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Journal of the B.C. Historical Federation

Albert (Bert) Edward Todd
taken in 1920

Planes, Scrip, Motorways & Cougars

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BRITISH COLUMBIA HISTORICAL NEWS

Volume 24, No. 4 **Journal of the B.C. Historical Federation** Fall - 1991

EDITORIAL

The mandate of this magazine is to collect and publish short works which tell of some facet of B.C. history. Readers and friends of the **B.C. Historical News** have been contributing articles on a variety of topics. This issue is a real potpourri, and coming editions will inform you on expeditions, floods, biographies of known and scarcely known citizens, Spanish flu, a tuberculosis sanatorium, the Zinc Rush in the Kootenays, and many other happenings.

The editor's job is made enjoyable by the arrival of well prepared manuscripts (3,000 words or less, typed double-spaced, with suitable pictures or maps where applicable.) As long as these new historical tidbits keep coming in, we will be able, with the help of the friendly staff at Kootenay Kwik Print, to produce a quarterly magazine for your reading pleasure.

Naomi Miller

COVER CREDIT

This dapper young gentleman, correctly attired for the 1920s, is Albert Edward Todd of Victoria. His story is told in this issue by Valerie Green *(see page 5)*.
Photo courtesy of Richard Hunter Todd.

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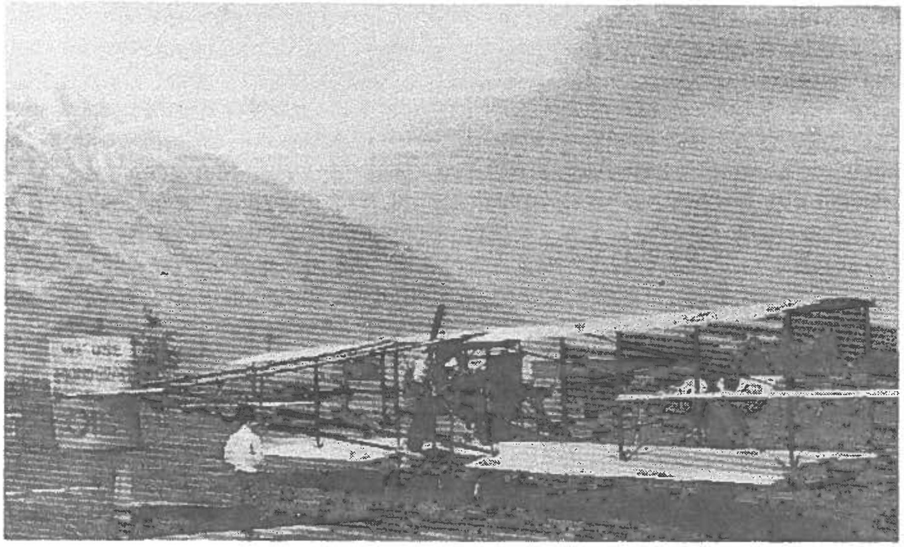
Planes Over the Kootenays

by Henry Stevenson



First airplane to fly in Kootenays Sept. 24, 1912 at Nelson, flown by Walter Edwards.

Airplanes and flying has become an everyday mode of travel, but in the 1900's the first attempt to fly a heavier-than-air machine was just considered a crazy stunt. It was the 25th day of March, 1910, when the first flight in the Province of B.C. was made by Charles Hamilton of the Curtiss Flying Team on a Curtiss Pusher Biplane at Minoru Park Race Track near Vancouver.

The first airplane to fly in the Kootenays was another Curtiss-type pusher biplane flown by Walter Edwards on September 24, 1912. The Nelson Exhibition Committee contracted Edwards to bring his airplane up from Vancouver by C.P.R. for demonstration flights.

When Edwards arrived here, he became very apprehensive when he saw the surrounding high mountains. He immediately realized that the air currents through the valley would be quite menacing. However, he was a courageous man and he had given his word, so he began assembling his craft. The airplane was powered by a 60 hp Curtiss V-8 water-cooled engine which was mounted behind the pilot. It had a tricycle landing gear, but had no brakes.

The pilot sat on a chair-type seat, but had no safety belt. The wings were made up of numerous ribs which were covered with muslin cloth. The machine weighed about 400 lbs. The fuel tank held enough fuel for about 25 minutes of flying.

Engines in those days were rather unreliable; to check the thrust before take-off, a rope was tied to an anchor post on the ground. A butcher's spring scale was attached to the rope, the other end of the scale was hooked onto the landing gear axle. The engine was started, then throttled to full speed. The reading on the spring scale had to reach a certain poundage before the flight could commence. A low reading meant that the engine required a tune-up prior to take-off.

Quoting the **Nelson Daily News** dated September 24, 1912 *At two minutes to 2 p.m. the airplane rose from Nelson Ball Grounds, flew over Fairview and past the Hume School doing 60 miles an hour. Edwards flew about three miles up the lake, back along the north shore, turned near the wharf and shot past the grandstand and on up the lake again turning west past the C.P.R. flats and swooped like a great hawk to the grounds. He was in the air nine minutes.*

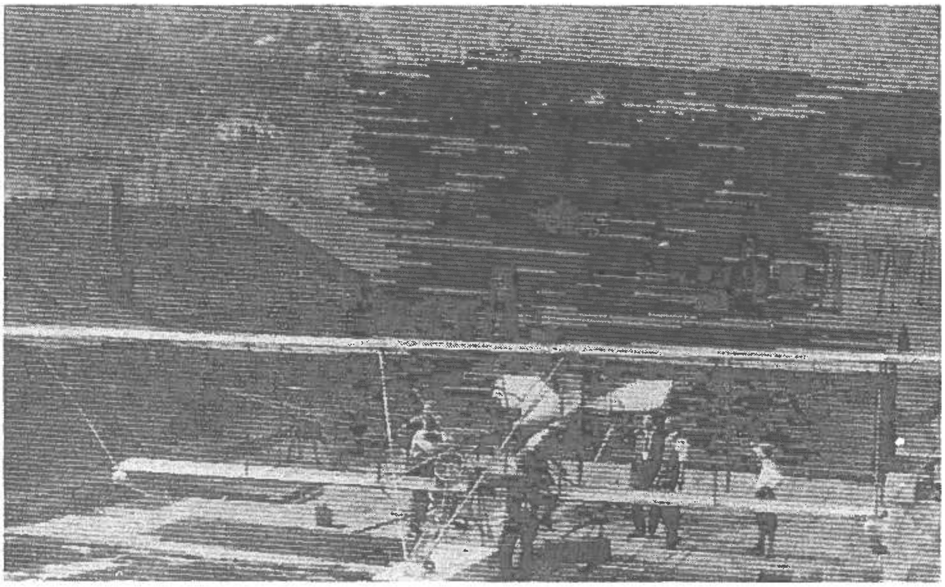
The next day he made a flight of 12 minutes duration. He encountered strong winds and bad air currents which made flying difficult. The next day, immediately after taking off Edwards experienced severe turbulence. He found it necessary to climb up again after making two attempts to land. On his third try he realized it was imperative to get back on the ground, his hands were numbing and his fuel supply was getting low. He had to make his approach high enough to clear the fence and power lines, consequently his landing speed was too fast. When he touched down Edwards slipped from his seat, grasping the landing gear and dragging his body to act as a brake in an effort to stop the machine. The airplane kept going until it struck the fence at the east end of the Ball Grounds. Some damage was done, but Edwards had it repaired and ready for another exhibition flight next day.

The **Nelson Daily News** report on September 27, 1912, read *Edwards took-off flying over the same course as before. This time he caused a near panic by landing on the C.P.R. flats. The 5,238 spectators witnessing the flight thought that Edwards had been forced down in the lake as the airplane disappeared from sight and the engines had died out. But after five minutes the welcome hum of the motor was heard. It was reported by some onlookers that the unscheduled landing at the C.P.R. flats was due to a wager that Edwards had made which netted him an extra five dollars.*

On July 14, 1914, a "hydro-aeroplane" was brought in to Nelson as an attraction for the first Chahko-Mika celebration. It also arrived by C.P. Rail and it too was a Curtiss-type pusher aircraft, but it had a square-nosed center float with two small wing tip floats. The pilot was Weldon B. Cooke, who was a native of Oakland, California. He assembled his seaplane on the Nelson Rowing Club dock. The Nelson Daily News reported, *Almost punctually on his scheduled time of 2 o'clock Mr. Cooke cranked up his machine and left the float of the Rowing Club. He skimmed gracefully over the water out past the end of the City Wharf rising with the grace of a bird. Ascending higher, he continued down the river until he reached the vicinity of Grohman Creek where he commenced the return journey, passing the city and continuing well past one mile point.* This made the first event of its kind in the interior of B.C.

On July 15, Cooke experienced the worst winds of his career. His first attempt took him about 50 feet into the air when he was forced to land. On his second try he was carried into the wharf, but without any serious damage to his machine. On his third try he made a short but successful flight. Again on the 16th flights were made both during afternoon and evening. He was not able to get aloft on the 17th. But on the 18th, he made repeated flights up the arm of the lake and several low passes over the crowds. As a final salute Cooke stopped the engine while at a great height, he "volplaned" to the water, amid "greetings from the crowd." Only a few months after Cooke's exhibition flights here, World War I began and that curtailed all civilian flying for several years.

After the end of World War I, a number of flight training aircraft were declared surplus by the military. Some of the Air Force machines were bought by flying clubs as well as some individuals who flew them around the country, landing at parks, recreation grounds and farmers' fields where they put on exhibitions of aerobatic gyrations and took passengers for their first flying experience. The year was 1919.



Weldon Cooke's Curtiss pusher floatplane, Nelson July 1914.

The Nelson Agricultural and Industrial Association asked Captain Fred McCall of Calgary to perform aerobatic flying at the upcoming Fall Fair at Nelson. Complications with the engine on his airplane forced cancellation of the contract for him to fly here, so he suggested that the association should communicate with the Vancouver Aero Club to send a substitute in his place.

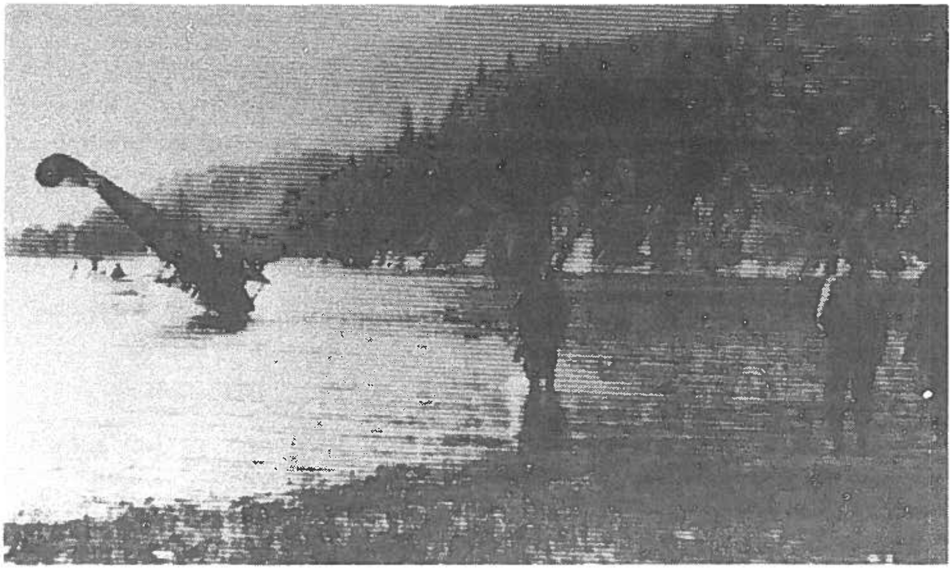
Subsequently Lieutenant George K. Trimm was contacted and an agreement was made for Trimm to fly to Nelson from Vancouver to carry out the task. Lieutenant Trimm left Vancouver at 4:10 p.m. on September 22nd, 1919 in a Curtiss JN4, a war surplus open cockpit biplane which was originally designed for pilot training. His first stop from Vancouver was at Penticton where he overnighted.

Early next morning Trimm flew from Penticton to Grand Forks where he landed to refuel. When it was learned that an airplane would land at Grand Forks, the Mayor of that City declared a holiday. Business houses and schools were closed at 10:30, the airplane arrived at 11:15. But before landing, Trimm performed some exciting aerobatics for the crowd that had gathered at the field. Shortly after 1:00 p.m. Trimm took off on the last leg of his flight to Nelson where he landed on the C.P.R. flats at 2:50 p.m. on September 23rd.

The **Nelson Daily News** dated September 24th headline read, 'Aviator Arrives, Gets Big Reception, First Airmail Delivered by Lieut. Trimm from T.A. Love, Editor of **Grand Forks Gazette** Addressed to George Horstead, Manager of Nelson Fair and Another Addressed to F.F. Payne, Manager of **Nelson Daily News**.'

Trimm had left Grand Forks at 1:45; he followed the Kettle Valley and Columbia and Western Railway Line to Nelson. Smudges had been prepared at the landing site on the shore of Kootenay Lake to guide the aviator and on arrival he circled the city giving an aerobatic exhibition. After carefully selecting his landing place Lieut. Trimm made a succession of extremely graceful glides which culminated in a beautiful landing.

The September 26th Daily News reporting his take-off from C.P.R. flats stated, *Upon taking off the machine ran into a calm spot in the atmosphere with the result that there was not sufficient length of runway to allow the airplane to rise and he landed 75 feet out in the lake. As the undercarriage and lower part of the fuselage struck the water, the machine upended and turned over and then fell back, sticking in the mud at an angle of 75 degrees. The aviator, although badly shaken up for the time, was not submerged and loosened himself from his seat, then walked ashore.*



Lt. G. Trimm's Curtiss Jenny after takeoff attempt CPR flats Nelson. Sept. 1919.

The airplane was righted and pulled to shore with ropes. Examination revealed that the propeller had been broken, the landing gear bent and the wings damaged. The airplane was dismantled and shipped to Vancouver, where it was overhauled. We owe a great deal to the early pioneers who, by trial and error, were responsible for much of the development of aircraft that gives us the luxurious airlines that have shrunk the universe in time and distance today.

The next aviation exhibition at Nelson was not an airplane; it was a hot air balloon. Captain Lestrange was contracted to make ascents and parachute jumps during Fall Fair days in September 1928. The balloon was suspended under a gantry on the ball grounds. It was placed over a fire burning in a pit to produce heat to inflate the bag. A group of youngsters (including myself) were asked to assist in holding onto the balloon as the hot air and smoke filled it. We grasped the cloth bag, allowing it to rise by changing our hand holds lower and lower until the balloon was fully inflated. Lestrange called out, "Let 'er Go!" and the wooden gantry fell clear and cords holding the balloon were loosened.

As the bag rose up, Lestrange thrust one leg through the looped sling suspended below and was quickly whisked skyward. He had his parachute above him in a neat roll. He waved to the cheering crowd and was soon over a thousand feet above the ground. Suddenly Lestrange was seen hurling through space, then the parachute opened and he seemed to come to a sudden stop. The papers that separated the folds of the chute in its pack were fluttering in the wind. It appeared to some that the chute was disintegrating, but then Lestrange loosened himself from the parachute, free falling for a few hundred feet before opening a second chute. It was a great thrill for all of us watching from below. The Balloon kept rising until all the hot air inside had escaped, then it fell twisting and turning through the air. Lestrange repeated the performance the next day.

A few days after the daring jumps, my friends and I were discussing the thrill of floating to earth so gracefully and decided on an experiment. One of the boys mentioned that he could obtain a ten foot square of canvas and I had access to a clothesline rope, all the ingredients to build a parachute. With the four corners tied with rope and a big old cottonwood tree available, five twelve year olds were ready for the thrill of a lifetime. Straws were drawn to determine who would be the jumper. I was very disappointed when I was not the lucky candidate. Two of us slid out on separate limbs of the tree carrying the outer corners of the chute, while two others held the inner corners next to the tree trunk. The jumper was last to climb. He grasped the four ropes and swung out about twelve feet above the ground. His weight snapped the chute from the grasp of our four crewmen and he dropped to the ground like a sack of spuds. The chute canopy settled on his prone form on the ground. There was no movement. The two researchers closest to the tree trunk lost no time in scrambling to earth. They quickly thrashed their way through the brush departing the scene, wanting no part in the apparent murder of their colleague. By the time my young partner and I scrambled to terra firma, we noticed a trace of movement under the canvas sheet. I exclaimed, "Gosh, he ain't dead."

We helped the parachutist to his feet. He was rather shaken up but fortunately for all of us he had only had the wind knocked out of him and suffered a slightly sprained ankle. His movements were somewhat slower than usual for a few days and his companions slightly subdued.

* * * * * * * *

Henry Stevenson is a resident of Nelson, B.C. who has assisted Peter Corley-Smith with research for aviation history books. He held his pilots licence from 1947 to 1978. He is co-inventor of the Monzoon Bucket used for fire fighting with helicopters.

We hope to publish further episodes of "Planes Over the Kootenays."

Good Roads Todd

by Valerie Green

The man who owned Licence No. 13 in B.C. was Albert Edward (Bert) Todd, son of salmon canning magnate Jacob Hunter Todd. In May of 1903 he purchased his first car (a two seater steam model manufactured by the White Sewing Machine Company) for the sum of $1,800 from B.C.'s first car dealer, Bagster Roads Seabrook of Victoria. (At the end of 1904 only 32 cars were licenced in British Columbia.) From the time he purchased his first car in 1903 until his death in 1928, Bert Todd was a proponent of good highways down the Pacific Coast and across Canada.

What was it, we wonder, that first attracted those adventurous spirits of long ago to the automobile? Its invention was by no means the product of one mind alone. As early as the 15th century, Leonardo da Vinci had seen the possibilities of power-driven vehicles. In 1680, Newton proposed a "steam carriage" to be powered by a "jet of steam in a rearward direction".

A captain in the French Army by the name of Nicolas Cugnot turned France into the real pioneer of the automobile by his invention of a successful, self-propelled vehicle in Paris in 1769. His machine was a heavy, 3-wheel car driven by steam which maintained a speed of approximately 3 miles an hour. This explains why France contributed a whole vocabulary of interesting automobile words like "chauffeur", "chassis", "tonneau" and "garage" to our dictionary.

Early in the 1800's experimental vehicles powered by steam were being built in England and America. In 1801, for instance, Trevithick of England manufactured a steam vehicle, but progress of any kind was slowed down somewhat by the short-sightedness of the **Red Flag Act** of 1836 which stated that all self-propelled vehicles had to be preceded by a man carrying a red flag by day and a red light by night (limiting travel to 4 miles per hour). That law was finally repealed in 1896.

Todd on road to Sooke Lake, Vancouver Island, in 1903. – photo courtesy of the late Richard Hunter Todd son of Bert Todd

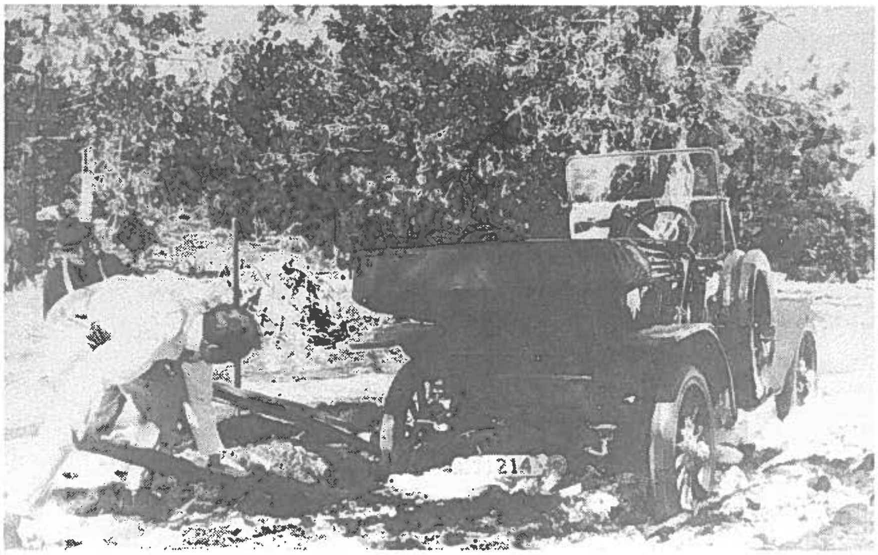
After the introduction of the internal combustion engine, further development was rapid. Karl Benz of Germany produced a 3-wheel vehicle in 1885 with the benzine engine placed over the rear axle. Then, in North America in 1892, the first practical car was built in a barn in Springfield, Massachusetts, by Charles E. Duryea. Meanwhile, the Daimler Company introduced the Panhard car into France in 1894.

Other experimenters at that time included Elwood Haynes, Henry Ford, George Selden and Dave Buick. Henry Ford built his first car, the gasoline buggy, in 1893, an incredible machine that travelled at 20 miles an hour!

As a young man, Bert Todd watched all these developments with an eager eye. It seemed, however, that for a while his own path in life was destined to go in other directions. He first worked in his father's many businesses including wholesale grocery and the Todd salmon canning empire which was already well established. He little realized that his passion for the automobile would also eventually establish him as one of the foremost pioneers of motoring in British Columbia and throughout the entire Pacific Northwest.

His incredible dream for a better road system most likely began one warm morning in early May of 1903. That was the day he took a "trial run" from Victoria out to Shawnigan Lake in his newly acquired two-seater White Steam car. Accompanied by Mr. H.D. Ryus who shipped the car into town from San Francisco, Bert logged and timed the whole adventure. The outward journey took the men two hours and 53 minutes with the return trip being made in a mere hour and 34 minutes, obviously having gained some motoring skills on route.

The White was fueled by gasoline from an eight gallon tank good for 75 to 100 miles, but the water tank had to be filled every half hour — usually from horse troughs on route. The White's compound engine had a top speed of 30 miles an hour and its greatest feature



Todd digging out car stuck in snow near Strawberry Peak (6,150 feet) on Honeymoon Trip along Pacific coast route in summer of 1910 – photo courtesy of the late Richard Hunter Todd son of Bert Todd

was its shaft drive as opposed to chain drive. Todd's journey that day was made without insurance, driver's licence, registration, licence plates, windshield or fenders, but this was of little consequence. It was not until the following year that the provincial government introduced licencing with an annual fee of $2. The Motor Vehicle Speed Regulation Act then also required owners to attach the number of their permit in a conspicuous spot on the back of their vehicle so that it was plainly visible during daylight hours.

But history was being made that day as Todd's trusty vehicle chugged merrily out of town along the rough and dusty road. He not only was now one of the few car owners in Victoria, he was also, in retrospect, the first real tourist heading off on a day-excursion to the Lake. He soon began to visualize an incredible future for the automobile and decided, then and there, to devote the remainder of his life to ensuring better travelling conditions throughout the Pacific Northwest.

Bert's love affair with the automobile became a time consuming passion, especially so after he retired from the wholesale grocery business and entered civic affairs. Among his many dreams for a better tomorrow was a strong desire to see the day when an all-Canadian motor route from Winnipeg to Vancouver would become reality. To this end, he had a gold medal struck in the shape of a wheel about 7.5 cm in diameter to be presented to the first person to complete such a feat. His second, far more ambitious dream, was to see a specified All-Canadian route established from ocean-to-ocean by automobile.

When Todd married Ada Seabrook (daughter of the car dealer and inventor, Bagster Seabrook) in March of 1910, their first investment after their Los Angeles wedding was, naturally enough, another automobile, this time a 30-horse power General Motors Cadillac (Registration Number 31214). This vehicle was destined to carry them on a five-thousand mile journey south to Mexico, and then north again up the Pacific coast to Vancouver, a memorable pathfinding journey which was to become the forerunner of all Pacific Highway travel as we know it today, and was the inspiration behind the building of a permanent Pacific Highway.

This journey is today a matter of official record. Numerous notes, ideas and observations made by Bert Todd along the route proved to be of considerable value in the years to come. Those notes also helped establish Bert's home town, Victoria, as a centre for automobiling and tourism. Later he designed the original map and figured out the precise route the Pacific Highway would travel.

His comments about the trip make interesting reading today.

He began:

". . .Leaving Los Angeles in the car, which I purchased in the Southern California city, we followed the rough and muddy coast road to San Diego . . . there had been several wash-outs a few days before . . . "

and later:

". . . . we took the dusty road over the plains to Tia Juana, the little hamlet on the border . . . . Coming north again, we made a leisurely trip around Southern California . . . before returning to Los Angeles . . . and heading up the coast to Santa Barbara . . . From San Francisco we came north to Oregon by way of Stockton and the Sacramento Valley. While the roads in Southern California were often bad, these in the north of the state proved worse, especially when we tackled the stretch between Redding and Dunsmuir. Our troubles in this direction increased the further north we came and a very heavy strain was put on the car climbing the grades over the Siskiyou mountains in the southern part of Oregon. This road is a toll road and we were assessed $1.50 for the privilege of bumping over its ruts and plunging into its mud-holes . . . ."

The Cadillac suffered numerous flat tires and frequently ended up stuck in the mud on some of these roads.

Bert also observed that automobiles were generally treated with more consideration in the American States than in British Columbia and the "rules of the road" were enforced" . . . even in the crowded streets of Los Angeles . . . where there are few accidents. This is in marked contrast with Victoria, where the public does not seem to take kindly to automobiles and where accidents are often nearly brought about through disregard of the rules of the road by pedestrians and by the drivers of horse vehicles . . . I feel safe in saying that it is easier to drive a car through the traffic-filled streets of Los Angeles or San Francisco than through the streets of Victoria and with much less risk. . . ."

Bert was determined to change this. People living in America had already realized that "the age of the automobile" had arrived, and he intended that British Columbians should feel the same way. After all, he commented, ". . . I saw no place on the whole trip that compared with Victoria as an automobiling centre . . . I think that, with improved roads and with new roads touching places at present inaccessible to autos, this city (Victoria) will eventually become the place par excellence for automobiling on the Pacific Coast. . . ."

At various times in his career, Bert Todd held positions as Vice-President and honorary president of the International Pacific Highway Association, the originator of the International Pacific Northwest Tourist Association (which included Oregon, Washington and British Columbia) and was Vice-President of the Canadian Highway Association.

His dedication to road pioneering pursuits such as these earned him titles like "the father of tourism in British Columbia" or "Good Roads Todd". His courageous and visionary eye over the next few years helped put the whole Pacific Northwest on the map.

In the summer of 1912, Todd headed up a delegation to attend the Pacific Highway Convention in San Francisco, a Convention which was declared by Judge J.T. Ronald (President of the Pacific Highway Association at that time) to be an overwhelming success with ". . . . the Pacific Highway going through as planned . . ."

In 1914, Bert was associated with the construction of the Snoqualmie Highway and the following year he undertook the conception of a rather involved new motor route to be known as "the Georgian Circuit". The entire area through which this route would pass was once known as "New Georgia", and now took its chosen name as an attempt to honor George Washington and the English King George. It embraced the cities of Seattle, Vancouver, Nanaimo, Victoria, Port Angeles, Port Townsend, Olympia, Tacoma, and back to Seattle; and covered a distance of some 500 miles, but could be extended by additional side trips. Bert, of course, pioneered the route himself, and in August of 1915, over a thousand people gathered in Port Angeles to witness him formally declare the Circuit open.

Toward the end of the 1920's, Bert was able to see one of his original dreams come true. A.F. Bennett and Captain Evans of the Lincoln Highway Association made the first motor trip from Winnipeg to Vancouver over an all-Canadian route and one of the Todd Gold Medals was presented to the men in front of the Legislature Buildings in Victoria.

Bert's own relentless work in road betterment as well as in civic affairs for Victoria and district in his roles as alderman, mayor and police commissioner during the second and third decades of the century, inevitably took a toll on his own health. He died after a lengthy illness in October of 1928 in Seattle at the young age of 50.

He did not, therefore, live long enough to see the achievement of his greatest goal — an automobile trip across Canada from east to west. So convinced was he this would one day happen, that back in 1912 he had opened a bank account with a single deposit of $500 to be used for the entertainment of person or persons who would eventually make the first trip.

Twenty years after his death, that account (which had grown considerably) was finally claimed along with another Todd Gold Medal. Brigadier R.A. Macfarlane, D.S.O., at the wheel of a new 1946 Chevrolet Sedan completed the Trans-Canada trip without leaving Canadian soil. The journey, from Louisburg, Nova Scotia, to Victoria, Vancouver Island, took nine days and was described in newspaper reports of the day as "the first down Canada's main street" (the new Trans-Canada highway). When the front wheels of the Chevrolet were dipped into the Pacific Ocean, a total of 4,743 miles had been covered and the achievement had opened up a whole new era in the tourism industry.

When examined in today's light, Bert Todd's visions for Victoria and the entire Pacific Northwest were incredibly brave and farseeing. During his last illness which claimed his life, a letter arrived at his home from Judge James T. Ronald of the Superior Court of the State of Washington, with whom he had frequently worked through the years on road and highway improvement. The Judge referred specifically to Todd's involvement in the construction of the Pacific Highway, saying,

". . . . when one thinks of the great benefit that highway is to the Pacific Coast, and the great influence its organization had upon highway improvements generally, one, familiar with the conditions, must think what A.E. Todd, a Canadian, has meant to the Pacific Coast of the United States of America . . . "

And it had all come about because of a 1903 two-seater White steam car which had inspired a young man to dream impossible dreams. His continuing belief in an incredible future for the automobile had, for him, been an obsession. He had seen the automobile as something more than just a frivolous toy for the rich and privileged, a "plaything" in which to jaunt around the countryside. He had seen it as one day becoming a large part of everyone's life. He strove, therefore, to make it easily accessible to the masses. He felt sure it would eventually shape the economy, geography and social aspects of our society.

His dreams and observations became reality and now, a century later, the name Bert Todd can rightfully stand proud alongside other men of vision who also promoted the automobile and early highway construction in the Pacific Northwest.

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The author has done extensive research in and writing on her adopted home city, Victoria, B.C. She published EXCELSIOR in 1990 and has A MIX OF MAYORS (of Victoria since 1862) nearing completion.

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Manning of Manning Park

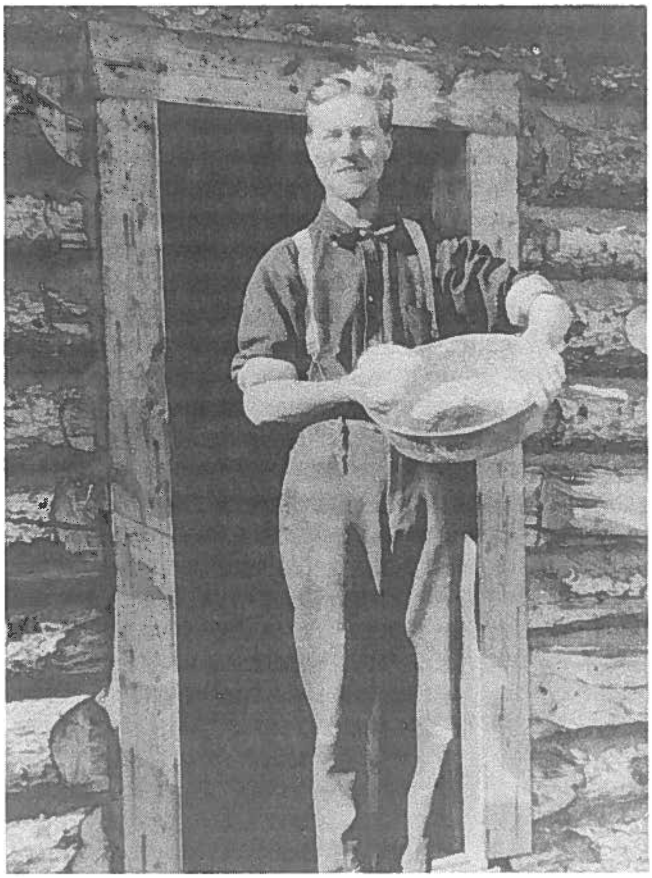
by Helen Manning Akrigg

"One of British Columbia's great public servants died Thursday in the Northern Ontario plane crash. There was no man to whom the people of this province owed a greater debt for self-sacrificing service than to Ernest C. Manning. His job was chief forester for his adopted province. It was indeed his mission in life. He was our ablest exponent of outdoors beauty and outdoors wealth . . . The safe establishment and perpetuation of our timber resources was the chief end and ambition of his career. No civil servant in this part of the world ever gave himself more completely to his job, or more intelligently."

(Vancouver Sun, Feb. 7, 1941, p.6)

British Columbia's Ernest Callaway Manning (no relation to Alberta's longtime premier, Ernest Charles Manning) was born on a rocky farm at Selwyn, near Peterborough, Ontario, the youngest of three sons. His father, Wellington C. Manning, was of English stock, a humble man content to work on his farm and in a cheese factory. Helen Brown Manning, the mother, came from a sterner Scottish background and had ambition for her three able sons. As only limited schooling was available in the Selwyn area, the mother moved with her young sons to Toronto, where she ran a boarding house to make ends meet. Here the boys attended Jarvis Street Collegiate and worked hard to help the family finances. Two of them graduated from the University of Toronto — Rodger J. Manning, who became a noted Professor of Biochemistry at the University of Saskatchewan, and Ernest, who graduated in 1912 with the degree of Bachelor of Science of Forestry.

Manning's first job was with the Canadian Pacific Railway's Department of Natural Resources. Working out of the Calgary office, he spent much of his time in the East Kootenays where the C.P.R. owned vast tracts of railway grant land. A family photograph album shows the newly-graduated forester in the winter of 1912-13 cruising timber with three other young men in Timber Berth 80 up the Bull River. In the depth of winter they lived out in the bush in old log cabins or even under canvas, and travelled around on snowshoes. The forest industry in the East Kootenays was extremely busy in these years, and Manning also did a lot of scaling. In 1915 Manning joined the Dominion Forestry Service, again working out of Calgary. He spent much of his time in British Columbia as a forester in the Railway Belt (extending for 20 miles either side of the C.P.R.'s mainline and administered until 1930 by the federal government.)


E. C. Manning making bread. Timber cruising in East Kootenays, 1912-13

In 1918 Manning joined the British Columbia Forest Service where he rose rapidly. After a short time in Victoria, he went to Prince Rupert as District Forester, returning to Victoria in 1923 to head the Management Office. In 1927 he was appointed Assistant Chief Forester, and moved to the top job as Chief Forester (equivalent to today's Deputy Minister of Forests) upon the death of P.Z. Caverhill in December 1935.

The new Chief Forester knew exactly the direction in which he wanted to move the practice of forestry in British Columbia — towards conservation and a sustained yield basis. Ever since he had first come to this province in 1912, fresh from the University of Toronto, he had been fired with the idea that he would help grow new timber crops to replace the harvested mature ones, "the ideal of every forester". Not many could see any need for this kind of help, for the timber seemed to stretch as far as the eye could see. Later Manning became uneasy as he watched the increasing areas of logged-over lands in the province which were not supporting a new crop. In 1922 District Forester Manning spoke to the Prince Rupert Rotary Club on "The Depletion of Our Timber Resources and the Remedy" — a new subject for most of his listeners who had always been told that B.C.'s forests were "inexhaustible".

When Manning's promotion to Chief Forester was announced, newspapers noted that "he was a leading advocate of forest conservation and a recognized authority on the subject". This advocacy did not meet with everyone's approval. M.A. Grainger, himself a former Chief Forester, in his letter of congratulations to Manning included the following warning:

Among some people there is a sort of uneasiness associated with you (I can mention it now that you are safely appointed) because they say you are too much tinged with 'New Deal' philosophy, which suggests to this sort of people social insecurity and pink and reddish feelings . . . Now it is perfectly O.K. and praiseworthy to have progressive views. I have some myself in some lines . . . My suggestion is that to make a success of a public position like Chief Forester a person should sedulously avoid and divest himself of unnecessary outward appearances that are in any way calculated to create distrust among the vulgar.

The new Chief Forester was anxious to introduce conservation measures without delay, but there were many constraints, especially financial. The provincial economy was still badly depressed, and the provincial budget was very small indeed. The Forest Branch staff was overworked, having been cut time and time again. For two successive years the government had even cancelled funds for fire protection. Manning had little hope that the government would agree to any new conservation measures if they involved increased expenditure. He found particularly frustrating the government's policy of paying income from the forest companies directly into its consolidated revenue fund and returning only about 25% to the Forest Service to protect and renew the forests. Of course the timber industry, struggling to keep afloat and long used to a pretty free hand in running its business, could be expected to oppose vigorously any added cost. Manning knew as much, but resolved to work for the cooperation of industry.

It was a daunting situation that he found himself in, one calling for much patience and tact, good judgement, a wide knowledge of B.C. forestry, and a marked ability to handle men. But Manning was not a person to back away from so difficult a task, for he had already found his mission in life — "the safe establishment and perpetuation of our forest resources". His first priority was to take steps to decrease the losses of mature timber and second growth trees due to forest fires, and especially to enhance natural regeneration. Then, when resources permitted, he wanted to move onto other areas, to promote multiple use of the forests and — while land was still easily available — to set aside and develop attractive areas for recreational use both by British Columbians and by tourists.

In those years it was customary for the Chief Forester to appear once a year before the Forestry Committee of the Legislative Assembly, to give a report on the current state of the province's forests, and to recommend legislative changes. Newsworthy items appeared in the papers. Manning put much effort into these annual reports, which later were described as "a series of remarkable documents, in which the facts of the situation are set forth with clarity, sincerity and courage".

In March 1936 Chief Forester Manning gave his first report to the Forestry Committee, resulting in newspaper headlines such as "Drastic Changes in B.C. Forests Policy Are Urged", and "Forest Protection Only Hope." Briefly, Manning warned that in the important Coast area annual depletion already exceeded the annual growth, and he urged that three steps be taken:

(1) greater efforts to combat forest fires, which were causing terrible damage both to standing timber and to new seedlings on cutover land.

(2) greater control over the burning of "slash" (brush and logging debris). This often was left to accumulate for years and, when finally burned, killed young seedlings. He pointed out that legislation was also required for the felling of "snags" — dead standing trees which, when ignited by a forest fire, could spread sparks as far as eight miles away.

(3) greater effort to maximize the opportunity for natural reproduction by leaving sufficient seed trees, and by reducing the destructiveness of certain logging methods which resulted in barren, unseeded areas. While Manning was receiving growing support from the MLAs he knew that, if he was to make permanent progress, he must also elicit public pressure for improvements. "There is a lack of knowledge of forestry problems by the British Columbia people and the public must be informed. We must develop speakers in our organization [B.C. Forest Service] and get our message out." He himself led the way, joining a Dale Carnegie group to improve his own public speaking, and writing major articles. Despite a heavy work load, he accepted many public speaking engagements from groups as diverse as Chambers of Commerce, Kiwanis and Rotary Clubs, the Victoria & Island Publicity Bureau, Local Councils of Women, fish and game clubs, even the Boy Scouts and the Victoria naturalist club. The theme of his illustrated lectures was always the same — that B.C.'s most important industry is forestry, that overcutting and destructive fires leave too much land barren and thus threaten the province's future prosperity. And, since over 90% of our forests are Crown forests (i.e. owned by the people of British Columbia), it should be the concern of every citizen to see that they are properly managed.

Ernest C. Manning 1890-1941. This portrait was taken when he became Chief-Forester.

Manning having achieved a high profile, the newspapers gave extensive coverage to his speeches. Particularly widely reported was his address to the Vancouver Board to Trade in March 1937:

I suggest to you business men that our forest resources are the real central bank of British Columbia. They stand as automatic governors to our streams. They act as security for our borrowings. They are a splendid investment for our sinking funds. They will pay dividends in good years and bad years. There will be no failure if proper business principles are used in their management. Keep the assets in a productive state and do not dissipate the capital.

Despite all Manning's efforts, reforms were slow in coming until after a catastrophic event in the sumer of 1938. In May of that year Manning had addressed a meeting of the Duncan Fish & Game Protective Association, which had opposed slash burning as being harmful to game. Manning spoke about past logging in the Cowichan Valley, the large area not yet supporting a second crop, and why slash must be burned. "We have right now on this island large accumulations of slash that should have been burned and now constitute such a hazard that, with proper weather conditions this summer, might cause a second Merville Fire [a huge forest fire in 1922] in spite of all the efforts of the Forest Service to prevent it."

Within weeks a critical fire season had started, and Manning's worst fears were soon realized. Newspapers carried daily interviews with the Chief Forester about the increasing number of fires; logging operations were shut down and travel in the woods prohibited. The largest fire, the Campbell River Fire which covered over 75,000 acres, started at Menzies Bay and soon roared out of control, burning through some incredible accumulations of slash right down to Courtenay. As a direct result of that terrible fire season, there was a large increase in the appropriations for the Forest Branch.

Although Manning was making some progress in his long-range plan to get the forests on a sustained yield basis, he felt things were not moving fast enough and kept repeating his warnings about overcutting in the important coastal timber area. Opposition continued and, in November 1938, Premier Pattullo said in the Legislature that he "was sick and tired" of the people who say we are not doing enough to ensure the future of our forest wealth, and that the Chief Forester was "trying to increase appropriations by propaganda". But by now public opinion had been aroused and people and newspapers rushed to Manning's support, one paper saying "the propaganda of conservation (is) rather more respectable then the propaganda of party and office".

By now British Columbians were aware of, and very much approved the growing number of parks being created by the Forest Service. A special development gave impetus to Manning's desire to expand the parks system when, in 1935, he set up and administered a new program, the Young Men's Forestry Training Plan. This was designed to take young jobless men off city streets and give them summer employment in forest camps where they would receive room and board, basic pay and practical training while performing work that the Forest Service needed. That first year many men worked at the three forest experimental stations (Cowichan Lake, Green Timbers in Surrey and Aleza Lake east of Prince George). Others were employed in the field wherever they were needed — assisting forest service personnel, improving fire protection by building access roads and trails, stringing miles of telephone wires, etc. The program proved a great success. The young men's health benefited from good meals and regular outdoor physical exercise, and their morale was good since they were working on worthwhile projects. The Forest Service also benefited greatly for, while the cost of these camps was borne by the Department of Labour, the Forest Service got many needed projects done. The public heartily approved of the program and the Young Men's Forestry Training Plan continued each summer, with growing numbers involved, until World War II made the plan redundant.

The Y.M.F.T.P. proving such an unqualified success, the Department of Labour asked the Forest Service to set up a relief program to look after single homeless men in the winter months. Thus, in 1936, the Forest Development Project came into being. Again, the Department of Labour paid the costs of the camps while the Forest Service administered them. During the first season one crew worked in the new Elk Falls Park, creating so much favourable public comment that hereafter about 50% of the work done by the Forestry Development Project crews was in the recreation field. Manning was ever an enthusiast when it came to parks, and it was under these conditions that many of the smaller well-known parks on the coast came into being, such as Englishman River, Little Qualicum, Stamp Falls, Thetis Lake, John Dean, Cultus Lake, and Capilano Canyon. Larger parks were also set aside in the interior, among them Tweedsmuir Park in 1937 and Wells Gray Park in 1939. Then in 1939 the whole British Columbia parks system was put under the control of the B.C. Forest Service, a move that Manning for years had urged. Very unfortunately C.D. Orchard, who succeeded Manning as Chief Forester, did not share his enthusiasm for parks.

By early 1939 there was growing demand from the public for skiing areas in Vancouver's North Shore mountains. Manning inspected the Grouse, Hollyburn and Seymour areas [on foot — he was no skier] and later attended a public rally. He gave the skiing project full support and men from a nearby forestry camp were soon set to work building roads and trails — even before the government had officially announced it intentions. Manning Run on Mt. Seymour was named after the Chief Forester to acknowledge his major contribution to the development of skiing on the North Shore mountains.

In November 1939 Manning gave what proved to be his last report to the Legislature's Forestry Committee. Under the heading "Wasting our Heritage", the Vancouver **Province** reported the warning given by Manning:

We are over-cutting in the Coast District. We are turning capital into revenue. We are creating barren lands. Adequate provision has not yet been made for the preservation of our forests as a permanent resource. In a word, we are liquidating our greatest asset and leaving an impoverished heritage to our children . . . We must develop our great outdoors, keep our country green with growing forests, develop our parks, promote the *sport of ski-ing, make accessible our beautiful camping-places. . . .*

The editorial ended by stating:

Mr. Manning's presentation to the committee of the Legislature was a courageous and sensible one. It did not hesitate to criticize the logging industry and the government, where these have failed in their duty. It showed what is wrong. It pointed to the remedy. It should receive the careful attention of the Legislature. More than that, it should be made the basis for action.

World War II had now started, and attention became focussed on producing more and more timber — not on conservation or replanting. Manning himself was soon drafted into war work. In June 1940 he was asked by H.R. MacMillan, then Wartime Timber Controller for Canada, to become his Assistant Timber Controller for British Columbia [while continuing in his post as B.C.'s Chief Forester]. Manning moved to Vancouver and became deeply involved in the work. In December 1940, in a letter of thanks, MacMillan wrote: "I wish to take this occasion of expressing my high appreciation in the strongest possible terms of the services you are performing as Assistant Timber Controller for B.C. Your steady devotion to the organization, to the job, and to the administration of the many production and other problems was of greater assistance than you can ever realize."

In late January 1941 Manning went to Ottawa to spend some days conferring with the Timber Controller. In a hurry to return to Victoria to deliver a speech to the annual general meeting of the Canadian Society of Forest Engineers, he decided for the first time to fly across the continent. He did not return to British Columbia, being killed at the age of fifty in the crash of a Trans-Canada Airline plane as it came in for a landing at Armstrong Ontario.

There followed a great outpouring of tributes to Ernest C. Manning, "the father of British Columbia conservation". A tall, good-looking man, he was described as "possessed of great personal charm", and having the "capacity for dealing kindly and intelligently with men". One writer noted that Manning "had in great measure those qualities that make for outstanding leadership and accomplishment — character, enthusiasm, courage, steadfastness of purpose, vision and, withal, friendliness."

Roderick Haig-Brown, the well-known writer and conservationist, summed up his accomplishments:

E.C. Manning, in five short years as Chief Forester, had won the public confidence in a way that few civil servants can or do. To people whose lot it is to look about them upon the devastated areas behind the high-lead machines and wonder what future livelihood these hold for themselves and their children, Manning had given the knowledge that something was being done. He gave the citizens of the province facts and figures that they could understand, he told them the state of their affairs, that it was a bad state and that it could be made better and that he would make it better. Because he was frank and fearless, they trusted him and gave him support. . . . He was able to secure the passage of fire prevention measures that should in time make a great difference to forest regeneration. He was able to lay some of the foundations of sane forestry policy . . . . He was able to develop the beginnings of a system of Provincial Parks that may one day be really worthy of the province. And he brought the whole forest service into better repute throughout the province than it had ever known before. . . . When he saw a right course ahead of him, no consideration of vested interests or the small constraints of politicians was enough to hold him from stating it. In weighing his own recommendations or policy and in enforcing the forest laws, he put the interests of the province and its people always first.

Suggestions were made that Manning's name be given to a forest reserve, to a timbered park, to a tree nursery, or indeed to Cathedral Grove which he had long wanted asa park. Finally, on June 17, 1941, it was announced by the Hon. Wells Gray, Minister of Lands, [who had supported Manning's work] that the Three Brothers Mountain area between Hope and Princeton was to become the "Ernest C. Manning Park". Thus there was created a splendid memorial to the man who had worked so hard and effectively for the forests and parks of British Columbia.

* * * * * * * * * *

FOOTNOTE

Manning was a family man, too. In 1916 he married Loys Pettit in Calgary. Mrs. Manning was born in Ontario but grew up in Medicine Hat and Calgary. The couple had four children. Doris, Rodger and Shirley were born in Victoria, and Helen was born while the family lived in Prince Rupert. Mr. Manning wished to teach his children about life in the backwoods so in 1933 he had a cabin built at Canim Lake four miles from the nearest road, one mile to the nearest neighbour. The Mannings were the first 'summer people' on the lake and soon became good friends with the homesteaders. Although Manning worked long hours, including evenings and weekends, and was frequently away on trips, he kept a close eye on his children and their activities. Having found out that ability to speak well in public is a real asset, he insisted that each of his children join the public speaking club in high school. His family is proud not only of the farsightedness of his forestry policies but also of his emphasis on multiple use of the forest with special emphasis on the creation of provincial parks and recreation areas.

The writer co-authored books on British Columbia History and B.C. Place Names. She served as President of the B.C. Historical Federation in 1978. She and other family members participated in 50th Anniversary Celebrations in Manning Park during the summer of 1991.

A Century of Concern:
B.C.'s Rural Schools — 1872-1988

by Dr. Thomas Fleming

"The sobering realities of British Columbia geography," two historians noted recently, " its far-flung political boundaries, unyielding topography, pitiless winters, disabling backroads, inhospitable seaways, wave-swept islands, scattered and uneven settlement, furnish the principal theme of our educational history."[1] Indeed, the entire story of building the modern educational state in British Columbia, perhaps even the making of the British Columbia provincial character itself, has been bound up for more than a century in the problems of geography and in the difficulties educators have faced in bringing schooling to a vast hinterland frontier. Only 30 nations in the world occupy a land mass larger than the 360,000 square miles which define Canada's Pacific province — and few of these countries share a climate or topography as forbidding. Provincial geography, in effect, has written provincial history. Like the Swiss, British Columbians have been both products and hostages of their physical environment. Certainly, this is true if we look at the educational history of British Columbia: it has been geography, more than any other factor, that has determined patterns of centralized governance and administration, formulas for school taxation, pressures toward school consolidation, deep-seated problems in teacher recruitment and retention, and, indeed, even the unique cast of provincial educational politics, as well as the organizational character of the major interest groups in schooling. [2]

Since the establishment of the school system in 1872, there have always been two divisions of the public schools — urban and rural. The problems of small, rural and isolated schools are the ones that will be dealt with in this essay.

Provincial appreciation about the force of geography on schooling, and of the challenges confronting rural education, is as old as the system itself. In his inspector's diary of 1872, and in his **Supplementary Report** of the same year, the first school superintendent, John Jessop, set the stage for what would prove to be more than a century of concern with the state of rural and isolated schools. "The question as to how the educational wants of the interior of this Province are to be supplied," Jessop wrote, "is one that I approach under a deep sense of the responsibility involved in attempting to deal with it."[3] His first tour of inspection yielded ample illustrations of the challenges facing the cause of universal schooling outside Victoria. Writing about his visit to the Langley school house on June 12 of that year, he observed:

> No school since last month — late teacher as anxious to leave as the settlers are that he should do so — Thought it better not to institute an investigation into the late difficulties; but to recommend the removal of Mr. Kennedy — Travelled over the district on both sides of the Fraser — No possibility of re-opening school till August on account of mosquitoes — School house in very good order with comfortable dwelling attached; but no maps or blackboard — Good well with pump in it — put there by the late teacher and should be paid for — About 40 children in the district — Returned to New Westminster in canoe.[4]

Problems abounded elsewhere as he proceeded on his tour of inspection that early summer. He noted in his diary, for example, the siting of a Moodyville school "in such close proximity to the refuse burner of the mill that sometimes the teacher and children were smoked out of their little schoolhouse."[5] On Vancouver Island, he was confronted by other problems: "Children somewhat disorderly," he wrote, "and but little attention paid to the teacher. Discipline and arrangement of studies very deficient. For want of books, a large class, not far enough advanced for **Third Reader** were reading in the **Fifth**. "The school room," he concluded," [is] of the worst possible description."[6]

In his summary on the state of provincial schools, published later that year, Jessop reported that the 400 children found in the province's interior "are living from two or three to twenty-five or thirty miles apart. They are, therefore," he wrote, "so isolated as to render it almost impracticable to get more than six or ten together at one point."

It is obvious, "he concluded, "that all those children cannot reach school in the ordinary way . . ."[7] Jessop's subsequent proposal to establish "a general Boarding School, or system of Boarding Schools," to provide for the pedagogical needs of rural youngsters brought in from surrounding areas represents the first attempt by the government's Education Office to deal with the educational problems of rural British Columbia.

Jessop's plan for a boarding-school system, embodied in the 1874 construction of a girls and boy's dormitory at Cache Creek, ultimately fell afoul of patronage politics and, perhaps more importantly, the sexual curiosity and exuberance of youth. As Jessop's biographer Henry Johnson observed:

> A proportion of the pupils at Cache Creek were hardly children but young men and women, well endowed with the usual animal spirits which had sought release from the confinement of a boarding school.
>
> During the year, [the resident teacher Robert Clemitson] . . .had discovered that some of the girls had been frequenting the boy's dormitory at night by the simple expedient of opening the door in the partition between the two dormitories by unbolting it on the girl's side! 'I never for a moment supposed,' wrote the shocked principal Irwin, 'that the girls would be the aggressors.' The facade of Victorian respectability was shattered; Jessop groaned; the Government was embarrassed; the Principal resigned; . . . and the newspapers were delighted.[8]

And so, with the eventual collapse of the boarding-school experiment, Jessop's dream for common schools to serve as "Colleges for the People," assumed what would become a more familiar form for the next three-quarters of a century: from the coast to the Rockies the predominant image of the school would be that of the one-room schoolhouse, attended by 10 school-age youngsters or fewer, if the itinerant inspector saw fit to count the noses of infants or family pets.[9] By 1932, in the midst of the depression, the number of such schools swelled to its high point of 704, and 18 still operate today.[10]

Apart from the voluminous inspector's report submitted annually, no lengthy treatment of British Columbia education, or no discussion of the state of rural schools can be found from the time of Jessop to the end of the Great War. And, even then, when such a treatment appeared in print, it stood in marked contrast to the views and impressions of school life in rural British Columbia left by others before and since this time.

Perhaps it was the sense of expectation induced by the end of the Edwardian age, perhaps it was the wishful thinking of an educator who believed that the school's triumph over the wilderness was at hand. Whatever it was, it prompted Trail schoolmaster, George Hindle, to paint the most flattering portrait of provincial education and of rural schools ever to be found in the historical literature on British Columbia schooling. In his 1918 volume, **The Educational System of British Columbia**, Hindle extolled:

> Whenever in the province ten children of school age can be found within a radius of five miles, there will be found a wonderfully well equipped school house and usually a very efficient and enthusiastic teacher — in many cases an honour graduate of some university — for the charm of mountain life has drawn high grade teachers from the other provinces and from every corner of the British Empire.[11]

Perhaps it was Hindle's distant perspective from the University of Toronto campus, where he was enrolled in graduate study, which obscured his view of rural education, or made it unduly romantic. In any event, this sense of optimism was not shared six years later when commissioners J.H. Putman and G.M. Weir undertook their mammoth 1924-1925 **Survey of the School System.**[12] Throughout much of the 556 pages that comprised this report, the two commissioners and their staff detailed the severe educational problems facing small communities. These difficulties, they explained, were, first, a product of distance and sparse population:

> It is difficult for anyone outside of the Province to realize what a small part of the total area of British Columbia is settled or even partially developed. As a matter of fact, not more than one two-hundredth of the geographical area is organized into cities or municipalities under some form of local government.[13]

Putman and Weir's catalogue of educational inequalities in rural areas was comprehensive: they pointed to the problems caused by young, inexperienced teachers, poor living conditions, unattractive salaries, the need for consolidated schools as well as better supervisory and administrative practices, the absence of local control over the curriculum and other educational matters, and the denial of "the middle-school training" which, they wrote, "we have assumed to be the birthright of all children."[14]

Like Jessop, when faced with the economic realities of trying to standardize or equalize rural and urban educational services, Putman and Weir returned to the concept of community boarding schools, operated this time on six-month terms. While admitting that rural and urban youngsters were essentially alike in "nature and needs," and while acknowledging that "life experiences" and not the "environment" should constitute "the starting point of the educational scheme," they were finally forced to concede that "expediency and economic necessity may have, and quite properly will have, more to do in determining differentiation in this programme of study [offered to rural children] than educational philosophy.[15] Even the ambitions and dreams of such progressive educators could not help but be tempered by the harsh economic realities imposed by the provincial landscape!

Throughout the 1920s and 1930s, the educational problems of rural British Columbia continued to mount, aggravated by the chilling social and economic effects of the depression years. In depression-scarred regions such as the Peace River, the disarray and impoverishment of rural schools in the 1930s simply and painfully spoke to the greater hardship then present in rural communities, where it was estimated that a majority of families required government food stamps to survive.[16] Such conditions also spurred the politicalization and restlessness of the Rural Teachers' Association who sought economic parity with their urban counterparts in improved professional status.[17]

The Education Office on Government Street, renamed the Department of Education since its emergence as a separate civil service branch in 1920, attempted to answer these rural cries from the heart through several initiatives, including the school consolidation plans of the 1930s, Major H.B. King's radical proposals for restructuring the organization and finance of provincial schools, and Professor Maxwell Cameron's 1945 successful effort to reconstitute the foundations of school governance, administration, and taxation. [18]

"We are justified in saying," Cameron reported in surveying a system of schools still stretched across a vast frontier, "that costs per pupil still vary so widely as to indicate great differences in the quality of the schooling provided, and that differences in ability to pay for education, and in the burden of school taxes, are undoubtedly substantial." [19] Like other writers before him, Cameron, too, was forced to conclude wryly that: "Nature, with an irritating disregard of the problems of school administration, has decreed that no system will produce perfect equality in British Columbia." [20] Nevertheless, he continued, the struggle to correct such inequity should persist. "While few would be so optimistic," he wrote, "as to suppose that any system of school finance devised by man could, or even should, remove such inequalities altogether, all would agree that a good system should aim at reducing them. [21]

The translation of Cameron's recommendations into a legislative bill, and its subsequent passage in 1946, marked a watershed date in British Columbia school history. It reduced the province's 650 school districts to 74; it ensured that a standard assessment rate was levied against all property for school support (in essence, the "Robin Hood" formula of redistributing resources from "rich" to "poor" districts): and it led, in time, first to the emergence of a powerful school trustees association and, later, to the local appointment of chief school officers. [22]

In the dozen years following Cameron's important work, problems surrounding the provision of educational services to rural schools were obscured, perhaps even alleviated to some extent, by other developments. The postwar "baby boom" and the massive school building program it presaged, the doubling of the teaching population in the 1947-1957 decade (as well as its professionalization within the groves of the university), and the rise in provincial educational spending from under 10 to more than 46 million dollars over this same period, were all factors that served in their own way to illustrate the fact that education had emerged in the 1950s as a provincial priority. [23]

But attention soon returned again to the troublesome issues of rural schooling — this time, however, in somewhat different form. At a time marked by Western fears about Soviet supremacy in mathematics, science, and technology, the British Columbia Government, like other state and provincial governments across North America, initiated a study in the late 1950s to determine the health of provincial schools. In 1958, in the wake of the Sputnik launching the year before, a Royal Commission on Education was created and empowered to "inquire into, assess, and report upon the provincial educational system to university level." [24] Headed by Sperrin Chant, John Liersch and Riley Walrod, the Commission began its inquiry by affirming it conviction that "nothing is more important for the future of our civilization than the education of the rising generation. If Canada is to be strong, Canadian education must be strong, and if Canadian education is to be second to none in the world of today and tomorrow, far reaching proposals must not be rejected." [25] Such rhetoric seemed far to surpass Cameron's modest objective of re-organizing sparsely populated districts into administrative units "large enough to justify a reasonably adequate schooling from grades one to twelve." [26]

Chant's intimations of a new educational Jerusalem would not, however, materialize for the rural schools or, indeed, for the province's other educational institutions. instead of the far-reaching proposals the Commission's introductory chapter seemed to promise, Chant and his colleagues recommended what was little more than a variety of pedestrian solutions to the problems of British Columbia schools. In the area of rural education, the Commission called for "administrative changes within the Department of Education to enable it to keep abreast of continuous expansion of educational services across the province and for an increase in the number of district superintendents." [27] The Commission called, too, for "encouraging teachers . . . to accept positions in the districts where their services are most urgently needed and recommended loans for student teachers of up to $1000 per year for each of four years of teacher education." [28] As to the ever-present and thorny issue of low retention rates in rural schools, the Commission less than incisively observed that "the retention rates in rural schools are not as high as in schools in urban localities," and suggested further study into the reasons for this variation long obvious to all. [29] On balance, it is probably fair to conclude that, of all the efforts to remediate the difficulties of small and isolated schools, Cameron's 1945 report on educational finance, the legislation it inspired, and the subsequent changes it effected did most to help redress rural grievances during the first century of public schooling. [30]

In the nearly three decades which separated the Sullivan Royal Commission of 1988 from Chant's earlier inquiry, new forces emerged to transform the character of both provincial society and provincial schools. The revolution in rising expectations that described British Columbia and North American social life after mid-century, new pressures for individualized instruction, the de-institutionalization of youngsters once cared for in other settings, the shattering of the nuclear family through divorce, separation, and work, as well as new emphasis on the economic value and utility of education were all factors that changed the nature and direction of both rural and urban schools in the 1970s and 1980s. [31] Added to these elements was a growing sentiment on the part of many rural communities that long-overlooked inequalities in public school and higher educational opportunities should now be redressed in the interests of economic fairness and social justice. Increasingly, the question of rural inequality was put this way: "How can a province continue to deny its rural citizens and their children the educational opportunities and privileges long accorded to British Columbians in metropolitan areas"?

And, so, the most recent Royal Commission on Education, headed by Barry Sullivan Q.C., began its study of provincial schooling in the spring of

1987 against this social backdrop and against a volatile political climate within the educational community itself. In the course of this 15-month study, the Commission attempted to understand anew the traditional problems of small, rural, and isolated schools, as well as to acknowledge more recent issues troubling these institutions. Informed by public and professional views garnered from 66 public hearings, 139 schools visits, 54 meetings with teachers, 24,000 kilometers of travel to 89 communities, participation in 23 student assemblies, and the receipt of more than 2,000 written briefs from all quarters within provincial society, the Commission began its own research and its analysis of provincial education and the problems besetting schools in remote areas.[32]

The results of this research, analysis, and deliberation on rural education were presented in five full pages of the Commission's major report, **A Legacy for Learners**, and, it should be noted, no other topic to do with provincial schooling, save perhaps the broad issue of the School's mandate itself, was accorded any more space or prominence than the matter of rural accessibility and opportunity.[33] Noting the deep historical roots of this issue, the Commission began its discussion of rural inequality with a reminder of how difficult it is to stabilize the meaning of terms such as "rural" and "equality" before identifying what it saw to be as the three principal problems facing rural communities — the problem of teacher recruitment and retention, the problem of rural access to post-secondary institutions, and the problems associated with the in-service development opportunities available to school governance and administration officials.[34]

In four lengthy and comprehensive recommendations, the Commission proposed measures to correct what were, in some cases, century-old inequalities. Most notable among these were recommendations designed to: promote teacher recruitment and retention in rural and isolated areas; introduce substantial economic incentives and professional development opportunities for teachers in these areas; offer both financial assistance and the forgiveness of such assistance for those teachers willing to work in rural British Columbia; allow for wider dissemination of information about post-secondary opportunities among youngsters in rural schools; provide higher levels of financial support to post-secondary students from rural and remote areas; and finally, underwrite out-of-community travel expenses for trustees and administrators to enable them to participate in professional development programs.[35]

The provincial government's positive response to these recommendations was made evident in the Minister of Education's public announcement the final week of January 1989. Contained in the Minister's remarks were a number of important commitments, including: the promise of a campaign to enhance the status of teaching as a profession; a pledge to expand teacher education programs (through increased funding to universities) and to increase the supply of teachers in rural areas through various initiatives, notably forgivable loan programs for those graduates who teach in rural areas, and the development of rural-based teacher preparation programs supported by a Rural Teacher Education Program Fund.[36]

Since this time, the specifics of the government's plan have become more clear. A forgivable loan program has been introduced which makes approximately $3,000,000 available to students in 29 rural school districts during the 1989-90 fiscal year. Funding of approximately $1,000,000 has also been made available to support the Advanced Trustee Academy which aims at introducing new school board members to concepts of educational governance. Government has also responded to rural demands for greater educational access both by generally expanding post-secondary opportunities and by developing teacher education programs in various community colleges throughout the province. Altogether, government believes that such infusions of support will be effective in attracting young people from rural areas into the teaching profession and in reducing long-standing educational inequalities between rural and urban areas. Clearly, these are decisive steps toward addressing a century of provincial concern with rural schooling. Of course, how well these policies will succeed in tempering the educational problems caused by a vast geography will likely not be known for decades to come.

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Joe Fortes of English Bay

by Goldvine Howard

Of all the memories of childhood I think the recollections of when we were taken to English Bay on a picnic seem to me the most outstanding.

These excursions did not take place more than a very few times a summer which made them that much more precious. It meant a tremendous upheaval of routine for Mother to take her "brood" of five young children on a picnic. The preparation of the food alone took hours; potato salad, ham sandwiches, wild blackberry pie, lemonade, etcetera, packed in the old brown wicker picnic basket. Then there was always a last minute emergency when it was discovered one of us didn't have a bathing suit and Mother would have to manufacture one from Father's cast off underwear.

One of the added joys of going to English Bay was whether or not we would be able to see Joe Fortes. Mother had told us many interesting stories about when Joe had lived with our grandmother during the early days of Vancouver. He was immersed in my grandmother's family during the long winter months, then when summer arrived he would pitch his tent at English Bay and act as a self appointed lifeguard at his beloved beach.

It was in April 1901 that the City of Vancouver appointed Joe as their first lifeguard and special constable with a beat of English Bay. He had a uniform with a badge and was also given the use of a little cottage for lodging just above the beach. His cottage was always surrounded by a garden with a profusion of flowers which he tended with care and pride.

So we were proud of Joe and considered him almost "family" and he felt that Mother and her children were his family, his people.

I can remember whenever we arrived at the beach we would all anxiously scan the gleaming sparkling water to see if we could find Joe in his little row boat amongst a sea of children cavorting in the water like a pod of dolphins or seals. When he finally discovered our presence at the water's edge he would row in, beach his boat and come striding forward, his strong well built body agleam with the splashes of water.

Joe, a native of Barbados, had nut brown coloured skin, was not very tall, had powerful shoulders and arms and a well rounded belly over which was stretched a sun-bleached one piece cotton bathing suit of nondescript hue. He usually wore a slight moustache and did not appear to have much hair on his head. He was genial, a hero to the children, but presented a sensitive serious manner as well.

Joe always wanted to teach us to swim.

On one occasion I received my opportunity. He grabbed a handful of bathing suit at my back and said, "Kick your feet. No, I won't let you go, just kick your feet." I did not learn to swim that day, being rather timid of the water and also embarrassed by the fact that I was wearing a homemade bathing suit. It proved to be my only chance as a horde of other kids were calling, "It's my turn Joe! Hold me! Hold me up!"

Joe would always invite us to come up to his little vine covered cottage for a visit at the close of our day on the beach and before he began his hourly official beach patrol of the evening.

I remember well how happy we were to be invited to Joe's home. Mother always insisted on us sitting on chairs and not wandering around touching things as the one boy of the family would probably have broken something.

I sensed we were in a real bachelor's haven — there were all sorts of unusual articles that had to be observed at a distance; a pipe and tobacco (something very foreign to our home), ship models, shells, and those intriguing glass paper weights, jars of candy and fancy tins of biscuits for tea.

Mother and Joe talked quietly and nostalgically about old times and the fun they used to have in Grandmother's home when Joe was invited to come down to the old fashion parlour in the evening to play checkers. Mother, being quite a bit younger than Joe, and a great tease, would play tricks on him by crowning his king or queen when he wasn't watching and thereby start a big squabble.

One visit I remember someone knocking at the door of the cottage. Joe cautioned us to be quiet. He said, "I don't want them to know I'm home. They see the light on and are just curious to know who is here. When my people are here, I don't want them interrupting."

We learned that the "them" were two ladies who often liked to call on him while out for their evening stroll. We children kept quiet as directed and after a few more knocks "they" went away.

Joe confided in Mother about his life and ambitions and any problems he had like chaperoning late night revellers on the beach, about being estranged from his family in Barbados, about his brother who was studying medicine in England, about his own humble job. His family would think, "What's a lifeguard?" He was obviously not the clever favourite son and had probably left home at an early age to go to sea, and seek his fortune beyond the shadow of his brother. Joe also mentioned some man in high position who was always questioning, "What do you do with all your money?" Although he was very generous to his church where he attended Mass every Sunday morning, Joe resented all these questions about what he termed "my business."

If we were patient enough finally Joe

would remember to pass around the biggest and best chocolates of one's life! Chocolates were frequent gifts to him by some grateful parents for his care of their children. After the event of the chocolates we were ready to start the long journey home.

As time passed Joe became a legend in the West End; this kindly well loved black man who taught nearly all the West End children to swim and kept a strict watch seeing that no one came to harm. It is well known that he was credited with saving many who somehow got into trouble in the waters of English Bay.

In February 1922 Mother received a phone call from the Vancouver General Hospital with the message that Joe was ill and wanted her to come to see him. She literally dropped everything and rushed to the hospital. To her surprise she found Joe feeling somewhat better.

While they visited Joe confided that he had been very ill with mumps and was afraid he was going to die. No, he didn't want Mother to write anyone as all ties with his family seemed to have been broken. He told her if anything should happen to him she was to have his old waistcoat which he wore constantly and in which he had sewn his fortune. "Cassie, you will never have to worry about money. I want you to have it." I imagine he wanted to show his appreciation for the many years of friendship her mother and she had given him.

Mother humoured him by saying she would remember, never thinking there was any chance of her old friend being near the end of his life. She told him, "If you should need me, get one of the nurses to phone me and I'll come."

About a week later on a Sunday, Mother thought, "I've got everything ready for dinner and all the children are home, I think I'll go to the hospital to see how Joe is getting along." It was a premonition.

When she arrived she found that poor ole' Joe had been delirious and was now in the throes of pneumonia. The nurse on duty told her the end was near.

Mother called to Joe who roused sufficiently to know she was there. She said, "Would you like me to sing a hymn for you?" He couldn't speak but she knew it would comfort him. I think the hymn was "Lead Kindly Light Amid the Encircling Gloom," one of her favourites. Joe tried again to speak but couldn't and a few moments later passed away as Mother was singing.

I remember hearing about the funeral service which Mother attended at Holy Rosary Cathedral. She said it was the largest funeral that had been held in Vancouver to that date. The four corners at Richards and Dunsmuir were packed. When Joe's boat, filled with flowers, appeared in the cortege many people from all walks of life broke into tears of real sorrow. The organist's tribute was to play "Old Black Joe" as his postlude.

I was among the school children who stood for a five minute silence on the day of the funeral. I remember feeling privately proud that my mother had been with Joe to comfort him in his last moments.

It was the end of the simple good life of a righteous man, one who lived according to his beliefs and high moral standards.

The Waistcoat:

(By the time Mother made enquiries about the waistcoat it was said that it had never been found.)

In Memory of Joe Fortes, I Wear A Bracelet

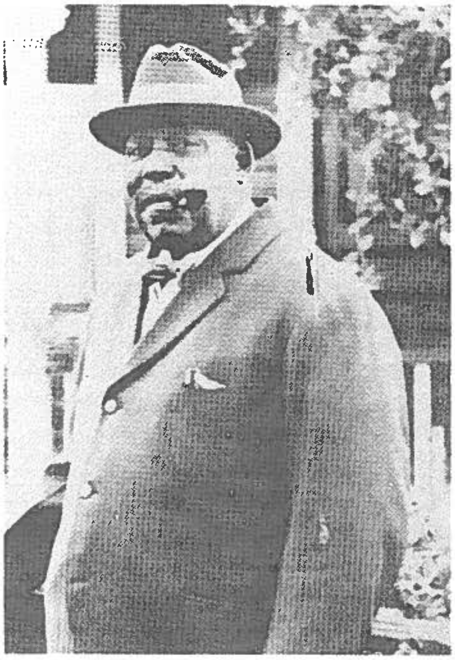
I possess and treasure what could be the only remaining memento from this great hearted pioneer man who has become a legend to the City of Vancouver.

It was during one of our family visits to Joe that he said, "Here is a bracelet I picked up on the beach. I would like one of the children to have it."

I cannot remember if he had had the bracelet for a long time awaiting an owner to claim it or whether he had found it that day on his regular early morning beach combing. I am certain he would not have given it had there been any way of tracing the owner for Joe was a very sincere and honest person.

My eldest sister was the natural recipient and the rest of us stood and admired it as it was slipped onto her arm.

This sterling silver bracelet which was engraved with beautiful classic design had three little hanging hearts of silver, spaced at such intervals that you knew others had been lost. It captured our imaginations; the bracelet must have been washed up from some far Utopian country — like Spain, the most exciting and romantic place we could conjure up.


"Joe" Fortes . . .1922.
photo courtesy Vancouver Public Library.

Joe was pleased to be able to give one of Cassie's girls a gift and enjoyed hearing our fanciful expressions of delight.

After a few years, my sister finally stopped wearing the bracelet which by this time had lost its little dangling hearts.

One day she allowed me to wear it and from that time it has never been off my arm except on odd occasions when I have worn gold jewelry to suit my costume.

I had worn the bracelet for many years when all of a sudden I felt a sharp prick, looked down, and found the bracelet had parted. By this time I was working and had my own money so I took the bracelet to Grassie's for repair. After another few years of constant wear it again parted in another place. This time the jeweller advised me to have a plain silver circlet welded to the inside to reinforce the original bracelet.

It is now strong and not likely to ever break again. Whenever you see me you can always see this treasured talisman from Joe Fortes. Although the engraving is worn smooth in places it has the lovely soft patina that comes to old silver.

What more appropriate memento could one possess? One day this beachcombed amulet from Joe Fortes will be passed down with the latter part of its history intact — this story.

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The author worked as a school secretary at King Edward High School, then at John Oliver Senior Secondary. She has been a piano teacher and still is the choir leader and organist at Ellesmere United Church in Burnaby.

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Denny Boyd has kindly given permission to quote his column from the **Vancouver Sun**, February 7, 1990.

On February 7, 1922, Vancouver buried a black man and it seemed the whole city wept.

"Old Joe" was Seraphim Fortes, a Jamaican seaman who saw the town of Granville, as it was known in 1885, from the deck of a leaking schooner, packed his duffel and never went to sea again. Hiring on as a bartender at the Bodega Saloon, at Carrall and Hastings, he decided Seraphim was no name for a rum-slinger in a waterfront bar so he became Joe Fortes. Joe Fortes wasn't a good bartender; too kindly inclined to respond to a request for a second drink by advising, "Why don't you git on home to the wife and kiddies?"

In 1890, after the city had been wiped out by fire, rebuilt and incorporated as Vancouver, Fortes left the saloon strip and moved to a squatter's shack on English Bay. Every day he swam, every day he drank his 'tonic' — a cup of Bay seawater. Joe Fortes loved English Bay so much that he appointed himself caretaker, rousting beach rowdies and drinkers. But most significantly, he taught Vancouver kids — thousands of them — to swim. A full-length woolen swimming suit on his 280-pound frame, he would hold a tyke in the water and say, "Kick your feet, child." Mothers sent their kids to the beach, advising, "Stay where Joe is."

Fortes was also a lifeguard, officially credited with saving 29 lives with his rowboat. He was appointed as a special constable, with a brass-buttoned uniform and the power of arrest. His first arrest was his last. The puritanical Fortes arrested a couple for necking on his beach beat and charged them with vagrancy. When Magistrate Henry C. Shaw asked for detailed evidence Fortes replied, "Your worship, these people was acting with agglutinated auspiciousness." The charge was dropped.

Fortes contracted pneumonia in January 1922 and lingered for a month in Vancouver General Hospital. His room was filled with flowers from well-wishers every day.

Following a high mass and hymns by the men's choir at Holy Rosary Cathedral, the Elks' Brass Band led the cortege past thousands of curbside mourners, along Dunsmuir Street to Granville, across to Hastings and Main and then on to Mountain View Cemetery. Incongruously, a red and white wooden rowboat followed the hearse, filled with fresh flowers and evergreen boughs, cut that morning in Stanley Park. The pallbearers were senior members of the Vancouver Police Department, friends of the deceased. The enormous crowd at graveside included Mayor Charles Tisdall, members of city council, park board, school board and fraternal lodges. As the cortege proceeded through town, normal classroom activities stopped in every school in greater Vancouver between 10:40 and 10:45 a.m. The children stood for a minute of silence and then discussed with their teachers the impact the deceased had had on their lives. At graveside the Rev. Father Patrick O'Boyle told the mourners, "You do honour not only to Old Joe who has just gone out with the tide on the great ocean of eternity, but to yourselves, indeed, in gathering to tender solemn homage of respect for the passing of a great soul."

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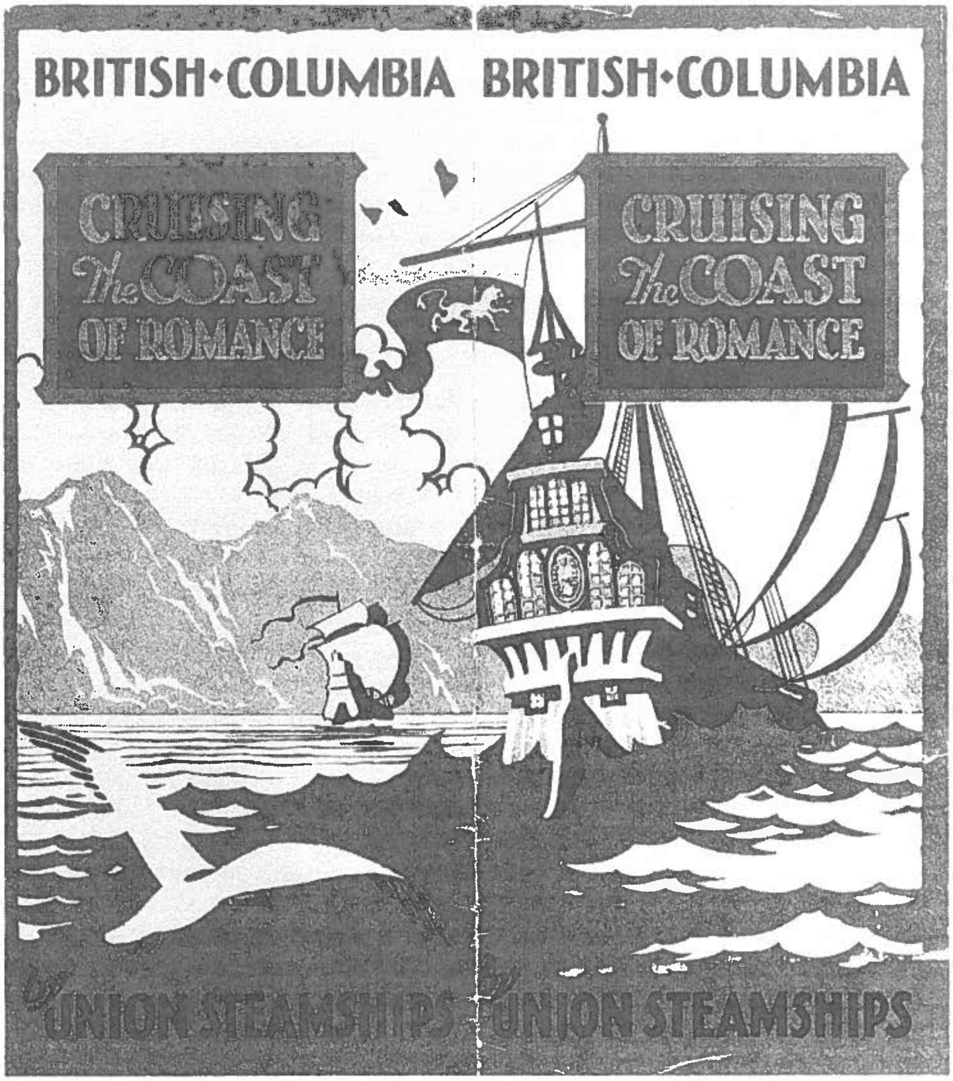

War at Grouse Creek

by Joan Bellinger

Ne'er Do Well Dump, Grouse Creek – photo courtesy Provincial Archives, Victoria, B.C.

Grouse Creek was one of the many creeks close to Billy Barker's famous gold claim. It was here the Heron claim was made, and proved to be very rich.

By 1867 thirty-five mining companies were at work, with names such as the Short Bend, French Company and the Ne'er-do-well. A roaring gold camp was born at Grouse Creek with restaurants, stores, cabins and a dance hall.

Trouble was to follow. A company, the Canadian, staked some ground which the Heron claimed was covered by their franchise. Then the Grouse Creek Red Rock Flume Company obtained a concession covering a fifty foot strip on each side of the intended line of their flume. The rights to this would expire on June 1st, 1867, and the Canadian Company decided to jump the lands of the Flume Company.

The Gold Commissioner was called in and he ruled in favor of the Flume Company. Then the Canadian Company refused to withdraw and gathered a force of 400 men for their side. The Commissioner swore in extra constables but was virtually powerless. The Canadian, or Fighting Company as it became known, charged the Flume Company and drove them from the disputed ground.

The Fighting Company then took possession of the workings and mined a great quantity of gold. Finally, Governor Seymour was called in and he induced the Canadian Company to deliver the twelve feet now in dispute to the government. He also told them to pay over the gold to a public official and surrender the men who had fought the police.

Eight men gave themselves up but only spent two days in jail. The Flume Company insisted on a special commission. Court was opened in September at Richfield with Chief Justice Needham presiding. The Canadian Company entered an appeal. The gold, which only amounted to $3,600 was brought into court and after ten days of arguing the Grouse Creek War was over with the twelve feet and gold awarded to the Flume Company.

It was an empty victory. Interest in the Creek soon ceased, only a few companies were at work and the rich ground gave out.

The search for the lost channel goes on to this day and although many artifacts have turned up, so far the Lost Heron Lead seems to have remained elusive.

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The writer lives in Burnaby. She and her retired husband seek out local history on their travels, then Joan records her findings for several publications.

Long Harbour Archaeological Dig: B.C. Coast Prehistory

by John Crofton

B.C. coast history has intrigued me for a long time. Consequently I studied our coastal prehistory to better understand later history. When I heard that an archaeological dig was being planned for the summers of 1987 and '88 at Long Harbour on Salt Spring Island (where I live), I volunteered to participate.

This dig was organized by SFU archaeologist Dr. Roy Carlson and supervised by graduate student David Johnstone, assisted by two other graduates and twenty-seven volunteers. The site for the dig is a shell-midden situated on a spit that separates Long Harbour from a saltwater marsh a few yards inland from the beach. (Salt Spring Island is in the Gulf of Georgia about half way between Vancouver and Victoria.)

About 500 visitors, both tourists and locals, visited the project during the summer of 1987. One Alberta visitor taunted me as I worked deep in my pit, "I don't see any sense in all this work. If you were digging for oil I could understand. But looking for a bunch of old bones and stones seems crazy to me." I was tempted to give him a lofty lecture on the objectives of modern archaeology, or to say that it was great to have a feeling for residents of the island before white men sailed here, but my back was too sore for me to make the effort at that time.

In 1988 the dig became a field school for undergraduates.

My purpose is to give a brief review of a complex subject, namely B.C. coast pre-history, and relate that to our findings at Long Harbour. My sources of information have come from a variety of archaeologists and researchers into B.C. coast prehistory, the most important one for me being Knut Fladmark who wrote **British Columbia Prehistory** (1984). At the time of writing this book he was professor of archaeology at Simon Fraser University. I also thank the graduate students I worked with at Long Harbour.

Prehistoric Beginnings

About 12,000 years ago, maybe a lot more, descendants of humans who originated in Africa and/or Eurasia, possibly more than 30,000 years earlier, began a major migration into North and South America.

Their main entry route was by means of a land link between Asia and the North West Pacific Coast, which has now become the Bering Strait.

This migration was triggered by the end of the last Ice Age and the opening of new routes south from the Yukon.

The reason for the movement of these people is thought to have been their pursuit of animal herds, such as caribou and bison, for food.

Then those who settled along the B.C. coast culturally developed in what Professor Fladmark has described as these four stages:

- Lithic Stage — 12,000 to 5,500 years ago, or BP (Before the Present Time);
- Early Development — 5,500 to 3,500 BP;
- Middle Development — 3,500 to 1,500 BP;
- Late Development — 1,500 BP to first recorded European contact just over 200 years ago, when West coast Indian history began.

Lithic Stage

Twelve thousand years ago, as the glaciers retreated, pine forests began to appear all along the coastal areas of B.C.

In addition, as the ice fields melted and heavy rains fell, sea levels rose from below present ones to many meters higher than they are now. The degree of change depended on the local intensity of ice pressing down on earth's surfaces during the Ice Age. For example, the Queen Charlottes were lightly glaciated and as a result flooding was minimal. However, the heavily glaciated Fraser Valley underwent severe flooding.

After a few thousand years during this stage, as the continent became free of its burden of ice it began to rise up, which resulted in sea levels declining along the shorelines.

Archaeologists have found that the immigrants to this new land largely employed the pebble tool concept. Pebble tools were rounded, fist-sized beach or river pebbles flaked at one end to form a cutting edge for heavy chopping, cutting and scraping. They were a practical implement since they could be thrown away and quickly replaced once dull or broken.

Other implements used were microblades, which are three to four centimeters long with straight sharp edges, and flaked stones.

Tool technology changes took place during this period to include improved, refined types of simple ground stone.

Long distance trading occurred between B.C. coastal areas and Oregon where obsidian, a sharp volcanic glass, was available for tool manufacture. Sea and land mammals and fish were the primary food resources. Since this food was difficult to hunt and gather the people had to operate together to find it and to share it in order to survive. Thus an egalitarian life-style prevailed.

Early Development Stage

During the period 5,500 - 3,500 BP sea levels further declined to about present levels which brought about a stabilization to shorelines permitting rivers to mature, deltas to grow, tidal flats to develop, fish and shellfish to flourish.

Consequently the cultural characteristics of the Coastal Indians changed dramatically from those of the Lithic Stage as the people adapted their lives to local resources of the sea, rivers and streams. With an abundance of food readily available all around them, tribes were able to become more self-sufficient and independent of each other and to settle in established communities.

This change is reflected in the large middens, or garbage dumps, that now began to develop. These middens still appear at coastal sites, such as the one at Long Harbour. They are composed of clam, mussel and other shells in white and gray layers mixed with streaks of charcoal, ash and miscellaneous debris, such as animal bones. Signs of cooking on a vast and varied scale are common.

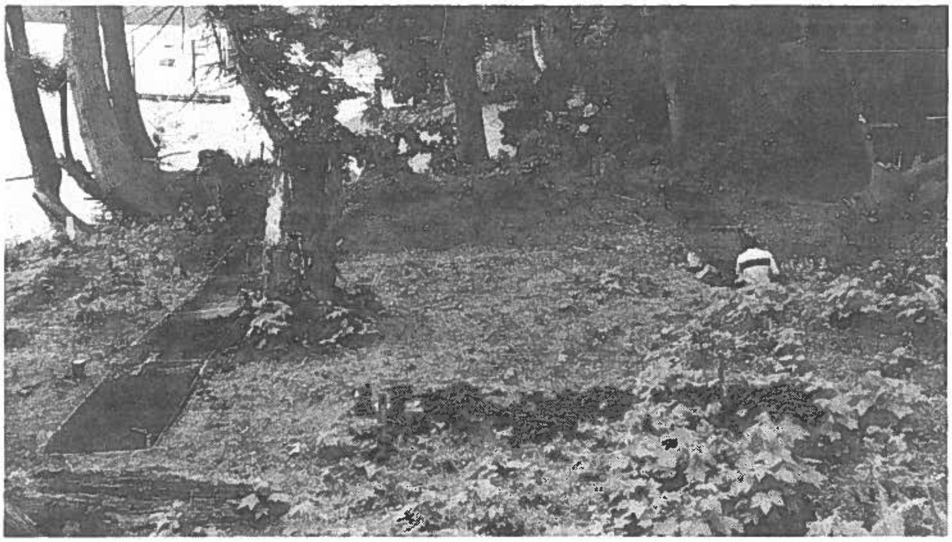
The Long Harbour site revealed that herring was the most abundant of the fish species of food for the Indians who used it. The site also produced a wide range of artifacts dating between 4,000 and 2,300 BP. These included flaking detritus, projectile points, a slate adze, and a single soapstone object which David Johnstone, the supervisor in charge, categorized as a "Whatzit". In addition several human skeletons were found buried in the midden.

Artifacts found at coastal sites indicate that significant changes in tool technology came about during this stage by using abrading and intensive grinding techniques rather than making tools from rock chips, flaked stone and pebbles. Artifacts also give further evidence of people settling down in established communities since the new technology required more time, energy and material resources than highly mobile, nomadic people could afford.

Art objects and personal ornaments, such as pendants of bone and teeth, have been found in numerous sites dating back to this time which suggest that the people in general were becoming concerned with their appearance and with displays of rank in a society that was developing into a stratified and complex one.

Middle Development Stage

Between 3,500 and 1,500 BP populations grew and cultural changes accelerated. This was a time of riches for a few and of "Big Men".



The Long Harbour dig at an early stage.

Plank-house villages sheltered large populations of nobles, commoners and slaves, and of specialists such as fishermen, artists and warriors.

The presence of large, well-made leaf shaped spearheads in burials, for example, are among the indicators that some individuals had status as tribal leaders.

Long-range trading expanded as a part of the drive for social status and wealth. Artifacts have been found in coastal sites that originated in many parts of North America to testify that most of the continent was linked together by trade at this time.

A sign that people were evolving into higher levels of civilization is reflected in the tools of war that have been uncovered along with burials for men killed in battle. Projectile points in the abdominal cavity are common. Stone and bone war-clubs and various types of armour made of wood, bone and copper are other warlike artifacts found.

On a positive note, however, there was a flowering of creative achievement. Bowls, sculptures, carvings, and engravings in bone, antler and stone have been discovered that are of a high level of artistry. At Long Harbour we found a shell with the head of a raven engraved in it; this engraving had smooth, flowing lines that were a delight to see.

We also found that skull deformation produced by binding the head of an infant was common at Long Harbour as it was at other coastal sites. Archaeologists believe that deformation was regarded by the Indians as a mark of beauty and status, or perhaps of group affiliation.

Petroglyphs (carved designs) on boulders and rock cliffs, although they can't be dated, are thought to have originated during this period. There is a mystery surrounding them since their cultural relationships and meanings are not fully known. It is believed that some may have played a role in shamanic or secret-society rituals because of their isolated and hidden locations, and others may have marked good fishing areas.

Late Development Stage

During the 1300 years before the first recorded European contacts cultural systems became refined and flourished on a grand scale.

Tribal units became completed according to cultural, language and political identities and evolved into historical names such as Coast Salish and Nootka.

Large structures for habitation were built as evidenced by post holes found at excavated sites, such as Long Harbour. Unfortunately, the ones at Long Harbour were uncovered during the closing days of the 1988 dig, and were not a complete set. As a result they could not be fully investigated and neither could dimensions be established for the building involved.

Every major village had a fort, or a place of refuge for protection from enemies because intergroup conflict had escalated in intensity. Wars were waged to gain revenge, to conquer rival chiefs, to enhance chiefly status, and to capture slaves and valuables. Sometimes whole tribes were wiped out.

Whaling and farming began and with long-range trading new items were imported for use such as tobacco and the bow and arrow. All of these resulted in deep cultural changes as new strategies for survival came into being.

Midden burials declined during this time with a shift towards historic customs of interring dead in boxes placed in trees, grave-houses and caves.

The arrival of Europeans to the coast in the 18th Century brought an end to B.C. coast prehistory. Their arrival was a catastrophic event for the Indians since it brought to them such European diseases as smallpox, TB and measles, and new man-made ways for killing one another.

After 12,000 years of successfully adapting to environmental changes the indigenous people once in contact with the industrial intruders suffered a major population collapse. Social, economic and political relationships required massive readjustments within and between tribes.

Sadly, the upheavals that began over 200 years ago are still with us today.

Conclusion

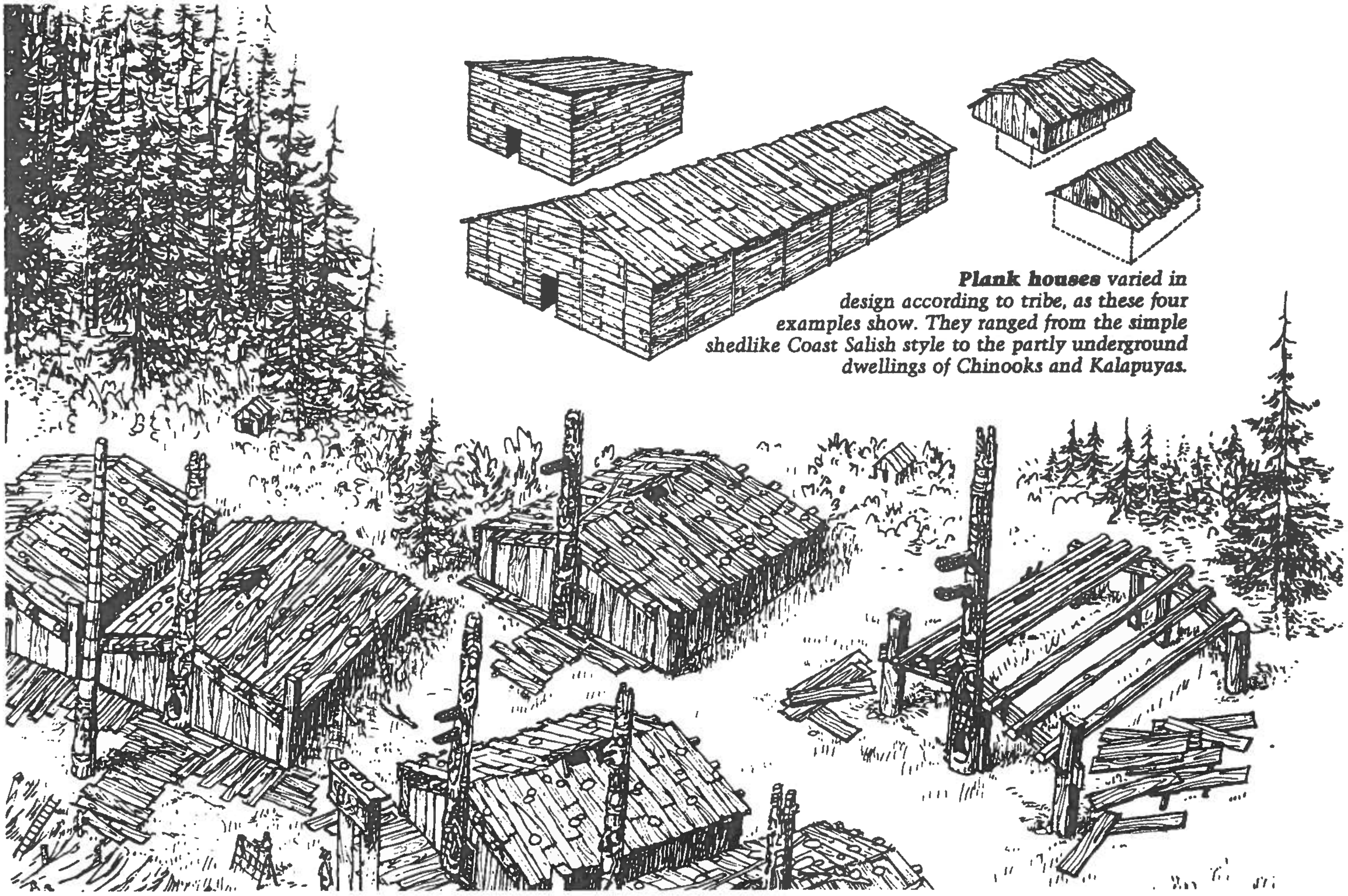
This article has touched upon only a few of the factors that indicate in a general way the cultural development of the B.C. coast Indians during prehistoric times. For the sake of brevity important aspects of their ways of life have been omitted, such as their mythology, rituals, gods, domestic routines, and techniques for fishing, whaling and farming.

However, I hope the article has demonstrated how the Indians within their own indigenous cultures were able to adapt to their natural environment and to achieve stable cultural systems for thousands of years despite warfare and competition amongst themselves. I hope it also demonstrated that our prehistoric ancestors had the same level of innovative skills and intellectual capabilities for survival in their society as "modern" people have in theirs.

In his book on B.C. prehistory Professor Fladmark concluded with this observation: ". . .we must come to appreciate and protect the ancient past of this Province as part of our collective heritage and as a source of pride for the future."

* * * * * * * * * *

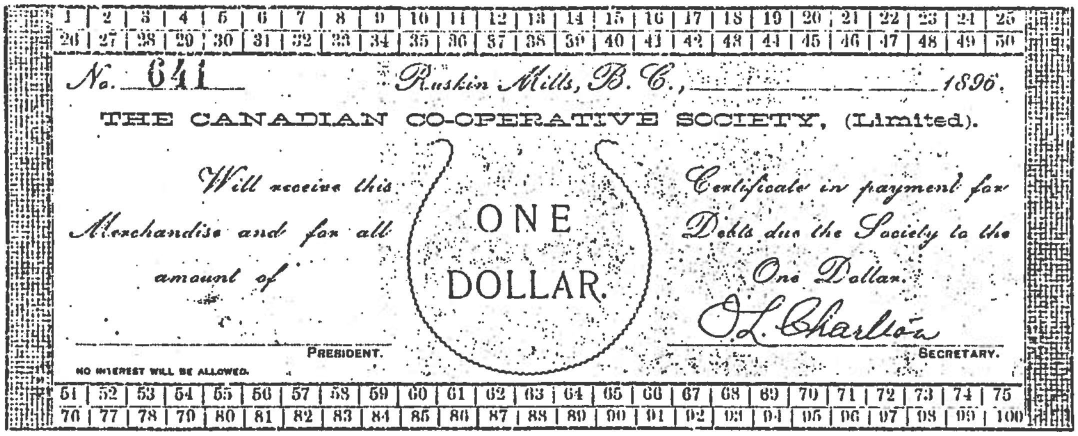
The writer's interest in archaeology began just over 15 years ago when he was stationed in Damascus, Syria with the United Nations. His interest in this field has continued since his retirement from the Canadian Forces several years ago. He is a descendant of the Rev. Edward Wilson who came out from England to Canada with his family in 1868 to do missionary work amongst the Indians for the Anglican Church. Later Rev. Wilson settled on Salt Spring Island as minister for the Anglican Parish there.



Plank houses *varied in design according to tribe, as these four examples show. They ranged from the simple shedlike Coast Salish style to the partly underground dwellings of Chinooks and Kalapuyas.*

Scrip of the Canadian Co-operative Society, Ruskin, B.C.

by Donald M. Stewart



1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25
26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | 32 | 33 | 34 | 35 | 36 | 37 | 38 | 39 | 40 | 41 | 42 | 43 | 44 | 45 | 46 | 47 | 48 | 49 | 50

No. 641 Ruskin Mills, B.C., 1896.

THE CANADIAN CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY, (Limited).

Will receive this Certificate in payment for Merchandise and for all Debts due the Society to the amount of One Dollar.

ONE DOLLAR.

PRESIDENT.

O. L. Charlton
SECRETARY.

NO INTEREST WILL BE ALLOWED.

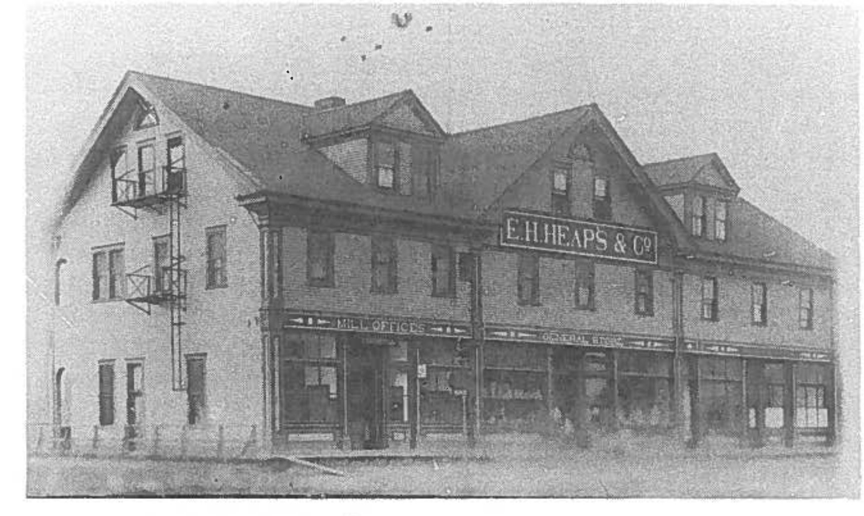
51 | 52 | 53 | 54 | 55 | 56 | 57 | 58 | 59 | 60 | 61 | 62 | 63 | 64 | 65 | 66 | 67 | 68 | 69 | 70 | 71 | 72 | 73 | 74 | 75
76 | 77 | 78 | 79 | 80 | 81 | 82 | 83 | 84 | 85 | 86 | 87 | 88 | 89 | 90 | 91 | 92 | 93 | 94 | 95 | 96 | 97 | 98 | 99 | 100

It is gone now. That historic frame building with the sign, "Ruskin General Store" which caught the eye of every traveller passing along the Lougheed Highway just west of Mission, B.C. Built in 1922, it had served the community well. Many who observed this old store might have been surprised to learn that far from being the first it was probably fourth in a line of general store locations in Ruskin. The earliest, which opened in 1896 and which used the Co-operative scrip, does not seem to have survived on film although it may just be the small frame building which appears in a 1910 photograph of a Ruskin barbershop. E.H. Heaps & Co. built a three storey hotel and office building along the Fraser River in 1906 which housed the second general store. The Parker store followed and then the best known store was erected by Pelkey, but it is gone now like the others.

The community of Ruskin Mills took its name from John Ruskin, the famous English intellectual. Ruskin wrote knowledgeably about art and artists but turned in 1860 to the study of social and industrial problems. His enlightened views were expressed in an influential series of essays, lectures and pamphlets in which he sought a solution to the evils of society. Ruskin's unorthodox ideas on the distribution of wealth were unwelcome in many quarters but did have a deep influence upon the lives of some.

A few of those attracted to Ruskin's socialist theories lived in the area of Mission City and Whonnock. These supporters discussed the application of socialism to their own lives and concluded that it would be possible for them to establish a co-operatively run sawmill in this place of huge forests. A site on the bank of the nearby Stave River would be ideal as logs could be floated downstream to the mill. In 1891, they were successful in obtaining permission to use four acres of land on the west bank of the Stave, close to the Fraser River, which was a part of the holdings of Samuel and John Twigg.

The planning necessary to arrange for machinery and equipment, financing and a supply of logs and all other details of starting up took much time so that it was November, 1895 when the group wrote to the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies at Victoria to advise him that they were desirous of forming a Society under the terms of the "Industrial and Provident Societies Act 1891." Among the ten signatories of this letter were John T. Wilband, Rev. A.C. Dunn and James A. Tingley, who signed as the



E. A. Heaps and Co. hotel, store and mill office built in 1906. – photo courtesy of Mission Historical Society.

Secretary. The Canadian Co-Operative Society, Limited was incorporated on December 16, 1895 but adopted a revised set of Rules under the Act on May 15, 1896 which were signed by James A. Tingley, President and Thos. Robinson, Secretary and three members. These Rules stated in part "the objects of this Society shall be to engage in every branch of lawful industry on the principle of association and the elevation morally and intellectually of its members." Additionally, "to carry on a general mercantile and trading business" which led to the opening of the general store.

Even before the construction of the buildings was complete the mill was in operation with the machinery and equipment largely purchased from E.H. Heaps & Co. Members of the Co-operative were paid one dollar a day, plus extra for some specific jobs, and this was set by vote of members. The members also voted "sympathetic" payments for widows or those unable to work. It may be assumed that a portion of the weekly payments would be made in the form of scrip issued by the Co-operative Society and redeemable in merchandise at the Co-operative store. While the Society worked a small communal garden, it is likely that local farmers would provide produce to the store and receive payment in the form of scrip as a simple system of barter. There are four rows of numbers from 1 to 100 across the top and bottom edges of the scrip which made it possible to pay out sums of less than one dollar by punching out the appropriate number of cents. From the low serial number on the unissued scrip which is illustrated, it may be assumed that this method of payment was not completely accepted and its use may have been discontinued after some months.

The business of the Co-operative appears to have been quite successful with some thirty members at work in the sawmill, shingle mill, planer, dry kiln and excelsior machines and in the general store. James A. Tingley was appointed the first postmaster of Ruskin on January 1, 1898. A school building was erected by the members and Miss Cora Tingley was paid by the Department of Education to teach there until December, 1898 when the school was moved to a more central site in the district. Disaster struck when the summer of 1898 proved to be hot and dry and the Stave River dried up so completely that logs could no longer be floated down the river to the mill. Unfortunately this weather continued late into the Fall and the mill was caught with no emergency supply of logs and no facilities for hauling logs over land. The Co-operative did not have the security of a large cash surplus reserve and soon ran into financial difficulties. When it was unable to keep up the payments for the machinery and equipment, E.H. Heaps & Co. took over the operation of the mill. This destroyed the Canadian Co-operative Society Limited, but the Registrar of Companies did not strike them from the records until 1923.

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SOURCES:

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Valley of the Stave, Charles E. Miller, Hancock House 1981

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Outpost, November, 1975 Reminiscences of O.L. Charlton.

Human Interest Bonds:

Depression Scrip of Victoria, B.C.

by Donald M. Stewart

In the heart of the Great Depression, an issue of scrip was distributed in Victoria. This previously unrecorded scrip was distributed under the intriguing title of Human Interest Bonds by the Golden Rule Association.

The earliest document found is a letter to His Worship the Mayor and Members of Victoria City Council dated 13th October, 1932 and signed by Florence Mutrie, Acting Secretary Organization Committee.[1] Mrs. Mutrie refers to a meeting attended by representatives from numerous organizations in an effort to start a "Get a Job" campaign for the winter months. From this meeting came the suggestion that beneficial results might be obtained if some scheme could be carried out for the sale to the public of Human Interest Bonds. As she wrote, it was felt that a scheme of this nature would be more likely to ensure the actual employment of men and women.

Mrs. Mutrie then went on to mention that a small committee (The Golden Rule Association) was formed to present a concrete suggestion to Council and a draft of the Human Interest Bond was attached to her letter. The Committee asked for the approval by City Council of three things:

1. That permission be granted for all receipts from this campaign to be paid into the City Treasury.

2. That Mr. C. E. Smith, City Treas-

urer, be permitted to act as Treasurer of the fund to be raised and make arrangements for cashing 'coupons' on presentation.

3. Approve wording of draft bond and coupons attached hereto, with particular reference to the latter part of the 'Bond' in which it is suggested — as a selling feature — that if purchasers hand over bonds to the City this would ensure work to the approximate value of three times the face value of the bond.

City Council gave approval to the proposal with minor amendments and was probably favourably influenced by the potential for tripling the value of the scrip by the terms of the Relief Act which called for the Provincial and Federal Governments to match expenditures for relief work by the City, thereby achieving $3.00 of work for each $1.00 Human Interest Bond turned over to the City for its use.

By letter of 31st October, 1932 Mrs. Mutrie wrote to the Chairman of the City Finance Committee requesting a grant of $500.00. $200.00 of this was to cover the expense of printing the Human Interest Bonds and $300.00 for office expenses for the management of the campaign. Lieut.-Col. T. B. Monk, a Victoria insurance agent was named Manager of the project.

By the end of October the publicity campaign was in full swing. New reports quoted James Parfitt, Chairman of the Committee, to the effect that he had received endorsements of the scheme from every quarter. The **Times** and **Daily Colonist** newspapers, the B.C. Electric Railway, the Hudson's Bay Company and David Spencer Ltd. had offered to sell the bonds in their stores and offices and the stores had agreed to advertise the bonds.

By November 13th, the Bonds were distributed and available for purchase. Newspaper publicity made much of the advantage to be gained when the Bonds were turned in to the City for their use. It was noted that the Senior and Junior Chambers of Commerce and the Rotary Club were active in the campaign and that Bonds could be purchased from any Victoria school teacher. Later reports made mention of the involvement of the Gyro and Kiwanis Clubs, the Salvation Army and women's clubs in the sales campaign. Another report told of twenty-eight men, specially selected from those on relief, who were presently conducting a house to house sale of the Bonds.

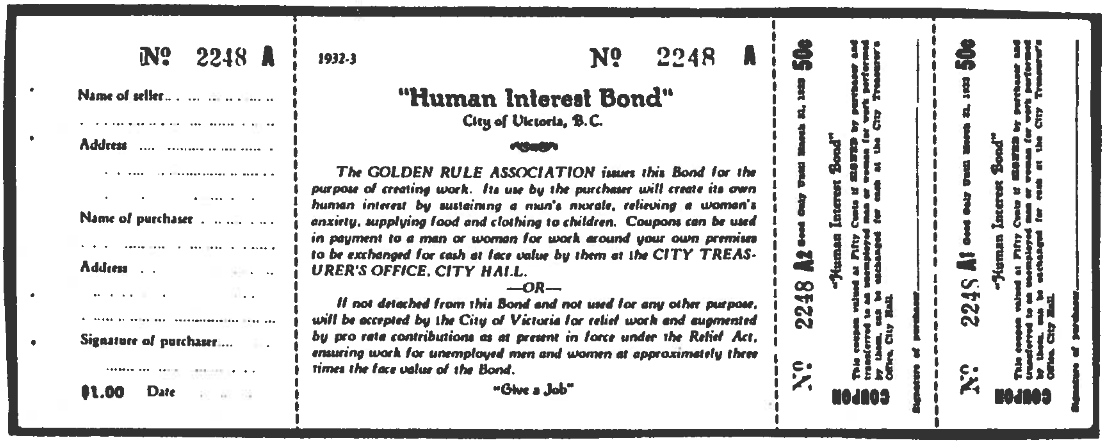
In early December, a series of two column 'announcement' type advertisments appeared in which Human Interest Bonds were praised and recommended to the public. These advertisements which appeared in the newspapers every second or third day seem to have had the backing of the Employment Service of Canada, whose involvement became more apparent each week. This publicity continued until January 19th, 1933, and then without comment the campaign appears to have drawn to a close. Purchasers had until March 31st to use their Bonds. Strangely, no final report of the sales and use of the Bonds has so far been found. It is a reasonable assumption that it was successful with so many high powered organizations backing it, but even so it would not be easy with money so tight. There was no demand for a further issue of the Bonds but instead there appeared the Emergency Employment Plan in February — with a full blown public launching with all stops pulled. The local fight against the Depression carried on.

The Human Interest Bonds are 204 mm by 107 mm in size and printed in black ink over a light green background on off-white stock. The serial numbers, expiry date and the word "signed" on the coupons are printed and stapled into a light brown cardboard cover to be sold for $5.00 per book. The stubs which remained in the cover when the Bonds were removed recorded details of the sale.

* * * * * * * * * *

The assistance of the Archives of the City of Victoria is gratefully acknowledged.

The writer is a numismatist and a member of the Victoria Historical Society.



Nº 2248 A

Name of seller..........................

Address..........................

Name of purchaser..........................

Address..........................

Signature of purchaser..........................

$1.00 Date

1932-3 Nº 2248 A

"Human Interest Bond"

City of Victoria, B.C.

The GOLDEN RULE ASSOCIATION issues this Bond for the purpose of creating work. Its use by the purchaser will create its own human interest by sustaining a man's morale, relieving a women's anxiety, supplying food and clothing to children. Coupons can be used in payment to a man or woman for work around your own premises to be exchanged for cash at face value by them at the CITY TREASURER'S OFFICE, CITY HALL.

—OR—

If not detached from this Bond and not used for any other purpose, will be accepted by the City of Victoria for relief work and augmented by pro rata contributions as at present in force under the Relief Act, ensuring work for unemployed men and women at approximately three times the face value of the Bond.

"Give a Job"

An unused Human Interest Bond with the stub attached.

FOOTNOTES

1. When the Bonds were introduced, Mrs. Florence Mutrie was an employee of the Friendly Help Association, An unofficial arm of the City Government. It is a fair assumption that this Association took a lead role in bringing together the Committee which approached the City for authorization to issue the Human Interest Bonds. Later on in 1933, the Friendly Help Association was replaced by a City of Victoria Relief Department. Mrs. Mutrie was then employed as Assistant Relief Officer and in 1944 she became the Welfare Officer for the City. Mrs. Mutrie retired from this position in October, 1953.

The Padgetts and Paradise Valley

by G. W. Thompson

It wasn't called Paradise Valley when the Padgetts moved there in 1919. Devastated by a forest fire a year or more before, the valley was a scene of black stumps, black fallen trees, black standing skeletons of trees, and black earth with patches of green where grass and weeds were beginning to grow.

Oldtimers believe the fire of 1918 was started by the logging activities of Bloedel, Stewart and Welch, who had a large camp in the valley and were logging the area by railroad. In those days of wood-burning locomotives and wood-burning donkey engines — sparks flying in the wind — there were no regulations to halt logging operations in the hot dry summers, and forest fires were more the rule than the exception. A summer without a fire was noteworthy.

The company's camp was destroyed along with most of the standing timber. They took their railroad out of the valley and focused on logging in the Duck Lake and Haslam Lake areas. The valley was quiet, but not quite dead.

The Padgetts came from England in 1904 and settled on Cortes Island. Herb was a successful chicken rancher there until 1910, when he sold his property for what was considered a fortune at the time. Trying to increase his fortune through speculation, he lost it all. So he went to Texada Island looking for work. There, he worked occasionally in the sawmill, but mostly in the Marble Bay Mine near Vananda.

In 1919 the mine closed. So Herb moved, with his wife and two sons, to Paradise Valley with hopes of earning a living off the land. He first tried chicken ranching, but due to the government's failure to build a promised road to Westview, this didn't work out. So he turned to sheep ranching. The country was wide open, and it appeared there would be plenty of grazing. Two other men, Frank Graham and Harry Scott, also came to the valley with the idea of running sheep.

The available grazing proved insufficient for three sheep ranches. The families might have survived by running fewer animals, but the timber wolves, never far away, found the sheep easy pickings.

Herb Padgett's younger son, Roy, told how his father dealt with the wolf problem.

Roy Padgett: There were a lot of them. So we killed all the timber wolves off with traps, poison and one thing and another; again, for the bounty, and because they were killing our sheep and goats. We also had the fond idea: Kill the predators off, and there will be more for the real predator — man.

The wolves tend to run in a circuit. They often would follow along the lake, down the creek, down through Paradise Valley, around the Rock Knoll and back again in a big loop. So we had our trapline in there. And one morning we went up, and we had a little white female wolf in our trap. As we walked up to her, she threw back her head and howled, and perhaps two or three hundred yards off, her mate answered her. But that didn't change our opinion; we shot her.

We trapped for a while. Then the government gave us special permission to use cyanide and strychnine . . . It worked . . . because we happened to trap one wolf that had taken strychnine, and it was stone dead in the morning. Later on, we heard of people finding the odd rotting skeleton. So they disappeared completely. Within a month, the wolves had gone. . . whether we killed them off, or the rest of them left the country, I don't know.

Roy thought that there had been fifteen to eighteen wolves in three packs of five or six to a pack.

Roy Padgett: You could hear them howling separately. They used to come right around the house at night; you could see the tracks in the snow. We heard one howl, one night, right beside the house. We were nervous, but fascinated.

But before the wolves were wiped out, they committed a massacre, which made the ranchers the more determined to get rid of them. Roy Padgett had a vivid memory of that occasion.

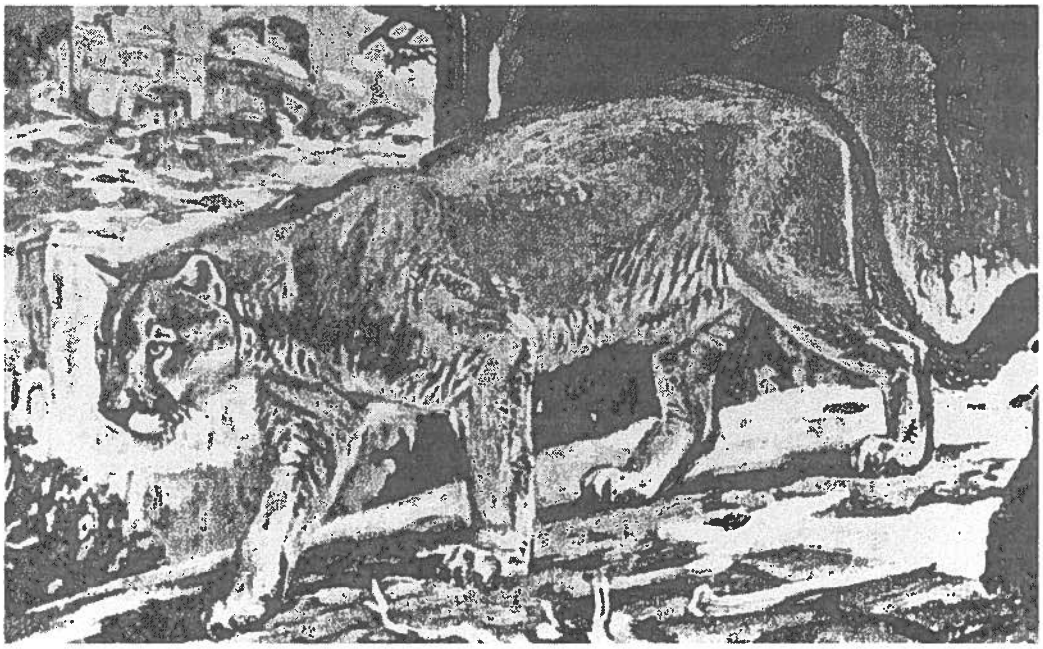
Roy Padgett: . . . I wish I could have a picture of that . . . but it wasn't the picture; it was the feeling. The railroad grade, which is the present Padgett road . . . my mother and I were walking down there one hot sumer day. And usually, in the summer here, we had forest fires. So you start, first of all, with a picture of black snags, trees, stumps, logs — no green at all. Then you have a sky that is sort of leaden with smoke. Through the smoke, you have a round ball of fire, the sun — and no wind. And on the snags, and on the stumps, were sitting probably two hundred turkey vultures, gorged with the smelling, bloated bodies of sheep and goats that the wolves had killed. They (the vultures) were so fat and lazy that they would just sort of ruffle their feathers as you walked by; occasionally they would make a squawk, and that was all. So, for about three hundred yards, you were lined on either side by these gruesome vultures and the smell of rotting flesh. Maybe twenty or thirty sheep had been killed.

Roy was sure that most of the lost sheep were killed by wolves — but not all of them. Times were hard for some of the townspeople, and Roy felt that they might have been helping with the massacre, because occasionally a sheep was found with its hind quarters cut off.

As soon as the wolves were eliminated, the cougars moved in. They also like sheep. Roy remembered hunting cougar with his father.

Roy Padgett: To the best of my knowledge, the first cougar was killed here — trapped by the old man and myself — in 1925 or 26 . . . At that particular time that we were hunting cougar we were under the impression that if we killed the cougars, there would be lots of deer for us to eat; also, there was the question of the bounty — forty dollars. But now, looking back . . . the deer did not increase when the cougars decreased. Things tend to balance out. It was a lot of fun, when you were fourteen years old: dogs, snow, open country — no second-growth fir.

There were clumps of old-growth fir that hadn't been burned and, for miles in between, the burnt stumps and logs covered with snow; it was like a prairie.



Cougar — This cougar is typical of the powerful predator which once roamed North America. Cougars were the bane of pioneer sheep ranchers, and even killed hogs, goats and colts when the deer population was scant.

A lot of people will tell you that cougars don't run in packs . . . They run in family groups. I remember the biggest group we ever trailed through the snow . . . and we eventually came up to them . . . at least, we saw their tracks disappear into a stand of old-growth fir. There were seven in that pad, and we got four out of that group.

Then it thawed, and it snowed again about a week later, and I think we picked up the same three or four that were left, on the far side of West Lake . . . You would pick up the tracks in the snow, and you would follow with your dogs. Then you would come into a small stand of old-growth fir that hadn't been logged, and you would let your dogs go. As a rule, the dogs surprise the cougar; the dogs begin to bark; the cougar runs up a tree; and you come along and shoot the cougar . . . We got two that time. So we got, out of that group, six out of the seven. There were seven or nine in that group. They look quite formidable — the tracks running ahead of you.

The bounty was forty dollars per skin. That was quite a lot of money in the mid twenties. it was enough cash to keep a family of ranchers, experienced in that wilderness, for a couple of months. That, plus the thrill of the hunt and the fact that cougars certainly did kill sheep and goats, kept the ranchers hunting. Herb Padgett, however, was the champion, killing more cougars and wolves than anyone else.

Roy Padgett: . . . Cougars would go right over the fence and take a hundred-and-fifty or two-hundred pound sheep right over a six-foot picket fence . . . tremendous strength.

We did hunt a bit in the summertime. We'd see the goats out of the window, and suddenly they'd begin to snort and stampede. That would be a sign that there'd be a cougar around. So we'd go out with the dogs. We got several in the summer.

I remember coming home with my father from the logging camp about half a mile below where we lived, and the goats were all feeding there. And suddenly, just below a stump, this cougar launched an attack on a goat; we could see the whole thing. It knocked the goat down, maybe twenty feet off the road that we were on. So I ran in, and I was confronted with a goat down, and a cougar on top, snarling and switching its tail. Well, that stopped me about five feet away — no gun, no nothing.

Then my father broke a dead cedar limb off and came charging in, waving it around. The cougar snarled and took off . . . And another funny thing: the rest of the goats ran about fifty feet, and went on feeding. So we went home and got the traps and set them, and we had it (the cougar) within a few hours.

The goat, however, did not survive. Roy described how the cougar dispatches its prey.

Roy Padgett: broke its neck. They have two methods: they use their jaws for a throat attack, like that; and sometimes, with their paw . . . they hit them on the shoulder here, and the neck here, and give a wrench and snap the neck.

Rex Padgett, Roy's brother, tells of going out to the sheep pen one morning and finding twenty sheep killed. Only one had been eaten. The rest appeared to have not a mark on them. Skinning, however, revealed large bruises and fang marks on the backs of their necks.

Rex had his own scary experience with a cougar:

One moonlight night, he was on horseback, proceeding leisurely on a lonely road that he had travelled many times before. As he rounded a curve, his horse suddenly shied high in the air. Before Rex was aware of what had happened, "a gray streak, like some apparition, came hurtling through the air," straight for his horse's head. He had scarcely a second to lash out with one boot. In some miraculous fashion, the cougar misjudged his leap, passed just under the horse's head, to land, as cats do, on all four feet, and crashed into the underbrush fringing the road. Rex frankly stated that it was a week before he could make his hair behave.

Rex believed that the cougar had been behind a log at the roadside, and either saw or smelled the horse before he saw or smelled the man on its back. He said the cat seemed to alter its spring in mid air, which caused it to miss the horse's head by a hair's breadth.

By the time the cougar problem was under control and their numbers reduced almost to zero, the ranchers were out of the sheep business. It simply wasn't practical. The forest began to take over the valley again, the wide open spaces disappeared and the grass with them.

Roy Padgett: . . . by then, we were out of the sheep business. Then we had a bunch of goats . . . in other words, like all stump ranchers, we eked out a living — it was a flop.

But there were a few pluses: great quantities of wild blackberries were at hand as the forest began to return to the valley; since most of the predators had been eliminated, deer became more plentiful; conditions in the young forest were perfect for grouse.

It was the explosion of the grouse population that impressed the settlers. Blue grouse and willow grouse, they were literally uncountable.

Roy Padgett: . . . we started in August, taking one from each brood, which meant walking about a hundred yards before you got four or five. In our area, you could often count thirty or forty hens sitting on stumps, and there were broods underneath each one. You could sit, as a kid, within five feet of the house and hoot . . . and I have had as many as twelve male grouse around me, within five or six feet, all puffed up and hooting back at me. And the grouse were tame; the rancher could walk up to them and knock them over with a stick. But again, the maturing forest gradually choked out the feed, and hunters massacred the grouse, indiscriminately shooting sitting hens or hens with chicks, until there were few left.

Many years later, Roy Padgett had moved to a home on the seashore a mile or more from the old ranch. He remembered those blue grouse.

Roy Padgett: You lived practically in those days — you shot your meat. And sometimes meat was quite scarce. It wasn't life or death with us, but it was meat, and my god, did it taste good! The first meat we used to get in the spring were the blue grouse coming down from the mountain. That was always welcome. The blue grouse live exclusively on fir needles during the winter, so you can imagine — they were almost solid turpentine. But when you haven't had any meat, they are most delectable.

Roy's most vivid memory of the valley, as he first knew it, was of the summer.

Roy Padgett: . . . the temperature was very high, because you had all this black absorbing the heat, and at night time it would radiate the heat out; it was like an oven up there.

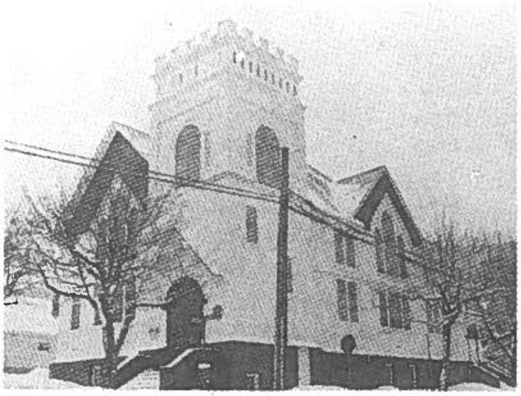
On alder tree grew up at West Lake; it was about eight feet high. And we used to sit under that and lick the honey-dew that the aphids made, because we didn't have much candy, and that was sticky and sweet. So we used to lick that off — with the aphids as well, I guess.

In his later years, Roy had mixed feelings about some of the things that had been done, particularly the destruction of the wolves and cougars: "It seemed to be necessary at the time, but looking back . . ."

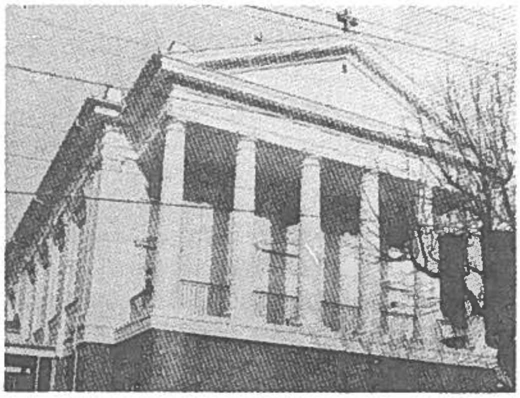
The name, Paradise Valley, which had been proposed as a joke by a couple of settlers in the mid-twenties, eventually proved to be fitting. Today, it is a beautiful valley — but for how long? The new trees have grown large enough to gain the attention of the logger.

****

Bill Thompson is a member of the Powell River Heritage Research Society, a group which has published six books since 1982. Thompson was author of the 1990 release Boats, Bucksaws and Blisters.



Nelson Congregational Church, 1900. Late Victorian church architecture adopting a modified Gothic Revival style is exhibited in this attractive building. With a dominating crenelated corner tower and brilliant stained-glass windows, this church is more impressive than the average contemporary place of worship.



Nelson Cathedral of Mary Immaculate, 1898-1899, modelled on La Madelaine in Paris. The exterior is dominated by its portico and classical detailing, and the interior by massive neo-Baroque tunnel vault supported by composite columns. Except for the foundation granite which was quarried on-site, it is constructed mostly of wood.

The Chinook Jargon

by Winston A. Shilvock

When the white man began to trade extensively in the norhtwestern part of North America at the beginning of the 1800's, the first stumbling block to comerce was communication, caused by the surprising number of native languages.

In what is now Oregon, Washington and British Columbia, it is estimated there were possibly thirty-five or forty distinct linguistic stocks, utterly dissimilar in words and grammar. In turn, these languages were split into various dialects so even among the Indians communication was difficult, when it existed at all.

When Lewis and Clark explored to the mouth of the Columbia River in 1804, they found that three tribes dominated the area. To the south of the Columbia were the Clatsops; to the north the Tschinuks (Chinooks), and eastward in the river valley the Cathlamets. Since the Tschinuks comprised the largest number of people, their language dominated and provided a basic linguistic stock to give a modicum of communication between the three groups. This was to set the stage for an "international" language for Indians and whites alike — the Chinook Jargon.

An elementary form of jargon had previously been developed by the old fur traders at Nootka on the west coast of Vancouver Island. But it was not expanded to any extent until 1811 when John Jacob Astor established his North American Fur Company at Astoria at the mouth of the Columbia River, followed later by the Hudson's Bay Company at nearby Fort Vancouver.

Since this area was the hub of the basic Tschinuk language for a large number of people, the situation was ideal for the Hudson's Bay Company traders to enlarge on and build a tongue that could be understood by everyone involved in trade.

An event in 1811 also helped the cause. Duncan McDougall, acting head of Astor's fur company at Astoria, married the daughter of Concommley, the one-eyed chief of the Tschinuks. This brought peace to the area.

The Chinook Jargon was one of the most flexible, primitive languages ever known, and because of the peculiar situations surrounding its birth, it couldn't have happened anywhere else in the world.

It was used from southern Oregon to southeastern Alaska, and from the Pacific Ocean east to the Rocky Mountains. At its peak in the 1870's it was being spoken by over 100,000 people, and from 1811 until its demise after World War One, it has been estimated that more than 250,000 Indians and whites spoke it. It became as necessary a part of the traders' equipment as their long rifles.

In the ordinary sense of the word Chinook wasn't a language but a combination of words taken from several languages. By 1840 it had grown to over two hundred words, made up of 18 Nootka; 41 English; 34 French and 111 Chinook. By 1863 there were five hundred words.

It corrupted words; it mispronounced words. Although short on refinement of detail it was at once graphic, simple, expressive and extremely elastic. It never changed its form for mood, tense, or anything else, and the singular and plural form were generally the same. It was expressed by emphasis and ululation, spaced by comprehensive silences with a few gestures thrown in for good measure.

It was successful because it enabled races, nationalities and tribes to communicate. No language has ever developed so quickly and so successfully. But when attempts were made to put the sound into writing, any kind of spelling seemed to do, for it was essentially a "trade talk", oral language.

How the jargon convoluted the meaning of words is illustrated by the French for mother — la mere. Indians, like Hawaiians, had difficulty pronouncing an "r" so the Chinook pronounciation became lamai. But Klootchman was the word for woman, wife, or female, and since a mother was definitely an older woman, lamai came to mean "old woman" instead of "mother."

To understand Chinook one had to understand the Indian point of view; how the Indian thought. Compared with English, Indian tongues were similar to German — the words were "turned around." For instance, in Chinook one says, "There mine canoe (is)." "Yowah nika canim," and not "There is my canoe."

Chinook has given as well as taken. Many words remain today in our language such as Cultus (bad) Lake; Canim (canoe) Lake; Boston (American) Bar; Olalla (Ollalie-berry); Skookumchuck (turbulent water); Snass (rain) Creek' Taghum (number six); Tyee (chief) Lake. We also use Chinook when we say, "He's a skookum fellow," or "We're tillicums," or "We fish salmon on the salt chuck."

Crude and formless as the jargon was, it had many great and varied benefits.

First and foremost it made trade possible. No doubt the trader would have prevailed eventually, but so confusing were the numerous languages and dialects that without Chinook greater misunderstandings would have arisen. The process of developing trade would have been longer and bloodier.

Chinook also benefited the Indians. It was a language that all could understand, no matter what the nation, language or tribe dialect. The resulting friendly intercourse stimulated an understanding of one another and many deadly feuds were eliminated.

As Dave Parker, a member of the Okanagan Pentictons says, "In the old days there was fighting all the time between the Okanagans, the Shuswaps and the Thompsons because no one understood the other fellow's language and theycouldn't communicate. They just killed each other."

Chinook also assisted the work of the early missionaries, although paradoxically it was the establishment of mission schools that contributed to the near departure from Indian life of Chinook and all the native languages.

Beginning in the 1870's, mission schools were established in Washington, Oregon, and finally British Columbia. The avowed purpose appeared to be changing the secular as well as the spiritual lives of the Indians, and the establishment of English monolingualism.

In 1887 at an Indian school near Salem, Oregon, an observer noted that "— conversations in Indian tongues and the ubiquitous Chinook jargon is interdicted." Punishments such as going to bed without supper, extra work scrubbing floors, or receiving the strap or a cuff on an ear were often inflicted on children if they lapsed into their own tongue. This appeared to be a vogue in all the schools.

In 1905 a report to the Department of Indian Affairs from a mission school in British Columbia stated, "The Indian language has been eradicated."

And so it went. Chinook as a "trade talk" oral language would have eventually disappeared anyway through lack of use as trade declined. But the linguistic suppression imposed on the Indians worked to eradicate all forms of native communication — native tongues and Chinook.

Today, except in isolated instances, the active use of native languages is largely restricted to members of the grandparents and great-grandparents generations such as Maggie Louie, the 90 year old grandmother of Barbara Hill, executive Director of the Central Okanagan Indian Friendship Center at Kelowna. Barbara is only able to read, write, and converse in English. (Maggie Louie passed away since this piece was written in 1988.)

So, for a final salute to Chinook, let's sing in that jargon, the well-known song, "Goodnight Ladies."

Kloshe sun klootchman,
Kloshe sun klootchman,
Kloshe sun klootchman,
Klah polo lalie.
Keelasaca Klatawa,
Klatawa, klatawa,
Keelasaca klatawa,
Enati hyas chuck.

* * * * * * * * * *

The writer is a history buff who reads widely and collects information at local museums when travelling. He is a long time resident of Kelowna.

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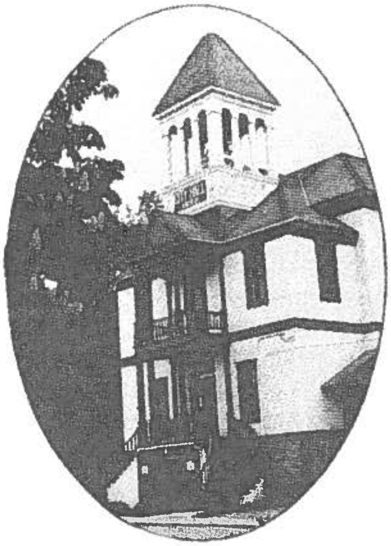
Heritage Buildings in the Kootenays



Kaslo City Hall – 1898

Nelson Firehall, 1912-13. Originally the horses used to pull the fire wagons were stabled in the rear. Although slightly modified to accommodate motorized vehicles, it remains a functional design combining fire and life saving services with features of the Italianate Villa style.

NEWS & NOTES

CORRECTION:

In the story "Kamano-A Kanaka" in Vol. 24 No. 3, page 13 c.1 ¶ 2 "In 1847 . . ." should read "In 1874 after eleven years missionary work, the Fathers withdrew . . ."

NEW BOOKS 1990

Due to an unfortunate mis-delivery, a package of books from Duncan and McIntyre did not beat the Writing Competition deadline, and were not included for consideration. They are listed now for your information:

British Columbia: A History of the Province
George Woodcock. ,
$34.95 – 288 pp ,– hard cover
ISBN 0-88894-702-X

An Iron Hand Upon the People: The Law Against the Potlatch on the Northwest Coast.
Douglas Cole and Ira Chaikin
$29.95 – 230 pp – hard cover
ISBN 0-88894-695-3

Know Little Bit Something
Robin Ridington, $16.95 – 280 pp – soft cover
ISBN 0-88894-681-3

Emily Carr
Doris Shadbolt, $17.95 – 240 pp – soft cover
ISBN 0-88894-690-2

Webster!
Jack Webster, $22.95 – 247 pp – hard cover
ISBN 0-88894-706-2

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Those subscribers who sent in renewals during July and August may notice that their cheques were not processed until September because Nancy was moving.

MANNING PARK BOOKLET

A 52 page book, **Manning Park Memories**, was produced for the 50th anniversary celebrations at Manning Provincial Park. it features contributions by an archaeologist, our Trails Expert R.C. Harris, Ches Lyons, Yorke Edwards, Helen Akrigg, Louise Shaw interviewing early staff members, and Gail Ross. If you would like a copy of this complimentary book send your request to:

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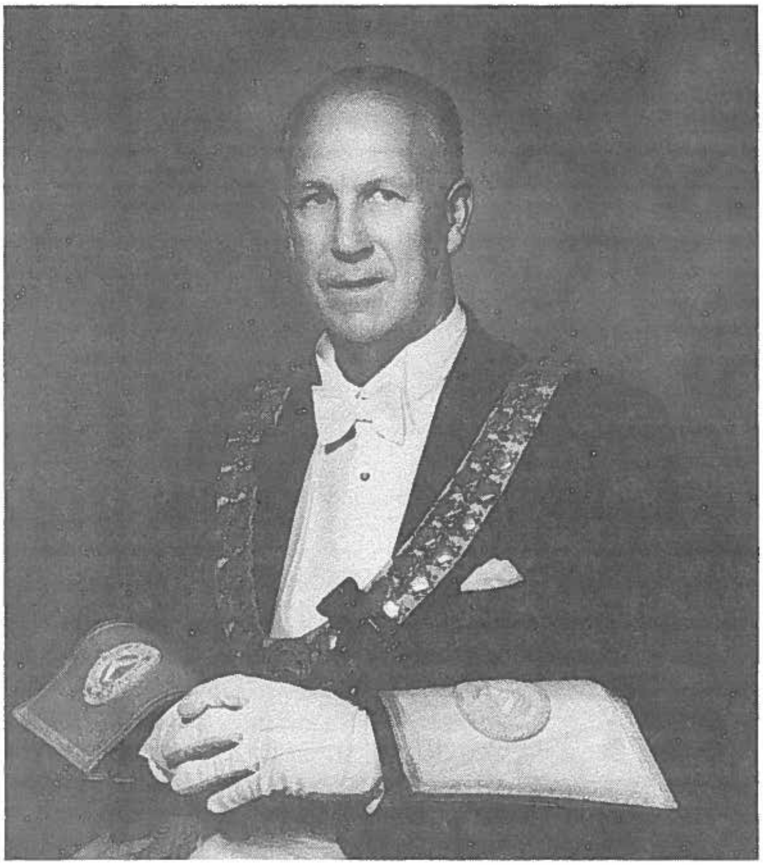


KEN LEEMING - Honorary President 1991-92

Ken Leeming of Victoria has been chosen as Honorary President of the B.C. Historical Federation in recognition of his support and encouragement to a succession of executives.

Ken was born in 1907 in the James Bay district of Victoria, schooled in Beacon Hill, Metchosen Elementary, South Park, Shawnigan Lake private school (1 1/2 years) and Victoria High Schools. On completing Matric he was hired by Royal Trust. He was employed by this company for 47 years, except for three years in the Royal Canadian Artillery during WWII.

Mary Costen became his bride in 1937. Leemings have a son and a daughter both married and living in Victoria. They have four grandchildren.

The Leemings joined the Victoria Historical Society in 1956. Ken became President in 1971-72 and again 1975-77. The couple also belongs to the Metchosen Garden Club and Metchosen School Museum Society. Their home for the past 19 years is on the seafront at Witty's Beach on property inherited from Ken's father. Mr. Leeming became a member of the Masonic Order in 1951 and was master of his lodge in 1968. He sat on the Greater Victoria School Board and was Board Representative on the Victoria College Council (1957-63) when the University of Victoria was established to succeed the College.

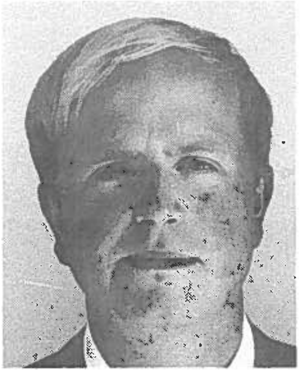
CONFERENCE - 1992

Burnaby Historical Society is hosting the annual conference of the B.C. Historical Federation May 7-10, 1992 with headquarters in the Sheraton Villa. Plan now to attend this conference with your friends and enjoy a good program including an afternoon at Burnaby Heritage Village.

ROCK CREEK FARM ANNIVERSARY

The Bubar family has an almost unique distinction in B.C. They have owned and worked their Rock Creek farm for 100 years. This anniversary was celebrated on August 17th & 18th with family and friends assembling from as far away as Louisiana, Connecticut, Ontario and Alaska. B.C's Minister of Agriculture, Larry Chalmers presented the Bubars with a plaque in recognition of their 100 years on the farm. M.P. Jack Whittaker and M.L.A. Bill Barlee also brought greetings from their governments. The Boundary Historical Society honored the Bubar family with a plaque and an overview of the history of agriculture in the Boundary. Neighbours spoke on other memories, including the Women's Institute and raising cattle. A heavy horse show was presented by Matt Nobles. Visitors were treated to a tour of the farm, followed by a dinner of barbecued Bubar beef served with delectable salads and dessert.

SCHOLARSHIP WINNER - 1991



John K. Wilson – 1991 Scholarship Winner

John K. Wilson, 22, majoring in history at the University of Victoria has been selected as winner of the 1991 British Columbia Historical Federation Scholarship. He studied for two years at Camosun College, Victoria, then transferred to the University of Victoria where his marks and his professors proclaim his academic excellence. "Conscientious, hard-working and reliable, good sense of humour, quick analytical mind ". . . . these words have all been applied to him. John's family has been linked with British Columbia since his grandfather served as community doctor at or near Fort Rupert, close to todays Port Hardy. Both of his parents have had lengthy careers as B.C. teachers. John is also a Pacific Coast person: he grew up in the Victoria area, and has shown interest in B.C.'s small coastal settlements, and in the economic and social history of B.C. ports. As a Naval Reservist, he also has an interest in ships and has written one paper concerning the wreck (and subsequent plunder by Indians) cf the Hudson's Bay Company ship **Una** at Neah Bay on Christmas Day, 1851. Our newest scholarship recipient plans to achieve his first degree in 1992, then to pursue graduate studies in history — almost certainly in the fields of his special interests.

NEWS OF ANOTHER WINNER

David McCrady, second winner of the BCHF Annual Scholarship is now in the second year of graduate studies in history at the University of Victoria. For his Master's thesis he is researching Native-White Relationships to answer the question, "How did the boundary (49th parallel) from the Great Lakes west affect the indigenous people of North America?" The answer in a nutshell is that the boundary has been ignored by natives, as far as possible, since 1818 and only late in the 20th century would they reluctantly add the adjective Canadian or American to their tribal ancestry such as Cree or Blackfoot. McCrady plans to further his education at an eastern university once his Masters degree is completed.

HELP...

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Anne Yandle, 3450 West 20th Ave., Vancouver B.C. V6S 1E4

The Devil of DeCourcy Island: The Brother Twelve,

Ron MacIsaac, Don Clark, and Charles Lillard • Victoria: The Press Porcepic, 1989. 130 pp, bibliography, index, illustrations; $12.95 paper back.

Edward Arthur Wilson, Brother Twelve, established the Aquarian Foundation at Cedar-by-the-Sea just south of Nanaimo on Vancouver Island in 1927; in 1928, because of a court case reported at the time by B.A. McKelvie in the **Province** and over the past sixty years by countless others, British Columbians became aware of the Foundation and of its leader, the man who was supposedly born of a missionary father and a Kashmiri mother, and who himself supposedly had twelve wives.

The sensational tabloid-type reporting over decades has probably accounted for the recurring interest in the subject. One writer used such words and phrases as sadistic mistress, slaves, black magic, a fortune in gold, notorious cult. Others wrote of hypnotism, gold in jam jars, the evil eye, drugs, pagan rites, mysterious signals, gunpits on DeCourcy, greed, utopia, swindler, secret vaults and, of course, sex in paradise. One highly respected journalist, in addition to calling Wilson a myth-making magician, managed to call him devil, rascal, saint and priest all in one short line. The best writing was that of Bruce McKelvie who continued to write of Brother Twelve for years, of Osiris and Isis whose child Horus, the new Messiah, would rule the world in 1975; of sorcery, fiendish cruelty, invocations recovered from the ruins of Egypt; of the mastery of one mind over eight thousand. In fact, McKelvie's first report on the first trial set a standard for drama that dozens of later writers failed to meet.

And now **The Devil of De Courcy Island: The Brother XII,** in which three authors, Ron McIsaac, Don Clark and Charles Lillard, cut through the language and sensationalism to defend Wilson as a sincere person who, though not without faults and in fact downright strange in some ways, was a practicing Theosophist, a leader of one of many communities in the world at that time. These authors say that much of what Wilson was advocating can in part be understood in terms of Madame Blavatsky, who had founded The Theosophist Society in New York in 1875, just three years before Wilson had been born in Birmingham, England, the son of an Irvingite minister known for his radical and off-beat theology, reflections of which appear in his son. They suggest that some of Wilson's ideas parallel such contemporary thinkers as Annie Besant and Georges Gurdjieff, and even those of Aleister Crowley who had been trying to unite the mind with universal consciousness through magic, drugs, gods and spirits, and ritual sex. The press, to its accumulated shame, missed or rejected the fact that Wilson had been publicly identified as a Theosophist before setting up his own community on Vancouver Island, and ignored the philosophical bases of the Aquarian Foundation. Instead, each journalist seems to have embellished the story as it came, one from another.

These three new authors, therefore, really do shed "new light" on Wilson and the Foundation. Readers interested in the roots of a legend, in the way fact can become legend, would find this book worthwhile, especially when the legend is one off their own home turf. Although these writers do not yet present the last word on Brother Twelve, they do present some interesting ideas. Mainly, they bring out the world-wide philosophical connections and maintain that many such groups really fell apart because of finances and sex, two problems which "appear to be endemic to cults", but these authors also suggest that the Aquarian Foundation had another major problem — the age of its adherents. Wilson himself was looking forward to a new and vital twentieth century, but his followers were too old: instead of reaching forward to the New Age with him, they tried to escape it, tried to return to an idealised past. The press missed that idea too.

This thin volume has many sections: mainly The Legend, and The Mystery Beyond the Legend, but also a Note, a Prelude, an Interlude, a Postlude, an Afterword, an inadequate bibliography and an even more inadequate index. In dividing their text into two main parts, in the first the authors are probably trying to recreate the way in which British Columbians learned the story, and then in the second trying to explain it. Had they followed that route meticulously, their text might have been more understandable, but they do not follow that route meticulously; instead, in the first part they give bits of legend, bits of fact and bits of explanation all at the same time. Little seems to fit or to flow logically. The organisation, therefore, seems to indicate that the authors forget that readers go to history for explanation, not for mystery.

Organisation is a major problem, but others also entangle readers: dangling modifiers, silly similes, and the mess of rhetorical questions which give an "oh-gee" breathlessness to the text and which beg to be answered once having been asked. Readers will also question the very language excessess for which the authors condemn earlier writers. No good reader can overlook such phrases as "the satisfaction of his bestial appetites" in reference to Aleister Crowley or overlook the flashy meaninglessness of a sentence included for no apparent reason whatsoever: "After the swirls and curliques (sic) of heated uncertainty . . . (Mary Connally's) announcement was a bracing blast of cold fresh air."

The second section presents a different kind of problem for the reader, less a problem perhaps than an irritation. Most people refer to Brother Twelve or Brother XII, as do these authors in the first section. In the second they call him "The Brother, XII", stating that such is his "seldom-used proper name", but giving no explanation, and themselves continuing to use whatever name seems handy, even in their title. Readers stumble over "Wilson/The Brother XII" in one sentence and "The Brother, XII", in the next. Consider this: ". . . Mary Connally never ceased doubting The Brother, XII's writings."

Another irritation is the First Person Singular. A "Note" at the outset says that three people combined one **persona**. This "I" is to be taken as the trinity, the three in one. However, while reading the "Prelude" on the very next page, readers know that the writer is Lillard. In this 750-word passage, in addition to "my" and "me", "I" is truly the united egos then page 63 suggests not only a slow-witted wife, but also some kind of wife-sharing or swapping or perhaps even double - or triple - bigamy: "My wife learned to stop asking me about Brother XII as I emerged from my study for lunch." The first person is usually an ego-enhancer playing on the emotions of the reader, but in this book the first person also introduces irrelevant material. Readers learn that three times the Democrats ran "my" grandfather's first cousin for President, but readers never know whose grandfather's first cousin that might be because they never know whose "my" is meant. Or for President of what. The horse-planning committee strikes again, and once more produces a lumpy camel.

All the evidence suggests that publisher has betrayed these authors and their new and interesting revelations: Press Porcepic should have hired a good strong editor. One who would have demanded to know where Pierre Berton said this, where Gwen Cash said that, or who Morton Bennett might be and why he appears in the text but in neither the bibliography nor the index. One would wonder about that professor who fainted, about his being a professor of what and where. One who would ask whether or not Wilson really did carry an automatic pistol "at all times". One who would have forced the authors to identify the "one" in "as one writer expressed it". One who might have been concerned about the reliability of Bruce McKelvie when the authors have doubted the reliability of so many other writers. A good strong editor would have questioned the very title of the volume: "Devil" almost denies at the outset the valuable thesis of the book itself.

Gordon Elliot

Gordon Elliot is professor emeritus at Simon Fraser University and a former president of the Vancouver Historical Society.

West Kootenay: the pioneer years

Garnet Basque. Langley, B.C.,
Sunfire Publications Ltd. 1990.
168 p. bibliography, index, maps and photos. $14.95 paperback, $27.95 clothbound (limited ed.)

Garnet Basque, publisher of Canadian West Magazine and prolific author of popular books about Western Canadian ghost towns, mining camps, outlaws and buried treasure, has produced an intriguing view of the West Kootenay country. The majority of the information for this book was gleaned from various contemporary newspapers and is portrayed in a lucid style which piques the imagination. The text is printed on good quality paper and is complemented with a large number of photographs (including 78 in "full colour"). When required, specific maps are located close to the pertinent script which make them handy for the reader to consult without frustration.

Six chapters deal with the communities of Ainsworth, Nelson, Ymir, Rossland, Poplar City and the Ghost Towns of the Silvery Slocan; two, with transportation: the Kaslo & Slocan Railway and the S.S. Moyie; and one chapter deals with the famous Bluebell Mine at Riondel. Basque acknowledges that he relied heavily upon articles by David Scott and Craig Weir for "Bluebell: A Mining Saga" and N.L. Barlee for "Rossland: The Golden City", and this ". . . allowed the author to devote more time to researching and writing the remainder of the book."

West Kootenay: the pioneer years only has a few very minor flaws. "Today, Nelson prides itself in the fact that it has more historic buildings than any other city or town in the province" (p. 51) may be an incomplete sentence which should have included the phrase, "outside of Vancouver and Victoria". In this day of word processing, a spellcheck programme almost eliminates the typo problem of old but, on occasion, a word may be spelled correctly and still be incorrect in context (e.g. "sole" instead of sold, p. 163). Proof readers will have to become more vigilant in this regard. This reviewer appreciates the economic constraints placed on the Canadian book publishing industry over the past few years (high labour costs as well as copyright legislation, G.S.T., free trade) and, presumably, this book was printed in Hong Kong for these reasons.

This book is a good, popular overview of the West Kootenays. It relates a few of the more exciting and dramatic events that happened during the pioneer years; and provides the reader with a better insight into a region of the province that is often only superficially dealt with by historians. Basque does a commendable job in documenting just some of the Kootenay's colourful past.

Ron Welwood

Ron Welwood, a resident of Nelson, B.C. is Assistant Librarian at Selkirk College.

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Handliners' Island

Arthur Mayse. Illustrations by Nola Johnston. Madeira Park, B.C.
Harbour Publishing Co. Ltd., 1990.
152 p. ISBN 1-55017-025-2. $12.95.

History-conscious parents in search of a gift for the 10 to 14 age group should look at **Handliners' Island**. The good guys are exemplary: a boy of mixed Canadian/American parentage, his friend from the Kwakiutl tribe, and a "pretty smart" Canadian girl. The villains are poachers on a seine boat. The historical and geographical settings are authentic, and approached with the respect and affection one expects from Arthur Mayse, whose columns have long been a regular feature of the Victoria **Times-Colonist**.

But don't take the word of an adult reviewer. I have solicited an opinion from Galaxy Taylor, who, like the girl in the book, lives on an island and is also pretty smart. The rest of the review is hers.

'This story takes place after the Second World War up the coast of British Columbia, on Bukwis and Diablo Islands, somewhere north of Campbell River. The story is set around a remote fishing camp and cannery.

'As a ten-year-old girl, I really enjoyed reading this story. It was full of adventure, with these fourteen-year-old boys learning to look after themselves on a remote island and teaching themselves how to catch salmon by an old way of handlining. I learned a lot about the old ways of fishing and some of the old customs of the native people from that area. I also learned a lot of old words that the oldtimers used to describe things.

'I think this book would be of interest to readers from all over the country because it describes so well what it might have been like to live on the north coast of British Columbia fifty years ago.

'The illustrations are great, and they showed a lot of action.

'The book was well written and I wanted to keep reading to find out what was going to happen next.'

Alan Haig-Brown, writing in The Westcoast Fisherman, calls Handliners' Island a "novel for young adults and old fishermen". Old historians will enjoy it too.

Phyllis Reeve
Gabriola Island

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The Same As Yesterday: The Lillooet Chronicle: the Theft of Their Lands and Resources

Joanne Drake-Terry Lillooet Tribal Council,
Friesen Press, 1989, pp 341. $29.95

The book depicts the injustice initiated by the English, Canadian, and British Columbian governments, which has seriously affected the Lillooet peoples of B.C. since the late 1850s. The book emphasizes the history of the Lillooet peoples and their conflict with the non-natives. Joanne Drake-Terry, author, also provides a summary of the historical plight of the natives living in B.C. There are ten chapters of the book that pertain to the beginning of the Lillooet people up until the emergence of the McBride/McKenna commission. Following chapter ten is an informative epilogue entailing a chronological history of the Lillooet and native people, as a whole, from 1912 to 1989.

The first recorded non-native contact with Lillooet peoples (or the Stl'atl'imx as they would like to be recognized) occurred in 1808 when Simon Fraser was searching for a water route to the Pacific Ocean for the Montreal based Northwest Company. The impact of the whites had many adverse affects on the native population.

The difficulty for natives started with the maritime and the land base fur trades, which introduced alcohol and diseases. During the mid to late 1800s the Lillooet native populations suffered tremendous losses from epidemics and a lack of Dominion government funding for medical aid did not help the situation. During and after the 1858-62 gold rush non-native settlers' encroachment upon rich fertile land, traditionally belonging to the Lillooet peoples, generated discontent with the whites. The colonial and later the provincial governments displaced the Lillooet peoples to satisfy the needs of the settlers. By the early twentieth century the Lillooet peoples had lost rights to their land, resources, water, traditional fishing and hunting grounds. In 1905, the Lillooet lost a large portion of their traditional hunting ground for the Yalakam Game Reserve, which became a hunting reserve for local as well as foreign hunters who wanted big game bears, sheep, deer, etc. (pp. 212-215)

The Canadian, British Columbian and British governments broke the policies of the 1763 Royal Proclamation with the natives when the administrations did not extinguish any of the land claims except Treaty 8 in the northeastern B.C. The Royal Proclamation stated that all land belonging to native peoples was to be settled by British government officials before settlers could appropriate native land. Therefore, treaties throughout what is now known as Canada were made with the natives before most settlements or homesteads were established.

In 1876, the Dominion government introduced the Indian Act which had many rules and regulations that the natives had to observe. Instead of assimilating the aboriginal people, which was the original plan of the Indian Act, natives were segregated and became second class citizens.

The natives protested for their rights since the 1850s, but to no avail. There were numerous Indian Commissioners, Indian agents and other government officials who made promises on behalf of the Queen to appease the natives, but nothing ever developed except a lot of broken promises to the natives.

The Sproat (1876) and the McBride/McKenna (1913) Commissions were formed to appease the conflicts between natives and non-natives throughout the province. The natives received very little in terms of their demands from the governments. Instead only a few reserves were created or added to by the end of Sproat's commission in 1880. By the end of the McBride/McKenna Commission, in 1916, the commissioners expropriated 47,000 acres from the natives, which were rich agricultural lands. In return, the natives throughout B.C. gained approximately 80,000 acres to various reserves. However, this land was economically useless. The provincial and federal governments were the winners in these land transactions. The result of the McBride/McKenna commission was another tragic loss for the native world.

Joanne captures the readers attention by introducing each chapter, in an interesting manner, with a passage from the "Declaration of the Lillooet tribe." In 1911, the Lillooet natives created this declaration as a protest to show the governments that they usurped native resources, lands, and rights. Joanne's book, **The Same As Yesterday : The Lillooet Chronicle the Theft of their Land and Resources** is appropriately titled. Today road blocks, native protests heard in courts and protection groups, such as the "Save the Stein" organization show us that the native fight still continues as it did over one hundred years ago.

Joanne could have supplied a chart of the Lillooet band's populations from the first census, up to present day, to give a clear picture of the human geography of the area. There seemed to be needless repetition of a few stories in the book and perhaps an error in judgement with respect to

Governor Blanshard being dismissed. (p. 35) According to other historical accounts Blanshard resigned. Joanne mentions that the Lillooet native parents would not send their children to the residential/industrial schools because their children would not learn what white students were learning. Instead, the native children learned how to be labourers and servants for the non-natives. (pp. 190 to 192) However, Joanne forgot to mention one of the most important effects of the Residential schools to the natives in B.C. and to those Lillooet children who were unfortunate to attend these schools. Residential schools single handedly deculturalized natives in B.C. by not allowing native children to practise their native language or maintain their culture. The residential schools disrupted the social reproduction of native peoples, not intentionally, but it was consistent. The struggle for native aboriginal rights, land and resources still continues to this day. Joanne Drake - Terry has generated an informative and well researched book dealing with the history of the Lillooet peoples. The book is enjoyable to read and the pictures and maps have provided much additional meaning to the book. **The Same As Yesterday: The Lillooet Chronicle the Theft of Their Lands and Resources** will provide an insight for people who are interested in the native history of the Lillooet peoples bringing the reality of their suffering into the forefront.

Werner Kaschel

Werner Kaschel is a member of the Vancouver Historical Society.

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Where the Fraser River Flows: The Industrial Workers of the World in British Columbia

Mark Leier; Vancouver, New Star Books, 1990. 138 p.
$14.95 pa, $24.95 cl.

" Where the Fraser River flows, each fellow worker knows
They have bullied and oppressed us, but still our union grows;
And we're going to find a way boys, for shorter hours and better pay, boys,
We're going to win the day boys, where the Fraser River flows."

The rich heritage of IWW songs has attracted folksingers, labour activists, and historians, for years. Labour conventions still rise to belt out the stirring IWW anthem, "Solidarity Forever". Numerous publications document the early years of the revolutionary industrial union and it's struggles and ultimate decline. For many, its rise and fall between 1905 and the 1930's have left a romantic image of stalwart workers fighting against overwhelming odds to lay the groundwork for modern industrial unions in North America.

Mark Leier's **Where the Fraser River Flows** goes beyond this image. In a study that draws on the union's history in B.C., he explains the background that led to the formation of the IWW, follows its ups and downs in B.C. to 1924, and tries to draw some meaning for today from a story of struggle, betrayal and repression. Leier combines an historical overview with a review of other historians' approaches and conclusions to comment of "the twists and turns of the labour and socialist movements as they try to reach an accord with capital and the state in the years before World War One."

Leier's study assumes some knowledge on the part of the reader about the period and previous works on it. Jack Scott's "Plunderbund and Proletariat: a History of the IWW in B.C.", 1975, is a more popular introduction and A. Ross McCormack's "Reformers, Rebels, and Revolutionaries: The Western Canadian Radical Movement 1899-1919," 1979, has informative section on the IWW. Leier's book builds on previous works to delve into both formative influences and destructive ones.

He sees the syndicalism of the IWW as a response to the rise of large corporations with monopoly positions that sought to increase productivity by breaking any worker control of the workplace. These corporations "deskilled" job descriptions, sought an "obedient and more industrious" workforce, encouraged mass immigration to have available a large pool of unskilled labour, and tried to organize company unions and open-shop campaigns.

The IWW, (unlike the craft-oriented American Federation of Labour unions), tried to organize skilled and unskilled workers of all races and both sexes. They believed that "workers' control was the essential element of socialism, and that the state was as much an enemy as capitalism, for the two were inseparable allies." Through direct action on the job and mass action in solidarity, the IWW sought to empower workers with the ultimate goal of controlling the means of production.

In B.C., where neither women nor Asians had the vote, and where property and residency restrictions limited political action for many, the IWW organized a number of locals, several free speech fights in Vancouver and Victoria between 1909 and 1912, a major strike of railway construction workers in 1912, and interior miners and lumberworkers.

Leier emphasizes the role of the Socialist Party of Canada and the organized labour movement in undermining and ultimately destroying the IWW in B.C. Combined with employer and government repression, the double-dealing of socialist politicians during the 1912 Vancouver Free Speech fight and the active opposition of many craft-unionists left the IWW vulnerable to defeat. By the time the pre-war depression and end of the railway boom had left membership rolls down, the entry of Canada into World War I and the consequent persecution of "agitators" put the IWW on the ropes. Outlawed by the Canadian government in 1918, the union made a brief come-back in the early twenties before being squeezed out by the rise of the One Big Union, the Communist Party, and internal splits in 1924.

Leier believes that we have a lot to learn from the IWW and its fate. His book should be read for its insights into the pre-World War I period and the interplay of capital and labour that has shaped our province towards free enterprise vs. social-democratic politics. Leier shows us that other viable alternatives on the left were cut short but have a lot to teach us.

Don Stewart

Don Stewart is a Vancouver Antiquarian bookseller.

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