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Editorial

The Spring '89 issue is on the theme "Education". Several articles have come in and more have been promised so that we may glimpse our history from rural schools, private schools, a city high school, and special educational programs.

We are still requesting articles for the Fall issue - "Memories of the 1930's".

Trampers of historic trails will welcome the return of maps and articles by R.C. Harris, commencing in the next edition.

The featured articles herein are on diverse topics set at widely scattered locales. The **Packers** is a colorful story recounted in the vernacular, and **The Johnson Street Gang** was prepared as a term paper for an M.A. degree. We hope that our readers will appreciate the contrasts.

Naomi Miller

Manuscripts and correspondence for the editor are to be sent to PO. Box 105, Wasa, B.C. V0B 2K0
Correspondence regarding subscriptions are to be directed to the subscription secretary (see inside back cover)

Packers and Packhorses Of Stewart

by Carle Jones

In June 1934 I stepped ashore in Stewart on the northern B.C. Coast. I had just left my childhood home on the flat prairies in the parched, almost treeless Saskatchewan parkland belt. Suddenly I found myself in the midst of steep, heavily forested mountains with huge blue glaciers, snow covered slopes topped by barren rocky peaks, and always within sound of the glistening little streams that tumbled down from the melting snows above. The contrast left me awestricken. The salt tanged smell of the sea with its relentless tides promised interesting beachcombing adventures. The people were all friendly, with interesting backgrounds, but they casually used phases of speech which were unfamiliar to me.

The only familiar things in sight were some horses roaming the tidal flats and wandering around in town. Coming from a farm I had been raised with horses; they were part of the family. We raised and trained them. They were always under control, and their individualities blended into their use in teams. These Stewart pack horses were different. I struck up a friendship with a man named Ray Cyr from Pincher Creek, Alberta. He understood them. Between him and the pack horses I was given a whole new education.

First of all the packhorses were survivors, born and raised in the wilderness of the Caribou country. The weak and stupid ones never

reached working age so the horses I found up there were smart and tough, worked as they were with almost no physical control, we had to control them by voice once we had taught them our language. Mountain bred, they were as sure-footed as goats. Some were used as saddle horses, some broke to harness for freight teams and all were used to carry packs. And the packs were anything that anyone would pay to have moved from here to there over narrow trails on the steep mountain sides, the packs were secured with the famous Diamond Hitch.

As with the farm horses they all knew their names which often derived from an individual's tricks or appearance. "Buttons" would watch for his chance then reach out and snip a button off your shirt from as neat as you please, sometimes he would get his teeth full of chest hair which earned him a good slap on the nose and a bawling out which didn't deter him at all on the next opportunity. "Snap" would reach around while you were adjusting his pack and snip the hip pocket off your pants, sometimes he would go a little too deep with dire consequences for both. A blue roan with china eyes was of course called "Chink".

In the early summer of 1934 Crawford Transfer got a contract to move a lot of machinery over the Missouri Ridge to the portal of an underground gold mill the C.M. & S. were building. This was to be a

twenty-two mile horse packing job, four trips a day. Bill Crawford of Crawford Transfer had been born in Phoenix, B.C., worked with horses in many mining areas of the province before coming to Stewart: here he turned the more active part of the business over to his sons-in-law Bill Esstelmont and Lew Behnson.

In preparation for this they brought in about a dozen head of green broncs from the Caribou to add to their existing string.

Everything came to Stewart by boat in those days, either C.N. or Union Steamships. When those broncs were unloaded off the C.N.S. **Prince George** early one morning they were trainsick, seasick and confused so it wasn't too difficult to get them the two miles to their new home on the tidal flats at Stewart.

All the horses had to be shod because of the rocky and icy trails they would be working on. Getting the shoes on that bunch of horses was quite a circus, but it also got them used to being handled.

Most of the bunch were in their prime, but there was one grey that we were sure the Caribou cowboys had thrown into the bunch for a joke on us. He was old, wild and smart, and in his only previous experience with men they had hurt him with a branding iron. He fought us every inch of the way and we only got the shoes on him by stretching him across the Blacksmith Shop floor with a block and tackle, helpless he would still bite and we had to throw a blanket over his head and sit on it to prevent anyone getting hurt.

Finally one morning we threw the packsaddles and some horse-feed in a truck and head and tailed the string up to the Big Missouri Mine.

Next morning bright and early we saddled up and started putting pay loads on them, another circus, but we didn't do too bad till we got to the old grey. He wasn't about to suffer any more indignities and we were wasting too much time so we loaded him with some heavy green pit props that were lying around,



Packtrain leaving Marmot Glacier with a ton of coal. 1938.

four inches in diameter and eight feet long. The load came up over his head so he couldn't rear, it stuck out on both sides so he couldn't roll over, it was too heavy to buck with and tied with a double diamond, he just couldn't get rid of it, though he sure tried.

When the string was headed up the trail he fought his way to the lead and he held that spot all the years I knew him. When we got over the hill we unpacked all the horses except the old grey, he was still playing games so we said "Let him carry it back".

Same thing again at noon when we watered and fed the horses and loosened some of the cinches to let them rest. We watered and fed the grey but we couldn't touch his pack without more games; the packers were in no mood to play. That afternoon he carried his load both ways and we didn't even offer to take it off till that night when the horses were unsaddled watered and fed. We rubbed their backs and checked them for saddle sores and girth galls and checked their shoes, all except the old grey, we never were able to pick up one of his feet unless there was something wrong with it. Next morning he accepted his pay



Fred Young and Ray Cyr loading ore on "Babe" at Mountian Bay Mine, Stewart, B.C. 1937.

load like a veteran and took his self appointed place in the lead.

He turned out to be one of our best lead horses, when we were chasing and not leading a string we would sometimes have four or five horses between us and the leader and sometimes he would get quite a ways ahead, when we knew of a fork in the trail on the first trip over on a new job we would have to make our way up to the leader to show him which fork to take, not always easy on those narrow trails to get past those bulging packs and spooky horses. We didn't have to do that with the old grey. When he came to a fork in the trail he would wait till he knew you could see him, then he would step out and if you hollered he would pull his foot back and go on up the other fork. He was a natural snow buckler; if he got bogged down in snow or mud he didn't panic or fight or give up but would very patiently figure his way out and let you help him. We called him "Grey Eagle".

Fred Young and Jack Rennie of Stewart Cartage sure had some nice well broke horses. Fred's saddle mare was a beautiful clean limbed Bay with an intelligent eye named "Goldie". She was a real friend and really knew her job. Jack Rennie's favourite for a long time was a fies-ty little grey named "Danny". He didn't have anything left to learn about helping you work a pack-train.

One of their teams was a pair of fairly heavy set Sorrels named

"Dempsey" and "Jeff", Dempsey was a lead horse and Jeff was number two and he would fight any horse that tried to take Dempsey's place at the head of the string.

You had to be careful loading a string to get them in their proper order otherwise you had a battle on your hands until they got themselves sorted out. Those narrow trails were no place for a battle, if a horse fell or got pushed over the edge it was sometimes lost due to injury. One horse I knew of fell into a crevasse on the Marmot Glacier, her body came out in the creek at the toe of the Glacier some years later, perfectly preserved by the ice.

Stewart Cartage got a contract to haul some ten foot lengths of wooden wire-wrapped eight inch pipe up to the Molly B. Mine for John Haahti or "John the Finn" as he was known. This property was just across the Bear River from Stewart. The river was low, not swimming deep for a horse, so with Dempsey and Jeff and Bess and Kid fourup on a freight wagon we hauled the pipe across the river to the foot of Mt. Rainey.

The switchback trail up to the mine was too crooked and crowded past trees and boulders to haul the pipe up with "Go-Devils" a drag with short runners under the front end pulled by one horse, too heavy to lead two to a horse for a balanced load. So Fred got a bright idea, he built two little swivel bolsters on two sawbuck saddles. We loaded a length of pipe on Dempsey and Jeff

one end on each horse and headed them up the trail, we almost went crazy trying to help those two horses get that load around those narrow switch backs but finally made it without hurting a horse. We gave the horses a few oats and went down for another length of pipe, after that was loaded we had our best idea of the day, we headed old Dempsey up the trail and took a shortcut to the top. Left to themselves the horses seemed almost to talk to each other as they inched that awkward load around the steep narrow corners, not fast but patiently and surely with an occasional shout of encouragement till they got to the mine where we waited for them. We unloaded and fed them some more oats and went down for another load which they handled the same way. Those two horses carried a couple of hundred feet of pipe up that hill practically by themselves.

"Bess" and "Kid" were fairly heavy black horses, old Bess's hind end would just about fill up a whole barn door, she was wide. Kid was, like his name, a big good natured kid who would follow Bess anywhere.

We were Rawhiding Ore down from the United Empire Mine north of Stewart. The trail was about four thousand foot drop in four miles and steep in places (the only access till they put the tram in) the snow trail was good. A load was about a ton of sacked ore wrapped in a green cow or horsehide and pulled by one horse. On the steeper pitches the horse would sit on the front of the load and balance and steer with it's front feet, no way to stop or even slow down much, one miss-step and the whole shebang would roll to the bottom. They didn't make many mistakes and we felt that the old-timers seemed to enjoy it.

Three of us on this job, six horses. One morning we were prying the frozen loads loose and heading them down the mountain when Mr. Billy Dann came along. Billy Dann was the Mine promoter and he had been up for a visit and to gather

more fuel for his promotion fires. He had decided to go down that morning and thought it would be nice to ride down so he hopped on the front of a load. Bill Stewart said "I don't think that would be a very good place to ride Mr. Dann", but Billy insisted "I will be quite comfortable here" and he clapped his mittened hands and clucked to the horse.

We pried the load loose and old Bess headed down the hill, at first steep pitch she sat right down on Billy's lap and there she stayed for most of the four thousand feet. Billy was in trouble, with a ton of ore behind him and almost a ton of horse in front he could only scream and pound futilely on old Bess's rump. She was too busy keeping her balance to be distracted and made it safely to the bottom. Billy was walking quite well in a couple of days and he even bought us all a drink.

Jack Rennie was probably one of the best horsemen and Packers in this or any other country. As a Muleteer in the Canadian Army Siberian Contingent that was sent to Murmansk during the First World War and through service in the N.W.M. Police he had a very interesting career in handling horses. He always favoured the military type of packsaddle because it was easier on the horses than the Sawbuck saddle in general use. His horses seemed to understand and returned his affection for them. He liked a drink but that was no excuse to neglect or abuse a horse nor would he allow any liquor out on a packtrain, except maybe a small mickey of rum to make a hot rum at the end of a long cold wet day's ride to liven us up enough to care for our horses before getting our supper. The horses came first.

One Fall Jack got caught with two horses by a seven foot fall of snow up on Texas Creek where he was go-deviling out some ore. There wasn't much grub for him or the horses, no hope of anyone coming in for days, the snow would be there till Spring with more to come any time, four miles to the Premier Mine

Road might as well have been to the moon. He didn't want to leave his horses, they might starve before he could make it back to them (providing he could make it out).

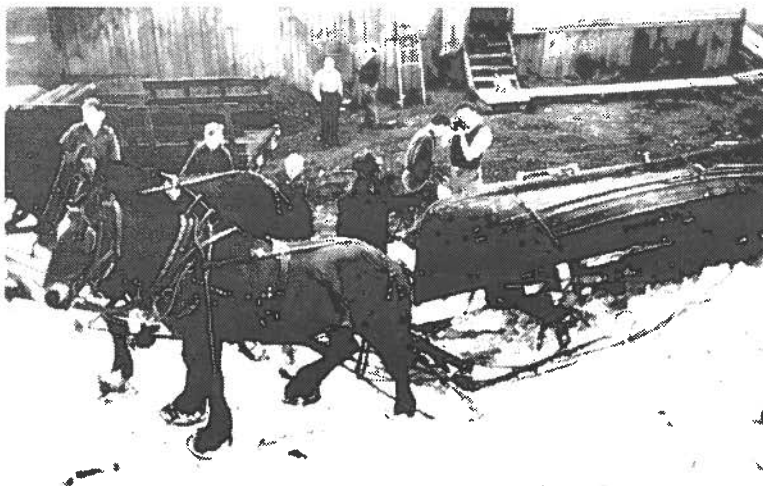
He decided to try to get them out. There were several narrow Kapoc mattress's in the deserted bunkhouse so he carried some of them out and laid them in a line on the snow and led his horses onto them, then he picked up the first mattresses and carried them ahead, floundering in the deep snow he repeated this maneuver for forty-eight hours and succeeded in getting his horses down to the Premier road and safety. The mattresses were torn to shreds by the sharp shoes of the horses and Jack was dead beat, but he saved his horses.

Herb Charlton, Big Jock Morrison and Charlie Beale were well known packers around Stewart. On one joo Rennie had three or four men camping at the mouth of the Marmot River, packing ore out of the Marmot Engineer Mine and other small mines on the Marmot River and Katy Ryan Creek. The men were sleeping in a small tent on the beach, they were working hard, the days were long and after a couple of weeks they were getting pretty edgy. One evening as they sat around their fire smoking and retelling their stories of problems with particular horses, bad pieces of trail and peculiar loads that had to be packed. They looked across the salt chuck to the lights of Hyder B.C. and Hyder Alaska. Those twinkling lights got too much for Herb and he decided to pay them a visit, he got a rowboat and rowed across accompanied by the joshing of the other men.

Later that night they were aroused by a heavy black figure fumbling and snuffling around in the dark tent and trampling on their legs. Jack pulled his feet out from under the blankets and aimed a mighty kick at the intruder as he roared "Get out of here you drunken son of a bitch." As his bare feet hit a furry hide instead of his wayward packer he realized that he had



*Packtrain with building supplies.
Marmot River-1926.*



Horses on snowshoes at Big Missouri Mine, June-1939.

kicked a large Black Bear. The kick bowled the Bear right out of the tent and it took off for the tall timber with no harm to anyone.

One Christmas the town decided to erect a large Christmas Tree at the intersection of the two principal streets, the tree was lit and somebody set up a washtub at its base to serve as a Punchbowl, as each celebrant came along to sample the punch he would add the remaining contents of his private bottle to improve the flavour. Needless to say the contents of that punchbowl got pretty potent. One of John Campbell's cows came along and took several big gulps of the mixture and got tighter than hooty owl, staggering about and causing great hilarity among the onlookers.

Big Jock was pretty well along with his Christmas celebration when he approached the punchbowl. After several generous samples he decided this would be a good place to take a nap, he hadn't been asleep very long when Charlie Beale came along with some cronies. They decided after due consultation at the top of their voices that they should play some trick on Big Jock, Charlie got out his knife and cut Jock's tin pants off just above the knees.

When Big Jock woke up a little while later he stood up and realized that his pants were too short so he stooped over to pull them down thus exposing a large area of Stanfields Golden Fleece, when he straightened up the pants were still too short so he stooped over to pull them down again, after several of

these trials and errors he decided that there was some skulduggery going on and his big temper flared at being the butt of somebody's crude sense of humour, he looked around for the culprit and maybe because he was laughing so loud decided that Charlie was the cause of his embarrassment. Breathing Fire and Brimstone he staggered after Charlie who managed to get on a horse and took off on the Hyder road. Big Jock got another horse and lit out after him.

Somehow Charlie managed to stay on his horse and in the lead, all the way past Hyder and up to Thirteen Mile on the Premier Mine road. By this time they had sobered up a little and Jock in his short pants had cooled off so by mutual agreement they spent the rest of their holiday partaking of the hospitality of Dago Marie's Roadhouse.

Built leanto against the east side of Young and Rennie's barn, beside the Bear River, was their Blacksmith Shop. Every year in March Fred would go out to the shop with kegs of new and unformed horseshoes and fire up his forge. As you approached the shop you could hear the tap, tap, tap of his hammer striking lightly on the anvil. When you entered the shop there would be Fred tapping away at a red hot horseshoe, busy with his forge and anvil and sometimes bursting into a bit of song as he prepared new shoes for their dozen or

so horses, getting ready for the upcoming work season. The air would be filled with the smell of Forge fire and hot iron, a good smell. Around the inside walls of the shop, about four feet off the floor a 2x4 was nailed to the studding, by May on this board would be hung about fourteen sets of new horseshoes, four shoes to a set, all with sharpened caulks, ready to go but with no names attached.

The horses went barefoot in the winter, in the barn or roaming the tidal flats except the ones that were working which were shod with very sharp caulked shoes known as sharpshod, to gain footing on the icy winter roads and trails. Finally one day Fred, always congenial would quietly suggest that we bring Kate, Jip or some other named horse into the shop and as the horse was brought in he would go to that array of horseshoes on the wall and select a set, the horses feet were trimmed and the new shoes nailed on, they always fit with very little adjustment, no two horses feet are exactly the same but Fred had them all memorized. He always had a few sets of general size shoes on hand and we always carried a couple of these shoes tied onto our saddles for temporary replacement if a horse lost a shoe on the trail. If we were working away from home we would get word down to Fred to send up a new shoe for Babe's left hind foot or whatever and when the

shoe arrived it always fit.

On winter trails the horses were not packed but pulled go-devils or rawhides or were teamed on freight sleighs. The day would start early when the snow was frozen and well set, about one or two o'clock in the morning, by eight or nine o'clock the snow would soften and the horses feet would punch through. When this happened the horse would stop and wait for us to come and put on his Snowshoes. The Snowshoes we used were of two different types, one was called a pipe and chain shoe, it was made of a fourteen inch circle of pipe with two cross chains, the horses foot was strapped to the centre of the cross chains. The other type was made of laminated wood, three gouges were made in the top of the snowshoe to fit the caulks of the horseshoe. AU shaped bolt fitted over the horses hoof and through the snowshoe where it was fastened with two burrs and washers. It was a disaster if you lost your little Crescent wrench in the snow. To train a horse to wear Snowshoes was really quite easy, you just put the Snowshoes on him and turned him loose in the yard to figure it out for himself. Some horses never got very good at it but most of them soon learned not to overstep and trip themselves. They seemed to understand the advantage of wearing the Snowshoes. Sometimes we would tell visitors that the horses got so smart they would carry a stick in their mouths to knock the snow off the snowshoes if they got too heavy.

One of my favourite horses was a little Bay with a blaze and white stocking known as 'Old Missouri'. He was really too small for a packhorse but was feisty, tough and smart. Like many of the men in that country he was a loner and didn't mind being away from other horses so was used as a chore horse around the Big Missouri camp and was a pet of all the miners.

When the C.M. & S. drove the tunnel through the Missouri Ridge to the portal of their underground Gold Mill it was just under a mile in

length and all hand tramping because there was no power yet for an electric 'Locie'. Somebody suggested they use Old Missouri for a Pit Pony. He was equipped with a Carbide Miners Lamp in his bridle and hitched to a little train of three ore cars by a ring on his singletree which slid on a horizontal hook near the front of the first car; when he stepped off the track to the left the ring slid off the hook and he was unhitched. The ore cars were side dumping Vee cars with a fifth wheel on the side which rode up on a ramp on the dumping block to empty the car, it was very difficult to push the heavy cars up on the dumping block, but if you hit it fast enough the momentum would carry the car up the ramp and it would dump itself. Old Missouri soon learned that if he came out of the mine at a dead run the cars would just ride up on the dumping block by themselves, so he would come galloping out of the drift and step off to the side and watch his train go by. One of the workmen would come over and check his lamp and hook to the other end of his train and send him in for another load.

We tried all kinds of tricks to get him to pull a fourth car even empty but he would just balk. If his lamp went out he would wait for someone to come along and relight it for him then he would carry on. He didn't have a driver except for the first few days. He knew all about lunch boxes and he loved cake and cookies, after he had popped open a carelessly left lunch box the owner usually had to get a new one. Sure he had a few wrecks but what railroader hasn't.

In the summer of 1936 it was decided to take a couple of horses into the Unuk River to do some packing for the Premier Mining Company. Harold Berg and Sam Kirkpatrick headed in with Danny and Baldy. It took them eighteen very difficult days to make that one hundred miles from the mouth of the river. All their problems weren't with the terrain. One evening as they were making camp Harold had

gone to the creek for a pail of water and as he got back he found a large Black Bear making a meal of their grubpile, his rifle was leaning against a couple of sacks of oats on which the bears two cubs were playing cock-of-the-rock. With the cussing of the men and racket Harold was making with a stick on the bucket, plus the fuss the horses were making, the Bear decided to take her family to a quieter place for supper.

On another occasion a horse was needed to do some packing from a lake that could only be reached by air. So a horse was bundled up with ropes till he looked almost like a mummy and manhandled into a floatplane. With Bill Crawford sitting near his head with a singlejack in case he got a foot loose he made the flight safely to the lake where he was pushed out of the plane and hauled ashore before he drowned. The ropes were taken off and he went to work. Just another day in the life of a Packhorse.

On a trip into the Salmon Gold property the packer was Lee Cockran, a rather small but strong and wiry man who was very ingenious about getting awkward loads up on top of packhorses. The horses were loaded with grub for the Drill camp, all done up in egg crates and wooden orange boxes covered with the usual canvas tarp. In one place the trail crossed a steep hardpacked snow slide which extended down about a thousand feet to the Salmon Glacier.

All the horses made it safely across that snowslide except 'Chink', he fell and rolled on his pack demolishing the wooden crates. When he got back on his feet he didn't like the new feel of his pack so decided to get rid of it. Every time he bucked his rump would smack up under the shattered crates and several cans of tomatoes or whatever would shoot into the air and go rolling down the slide, I saved most of them but the little yellow vinegar keg that had been his top pack took off rolling

and bounding to the bottom, too far to fetch it back.

When 'Chink' settled down we gathered up the groceries and wrapped them in the tarp to make a pack. We found that the lid had come off a tin of orange marmalade and Chink was smeared with the stuff from his tail to the tip of his ears, the saddle and lash ropes were so slippery with orange marmalade that it was almost impossible to get a grip on them to tie down the load. I never knew a can of Orange Marmalade could spread so far.

All the tales of the Hardiness and Intelligence and yes, the Cussedness of the Packers and Packhorses can never be told. But whenever and wherever you meet a packer he will have more tales to add to the lore of the Packhorses.

Definitions

String refers to line of horses in single file, a Packtrain head and tailed. The halter of each horse is tied to the tail of the horse ahead of it. Usually only used to move a string of unloaded horses along a road.

Tin Pants. Protective clothing made of heavy canvas duck material also known as 'Bone Dries.'

Mucking Sheet A metal plate placed on the floor of a mine to receive the broken rock or 'Muck' of blasting.

Carl Jones stayed in the Stewart area doing a variety of jobs until he joined the army in W.W.II. He worked in Warfield, Saskatoon, Crowsnest Pass, and Mica Creek prior to moving to Creston in 1967. He is involved in many community groups in Creston, including the Historical and Museum Society.

The Dewdney Trail Through The Kootenays

by Frank Merriam



Edgar Dewdney, 1865.

PABC HP12877

Edgar Dewdney was commissioned by Governor Douglas to create "a mule trail with grades that could accommodate wagon road status at a later date." The first section of this trail was built in 1860 between Hope and Princeton, and extended to a mining camp at Rock Creek in 1861. A gold find in the East Kootenay prompted the government to engage Dewdney to extend his trail in 1865 to Fisherville on Wild Horse Creek. This east-west route through southern B.C. ultimately became Highway #3. Although the chief purpose of the trail was to give merchants in Victoria and New Westminster access to markets in mining camps, it became a factor in opening up many areas to homesteaders.

The writer will quote from archival documents to explain the problems that Edgar Dewdney faced in his search for a trail through the Kootenays. Excerpts from letters and documents are italicized: commentary is in regular type. The

main document is an end-of-year project letter and accounting in Dewdney's handwriting forwarded to Joseph Trutch, a Minister in the Colonial Government of James Seymour.

"I have the honor to inform you that in accordance with instructions received from His Excellence the Governor, I left New Westminster on the 12th of April, 1865 in charge of a party to explore the country between Soyoos Lake, and Wild Horse Creek for the purpose of deciding upon the best line for a mule trail between those two points, also to superintend its immediate construction, as well as other works more fully described in my letter of instruction dated 10th April, 1865. The House, the Chief Commissioner of L & W and Surveyor General."

This gives a brief outline of the duties Edgar had to carry out. The instructions described the grades he was to install (which were not more than 12%.) In other letters he re-

lates his necessity to lay out much steeper grades to accommodate the steep mountain terrain. "My operation commenced at Soyoos Lake from which place I set out with my party on 13th of May.

I had previously visited Mr. Angus McDonald of the Hudson Bay Company at Colville to obtain from him information regarding the different routes (sic) I proposed exploring, and with which he was acquainted; from him I received much valuable information."

Dewdney indicates his trail or line through this section started at Soyoos Lake and was part of the east west line forming the Southern Crossroads at Osoyoos. He refers to earlier discussions (1864) with Angus McDonald, Chief Factor Fort Colville, Senior over Chief Traders Joseph Hardisty of Fort Sheppard and Joseph McKay at Fort Kamloops.

"In my previous reports from Fort Sheppard and Kootenais Lake dated respectively May 28th and June 2nd, I described what my success had been in following what I supposed to be the line indicated by Mr. McDonald; up Boundary Creek to its Forks then eastward to the Ichivoniton (or north fork of Kettle River) crossing about ten miles from its mouth, then through a divide at the north side of the largest mountain in that neighborhood, called McDonald's Mountain, to the Columbia River."

He made a preliminary traverse to find a route further north of the international Boundary. He trekked through today's Greenwood and the East Fork of Boundary Creek, Jewell Creek and Jewell Lake, over into Pass Creek and down across the Ichivoniton (Granby River) ten miles north of Grand Forks, north-westward to the north of McDonalds' Mountain (Mt. Gladstone) and arrived on the Arrow Lakes near Renata.

"You will find I was unsuccessful in this section. Had I found on the east side on the Columbia, a practicable line for a road to

Kootenais in connection with this I should have made a further exploration of McDonalds Pass. On my arrival at Kootenais Lake from the Columbia River, a Description of which exploration I forwarded in a report dated June 20, I was in hopes I had succeeded but subsequent examination convinced me that no feasible divide existed by which a trail could be continued, without following the Lake to its northern end and about 20 miles up the stream flowing into it from the northwest, then striking across the Old Indian Trail to the headwaters of the Columbia..."

Edgar indicated his disappointment at not finding an eastern pass from today's Castlegar through the Selkirks to Kootenay Lake. He went up the Kootenay River via the steep Indian trail through dense undergrowth, along the many falls, to the west arm of the lake. He sent reconnaissance teams up to Rose Pass, Fry Creek and Hammel Creek, north to Glazier Creek and the Kinbasket Trail of the early 1800's over Jumbo Pass to the Windermere Valley.

"As I mentioned in my report of June 20th I considered this a long expensive line and one that would not have carried out the object of my expedition. I consequently gave up all idea of it and proceeded southward to the lower end of the lake."

This is where Dewdney decided to search for a line further south in the Cascades and Selkirks. He moved his crew to the south end of Kootenay, or the early white man's name - Flatbow Lake. Flatbow being a direct reference to the sturgeon-nosed canoe the Indians used here, only found elsewhere in the Amur River Swamps in Siberia.

"Here I instructed Messrs Turner to return to the Columbia and examine the valleys through which the Hudson Bay Company had constructed a rough trail, and through which I was informed horses had travelled the previous year and also if favorably impressed with it to blaze that line at once."

From here he sends Mr. Turner with a small crew back to Fort Sheppard through Summit Creek, Lost Creek, Salmon River and to the mouth of the Pend O Reille across the Columbia from the Hudson Bay Co. Post. This trail had been reopened by H.B.C. men in 1864. This route was also explored previously by the Palliser Expedition in 1859 when they despaired of a commercial crossing of the Kootenais bottom lands.

"I, with the remainder of my party continued to explore the country between the east side of the Lake and the valley of the Mooyie along which the trail to Wild Horse Creek runs."

I considered this in every respect fit for a road, being almost level and with good feed. I arrived at Wild Horse Creek on the 13th of June as I was satisfied that the only continuous line of communication between Soyoos Lake and Kootenais, north of the 49th parallel and south of the upper end of the Arrow Lakes was as follows. I determined to commence work at once."

The rest of the crew, including Mr. Mepps and Mr. Howell (two of Dewdney's immediate Deputies) went east from the Creston area to Fisherville on the Wild Horse River. He mentions the trail in the valley of the Moyie. This, of course, is the line established by David Thompson in 1808 later became part of the Walla Walla Fur Brigade Trail.

"Starting from Soyoos Lake, I follow generally the old trail at Boundary Creek, crossing it about 3 miles from its junction with the Kettle River, thence to the Columbia via the trail known as McKays', but making such deviations (sic) as were necessary to avoid bad grades -- this section I estimate at 110 miles."

This and following paragraphs explain where Edgar Dewdney decided to install his famous trail. I will use today's names to show the actual traverse through the Boundary and Kootenays. From

Osoyoos to Boundary Falls, some three miles northeast of Midway. From here it goes almost straight east to Grand Forks (Grande Prairie) and then again on Hwy. #3 to Cascade. It enters the Rossland Range via Chandler Creek to O'Farrel and Alder Creeks, and through a low pass some two miles south of the mile high Santa Rosa Pass. They went down the south fork of Santa Rosa Creek across Big Sheep Creek and just to the north of Mt. Sophia, to the south fork of Sophia Creek and descended to Little Sheep Creek, up this and over into Trail Creek, thence down to Trail. I believe both the Creek and city were named after the trail. McKays line is a reference to the work done by Joseph McKay in years previous for the Hudson Bay Co. This line was Fur Brigade status and "Devuations" were necessary to bring it up to wagon road possibilities.

"I crossed the Columbia about two miles above the Boundary line and keeping down its east bank half a mile, leave it and continued up the Pend O Reille and Little Salmon River, then down the valley of Summit Creek to Koutenais Lake; this section I estimate at 64 miles."

From Trail the route led down the Columbia to Fort Sheppard and crossed to the Pend O Reille one half mile upriver, up the Pend O Reille to the Salmon and up this to Lost Creek; up and up to the summit of the Selkirk, the trails highest elevation (over 600 feet), down the north fort of Summit Creek. From the summit No. 3 Highway covers most of the line all the way to Cranbrook. Near the mouth of Summit Creek, Edgar had to turn north some four miles to the narrowest and highest land across the Koutenais Swamps, known in the early days as Lone Tree Ridge.

"Here I met with the only difficulty on the whole line, which was, to determine at what point it was most advisable to establish a crossing. The valley of the Koutenais is here about three miles in width and

at high water is almost entirely overflowed and I found that the high water crossing of which I had been informed, and upon which I was depending, was a few hundred yards below the Boundary line; after several days search I was compelled to adopt the present one, which will require rather a large outlay to make it a convenient and permanent crossing; an estimate of this and other required work I shall give you before closing my report."

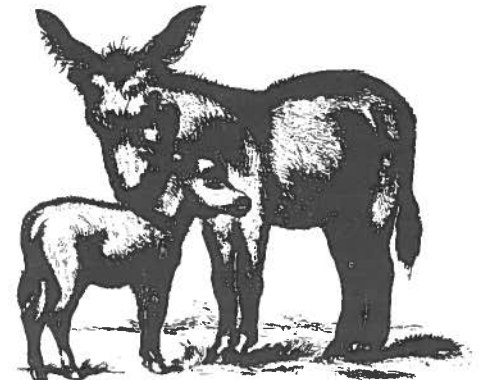
This paragraph tells of the first crossing of the Kootenay Swamps by an artery of commerce. It was the first joining of the East and West Kootenays by wagon road, thus starting the first white man's development of the Creston Valley. The Great Northern Railroad pushed ahead with plans to offset the transportation values of the Colonial Trail. The Canadian Railroad, which I believe was the secret mission of Pallisers' work, opposed the move and great court battles were waged. In a separate letter, Dewdney explains in full his problems to find a bit of solid ground to cross this valley. He estimated this crossing at \$8000.00 including a ferry.

"On leaving Koutenais Lake I follow up Goat River about twenty miles and leaving it turn eastward along occasional meadows to the trail on Mooyie River which I join about eight miles north of the Boundary line and continuing along the old trail reach Wild Horse Creek in an estimated distance of one hundred miles from Koutenais Lake."

This adds to paragraph seven. In still another Dewdney letter, he explains a contract with William Fernie for him to build the line from Wild Horse to the Kootenay Flats into a wagon road. Fernie's letter of October 1865 indicated completion including corduroy across to the Kootenay River. This road went up the Peavine River from the north end of Moyie Lake into the southwest of Cranbrook, and right through to the site of Galbraith's Ferry at Fort Steele. Brevity has created an almost capsule look to

my stories and comments. There were many other historical events in direct connection with the installation of the Dewdney Trail, especially in connection with the Hudson Bay Co. both before and after. This would transform this story to at least a pocket book edition. Its effect was more profound on the Creston Valley than any other community that appeared along the route. Many of the early settlers and squatters came in over the trail from both directions to start the farming, mining and logging of early commerce. The first attempts at reclamation of the flats by Baillie Grohman were assisted by the ease of access. Men and machines have overcome the problems of the Kootenay Swamps. The Highway goes through on a causeway south of that ferry which linked east and west for many years. Visitors may still walk on a piece of Dewdney's trail beside the Creston Valley Wildlife reserve. There your imagination can take you back to 1865.

Frank Merriam lives in the Creston Valley where he has been active in several groups, and projects. He was a Scouter for many years; served on the Creston Valley Wildlife Management Board; devotes hours to the Creston & District Museum and was Editor for the publishing of a history of Wynndel. He walked miles, pored over old maps, and spent weeks at the provincial and H.B.C. Archives to familiarize himself with the Dewdney Trail.



The Johnson Street Gang: British Columbia's Early Indian Art Dealers

by Ronald W. Hawker

The curio dealer played an important role in the dissemination of Northwest Coast art in the late nineteenth century. Since most Northwest Coast art came out of British Columbia and since Victoria was the main trade center, not only for British Columbia, but for the entire Pacific Northwest, it is not surprising that the city had the largest population of dealers on the Pacific Coast between the years 1880-1912.

The curio dealers' significance is two-fold. First, they were essential to museum collectors as suppliers of valuable artifacts. They often provided the necessary contacts for collection in the field as well since many dealers had spent time as traders in the northern, more isolated areas. Second, the curio dealers catered to the nineteenth century's growing tourist industry, often providing the only avenue for purchase for the casual private collector and the souvenir-seeking tourist.

Tourism in modern terms is essentially a Victoria invention. The Industrial Revolution and its accompanying boom in urbanization created two new sectors of English society. The first was an urban population that became the principal market for the passenger railway and for the popular excursion associated with it. The second was a new class of fundholders and financial intermediaries, whose wealth was not committed to land and who formed the market for trade and tourism as soon as the supply of

transport made travel possible. The North Atlantic trade between Britain and North America, developed primarily by this second new class in the mid-nineteenth century, played a decisive role in encouraging transatlantic passenger lines, eastern North America was within only five or six days of European ports.¹

Tourism in western Canada began in the early 1870's and was closely associated with the railroad as the Canadian Pacific Railway used tourism and luxurious accommodations to promote immigration in the west and to pay for its expensive mountain passes. By the 1880's, tourism had become a significant concern on the west coast as transportation connections were improved with the completion of the CPR's transcontinental line in 1886 and the implementation of a trans-Pacific ocean liner route from Vancouver to Hong Kong in 1889.² The railway in particular brought the new class of British transatlantic travelers to western Canada.

In the early 1880's, following American political stabilization in the immediate post-Civil War period, there was also a resurgence in the Alaskan economy and a tour of the inside passage between Washington state and Alaska was instigated. Originating in an American port, such as San Francisco, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle or Port Townsend, this trip made announced stops at the Canadian ports of Victoria and Nanaimo. It also made unan-

nounced stops at smaller Canadian communities like Port Essington, Port Simpson and later Prince Rupert before continuing on to Fort Wrangel (later called Wrangell), Juneau and Douglas. On its way home, it made a brief stop at Sitka. The entire round trip took thirty days from San Francisco and its popularity grew dramatically over the decade. In 1884, the line reported 1,650 sight-seers; by 1890, this figure had jumped to 5,007.³

Although Victoria did not have a coherent formal policy towards tourist promotion until the Tourist Development Agency was founded in 1901⁴, it held a strategic position in both these schemes. It had long been the port of entry for all settlers, missionaries, adventurers and gold seekers heading north and had originally been designated as the Pacific terminus for the CPR's transcontinental line. When this honour had fallen to Vancouver, the CPR continued to promote tourism in Victoria through a maritime connection between Vancouver and Victoria and later through the construction of a large, luxurious Chateau-style hotel on the Victoria harbor front. Victoria was also conveniently located at the halfway point between San Francisco and Alaska. This made it an important stopover on the inside passage tour and local merchants made every effort to take advantage of the burgeoning tourist trade. It is no coincidence that the first curio dealer appeared in Victoria in the early 1880's, just as the tourist trade was beginning to emerge as an important economic factor.

The Industrial Revolution, which created a tourist market through improvements in transportation and the expansion of a wealthy middle class, also contributed to the field of museum collecting. With a wealthier, more educated and better-traveled middle class came an interest in the surrounding world and its varied cultures, both past and present. Rooted essentially in the eighteenth century interest in archaeology and the classical

past, the attraction was expanded in the nineteenth century to include the non-European world. This is due in part to the increased immigration of British citizens to other parts of the British Empire and their subsequent exposure to outside cultures. The Northwest Coast, with its rich and sophisticated Indian culture and art, became an area of interest to ethnological museums and by late in the century, there was reportedly more Northwest Coast art on the eastern American seaboard than there was on the Pacific Coast.

The Industrial Revolution also improved national and civic economies and more money was now available for cultural and scientific endeavours. This, coupled with private philanthropy, moved artistic, ethnological and scientific collections into the public domain. Douglas Cole writes of museum collecting in the Pacific Northwest:

*The period of most intense collecting on the coast coincided with the great growth of museums of all kinds. In the late nineteenth century national, civic, and academic pride had combined with governmental aid to science and culture, and more particularly with an enormous outpouring of capitalist philanthropy, to bring about the foundation or expansion of an incredible number of institutions devoted to the exhibiting of scientific and artistic objects.*⁵

Victoria was again the port of entry for museum collectors. It was the center for transportation to the north and provided the collectors with contacts and guides. In turn, the intense period of museum collecting in the 1880's led to the installation of Northwest Coast exhibits in major metropolitan museums and at important national and international expositions.⁶ These events, along with the foundation of a Provincial Museum in Victoria in 1886, encouraged an awareness of Indian art and undoubtedly helped create the curio market in Victoria.

The Curio Dealers in Victoria

In the period between 1880 and 1912, there were five companies or stores active in the curio business in

Victoria. The individuals involved in the business were Andrew Alfred Aaronson, John J. Hart, Jacob Issac, Henri Stadthagen, and Samuel Kirschberg and his partner Frederick Landsberg.

A.A. Aaronson

Andrew Alfred Aaronson was active in Victoria as early as 1882. He was listed throughout his career as a pawnbroker and his store was located at 75 and 79 Johnson Street. Aaronson, like most of the dealers, seems to have had a colourful personality. He was familiarly known as 'uncle'. At a Colonial and Indian exhibition in 1886, he dressed in a buckskin suit with a wide sombrero and told the British press at the exposition that he was in charge of B.C. Indian curios, that he was known as 'Wild Dick', and that he was "...employed to hunt the recalcitrant Indian to his forest retreat."⁷ This report was greeted with a mixture of skepticism and amusement on behalf of the local press, who replied: "Fancy Aaronson hunting Indians!"⁸

While Aaronson did not dedicate himself solely to the curio business, he did make some important sales. He sold material to James Terry, a private collector associated with the American Museum, George Dawson, a geologist from Montreal with the Canadian Geological Survey who, in 1898, bought a collection from Aaronson that was sent to Ottawa under the direction of the Field Museum, and C.T. Currelly, the director of the Royal Ontario Museum.⁹ Aaronson appears to have retired in 1905.

J. Isaac

Very little information is presently available on Jacob Isaac. He owned Isaac and Company as early as 1884 and was listed in the directory as a general dealer in merchandise at 36 Johnson Street. In 1886, the Indian Commissioner Israel W. Powell, who had earlier helped assemble a collection for the American centennial exhibition in Philadelphia and who had been active in collecting for the American

Museum of Natural History in New York, arranged a shipment of Tsimshian and Nisga'a articles to New York from the Nass and Skeena Rivers through Isaac. The shipment was valued at \$90.¹⁰ By 1887, he was listed as a dealer in furs, robes and Indian curios and in 1889, his shop, called the Indian Bazaar, was located at 43 Johnson Street. He seems to have left the curio business in the early 1890's since from 1890 to 1895 he was listed as either a clothier or the owner of a California auction store.

John J. Hart

John J. Hart was in British Columbia at least as early as 1859. He was a merchant in Fort Hope,¹¹ before returning to work in Victoria sometime in 1861. Hart, another colourful personality, was sometimes involved in less than legitimate business deals. In September, 1861, he was arrested for selling shoes and boots stolen from the cargo ship **The True Briton**.¹² While Hart was found not guilty in November of the same year, since he was apparently unaware that the goods were stolen¹³, in 1864 he was fined \$500 for operating a business and having liquor on Indian reserve land in Comox on northern Vancouver Island.¹⁴

Hart was in the curio business in Victoria as early as 1882 when he was listed in the directory as a dealer in furs, guns and Indian curios. By 1887, he was specializing in curios and his business became known as the Indian Bazaar. In 1889, he formed a partnership with Jacob Isaac and was listed in the annual directory with J. Isaac and Company at 43 Johnson Street. He bought Isaac out the following year. He is recorded as the sole proprietor of the Indian Bazaar (also known simply as the Bazaar) in the 1890 directory. Hart probably retired or at least left the curio trade in 1899 or 1900.

Hart published a small booklet through his company in 1894. A mixture of Indian mythological stories, advertising and questionable

history, this booklet was aimed primarily at the tourist population. He boasts that the Indian Bazaar had the "... largest and finest assortment of curios on the Pacific Coast" and that it was "... the only Indian bazaar in Victoria." He then 'respectfully' invites the public, "... especially tourists..." to visit and inspect his stock.

In his advertising, he also strived to equate the Northwest Coast tribes with past civilizations more familiar to visiting European and American tourists. For example, he claims a resemblance in speech patterns between Indian and Phoenician languages, assuring the reader that this was solid evidence for contact and exchange of ideas between the two cultures. The booklet also contains descriptions of artifacts at the Indian Bazaar, including one of a forty foot totem pole from Skidegate on the Queen Charlotte Islands. Again his pitch was aimed at equating the Haida with a better known ancient civilization. He writes: "... it is probable it will be sent to London, and set up next to Cleopatra's needle; so that a specimen of ancient Egyptian and Haidah work can be seen side by side."

Franz Boas is known to have bought masks and cedar bark rings from Hart's Indian Bazaar in 1894¹⁵ and according to Hart's booklet, the company also sent a number of goods to the World Exhibition in Chicago in 1893.

Henri Stadthagen

Stadthagen was active in Victoria at least as early as 1901 when he was mentioned in a *British Colonist* report on a visit by the Duke and Duchess of York. The article, date October 5, 1901, mentions that a group of Haida Indians, who had come to see the Duke and Duchess, were giving public performances in order to raise money for their return trip to the Queen Charlotte Islands. Their two performances had only netted \$22 and they were forced to sell dancing clothes, curios and baskets to

Stadthagen. Probably relieved to be able to return home, they gave him a farewell potlatch dance. The article also mentions that the Duchess patronized Stadthagen's shop.

Stadthagen, whose shop was located at 79 (see front cover) and then at 621 Johnson Street, frequently used newspaper reports of royal visits to his store in his advertising. In addition to the Duchess of Wales, Prince and Princess Coloredo-Mannsfield bought curios and baskets from him in December 1904.¹⁶

While Stadthagen occasionally enjoyed royal patronage, he was not always celebrated by more serious collectors for his fair deals. In the summer of 1907, James Whitbread Gleisher, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, bought some artifacts for his friend Baron Anatole von Hugel and the Baron's Cambridge University Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology. After corresponding with von Hugel, Gleisher bought a four-figure totem pole for the museum that Stadthagen claimed belonged to the frog tribe of Vancouver Island's Nootka Indians. This designation was meaningless as it apparently had been carved from a telegraph pole by a resident of the Victoria Songhees Reserve known as "Notka Jack"¹⁷

Stadthagen's advertising mate-

rial was obviously aimed at the tourist market as well. In addition to carrying reports of royal visits, his promotional cards emphasized that "... Indians never make two articles alike, so beware of the fake stuff... I have no stories to lie to you for which you have to pay extra." He also claimed that his store carried over 5,000 objects.

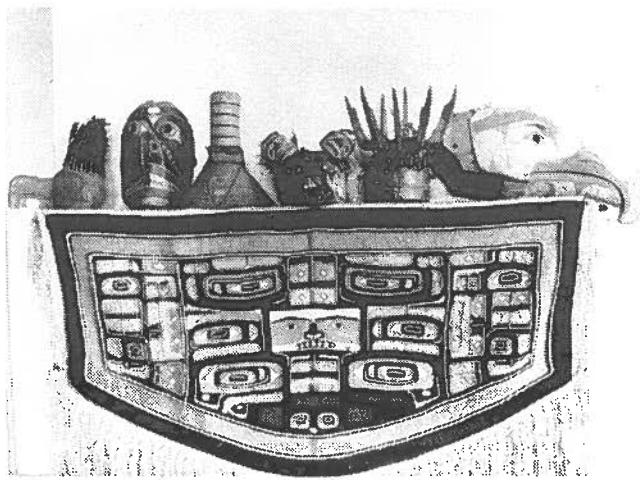
According to Cole, Stadthagen left the curio business in 1911 because of the increased difficulty of supply.¹⁸ He actually left Victoria for Los Angeles in 1910, although much of his left-over stock was stored at his sister-in-law's house in town. Since the duty was too high to import his collection to California, in 1922 he attempted to sell a large portion of it to C.F. Newcombe and the British Columbia Provincial Museum.¹⁹

Samuel Kirschberg and Frederick Landsberg

Kirschberg and Landsberg opened a pawnbrokerage in Victoria in 1887. By 1890, their shop was a combination loan office/curio boutique. In the early 1890's, the business expanded and Kirschberg ran the Victoria loan office and curio shop while Landsberg took care of their Vancouver men's clothing store. Kirschberg dropped out of the business in 1894 and was jailed as a debtor in 1899²⁰. Landsberg, a refu-



Artifacts from the Landsberg Collection. PN 9748



Sold By Aaronson.

PN 1275

gee Polish Jew who had arrived in Victoria in 1884, continued as proprietor of the Victoria Loan Office and curio shop (also known as the Indian Bazaar) until 1911, when, as Henri Stadthagen had done the year before, he left the curio business because of increasing supply difficulties.²¹

These two operated on a larger scale than the other Victoria dealers (for illustrations of material sold by Landsberg, see accompanying photo). In 1896, Kirschberg shipped a collection of artifacts from the central coast and Thompson River Areas to New York where he hoped to take advantage of higher prices. Unfortunately, the steamer carrying the collection caught fire and the shipment suffered some damage. It was offered for sale as salvage when Franz Boas bought all but ten pieces for \$800.²²

Landsberg also seems to have had the best rapport with the museum collectors as they repeatedly made major purchases from his shop. He was reported to have shipped five cases of curios to the museum at the University of Pennsylvania in 1900²³. In 1903, Dorsey and the Field Museum in Chicago bought \$500 worth of goods from him and another \$200 worth the following year. In 1914 and 1915, although Landsberg had officially left the business, Samuel A. Barrett, the first curator at the Milwaukee Public Museum, made

two large purchases, including a model of Chief Skidegate's house and two coppers²⁴.

Museums and museum collecting became a major theme in Landsberg's advertising campaigns. Reports of these major sales were often leaked to the local press. Particularly in 1903, newspaper articles complained about the loss of native Indian relics to the United States. In one such report, an anonymous visitor from New York complained that a large portion of Indian artifacts were being housed in American institutions like the Museum of Natural History in New York and the Smithsonian Institute in Washington.

*I have seen the grand collection in the possession of Mr. Landsberg of this city, and such assiduity as he has shown in the gathering and classifying of these rare specimens is worthy of the warmest praise. I estimate his collection to be worth not less than \$20,000, but I am led to believe that as he is desirous of leaving the country, he has offered the collection at a far lower figure than that, and that it has been declined. It will be a sad day for British Columbia if that noble collection be allowed to join those in New York and Washington, and I understand both institutions are very eager to purchase.*²⁵

The tone of the interview suggests that the report was planted by Landsberg. The praise of his business practices is one-sided. There is no anger directed towards

him as an unscrupulous businessman. After all, he was responsible for the sale of these large collections to the American museums. It is also interesting that the anonymous visitor felt he was capable of estimating the worth of Landsberg's collection when, earlier in the article, he claimed that he had to check the museum placards in New York to make sure the articles were really from British Columbia.

Cole feels that Landsberg exploited the local press in order to encourage a local market for his material.²⁶ In some respects, he might have been successful. The CPR's Empress Hotel bought a set of totem poles through Landsberg for its lobby²⁷. In 1906, he obtained permission from the tourist association to open an Indian Exhibition²⁸. From this point on, his business letterhead bears the title: 'Landsberg's Free Museum.' While his free museum was aimed at the tourist market, it is important that the Tourist Development Agency and the people of Victoria felt officially for the first time that Indian culture was of high enough market quality to act as a promotional device in attracting tourism. This was the first step in local acceptance and encouragement of local indigenous art.

Conclusion

The first Indian art dealers in Pacific Northwest were centered primarily in Victoria, British Columbia. Their colourful personalities were in step with the frontier atmosphere of the community at that time. Often having worked at the outlying trading posts, they had direct connections with Indian artists and agents along the coast and were instrumental in providing goods to purchasing agents for the larger museums and other collecting institutions.

In turn, the museums were important in promoting an awareness of Northwest Coast Indian art among the general public throughout North America and Europe. The curio dealers sought to take advantage of this awareness as Victoria

began to put greater economic emphasis on tourism. The dealers also attempted to equate local Indian art with civilizations more familiar to tourists such as those of ancient Egypt and Phoenicia. Promotional material published by the dealers themselves often referred to the relationship between their businesses and the museums, implying that a tourist could buy an artifact of the same quality as one owned by the Smithsonian Institute, and to own an artifact from the Northwest Coast was similar to owning, for example, an ancient Greek vase. This ploy seems to have been economically viable enough to have gained official sanction from Victoria Tourist Development Agency. While native Indians were not treated any better than they had been before, by 1903 to 1906 it is evident that Euro-Canadians had recognized the drawing power and economic value of their art. As far as the white man was concerned, the number of white residents in British Columbia, Indian Christianization and the slow pacification of Indian land claims eliminated the Indians as a threat. Their traditions could now be used to further the economic prosperity of the region. The economic and political atmosphere in the province and the direct involvement of the dealers thus promoted an appreciation of local indigenous art.

Although dealing in Native art frequently began as a side venture, the market proved lucrative and most dealers soon chose to concentrate their business efforts on selling Native artifacts. The most prosperous period was in the last decade of the nineteenth century. At this time, the market was big enough to allow for four shops at one time. This competition encouraged more creative marketing techniques and led to the publication of advertising materials such as pamphlets and postcards. The more successful dealers, like Stadthagen and Landsberg, also leaked news of large sales to the local media, hoping to establish a legitimate reputation and to encourage local interest

and patronage.

The promotional material published by Landsberg in particular, including his manipulation of the local press, encouraged the recognition of Indian art as part of British Columbia's official heritage. Although Landsberg's motives were primarily commercial, his newspaper articles and selling policies helped spark a genuine concern for the loss of Indian relics to foreign, particularly American, collectors. This was reflected in public concerns over the British Columbia Provincial Museum's buying policies and probably contributed to the increase in its budgets for Northwest Coast artifacts.

Ron Hauker prepared this paper while he was a student at University of Victoria. Since obtaining his M.A. in History, he has moved to Japan where he and his wife are teachers of English at a college in Matsuyama.

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4. Charles Lillard, *Seven Shillings A Year: The History of Vancouver Island*, Horsdal and Schubert 1986, p. 195.
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12. *British Colonist*, September 16, 1861, p. 3.
13. *Ibid*, November 13, 1861, p.3.
14. *Ibid*, December 31, 1864, p. 3
15. Cole, *Captured Heritage*, p. 137.
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17. Cole, *Captured Heritage*, p. 233-234.
18. *Ibid*, p. 246.
19. Henri Stadthagen to C.F. Newcombe, November 28, 1922, volume 5, file 136, Newcombe Papers.
20. *British Colonist*, March 12, 1899, p.5
21. Cole, *Captured Heritage*, p. 246.
22. *Ibid*, pp. 145 - 146.
23. *British Colonist*, September 16, 1900, p. 5
24. Cole, *Captured Heritage*, p. 197, 247 - 248.
25. *British Colonist*, August 7, 1903
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27. Cole, *Captured Heritage*.
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Marianne & Amelia Kinbasket

by Shelagh Dehart

Marianne, wife of Chief Pierre Kinbasket, was not born yet when the Shuswap men first went to "Kinbasket Country" in the Columbia Valley. Pierre was a young boy when he came to the Big Bend country with his father on one of the early trips. There were times when Marianne spoke wistfully of her life as a child with her brothers and half sisters, "Oh my beautiful lakes. There they sit without me. I am here because I have to be where my husband is." The lakes she was referring to are Adams Lake, Shuswap Lake, and Kamloops Lake. Their permanent homes were at Adams Lake but they roamed around Sicamous, Kamloops, Enderby and eastward. They stayed clear of the Vernon and Penticton Indians because they were hostile toward them. In winter they lived in pit houses covered with timbers, insulated with birch bark, and entered by a ladder placed in the smoke hole. Close to their pit home there would be storage pits - clay cellars lined with birchbark where dried meat and berries were stored.

She was ten years old when she was baptized by a Catholic priest. His name was Per Sak (Per usually means Father). Her father had two wives. The priest told him he had to keep only one wife. That was the saddest day in her young life; a great shock to the family. She often said it was as if Death had come to claim their other mother. Marianne believed in native superstitions when she was young, but became a very religious person when she joined the Catholic Faith.

When they were married, her

husband told her he was taking her to a beautiful country. She was frightened because she was going to Kootenay country and one of her cousins had been kidnapped from Adams Lake by some Kootenays. They came on horses through the Rogers Pass following a narrow trail. Some parts of the trail were steep rocky slopes which were made passable with a lashed corduroy of trees known as "horse ladders". Her new home was somewhere south of Golden. Their first child was born before they came to settle at Stoddart's Creek near Athalmer. She had four girls. A baby boy died and that ended the line of hereditary chiefs. At the time of Father Fouquet and Brother Burns three of her daughters were sent to St. Eugene Mission School. They were Amelia, Angeliqne and Rosalee.

Most foods were boiled but some had to be roasted. Roots for winter use were baked on hot rocks in the ground. They used elk meat, moose, deer, sheep, goat, beaver (fresh only), marmot, bear, and porcupine; dog-teeth daisies, tiger lilies, bitter-root (the bulbs only), wild carrots so sweet and crisp eaten raw, wild potatoes, onions, saskatoon and so many kinds of berries. They used bitterroots to thicken saskatoon stew, and in other dishes too. The old people never used salt or sugar on food. During the winter they had to soak food overnight to prepare to cook the next day. Dry meat and corn took two days soaking to make them eatable. For tea they used Hudson Bay tea, broth, or many kinds of leaves from trees - some of these had to be dried. They had no use for "dirty meat" meaning pork, horsemeat, chickens and eggs, though they sometimes gathered duck or goose eggs. A treat was the inner bark of young pine trees in spring time. Fun food was soap berry whip. The hostess puts soap berry juice in a dish and whips it with a wad of soft grass. When thick her guests sit all around her and start eating it from the dish with forked sticks. If they have enough to eat of it - all is well. But if it begins to look

low and they know that there is not going to be enough to satisfy their appetite, the air gets thick and uncomfortable. The hostess, if she's quick enough, suddenly leaps away from the group and runs for her life. If they catch her they rub her face and head with her grass whipper and crown her with her dish. Her screams, the noise and laughter, one can imagine!

Chief Pierre lost his sight while still a robust man due to an injury to his eyes. Marianne helped her blind husband to clear land. He dug out boulders, sawed trees and logs. Marianne directed him with, "Higher," "Lower", "A bit to the right", "Left" or "Jump to the right." Poor man, he got hit on the head one time from a falling limb and his wife came close to tears to see him hurt.

They used goose grease for skin lotion; balsam tree resin for skin troubles; juice of a certain kind of juniper needles for laxative. The chief's wife had been a midwife before she left her country and continued her job until the doctors came to the valley. She brought into this world the first white child born in the Windermere country. The son of Jack Taynton was born at Sinclair (now called Radium). They named him after his Uncle Bill Taynton, formally known as William Sinclair because he was born at Sinclair. Marianne pulled out her own teeth when she had to.

Marianne lived at Kinbasket Lake with her cousins when the men went there to hunt caribou. While there they looked after graves left during previous camps there. She never went to the prairies with her husband because there was always the danger of running into Blackfoot bands. She had seen returning buffalo hunters badly wounded on her first trip to Fort Steele. Her mind was set that she would have nothing to do with future trips to the prairies.

The Kinbaskets had a little chapel in the log cabin that they built. Even in her eighties,

Marianne Kinbasket walked the three miles to church winter and summer. When she left home to live with her daughter Amelia, somebody went into the empty house and took all the framed holy pictures, vases, statues, and rosaries from the chapel. Taken as well were treasured old letters from Father Coccola and Bob Galbraith, post cards and other items. The correspondence between Pierre and his friends was done by daughter Rosalee when the old chief lost his sight.

Marianne loved animals. She talked to them and they seemed to understand. When she called them by the name they came running, even squirrels became friends. She had two pet beavers in a pond by her house; they were tame. One day a white man came and opened the dam; away the beavers went, sailing down the creek to the Columbia River which was only half a mile from her home. Marianne was kind and very patient. She had time to comfort and wipe away the tears of young and old, to taste water from each pailful (lard pail) of water that her grandchild brought in from the creek just to please her. If she was home when a cowboy or hunter stopped at her cabin he was sure to get a cup of tea and all the bread and butter he could eat. She made her own butter and baked her own bread. Many times she served tea to Bob Galbraith, the Indian agent.

When her husband died she lived first with her daughter Rosalee. When Rosalee was killed by a horse, she went to live with another daughter, Amelia. One day she was clearing a part of her land, said she didn't feel like her old self, and took to her bed. She died seven days later in August 1933 at age 86.

Amelia Kinbasket was born in the Columbia Valley. She went to school at the age of fifteen to the St. Eugene Mission school, then a frame building close to the St. Mary's River bridge. There she met

Father Fouquet, Brother Burns and the nuns. The students had to learn the English language (from French Canadian nuns) and do all the housework. They were given lessons on how to cook, bake, preserve meat and fruit, knit sew and crochet. She managed third grade in three years but had to leave school at eighteen because that was the law of the school.

Amelia worked as a helper or baby-sitter for some of the early settlers in the Windermere Valley. She was married in 1903 by Father Nicholas Coccoia to William Hobbs Palmer from Amherst, Nova Scotia. They lived in a teepee for a time till they were able to buy land at Stoddart's Creek. They cleared the land with hard work and good old dynamite. Amelia raised cattle, hogs, chickens, saddle horses and Percherons. The horses were sold to road camps along with potatoes, vegetables, meat, butter and eggs. She did mending for road gangs and tanned deer hides to make clothing. (The Shuswaps didn't do beadwork in the old days. They copied that kind of work from the Kootenays in later years. Her mother tells of Shuswaps diving into Adams Lake for colored beads, but they were used for necklaces only.)

Amelia and her husband trapped fur bearing animals in the first years of their marriage. William was soon able to purchase enough tools and land at Wilmer, B.C. where he set up a blacksmith shop where he was kept busy for years. Amelia kept the trapline going besides her other business. Although she had only a grade three education she was good at addition and subtraction. We suppose this stems from every day dealings that had been going on for years. When a fur buyer handed her money for some muskrat pelts, she scoffed and said, "Pshaw! Can't you add?"

Amelia and her husband were two busy people. She spent much time with her own affairs and he had his own jobs. When she was

younger, too busy to manage her home, a native girl was live-in baby-sitter and housekeeper. There was always a handyman living in the old log house, behind the main house, usually these were men happy to have a place to stay and work for their board.

Around 1928 Palmer sold his business in Wilmer when motorized farm machinery and cars became numerous in the Windermere country. He then went to work for the Government as Grader man with his team of Percherons. Wages were low. From then on he went downhill.

Amelia had seven daughters. She sent them all to the St. Eugene Mission School near Cranbrook. They were to learn the Catholic Faith and not follow their father's nonsense. He was a non-believer but had promised the priest that he would join the church; that he never did. She hoped or wished that her daughters would marry native men. Only one daughter did; she married a Kootenay whom she met at St. Eugene's Mission.

Amelia Palmer was a person who moved fast in more ways than one. IMPATIENT! She would never repeat an order or command to her children. "Why waste my breath?" The leather strap was always on the wall ready for use if needed. One thing Amelia was never happy with was the root cellar that her husband had built. "An Indian cellar is best!" She dug this herself. When finished it was a hole in the ground eleven or twelve feet deep, about 35 or 40 feet in circumference at the bottom but a narrow opening at the top. She used a pick and shovel, put the gravel in a bucket, sent it up on a cable on a pulley hung from a tripod over the hole. Her saddle horse attached to the cable pulled it up when she yelled "Git ap". She then climbed out of the hole by her ladder and emptied the bucket. It took her a year to finish the cellar.

In the '30's she occasionally had families camp at her place and pas-

ture their horses in her lower field. She fed many people, men especially, who came to her door for food and lodgings. She would have her husband take them to the barn and put them up in the hay loft. Some came in old cars. One prairie family had a milk cow on a rope tied behind the wagon. These people were coming from the "dust bowls" of Alberta and Saskatchewan on their way to a better land.

Things don't always go smoothly with most of us. So it was with Bill and Amelia. Come election times they were sure to have disagreements about the candidates. He was always Liberal and she thought the Conservative Party was best. We have known them go their separate ways to the polls at Athalmer on voting day. Once he drove away without her, so she jumped on her saddle horse, took the short-cut along the C.P.R. tracks, and voted before him. Another time he drove away to the polls alone and she followed him in her old Ford Car. Amelia had a trick up her sleeve: if she wanted to talk to her people about something that neither her husband or children should hear she conversed in Chinook. Despite the bickering, Amelia missed her husband after his death. She seemed to lose interest in everything. She sold most of her cattle and horses and sold her property - 309 acres to a son-in-law for \$1.00, then sat around saying "Any socks need mending?" and "I am good for nothing!". This hard working, vigorous woman died in Windermere and District Hospital in June 1957 at the age of seventy-five.

Author Shelagh Dehart recalls that her mother seemed cold and too busy to spend time with her children. Young Shelagh loved her grandparents and was loved in return. Grandmother Marianne designated Shelagh as the Kinbasket family historian, a role she has fulfilled for most of her 70+ years..

Affair of the Magistrates

by Helen M. Coyle

In the hurly-burly world of the Fraser Valley Gold Rush it became apparent to James Douglas that some instrument of law and order was necessary. He asked for and received help from the House of Commons in London. Thus it was that the Royal Engineers arrived in Victoria in October, November and December 1858. Two sections of the engineers and Governor Douglas proceeded to Langley; where on the fifteenth of November, 1858, the official birth of the Province of British Columbia occurred.

The first military service of the Royal Engineers was the following matter.

At Yale was a resident Magistrate Whannell. Two miles further down the river at Hill's Bar was another resident Magistrate, Perrier. Between these two Magistrates there was bitter jealousy.

On Christmas Day, Farrell, a miner at Hill's Bar, went up to Yale to celebrate. He imbibed much too freely. As he strolled down the street he saw a Negro, Dickson by name, standing by the door of his own barber shop. Farrell, heavily loaded with Christmas spirit and an aggressive nature committed a serious and unprovoked attack on Dickson.

The news travelled quickly to Hill's Bar. Here Magistrate Perrier decided that Farrell resided at Hill's Bar and should have imbibed at home and decided to investigate the incident; despite the fact that it had not occurred in his jurisdiction. He sent a constable to Yale with a war-

rant for the arrest of Farrell.

Before the constable had been able to reach Yale, Farrell had been arrested and locked up for contempt by a constable on the advice of the Yale Magistrate Whannell. When the constable from Hill's Bar reached Yale with the warrant he was also arrested and locked up for contempt of court for daring to enter Yale for such a purpose. The Yale Magistrate thought this was a reflection on his impartiality. This action enraged the Magistrate at Hill's Bar. To further complicate matters, Ned McGowan of Hill's Bar presumed to advise Magistrate Perrier. Ned McGowan had been a judge in California. The Magistrate took Mr. McGowan's advice. The Hill's Bar Magistrate issued an arrest for the Yale Magistrate, Whannell, and his constable for contempt in arresting the Hill's Bar constable.

On a "posse conitatus" from the Bar, McGowan and his friends entered the town of Yale, arrested the Yale Magistrate and his constable, opened the jail, released the Hill's Bar constable and took possession of the original offender.

When the whole matter came before the Hill's Bar Magistrate heavy fines were assessed. Whannell, the Magistrate from Yale, was fined for contempt of court.

This type of action was not acceptable to Whannell. He sent word to Governor Douglas at Victoria that Ned McGowan, whom he depicted as a renegade of renegades, was not to overthrow British power in the colony. The Governor called upon

Colonel Moody to put down a supposed rebellion. Twenty-five sappers under Captain Grant as well as a party of bluejackets and marines made their way up to Yale. They were accompanied by Chief Justice Begbie to dispense justice; they also took with them a field-piece - not knowing what to expect.

When the whole company reached Yale, all the pertinent facts of "Ned McGowan's War" were revealed. The result of this "comic opera" was that Ned McGowan entered into an elaborate and successful defence of his conduct in the whole affair. After showing the Chief Justice and the officers how to pan for "pay dirt", McGowan hosted them to a champagne lunch in his hut. But both Magistrates lost their commissions.

The Royal Engineers returned to Langley with never a shot fired, and "Ned McGowan's War" became only an amusing anecdote.

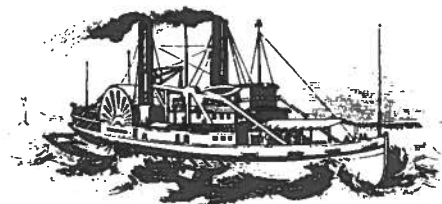
Note: Mrs. Coyle researched this while she lived in Chilliwack. She now resides in Princeton where she has served as Curator of the Princeton Museum since 1979.

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Primo Galiano

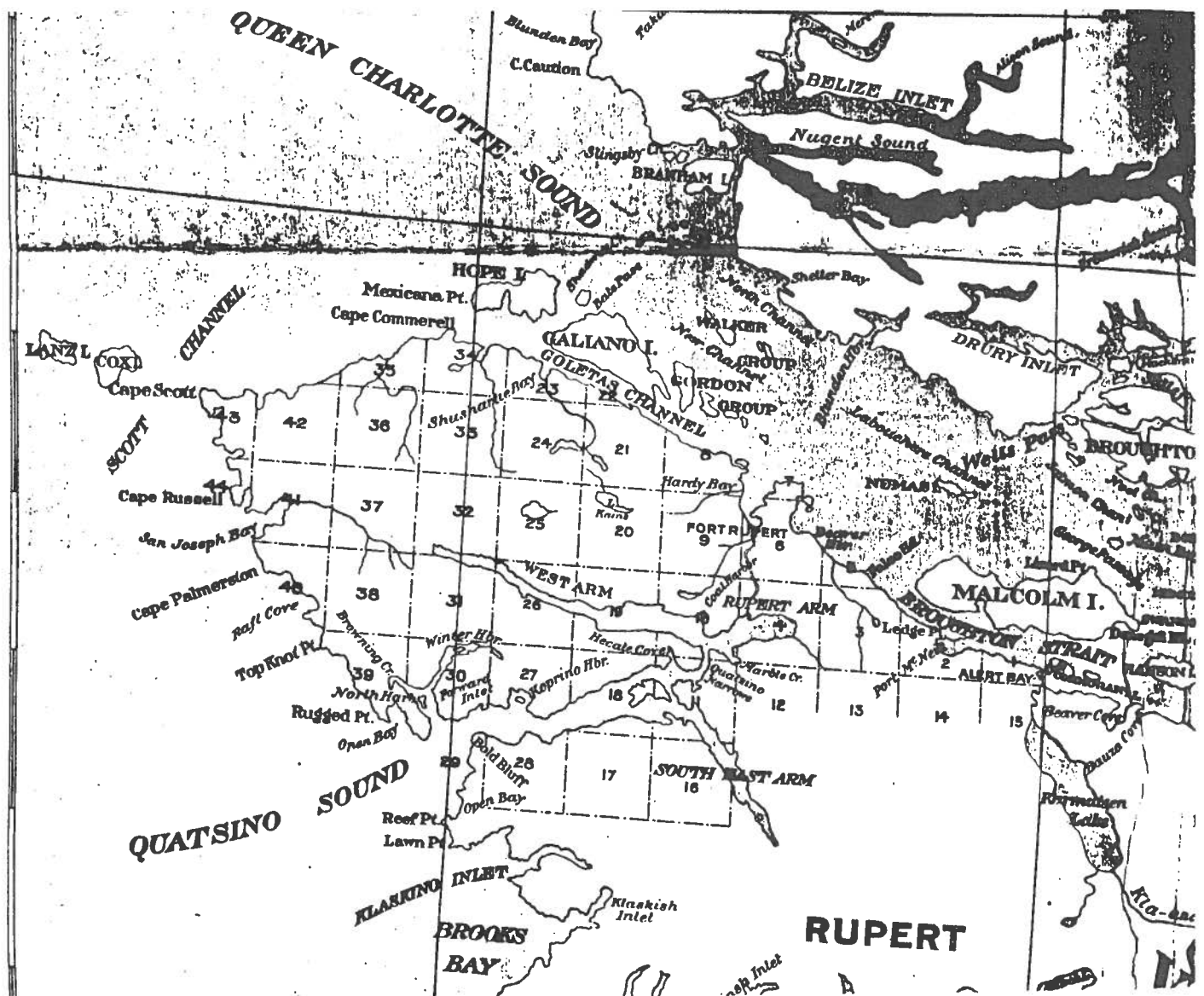
by Ralph Brine

I wonder how many Galianoites realize that our 'sceptered isle' was not the first in B.C. waters to be named after Commander Dionis Alcala Galiano of the Spanish Navy. And further that Valdes Island our

immediate neighbour to northward also had a forerunner. The unearthing of this bit of geographical trivia began last winter upon receipt of a letter from a relative in England. The missive was to point my wife and I onto a sleuthing foray which at first seemed like a wild goose-chase but ultimately turned out to be a journey of discovery.

The instigator of our investigation was Peter Bowsher, a member of London's legal profession and, like myself, somewhat of a history buff. While engaged in research

work he had come across a copy of an Act of Britain's Parliament which stated that a sum of £150,000 was to be allocated as a temporary advance to the Government of British Columbia, Canada. The intent of the loan was to enable the Government of British Columbia to set aside specified properties and make them available to impoverished Scottish crofters. It was hoped that these fresh and hungry immigrants could be employed in a newly financed deep-sea fisheries industry proposed for B.C.'s west coast. In June of 1892 the British



1897 Map by C.B. Martin - Chief Commissioner of Hands and Works. P.A.B.C. No. CM/W29

Parliament passed an Act and the B.C. Legislature passed two Acts laying out the conditions relative to their purpose. Peter sent along copies of the three Bills in question, mentioning that "Galiano" could be found on Schedule A of B.C.'s second Act.

In his letter Peter expressed the desire to contact descendants of the settlers who had come out under this scheme. He was looking for letters, family reminiscences and photographs that might relate to the relatively recent migration. If we could provide some local contacts he would endeavour to trace the family connections from his end. He concluded with: "Is this of any interest to you or has it all been researched before? I see from the telephone directory that there are many Mcs and Macs on Galiano ----."

To say that my interest was aroused would be putting it mildly. Marney and I, as members of the Gulf Islands Chapter of the B.C. Historical Federation, had attended several lectures sponsored by the society and had talked to fellow members whose Gulf Island ancestry went back as far as the mid 19th century. However we couldn't recall anyone making reference to a government sponsored, land settlement immigration policy of that era. I opened our 'A Gulf Island Patchwork' put out by the B.C. Historical Federation as well as Marie Elliott's 'Mayne Island and the Outer Gulf Islands, A History', to no avail. I contacted Marie Elliott by telephone thinking that perhaps she had unearthed some relevant material since her publication. She confessed that what I was reporting was all news to her. She suggested a trip to the B.C. Archives in Victoria might be helpful.

I phoned several old time families from Galiano and Mayne such as the Stewards, the Robsons, Mary Harding and Wibur Deacon; I drew a blank. They all knew of long-standing residents with Scottish backgrounds but the arrival times didn't jibe with the 1890's period.

None of them had heard of hordes of Mighty Macs invading the Gulf Islands. The rhetorical question I got back was, "I thought crofters were farmers, not fishermen?" The only fishing industry around this area with racial connotations were the Japanese with their salteries. Peter was right in saying that there seemed to be a good smattering of Mcs and Macs aboard Galiano but by and large their immigration papers are stamped 'Kerrisdale', 'Shaughnessy' or some other minor fiefdom on the lower mainland of Vancouver.

The final phone call I made was to Alistair Ross, an active member of the north-end Galiano Community. As his name implies, Alistair has Highland blood in his veins. Although the founder of Scottish Country Dancing on Galiano and with a keen interest in local history, like the others, he had no knowledge of any massive transfer of Scots from their crofts to the rocky shores of Galiano. However since he was contributing news from the North End to the Galiano chapter of the Driftwood, the weekly newspaper published in Ganges on Saltspring Island, he said he would bring the matter to public attention by inserting a 'search' article in his column.

With that our investigation ceased until the spring of '88. Waiting for us on our return was a handwritten letter from a Mr. W. Norton of Vancouver who had this to say: "I have been given a clipping from the Driftwood of Jan. 27 in which your friend in England appeals for information regarding the crofters who emigrated under the British Scheme as the B.C. Gov't failed to accept the British loan.

The only crofters who came to Canada with Gov't assistance settled in the prairies in 1888 and 1889. An article on the proposed B.C. scheme appeared in B.C. Studies about 5 years ago. The author was Jill Wade. Sorry to be the bearer of bad news but I thought your friend might appreciate know

ing. Yours', etc.

Well if Mr. Norton was right it certainly explains why Gulf Islanders hadn't been struck with a Celtic cultural shock. If such a thing had occurred we might have become another Cape Breton with tartans drying on the clotheslines and attendance at Gaelic night school classes 'de rigueur'.

I re-read the documents Peter had sent. Coming across the reference to "Galiano" again it stated under the heading **Goletas Channel to Quatsino Sound**: "The unallotted portions of townships 30 and 39 and west half of 28, townships 41, 42, 35, 34 and 22 with the Cox, Lanz, Galiano, Balaclava, Hirst and Gordon Group of Islands."

Suddenly the light came on. I wasn't sure about Goletas channel but I did know that Quatsino Sound was on the north west coast of Vancouver Island, far removed from our Galiano between Porlier and Active passes. A quick look at chart #3001 for Vancouver Island confirmed that the area in question was indeed the northern tip of Vancouver Island and some of the islands such as Cox, Lanz and Balaclava are shown. However in spite of the scale of about three miles to the inch, I could find no sign of a Galiano. Either the chart was of too small a scale and Galiano a mere unlabeled dot or some clerk of the Legislature had made a mistake, or there had been a name change.

We now had two reasons to visit the B.C. Archives - to search in the library for Jill Wade's article and the Map Room to track down the anomaly of another Galiano. In the library we soon located Jill Wade's report in the Spring of 82 edition of B.C. Studies #53 and had a copy made of it. But upstairs in the map room we found the solution to that 'other' Galiano. An Arrowsmith map of the 1850's showed, off the north eastern tip of Vancouver Island, just below the 51st parallel of latitude and about 300 miles to northward of our residence, two adjacent is

lands called Valdes and Galiano. What a shock! Aware that 'our Galiano had been named after the first European known to have seen our verdant shores it was a bit of a come-down to find out that we were not, as it were, "originals", after all. It was Galiano himself who had named the first one. The B.C. Pilot of 1898 had this to say of Galiano: "The largest of the islands on the north side of Goletas channel, is nearly 8 miles long and 3 1/2 broad. Mt. Lemon, a remarkable peak of conical shape 1,200 feet high, arises near its south-west part and Magin saddle consisting of two peaks. 700 and 800 feet high, is situated at less than one mile from the western extreme of the island. --- The south side of Galiano is high, steep-to, and cliffy; ---.

If our Galiano looks like an upside-down Scottish 'crummoich' the upstart Galiano is shaped like an equilateral triangle. A check with a modern map indicated that the two islands in question are now Hope instead of Valdes and Nigei in place of Galiano. The channel that separates them from Vancouver Island is still called Goletas, a name supplied by Galiano which was Spanish for 'schooner'. The **Sutil** and **Mexicana** under his command were both schooner-rigged. Other maps indicated that Valdes had been changed to Hope by 1866 but that the Galiano switch didn't take place until 1900, as indicated by Captain John Walbran's 'B.C. Coast Names'. In it he gives "Nigei" as a footnote to Galiano Island. Following that heading one learns that: "The name of this island previous to 1900 was Galiano, given by the Spanish explorers Galiano and Valdes in 1792. It was changed to Nigei by the Geographic Board of Canada to avoid duplication of names, there being another Galiano island named by Capt. Richards in 1859 to the southward of the Strait of Georgia.

Everything seemed clear to us at last. In going over the material of his legal research the name "Galiano" must have leapt out at

Peter, knowing as he did that we lived on a 'Galiano Island'. Since that was the only name familiar to him he would naturally assume it was part of the Gulf Island group in the Strait of Georgia, approached by ferries from the mainland and Vancouver Island. And further, having just read that financial arrangements for transplanting Scots to Galiano - a bit of 'scotch on the rocks', had been passed by both institutions, the one in Great Britain and the other in B.C., he would again naturally assume that such legislation would amount to a *fait d'accompli*. How was he to know that our mutual 'ships-of-state' had wobbled a bit as democratic ships are wont to do. Continuing with a naval analogy one might say that their political edicts when labeled as boats of the Fleet have a tendency to run aground on many unseen shoals. At the last moment they may suddenly veer off on some new tack or perhaps founder and sink altogether into oblivion. The latter happenstance was the subject of Jill Wade's paper, 'The "Gigantic Scheme"; Crofter immigration and Deep-Sea Fisheries Development for British Columbia (1887-1893)'.

Jill Wade's story is an interesting and well documented one of seventeen pages. The gist of it is that the British Government was interested in making a token assistance to impoverished hill farmers of Scotland, who, for various reasons were causing disturbances in 1883 that came to be called the 'Crofters War'. As it was, and is, the way of governments, a commission was appointed to study the matter and draw up a report. One of the recommendations from the committee was for a state assisted emigration plan for displaced crofters and cottars, particularly those from the northern Hebrides and adjacent coasts of Ross and Sutherland, the centre of the disturbances.

Meanwhile on this side of the Atlantic an enterprising immigrant by the name of Alexander Begg (who Jill Wade reported as "having pursued a varied and eventful ca-

reer as teacher, journalist and civil servant during his forty years in Canada") had been reading accounts of the social problems of his homeland in the local newspapers. A descendant of Caithness crofters, partly out of sympathy for his relations who were under duress and perhaps for more worldly designs, he put together a proposal for crofter colonization and presented it to B.C.'s Lieutenant Governor. In the fullness of time the cabinet, then the Legislature agreed to the proposition and appointed Begg the emigration commissioner, without pay. Begg journeyed to the Old Country and endeavoured to enlist the support of Scottish philanthropists. Finding none he then approached Lord Lothian, Cabinet Secretary for Scotland. He rather liked the idea and promptly steered the measure through the proper channels, Presto, Alexander Begg had a deal. The British Government agreed to advance a loan of £150,000 to the B.C. Government for transferring up to twelve hundred and fifty crofter families to the west coast of Vancouver Island.

Both governments hemmed and hawed for awhile with not a great deal happening. Then Begg hustled around the financial district of London and succeeded in gaining the interest of a Major William Clark and a Colonel W.J. Engeldue. The two entrepreneurs laid the nucleus for The Vancouver Island Development Syndicate. Its role was that of a commercial enterprise to sponsor both a fishing industry off the west coast of B.C. for the crofters to be employed in as well as a land development company to parcel out bits and pieces to the arriving immigrants. With all the necessary measures in place, in 1892 both governments received royal assent for the appropriate Acts.

In order to bring in an outside organization to run the rather large undertaking, the Provincial Government had to draw up quite an attractive agreement for the developers. They were to be granted up to half a million acres of public

lands along portions of the coasts of Vancouver Island and the Queen Charlotte Islands and the mainland. The syndicate tried for a million and a third acres but they settled for the lesser amount. They were also given a ten year moratorium on taxes. All in all the venture seemed like a neat package that should enable the developers to attract some risk capital.

John Robson, Premier of B.C. at that time and an ardent supporter of the project, initiated the phrase the "Gigantic Scheme". He was invited to London to help in the final agreement between the three concerned parties.

Then on the 30th of June the figurative ship that was to rescue the crofters ran into foul weather. John Robson, the main push behind the scheme, died that day. The ship now pilotless ran helplessly before any contrary winds that blew. The first ill wind was political. The debate in Parliament had turned into a typically democratic game with leaders of the two parties having to choose sides. Salisbury who was in power was supportive of the plan so naturally Gladstone, the leader of the opposition party opposed it. In that summer's election Gladstone carried the day. The new government immediately reneged on the loan.

Following this reversal of the political winds the Syndicate had trouble raising the necessary capital to put things in motion. Finally, at home, without the strong support from Robson, the numbers of nays gained an ascendancy over the yeas. Many members of the Legislature feared the political risks involved in backing a commercial project with taxpayers money. Would that they could show such restraint today. Others objected to the grand 'give-away' of land and the tax exemptions, as had been done within living memory by both the Imperial and the National Governments when they had doled out millions of acres of land to the HBC and to the CPR.

By the winter of 1892 Begg's and Robson's "Gigantic Scheme" was dead, never to be revived. The coves and hillsides of the West Coast wouldn't become havens for the wild men of the Highlands after all. The skirl of the pipes and the gutturals of the Gaelic would not be competing with the tom-toms and soft sibilants of the natives. The eagles and ravens could rest undisturbed for a few more years.

There is a postscript to add to this Gulf Island 'mystery-name-contest' that entails yet another mix up of nomenclature. In the process of putting together this tale I had penned a letter to W. Kaye Lamb, the former Dominion Archivist of Canada who had recently undergone some rather trying surgery. I gave him a brief synopsis of this article. Dr. Lamb, who, in the words of writer Peter Newman, is the foremost living authority on early North West Canadianna, penned a reply which said, in part:

"I can add a detail or two to the Crofter story. Years ago there were two men by the name of Alexander Begg who were confused very frequently. Both were historians. To add to the problem of keeping them apart, both published histories in the same year, 1894. One published a **History of British Columbia** and the other wrote a three-volume **History of the North West**. By the time I arrived at the Archives in Victoria (prior to his appointments as Librarian for U.B.C. and subsequently to Ottawa as Dominion Archivist) 50 or so years ago, confusion between the two had become so much of a nuisance that I asked Madge Wolfenden (now Madge Hamilton) to try and sort them out. This she did in a very useful article in the **B.C. Historical Quarterly** for April 1937.

"All this is relevant because one of the Beggs was involved in the Crofter scheme. This was the Begg who wrote the 'History of B.C.' He was born in Scotland in 1825 and came to Canada (Ontario) in 1846. I quote the two bits of Madge's article

that are of interest in the present connection:

'During a visit to his native land in 1872, Alexander Begg was appointed Emigration Commissioner in Scotland for the Province of Ontario, with headquarters in Glasgow. By virtue of his lectures throughout Scotland, he succeeded in persuading thousands of Crofters to settle in Canada, where the Government allowed them to purchase farms on easy terms. - - -

'[In 1888] he was appointed Emigration Commissioner for the British Columbia Government to investigate the possibilities of settling Scottish Crofters on Vancouver Island, a scheme which was eventually abandoned as impracticable. By virtue of his government appointment he appended the initials C.C. (Crofter Commissioner) to his name, in order to distinguish himself from his namesake.'

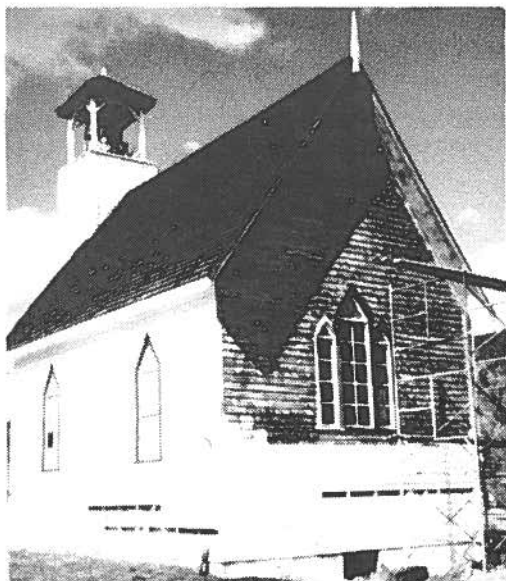
"On the title-page of 'History of B.C.' his name as author is given as "Alexander Begg, C.C."

So there you have it - a triple-header comedy of errors with mistaken identities of islands, Government edicts and historians, all in one telling.

Perhaps one good thing has come out of all this historical minutiae. If our relative from England had known that the scheme was 'a loan that never was' or if he had been aware that the Galiano of Goletas channel was not the Galiano of Trincomali channel, why we would not have found out that this 'sceptred isle' that we live on is merely Secundo Galiano rather than Primo Galiano and this story may never have been written.

The author is a hobby farmer living on Porlier Pass Road on Galiano.

The Old Murray Church



Murray Church repainted

Photo by Bern Bellinger

The old Murray Church in the Nicola Valley has been restored by loving hands. One hundred and ten years of history had worn the ancient structure both inside and outside.

It is a great attraction for history buffs and tourists alike, and as the new Coquihalla Highway has opened much of the territory there are more and more visitors.

A cluster of well matured buildings on Highway #5, are highlighted by a little steepled church and its graveyard.

Built with a great deal of community effort, St. Andrews Presbyterian Church was established in 1876. With a bell cast in England and a stained glass window constructed by pioneer A.E. Howse, it was quite resplendent. A Reverend George Murray was sent from Scotland to be the only Presbyterian minister in B.C. His parish was quite a revelation to him, as he had to travel over a 600 mile area by horseback.

In the early days the church



Quilchena Hotel

Photo by Bette Grace

was used by both the Presbyterians and the Methodists, and for a short time by the Anglicans. Now an United Church it is a colorful chapel for ceremonies and weddings.

The Nicola Valley also has an interesting past, and part of this is related to the old Quilchena Hotel, built in 1908 by Joseph Guichon. He established it as a refuge for thirsty cattlemen and for railroad men - but the railroad never came.

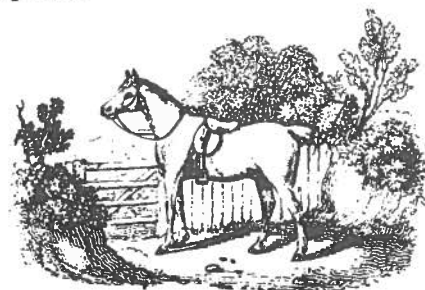
The landmark was opened with a great celebration drawing the populace from ranches and homes in the valley. Unfortunately it was later closed until the 1950's when a Guichon grandson, Guy Rose reopened and restored the hotel. Many of the original furnishings are still there - iron bed, wash stands, and even a square grand piano. The hostel, open spring, summer and fall, offers a chance to relax into the simplicity of ranch life, play the nine hole golf course, or study the bullet holes in the oak bar!

Nicola Lake and River were named after a famous Indian chief with a reputation; he had seventeen

wives. His unpronounceable name was Hwistesmetxquen, or walking grizzly bear. The early fur traders found it easier to call him Nicholas.

In September, 1976, a 100th anniversary service of the Murray Church was held and very well attended. Through the years it had been helped along the way - in 1926 it was reshingled and redecorated, in 1965 the Merritt Kiwanis Club had a cement foundation put in place and they installed electric wiring. Later the fence was repaired and just recently the 'comfortable comfy little church' has received further tender loving care.

The old Murray Church is a much appreciated little church in the wildwood, where pioneers rest in peace.



News From Branches

Bicentenary of the Chinese at Nootka

Following a year of intensive historical, geographical and nomenclatural research, a suitable mountain was chosen to name in honour of the Chinese settlers who largely made up Captain John Meares' expedition to Nootka in 1788.

Over a period of six months enquiries had been made in the area to verify that there was no known name for the selected mountain. Nevertheless, a few days before the ceremony the native Indians protested that they really did have a name, but having no written language, it was never recorded. To avoid aggravating the ongoing confrontation at nearby Strathcona Park, the naming was deferred.

Instead, the government proclaimed the following week of May 15 to 21st, "The Chinese Heritage Week" in British Columbia. The ceremony took place on the Bicentenary Day of May 13th, 1988, at the Parliament Buildings in Victoria.

Among the dignitaries officiating at the ceremony were Elwood Veitch, the Provincial Secretary; Bill Reid, Minister of Tourism, Recreation and Culture; and Bruce Strachan, Minister of Environment and Parks. The B.C. Historical Federation was represented by 1st Vice President, Mrs. Myrtle Haslam, and Nanaimo was officially represented by Mayor Frank Ney and Mr. Dave Stupich, MLA, together with a large contingent from its historical and museum societies. Historical and Chinese cultural groups from Vancouver Island and the lower Mainland were also at the ceremony and a special guest was Brian Watkins, the British Consul-General.

Mr. Strachan said that the government is actively seeking a suit-

able mountain to name in order to permanently commemorate these Chinese pioneers.

It was disappointing that the Vancouver news did not consider the event of public interest. However, Vancouver Island and the Chinese language newspapers carried full reports internationally.

Canada Post, having issued Captain Cook and Captain Vancouver stamps in the last ten years, would not consider producing further commemorative for west coast history.

Jacque Mar,
Chairman, Bicentenary Project

Boundary Historical Society

To all members living outside the Boundary District.

The annual picnic was held on June 19 at the newly renovated Fruitova School. The directors of the Doukhobor Society of British Columbia were very gracious hosts. John Malloff, a former student of Fruitova, gave a splendid description of life in the Doukhobor villages. We have a video of his excellent presentation, thanks to Michael Linley. The tour of the flour mill was very interesting also.

The Executive spent considerable time on the Legion's proposal to move the Phoenix Cenotaph to Greenwood. We opposed the removal of this historic monument. We are excited to announce that the Boundary Historical Report #11 is completed. The Publications Committee hopes that you will enjoy the stories of our pioneers. We

have reached the stage in our history where we are celebrating centennials, two of which are recorded in our 11th Report 100 years of postal service in the Boundary and the beginnings of Carson in 1888.

Members of the Executive are President Rose Gobeil, 1st V. Pres., Stan Bubar, 2nd V. Pres. L. Sandner, 3rd V. Pres. B. Bowron, Secretary A. Glanville, Treasurer A. Clapper, Membership and Publications J. Glanville.

The Boundary Historical Society plans to host the B.C. Historical Federation in May 1990 at Grand Forks.

Alice Glanville
Secretary

The Chemainus Valley Historical Society

The Chemainus Valley Historical Society was started in 1963 by Harry Olsen, the author of *Water Over the Wheel*, and R.R. (Dick) Pattison who was the owner of Pattison Pharmacy. There were 24 charter members of the Society and three of them were present at the June meeting, namely, Audrey Gin and Jack Howe of Chemainus and Bill Stein of Nanaimo. One of the best known of the charter members was H.R. MacMillan. At the bottom of the original list of the charter members, Harry Olsen wrote "Mrs. Mollie Robinson was at this time declared the first Honorary President in recognition of past efforts to preserve and record local history."

Over fifty people crowded into the lounge at the Harbor View Apartments in Chemainus on June

27th to celebrate the 25th Anniversary of the Chemainus Valley Historical Society. A short business meeting was held presided over by the President, Grace Dickie, who welcomed members and visitors from Victoria to Nanaimo. Everyone was asked to rise individually and introduce themselves.

Mayor Rex Hollett and Mrs. Hollett were present and, when called upon, Mr. Hollett brought greetings from North Cowichan Municipality and talked about the beginning of the Historical Society when Harry Olsen and Dick Pattison were prominent figures in the community.

Every year the Society gives a three hundred dollar Bursary to a student graduating from the Chemainus Secondary School and this year the award was won by Jennifer Smith of Crofton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wes Smith. Jennifer and her mother were guests at the meeting and a cheque was presented to Jennifer by the Vice President Gwen Hunter.

A "Show and Tell" evening had originally been planned for June but was postponed until the September meeting. However, great interest was shown in a picture of the 50th Anniversary of the Victoria Lumber Company taken in 1939, also a picture donated by Joe Sandland showing 14 well remembered Chemainus veterans of World War One.

Following the meeting everyone was invited to sample the large Anniversary cake as well as attractively arranged cheese trays plus coffee and fruit punch.

Among those attending were Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Beddows of Victoria. Mrs. Beddows was formerly Geri Pattison, daughter of Dick Pattison. Also present was Mrs. May Wood of Duncan, daughter of the late Mollie Robinson who was a well known journalist in the area. Mrs. Harry Olsen was unable to attend so Geri Beddows and May Wood were asked to cut the anniversary cake.

B.C. Historical News

Burnaby Historical Society

The executive and members of Burnaby Historical have been very busy in the last two years. They have been represented at B.C. H.F. gatherings, Heritage Society of B.C. meetings, Burnaby Municipal Council, Burnaby Arts Council, and with plans for twinning Burnaby with Kushiro, Japan and Loughborough, England. This Society will host the 1992 Convention of the B.C. Historical Federation, and they have invited the Historical Society of Alberta to make this a joint meeting (reflecting the success of the joint meeting held in Banff, May 1988.)

BHS President Evelyn Salisbury represented the Society in the Mayor's official party during a visit to Loughborough, England, in July 1987. The Burnaby Teachers Choir and private citizens were entertained by the Mayor and Mayoress of Loughborough, and the local Technical College. A plaque was unveiled above the tombstone of Robert Burnaby. A member of BHS, in 1959, discovered and saved the tombstone from demolition as grave markers were being carted to the dump when the overgrown churchyard was to be converted to lawn.

President Evelyn Salisbury chose Heritage Week 1988 to make a sixth appeal to Burnaby Council requesting the establishment of a Burnaby Heritage Advisory Committee. Request granted.

There have been many successful meetings with outings and/or guest speakers. The LOVE HOUSE has been moved to Heritage Village, saved from imminent demolition by the intervention of BHS.

Evelyn Salisbury

East Kootenay Historical Association

Summer outings in 1987 came in perfect weather following considerable advance publicity. Attendance by members and interested citizens gave tour guides a pleasant challenge. Bill Selby led the tour in May on the south end of

the Spirit Trail (which runs between Fairmont and Canal Flats on the east side of Columbia Lake.): Vince Downey arranged our visit to Moyie: Skip Fennessy took us to Isadore Canyon and the site of Rampart Station.: Albert Oliver gave us an excellent outing up Perry Creek: and Vice President Verdun Casselman led fifty visitors up Wild Horse Creek to the carefully marked area where a goldrush started in 1864.

Guest of honor at the fall meeting was Frank Merriam of Creston who had received an Award of Merit from the B.C. Museums Association a few days earlier. Frank has contributed to saving and recording history in the East Kootenays in many activities.

Honored at the Spring 1988 meeting and luncheon were Bill and Marjean Selby. These hard working longtime members of our organization earned their meal by telling of a recent visit to Kenya.

Summer 1988 saw equal publicity but poorer weather for scheduled outings. Those that attended the May outing to Grasmere had the pleasure of the company of several members of the Tobacco Valley Historical group from Eureka and Rexford, Montana. The St. Eugene Mission Church and old Mission school were displayed by members of the St. Mary's Band. Bill Quaile and John Kinnear hosted a visit to Fernie and Hosmer.

Authors of this year's local history books were guests at the Fall 1988 meeting. Verdun Casselman published **Ties to Water**, the history of Bull River: Derryl White wrote **Fort Steele; Here History Lives** and Ellen Dixson represented a Committee that prepared **Moyie Reflections**.

Last but not least, a few volunteers from East Kootenay Historical Association have undertaken the duties of labelling, bundling and mailing the **B.C. Historical News** now originating in Cranbrook.

Edward Engel

History Awareness Month in Prince George

The Local History Committee of the Prince George Public Library held a series of programs in February 1988 to salute the health care in the community. The public enjoyed speakers and slides on:

Five decades of medical history.

Reminiscences about nursing in Prince George in years past

A panel of Dentists discussing the dentists and dentistry in earlier times.

A review of hospitals, emergencies, epidemics, native and white catastrophes.

These programs were well attended. The local newspaper participated by publishing several articles, and putting out a weekend supplement largely devoted to the early years of medical service to Prince George.

RESEARCH:

Information on history of skiing sought.

Jorgen Dahlie is presently working on a social history of skiing in the Pacific Northwest with the major emphasis on the period from 1915 to 1945. There is a special focus on the link between Scandinavian immigrants and the development of nordic skiing. He would welcome information on ski clubs, club projects, tournaments and the like. Write to him at: 1141 Lawson Avenue, West Vancouver.

Nanaimo Historical Society Celebrates Its 35th Birthday

Long-serving members were honored in September, 1988 as the Nanaimo Historical Society celebrated its 35th anniversary.

Special invitations went out to members from the 50's, 60's and 70's and to friends and relatives.

Minutes of first Historical



(left to right) Len Nicholls, Mildred Couture,
Peggy Nicholls and Mayor Frank Ney.

Meeting held June 20th, 1953 in the Parish Hall of St. Paul's Anglican Church was read. The first President was Mr. J. C. McGregor. Two of the founding members were present, Mrs. Lillian Dixon and Mr. T.D. Sale.

Displayed on the walls were resumés of Mr. J.C. McGregor, and the officers of 1953. Also short histories of various families who came on the "Princess Royal" in 1854. (Researched and prepared by Peggy Nicholls.)

Life membership scrolls were presented to J. Len Nicholls, Past President, Peggy Nicholls and to Mildred Couture. Nanaimo Historical Society's President, Mrs. Daphne Paterson presented Mayor Frank Ney with an honorary membership certificate in recognition of his concern and interest in Nanaimo's history.

A framed photograph was given to Dr. Jacques Mar in Recognition of his work in commemorating the bicentennial of the arrival of the first Chinese on the West Coast of Vancouver Island. The active participation in the work of the Society by Pamela Mar, a Past President was recognized by the presentation of a hand-crafted inkstand with pen and quill.

Many members and visitors entertained the meeting with anecdotes and stories of the past in Nanaimo.

The concluding event was the cutting of a birthday cake by Bill McGregor, son of the first president of the Society, and Mrs. Edna Ince.

Daphne Patterson

September 9th, 1988

Nanaimo, B.C.

Research Guide for Okanagan History

The Central Okanagan Records Survey is Part 1 of the Okanagan Similkameen - Shuswap Records Survey. This 123 page volume was published Okanagan College Press in 1988. The work was sponsored by the Social Science and Humanities Research Council of Canada under a Canadian Studies Research Tolls grant. Historians wishing to consult this volume may find it in many libraries, or order a copy for \$10.00 from: **History Department, Okanagan College, 1000 KLO Road, Kelowna, B.C. V1Y 4X8.**

Research for this project was lead by Dr. Duane Thomson, with the help of Dr. Maurice Williams, historian, and Kathleen Barlee, archivist. The publication lists the location of thousands of documents ranging in scope from Hospital Auxiliaries to Fruit Processing Plants and private collections to Tribal Council Records.

Bookshelf

"Books for review and book reviews should be sent directly to the book review editor,
Anne Yandle, 3450 West 20th Ave., Vancouver, B. C. V6S 1E4."

Journal of a Voyage with Bering, 1741-1742.

George Wilhelm Steller, edited by O.W. Frost. Stanford University Press, 1988. viii, 252 P. illus., maps, bibliography. \$28.50

1991 will mark the 250th anniversary of the discovery of the Northwest Coast of America by the Bering expedition of 1741, and this has prompted the publication of a new edition of the journal of George Wilhelm Steller, the German physician-naturalist who accompanied Bering. A surprising variety of documents relating to Bering's voyage in the *St. Peter* has survived, but Steller's journal, though colored by a strong prejudice against naval personnel, is perhaps the most interesting of them all.

The text has a curious history. Steller wrote it in 1743, just three years before his death in 1746 at the early age of 37. It seems not to have attracted much attention until late in the century when Peter Simon Pallas, a prominent naturalist, published a "reorganized, largely rewritten" version. In 1917 Frank A. Golder found a copy of Steller's original manuscript in Petrograd and secured a photostat for the Library of Congress. An English translation was included by Golder in the documentary collection entitled *Bering's Voyages*, published in 1922-25, but for some reason this was based on the Pallas printed version and references to the original were confined to footnotes. This new edition can therefore claim to be "the first English translation based completely on a surviving copy of Steller's manuscript."

Steller was highly intelligent and the range of his studies at sev-

eral universities had included theology, philosophy, medicine, botany and other natural sciences. But he was a loner and arrogant in manner, and he was soon at loggerheads with naval personnel, who chose to ignore his expertise. In Golder's words, "they hated him and he despised them." Matters did not improve when, after six weeks at sea, Cape St. Elias on Kayak Island loomed up ahead, with the mainland of America visible in the distance. Having located the continent, Bering's sole object seems to have been to return as quick as possible to Kamchatka. Only shortage of water compelled him to allow two parties to land on the island. After an altercation with Bering, Steller was included in one of them, but his shore time was limited to a few hours - a maddening experience for a naturalist making a first contact with a land never before visited by a scientist. When he begged for more shore time, he was told to return to the ship or be left stranded.

Later, homeward bound, the *St. Peter* blundered into a Shumagin Island, in the Aleutian chain, and brief contacts were made with the native Aleuts. Later still, after storms and scurvy had taken a heavy toll, the ship ran aground on what became Bering Island - treeless and uninhabited, but teeming with animal and bird life. Here, in a measure, Steller came into his own. Bering died within a few weeks and Waxell and Khitrov, the ship's other officers, were seriously ill. Steller, by example, demonstrated means of providing food and shelter and, more important, saved the lives of many of the crew by urging them to combat scurvy by eating salad greens and fresh meat. (Previously he had

cured it by the use of scurvy grass, gathered on the Shumagin Islands, which Frost thinks was "probably the first time in the history of nautical medicine that a ship's physician successfully treated scurvy.") The best source of meat proved to be the North Pacific manatee or sea cow, a huge mammal then plentiful but soon hunted to extinction by Russian fur traders. It was the prize item amongst the hundreds of plants and many land and sea creatures that Steller contrived to note and describe in spite of most difficult conditions.

For some months the marooned expedition was uncertain whether it was on an island or had reached some remote part of the Kamchatka peninsula. By April 1742 this question had been settled, and the survivors set about building a smaller craft with timbers from the wreck of the *St. Peter*. *St. Peter* the lesser was launched in the middle of August and arrived safely in Avacha Bay at the end of the month. Despite Steller's efforts, only 46 of the original ship's company of 78 returned to port.

The introduction is interesting and informative and the same can be said of the 40 pages of notes. Frost has found Steller a fascinating character. The maps are excellent. The translation reads easily, but once or twice a phrase jerks it into the 20th century. Thus Steller is credited with having remarked that he helped the survivors on Bering Island "even though it was not in my job description".

W. Kaye Lamb

Dr. Lamb, former Dominion Archivist, is Honorary President of the British Columbia Historical Federation..

The Harrison-Chehalis Challenge; a brief history of the Forest Industry around Harrison Lake and the Chehalis Valley. Arnold M. McCombs and Wilfrid W. Chittenden. Harrison Hot Springs, B.C., Treeline Publishing Company, 1988. 136 p. \$15.00

Fiction with forest settings, handbooks of forest biology and technology, and forest surveys and policy studies have been with us for a long time in B.C., but personal histories of any forest regions, apart from promotional pamphlets of a few industrial giants, are "like hens' teeth". Here at last is one covering the whole history of one forest area from beginnings in the early 1860's to the present, 1988. Both of the authors have been engaged in logging, mainly in the area, since their boyhood skid-greasing or whistle-punking days, and have known personally many of its dominant figures; however, there is nothing promotional about the book.

As the authors say in the introduction, "The confines of a book of this size preclude detailing every happening and development in the area. The book attempts to discuss in sufficient detail, however, the major events, companies, and individuals to allow the reader to appreciate some of the characters involved and some of the flavor of what was happening at the time." Even in dealing with lumber and shingle mills in the area and with steamboats on the lake, the book is confined almost exclusively to the influences these had on the logging.

Some readers may have trouble understanding technical terms relatively new to the industry, yet so familiar to the authors that they have not thought to explain them. For example, since truck logging became a mode, the length of the bunks became of importance. "Bunks?" Ah yes, cross-beams of wood or steel across the bed of the truck to support the logs laid lengthwise of the truck and held securely between vertical stakes at both ends of the bunks by chains around the load. And what is a "cold deck?" A loose

pile of logs stored on the ground just as dumped there by trucks, tractors or cable "yarders". Tractors, called "cats", short for caterpillars, are common yarders now, meaning they are used to haul logs from where they were felled to a road-end or loading deck. Cat yarders usually have steel arches with tackle at the summit to lift the front of the "drag" of logs clear of the ground for ease of hauling. It may be permanently attached to the rear of the cat (a cat-arch) or close-hitched to it on its own wheels (cat and arch). The reader will soon accustom himself to these and other terms, but one still puzzles this reviewer: what is an "adverse road"?

The authors were obviously dependent on secondary materials to start their story, for most of which they were forced to rely on their own memories and experiences - they are not old men -and the memories of friends connected in one way or another with logging in the two parallel valleys tributary to the Fraser by way of the Harrison River, Harrison Lake with its numerous tributary streams and the Chehalis River with its lake of the same name and several tributaries. In Chapter 1 they simply inform us of the building of the first sawmill in B.C. by the Hudson's Bay Co. in Victoria, 1848, followed by three other independent ones at Yale, Hope and Douglas to serve those on their way to the goldfields, around 1860. Chapter 2 is also introductory, sketching rapidly the shifts from skid-road logging with oxen, then with horses, then with steam "donkeys" for yarding, and railways to replace the skid-roads and horses, all in coast forest outside their area. It also traces changes in provincial forest policy from selling forest licenses, which enabled speculators to buy and sell timber without producing anything, to the "Forest Act" of 1912 which created the Forest Branch in the Department of Lands, mainly for fire prevention, but also to measure and collect for timber taken from crown lands. Chapter 3 summarizes the history

of steamboats on Harrison Lake, from the gold-rush days to their replacement by tugs and launches with internal combustion engines by the 1920's.

The rest of the book deals more directly and in detail with its subject as indicated by the following chapter headings: 4, Sawmills and shingle mills (1890-1948); 5, Logging railroads (1920-1943); 6, Trucks, wooden roads, and chutes (1920-1945); 7, Early operators (1890's-1945); The Independents dominate (1945-1965); 9, C.F.P. - Harrison Mills Division (1943-present); 10, Present situation (1988). Everything in these chapters originated or was still going on within living memory.

There are two further chapters, one called "Miscellaneous" which, apart from a note on the B.C. Forest Service, is really the conclusion of Chapter 3, with the advent of aeroplanes and helicopters; the other chapter "Remnants of the Past" tells where you may find relics not only of logging and lumbering, but also fishing, mining, trading and social activities - a good tourist guide to the area. The notes on place names (water only) included in chapter 11 might better have been left for another appendix.

There are six appendices: a list of interviewees and photograph credits; three maps together showing the area in some detail in addition to the frontispiece map of the Fraser Valley; a timber lease document of 1892 which shows how little of a human story can be found in two and a half pages of legal jargon; a list of timber berths in the area in the 1920's, with areas and locations; a list of quote holders of 1962 with allowable annual cuts; and a "General discussion of steam donkeys". The information in this last appendix might well have been given at appropriate points in the book but steam donkey buffs will probably prefer this way.

The concentration on logging is not just a predilection of the authors. Whereas small mills scattered through the coast woods were

common at the turn of the century, today milling is largely concentrated in large company plants on the lower Fraser and around the Gulf of Georgia. Logs for these mills are transported by water over great distances and sorted to be made into lumber, plywood or paper. Logs from the Harrison area are mainly so used. Where better to see the modernization of the forest industry than there?

NOTE: The most frequently mentioned surname in the book is **Trethewey**, father, five sons and three grandsons. What is not mentioned is that Earle Brett, owner of Brett Motors in Chilliwack and also of several logging outfits on Harrison Lake and first owner of Lakeside Sawmills at Harrison Hot Springs was also of this family. His mother was a sister of the five brothers names on page 51.

John Gibbard

John Gibbard, Professor Emeritus at the University of B.C., is a member of the Vancouver Historical Society.

Island in the Creek, the Granville Island Story. Catherine Gourley. Madeira Park, Harbour Publishing, 1988. 96 p. \$14.95.

For visitors and newcomers to Vancouver, Island in the Creek will give a quick overview to Vancouver's past as well as a history of Granville Island. The book is easy to read, and has many excellent photographs, which may entice people to read a more thorough history of our city.

Catherine Gourley has condensed the facts of Vancouver's growth in relation to the rise of Granville Island, to the way we see the Island today.

One small point: on page 44 Gourley refers to the Prime Minister's declaration of war on the wireless on September 3, 1939. I myself heard that announcement, while living in Nanaimo, but we

called it radio at that time.

In her acknowledgements I would rather have seen an acknowledgement to the Vancouver Centennial Bibliography, published by the Vancouver Historical Society, as it was the publication consulted, rather than members of the Society.

This is a trendy book for a trendy place.

Peggy Imredy

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

People of the Snow: the Story of Kitimat. John Kendrick. Toronto, NC Press Limited, 1987. 179 p. illus., maps. \$12.95

From Snowshoes to Politics. Cyril Shelford. Victoria, Orca Book Publishers, 1987. 289 p. illus. \$24.95

In his preface to **People of the Snow**, Kendrick writes that "This book is the story of the sequence of events that led to the creation of Kitimat," and that it is also "a narrative of events the author has witnessed or in which he has participated." These comments summarize the matter of the work.

Kendrick is ideally positioned to write about the founding of Kitimat. He assisted in water surveys in Ootsa Lake region of central B.C. in the 1930's, long before the possibility of situating an aluminum smelter at Kitimat was recognized. After the Second World War he was again in the region, employed in the investigations into the possibilities of diversion of waters to enable large scale hydro generation at tidewater and then, when Alcan became involved, with the building of the dams, the power plant at Kemano, the transportation of power to a mill site, the construction of the smelter at Kitimat and the community adjacent to the mill. He stayed to live in the new town.

For **People of the Snow** Kendrick exploits his proximity to these

events. Essentially it is an autobiographical account, and a large part of the attractiveness of the book lies in that fact. He gives his readers his own opinions freely and in doing so he does not mince his words. One need not agree with him. Of his 1937 wanderings in the vicinity of Ootsa he writes: "We were members of a survey party, an obsolete form of human endeavour; an observation which ignores that survey parties of one kind or another, albeit not of the precise nature of those of the thirties and forties, are out in the wilds of the province each year. A couple of pages later he notes that "Exploring British Columbia was a slow fumbling business, often producing results of doubtful accuracy," an assessment which ignores that, faced with an awesome task, the land and other surveyors of the province were not only dedicated outdoorsmen but also of marked competence in their professional work. On another occasion he writes that "one survey camp story is much like another," in spite of his own stories which are often vivid and interesting, and one man whose way of life apparently did not fit Kendrick's criteria he sums up with "a strange existence for a man admired by everyone he met." One senses after a while that Kendrick likes to make such personal observations off-the-cuff, in an almost cavalier tone, to spice up the narrative. They certainly do that.

Kendrick's style is to introduce each of his principal participants with a short sketch, a few observations. This is a difficult thing for an author to bring off consistently. He succeeds by and large. One character he depicts as "a small man and given to sitting in corners, but when he spoke everyone listened." He draws a wonderful picture of the man sent in by Alcan to ease relations with those who were to be displaced by the flooding of the areas around Ootsa Lake. The dealings with the residents had not gone well, the big city men being unable to empathize with the locals. Deep antagonisms had developed. "We

then found Fred Rowland," he recounts, and Rowland

"agreed that he should go and live at Ootsa Lake and try to salvage the situation. Fred had a sad face, and a great capacity for looking sympathetic without actually giving anything away.

Fred rented a house; it was one of the log houses we had used as a base for our survey parties. The rent was later cited as evidence that the property had valuable commercial prospects. Fred dealt with this by saying 'Oh, I don't think so.' Fred being Fred, this was accepted."

There are many such fine episodes in the book. Kendrick's description of the building of the transmission line from Kemano to Kitimat, and of the problems of maintaining it, are good history, a fitting treatment of what he describes as "the best piece of engineering with which I have ever been associated."

It is his ability to present clearly and simply, in language understandable to the layman, which is most valuable in Kendrick's book. Engineers have not often given such vivid accounts of their experiences. When he is discussing the planning of the community of Kitimat, and the social situation in the new town, he is somewhat uncomfortable, not quite at ease with his subject.

Included are sixteen pages of photographs, two maps, an interesting bibliography, and an index.

Cyril Shelford's *From Snowshoes to Politics* takes a more conventional autobiographical form than does Kendrick's book; where Kendrick treats with a segment of his life, Shelford follows, in sequence, the major periods of his. In the first section of his book (54 pgs.), Shelford traces the years of his youth in the Ootsa Lake region; in the second (64 pgs.), his years in the army during the Second World War, principally with the invasion of Sicily and the drive up the Italian peninsula; and in the final section (153 pgs.), the post-war years and his political career in the B.C. Legislature during which he served

as Minister of Agriculture. The story is, as he promises the reader in his introduction, of "a very eventful life." It is a well paced account crammed with rich detail.

The tone of the book is in large part established by Shelford's inclusion of numerous short accounts of people and incidents. Often these seem to be included for their anecdotal interest alone, though many are accompanied by "messages." The result is something approaching the homilies of a warmed-up preacher or an Aesop. "If there is a message in my life story," he writes, "it is that where there is determination, there is hope, and that what may be seen as a disadvantage, can often be used to advantage." His own great disadvantage -- as he sees it -- is that he "never actually went to school in the normal way," and didn't "go on to higher education." He wishes, however, to share his lessons. His mother advises him, "You never raise your stature by tearing down the other fellow," to which Shelford adds, "I often wish our political leaders today would accept my mother's philosophy." Another story prompts him to admonish his reader: "don't rely on people until they are out to the test and you know how they will stand." He is something of a crusader, and returns from the war "with the determination to do what I could to make the world a better place to live in." There are penetrating analyses of political acquaintances: W.A.C. Bennett's "mind worked so fast when it came to politics that no one I knew could keep up with him." The son and heir to the political leadership, Bill Bennet, does not fare so well. Shelford has some interesting comments on the Bob Sommers case, and on the weaknesses of our political system.

Throughout the book Shelford is direct in his comments. The peace movement of the 1930's and the weaknesses of the politicians were to blame for the inadequate state of the defences of Canada and Britain and so caused the loss of thousands of lives. Pacifists were "either naive

idiots or in the enemy camp trying purposely to weaken the nation." Towards the end Shelford criticizes, among others, the environmentalists ("wide-eyed radicals"), the C.B.C. ("didn't appear remotely interested in the truth"), the churches (for their political activities), public opinion polls, the parliamentary system. No holds barred. All wonderful stuff.

Through it all Shelford moves his narrative well -- and there is good continuity. Photographs are dispersed and are valuable complements to the text. There is an "Index of names" which is incomplete and is more a pretense than anything else. It has no useful purpose, and is not nearly complete for the limited number of persons listed in it. The misspelling of names is disturbing. Minister of Lands, E.T. Kenney, is spelled Kenny, as is the dam named after him; Shelford has Dease Island Tunnel for Deas Island Tunnel, Kergan and Evett for Kergin and Evitt, Sergeant for members of the Sargent family of Hazelton, Branka for Angelo Branca. Throughout, Stuart River is spelled Stewart, and then mention is made of the "Granuoluc Mine, north of Stuart," presumably the Granduc outside Stewart. I am reminded of one character on the Prairies who "wouldn't give a damn for a man who couldn't spell a word more than one way." There are many other inaccuracies which ought to have been eliminated. Ed. Schreyer is listed as Lieutenant Governor rather than Governor General, and in an unfortunate paragraph on page 8, someone called Simpson of the Hudson's Bay Company is credited with the establishment of Fort St. James. Naturally these inaccuracies cause the reader to be suspicious of things which cannot readily be checked. On page 6, he states that his uncle took the paddle-steamer from Port Edward to Hazelton in 1912; quite possibly, however it's much more probably he would have taken the boat from nearby Prince Rupert or from Port Essington. The reader

must wonder.

People of the Snow and From Snowshoes to Politics are very personal books, written with the clearly stated opinions and feelings of their authors. Neither is cold impersonal history. They have the bumps and warts of their authors, and that is as it ought to be.

Federation Affairs

A New Council

John Spittle has represented the B.C. Historical Federation at a series of meetings with delegates from other heritage oriented organizations. All attending gained considerable understanding of each groups objectives and programs. The exchange of ideas served to reduce duplication of effort in some areas, and promote cooperation wherever possible. The participating organizations are: B.C. Museums Association, Heritage Society of B.C., Archaeological Society of B.C., Underwater Archaeologists, B.C. Archivists, and our British Columbia Historical Federation. The presidents of these organizations prepared the following statement to define a new Heritage Council.

Statement On The Organization of The Heritage Council of British Columbia

Dated: June 27th, 1988

Name: The name shall be the Heritage Council of British Columbia

Functions of the Heritage Council of British Columbia

1. To review and recommend on heritage related policy issues and legislation as proposed by government or as advocated by the heritage community.
2. To share and disseminate information among the representatives to the Council who would take such information back or bring it forward from their respective groups.

Organization of the Heritage Council of British Columbia

1. Basis of organization: Non-incorporated ie. "informal" body comprised of representatives from heritage organizations.
2. Basis of membership: Mandate of member organizations must refer to a province-wide provision of heritage service.
3. Representation: Each member organization has one representative which shall be the President or President-designate.
4. Operations: There will be quarterly meetings. Extraordinary Meetings may be called by the Chair to respond to urgent concerns. The co-ordinating role/chair will be rotated annually among the member organizations.

Government liaison:

The Heritage Council in its official capacities will relate to the Assistant Deputy Minister of the Ministry responsible for heritage.

A Report from 1st Vice President Myrtle Haslam

who attended the Heritage Canada Conference held September 7 - 10, 1988 in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island

1. Meeting of Provincial Historical Societies - September 7, 1988 .

Attending were representatives from Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Ontario, Nova Scotia, the Chairman of the Board of Governors of Heritage Canada sat in.

Reports were given by the Provinces.

Items discussed were-the challenge of funding publications, designation of historic structures, awards, standards and funding. The need for accurate research programs to enhance special events in the museum/heritage community and the role of historical societies in providing the facts. The topic was of concern to all historians.

Selling Canada to Canadians - Preservation of the McLaughlin House, possibly to be demolished for a parking lot. Request copies of letters to our General Motors dealers.

The next meeting will be held in Vancouver at Heritage Canada Conference.

We will request a room for our use the day prior to registration for the Heritage Canada Conference. Myrtle Haslam has been asked to chair the next meeting as we are the host province.

2. Heritage Canada Conference- Managing Our Cities - The New Collaboration.

September 7 - Wednesday evening, Anne of Green Gables Musical at the Confederation Centre of the Arts.

September 8, 9 a.m. - 12:30 p.m. - Mary-Liz Bayer hosted Provincial and Territorial Representatives Day. I spoke for approximately 60 - 90 seconds on our Federation and the Cowichan Chemainus Eco Museum. Written reports on both were submitted.

Jacques Dalibard presented a News Release and requested all representatives write letters to your M.P. with a copy to Ian Sinclair Senator.

Lobster feast and tour of Anne of Green Gables House in

Cavendish.

September 8, 2-4 p.m. Workshops-planning, political process developers, citizen groups and conflict.

September 9 - Guest speakers: Mayor of Quebec City, former Chief Planner with the City of Toronto, former director of Architecture and Urban Design for City of Toronto, President of Heritage Ottawa and Historic Ottawa Development Inc. and Vice President of Historic Properties Ltd. of Halifax. Evening - Mayor's reception at restored City Hall, followed by dinner at historic homes.

September 10 - Walking and bus tours of the City of Charlottetown 2.4 p.m. - Annual General Meeting, new Governors elected 7 - 10 p.m. - Banquet and Awards Presentation - Audio-Visual presentation of award winning projects of host province.

Gabrielle Leger Medal, Lt. Governors Medal for heritage work.

Convention ' 89

Remember the dates

May 11 - 13, 1989

B. C. Historical Federation - Victoria Branch will host the annual conference at the New Convention Centre.

Registration forms from your local society.



Jim Spilsbury - one of the winners of the 87 Writing Competition receives his certificate from Don Sale.

Writing Competition

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

Any book, published in 1989, with historical content is eligible. The work may be community history, biography, record of a project, industry or organization, or personal recollections giving glimpses of the past. Names, dates, and places turn a story into "history".

The Judges are looking for fresh presentations of historical information with appropriate illustrations, careful proof reading, an adequate index, table of contents and bibliography. 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 publications to:

British Columbia Historical Federation

c/o Mrs. Naomi Miller
Box 105

Wasa, B.C. V0B 2K0

Deadline for 1989 books is January 31, 1990.

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 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 Grand Forks in May 1990.



Dan Marshall, a University of Victoria student in 4th year history, receives the B.C. Historical Federation's first scholarship award from Myrtle Haslam, Vice President.

Scholarship Winner

Daniel Patrick Marshall, 26, of Cobble Hill was presented with the first annual B.C. Historical Federation Scholarship at a meeting of the Cowichan Historical Society on December 8, 1988. The award of \$500 was well deserved as this University of Victoria student has undertaken some interesting research projects on topics such as whether the Bute Inlet Route was dismissed for political rather than engineering reasons when the Canadian Pacific Railway approached the west coast; and the role of early social organizations in the development of B.C. Marshall's interest in our prov-

ince's history was fostered by family roots dating back to the Gold Rush in 1858. Part of his pursuit of history led him to collecting old bottles, but he enjoys outdoor sports, playing the piano and dabbling in electronics. This 4th year student was so encouraged by receipt of this award that he is now contemplating graduate studies in B.C. History.

RENEWAL TIME?

Check your mailing label. If the top right digits are 22-1, this will be your last issue of the Historical News unless you renew your subscription/membership.

News Publishing Committee Report

The Committee, which currently consists of Naomi Miller, Anne Yandle, Nancy Peter, Arthur Lower, Thelma Lower, Mary Rawson, Daphne Sleight, Margaret Waddington, Ann Johnston, and John Spittle, exofficio, met in November. We were concerned to hear that the Heritage Trust may not be renewing our grant (currently \$1,000 a year.) after 1989, and are seeking clarification about this.

Naomi Miller, our Editor, now has her first issue on Women Pioneers under her belt, and it appears to be a very popular one. The difficulties associated with establishing a new production team are also evident, but we are confident that the proof-reading and other problems will be overcome.

Naomi has asked me to once again thank Margaret Waddington who sent long and detailed instructions on how to meet the complex Post Office requirements. Edward and Georgina Engel and Verdun Casselman spent many hours mastering the mailing process and we are grateful for their efforts. Undoubtedly we also owe many thanks to Peter Miller for his help in this enterprise.

Ann W. Johnston

In Memorium

Donald Arthur New, long time resident of Galiano Island, passed away December 10, 1988 at the age of 93. He was predeceased by his wife, Nanette, in March 1988. Mr. New was active in many Gulf Island community organizations, and is a past president of the B.C. Historical Federation. Donations to St. Margaret's Anglican Church, Galiano, or the B.C.H.F. Scholarship fund would be appreciated.

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

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