went out to meet him with a meal Jane had prepared -, "a roasted turkey" a suckling pig, new bread, fresh butter, eggs and ale". What a feast the men had after weeks of just pemmican! The party stayed some days at Fort Colville inspecting the improvements the McDonalds had made to the farm. Simpson wrote in his journal, "the bread we ate was decidedly the best in the whole country". "Her butter, cheese, ham and bacon would shine in any market," her husband boasted. All acknowledged Jane's skill with food.

While at Fort Colville six more boys were born by Jane. John, who died as an infant in April, 1836, followed by another, John, born on 27th May, 1837, and in July 1839, the twins, Donald and James were born. The twins were a curiosity to the Indians and a joy to their parents. An Indian woman and her small child came into the household to help wet-nurse the boys. To keep her supply of milk the Indian woman's son was weened to cow's milk, a new idea to the Indians. For the rest of his life the child was called "Le Lait" because he had been fed cow's milk. The twins were identical in every way. Archie wrote of Jane, "one half her occupation now is caring for her two little boys - a task that gives her great delight". In September 1841 another son, Samuel, was born. Two weeks later Archie wrote that the children were all "blessed with perfect health" and that their mother was "now thank God, again as active as a girl of 18". In 1841 young Angus came home from Red River not well, and he died the next winter. Angus's death and another child, Joseph, probably contributed to a spell of ill health for Jane.

Between 1838-40 missionaries began to come tot he Oregon Territory settling about 60 miles south of Fort Colville. Jane housed two of the wives, Myra Ellis and Mary Walker, until proper homes were built for them. This resulted in a strong bond of friendship between the women. Jane visited them on horseback taking her small children with her. The newcomers claimed Jane "a jewel of rare excellence," and that "her children bore comparison to any they had known in New England". Mary Walker wrote in her diary, "Jane speaks good English and the deportment of her children is a living testimony of her maternal efficiency".

With other American women arriving in the territory they formed "The Columbia Maternal Association". Jane was invited to join. They had discussion groups, readings and prayers, followed by conversations and needlework. They subscribed to many magazines and newspapers which passed among the women. Jane's experiences were widened beyond her wilderness home. By 1844 Chief Factor McDonald decided that it was time to retire and take his family east. September 21, 1844 was departure date. Jane was pregnant again, but knew they could not delay past this date if they expected to get through the mountain passes before the winter snow. They travelled by boat to her former home at Boat Encampment where they waited for horses to take them on to Jasper and Edmonton. The snows began! Jane had to travel on snowshoes while five men carried her little boys. Once again they transferred to canoes and soon Jane's labor pains began, and on the 23rd of November, Benjamin was born. Ice was beginning to form on the river and Archie realized they couldn't make the Red River so sent to

Edmonton for help in transferring his family there.

Chief Factor John Rowand welcomed them in spite of the fact that the additional number of people to feed would put a great strain on his fort's winter food supply. It was an unhappy winter for the family. Mary Anne and Archie were both ill with fevers. Scarlet fever broke out and in the month of May, Archie and Jane buried three of their little boys. The twins, Donald and James and two year old Joseph all died the same week. The sad family left Edmonton and had a very miserable trip eastward as Jane was ill and the weather was terrible.

They finally arrived in Montreal after visiting friends along the way. They spent two years in Montreal where Jane brought the family together again. Young Archie came home from England where he had been studying and Peter Skene Ogden brought Alexander and Allan from the Red River. In 1846 Jane had her thirteenth child, Angus Michel, named in memory of her eldest son and her father.

In 1847 they bought a farm near St. Andrews East and Archie officially retired from the Hudson's Bay Company. They called their farm "Glencoe Cottage" for Archie's Scottish home. Jane mixed well in the new community and became very active in the Anglican Christ Church.

Archie died unexpectedly on the 15th of January, 1853 and Jane spent 26 more years on the farm with Allan acting as her farm manager. Archie named Jane "tutrix" of his minor children saying in his will, "in my beloved wife Jane Klyne, in whose maternal solicitude for my dear children I place implicit confidence". Jane made a trip to see her family at Red River in 1855. Her mother was still alive as late as 1871 for she is listed in the 1871 Manitoba census as a woman of 80 years. Jane continued to be active in her church. She had a large stained glass window installed in memory of Archie and her deceased children.

Jane died on the 15th of December, 1879, leaving bequests to her brothers at Red River, her stepson Ranald, and her three surviving children Allan, Samuel and Benjamin. She had adapted to life in the East and had become a respected Victorian matron with great dignity but still loving the outdoor world participating in such events as its spring "sugaring-off". She was a woman of two civilizations.

The author lives in Nanaimo, the member of a family who had been in that city since 1860. She has traced the family tree back to Upper Canada in the 17th Century.

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"Fur Trade," Letters of Francis Ermatinger 1818 - 1853.

"Jean M. Cole" Exile in the Wilderness 1790 - 1853.

"Sylvia Van Kirk, Many Tender Lies; Women in the Fur Trade Society 1670 - 1870.

Scholarship

The first winner of the B.C. Historical Federation Scholarship has been chosen. He is Dan Marshall of Cobblehill who is attending the University of Victoria. Details will appear in the next issue.

Donations have made this $500. scholarship possible. Further contributions are sought to enable us to increase this amount as students face ever increasing tuition fees and expenses. Donors to the Scholarship Fund will be acknowledged in the magazine as well as being issued a receipt for charitable donations for tax purposes.

Donations to the B.C. Historical Federation Scholarship Fund and/or the Writing Competition Prize Fund make good "In Memoriam" gifts. Your Editor/Past President would like to thank girls and Guiders of East Kootenay Girl Guides of Canada for a donation made to the Scholarship Fund as a "Thank You" for her work done for Guiding.

Burnaby Historical Society

There were 48 voting delegates at the B.C. Historical Federation's Annual Meeting. There were 10 from Burnaby, all paying their own way. The President, Evelyn Salisbury, in making her report, introduced each as follows: Helen and Don Brown, Marjorie Coe, Mary and Lloyd Forsyth, Hazel L'Estrange, Kay Moore, Nancy Peter and Helen Street, from a membership of 50. Victoria and Vancouver had 7 attendees from a membership of 230 and 226.

B.C.H.F. Research Assistance Committee

A new service offered by your Federation...

If you are researching local or other British Columbian Historical topics and need assistance in locating source material, etc., send a stamped, self addressed envelope together with $10 * research fee to:

Peggy Imredy
304-2425 Brunswick
Vancouver, B.C. V5T 3M1

* Any additional cost of photocopying, postage, etc. will be billed later.

Florence Baker Warren Waterman Willson

The complete story of Florence Baker Warrent Waterman Wilson is a lengthy saga of determination and guts that is difficult to match in any tale of women in the Okanagan Valley. An incident that happened in 1901 exemplifies the general tenor of her life and explains the tenacity she displayed when she farmed near Naramata.

After marrying J. Waterman, who was a mining man, in February 1898, the couple resided in Princeton where a daughter, Ena, was born. There were no cows or milk in the area so when the child was two years old, Florence decided that it should have boats milk. Since the railway couldn't bring the animals, she determined to bring them over the Hope-Princeton trail.

Florence had been born in Cyprus to an English military family in 1879. Her upbringing had been that of a lady so she always road a horse side saddle. Therefore it was a startling sight to the natives when she left Hope sitting sideways on her horse with her skirt flapping and carrying Ena on her lap and with three goats in tow on a picket-rope tied around her waist.

It took four days to cover the 80 miles over the rough, narrow, mountainous trail and there must have been problems, although Florence described the trip as "without adventure." One thing she did learn was that a side saddle wasn't the best way to ride a horse in the West and from then on she road astride.

Florence Wilson married a second time and her life continued on with many vicissitudes, but the determination she displayed on the mountain trail so many years before carried her through until her life ended in Osoyoos in November, 1971. She was 92 years old.

Author Winston Shilvock lives in Kelowna, B.C. where he researched Okanagan history. He studied writing after he retired from business and now teaches writing at Okanagan College.

Report of the NEWS Publishing Committee

Welcome, Naomi -- our new Editor! Naomi Miller and her crew in Cranbrook are now editing, printing and mailing the **News.** We are fortunate to have them take on this major job.

Margaret Waddington in Vancouver has mailed out the two last issues. Problems arising from the Post Office's refusal to handle second class mail with inaccurate postal codes led her to check all subscribers' codes with the **Postal Directory**. A number of errors were found in most branch lists. This was a huge job and we are most grateful to Mrs. Waddington.

Branch Treasurers of Membership Secretaries are asked to double check the codes of all new subscribers or those with address changes, using the **Directory** available at the local Post Office, if necessary.

Our new Subscription Secretary is:

Mrs. Nancy Peter
5928 Baffin Place
Burnaby, B.C., V5H 3S8
Phone: 437-6115

I wish her every success in her new task! Please advise her promptly of changes of address. Let her know if you should have any difficulty with your subscription.

I have had a recent enquiry about the coding on the mailing label attached to the **News.** The date refers to the month when the most recent renewal was **received;** the numbers refer to the last issue which is covered by that subscription period. Eg. Mar. 88 22-2 means that the subscription was received last March and will continue to Vol. 22 no. 2-- the Spring of 1989.

Ann W. Johnston
News Publishing Committee

Mrs. Fredrick B. Young with George and Clement, the two sons she lost by drowning.

Mrs. Norman Marples with her elder son, Kenneth.

Pioneer Women in the Windermere Valley

Winnifred Ariel Weir

In the years 1911 and 1912 newspapers and magazines in Britain carried glowing accounts of settlement in far off valleys in British Columbia. Huge posters in railway stations depicted fruit trees laden with luscious apples against colorful vistas of lakes and mountains. The life described in magazine articles was tantalizing to many Britishers and by the scores they made enquires of land agents, then sold their homes and estates in English and Scottish cities to embark on a fruit-farming venture in the Canadian Rockies.

Among those enticed in 1912 were Captain Frederick B. Young and his wife, Mary. Captain Young proceeded his wife in March. He purchased a forty acre tract on The Benches west of the community of Invermere. He hoped to have all in readiness for the arrival of his wife and family in April but it was not to be. However the barn had been erected.

After the long journey across the Atlantic by liner and across Canada by train, Mrs. Young was weary. Mary Phyllis Young was the daughter of a canon in St. Paul's Cathedral and her girl-hood had been sheltered. She had been married in London to an army officer in the Cheshire regiment and as an officer's wife had suffered none of the privations of army life.

Until faced with his retirement, Captain Young had had no thought of emigration. Then one day in a train he picked up a pamphlet describing the potential of the Windermere Valley as a fruitful area designed to bring fortune and a delightful life for new settlers among magnificent scenery.

The army had made Captain Young a man of decision. He made further enquiries but found little reliable information concerning the far-off British Columbia Valley, an Eden painted as an apple orchard paradise. In short order he made arrangements to move his family and almost before his gentle wife had become accustomed to the idea, he had gone ahead to the land of opportunity.

When Mrs. Young stepped off the train at Calgary, she was met by B.G. Hamilton, representing the C.V.I. Co. from which their land had been purchased. Mr. Hamilton's greeting had not been cheery. Their house had not been built, he said..

Mrs. Young face fell.

"So, where do we live?" Basil Hamilton smiled reassuringly. "The barn is large and airy." Mrs. Young was not reassured. Nurtured in an upper middle-class English family, whose history was listed on both sides as far back as the Domes-day Book, she could not envision life in a barn.

They went on to Golden where Captain Young met them and the trip continued in the only car in the valley, a Packard owned by Robert Randolph Bruce, Chief officer of the CVI Co. The trip was dusty and twisting, difficult with the two little boys, Clement, six and George, four, fretful from the long days of travel. Phyllis, the baby was nine months old.

The barn, of course, had no water supply, Electricity was unknown on the farms on the Benches. The glorious view of the mountains stretching as far as the eye could see was some compensation but not much. Water for domestic purposes was bought in barrels which stood outside the door.

Mrs. Young was accustomed to doing little more than dusting the drawing room, arranging the flowers and giving orders to the cook in England. Faced with preparing meals for her family with the meager resources at hand multiplied her difficulties. There was no sugar because the first shipment of supplies for the season had not yet come up the river from Golden. Supplies for the few settlers for the winter had been ordered last October and by spring many commodities were short. A neighbor lent them some sugar from her own meager store. Only the kindness and neighborliness of other settlers made life bearable for the young English woman struggling against the hardships of the new life.

There was a construction camp on The Benches for men putting in an irrigation system for the farms. The camp cook took pity on the young English mother and taught her how to bake bread and cook meat, and to make pancakes known to the camp crew as flap-jacks.

Then, Norman Marples, another settler who was waiting for his wife and family to join him from England, lived with them that summer, sleeping in a horse stall in the barn, giving a helping hand while attempting to get his own land cleared and house started.

At the end of April the first paddlewheelers were able to make their way up river with supplies from Golden. There were no passengers on the first trip because the entire accommodation was needed for the replenishment of supplies which had become ominously low.

With summer the boys grew brown and rosy but there were days when Mrs. Young would gladly have left the dry hot valley by the first boat to return to the green fields of England.

In November the Young's house was still unfinished but they moved in anyway. Water was still brought in barrels. Coal-oil lamps gleamed on the sterling silver they had brought from England, the handsome tea service, and fine china and crystal. Much of it was still in boxes but Mrs. Young's yearning for her lovely belongings after living the summer in a barn, had urged her to unpack what she could to maintain some standard of living.

There were disasters that first year. The corn crop had frozen during a late June frost. In October the big tank that was to hold the winter's water supply was filled. It had an outlet pipe for cleaning and shortly after it was filled, the cows, trampling around, knocked the plug out of the pipe and the winter's supply of water drained out. A catastrophe was averted when the neighbors arrived with teams and wagons and barrels and filled the tank again.

George was ill with pneumonia. The pigs got into the garden and Mrs. Young, finding them, dragged them out by the tails and shut them up in the roothouse.

In October the Marples family, drawn by the lure of the proclaimed fruit lands arrived to settle on the 40 acre tract Norman had purchased in the spring. After staying with Captain and Mrs. Young for a time, he had lived in a tent on his own property while their house was started. Then he returned to England to settle his affairs and bring out his wife, Constance, his sons, Kenneth and Vivian, and three year old Mollie.

Travelling with them was the children's Nanny. The Marples had not intended to bring her originally but she had decided the issue for herself. Looking at the fair-haired, blue-eyed Mollie she had pursed her lips. "I'm not having you take that child to heaven knows what", she said, thinking, perhaps, of grizzly bears and scalping red Indians "If you are taking her there, I go along." And go along she did, proving herself her weight in gold.

The Marples had crossed Canada in a CPR tourist coach. It had a small gas stove and sink at one end for the use of all the passengers in that car. For five days they crossed the country, peering out the windows at unaccustomed landscape. Wearying of the interminable miles across the prairies, thrilling to the first sight of the massive Rockies on the skyline, eager as they finally reached Golden.

Mrs. Marples had packed her jewelry in a small attache case for safety. It was stolen on the train, then when they arrived in Golden they found that their luggage had been misplaced somewhere along the line.

When the family arrived on the last boat to come up-river in October, the interior of their house was far from complete, although it had been arranged that it was to be ready for occupancy with their furniture in it. They stayed at the Invermere Hotel for two weeks waiting for their luggage to arrive. In the interim Mrs. Marples stayed in bed while her clothes were washed, Nan doing the same. Clothes were borrowed for Mollie to wear. Like Mrs. Young, Mrs. Marples found the

contract to her accustomed life style hard to accept.

Finally they moved into their house. They had managed to acquire basic needs of furnishings while awaiting the delayed arrival of their own. Mrs. Young lent them a bed and they managed to find enough packing boxes and orange crates to use as tables and chairs while lamenting the delaying of their own comfortable furniture, which lay on the Golden platform for four months as the last boat had left for the season. That boat was loaded with lumber and liquor considered a more important consignment.

In January the furniture was transported by sled. The piano arrived first. When they opened the crate, the paper wrapping the instrument had four inches of ice on it. The cost of transportation had been four cents a mile.

The difficulties and farming disasters of that first year on The Benches were nothing compared to what happened to the Young and Marples families the following November. The two small Young boys, Clement and George, and Vivian Marples went through the ice while playing on the pond nearby the two farms. The older Marples lad, Kenneth, saw the accident from a hill. As he recounted it, George, five, threw a bottle on the ice and went to get it. The ice broke under his weight and Clement and Vivian, both seven, went to his aid, falling as he had into the icy water.

Kenneth, then eight, ran for help to Mrs. Young, who rushed to the pond, and although three months pregnant, dashed into the water to try to save the boys. She got hold of one as Captain Young arrived and got a rope around her and one of the boys. The three small bodies were taken to the Young's hours and placed in warm water but they were beyond reviving.

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Concern over the lack of medical facilities was real in 1901 and that year Dr. Robert Elliott began practice. a small log hospital was erected. He left in 1909 and his successor Dr. Hannington married a nurse. When she became pregnant, nurse Ethel Beatrice Wood was hired. She was a graduate of Kamloops Hospital. When Miss Wood arrived in Golden she as told, "If you are going down the valley you are going into the lion's mouth."

In 1910 the hospital had been moved into the old Union Hotel, no longer used as a hostelry. Downstairs there was a six bed ward and upstairs private rooms, one of which was used by Dr. and Mrs. Hannington and one by Nurse Wood.

Miss Wood said the hospital equipment when she arrived in 1911 was only beds and bedpans. But the Hospital Ladies Aid, formed that year, provided many necessities, raising money by teas and bazaars and by contributions from the miners and prospectors. When a farmer killed stock there was always meat for the hospital and housewives would arrive with a dozen eggs, or a loaf of fresh bread or a box of vegetables. Sacks of potatoes would be left on the doorstep. Miss Wood was on 24 hour duty seven days a week when she had patients but there were easier days. She did all the cleaning and cooking in addition to her nursing.

******

The Jack Barbours had come to the valley in 1900 by covered wagon from Minneapolis where Margaret Barbour had been a vegetable cook. The unaccustomed life in the valley challenged every fibre of her being. She had spent the first winter in a tent by Toby Creek while Jack was packing for the Paradise Mine. She helped him raw-hide the ore from the mine. (rawhiding was loading the ore on to horse-hides slung between poles and dragged by teams to the station over rough mountain roads.)

Later they lived in a log house on The Benches where Margaret bore four sons, tended a large vegetable garden. There were no close neighbors. One night Jack was at work at the mine, Margaret heard a knock at the door. She opened it to find two far from sober men." Can we spend the night?" one asked.

"You cannot", she replied.

"We won't bother you", the other man said.

"No you won't", she retorted and reaching behind the door, she lifted the gun kept there, threateningly. "I shot a bear last week", she told them. "Hit him right between the eyes." They went on their way.

******

Until the irrigation ditches were built on the Benches, augmented by flumes, water for domestic purposes was brought in barrels on a sleigh in winter and by wagon in summer. The winters' supplies were ordered from Eatons in Winnipeg in October to ensure their safe arrival before freeze-up of the Columbia River made it impassable for the paddle-wheelers. The women learned to be self-sufficient. One woman described how she made yeast for her baking. "I took a handful of dried hops and boiled it in a cupful of water; put in a potato and boiled it again, adding salt and some sugar. I set it aside until it was bubbly, then I put a cupful of the flour mixture. I was always careful to keep some of the yeast to start another batch."

******

The first Tegart came to the valley in 1883. That was Edward and when he wrote to his brother, "The grass is up to the horses 'bellies", he was joined by Walker and Arthur with their families.

Arthur had married Mary Louise Brown in the Cariboo in 1895. Mary Louise bore her third son on the Alpine Ranch at Windermere in the mud-thatched shack that was home and two years later they had their first daughter. Mary-Louise had to be up and around a few days after the births. There were twelve cows to milk and a large vegetable garden to care for. There was canning, washing, ironing, sewing, cooking so there wasn't

an hour of the day that she could call her own. Water for the house was brought from the creek in 45 gallon whiskey barrels. The water was so hard that it curdled the soap which made the baby's washing an added difficulty.

In addition to her home chores, Mary Louise made pin-money by supplying road camps with milk, butter, cheese and eggs. The Alpine Ranch was a popular spot for travellers to pause at for rest and refreshment. No one ever left the ranch hungry and this added to Mary's daily task. Bread baking was more than a weekly chore. At least twice every week. She drew ten large crusty loaves from the wood range, bread made with hops grown on their own farm, and lard from their pigs and milk from their cows. Spread with home-made jam from berries home grown or wild from roadside bushes, slice after slice disappeared after each fresh baking.

On Sundays there was a hustle and bustle to get to the church service at Windermere. That meant that Saturday night the big washtub was set on the kitchen floor, near the stove in winter, near the door in summer for easier emptying. Water for the tub was ladled from the big copper boiler on the stove and cooled by creek water. Mary Louise was diminutive, barely coming up to her husband's shoulder but she could wield the scrub brush with vigor.

When she told her husband that she was pregnant again he said it was time to build a larger house but did not tell her that he had a bet with another pioneer that he could produce the larger family. In time she bore eleven.

******

Mrs. Rufus Kimpton was the wife of a prominent Windermere merchant. His store, the only one of note in the community, provided not only food items but all other commodities from shoe laces to harness parts. She was a leader in all community affairs, especially the church and school.

It was the custom of the day for socially aware women to have an "At Home" day each month. On that day they were at home to all callers.

In September, 1903, Mrs. Kimpton was busy preparing for her afternoon "At Home". Her Chinese house-boy, Wong, had been given detailed instructions for tea, to be served at four o'clock. There would be cucumber sandwiches made from bread baked the previous day in the big McClary range in the kitchen, lady fingers and brandy-snaps filled with whipped cream.

The day before the parlour had been cleaned thoroughly. Damp saw-dust sprinkled on the carpet held down the dust as Wong swept. In winter snow replaced the saw-dust. The heavy velour curtains had been shaked and the furniture polished and knick-knacks dusted.

By eleven o'clock she had placed eight of her best cups and saucers on her gleaming silver tray and filled the silver sugar-bowl. Her next task was to skim thick yellow cream from the pans in the pantry; cream from their own Jersey cows.

Rufus and Celina Kimpton had lived for some years in Donald, a CPR divisional point and lumbering community west of Golden. When the CPR decided to move the divisional point to Revelstoke, Donald residents were informed that the railway would move there homes, the school, church and store to the new centre. But Rufus preferred to go to Windermere where he had business interests already. So their home was dismantled and moved by rail and then by barge up the Columbia River and Lake Windermere to the lake-side community.

Celina Kimpton mourned the loss of the little church she and Rufus had been instrumental in having built at Donald and in which she had played the organ. The CPR had not yet moved St. Peter's to Revelstoke. Disturbed by Celina's distress, Rufus said, "If you want that church so badly, you shall have it."

So began the saga of "The Stolen Church". With the aid of other enthusiasts notably Captain Frank Armstrong, the church was taken down board by board, and pew by pew, all was transported to Windermere, coming up the lake on Armstrong's paddle-wheeler. The transportation cost only $70, for it was an enterprise dear to the Captain's heart. Board by board the church was erected on a hillside above the lake and Celina was back at her beloved organ.

By the time the ecclesiastical officials at the coast heard that the church had disappeared from Donald without permission, it was a "fait accompli". And Rufus who was nick-named "Whistling Rufe" because of his accomplishment in that ability, whistled even on his way down the aisle, happy at his wife's contentment.

******

Braidy Williams came from Scotland as a bride to the little community of Wilmer. She found she had nothing to fear of the tales of scalping Red Indians she had read of while in Scotland but the rough and ready life in the mining community was still alarming. They stayed in the hotel while a house was readied for them and Braidy was nervous of the noise emanating from the bar below their room. Her husband had left her in their room and as the raucous laughter grew louder, she became increasingly alarmed, so she pushed a heavy chair against the door. A few moments later the door handle turned and she heard a knock and her husband's voice. "Let me in Braidie." Trembling, she opened the door. "Mercy me, Harry," she wailed. "Whatever can it be? There is sucha clashing of cans and noise."

"It's for us, dearie," he said. "It's what they call a chivaree, here in Canada because we're newly wed. Come on doon".

"No. no" she cried. "That I won't do. It sounds like a herd of wild Indians and nothing would

persuade the bride to descend to the welcoming party.

Later they moved to a small house. Before Harry went to work each morning, he would build up the fire so the house would be warm for her to get up. One morning as she was dressing she saw a creature crawling on the floor. Terrified, she jumped on the bed. Then realizing that she would be alone all day and couldn't spend the day standing on her bed, she had to do something. Trembling, she got her broom and dust-pan and with one deft motion, scooped up the creature and threw it in the stove.

When her husband returned that evening, she was triumphant with her bravery. "Harry, you'll not be knowing what I had in the house today."

"That I would not," he admitted.

"It was a crocodile, Harry, a little crocodile, right here in our house."

"Tush me dear," said Harry. "It wasn't a crocodile. What did it look like."

It was greenishbrown and it had legs. It was about so long" Harry laughed, "Dearie, it was a lizard, a harmless little creature."

"Maybe, it was", she admitted. "But my how it crackled. I'll never forget it."

******

It was Mrs. Stewart, another settler, who wanted to surprise her husband with fresh baked bread. She learned the process from a neighbor but underestimated the time it took to rise. When her husband was due for supper the bread was far from ready, she was unwilling to admit a failure so she hurriedly dug a shallow hole in the back yard and buried her experiment. Her husband was sitting at the table awaiting his meal when he glanced out the window. "Glory be" he exclaimed. "There's queer sort of mushroom rising in our backyard."

******

These early day pioneer women told these stories on them selves, laughing at their efforts to make a home amid difficulties, proud of their achievements. Their courage and their stamina were a tribute and their descendants living in the valley today are proud of the efforts and successes of those who settled the area.

Mrs. Weir is a former newspaper editor, charter member of the Windermere Historical Society, curator of the Windermere Museum and officer of the B.C. Historical Association.

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Two Cowichan Valley Women

Else M. Kennedy

Mary Skinner (nee Glyde)
1843 - 1930

On Vancouver Island's mountainous terrain, the forests are almost impenetrable. The straight, tall, evergreen trees soar 200 feet or more. Cedars and firs growing side by side, as close as the hairs on one's head, their feathery branches intertwined in a thick mat, which prevent the sun's rays from reaching the ground. Through this forest, roam cougars, bears and wolves, hungry and dangerous, especially when the snow lies heavily on the ground. Children going to school during this period, carried rifles to defend against wolves <1> and the Cowichan Leader reported wolves in the area in 1910. This is the wilderness. <2> Through this magnificent, yet awesomely wild, country, Mary Skinner rode alone on horseback. A widow, she was fulfilling her husband's contract, by searching for breaks in the telegraph line. Finding one, she had to climb the tree, nearest the break, to repair the wire. This was far from easy. The wires, as we now know them, are attached to poles alongside the highways. In Mary's day, the wires were mainly attached to the trees, the branches of which were supposed to be stripped, but in many cases this wasn't done, and the thin wire would be hidden. <3>

This was certainly not the type of life that Mary Glyde had envisioned for herself when, at age 29, she decided that there was no future for her in England. There were not enough positions available in her chosen profession of teaching, so she emigrated to Canada <4>

After arriving in Canada, Mary made her way to British Columbia, where she taught in Sooki for a year. Mary was then hired as a teacher, for the Maple Bay school, the first public school in the Cowichan Valley. <5> Here she met and married Ambrose Skinner, a son of one of the first families to settle the area. Ambrose had already acquired land and had begun farming. He and Mary moved into the small log house that Ambrose had built. Mary enjoyed the life on the farm, and was very content, especially after her daughter Minnie was born.

Four years after their marriage in 1875, the telegraph line between Victoria and Nanaimo was installed. <6> Ambrose was awarded the contract to maintain and operate the section running through their area, (approximately 50 kilometers). This extra work would help pay for some of the many expenses that farming entails. Unfortunately, Ambrose died rather suddenly in 1880, leaving Mary and her daughter with very little money. Mary knew that, in order to support herself and her child, she would have to run the farm and fulfill the terms of the telegraph contract.

In the meantime her twin (Martha), who had settled in New Westminster, lost her husband about the same time as did Mary, and Martha was left destitute. Mary, now had three more dependents and arranged to have her sister and her two sons, Bob and Doug Tait, move to Vancouver Island. The two women worked as a team, sharing the house and farming chores, along with the care of the children. Mary, in addition, handled the telegraph contract. She learnt morse code and line maintenance. Her dedication to keeping the line open, was greatly admired by her family and neighbors, and it was often said that she handled the work and a horse better than most men <7> This was indeed high praise in an era which considered women to be frail and weak.

Mary continued with this work until she was approximately 59 years old, when she sold the farm. <8> Mary and Martha continued to live together in a smaller house, closer to the Town of Duncan, as respected members of the community. Mary lived until she was 87. Her last years were spent "as a dozy old lady" <9> cared for by her daughter Minnie. She is buried in the Skinner family plot at St. Peter's Church, Quanicham, in the Cowichan Valley <10>

Louisa Geeen (nee Spencer)
1873 - 1965 <11>

Louisa or "Louie" as she preferred to be called, was a tall willowy women with a cloud of dark hair coiled neatly in a chignon. She was near-sighted and her smiling brown eyes were hidden by a pincenez. Louie had always dreamed of a life of travel, excitement and freedom.. However born, as she was, into a very sheltered Victorian family with definite ideas on a woman's place in the world, ambitions like these must have seemed to be only fantasies. Woman of her time had little control over their lifestyles. There were very few options, outside of marriage, open to them, and none of these choices included adventure or excitement.

Louie, born in 1873, was one of eight children. Her father, Michael Spencer died while she was still

quite young, on his small farm in the village of Storgusey. <12> After his death, her mother Fanny, concerned for her children's education moved the family to Taunton, England. Louie went to a boarding school in Bradford, Yorkshire, where she learned the proper skills for a gentlewoman. When she finished school, she looked for something to do with her life, as she did not wish to live within the strict confines of her family. She reflected in later years that the only exciting thing that ever happened, was being invited to the Vicarage for tea. She decided to become a governess which would meet with her family's approval, yet allow her some freedom and perhaps some travel.

She was very successful and had several posts which allowed her to tour the British Isles. Louie's most interesting post was with a Russian family. <13> She spent two years with them, living in Moscow and learning Russian. She also traveled through Europe unchaperoned, a rare adventure for a woman of that era.

Louie had to leave this comfortable post to return home to care for her ailing mother. Although she had six sisters and a brother, who could well nurse their mother, they felt that Louie should not be gallivanting about the country-side while her mother was ill. Louie remained at home until her mother died. She was, at this point, very restless and wanted to see more of the world. Louie had cousins in British Columbia, the David Spencer family, <14> who had sent many invitations to visit them in Victoria. Louie decided to visit Canada as she was bored to tears with her life in England. Life was extremely dull, and she used to tell her sons about the idiotic conventions followed in an upper middle-class home. One of these rules was that "ladies" didn't answer the door. She and her sisters would be sitting together in the drawing room close to the front door, working on various bits of sewing and embroidery. The bell would ring, but there would be no movement from the assembled ladies. They would sit in silence, waiting for the maid to scurry from the other end of the house to do the honours. "It was completely inane", was Louie's comment.

Louie adored Victoria and the unrestricted life her cousins led. It was so different from the inflexible attitude of society in Britain. Here was the freedom she had always wanted. She could now become an individual, responsible only to herself. She was introduced to Frank Green through friends with whom she had travelled to Victoria. Frank had taken up land in the Cowichan Lake region, and he enthralled her with his tales of life in the wilds of Vancouver Island. Louie was intrigued, and convinced a cousin to accompany her to visit Frank at his homestead in Lake Cowichan. Louie fell in love, not only with Frank but with the area. Her own description of Lake Cowichan, published in the Cowichan Leader - December 27, 1951, tells how she felt about her new surroundings.

> "In 1909 the road to the lake from Duncan lead through a very beautiful forest of virgin timber. I shall never forget driving with my husband through those beautiful trees to my new home; the road was abominable, very narrow, twisting with deep ruts in places, but to me it was all enchanting."

Here, in the wilderness her childhood dreams of adventure could come true. Louie had no training for pioneer life. She was a complete tenderfoot, but with Frank's help she learned to cook, and care for the land. <15> Although they were completely isolated, and human contacts were few and far between, Louie was never lonely.

Louie soon discovered that homesteading, carefree as it might be, was not a prosperous venture, and money was always in short supply. After her sons were born, Louie conceived a plan which would solve the money problem. The whole area was teeming with game (deer, Roosevelt elk, cougar and bear). Salmon and trout were plentiful in the Cowichan lake and river. It was a ideal spot for a hunting and fishing camp. Louie was 44 years old when she put her plan into action. Frank and her children were enthusiastic, and helped her by taking over the heavier chores. They started in a small way, by renting out a few rooms in the main house, and setting up tents on the property. As the popularity of the camp increased, guest cottages were added. She did all the cooking, and handled all the details of "Greendales". It was an instant success. Not only did the hunters and fishermen come, but "Greendales" become a popular summer camp for nature lovers and those who wished to get away from the heat of Victoria. By 1920, it was one of the most popular camps on Vancouver Island, and extra help had to be hires. <16>.

In spite of her busy life, she enjoyed her family. Louie and Frank were great believers in books. They used to read to their sons, and encouraged them to read. She also taught them music, and although neither son became an accomplished musician, music is part of their lives. Her son, Trevor, feels they had the best of both worlds. Freedom to grow up in the beauty of the country-side of Lake Cowichan, plus books and music. Louie took an interest in the local schools, and was elected to the local school board as a Trustee.

"Greendales" continued to prosper for quite some time. The profits allowed Louie and Frank the freedom to travel and provided for their sons' education. Frank passed away in 1947, at the age of 87, and Louie closed the camp a few years later. She continued to live at "Greendales", keeping herself busy giving music lessons and working in her garden, which is still blooming. She died at 93 having lived a very full and complete life.

There are many who would say

that these women were exceptional or, that the traits with which they had been endowed, were more masculine than feminine. But, these women were not exceptional, nor did their traits have gender. They were ordinary women who, like most women, did what they had to do in order to survive. Women have been taught through the ages that they are frivolous and empty-headed; creatures not capable of coping with life, without the protection of a father or husband. This disparagement of women's talents has gone on for so long that many women believe that their accomplishments and contributions to the world are not important. They just continue to do extraordinary things in an ordinary way, as if it were expected of them, and really not worth mentioning. Men would expect immortality or, at the very least, a gold medal. Women have a deep inner core of determination, and once this strength is recognized, they become invincible. Furthermore, if women ever realize that their strengths can be combined with those of their sisters, the effect would be revolutionary. This goal, though, can only be reached through changes in the way girls are socialized, and this must be accomplished by changes to the educational system. Women must be made aware that their special skills and those of their daughters are desperately needed everywhere. One of the ways to accomplish this is to insist that history include women, and recognize the contributions that they have made to society. This would finally put to rest the myth, in the words of Shakespeare,

"Frailty, thy name is woman" <Hamlet 1, 2>

Mrs. Kennedy is a member of the Chemainus Historical Society. Recently she has been polishing her writing skills by taking a correspondence course from Athabasca College.

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<1> The Colonist - December 8, 1871. Provincial Archives, Victoria, B.C. "A son of Mr. Alexander, of Cowichan, while walking from someone to Quamichan Lake a few days ago, was attacked by a band of wolves. The boy fired at and wounded one, which fell. The rest of the band fell upon their wounded comrade, and while they were making a meal of him the lad got off in safety."

<2> The wilderness is still very much in evidence on Vancouver Island. Any road going west from the Trans-Canada highway will bring one face to face with the forest. Cougars are still active in the area, and have wandered as far as Saanich. Bear can still be seen and deer are plentiful, almost to the point of being considered "pests" by gardeners and farmers.

<3> Cobb Andrew "Crossed Wires" in Horisons Canada Magazine Vol. No. 68.
- North Cowichan Municipal Minute Books - Vol. II. December 8, 1882. It was recorded that a note be sent to the area telegraph office, as some of the lines were too low and dangerous after a storm. Poles replaced trees by 1884.

<4> Cowichan Leader Newspaper, Duncan - January 2, 1930. Obituary of Mary Glyde Skinner. Cowichan Valley Historical Society's Archives.

<5> Cowichan Leader Newspaper, Duncan - March 1924. "How Schooling Began In Cowichan District." Cowichan Valley Historical Society's Archives.

<6> Colonist Newspaper, Victoria - February 18, 1879 "Island Telegraph." Provincial Archives, Victoria, B.C.

<7> Cowichan Leader Newspaper, Duncan - January 2, 1930. Obituary of Mary Glyde Skinner. Cowichan Valley Historical Society's Archives.

<8> Mr. Jack Fleetwood, Distinguished historian and journalist for the Cowichan Leader Newspaper for the past 60 years, remembers when Mrs. Skinner and Mrs. Tait sold the farm at what is now called "Birkey's Corner" (in Duncan) and moved to Herd Road, where he, as a boy, delivered groceries to them. Skinner Road in Duncan, near Birkey's Corner is named after the Ambrose Skinner Family farm.

<9> Mr. Jack Fleetwood.

<10> Cowichan Leader Newspaper, Duncan - January 2, 1930. Obituary of Mary Glyde Skinner. Cowichan Valley Historical Society's Archives.

<11> The information about Louisa Green, neeSpencer was supplied by her son, Trevor Green. Mr. Green is a well know historian, columnist and archivist in Lake Cowichan. Mr. & Mrs. Green still live at the family home, "Greendales", and both take an active part in the local museum, which contains many items from "Greendales."

<12> Mr. & Mrs. Green visited Stogusey, and Mr. Green commented that they know why pigs have such a bad reputation for odors. The village's main occupation is swine farming, and the smell greets one, while one is still miles from the village.

<13> The family that Louie was working for was connected to the Faberge family, Crown Jewellers to the Russian Court.

<14> The David Spencers started and operated a chain of department stores in B.C. They were subsequently bought out by the T. Eaton Company.

<15> The one thing Louie was never able to master, was milking cows.

<16> The old Greendale's guest book lists some very interesting guests and campers including the Butcharts of the Butcharts Gardens fame.

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Informal Interview

Jack Fleetwood, Duncan, B.C. Historian and Journalist in the Valley for the past 60 years.

Trevor Green, 2nd son of Louisa Spencer Green.

Mrs. Grace Dickie, Thetis Island, B.C. - Mrs. Audrey Ginns, Chemainus, B.C. - Chemainus Valley Historical Society and, Mr. & Mrs. Percival Rivett - Carnac, Duncan, B.C.

Mr. Jim Lamont, Manager, McMillan Bloedel Mill, Chemainus, B.C. The early history of the Water Wheel Sawmill in Chemainus. B.C.

Conference '89

May 11 - 13, 1989

Victoria NEW Convention Centre

Thursday, May 11

Royal B.C. Museum: Win & Cheese Reception

Friday, May 12

Greetings from Vicotria City
Illustrated lectures on aspects of Victoria's past
Tours in the afternoon
Dinner and Tour in Chinatown

Saturday, May 13

Annual General Meeting
Tours in the afternoon
Banquet

Conference Hotel: Executive House 777 Douglas Street (604) 388-511
Across the street from the Conference Centre

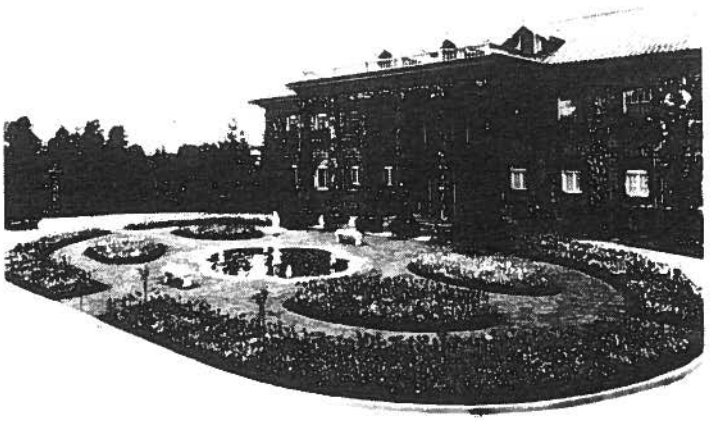
Alternative accommodation information will be included in the Conferenc package to be sent out early in 1989 to all member societies. Because of the tourist season and the new Convention Centre, we suggest you book early.

Tally Ho!

"Tally-ho coach makes regular daily trips to the most interesting points around Victoria"
From: **Henderson's Gazetteer & Directory,** 1905, Vol. XII RBCM Photo

Vancouver University Women's Club (1907 ---)

Thelma Reid Lower



When the British Columbia Council of the Canadian Federation of University Women held its inaugural meeting on Saturday 30 April 1988 it marked the expanding influence of university women in Canadian society.

It was fitting that the first meeting of the new organization should be held at Hycroft, the home of the Vancouver University Women's Club, the first such club formed west of Toronto.

On Saturday afternoon 11 May 1907 Evlyn Fenwick Kirstead Farris (Mrs. John Wallace de Beque Farris) invited eight young women graduates to her home at 1776 Davie St., Vancouver, for the purpose of initiating a university women's club.

Although Evlyn had been born in Nova Scotia (21 August 1878) and had taken her M.A. degree with honours in German and Philosophy at Acadia University where her father E.M. Kirstead was a clergyman and professor, she spent the years 1899 - 1905 in the United States teaching history at the high school in Boston. While there she joined the American Association of University Women (founded in 1882), during the last years of the nineteenth century when educated women were becoming aware of their power in society. Evlyn became an eager champion of rights for women.

The young graduates whom Evlyn persuade to become charter members of a University Women's Club were Miss Elizabeth Cameron, Queen's; Mrs. A.T. Fuller, Acadia; Miss Maude Hunt, Toronto; Miss Mary McKenzie, Toronto; Miss Ella Perkins, Dalhousie; Mrs. H.G. King, Boston; Miss Madeline Shampier, Acadia. Evlyn Farris was chosen as the first president ...

Mrs. Farris and the charter members agreed to meet regularly to study social and economic conditions; stimulate intellectual activity; promote friendly understanding among university women and cooperate in public service -- particularly in regards to education.

Mrs. Farris paid a visit to Victoria where she interviewed a number of college women with the object of interesting them in the primary purpose of the Vancouver Club which "aims at a federation of the college women of the whole province" a goal belatedly achieved with the formation of the B.C. Council in 1988.

The proposal of Mrs. Farris was received with enthusiasm and the Vancouver club was greatly pleased to hear that the college graduates of Vancouver Island had formed a club with a constitution similar to their own. Correspondence was begun at the same time with a view to the formation of a similar club in the Okanagan Valley.

When the University of British Columbia was established by an act of the legislature in 1908 it became a "sort of godchild of the Vancouver club."

In 1910 Mrs. Farris became a member of a committee in search of a permanent location for the provincial university. She argued forcefully for its location on the mainland rather than at the capital city on Vancouver Island.

In December 1911 a letter was sent from the Vancouver Club to the attorney-general enclosing a list of members and asking for instruction in nominating candidates for the University Senate. The Vancouver Club gave their endorsation to Mrs. Farris and to a Victoria candidate Mrs. M. R. Watt. Both women were appointed to the University Senate and attended the first convocation held in Victoria 21 August 1912.

Within three week the Vancouver Club began lobbying for the appointment of a women to the University's Board of Governors. Five years later Mrs. Farris became the first woman to sit on the Board. The infant university had many needs and Mrs. Farris worked tirelessly for high scholastic standards, adequate accommodation and a greater degree of public support for all levels and aspects of education.

The Vancouver Club's move into civic work came in its first two years. A campaign was mounted to urge consumers to shop well before Christmas, thus relieving last-minute pressure on harassed shop clerks. The members distributed circulars, displayed signs, gained the co-operation of newspapers, the four largest department stores and a company which made crepe paper. One firm offered to donate billboards, but the club had to refuse since it was on record as "opposed to the disfigurement of Vancouver by billboards". The campaign resumed annually during the First World War years.

The significance of the campaign was marked in several ways. It was an early instance of one group of women using influence for the benefit of another group which was predominantly female. It gave the Club experience in public relations, the use of the press, and in bringing pressure to bear on large organizations and commercial institutions.

While some women choose to be more active in public affairs than others, the Vancouver University Women's Club has never been a tool to be manipulated for partisan purposes. When political involvement became inevitable in the women's suffrage campaign the chair introduced discussion regarding "the right of individual members in voicing themselves on questions of public interest... It was felt that the liberty of individuals could not be curtailed and that the club gained by encouraging its strong members to express themselves".

Vancouver women were active on many fronts. The University Women's Club maintained its place among a number of organizations -- the Council of Women's Press Club, Women's Forum, Women's Canadian Club, Women's Educational Club and the Parliamentary Association. Political parties had women's associations even before women had the right to vote.

These women of varying purposes decided to co-operate in acquiring a building to be used by all. A special "Women's Edition" of the Vancouver Sun was published on 19 March 1913 as a twenty-page supplement to the regular newspaper. This impressive undertaking raised $2485 for the Women's Building. Honorary president of the new building was Mrs. A.D. McRae a "devoted equestrienne and chatelaine of Hycroft". Mrs. McRae was closely identified with the Vancouver Horse Show. She rode and drove in all classes.

During the First World War Mrs. McRae was active in England for four years running convalescent homes for Canadian soldiers. In September 1942, three months before she died of a long illness, the McRae's gave Hycroft, free of all encumbrances to the Federal Government to be used as a home for veterans. Hycroft became an annex to Shaughnessy Hospital. At the dedication ceremony 9 August 1943 it was called "the loveliest military annex on the North American continent".

When the new wing was built at Shaughnessy Hospital Hycroft was closed and the property put into the hands of Crown Assets Disposal Corporation. In the fall of 1960 the property was put up for sale.

The Vancouver University Women's Club had long had a dream of owning their own clubhouse. They had established a building fund very early and had considered several real estate ventures on the Sunshine Coast. When Crown Assets signified willingness to accept their offer for the purchase of Hycroft they signed an agreement of sale on 4 June 1962, and an act was proclaimed in force by the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council on 15 January 1963. At last the University Women's Club was in residence at Hycroft, 1489 McRae Avenue, Vancouver, V6H 1V1. Club members rolled up their sleeves to

Mrs. McRae in her sulky in front of Hycroft.
UPPER LEFT: Hycroft 1927.

sleeves to tackle the problems of restoration.

The movement towards preservation of historic buildings grew rapidly in the next two decades. On 8 February 1977 the first **Vancouver City Plaque for a Heritage House** was awarded to the club for their restoration of Hycroft. The plaque can be seen mounted outside, just west of the main entrance door.

The Vancouver Historical Society presented its first **Award of Merit for Building Preservation** to the University Women's Club on the occasion of the Historical Society's Incorporation Day Dinner (in Slanley Park Pavilion) 6 April (1974). This illuminated scroll can be seen in the foyer beside the portrait gallery of 43 presidents 1907 - 1988.

The networking of University women continues. The Canadian Federation, founded in 1919, is a national organization with head office in Ottawa. CFUW comprises more than 12,000 members grouped in 120 clubs from British Columbia to Newfoundland.

The International Federation which held its first conference in London, England, in 1920 now comprises 230,000 women from 51 nations with headquarters in Geneva, Switzerland. In the summer 1989 the IFUW conference will be held in Helsinki, Finland.

The B.C. Council president is Miss Mavis Boyd, #610-3105 S.Main St. Penticton, V2A - 7H1.

Thelma Reid Lower is an active member of the University Women's Club. She was a delegate at the Canadian Federation of University Women Conference August 16 - 26, 1988.

Evlyn Fenwick Farris at University of B.C. Convocation 1955. Photo Peter Holborne Courtesy, Archives, UBC Library

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CORRECTION

In Vol. 20 No. 3 page 22 a list of presidents of the British Columbia Historical Association/ Federation showed a break in the tenure of Donald New. Mr. New is the only president in our Federation's history to have served four consecutive years. The by-law limiting a president to three years maximum came in at the 1966 Annual General Meeting.

PHYLLIS ROSS. L.L.D., C.B.E., O.C.

Dolly Sinclair Kennedy

Phyllis Turner Ross, was born in Rossland, British Columbia, eighty-five years ago. She attended primary and secondary schools there.

Phyllis became a pioneer for women in two extraordinary ways: She was the first and the only women to serve as Economic Advisor to the Wartime Prices and Trade Board. From 1941-45 as Administrator of Oils and Fats, she had jurisdiction over animal, vegetable and fish oils, soap industry, printing inks, starches; glues; dextrins; and waxes. She controlled the flow of oils from Canada to England and the British West Indies.

Her next great achievement was to be elected in 1961 as Chancellor of the University of British Columbia, the first woman in the British Commonwealth to hold an office of this kind. She was also Chairman of the Board of Governors. She went on to serve a second term from 1963-66.

Phyllis' life was one of great distinction and personal achievement, but touched as well with sorrow.

College days began in 1921 when she attended the University of British Columbia. There she won public speaking contests, took part in debates, was president of various student societies, and topped it off by being a tennis champion.

Phyllis graduated with her B.A., First-Class Honours in Economics and Political Science, in 1925. Her musical talent had not suffered along the way, and that year she also received her A.T.C.M. from the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

In 1925 she won the Susan B. Anthony Fellowship to Bryn Mawr. The years 1925-27 were spent there in the field of Economics and Political Science. In 1927 she received her M.A., her Thesis being: "Communistic Sects in Canada".

In 1927 she won the Canadian Federation of University Women Travelling fellowship; and as well, an European Travel Fellowship from Bryn Mawr.

In the years 1927 - 28, Phyllis studied at the London School of Economics. She took Seminars in Economic History and International Relations. She did Research at the British Museum Library, and the Quaker Library, for the history of the Douhobors and Mennonites. In 1928 she spent three months at the University of Marburg, to study the Hutterite Sect, and one month at the School of International Studies in Geneva.

Phyllis then returned to Bryn Mawr to complete written and oral exams for her Doctorate.

In June of 1928 Phyllis married Mr. John Turner of Kenilworth and London, a journalist for (Punch). She bore him three children, one of whom died.

On her husband's death in 1932, she returned to Canada with her two children.

It is said that Phyllis had developed a charming personality. Her manner was well reasoned and unemotional, yet seasoned with a ready and well-pointed wit. Her exceptional ability was recognized.

In 1934-36 Phyllis became Research Assistant with the Canadian Tariff Board. In 1936-37, Research Economist with the Board. In 1937-39 she was the Chief Research Economist. The outbreak of War made her the Economic Adviser to the War-Time Prices and Trade Board, and as mentioned earlier, in 1940 Technical Advisor to the Oils Administrator, and from 1941-45 Administrator of Oils and Fats.

While living in Ottawa, Phyllis became in 1934 one of the founders of Carleton University, and a member of its first Board of Governors.

Her publications between 1934-39 were numerous reports that she wrote from research for the Tariff Board, and these were tabled in the House of Commons.

Phyllis found time to become President of the University Women's Club of Ottawa in 1942-43.

In 1945 Phyllis married Mr. Frank MacKenzie Ross, a Vancouver industrialist, and moved to Vancouver.

In 1951-54 she became a member of the University of British Columbia Senate. As well, in 1954 she was given the Great Trekker Award for her Outstanding Contribution to the University of British Columbia.

In the years 1955-60, Phyllis became the gracious Chatelaine of Government House, Victoria, during Mr. Ross's term as Lieutenant-Governor of B.C.

In 1961, Phyllis became Chancellor of the University of British Columbia, and served in

that capacity until 1966. In 1966, her son, the Honorable John Turner, a former Rhodes Scholar, represented a Montreal constituency as a Minister without Portfolio, in the Dominion Government. He was later to become Prime Minister of Canada for a short period, and is now the Leader of the Opposition for the Liberal Party.

In 1964, Dr. Ross was made an honorary member of the University Women's Club of Vancouver. She took a personal interest in the club and purchased many of the beautiful brass fittings for the fireplaces. The Honorable Frank Ross, gave a considerable sum of money to the club in his wife's honor, which sum was used to buy some of the club's beautiful silver tea and coffee urns. At the summer garden party, Mrs. Ross always sent along a large cooked ham to be raffled off.

The Honorable Frank MacKenzie Ross died in 1971. His wife carried on with her volunteer work. Among her many awards which she received in recognition for her contribution to society were: Commander of the Order of the British Empire; Dame of the Most Venerable Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem; Dame of Magistral Grace of the Sovereign and Military Order of Malta; Life Member of the National Council of Women of Canada; Cardinal Newman Award, Life Member of the National Council of Girl Guides of Canada; National Award of the Canadian Cancer Society; Human Relations Award, Canadian Council of Christians and Jews.

We said Good bye in April of 1988, to a great Canadian.

The author is a member of the Vancouver Historical society - Research was done at the archives of the Canadian Federation of University Women.

Times Past

Elsie G. Turnbull

It was September of 1928 when I set off across the continent to marry a metallurgical engineer working in a smelter at Trail, B.C. As I waved good-bye to family in Ontario my father-in-law called a farewell message: "I'm glad it's you who is going to Trail and not me!" Travel through forested land in Northern Ontario with its myriad lakes and rocky outcrops brought an occasional glimpse of lonely settlements huddled in a clearing while wide open prairies spreading to the horizon made me wonder about the unknown goal of my journey. However we married in Medicine Hat, honeymooned in Banff, Revelstoke and Kaslo, finding mountains, lakes and scenery superb and then set off in our brand-new Erskine car to motor over winding washboard roads to the so-called drab little town of Trail. Darkness fell as we inched around the face of China Creek hill on a ledge one hundred feet above the Columbia River. Suddenly we rounded the turn at the top of Smelter hill and before us appeared a spectacle of lights. A network of colored lights glistening in the valley along the dark gleam of river spread up the steep slopes of Lookout Mountain. To our left the smelter stacks stood out against the sky and as we watched a pot of molten slag spilled from its crane, shooting smoke and red flame into the night. My spirits rose - it was a scene for which I was completely unprepared. With lightened hearts we drove down the steeply curving hill to spend the night at the Douglas Hotel, a seeming refuge for weary travellers. Sleep came. Then suddenly at 3 a.m. I was awakened by reverberating whistles, a grinding chatter of wheels and squeaking brakes -- it could be nothing but a train coming right through the middle of the house!

"Don't be alarmed," said my husband. "It's only a yard engine bringing freight and supplies down the hill from Tadanac. Tracks are just outside the Douglas Hotel."

Morning showed how right he was. A few feet from the building the rail line cut across the town, slicing diagonally over the streets, clattering over the rails and blocking traffic on Pine Avenue. Daylight also revealed tiers of houses on the hillsides, seemingly built of packing boxes or anything else that was handy. It was not quite the fairyland of the previous evening but neither was it the dreary place I had expected. The streets were full of people while up on the hill the great smelter throbbed day and night without a pause. It was not a town of beauty but time would show it was something better, a town of vibrant life and intense vitality, much of it engendered by the trains.

Editor's Note: *Elsie Turnbull lived in Trail for many years where she became known as "Trail's Unofficial Historian". Her name appeared frequently in the* ***Trail Daily Times.*** *One item appeared in the October 12, 1962* ***Times*** *stating, "Mrs. A.D. (Elsie) Turnbull received special recognition for compiling the Trail Diamond Jubilee Society historical booklet in conjunction with the City's celebrations last year... Paying tribute to Mrs. Turnbull, Mayor Palyga stated, "Any time anyone wants to know something of Trail's history, I send him to Mrs. Turnbull."*

A later issue (May 29, 1963) published the following which tells the story of the removal of the train tracks in downtown Trail. No longer would downtown visitors be awaken by a train, as was the new Mrs. Turnbull in 1928.

NEWS ITEM REPRODUCED

HISTORIAN RECALLS WHEN TRACKS PUT IN

By ELSIE G. TURNBULL

The mayor has lifted the first spike.

Workmen are busily removing the tracks of the Canadian Pacific Railway spur-line to down town Trail.

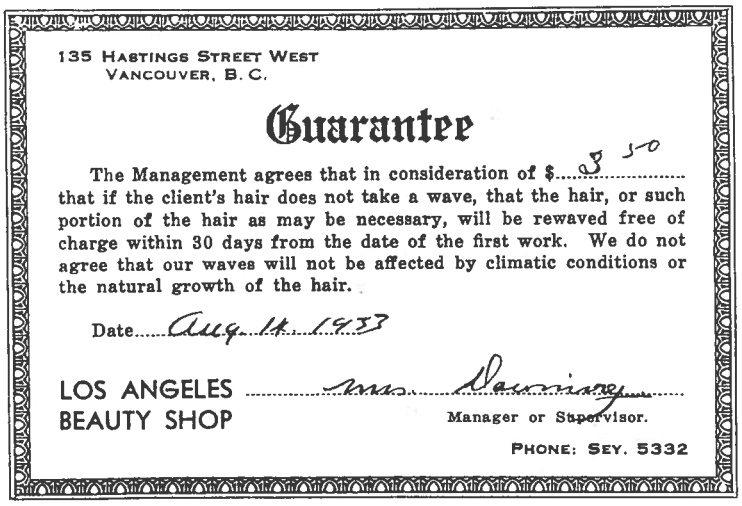
Dignitaries have said farewell to the past and have hailed a future when traffic on Trail streets will not be impeded by diesel engines and boxcars.

To us this seems "a great step on the way to progress," but 67 years ago the driving of that first spike and the laying of the first ties and rails signalled the

(Continued on page 32)

KEEPING CLEAN AND WARM WAS A PROBLEM

Kelsey M. McLeod



135 Hastings Street West
Vancouver, B. C.

Guarantee

The Management agrees that in consideration of $ 3.50 that if the client's hair does not take a wave, that the hair, or such portion of the hair as may be necessary, will be rewaved free of charge within 30 days from the date of the first work. We do not agree that our waves will not be affected by climatic conditions or the natural growth of the hair.

Date Aug. 14. 1937

LOS ANGELES BEAUTY SHOP Mrs. Dunning
Manager or Supervisor.

Phone: Sey. 5332

Early in the century, most homes in British Columbia, with the exception of those in townsites, did not have piped-in water, and most didn't boast a sink. Central heating, also, lay far in the future. In spite of the drawbacks, and the work involved, people did keep clean and warm. But it wasn't easy.

In most families and galvanized tub used for washing clothes doubled as a bath tub. -- Baths in the kitchen, in front of the roaring wood stove that was heating the bath water, were pleasant affairs. -- Once one became adept at getting one's tender parts removed from harm's way when the kettle added more hot water to the tub. And, allowing for the necessary vigilance in making sure that while drying oneself, one didn't bend over too close to the red-hot nickel adornments that encrusted the range.

(One local girl was famous -- or infamous -- for having "Canada's Pride", the brand name of the family's stove, indelibly and deeply branded across her buttock when she bent over, after a bath, too close to the crackling range.) She wasn't particularly unique in this; many an aged posterior today bears a like brand, dimmed by time.

The grooming of the hair wasn't a problem as easily solved. There were no barbers or hairdressers available in most communities. neighbors did their best with each other's hair, or did their own. Women learned that rain water was best for shampoos. And, during the once-yearly trip to the "bright lights' of Vancouver, the ladies went all-out for the hairdressers.

Yet, keeping the body clean and groomed was far less labour, and much less involved, than keeping the family clothing and linen clean.

What a back-breaking business "Wash day" was! Once a week it had to be faced. It took all day to do the actual washing, and if the weather was wet, a number of days till everything was dried. All water hand-carried, stove-top heated. Most of the women started the task and night before, putting the dirtiest articles to soak overnight in a tub, rubbing the worst soiled parts with Fels Naptha, or other strong soap.

Come morning, once breakfast was over and the dishes washed, the copper wash boiler was placed on top of the stove, half-filled with water, and towels and pillow slips, other white articles such as men's dress shirts, were put in the brought to a boil, being poked and stirred frequently with a round, smooth stick.

When it was judged that the boiling had accomplished all it could, the round stick fished items out and into a basin, which was carried to the wash tubs set up (if one was lucky), nearby. (Often the tubs were in an outside shed.) The tubs had already been filled with cold water for this rubbing and rinsing cycle. The wash board and muscles took over, working on the still-soiled spots, the stains. Hand wringing was the order of the day, though some women did have a hand-operated wringer mounted between two tubs. (A tub for the rubbing, a tub for the rinsing.)

The shaking and the shunting around in the rinse water came next, then another wringing out. Finally, into the last rinse when the bluing. Another wringing out. (Often skin came off the hands softened by long immersion in the water with this last wringing out.)

Finally, the making of the starch for the tablecloths and pillow clips, shirts, dresses, blouses. Some people even starched handkerchiefs, which was hard on the nose. (Kleenex had not yet come into its own) At long last, basin or basket loads of the heavy, wet wash were lugged out and pegged to the clothes line. Hopefully, the day would stay fine till the clothes were dry.

Starched items were sprinkled with water and rolled, ready for ironing, which was usually done next day. The ironing was done by sad iron. The dictionary meaning of sad iron is simply 'solid flat iron', but heaven knew that the necessity of smoothing wrinkles out of the 'natural fabrics' of the day by means

'natural fabrics' of the day by means of one of those heavy, top-of-the-stove-heated, wrist-breaking monsters was a sad occupation. Too hot, the fabric was scorched, too cool, the wrinkles remained, staring up at the worker with sadistic persistence.

It is far better, today, to simply twirl and whirl knobs, and refuse to think back; to view with proper respect wash-and-wear fabrics.

HEATING

There was, of course, no such thing as 'central' heating in any home, unless you were to call a heater in the centre of the house as such, which would be stretching a point much too far.

The Kitchen range, chewing up wood at a horrendous rate, and spitting out vast quantities of heat, particularly in warm weather when it wasn't needed, was what heated the homes for most of the year.

In winter, most houses had a heater in the living room to supplement the range. The bedrooms took their chances, and tended to be as frigid as the Arctic, and considerably damper. A few had portable coal-oil heaters for the bedrooms, and they did help, as well as making lovely patterns of dark and shadow on the bedroom ceilings.

The air-tight heaters were favourites, for they heated up so quickly. A round cylinder of rather thin metal, with an opening on top that was covered by a round lid with a gleaming metal handle, and a small, round opening low down a the front, covered with a plate that was held in place with a long screw that allowed the opening to be made larger or smaller. They had an alarming tendency to huff and puff, and vibrate mightily when they were 'closed down' too soon, or too tightly. Somebody was always leaping up and down, adjusting the draughts in an air-tight, and feeding it wood usually meant scorched hair on arms and hands.

Then there were the more substantial, larger, either round or square or oblong heaters, made of cast iron. Slower heating, longer-lasting as to wood consuming, less hysterical than the air-tights. Reassuring. It was possible to seat yourself in a room with one of these, and say, read, getting up occasionally and wandering over to it, lifting the lid and looking inside. Languidly using the poker, to rearrange the burning sticks inside, then adding a chunk or two of fresh wood from the woodbox sitting between wall and heater. If luck was with you, and the wood being used not too green or wet, the smoke and cinders from this operation were generally minimal, and burns not too frequent.

Some housewives had the heaters removed from the living rooms during the summer months, for there is nothing aesthetic about a heater, warmth or no.

Heaters notwithstanding, the most important object in the home was the kitchen stove. It was, in effect, the heart of the operation. Ours was a huge, black, nickel-encrusted monster that had been a logging-camp stove. On one side it had a gleaming copper tank that heated water, and the oven could have roasted a sheep.

Wood burning ranges had one advantage over the automatic stoves of today: They did not take careful daily care and attention to keep them clean. No aluminium discs to catch drips and spills. No grease-encrusted racks had to be sprayed and left to soak. If something spilled you wiped it up as best you could, and continued with the movement, as the stove kept spewing forth heat, which tended to pulverize the spill. Once the stove was cool, if anything still was left, you used a knife or other scraper, and pried it off, then rubbed the stove lids over with wax paper, or the wax plug from a finished jar of jam. The ovens went the same route: First a sizzle, then a smell and a smoking, then a burnt offering that tended to turn to dust and could be swept out.

How handy to be able to pull a simmering pot to the back of the stove, waiting for the table. How comforting to hear the kettle singing softly to itself while 'bulled to the side', waiting its turn to usefulness. How flavoursome the soup or stew that had bubbled gently all day 'to the back' .

But -- what a traumatic day it was when that stove had to be cleaned, the soot removed, the black-leading done!

It must needs be done in the morning, before the day's activities took over. If Mother was really going for broke, she removed kitchen curtains first. (Curtains in a home that burns wood need washing with shocking frequency.) She covered open shelves and furniture with newspaper to keep them free of the soot that would float and settle on everything, regardless of care taken. She would wrap her head in a protective cloth, spread newspaper all around the stove, and begin.

Ashes first. Of course, these were disposed of daily, in any case, being dumped on the garden ash pile. Then the utensil, a long rod with a rectangle of metal small enough to get into the apertures and crannies of the range, was brought into play. The soot was raked out, cupfuls of it. One began to wonder if perhaps the cast-iron was disintegrating. Pints and quarts of soot, incredibly dirty, incredibly light, rising and floating about, in spite of how carefully it was treated.

The newspapers -- and Mother -- became soot-streaked. The lower chimney was tapped with a firm hand to dislodge any loose soot; the stove lids were carried outside and the undersides scraped.

If this was the ultimate in cleanings, of course the stove pipes would come down too, and be taken into the yard, thumped free of their encrustations, then re-assembled.

Once the range was free of soot, came the black-leading. Such gorgeous dirt was that black lead, all-encompassing, greasy and cosmetic,

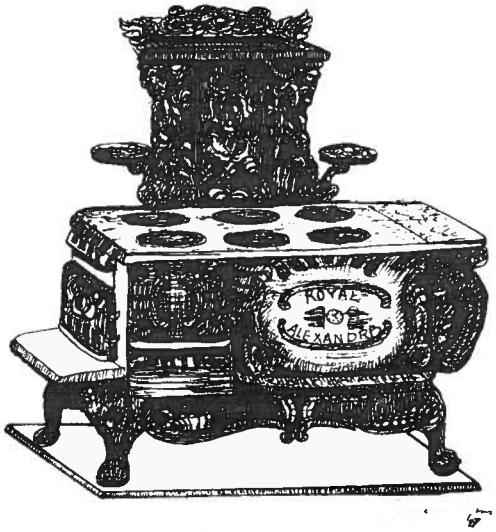
it range look new and beautiful for a brief time. finally the buffing of the nickel with emery paper.

After all this effort, and the pleasing results, it seemed a shame to light the range. But it had to be done, and quickly, to heat the water necessary to clean up the soot-infested kitchen, and the sooty stove-cleaner herself. The odour of heated black lead filled the house, and the shininess swiftly vanished from the stove's hottest spots.

If stove and pipes were cleaned regularly, there was little chance of a chimney fire, that most frightening of experiences, the one which caused so many lost homes. - - A dull roar begins in the region of the chimney, and gains in strength as the extra heat generated there draws the flames in the firebox higher. Once it starts, little can be done, except hoping for the best: That is, that the heat will not ignite the shingles, walls.

It was all over very quickly, whatever the outcome; it only seemed a long-drawn-out affair. With luck, the flames died out, the sparks and soot ceased to erupt, the roar died to a grumble, and finally to a mutter. Silence... With good fortune, the end result was a hard-won knowledge that the chimney was, for the moment at least, clean and free of soot, in spite of the dangerous way it was achieved. -- Hardly worth the neglect of a necessary chore.

The author grew up on the Malaspina Penninsula and now lives in Vancouver.



Writing Competition

The British Columbia Historical Federation invites submissions for its sixth annual Competition for Writers of B.C. History.

Any book, published in 1988, with historical content is eligible. The work may be a community history, biography, record of a project, industry or organization, or personal recollection giving glimpses of the past. Names, dates, and places turn a story into "history".

The judges are looking for first presentations of historical information with appropriate illustrations, careful proof reading, an adequate index, table of contents and bibliography. Monetary prizes are offered in the following categories:

1) Best History Book by an individual author (This is eligible for the Lieutenant - Governor's Medal).

2) Best Anthology

3) Special Award - for the author or editor of an outstanding book.

All books receive considerable publicity. Those submitting books should include name, address, telephone number, cost of book, and an address from where the book may be ordered if the reader has to shop by mail. Books should be mailed as soon as possible after publication to:

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

Deadline for 1988 books is January 31, 1989.

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There is also an award for Best Article each year submitted and published in the **British Columbia Historical News**. Articles of up to 2500 words, substantiated with footnotes if possible, and accompanied by photographs and maps if available, are welcomed. (Photographs will be returned). Deadlines for submission are welcomed. September 1, December 1, March 1, and June 1. Articles should be typed, double spaced and mailed. to:

The Editor
B.C. Historical News
Box 105
Wasa, B.C. V0B 2K0

Winners in all categories will be invited to the annual conference in Victoria in May 1989.

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News From Branches

North Shore Historical Society

1988 has been a good year thus far for the north Shore Historical Society. Membership has increased from less than 60 in 1987 to over 70 at the present date. We have continued to hold monthly meetings with a speaker or a film, followed by plenty of audience participation and discussion, and refreshments.

In April, the speaker was Mr. Barry Downs, architect and the author of **Sacred Places: British Columbia's Early Churches.** Mr. Downs spoke on **Religious Art and Architecture in British Columbia,** and because his firm, Downs, Archambault, had designed the present North Vancouver City Hall, we received permission to hold our meeting in the City Council Chamber - a historic occasion. In May, our Society President, Roy Pallant, gave the first of two talks on the life and career of George S. Hanes, who became Engineer of the City of North Vancouver in 1909, and was Mayor from 1913 to 1916, and Liberal Member in the British Columbia Legislature from 1916. Mr. Hanes is credited with introducing in 1907 the first reinforced concrete road construction in Canada, and indeed, in North America, and becoming, therefore, the "Father of concrete roads in North America", at the tender age of 25 years.

In March, acting on behalf of the North Shore Historical Society, Roy Pallant contacted the President of Versatile Pacific Shipyards, formerly Burrard Drydock, formerly Wallaces Shipyard, and now facing probable re-sale. Because some of the heritage landmark buildings are likely to be demolished, permission was obtained to photograph them, both inside and out. The North Shore Museum and Archives sent their photographer to do this, although, at such a time, nobody except Shipyard executives, are usually allowed **inside** the buildings. Photographs include the "hull-loft", a huge structure in which plans and measurements of ships' hulls could be laid out on the floor, as used to be done in the past.

We have written letters to all three North Shore municipalities, expressing our concern for achieving the maximum efficiency in cataloguing all buildings built earlier than 1930.

Our President has conducted five Sunday afternoon "heritage walks" since last October, mostly focusing on the North Lonsdale area. Many of the public have attended, as well as our Society's membership. Our local Community TV, Shaw Cable 4, has been running a program called "Pioneers and Neighbours"; Mr. Pallant has appeared several times on this program, talking about the history of North Vancouver, and on these occasions his host-interviewer has been Olga Ruskin, who is herself a long-time member of the North Shore Historical Society.

E. Grubbe
July 5, 1988

Nanaimo Historical Society Annual Report 1987 - 1988

The attendance at the meetings has increased and name tags have been instituted for those attending the meetings.

Speakers include **Mrs. Lynne Bowen**, who in recognition of the 100th Anniversary, May 3rd, 1887 of the Number One-Coal Mine Disaster, in which 148 miners lost their lives, gave a detailed informative account of the disastrous day. Mrs. Bowen also read excerpts from her new book -- "$3.00 Dream" -- covering the period 1848-1900. The title of the book pertaining to the amount of pay the miners received per day. **Mr. John Haslam** whose family has lived in the Nanaimo area for 100 years was interviewed by the President, Ed. Barraclough re farming and farm life covering the period 1860 to the present day. **Miss H. Stewart** - author of the "Adventures and Sufferings of John R. Jewitt, Captive of Maquinna" was a fascinating storyteller as she related the tale that took place 1803-1805. **Miss Shelly Harding,** Education and Volunteer Program Co-Ordinator of the Nanaimo Museum was speaker at two of our meetings, in May - she explained how artifacts are catalogued and the many details to be taken care of before displays are set up in the Museum, and in February, spoke on the preservation of treasures of the Past so that the articles are safe for the future. **Ed. Barraclough** gave an interesting talk on the adventures of a group of young men, one of them being John MacGregor from Nanaimo who made a six hundred mile journey of the Klondike to Skagway by canoe and dog team around the turn of the century.

Field trips included a trip to the Cumberland Museum and Newcastle Island Provincial Park.

A meeting of our society was held in the local Museum and after the business meeting, a tour of the Museum proved interesting. Guests at this meeting included the Elder Hostel Group from the Malaspina College, Nanaimo.

Two valued members passed away, Mrs. Helen Timmins and Don Grieve, books in their memory will be presented to the Museum, also a book has been presented to the

Museum in memory of our late President, Dr. Seiriol Williams, also a book has been presented to the Kinsmen Child Development Centre in memory of the late Reg. Dickinson.

All Secondary Schools in the Nanaimo District have been contacted and are enthusiastic about books presented by our Society re **historical essays.**

The Nanaimo Tourist Bureau contacted the Historical Society - requesting a summary of the history of Nanaimo (1000 words) and the Executive Committee compiled a good report.

The project of **identifying** and **recording** all **plaques** in the City is still being carried on.

Princess Royal Day was celebrated on November 27th, when the Bastion Bell is rung at 11:00 A.M., to signify when the pioneers set foot on land in Nanaimo, 1854.

"Show and Tell" is a popular feature held in January, the members bring item and give a five minute talk on their history.

Dr. J. Mar has been working diligently re the recognition of the bicentennial of Chinese immigrants who came to the West Coast of Vancouver Island, Nootka-1788--and to commemorate the 100th anniversary -- the naming of the mountain peak on Vancouver Island West Coast. Plans are almost finalized and the naming of the peak officially will probably take place, May 12th, 1988, in Victoria by Premier Bill Vander Zalm.

Major John Howard delighted his audience with his talk entitled "The Capture of Pegasus Bridge" (near Caen, France) on D Day (June 6, 1944).

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1987 - 1988 EXECUTIVE

President	W.E. Barraclough
1st Vice President	Mrs. Daphne Paterson
2nd Vice President	Frank Thompson
Treasurer	T.D. Sale
Corresponding Secretary	Mrs. M. Nicholls
Recording Secretary	Miss Dorthy McCourt

Gerry Andrews Honored

Former B.C.H.F. President Gerry Andrews was honoured by the University of Victoria on May 26th, when he received the title and degree of Honorary Doctor of Engineering. Our members will join us in congratulating Gerry on this great honour. Following is the text of the address by the President of the University of Victoria on the occasion.

Mr. Chancellor:

I have the honour to present Gerald Smedley Andrews.

Mr. Andrews attended the normal school of Vancouver, graduating in 1922, and established the first school in the Metis Community of Kelly Lake in 1923. He learned the Cree language and travelled extensively through the Peace River district, making friends and gaining a feel for the country. With a change in interests, he then entered the University of Toronto, from which he received a B.SC. in Forestry in 1930.

He was a pioneer in the immense effort of surveying and mapping the territory of British Columbia; he led the first surveys of the flathead, shuswap and tranquille districts. The hardships and difficulties of conducting field surveys led him to his interest in the use of photography from aircraft for surveying and mapping, which in turn led him to study photogrammetry at Oxford and Dresden. He then returned to the B.C. Forest Service, and began a long-term effort to develop a provincial air survey program.

During the Second World War, as a member of the Royal Canadian Engineers, he was responsible for the mapping of underwater and surface conditions of coasts and beaches for operation overlord. The Normandy Invasion. For their service he was made a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society of the UK, and was also awarded an OBE (member, military division) by his Majesty George VI.

From 1951, Mr. Andrews held the positions of Surveyor General of British Columbia and Director of Surveys and Mapping. He retired from Government Service in 1968; one interesting although inadequate measure of his contribution is that, during his service with the B.C. Government, their stock of air photographs grew from zero to 523,000 items.

In honouring Gerry Andrews today, the university pays tribute to the very best of the spirit and skill of B.C.'s Pioneering Professional Engineers, his contributions to the mapping of the wilderness of British Columbia have contributed inestimably to the present state of development of our province.

Mr. Chancellor, I now ask, on behalf of the senate of the University, that you confer upon Gerald Smedley Andrews the title and degree of honorary Doctor of Engineering.

Writing Competiton 1987

The following books were submitted for the 5th annual Competition for Writers of B.C. History. Each is available at local bookstores or may be ordered from the address listed below and title.

FIRST PRIZE & LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR'S MEDAL

Three Dollar Dreams
Lynne Bowen
Oolichan Books
P.O. Box 10
Lantzville, B.C. V0R 1H0

408 pages Hard Cover
$29.95
A fascinating history of coal mines in the Naaimo ara.

CERTIFICATE OF MERIT

Sappers
Beth Hill
Horsdai & Schubart Publishers Ltd.
P.O. Box 1
Ganges, B.C. V0S 1E0

182 pages Soft Cover
$9.95
A friendly look at the Royal Engineers and their role in the Colony & Province of British Columbia.

CERTIFICATE OF MERIT - BEST BIOGRAPHY

Spilsbury's Coast
Jim Spilsbury & Howard White
A.J. Spilsbury
6691 Madrona Crescent
West Vancouver, B.C. V7W 2J9

190 pages Hard Cover
$24.95
The story of life in remote coastal sites and the coming of radio. Pioneers in the Wet West.

442 Squadron History
Capts. T.A. Strocel & G. MacDonald
Captain Terry Strocel
442 Transport & Rescue Squadron
Canadian Forces Base, Lazo, B.C. V0R 2K0

144 pages Hard Cover
$20.00
The story of a west coast squadron from inception to present day.

Caesars of the Wilderness
Peter C. Newman
Penguin Books Canada Ltd.
2801 John Street
Markham, Ontario, L3R 1B4

450 pages Hard Cover
$25.00
A superb book. The history of the Hudson's Bay Company in western Canada. Scant B.C. content precludes it from a B.C. prize.

The Nootka
Edited by Charles Lillard
Sono Nis Press
Victoria, B.C. V8W 2J8

216 pages Hard Cover
$18.95
Annotated reprint of the diary of Gilbert Malcom Sproat.

Succession
David Mitchell
Douglas & McIntyre Ltd.
1615 Venables Street
Vancouver, B.C. V5L 2H1

201 pages Hard Cover
$24.95
A well written record of the Social Credit party in B.C.

A Town Called Chase
Joyce Dunn
Chase Chamber of Commerce
Box 592
Chase, B.C. V0E 1M0

383 pages Soft Cover
$15.95
The history of Chase, the town on Little Shuswap Lake.

You're All Grown Up Vancouver!
Margaret Evans
Hancock House Publishers Ltd.
19313 Zero Avenue
Surrey, B.C. V3S 5J9

96 pages 8 1/2x11" Paperback
$9.95
A child's eye view of Vancouver history.
Illustrations by Barb Wood.

Early History of Port Moody
D.M. Norton
Hancock House Publishers
19313 Zero Avenue
Surrey, B.C. V3S 5J9

180 pages Soft Cover
$12.95
The human story of one town's grit and determination 1700 - 1914.

Grand Forks - The First 100 Years
J.B. & Alice Glanville
J.G. Glanville
Box 746
Grand Forks, B.C. V0H 1H0

188 pages Soft Cover
$13.50
The Boundary Country celebrates the 100th anniversary of the arrival of its earliest settlers.

Our First Century
Les Cummings
First Baptist Church
969 Burrard Street
Vancouver, B.C. V6Z 1Y1

84 pages Soft Cover
$9.50
A record of activities of Baptist congregations in the changing community of Vancouver.

West of the Great Divide
Robert Turner
Sono Nis Press
1745 Blanshard Street
Victoria, B.C. V8W 2J8

336 pages Hard Cover
$39.95
A detailed history of the Canadian Pacific Railway in B.C. Well illustrated.

Adventures and Sufferings of John R. Jewitt
Hilary Stewart
Douglas & McIntyre
1615 Venables Street
Vancouver, B.C. V5L 2H1

189 pages Hard Cover
$29.95
The presentation of journal kept by a prisoner of Maquinna 1803-1805 and explanatory history of that era.

First Water Tigers
Dave Parker
Sono Nis Press
1745 Blanshard Street
Victoria, B.C. V8W 2J8

234 pages Hard Cover
$34.95
The story of Victoria's fire fighters and fire engines through the years.

Steaming Through Northern Waters
Phylis Bowman
P. Bowman
688 Skeena Drive
Port Edward, B.C. V0V 1G0

80 pages Soft Cover
$5.95
An illustrated history of shipping on the North Coast.

Second World War Memories
Phylis Bowman
688 Skeena Drive
Port Edward, B.C. V0V 1G0

84 pages Soft Cover
$5.95
An illustrated history of Prince Rupert in WWII

Land of Plenty
D.E. Isenor, W.N. McInnes, E.G. Stephens & D.E. Watson
D. Isenor
Office H. 830 Cliffe Street
Courtena, B.C. V9N 2J7

464 pages Hard Cover
$39.95
125 years of European presence in the Comox-Courtenay-Cumberland area.

Pioneer Pipers of B.C.
Carl Ian Walker
C.I. Walker
Box 381
Squamish, B.C. V0N 3G0

286 pages Hard Cover
$35.00
A directory of B.C. residents who have performed on bagpipes.

Report On The B.C.-Alberta Historical Conference Banff, Alberta 1988

The Historical Society of Alberta and the British Columbia Historical Federation held a joint conference at the Banff Centre from Thursday May to Sunday, May 8, 1988. Delegates and visitors were welcomed and registered by Dr. Fred Holberton of Calgary who handled the pre-registration and facilities coordination for the conference.

Commencing at 7:30 p.m. on Thursday a welcoming reception was held in a penthouse lounge overlooking the Bow Valley. President Naomi Miller brought greetings declaring that the B.C. Historical Federation was now 65 years old. President Elise Cobet extended a welcome on behalf of the now 82 year old Historical Society of Alberta. Eight large groups then participated in a get acquainted "Buzz session" at the end of which the appointed leaders or scribes gave a varied and interesting report of the input of each group from a list of suggested historical concerns.

B.C. Historical Federation members met Friday morning in Room 300 for their Annual General Meeting, while the Historical Society of Alberta met in Room 307 for their annual meeting. Basic highlights of the B.C.H. F. Meeting included the following:

Greetings from the Honorary President Dr. W. Kaye Lamb delivered by Anne Yandle.

Roll Call of Societies - 14 Branches were represented.

Reading of 1987 A.G.M. Minutes by retiring Recording - Secretary, Margaret Stoneberg; Treasurer's Report by George Newell; Summary of letters received and sent by Corresponding Secretary Don Sale; President's Report from Naomi Miller.

Invitations - to hold the 1989 A.G.M. in Victoria, the 1990 A.G.M. in Grand Forks, 1991 in Cowichan, and 1992 in Burnaby.

5) New Business:

Agreement in principle to send a delegate to the Annual Conference of Heritage Canada in September 1988 in Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Introduction of Associate (Individual) Memberships. This new category of membership is designed to allow individuals who cannot affiliate with a branch society to be more fully informed on Council activities, and to receive an invitation to attend the annual conference. The price of this membership will be the cost of an individual subscription plus a nominal membership fee. This year that will be $8.00 plus $2.00. Current individual subscribers to the **British Columbia Historical News** will be informed of this option when their next renewal notice is sent out to them.

Current fees to remain the same as set in 1987.

6) Reports from Branches - these will be published in the **NEWS.**

7) Elections on slate presented by nominations Chairman Anne Yandle.

8) Adjournment following numerous well deserved votes of thanks.

Following the lunch break the delegates and visitors from both Societies assembled in Room 300 of Donald Cameron Hall to hear Maryalice Harvey Stewart speak on "Park Wardens in Rocky Mountain Parks." Her talk traced the trails and tribulations of the park wardens over the past century with special mention of the earlier ones. Several humorous incidents were recounted. The development of fire fighting techniques, warden schools, and methods of travel were included. After coffee break John Adams of Victoria spoke on "Heritage Cemeteries: Finding History in a Graveyard." This well documented slide presentation included various methods of marking graves and burial areas as practised by ethnic groups in many parts of the province. Two tours of the Walter Phillips Art Gallery concluded the afternoon. Displays here are ever changing and the current exhibit featured items used by handicapped individuals.

Syd Feuz of Golden gave a slide show with commentary on "Alpine Guiding; The Swiss Guides and Others". Feuz's grandfather, father and two uncles had been mountaineering guides for the C.P.R. from 1897 - 1930. Syd is a practicing heli-ski guide. The views shown covered climbers from 1900 to modern daredevils climbing icefalls and steep cliffs.

Friday evening concluded with a panel discussion of "Umbrella Groups; Their Role in Heritage Preservation." chaired by Terry Chapman of Medicine Hat College. Panelists were Ross Keith from Regina, Saskatchewan Myrtle Haslam of Duncan, B.C., and Morris Flewelling of Red Deer, Alberta. All participants agreed that specific projects of historical worth must be undertaken, sources of funds must be sought and cooperation between parallel organizations intensified. Provincial umbrella groups could include such groups as archaeologists, architects, gemologists, historical, museum and other heritage organizations interested in preservation,

pride, and mutual support.

On Saturday morning, May 7, participants could choose from three workshops held at 9 a.m. and one from three topics offered at 10:45 a.m. A popular choice was "Helpful Hints to Would be Writers" by Dr. G.P.V. Akrigg and Helen Akrigg. Items covered by these speakers started with the gathering of working tools, choosing a topic, use of index cards, maps, pictures, through assessing the written product, approaching a publisher, and advice re marketing. "Preservation of Old Books" was demonstrated by Charles Brandt of Black Creek, B.C., while Donald J. Bourdon of the Whyte gallery in Banff illustrated his talk on "Care and Handling of Archival Collections for Small Institutions and Collectors." Choices for the later session included further instruction on Book Binding by Charles Brandt; "Tracing Your Family Tree" by Genealogist Enid Fitzsimmons of Edmonton; and a slide presentation on "Medicinal and Nutritional Wild Plants and Herbs" by Donna Coulter of Fort McLeod with "Pioneer Foods and Recipes in Alberta and B.C." by Bunny Barss.

After lunch participants either toured the Whyte Museum, or the Cave and Basin, or went on a conducted hike up Tunnel Mountain. Half the hikers were with a guide from Parks Canada while the others were escorted by Harvey Locke, a lawyer from Calgary. The weather was perfect for enjoying the Rockies at their best.

Approximately 140 members and guests assembled for the banquet of roast beef, Yorkshire pudding and the trimmings. Margaret Stoneberg was presented with a corsage in recognition of her eleven years as Recording Secretary, B.C.H.F.. Honorable Greg Stevens, M.L.A. for Banff-Cochrane and Minister of Culture and Multiculturalism presented the Historical Society of Alberta Award of Mr. Bill Peters. Mr. Don Sale, Chairman of the B.C.H.F. Writing Awards Committee presented a Certificate of Merit to Mr. Jim Spilsbury, author of **Spilsbury's Coast.** He then presented the Lieutenant-Governor's Medal and a Certificate of Merit to Mrs. Lynne Bowen, author of the 1987 winning historical book **Three Dollar Dreams.**

The after dinner speaker was Mr. Jon Whyte, Curator of the Whyte Museum. He gave a brief background of Banff which celebrated its centenary recently. Pointing out the importance of geography and mythology, he went on to refer to great epics such as Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, Shakespeare's works, Dicken's Tale of Two Cities and Berton's National Dream. He then regaled his audience with samples of local poetry rich in alliteration, imitative harmony, metaphors and similes, expertly narrated with expression. Naomi Miller, retiring president of the B.C.H.F. suitably thanked the speaker. A memorable joint conference was brought to a close with a "Thank You" to Leonard McCann for initiating the idea, and with an invitation to Albertans to join us in Burnaby in 1992.

Submitted by T.D. Sale
Secretary, B.C.H. Federation
Nanaimo, B.C.

COMING SOON

Packtrains in the Cassiar, Curio Dealers in Victoria, a Settlement Scheme for Galiano, and Excerpt from Edgar Dewdney's Journal will be in Volume 22 No. 1.
Theme for Spring 1989 issue is to be "Education". This can be on formal or informal education. Deadline for these articles is March 1, 1989.
The Fall 1989 issue will be "Memories of the 1930's".

Best Article Winner 1987

Ron Hawker received a Certificate of Merit for his article "Chateau Prince Rupert: A Forgotten Dream." Hawker was attending the University of Victoria at the time, where he earned a Masters degree in History in Art. (M.A.) His thesis topic was "Gravestones Among TsimShan Indians". He presented a paper at the B.C. Historical Federation second Symposium on Heritage Cemeteries.

Following graduation from the University of Victoria, Hawker and his wife moved to Japan. Both are teaching English at a private conversation school in Matsuyama.

Look for another article by this author in the coming issue.

Elise Corbett

Bookshelf

Whalers No More, A History of Whaling on the West Coast

by W.A. Hagelund, Madeira Park, B.C., Harbour Publishing Company Ltd., 1987

211 Pages $24.95

This book is a pleasant switch from the currently popular apologetic school of writing on the history of Canada's whaling industry. It is written by a former whaler who provides a first hand account of the reasons men went whaling, their experiences at seas, and their lives ashore. There are no mind-numbing statistics presented nor impassioned arguments for either side of the whaling controversy. There is rather a vivid social history of the nearly forgotten whaling life.

When asked how he could kill a whale the author presented the argument that whaling provided society with many essential products and that it was traditionally the pursuit of the very poor, the very hungry, and very desperate men. The pointed out that the industry brought out the best and the worst of the men who laboured there: <... courage, tenacity and feats of seamanship were virtues... but they were also guilty of greed and waste.>

His personal horror at the killing of his first whale is evidence that whalers are not wanton killers but rather the professional hunters of the sea: <If filled me with awe for the great creature we had hunted and mortified me with the first time. Later our skills because more keen and I hardened to the job of hunting and dispatching whales; these feelings could be submerged and ignored in the necessary routines of the job which was earning me a living.> Other passages give insights into how the whalers learned their trade aboard ship.

The book is excellent in describing the technology and social history of the modern Pacific steam whaling, both at sea and ashore. Of particular use is the inclusion of diagrams of vessels and whaling stations at Naden and Coal Harbour. While the author relies primarily on his own experiences for his material he also records the early history of Pacific whaling and the men who made the industry -- the gunners, pilots, and entrepreneurs.

Another reason this work is available is that it recognizes that the romance of whaling persisted up to the twentieth century and the advent of the modern whaling vessel which had steam powered ships. After reading the book, however, few readers will conclude that steam whaling does not have a romanticism of its own. This is touchingly pointed out in the author's reason for writing the book: <... because an old man held determinedly to a dream long enough for [the author] to realize that when he and his dream went we would have lost an important touchstone with our country's historic past... his dream was to refit the old steam whaler Green to go to sea again. It was an impossible dream for almost twenty years he nursed it, and it became his vital spark of life.>

Taken from the point of view of the participant rather than the protester this book shows that modern Pacific steam whaling is as romantic as traditional whaling. Given a century's time it too may be deemed worthy of commemoration. As with the author's previous book on B.C. whalers, **Flying the Chase Flag,** it is a valuable contribution to British Columbia's maritime history as well as being thoroughly enjoyable to read.

Duncan Stacey

Duncan Stacey is a fishing historian based in Vancouver, and currently doing work for the National Museum of Canada.

Three Dollar Dreams

by Lynne Bowne. Lantzville, B.C. Oolichan Books, 1987. PP. 373; illustrated, bibliography, glossary and index $29.95

Three Dollar Dreams is Lynne Bowen's second book about the coal miners of Vancouver Island. Her first work. **Boss Whistle,** describes the Island's mines in the words of the men and women who lived the story during the twentieth century. **Three Dollar Dreams** traces the origins and development of the mining communities during the previous century. Bowen begins with the efforts of the Hudson's Bay Company to import miners and produce coal at Fort Rupert in 1848. The subsequent emergency of the mature industry forms the backdrop for her narrative. The book focuses on the lives of the men who worked the mines, their families, the dangers associated with working the coal, and the frustrations and joys of their daily lives. Bowen writes with a clear affection for her subjects; and both books reflect a dedication and enthusiasm to ensure that the memories of the miners and their families are not lost now that the mines are closed.

Boss Whistle was firmly rooted

in the extensive interviews with twentieth century miners conducted by the Coal Tyee Society. It was, in Bowen's words, "a book about coal miners ... built from the words of coal miners." It called upon the memories and language of the participants for its inspiration and its detail. **Three Dollar Dreams** is necessarily a different type of history. The actors are no longer available for one last interview. Still, Bowen would have the participants tell their own story so far as possible. Instead of tape recorded interviews, she calls upon "diaries, letters, court transcripts, newspapers and Royal Commissions" to provide the words of the miners. These are not usual tools; they are the common property of all historians. Thus, she has produced a more traditional work of history -- in so far as its sources do not set it apart -- and, as such, it is dependent upon the writer, not the historical actor, for its form, substance and direction.

The result is an episodic narrative, frequently rich in detail, and occasionally tinged with nostalgia. Two shop-worn themes run through the book: "it is about a time when a young boy could start in the mine as the lowest of workers and could become through a lot of hard work and a little luck, a boss or even a millionaire." It is also "about a time when many, no matter how hard-working, did not achieve their dream and settled for a lot less." The Horatio Alger myth embodied in the rise of the Dunsmuirs and a few others is presented in counterpoint with the all too stark realities of life for most miners and their families. It is this second theme which informs the bulk of the books. Both themes are presented rather uncritically and are used as organizing frameworks for the narrative.

Bowen presents a wide range of subjects to the reader with a strong emphasis on the details of individual lives. The early histories of the coal mines and the communities that grew up beside them -- Nanaimo, Wellington, Cumberland and others are described in considerable detail. There is a strong sense of place: commerce, politics and social events are interwoven with details from the histories of the Hudson's Bay Company, the Vancouver Coal Mining and Land Company, and the Dunsmuir companies. Efforts to unionize the mines against the absolute opposition of the Dunsmuirs or along the more paternalistic lines of other coal operators are explored. The world of work underground and the changes brought about by new technologies are clearly described. Conflicts stemming from the employment of Chinese and Japanese in the mines are presented in terms that are sympathetic and understanding to all parties. But Bowen is at her best and makes the most eloquent use of the words drawn from the past when she draws upon the reports and inquests following explosions and fires in the mines. The tales of the survivors offer a grim testimony to the dangers inherent in earning a living digging coal.

If anything, Bowen has attempted to tell too much too quickly. One topic flows rapidly into another; the result is sometimes confusion, sometimes an engrossing story. **Three Dollar Dreams** is based on solid research which is evident from the extensive bibliography. The glossary is also quite useful for those who are not familiar with coal mining terminology. But the effort to provide a wealth of detail on all topics sometimes does a disservice to the reader as it disrupts the narrative. A higher degree of selectivity in her use of the evidence available to her could have produced a more tightly organized book. Unfortunately, to have done so would have been at the expense of the stories of individual lives that give the book much of its strength and one of its primary reasons for having been written.

Taken together, **Three Dollar Dreams** and **Boss Whistle**, provide the general reader with a good introduction to the coal mines of Vancouver Island. They also rescue the lives of many of the less-than-famous from obscurity. **Three Dollar Dreams** is particularly valuable in that it makes a large body of scholarly research on the origins and development of coal mining and miners available to the general public in a readable if less argumentative form. The lack of footnotes will present a problem for the academic reader but should not pose any problem for the general reader who wishes to know more about the mines, the lives of the miners, and the history of Vancouver Island.

Logan W. Hovis

Logan Hovis is an industrial historian, based in Vancouver.

Steaming through Northern Waters

by Phyllis Bowman. Port Edward, B.C., 1987. 80 p. illus. $5.95.

Steaming through Northern Waters is the latest in Phyllis Bowman's series of photo essays on north coast subjects. In the 80 pages of the book there are many photographs of old river boats and coastal vessels, with extensive captions which make up most of the text. Some of the material has appeared elsewhere, and a few of the photographs suffer from poor reproduction. The book is available from the author at 688 Skeena Drive, Port Edward, B.C. V0V 1G0.

John Kendrick

John Kendrick's, a member of the Vancouver Historical Society has recently had his second local history published - People of the Snow - the history of Kitimat.

Shuswap Chronicles, Vol. 1, 1988. Published by the North Shuswap Historical Society. 32 p.

This is the first annual publication of the North Shuswap Historical Society whose goal is to "combine accurate historical analy-

sis with entertaining anecdotes from our pioneers". This issue has a variety of articles, varying from "George Mercer Dawson, Shuswap explorer" to "Cooking for the Crew". It is available from North Shuswap Historical Society, General Delivery, Celista, B.C. V0E 1L0.

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birth of the City of Trail.

Winter snow still covered the ground when in January, 1896 construction of a narrow-gauge tramway to the Rossland mines was begun.

Despite the weather, grading went ahead while on the water-front at the steamboat landing tracks were laid and a small depot built.

Early in April a scowload of rolling stock was towed downriver from Arrowhead and an engine and four ore cars which had been used on the Dunmore & Lethbridge Railway in Alberta were unloaded.

In a short time No. 2, an eight-wheel engine, was running up and down the track under the Big Bridge on Bay Ave.

After one or two trails over greasy rails, the end of track was reached and then the job of forwarding ties and rails was begun by all hands.

Laying one-quarter to one-half mile a day, the work crew made rapid progress and by June the first trains ran from Trail into Rossland, winding up the steep hillside in a series of switchbacks.

Two daily trains and a night train were needed to handle all the freight and passengers. More rolling stock was acquired in Salt Lake City from the Utah Northern Railroad.

Eleven flatcars, six boxcars, an engine, a first-class coach and a private care which had belonged to the president of the Mormon railway, John W. Young, a son of Brigham Young, were brought to Northport and then upriver to Trail by barge.

The former private coach was remodelled, one-half being fitted as a drawing room and was used by Heinze on his frequent visits to Trail.

The passenger coaches were well patronized and a visitor reports that occupants were packed in like sardines in a can, while on gala days people even clung to cowcatcher and tops of cars.

Trail was now, as the masthead of the Trail Creek News proclaimed, "a Rail and Steamboat Headquarters."

F. Augustus Heinze, the highflying buccaneer capitalist from Butte, Montana, was the builder of the Trail Creek Tramway.

It was he who had conceived the idea of smelting Rossland ores at the steamboat landing on the Columbia River and accordingly had erected a copper smelter on a bench above the river.

At first ore was hauled downhill from the mines to the smelter yard by horse-drawn wagons but Heinze constructed the narrow-gauge to replace the horses.

Not content with this, he organized the Columbia & Western Railway Company and obtained a charter to build a railroad from Trail to Midway.

Main offices were established in a big frame building up the hill st Smelter Junction - that same building was demolished but a few weeks ago.

Late in 1896 the Columbia & Western absorbed the Trail Creek Tramway and the following year built a rail line along the Columbia River from Trail to Robson.

In 1898 the CPR bought Heinze's property in British Columbia and became owners of his smelter and railroads.

The little narrow-gauge line to Rossland was widened to standard width and in 1903 the depot was moved from the waterfront to its present location on Cedar Ave.

The advent of the railway made sternwheelers on the river obsolete and for many years the railway brought supplies to Trail and carried passengers to distant points.

Now that era has passed and the tracks have been taken up to make way for motor transport on a modern highway.

Margaret Stoneberg

Donna Colter

Syd Feuz

Helen Akrigg

John Adams John Spittle

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