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BRITISH COLUMBIA HISTORICAL NEWS

Volume 25, No. 4 Journal of the B.C. Historical Federation Fall - 1992

EDITORIAL

Your B.C. Historical Federation Council met September 19, in Kelowna. As well as planning for the 1993 Annual Conference in Kamloops, consideration was given to reaching and involving history buffs in all parts of the province. You, our regular reader, can help by introducing some friend or family member to this magazine. A subscription to the magazine is only \$10 per year, \$15 to an out-of-country address. And you can invite your history buff friends to attend the BCHF conference to share the fellowship, tours and speakers.

We hope you will enjoy the contrasts of style between a journal written informally in the Victorian era, a cheerful description of a family growing up in Burnaby, the debunking of a long accepted historical "fact," and an Elsie Turnbull memory of Trail. There are many stories yet to come. Do you have a favorite bit of local history that you would like to share? Write it down; type it double spaced then send it in to the editor of this magazine with suitable illustration(s). We look forward to hearing about hitherto unsung heroes and heroines.

Naomi Miller

COVER CREDIT

An illustration for "Emily Carr's British Columbia" graces the cover. Shown is Bishop Cridge's home, Marifield, which was on the property adjacent to the childhood home of Emily Carr. The Bishop and two ladies are shown on the verandah.

Photo courtesy of B.C. Archives and Records Service - Catalogue No. H.P. 662.

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The Origins of the Fraser River Gold Rush: A Popular Myth Refuted

by Lindsay E. Smyth

It is a well established certainty that one of the most common errors that historians are susceptible to is that of repeating the mistakes of their predecessors. Within the sphere of British Columbia's history, I believe the most outstanding illustration of the truth of this statement is to be found in the universally accepted myth that the 1858 Fraser River Gold Rush was initiated, to quote F.W. Howay's words, "as the result of the action of the Hudson's Bay Company itself, which had, in February, 1858, sent to the United States mint at San Francisco, in charge of . . . the purser of the *Otter*, the eight hundred ounces" ¹ first obtained from the newly discovered Thompson River mines.

In fact is – as anyone who cares to examine the log of the *Otter* can determine for themselves beyond all doubt – that at no time during the year of 1858 did the said vessel approach the port of San Francisco!

Having thus quite simply determined the fallacy of the foregoing statement, several questions inevitably arise. On what authority might such a monumental discrepancy be based? If the first gold mined in the Fraser River watershed was not shipped to San Francisco, what did become of it? And how, in fact, did the 1858 Fraser River Gold Rush actually gain its impetus? Beginning with the first, I shall herein attempt to deal with these several questions in the light of my own private research on the matter.

Strangely enough, in examining contemporary 19th century documentation on the subject, I could not find the slightest shred of evidence to support the theory that the Gold Rush began in consequence of the *Otter's* alleged visit to San Francisco. Rather, it appears that this heavily distorted version of events

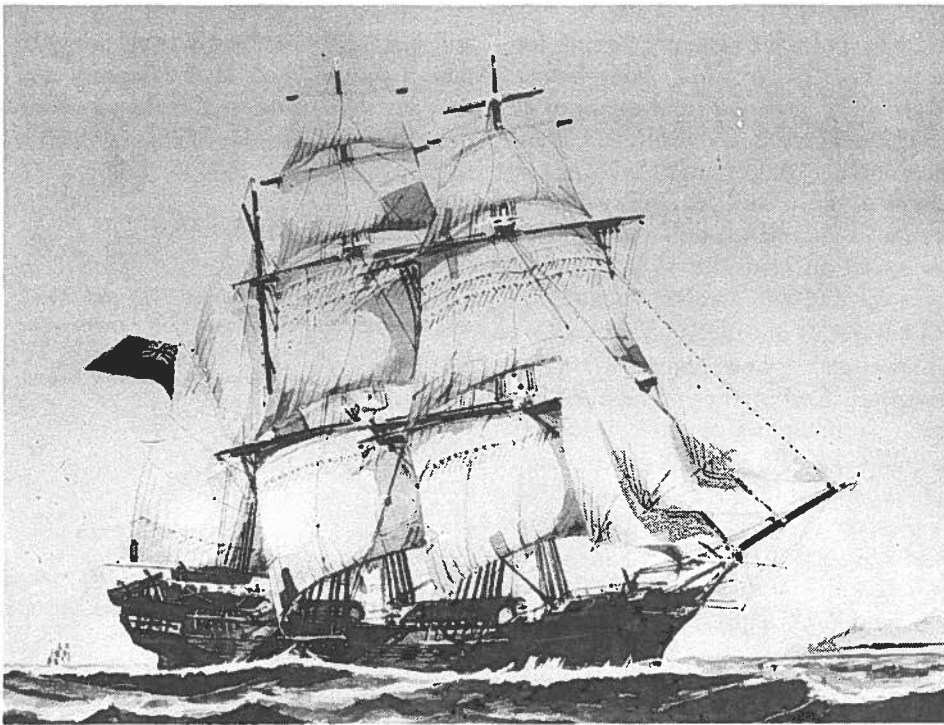
first surfaced in the early 20th century, when a number of historians conducted extensive interviews with Jason Allard, a HBC trader's son born at Fort Langley in the halcyon days of the fur trade. In 1858 Allard's father had been placed in charge of Fort Yale, at that time the center of mining activity, and although young Jason was only ten years old at the time, he survived far enough into the present century to become a rare and respected authority on the subject of the Gold Rush.

In conjecturing on the origins of the excitement, Allard gives an account that it seems likely to surmise as the probable source of much of the confusion which surrounds this event. The story relates to the exploits of James Houston, a Scottish-born adventurer who was journeying through Washington Territory in the fall of 1856, en route from the Colville mines adjacent to the 49th parallel on the Columbia River, when hostile Indians attacked his camp at night, killing his partner. Making his escape under cover of darkness, Houston decided to turn back north towards the British Boundary, where under the rule of the HBC there was comparative peace with the Indians. Following the old Brigade Trail up the Okanagan Valley he eventually reached Fort Kamloops, where he was accorded the hospitality of Chief Trader Donald McLean the following winter. In the spring of 1857, so the story goes, Houston found coarse gold at the mouth of Tranquille Creek, swiftly acquiring enough to buy a farm at the site of the first Fort Langley. Said Allard: "His descendants claim that it was this gold, sold to McLean and forwarded to Douglas and then sent to the mint in San Francisco that started the rush." ²

Further to confuse matters, the above

version of events appears to be partially corroborated and partially contradicted by the testimony of James Moore, a long-lived Fifty-Eighter who wrote and spoke extensively about the beginnings of the Gold Rush during the first two decades of the present century. Moore attests, on the strength of an alleged interview that he had with Chief Trader Donald McLean at Fort Kamloops in 1861, that "the first gold he (McLean) received was in 1856 and 1857, from Indians on the Thompson River. This gold he sent down to Fort Victoria, and in February, 1858, the H.B. Co. steamer *Otter* left Victoria for San Francisco. The purser, having this gold dust, took it to the U.S. mint in San Francisco, and had it coined," ³ he elsewhere specifies, "as a souvenir of the first gold found in the Province." ⁴

As far as I have been able to determine, this popular misconception that the Gold Rush began when the HBC shipped gold to San Francisco aboard the *Otter* first appeared in print following the 1914 publication of Judge Howay's monumental work "**British Columbia from Earliest Times to Present**," in which his previously quoted statement to that effect appears. As both of the aforementioned narratives relating to the *Otter* were in widespread circulation at that date, my theory is that Howay simply juxtaposed the one upon the other and, combining this with Governor Douglas' official report that, as of April 6, 1858, "about eight hundred ounces . . . has been hitherto exported from the country," ⁵ he made a reasonably educated – albeit erroneous – conjecture as to the origins of the excitement. Accordingly, as Howay is considered to be the dean of British Columbia historians, no one up until the present date has deemed the matter



The Princess Royal – a fine new ship which transported the first citizens of Nanaimo from London, England to Esquimalt in a little less than six months in 1854. It was this ship which took the first official shipment of Fraser River gold out from Victoria with the destination of London, England, not San Francisco as usually stated.

Photo courtesy of BCARS - catalogue No. PDP468

worthy of a second thought.

It will be observed that both the Houston and Moore narratives – upon which the fable pertaining to the **Otter** appear to be based – did not come into circulation until long after the actual passage of events; and that, as such, they must be suspected not only of the fallibility of memory so commonly associated with pioneer reminiscences, but also of a somewhat senile tendency many old-timers showed to magnify and even fabricate the role that they played in these historic events.

The romantic traditions that have grown to surround these two star informants in particular are so thoroughly studded with discrepancies, easily established from the record, that it is not advisable to give credence to either account. Due to space limitations, but one example must suffice: – whereas James Houston is said to have boasted that his alleged discovery was “the one which turned the eyes of the World on British Columbia and started the great gold rush of 1858,” and that “the reaction shown by Governor Douglas receiving the gold, indicated that Mr. Douglas had no previous hint of placer

gold on the mainland,⁶” Douglas himself writes in his diary “gold was first found on Thompson River by an Indian . . .”⁷

Immediately upon being notified of the discovery by letter from Chief Trader McLean in February of 1857, and sensing that it might be “productive of gain for the Concern,” Douglas wrote instructing McLean to “collect a large party of Indians, and proceeding to the Gold district make them search and wash for the precious metal . . .”⁸ The fact that Douglas intended to send the gold so accumulated to London with the annual supply ship carrying the fur returns from the Western Department is clearly evidenced in his correspondence. “Pray forward in ‘Otter’ the Gold dust from Thompson’s River,” he states in the postscript of a letter addressed to James Yale under date of September 10, 1857, “and also, any that may be sent to Fort Langley during the winter, in order that it may be shipped to England by the **Princess Royal**.”⁹ Again on the same subject, Douglas writes to Chief Trader McLean on November 23, 1857, informing him that “We shall make a point of detaining the

homeward bound ship till the 5th of March next, in expectation of your sending out the whole quantity (of gold) collected up to about the 20th of February.”¹⁰

While it is inconceivable that the San Francisco papers would remain silent on the matter if the HBC had shipped even a small quantity of gold to the mint in that city at this time, it is noteworthy that no such mention occurs. To the contrary, the **Alta California** of April 11, 1858, reports: “The **Princess Royal**, a vessel belonging to the Hudson’s Bay Company, sailed on the 29th ult. for England, with 1,000 ounces of gold dust from the Thompson River mines.”

Actually, the log of the **Princess Royal** reveals that she sailed from Victoria on March 25, arriving in London via Cape Horn a little less than five months later. Evidently she carried the gold returns from the Fort Colville district as well as those from the Thompson River mines, for under date of August 20, 1858, secretary Thomas Fraser addresses a letter from Hudson’s Bay House, London, to the Board of Management of the Western Department at Fort Victoria, stating: “Gentlemen, – I am directed by the Governor and Committee to forward for your information, a Copy of the Account sales of the Gold Dust, received both from the Western and the Oregon Departments: **Princess Royal**.”¹¹ Unfortunately, a note at the top of the page indicates that this particular account of gold sales has gone missing; and although a duplicate copy of the account sent to the Oregon Department still exists, the ink is so badly run as to make the figures illegible. We do not need to know the exact figures involved, however, to be able to state that in light of the above documentation it is an absolute certainty that the gold so long believed to have been shipped to San Francisco aboard the **Otter** was in fact sent to London via the **Princess Royal** – from Victoria in March of 1858.

Contrary to popular belief, the gold excitement which subsequently gave birth to British Columbia began, not in San Francisco, but rather amongst the slight handful of colonists and HBC employees then inhabiting the future province itself. The earliest reference I have been able to locate in regard to

what Bancroft refers to as "the infection which spread with such swift virulence in every direction,"¹² occurs in the form of an extract of a letter written at Port Townsend under date of February 11, 1858, stating: "Already some thirty pounds of gold have been brought to Victoria, and everybody is making arrangements to go to the mines."¹³

In March of 1858 word of the excitement at Fort Victoria was carried throughout Puget Sound by Captain Jemmy Jones, master of the trading schooner **Wild Pigeon**. Ezra Meeker, pioneer resident of Seilacoom, recalls the day that the **Wild Pigeon** arrived at his hometown, bringing "the news that the Indians had discovered gold on Fraser River . . . and that three hundred people had left Victoria and vicinity for the new Eldorado . . . The wave of excitement that ran through the little town upon the receipt of this news was repeated in every town and hamlet of the whole Pacific Coast, and continued around the world, sending thither adventurous spirits from all civilized countries of the earth."¹⁴

The electrifying news was swiftly taken up in the pioneer press, first appearing in the **Olympia Pioneer and Democrat** of March 5, 1858: "We learn from Captain Jones . . . that much excitement exists on Vancouver Island in consequence of the alleged discovery of rich gold deposits to the northward in the British Possessions . . . Nearly all the French and half-breeds on the Island had either started for this new El Dorado or were proposing to start."

Copies of the edition featuring the above report soon reached San Francisco by way of the bi-monthly mail steamer connecting with Port Townsend. Accordingly, a reproduction of the Captain Jones account, headed **The Fraser River Gold Mines – Great Excitement**, appears in the **San Francisco Evening Bulletin** of March 19, 1858. Again on April 3, 1858, following the next arrival of the mail steamer **Columbia**, the **Bulletin** quotes an account from the **Pioneer and Democrat** of March 20 ult. detailing the manner in which industrial establishments on Lower Puget Sound were slowing to a stand-still, "owing to the number of hands that

have left, and are constantly leaving for the northern El Dorado." Long before the arrival of any significant quantity of Fraser River gold in California, the mere dissemination of such vague accounts as these was quite sufficient to spark the massive exodus which followed. And so it was that on April 20, 1858, the first major wave of 800 argonauts sailed out of the Bay City aboard the steamers **Columbia** and **Commodore**, bound respectively for Port Townsend and Victoria. Commenting on their departure the following day, the **Bulletin** remarks that "accounts of the rich auriferous discoveries on the Fraser and Thompson rivers, have produced an excitement . . . not unlike that of that of the palmy days of '49 and '50." Thus the stampede was born.

Before concluding, one final observation on the subject is due. As the local representative of Crown and Company, James Douglas considered that it would be in the best interests of both to keep the Western American miners out of the Indian Country altogether. Such a policy would at once ensure a monopoly of the new gold trade with the Natives for the HBC, while simultaneously protecting British sovereignty over the region. As late as April 6, 1858, he reports to the Home Authorities that as there were only two practicable routes to the mines, they might "be guarded at little expense, and the Country rendered as secure from foreign intrusion as the fabled garden of Hesperides."¹⁵ Douglas had all too recently witnessed the loss of Oregon Territory through a similiar intrusion, and as it is evident that his greatest fear at this time was that history might now repeat itself north of the 49th parallel, to infer that the canny Scotsman would precipitate a headlong stampede of foreign treasure-seekers onto the British Frontier by sending a shipment of gold to the mint in San Francisco is far-fetched in the extreme – as should have been perceived before now.

In view of the incontrovertible nature of the documentation herein presented on the true origins of the Fraser River Gold Rush – perhaps the most significant event in the history of our province – it is my earnest desire that this paper

will inspire the academic community to take a second look at the matter, and relegate the oft-quoted fable regarding the **Otter** to the realm of myth, which it so richly deserves.

The writer, now resident in Telegraph Creek, was unaware that the summer 1992 issue was on the Cariboo. We appreciate his supplying this new look at an important bit of British Columbia history.

FOOTNOTES

1. Howay, F.W.; **British Columbia From Earliest Times to Present** (Vol. II), S.J. Clarke, Vancouver, 1914: 14.
2. Allard, Jason; "When Gold Was King," m.s. in McKelvie Collection, PABC, E/D/MI9/Vol. 16.
3. Moore, James; quoted in Paterson, T.W., "James Moore of Cariboo," **Pioneer Days in British Columbia**, Stagecoach Publishing Co., Langley, 1962: 59.
4. Moore to Harding, Aug. 30, 1929, in **British Columbia Historical Quarterly**, Vol. 3, no. 3: 217.
5. Douglas to Labouchere, April 6, 1858, in **Correspondence Relative to the Discovery of Gold in the Fraser's River District**, Great Britain, Parliament, 1858.
6. Houston, James; quoted in Basque, Garnet, "James Houston," **Canadian Frontier**, Vol. I, no. 2.
7. Douglas, James; quoted in Bancroft, H.H., **History of British Columbia**, History Co., San Francisco, 1887: 348.
8. Douglas to McLean, Feb. 10, 1857, in **Fort Victoria, Correspondence Outward**, PABC, A/C/20/Vi4A.
9. Douglas to Yale, Sept. 10, 1857, *Ibid.*
10. Douglas to McLean, Nov. 23, 1857, *Ibid.*
11. Thomas Fraser to Board of Management, Western Dept., Aug. 20, 1858, in **Fort Victoria, Correspondence Inward**, HBCA, IM387 (microfilm): 497. See also frame no. 486 of same microfilm for a duplicate copy of account of gold sales sent to the Oregon Dept.
12. Bancroft, H.H.; *Op. cit.*, 354.
13. Extract of letter to Governor Stevens, author unknown, in **Olympia Pioneer and Democrat**, May 21, 1858.
14. Meeker, Ezra; **Pioneer Reminiscences of Puget Sound**, Seattle, 1905: 162.
15. Douglas to Labouchere, April 6, 1858, *Op. cit.*

A Travellers' Diary – 1890

by Cyndi Thompson

Note: This is transcribed from a diary kept by Edward Cosens. The diary now rests in the National Archives.

After saying good-bye and parting with a number of relations and friends, we started from Warrior Square Station, about 9 o'clock a.m. on August 27, 1890.

We arrive at Charing Cross Station, and were met by brother Albert. After seeing to our luggage, we all went to Euston Station, and arrived safely. Here we went to a restaurant and had something to eat and drink. Then about 9 o'clock p.m. owing to the water not high enough, we went for Auld Ireland. Passing on the way, one of the Allan Line Steamers; **Sardinian** homeward bound. Also one of the Anchor Line Steamers, outward bound. Arrived off Maville, in Ireland about 1 p.m. on Friday, and had to wait there, till 6 o'clock in the evening for the passengers and mails from Ireland. Then away we started for the big pond, otherwise the Atlantic, but it was rather rough going through the Irish Sea.

On Saturday, almost every one sick and bad. Sunday not much better, but a little singing on deck, and a service in the saloon. Monday, getting a little better, but the sun went down rather red, which some of them said, was a sign of bad weather. The captain was on the bridge for a long time, looking around: also the canvas was lashed round the railings of the deck, which looked rather suspicious. On Tuesday morning between 1 and 2 o'clock, we fairly got into the storm. Steamer rolling and pitching tremendously: railings going down into the water each time. No one allowed on deck. You never heard such a noise as there was when the storm struck us. Crockery ware flying in all directions, women and children screaming, and waves pounding over the ship and the wind screaming through the rigging. Had that state of things for about an-



Edward Cosens with his family, taken at their Vancouver home in 1913. His two daughters are shown in white dresses. His daughter-in-law stands behind the little girl who became grandmother to the writer of this story.

other day. The wife was sitting on a seat on the main deck, and in the rolling of the ship, she was sent flying and hurt her back. I was very glad that I kept well, as the wife and children were bad almost all the way out, until within about a day or so of our landing. I was down below looking after them, and in the same berth, there were three foreign women in the opposite bunks, sickening all over the floor, which made me bad.

Wednesday, steamer still rolling and pitching, but not so bad as yesterday. We also passed the **S.S. Oregon**, one of the Dominioncon Line, but they said, we were not near enough to signal. People getting much better and up on deck

a bit for fresh air.

Thursday a very nice day, sun shining beautifully, but very cold, owing to icebergs at hand. We passed the first one and it was about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile long, but not very close to us. The second one was only about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile from the ship and much larger, and 2 or 3 smaller ones. It was a grand sight, as the sun was shining on them beautifully. Shortly after we passed another very large iceberg and 2 or 3 whales, as we were getting into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Later in the afternoon we passed 2 or 3 whales and icebergs. Later on it rained and blew, so we went to bed early. Blowing a head wind through the Gulf,

and blew, so we went to bed early. Blowing a head wind through the Gulf, and it was rather rough. We also passed 2 or 3 large steamers, one of them belonging to the Beaver Line; laden with cattle.

Saturday morning got into a fog; steam whistle going every 2 or 3 minutes, all night. It cleared off about breakfast time, beautifully. Saturday we saw several more whales and porpoises and wild ducks. The crew are beginning to straighten up and clean, as we expect to get to Quebec tomorrow afternoon. In the evening we had an entertainment in the intermediate saloon. The captain gave permission for some of the crew to come and sing. One or two of them were Irish, and they kept the company in roars of laughter. Went up on deck after it was over, for a breath of fresh air, and the water was as smooth as glass. The phosphorescence in the water was splendid in the starlight.

Sunday we arrived at Rimouski, about 2 or 3 a.m., and landed some passengers and mails and took the pilot on board to go up the River St. Lawrence. The scenery on both sides of the river was very beautiful; passing young whales by the dozen, close to the steamer. It also was very amusing to see them come up to blow, as they did not keep down many minutes together. They call it the beautiful River St. Lawrence, and I think it is rightly named. Passing the different places on each side of the river, villages and towns, and land all cultivated, splendid large buildings, ferry steamers and shopping by wholesale, as we got higher up the river. Passed some places buoyed off on each side of us, and 2 or 3 light ships. I suppose they were the deep water channels, as our pilot was very busy with the glass looking ahead and altering the course every now and then. We went on until we arrived at Point Live, the landing stage of the Grand Trunk Railway, about 3:30 in the afternoon, after being on the ship from 8 to 10 days. Then there was some bustle for an hour or two. People flocking round the hatchways looking for their luggage as it came out of the holds. Two of our chests, the edges of the lids knocked completely off, and a black box of mine, there were pieces nailed on the sides, and ropes round it: so I expect it had been almost to pieces.

One of the large cases I noticed the bottom partly knocked off. I do not wonder at that, for to see them come up out of the holds, with the steam windlass knocking and banging against the sides, was enough to knock them all to pieces. Another steamer came alongside of ours and those for the Canadian Pacific Railway, had to go aboard with their luggage across to the other side of the river. It was almost ready to start, and we could not find one of our large cases. At last I found it in one of the Grand Trunk Railway sheds. I got two of the porters, and they very soon got it on the other steamer, and away we started. There were three or four men of war there in the river. We passed close alongside of them and saluted each, with the whistle. One of the names I noticed was the **Bellerphin**. After a short time we landed on the other side at the Canadian Pacific Wharf. So ended our sea voyage which was not very pleasant for some, as we had a head wind almost all the way. Sometimes we'd get the wind across for an hour or two, and up would go the sails. Then it would change all of a sudden and down they would come again. They were all full and at the steam windlass. Was most amusing to hear the shrill pipe of the boatswain and see the sailors come swarming up. The most pleasant part was after we got through the Gulf of St. Lawrence, going up the river.

I will just give you a little description of the S.S. **Cirossian**, 440 ft. long, 32 ft. wide, 40 ft. deep, 4000 tons registered horse power. Eight life boats: steam - windlass, for raising and lowering the anchor, sails, and luggage. We had 2 horses on board. One on the upper deck who got knocked about rather and caught a bad cold in the storm. There were about 300 passengers on board, plus 90 in the ships company. The first day we steamed 194 miles. The fifth 209 miles, the sixth 239 miles. The seventh day 295 miles, the ninth 284 miles. Saturday at 12 o'clock to Sunday 3 o'clock, 322 miles. The propeller about 20 or 22 ft. across, and the shaft of the propeller about 14 or 15 inches thick. They burnt about 70 tons of coal a day and emptied the ashes from the stoker holes, every 4 hours and a pretty noise they make winding them up: a shaft by steam windlass and emptying

them out a port hole in the side. The funnels of the steamer about 10 or 12 feet across.

After landing at the Railway Depot, we went into a restaurant at the station, and had tea. Then we got some provisions, and took them into the cars with us and started from there about 7:30 on Sunday evening, and had to change cars twice before we got to Montreal. Arrived between 5 and 7 o'clock on Monday morning, and had to be shunted on to a siding, and wait until 8:40 in the evening before we started again. Went out two or 3 times into the town to get more provisions. I bought a spirit lamp to boil water for our tea, as there was not any in the car stove, it being too warm. I must give you a little description of the cars, as they are for living and sleeping in.

There is a platform at each end of the car, and steps on each side with an iron railing, or handrail, with an opening in the centre, so that when they are connected you can walk from one end of the train, to the other. First there is a door leading from the platform into a lobby. On one side, is a large stove, with hot water pipes, converted to it, running along each side of the car, and you can stand your pot, or kettle to make boiling water. On the opposite side is a wash basin, and cistern along side with a tap. At the station there are men there to come round to see to the filling up of the cisterns, and coke boxes. Then there is another door opening into the large compartment, with 5 double seats, facing one another: on each side 2 persons, on each seat. 2 windows to each double seat. The windows had double sashes, so as to keep the draught and cold out in the winter. They slide up and down with patent fastenings. There are no doors at the sides, only one at each end of the car and a pathway through the centre. Each double seat or compartment lets down and comes together in the centre, and forms a bed for two persons. Over each double seat a piece lets down and forms a bed for two persons: so that in that part it is supposed to seat and sleep 40 persons. We had a seat to ourselves, and so did the others that came by the steamer as we still kept together a lot. We put our small parcels on the place over the seats, but at night I slept on the top

part, and the wife and children on the seats. Then there was another door leading into the smoking compartment, with 2 double seats on each side, and a place over them, the same as the others, so that was supposed to seat and sleep 16 persons. That was used the same as ours, their small parcels on the place over the seats. Then there was another door leading into a lobby, and on one side the lavatory, and on the other used for boxes. A door from that leading on to the platform at the opposite end of the car: so that the cars were about 60 ft. long. Sometimes one of the men would come round of a morning and sweep the floor and car all over, and then bring fruit and books, or news papers to sell. That was between stations, and sometimes when we stopped at some of the stations, they would come in, selling milk. Of course there is plenty of ventilation as there are pivot or swing windows at the top from one end to the other of each car which can be opened or shut by anyone.

There seems to be any amount of places all along the line inhabited by settlers. We arrived at Ottawa about midnight, after being wakened up twice with the conductor coming through the cars examining and clipping tickets.

Tuesday passing some beautiful scenery, sometimes on the borders of a large lake for miles, and then going right through wild forest and over dozens of wooden trestle bridges. Some only a few feet high and others about a hundred feet. All along the track it seems as though there had been a forest fire, as all the trees are burnt each side of the track. They said that when the track was made they cleared it by burning. There are a few iron girder bridges, but not so very many as timber is so plentiful out here, hence made by wood.

Wednesday we had our breakfast about 6 o'clock as we generally had our meals, when we were ready for them. At 7 o'clock arrived at a place called Peninsular and there we were told that about 5 or 6 miles further ahead a trestle bridge had broken down. So away we started again, until we began to slow up and very shortly after we were in full view of it, and our engine stopped to within a few feet of it. About 130 yards of it all down. It appears, on the Monday afternoon previous about half past

3, an engine with 3 box cars and the plough were passing over it, and it began to slip away. The driver and fireman both jumped off. Neither of them got hurt, and the engine and cars never turned over, but only sank down and kept upright. One train load of passengers that passed us at a station just before we got to this, had been waiting there 36 hours before they could get transferred to the opposite side. I must tell you it was a sight. We all had to get out and take our parcels with us and tramp over all the rough ground and timbers to the other train on the opposite side. The others in the other train had to do the same, to get to our train. You could not help laughing, as it put one in mind of a lot of ants passing and re-passing one another. Of course the railway gangs had to shift all the heavy baggage, and that was a job, I can tell you, as it was such awkward travelling.

I saw 6 men carrying my largest box and they had to have a good many rests, as there was not any handles or cords on it. I was close to them at one of their rests and they were having a fine confab over it. One said it was full of lead, another it was full of Jews harps, and another said he thought the bloke belonging to this box, was going to set up a store in New Westminster. Of course I was standing there alongside and enjoyed the fun immensely. Then there was a coffin in the other train and it took 8 men to get it across, after a deal of bother we got over. After a long time the other train got away 1/2 hour before we did. But not until they telegraphed for another engine to come and hook on behind. Our engine just managed to get started by itself, about 10 o'clock after a delay of 6 hours. While we were waiting, we went raspberry and blueberry gathering as they grew wild just like blackberries and raspberries, and were just as large and nice as the cultivated ones.

So away we went again up hill and down dale, winding round the edges of the lakes, and going over parts of some bridges and through short tunnels, cut out of solid rock and then cutting away again for miles through the wild forest, passing many pretty waterfalls, and any amount of lumber in the river, floating down to the saw mills.

Thursday morning we stopped at a place called Rat Portage, and there was any amount of lumber in the river, and timber in stacks for saw mills. They had slides to them where all the waste pieces were drawn along by machinery to the ends of the slides and dropped over into a lake. There were large fires and some of them were burning tremendously. We are now leaving the lake waters a bit as we are getting nearer to Winnipeg. It is also getting colder and our stove fire has gone out. Reached Winnipeg about 4 o'clock and all changed here. When we got out onto the platform it was cold and they had ice in the morning. Ted went out shopping and got more provisions, but we did not see anything of Mrs. Dufton. I went to the freight agent and got our tickets altered, as they had booked us to Vancouver. Of course I thought it was alright as New Westminster would be near by, but it appears you must get out for where you booked. He made them alright, by writing on the back of the tickets. Stayed at Winnipeg about an hour and off we went again, with a nice fire to warm the car. Passed a place called Wapella, where we were to look out for Mrs. Dufton, but didn't see or hear anything of them, as I expect we were too early, as it was 3 o'clock Friday morning.

On again through miles and miles of prairies, as far as you could see. Now and then, farms close to the tracks. Lots of wheat not cut, frost and snow on the ground. Reached a station called Moose Jaw about 12 o'clock and telegraphed to my brother's wife. Several Indian tents were close to the station, and a lot of Indians on the platform, selling polished horns. A person in the opposite compartment to us, had a nice pair for 50¢, or in our money 2 shillings. Soon after starting again, there was a lot of cattle got on the tracks. The driver kept jumping the whistle and slacked speed and away they went. Still passing through prairie land as far as you can see. Saw some prairie dogs and wild cats and snow birds and hawks.

Arrived at a station called Swift Current, and stayed about 10 minutes. A lot of Indians with their squaws, some with a child or papoose on their backs.

They were selling polished horns, and some of them were splendid and cheap. I saw one or two men buy a set with 6 horns for a \$1.50. Just before reaching here our stove went out, so I got hold of an empty box at the station, and very soon we had a roaring fire. After starting again a drove of horses got on the track, and the driver jumped his whistle and slacked speed a little and away they galloped. One, a gray ran alongside for a little way, before he went off. Of course there is no fear of running over them, as the cowcatcher on the front of the engine, is only an inch or two above the rails and that would very soon send them flying. After this before long we were going through snow again for a long way about 3 or 4 inches deep.

Friday evening around 6 o'clock we got to a small station, called Gull Lake, and there we saw thousands of sheep. One man was on horseback and others on foot. To see them and the dogs rounding them up, was a sight. They were getting them into a large enclosure for the night. High stakes all around. Arrived at another large place called Calgary, around 6 o'clock Saturday morning: we only stayed a few minutes.

Now we are passing some very high hills, which are a very pretty sight, as the tops are all covered with snow and the sun shining on them, they looked beautiful. Nothing but hard rocks, at least that is what it seems to be. The station close to it is called Banff. Here there are some Hot Springs, a great place for visitors, and also buses at the station from the different hotels.

After a short stay we started off again, but still passing through solid rocks, until we arrived at a place called Castle Mountain. This was a very pretty sight, nothing but a mass of rocks, hundreds of feet high and pieces running up, just like towers, and ledges running round one above the other, like battlements.

We are fairly into the Rocky Mountains now, and going down a steep grade to a place, at the bottom called Field. The engine had full steam up with reversed engine, and men stationed at the brakes, on each end of the cars. We also passed on the way down some switches, with a man stationed at each, so that if anything went wrong with the train, the engineer would give the signal, and they would turn the train into one of them.

I am glad to say we arrived at the bottom quite safe and sound. The station called Field is at the foot of a mountain, called Mount Stephen, and it is surrounded by some of the loftiest peaks of the Rockies. Some tops completely in the clouds. Here also we saw a large bear chained to a pole, with a flat piece on the top. It was very amusing to see him scramble up to the top. Also 2 or 3 smaller ones on another pole. These were outside of the hotel, so I expect for people's amusement as sometimes when the large bear was near the top, the man would catch hold of him and pull him down back on the ground.

Coming down the steep grades, it seems as though the cars would come off the rails, as it is one continual in and out, the whole way, just like a serpent. It is astonishing how they do keep on. Talk about curves. In England it would surprise some of them to see these.

Arrived at a station called Donald where we had more water put in the car for drinking, as some forgot in the morning to do so. We are still passing some very high peaks of mountains and curves on the tracks wholesale. Also passing through tunnels, cut out of the solid rock, without any brick work, or supports. Also through long snow sheds at the sides of the mountains where avalanches come down. Passed through 2 or 3 of these, and they are built of very strong and heavy timber. Next arrived at a place called Glacier, where there are two beautiful hotels, with grounds all laid out with fountains playing. Here also we saw a large black bear, and brown, chained up in the grounds, some Indian tents with Indians in them, and we all went and had a look. I forgot to mention after we left a station called Bear Creek, that before we got to Glacier, we passed over a bridge 296 ft. high. I would not say anything to the wife until we had passed it, as she did not like the bridges and the dangerous mountains. This bridge spanned a deep ravine. All along through this part, we had the large mountain engines, one in front and one behind, as the grades were so steep and even then it was pretty hard for them.

At Glacier there were some very high mountains, and one was all a mass of ice at the upper part. They said it was covered with ice all the year round. It was

a very beautiful sight, and hence the name being called Glacier. After we left there the grade of the track was very steep downward and winding, round and round to get down to the level again. As for the scenery, I could not half describe it to you.

Sunday morning every one beginning to straighten up their things, as we expect to get to our journey's end this afternoon. Now have arrived alongside of the Fraser River, and going along by the side of it for miles and miles. Sometimes going very slow, on the edge of a cliff, or over a trestle bridge, and then going through short tunnels, cut out of solid rock. I noticed two or three times along this part, a notice board for the engineer not to exceed 4 miles an hour. Now and then we saw Indian tents along the banks and poles stuck upright in the ground, with cross poles and on them, large salmon: cut open and drying in the air. Now we have left the river again and cutting away at fine speed through the trees and it is getting more like as though there is a town not far off. I do not think I have anything more of interest to tell you.

We arrived at Westminster Junction about 3 o'clock, after being on the train from one Sunday to the next, and spending a most enjoyable week of sight seeing. I must tell you we passed plenty of trees of immense height and the size of them 6 and 7 feet across. Now you can imagine what a journey we had as we started on a steamer on August 27, and got out of the train at New Westminster on September 14 a distance of 7000 miles.

Edward Cosens found work maintaining the boiler in the old Post Office at Granville and Hastings Streets. He visited England twice, then settled permanently in Vancouver after 1908.

Cyndi Thompson has studied Art and Psychology, working as an animated artist whenever opportunity presents itself. She describes herself as "a proud 3rd generation Vancouverite."

Pitman's: The Pioneer Business College

by Helen Borrell

"Warmest greetings and hearty congratulations to the 1988 graduates of Pitman Business College and its directors and staff, on the happy occasion of your 90th anniversary." Such were the tributes sent by the Premiers of Canada and British Columbia to the teachers and students of B.C.'s pioneer business college. It was a happy occasion – the banquet at which many older graduates of the College met again, and discussed how the Directors had kept pace with the new office technology. "The Pitman Business College has remained at the forefront of Canadian business by adapting to the ever-changing needs of the business community and providing professional training for men and women." Thus B.C.'s Premier summarized the indispensable service of the first, and, for many years, the only business training college in the Province.

Like the venerable William Dick building at the intersection of Broadway and Granville Streets, this college is a Vancouver heritage. The Dick Building's top floor has been its home for 62 years. The neon sign, revolving over the rapids of traffic at a city hub, announces training in Database, Word Processing and Computers – office skills which would have seemed magical to the founders of the college, Frank Graham Richards and his daughter, Eveline.

Frank Richards was taught modern shorthand by its inventor, Sir Izak Pitman, who was his personal friend. The photo of patriarchal Sir Izak (now spelled "Isaac") is at the college entrance; also retained is the Certificate of Proficiency and Teaching Qualifications issued to Frank Richards in 1878, signed by Sir Isaac Pitman.

Eveline Richards was twelve years old when she learned shorthand from her father and transcribed her notes on a new invention, the typewriter. In 1874 Remington and Sons had placed the first commercial typewriters on the market. Stiff and heavy, these early models must have given the operators typewriting cramp. But they lacked the din and the dangers of mill machines. Office



Eveline C. Richards
Founder of Pitman Business College.

positions didn't demand the heavy work and mental stress of nursing. New prospects of salaried employment expanded for young lady typewriters, as the girls were first called.

Eveline Richards "attended the Stockport Technical School in England, and was awarded a certificate as a Teacher of Sir Isaac Pitman's system of shorthand. In a contest open to all England she was awarded first prize as a writer of commercial shorthand."

Gold discovered in the Klondike, Canada's north wilderness! In 1898, Frank Richards planned a steamship line up the lonely British Columbia coast to the Yukon. Eighteen-year-old Eveline was the only woman on board, when her father sailed on the long voyage via the Straits of Magellan. He could not take a well-bred young lady to the lawless gold hunters and the deep-freeze winters of the Yukon. He settled her in Vancouver, a fast-growing infant city of about 21,000 people. It had promising futures for trained business men and women. "Miss Eveline" began her life career by tutoring a few students in typing and shorthand. She opened her school in the old Molson Bank at Richards and Hastings Streets.

Frank Richards returned from the Yukon's meteoric glitter to the secure

investment of the business college. In partnership with his daughter, he established it in the Strathcona Building at the corner of Granville and Georgia Streets. Today, the Birks clock stands at this central intersection.

Vancouver's commerce increased steadily; so did the prestige of, and the need for more Pitman graduates. In 1906 the College was enlarged by specially designed and equipped rooms in the 600 block on Seymour Street. In 1908, Pitman College was moved to the Union Bank Building at Richards and Hastings Streets, its home for more than twenty years. Next the city's business section branched across False Creek and expanded along Broadway and southward. In 1930, Pitman College was transferred to the William Dick Building.

Miss Olga Gill, later Mrs. Usher, studied typing and shorthand at the College, in 1911. When she died in 1990, aged 97 years, her sister found among her possessions the little shorthand textbook, published by Sir Isaac Pitman in 1891, that she had as a student. The simple phonetic outlines are almost the same as this rapid, easy business writing is today. The sister donated this classic text to the current President of Pitman Business College, Mrs. Marie Tomko.

During nearly all of its 93 years, until it changed ownership in May, 1991, this pioneer of business education was managed by the same family. After Frank Richards' death in 1921, his son Russell, and Mr. Ellis Ladner, were elected Directors of the company incorporated then; Eveline Richards was elected President, and was College Principal until her death in 1941. Her first students needed only typing, shorthand and bookkeeping. In forty-three years of teaching, she and her colleagues added business courses in progress with new office equipment and skills. Typewriters were improved and made easier to operate; comptometers and billing machines freed bookkeepers from wearisome poring over figures; dictaphones saved time for both the boss and the secretary. And

helps that office personnel continued to receive. But more valued were the high standards they learned at Pitman College and the individual help they were given by its teachers – many of whom devoted their life service to the College.

One long-time instructor, Mrs. Lillian Major, was Principal from 1941 until she retired in 1946. The next Principal, Mrs. Violet Ferguson, had trained at Pitman College and had taught there for over eighteen years.

When its Golden Jubilee came in 1948, Pitman Business College had a complete curriculum: Typing, Stenography, Secretarial Work, Dictaphone, Machine Operating, Machine Book-keeping, Accountancy, Civil Service and Commercial Law. Business executives who had qualified at the College went there to apply for new employees, and to renew friendships with the faculty. Young high school graduates came from many parts of B.C. to train at the College, and its staff kept a Housing Registry, including private homes where girls could work for room and board. Pitman students could enroll at any

time and progress at their own speed; but they had to be well groomed and to dress for, and observe the efficient work habits of, the business office. The College's free placement service helped graduates to find jobs in which they were best suited, and happy. Vancouver had new business schools, and commercial classes in high schools; but Pitman College students were always prized by personnel managers.

The College's Directors chose only teachers with the best qualifications and experience. Programs for Legal and Medical Secretaries required instructors versed in these specialized subjects. Computers transformed the business world, ending many repetitive office chores; and Pitman College added courses in the new clerical skills. But personalized instruction, and care for the student's success, was assured by all teachers.

Professional standards of the faculty were such that, after Mrs. Ferguson, the College had as Principal Mrs. Anna Kancs, formerly on the staffs of two United Nations agencies.

Mrs. Virginia Bazilli, Principal of the College until she retired last year – 1991 – is the daughter of Russell Richards and grand-daughter of the Founder. Her son, John Bazilli and his wife, Nancy Cameron, became General Managers till they planned a sabbatical leave; and the family business was taken over by new owners. Like most "retirees" of her type, Mrs. Bazilli "hasn't enough time" for the talents which now occupy her; and she continues her part-time interest in her College. John Bazilli is President of the Private Career Training Association of B.C., which was founded by Pitman College's new President, Mrs. Marie Tomko.

Students of different ages and experience – beginners taking full programs, Government Allowance trainees, newcomers to Canada, re-entrants to the work force – climb the worn marble stairs of the heritage building. It hasn't space for an elevator! But the classrooms are now equipped with teaching videos; desktop computers on which graphic artists compose; computers which function like mechanical brains; and typewriters which, the secretary of the old days thinks, are jet-propelled.

Unchanged are Pitman's College's professional traditions: practice in organized work schedules, womanly pride in attractive business dress, how to prepare an employment resume, regular attendance. The youngest Pitman graduate has this office experience.

In 1998, the College will celebrate its Centenary. To former Pitman graduates: the Faculty would be delighted to contact you.

Miss Borrell took a short course in word processing at Pitman College. She recently retired in Vancouver where she is pursuing various research projects and freelance writing.

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Young lady operating an early typewriter.

Photo courtesy of Milwaukee Public Museum.

The 1918 Flu Epidemic in Victoria

by Gary Sarian

Overshadowed by the dramatic events of World War I, the impact of the "Spanish Influenza" pandemic of 1918 on the civilian and military population of Canada has been ostensibly overlooked in general treatments of Canadian history.¹ Recently, social and medical historians have revived the events of this international plague which claimed twenty-two million lives and dampened the jubilation of a world returning to peacetime.² Cloaked by symptoms usually identified with a common cold, the misdiagnosed 'fever' swept across continents. Thus, in the company of military troops, influenza infected civilians. In Canada, the contagion originated from troop ships, then spread from east to west in the autumn of 1918. In its wake, Spanish influenza left somewhere between thirty and fifty thousand people dead after striking one-sixth of Canada's eight million inhabitants. Physicians and pathologists were helpless and unprepared to face the menacing onset of symptoms, let alone the virulent etiology.

By the time influenza reached the western shores of British Columbia, the populace had little advance notice. While published accounts have focused on the national impact of the epidemic, this paper investigates the local impact of the Spanish influenza on Victoria, British Columbia. Chronological events collected from local newspapers and city health records provide supportive evidence, albeit only a partial picture. Therefore, a secondary objective places the local perspective in a broader context by introducing preliminary material.

Historical researchers of the Spanish influenza out-break confirm the proverbial relationship between war and disease: the comingling of soldiers from different nations, under unsanitary conditions, cloistered and undernourished, inevitably reduced characteristic barriers of immunity to provide an ideal sub-

strate for the development, proliferation, and evolution of virulent strains.³ Nonetheless, according to *Epidemic and Peace, 1918*, the medical profession had succeeded in controlling the typical diseases among troops through vaccination, sanitation, and drugs.⁴ Contrarily, the epidemiology of influenza, in general, and Spanish influenza, in particular, remained hypothetical because it lacked the physical evidence wrought from microscopic detection.⁵ To further complicate matters, the influenza of 1918 initially appeared similar to a bad cold or ordinary flu, attracted little attention at first, and hardly merited notification in the medical periodicals of the day.⁶ Hence, the absence of a prepared response by the medical and military community hampered correct diagnosis, treatment and most importantly, efforts to curb the contagion among closely quartered troops.

The first wave, a mild form of flu, passed innocuously during the winter and spring seasons. Originating conclusively from Canton, China, and less certainly from military camps in the United States, the disease spread to Europe. The publicized epidemic in Spain that spring misled British authorities who assigned its origin to that country with the misnomer, "Spanish Influenza."⁸ The second or 'killer' wave erupted in late summer at Freetown, Sierra Leone, West Africa (a coal-producing British colony) and is believed to be the virulent mutation which appeared almost simultaneously at supply ports of Brest, France, and Boston, Massachusetts.⁹ Thus, with three continents involved, the explosive epidemic seized a foothold on critical transportation and communication byways supporting the war effort. Lasting from September to December, the second wave was responsible for the greater proportion of twenty-two million deaths world-wide. From January to

March, 1919, the third wave struck with less severity but equal virulence.¹⁰

The sudden onset of symptoms presented with chills, fever, headaches, aching back and legs, and general prostration which led to great physical weakness or collapse. Infection of the upper respiratory tract, indicated by a dry, sore throat, hacking cough, and runny nose appeared nearly indistinguishable from an ordinary cold. The difference which conclusively identified influenza was its extremely contagious nature. Furthermore, typical influenza results in high morbidity but low mortality which mostly affects the young and old. Uncharacteristically, the unique virulence of the Spanish flu carried both high morbidity and mortality rates, and claimed lives in the prime-age group, or between twenty and forty years old.¹¹ Although mistaken for a bacterial pathogen then, the 1918 pandemic actually spread a virus whose fatal impact lay in secondary infection by a bacillus, chiefly pneumonia.¹² Furthermore, viral-flu debilitation accelerated the pace of pneumonia which destroyed lung tissue and resulted in the grotesquely bluish skin discolouration (cyanosis) of oxygen-deprived victims. In fact, death occurred as early as forty-eight hours after symptomatic onset in previously healthy, prime-age adults.

The precise date for the communication of Spanish influenza to Canadian shores remains uncertain. The earliest evidence of transmissible cases originate from the hospital ship *Araquaya* which carried infected troops from England to Canada on June 26, 1918.¹³ Subsequently, ships brought the disease to Quebec City, Grosse Isle, and Halifax during the summer months. Though quiescent until September, the impending virulence of the second wave incubated within military and civilian populations. From September through December Canada fell victim as the in-

fluenza ramified along the railway lines, transporting the disease to central and remote areas throughout the Dominion. When the infection rate peaked in October, the virus flourished from Newfoundland to British Columbia. Table 1 lists some of reported fatalities from the October period. The percentage of annual deaths attributable to the influenza epidemic range from a high of 32.1 percent (London, Ontario) to a low of 7.2 percent (Victoria, British Columbia); though incomplete, these figures index the formidable impact of influenza on Canadian cities from east to west.

Since no centralized government body existed to mount a national defensive strategy, emergency programs fell upon provincial and municipal authorities. More so, in the absence of either a federal health department, a sitting Parliament, or a distinct Quarantine Service, provincial and local boards of health applied different approaches which led to inconsistencies across the nation.¹⁴ In Brantford, Ontario, for example, the influenza in October was underplayed, even denied, by some medical spokesmen, resulting in conflicts between administrative officials. In view

of this overall situation, local newspapers constituted an alternative source of public information about the disease, its symptoms, prevention and treatment.

Initially, newspapers did little more than raise public awareness of the progressive contagion through summary reports about areas. Later, when the threat of local outbreaks provoked municipal health authorities to issue regulations and critical advice, the daily edition assumed an essential-service role. Consequently, this study focuses on newspaper accounts as they appeared to local inhabitants of the city of Victoria, British Columbia. Since newspapers, such as the *Victoria Daily Times*, provided a readily available source of reliable information, one can gauge the kind of information the average citizen received about various aspects of the epidemic. On the other hand, newspapers also carried solicitations, advertisements, and conflicting viewpoints which undermined sound advice from official quarters.

Perhaps the first dispatch citizens of Victoria received about Spanish influenza was reported on page one of

The Daily Colonist on September 12, 1918. The general press release emanated from Washington, D.C., and belied the potential virulence:

*(The Spanish influenza which) recently ravaged (the) German army and later spread into France and England with such discomforting effects on the civil population has been brought to some of the American Atlantic coast cities, officials here fear . . . by persons returning on American transports . . . Spanish influenza, although short-lived and with practically no serious results, is a most distressing ailment, which prostrates one for a few days during which he suffers the acme of discomfort.*¹⁵

By early October, onerous reports of mortality from afflicted Canadian cities probably influenced Victoria's City Health Officer, Dr. Arthur G. Price, to institute an immediate prevention program in Victoria schools by removing shared drinking cups and towels. The next day, October 5, an article advised that the disease is "one of crowds" and that those "affected with severe cold, chills, and a stuffiness in the head, . . . should take to their beds and call a physician."¹⁷ Subsequent articles repeatedly

Table 1. Reported fatalities from Spanish influenza across Canada for the month of October, 1918, in the context of total population and annual deaths, 1918.

City	1918		October, 1918	
	Total Population	Total Number of Deaths	Reported Influenza-Related Deaths	Percentage of Influenza Deaths Over Total Deaths
HALIFAX	50,000	989	153	15.5
ST. JOHN	53,572	-	126	-
MONTREAL	660,000	15,340	2,713	17.7
QUEBEC *	2,003,232	48,902	13,880	28.4
TORONTO	490,000	7,635	1,259	16.9
OTTAWA	100,030	2,290	570	24.9
KINGSTON	23,740	582	145	24.9
LONDON	56,210	1,151	187	32.1
HAMILTON	109,070	1,756	244	13.9
WINNIPEG	182,848	2,061	366	17.8
VANCOUVER	102,550	-	217	-
VICTORIA	37,120	635	46	7.2

Sources: Canadian Annual Review of Public Affairs, 1918
The Canada Year Book 1920
The Victoria Daily Times

* Province of Quebec

identified the same two instrumental factors that would curb the impact of influenza: the avoidance of crowds and immediate bedrest. The former reduced contagion whereas the latter curtailed pneumonia, a baleful complication.

Prompted by the Minister of Health and Education, the Hon. J.D. Maclean, provincial authorities bolstered municipal efforts with an order-in-council which allowed the Provincial Board of Health to issue regulations announcing "the closing of all places of assembly as a preventative measure against the spread of Spanish influenza."¹⁸ The legislation enacted by the Cabinet used the Public Health Act to supersede local authority, especially when no city by-law provided for regulations. At the same time, it empowered a city's medical health officer to implement police-enforced closure at will. On the same date, October 8, a Victoria newspaper reported fifty to one hundred cases of influenza; also, city health officer, Dr. Price, implemented the closure power he sought over all public and private gathering places.¹⁹

From then on, all public schools, churches, universities, libraries, picture and dramatic theatres, public and private dance halls, and community events closed down in Victoria for thirty-three days. Influenza articles throughout October concentrated on precautionary advice from Dr. Price while tracking the sharply rising number of cases (Graph 1).

Price distilled preventive measures down to four major points which appeared repeatedly in the *Victoria Daily Times*. First, the infection was spread through carriers by a short-lived germ transmitted during social contact, particularly from a sneeze or spittle. Second, sunshine and fresh air destroyed the vectors of influenza. Third, personal cleanliness, plenty of outdoor exercise, and a nourishing diet would maintain a hardy resistance. Fourth, he specifically advised keeping the nostrils clear, by syringing, and the throat clean, by gargling, with an antiseptic, such as salt-water, formalid, or listerine.²⁰

With respect to treatment of contracted flu, he admonished that one should immediately go to bed and call a doctor because the first twenty-four hours favoured early recovery.²¹ Neither

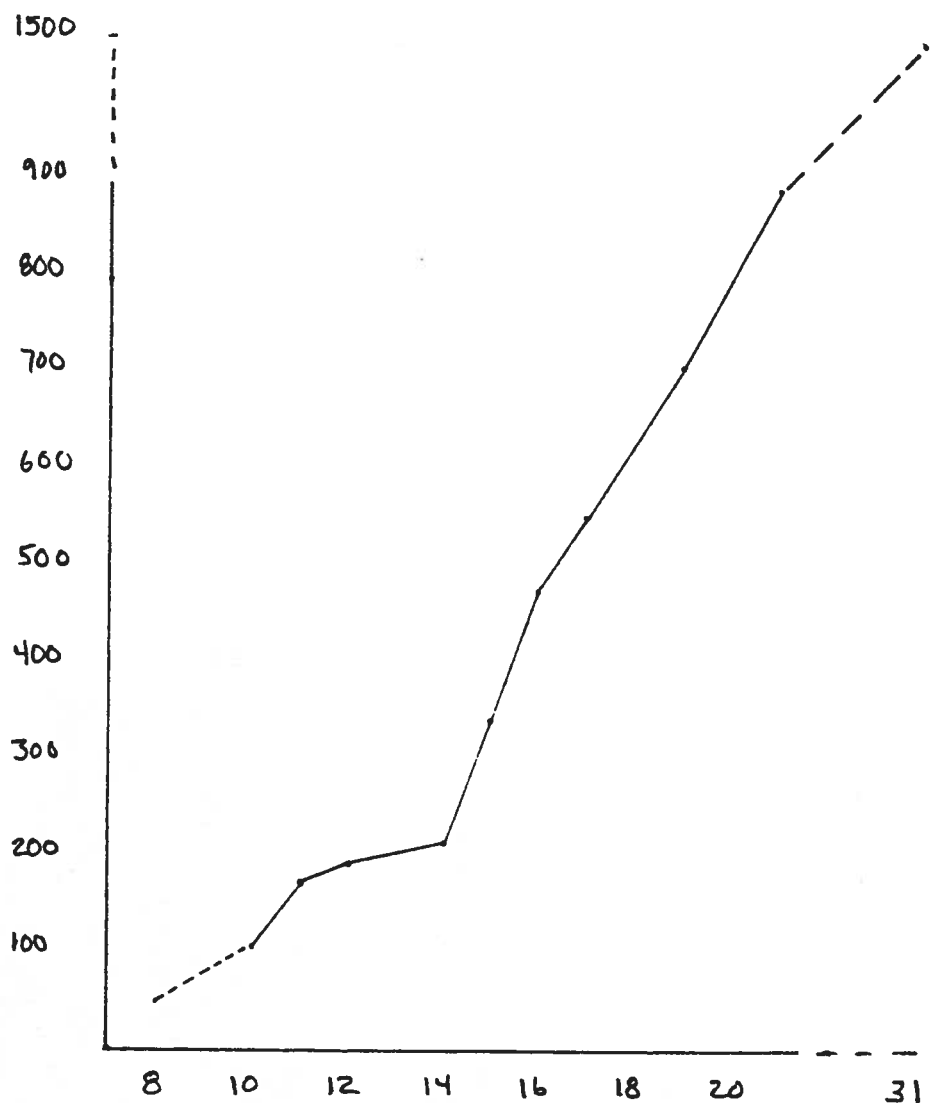
quarantine nor gauze masks were ordered by Price as they were in Alberta (Fig. 1).²² The only published accounts for his treatment included house placarding, isolation of the sick, ample nursing, and nourishment from meat broths.²³

Although at least one vaccine was feebly distributed in Canada, excluding Victoria, the most promising therapy, reported in one daily edition, was practised in Boston. Patients were cared for

in tents or airy wooden shacks and taken outdoors during daylight hours. This spartan regimen significantly reduced mortality from forty to thirteen percent.²⁴ Beyond novel approaches and fate, an invincible cure was virtually unknown.

In Victoria, disinfection work became a commonplace defense. Dr. Price reported a total of 166 city-wide fumigations in 1918 of "dwellings, hospitals, schools, churches, hotels, stores,

Graph 1. Line graph depicting daily increases of reported cases of Spanish influenza in Victoria, British Columbia during October, 1918.



Compiled from: *Victoria Daily Times*, October 1918.
"Health Officer's Report" Annual Reports, City of Victoria, 1918.

offices, and salesrooms."²⁵ But this work was done for other diseases too, such as diphtheria, smallpox, measles, anthrax, and so forth. Published procedures advised people to set formaldehyde lamps in unoccupied rooms for at least six hours.²⁶ Private businesses publicized disinfection practices to reassure customers; some claimed store disinfection every twenty-four hours.²⁷ One newspaper even recommended that banks should disinfect paper money nightly.²⁸ Dr. Price apparently frowned on disinfection alone: "I am afraid they are too prone to rely upon this means of combatting the disease."²⁹

Given the climate of apprehension, people also turned to self-prescribed remedies. By October 21, local pharmacies experienced shortages of cinnamon and formalin-containing medicines (bought for throat disinfection), but no end to prescription alcohol which was government-controlled in British Columbia.

The favorite prescription (from drug stores), however, is alcohol in its most enticing forms. The Government Dram Shop, the Government dispensary is doing a rushed business but unable to handle all the business coming from the small number of doctors issuing "joy certificates"...³⁰

Coincidental advertisements, appear-

ing alongside serious news releases on influenza, coaxed the public to protect themselves by purchasing their products (Fig. 2). In fact, newspapers were filled with these types of national advertisements and local curatives as well.

More seriously, the impact of the growing crisis severely burdened city hospitals, necessitating adjunct facilities and staff. When the pre-existing isolation hospital (for small pox and so forth) was filled to capacity, emergency hospitals at two fire halls and a private residence swiftly opened.³¹ A patient's stay in the isolation hospital averaged 7.8 days. The acute nursing shortage required old graduates to report for work. Dr. Price stated that "amateur nurses were organized and many lives were saved through home nursing by volunteer ladies."³² Due to the war effort, the city also provided the military with facilities at Stadacona Park to accommodate overcrowding at Willows Camp.

In general, violations of the ban neither appear in newspapers nor the annual police report, but the disruption of routine community events affected municipal and commercial revenues as well as religious services. The loss of revenue to the city from amusement taxes, chiefly from theatres, averaged about six hundred dollars per day.³³ Provincial support to municipalities for

emergency efforts to hire nursing staff, open facilities, and provisioning rose to a cost of fifty-thousand dollars by November 18.³⁴ Still, monthly government liquor sales recovered some provincial and municipal monies from record-high business.

Lacking published accounts, commercial deficits are difficult to assess, yet some authorized exceptions from the ban included ship yards and the I.M.B. Assembly Plant at Ogden Point.³⁵

As early as mid-October, Dr. Price denied overtures from the clergy about holding open-air services. By month's end, crowds at a Victory Loan drive prompted him to write an emphatic public letter which warned against further public gatherings:

*Wake up! Realize that there is a war on, a war in our very midst, an epidemic of influenza. Do not sneer at the enemy. Do not belittle it by calling it "Flu." Give it its full name, be serious and realize that the undertakers are busy.*³⁶

Inevitably, pressure to lift the ban arose from both business and religious sectors. On November 11, 1918, the allied victory was declared. Shortly thereafter at a City Council meeting, a community of interests spoke for ban modifications or selective exemptions. With the approaching Christmas season, businessmen, merchants, and clergymen concertedly proposed an alternative solution:

Recommended by the Executive Board of Trade, Rotary Club, Retail Merchants' Association and Victoria Executive of the Manufacturer's Association, that the ban now in force for the purpose of controlling the influenza epidemic be lifted so far as churches and private business interests are concerned and that a rigid quarantine of patients and their households be substituted.³⁷

Within five days, an order-in-council rescinded the month-long ban.

Though the rate of infection decreased in November and December, then increased alarmingly in January, closures were discussed but never tabled again except for schools.³⁸ Identified today as the third wave, the January

Figure 1. Gauze masks were worn by all citizens of towns which required them whenever they appeared in public places, such as offices, restaurants, etc. They were especially popular in Alberta.



AWAY WITH THE DRUGS!

A NOVEL BREATHING CURVE FOR THROAT & CHEST.

The introduction of Peps, the famous, new breathable remedy for coughs, colds and chest troubles, has revolutionized the treatment of these ailments.

Previously, when suffering from any of these, it was customary to dose oneself with drugs, which were not only harmful, but practically useless, because, being generally in liquid form, they did not reach the lungs and chest, but the stomach.

Thinking people, long ago, realized that any remedy that was to reach the lungs, direct must be in breathable form, but for lack of a better treatment the old-fashioned method of swallowing pills into the stomach continued until a cure was sought the difficulty by producing Peps. Peps is a breathable medicine in tablet form and the new Peps treatment is so simple and ingenious that it is within the reach of all.

You simply dissolve a Peps in your mouth, and the medicinal fumes, which are given off, mingle with the breath and are carried down to the remotest parts of the throat, bronchial tubes and lungs. These medicinal fumes are antiseptic, healing and strengthening. They stop a cough by destroying the germs which cause the inflammation and consequent irritation. They clear the breathing passages of phlegm - which makes them so apt for bronchitis - and they soothe and strengthen all the delicate membranes of chest and breathing passages, fortifying them both against infection and sudden changes of temperature.

Peps are free from all traces of opium, laudanum, paregoric, or any other harmful drug, and are therefore best for children's coughs and colds. Write for Peps trial package.

THIS WONDERFUL MEDICINE PROVIDES a relief for the cough, cold, sore throat and chest troubles, bronchitis, laryngitis, whooping cough, croup, whooping cough, whooping cough and colds, whooping cough, whooping cough and colds, whooping cough, whooping cough and colds.

Write for Peps trial package.

FREE SAMPLE

Send Peps of our new breathable medicine to you free of charge. It is the best remedy for coughs, colds and chest troubles. Write for Peps trial package.

PEPS

Manufactured in Great Britain

Prevent the "Flu"

by wearing

Dr. Chase's Menthol Bag

SINCE 1510 influenza has periodically swept over the known world. The last big epidemic in this country was in 1889, when almost every person in every home was brought down.

But the present form, known as Spanish "Flu" because it started in Spain, seems to be a most fatal variety on account of the quickness with which it develops into bronchial-pneumonia.

Hence the wisdom of preventing infection by every means possible, and our suggestion is to "Wear a Menthol Bag."

We have arranged for the manufacture of thousands of these Menthol Bags, and while they last shall give them away to the first persons who send in the coupon printed below.

These bags are pinned on the chest outside of the underwear, and the heat from the body causes the menthol fumes to rise and mingle with the air you breathe, thereby killing the germs and protecting you against Spanish influenza and all infectious diseases.

It was always the aim of Dr. Chase to serve his fellow-man by the prevention of disease whenever possible, so that this gift is in line with the policy which he established.

In his large Receipt Book Dr. Chase devoted five pages to the treatment of influenza, and of his medicines on the market Dr. Chase's Syrup of Licorice and Turpentine and Dr. Chase's Nerve Food are used to splendid advantage in fighting this malady.

The Licorice and Turpentine should be used freely just as soon as there is any tendency for the throat and bronchial tubes to be affected.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is used to strengthen the action of the heart and aid in the restorative process.

The great secret of keeping healthy as well as of regaining strength after illness is by keeping the blood pure, rich and red.

Red blood is the greatest of germicides, for no disease can make any great headway so long as the blood is in condition to restore the wasted tissues.

In Dr. Chase's Nerve Food are found the vital substances which go to the formation of new, rich blood. It fortifies the system against attack and hastens recovery. You can buy half a dozen boxes from your druggist for \$2.75, but be sure to see the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., on the box you buy.

But in the meantime send for a "Menthol Bag" and do all you can to protect yourself against the Spanish "Flu."

Coupon for

Dr. Chase's Menthol Bag

This coupon is good for one Dr. Chase's Menthol Bag. Simply cut out the coupon and send it to the address below. No money is needed to pay cost of mailing and postage. Address: Dr. Chase's Laboratories, 1215 & 1217 E. Tenth St., Toronto.

Name Address

Figure 2. From *The Victoria Daily Times*, 1918. Advertisements promoting virtues of influenza medication.

rate increase dwindled remarkably by spring and abated completely in the summer of 1919. Fatalities from recurrences through the early 1920s, however, have been linked to the same influenza virus.

Table 2 tabulates the statistical evidence of the impact on public health. Though only 7.5 percent of the city population reported illness, the epidemic constituted 15.9 percent of the annual deaths in 1918, and 3.1 percent in 1919. Moreover, mortality from infection dropped by one-half from 1918 to 1919 (3.6% to 1.8%, respectively).

The amelioration of the influenza epidemic fared better in Victoria than Vancouver where closure was delayed for the greater part of October. The rate of mortality in Victoria amounted to 3.6 percent whereas Vancouver regis-

tered 10 percent.³⁹ Perhaps a combination of the medical health officer's restrictions, the natural isolation of Vancouver Island, and civilian cooperation curtailed infection. But it is easier, by far, to document medical and economic statistical-evidence from newspapers than the gravity of personal hardship.

The dual impact of war and epidemic rested heavily on a generation of child-bearing age. In Victoria, as elsewhere, families were broken or orphaned by the loss of parents. In addressing these and other needs, womens' organizations contributed unstintingly. They organized volunteer girls, nurses, clothing and food, soup kitchens and an endless host of supportive functions.⁴⁰ We can never fully understand the trepidation of their ordeal. What is certain is that

this disease was as indifferent to social class as human suffering was universal.

Gary Sarian graduated from the University of Victoria in 1991 with a B.A. and B.Ed. Since then he has been seeking full time employment in the public school system.

This essay was prepared for a history course while he was a student.

FOOTNOTES

1. Standard textbooks on Canadian history available at university libraries and bookstores rarely contain any references to the Spanish influenza pandemic or surrounding events.
2. Eileen Pettigrew, *The Silent Enemy, Canada and the Deadly Flu of 1918*, (Saskatoon: Western Producer Prairie Books, 1983).
3. Pettigrew, *The Silent Enemy*, p. 4; W.I.B. Beveridge, *Influenza: The Last Great Plaque*, (New York: Prodist, 1977), p. 42; Janice P. Dicken McGinnis, "The Impact of Epidemic Influenza: Canada, 1918-1919," *Medicine in Canadian Society, Historical Perspectives*, ed. S.E.D. Shortt (Montreal: McGill-Queen's University Press, 1981), p. 447; Alfred W. Crosby Jr.,

Table 2. Reported incidences and mortality from Spanish influenza in the City of Victoria, British Columbia, 1918-1919, with respect to percentages of annual mortality and cases resolving in death.

Year	City Population	Annual Deaths	Number of Influenza Cases	Number of Influenza-Related Deaths	Percentage of Annual Deaths Due to Influenza	Percentage of Influenza Cases Ending in Death
1918	37,120	635	2759	101	15.9	3.6
1919	40,000	520	865	16	3.1	1.8

Sources: "Health Officer's Report," *Annual Reports, City of Victoria, B.C., 1918-1919. City Archives of Victoria.*

Epidemic and Peace, 1918. (Westport: Greenwood Press, 1976), p. 9.

4. Crosby, Epidemic and Peace, p. 10. Diseases that under some degree of control were smallpox, typhoid, malaria, yellow fever, cholera, and diphtheria.
5. Beveridge, Influenza, p. 1-10.
6. Influenza, like the common cold, was not a reportable disease until after the pandemic.
7. Beveridge, Influenza p. 39-53.
8. Crosby, Epidemic, p. 26; Dicken McGinnis, "The Impact of Epidemic," p. 448.
9. Crosby, Epidemic, p. 37-40. The mysterious nature of simultaneous mutation has never been adequately explained.
10. Beveridge, Influenza, p. 31
11. Crosby, Epidemic, p. 5.
12. Edwin D. Kilbourne, "Epidemiology of Influenza," *The Influenza Viruses and Influenza*, (San Francisco: Academic Press, 1975) 15, 485-6.
13. Pettigrew, *The Silent Enemy*, p. 8.
14. Pettigrew, p. 9-21. The Department of Agriculture administered the Quarantine Service until 1918. The newly created Department of Health originated as a result of the 1918 epidemic.
15. "Spanish Influenza," *The Daily Colonist*, September 12, 1918, p. 1. After this time, even local influenza news rarely made the front page.
17. "Guard against epidemic," *The Daily Colonist*, October 5, 1918, p. 6.
18. "Prohibition of meetings to check spread of germs," *Victoria Daily Times* (hereafter referred to as *Times*) Oct. 8, 1918, p. 7.
19. "City will act to check epidemic," *The Daily Colonist*, October 8, 1918, p. 4. Dr. Price strongly advocated closure ban in Victoria, capital of British Columbia, whereas Vancouver remained wide-open.
20. "Nurses required to deal with influenza cases," *Times*, October 10, 1918, p. 9. W. Beveridge cites evidence that sunshine does indeed kill the influenza pathogen.
21. "Prohibition of meetings," *Times*, October 8, 1918, p. 7.
22. "Epidemic at zenith says Health Officer," *Times*, October 26, 1918, p. 8. E. Pettigrew and other authors confirm the fact that gauze masks were ineffective because people did not often sterilize them and wore them mostly for the benefit of the police.
23. Arthur G. Price, "Health Officer's Report," *Annual Reports for the year end December 31st, 1918*, (Corporation of the City of Victoria, British Columbia, 1919), p. 88-100.
24. "How Boston fights Spanish "flu" with nature's remedies," *Times*, October 18, 1918, p. 11.
25. Price, *Annual Reports*, p. 99.
26. "Nurses required," *Times*, October 10, 1918, p. 9.
27. "Prohibition of Meetings," *Times*, October 8, 1918, p. 7. Ballard, manager of Gordon's Ltd., Yates Street advertised his store was disinfected every twenty-four hours.
28. , *The Semi-Weekly Tribune*, October 21, 1918, p. 8.
29. "Nurses required," *Times*, October 10, 1918, p. 9.

30. "Influenza and alcohol," *The Semi-Weekly Tribune*, October 24, 1918, _____. Demand on alcohol was so great that hotel proprietors were charged by police with selling alcohol above the allowed 2.5% content.
31. Price, *Annual Reports*, p. 89-93; Pettigrew, *Silent Enemy*, p. 76. They were the Kingston fire hall, Fairfield fire hall at Five Points, and 1124 Fort Street residence.
32. Price, p. 89-90.
33. "Order-in-council cost six hundred dollars," *Times*, October 25, 1918, p. 13.
34. "Fifty-thousand dollars is cost of 'Flu' for Province to date," *Times*, November 18, 1918, p. 8.
35. "Prohibition of meetings," *Times*, October 8, 1918, p. 7; "Dr. Price's reply," *Times*, January 16, 1919, p. 14.
36. "Dr. Price's warning," *Times*, November 1, 1918, p. 7.
37. "Influenza ban may be totally lifted in week," *Times*, November 16, 1918, p. 13.
38. "School children suffered a higher frequency of influenza in December and January. Inattendance prompted closures."
39. "Heavy death toll in terminal city," *Times*, November 27, 1918, p. 9. Many complaints were made about non-reporting of flu by doctors and citizens.
40. "Gave fine service during epidemic," *Times*, November 18, 1918, p. 6. The Lady Douglas Chapter of the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire (I.O.D.E.) were recognized for their service to soldiers at military camps in Victoria. Earlier, the Tillicum Women's Institute had opened a soup kitchen to provide broth and beef tea for stricken mothers and children too ill for self-care.

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"Influenza finds hold of victims," *The Daily Colonist*, October 4, 1918, p. 11.

"Drinking cups and towels at schools," *The Daily Colonist*, October 4, 1918, p. 11.

"Guard against epidemic," *The Daily Colonist*, October 5, 1918, p. 6.

"City will act to check epidemic," *The Daily Colonist*, October 8, 1918, p. 4.

"Spanish influenza," *The Semi-Weekly Tribune*, October 17, 1918, p. 8.

"Influenza and alcohol," *The Semi-Weekly Tribune*, October 24, 1918.

"Public schools and places may be closed," *The Victoria Daily Times* (hereafter referred to as the *Times*) October 7, 1918, p. 7.

"Prohibition of meetings to check spread of germs," *Times*, October 10, 1918, p. 7.

"Nurses required to deal with influenza cases," *Times*, October 10, 1918, p. 9.

"Number of cases still increasing," *Times*, October 11, 1918, p. 7.

"Decrease shown in influenza cases," *Times*, October 12, 1918, p. 9.

"Influenza continues to claim sufferers," *Times*, October 14, 1918, p. 7.

"Germ to small for microscope," *Times*, October 15, 1918, p. 3.

"Large increase in influenza cases," *Times*, October 15, 1918, p. 7.

"Germ prostrates many additional sufferers," *Times*, October 16, 1918, p. 15.

"Decrease today in new cases of influenza here," *Times*, October 17, 1918, p. 12.

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"Order-in-council cost six hundred dollars each day," *Times*, October 25, 1918, p. 13.

"Epidemic at zenith says health officer," *Times*, October 26, 1918, p. 8.

"Dr. Price's warning," *Times*, November 1, 1918, p. 7.

"Province sets its record for liquor sales in October," *Times*, November 1, 1918, p. 7.

"Daily average of 'Flu' cases is low," *Times*, November 4, 1918, p. 7.

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"Lifting of ban not contemplated," *Times*, November 13, 1918, p. 8.

"Influenza ban may be totally lifted in week," *Times*, November 16, 1918, p. 13.

"Fifty thousand is cost of 'Flu' for Province to date," *Times*, November 18, 1918, p. 8.

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Greer's of Burnaby

by Rosamond Greer

Not by heroic deed or great achievement did they alter the history of Burnaby; but they were a part of it. There were five of them, and I know none will consider his years in the fledgling community of interest to any but himself. So I take pen in hand to record, in brief, their story, for I feel no history of Burnaby would be complete without mention of the name Greer.

The five were William John Jr. (Jack), Charles Chauncy Sinton (Charlie), Albert Thistle (Ted), Hugh Sinclair (Booie), and James Alexander Thomas (Jim). Their story begins in Ireland in the year 1907 when William John Greer married Grace Letatia Johnston in the city of Belfast. Within a year their first child, William John Jr. was born.

From the onset of its history life in the Emerald Isle has not been easy, and in the early 1900s it was formidable indeed. Many a man ventured far from hearth and home, sailing to North America to seek his fortune. In 1911 John Greer left the shores of his homeland to undertake the long journey to Canada, promising to send for his wife and son as soon as he had settled there.

"You may be sure that is the last you will see of him," was the dire prediction of Grace's family, for that same parting promise had been made to many a wife and sweetheart, who never heard from their men again. But within a few months John sent for his wife and son, and Grace left her home and family to follow him, never to return.

John had found work in his vocation as blacksmith with the C.P.R. in Vancouver, and had built a four-room house at 4331 Oxford Street to shelter his wife and son.

As the years passed, four more sons were born to John and Grace, all in the house on Oxford Street. Doctor Bell attended three of the birthings . . . and almost attended all four. On Christmas Day of 1916, just as the turkey dinner was almost ready to be served, Grace went into labour, and John dashed off



The Greer family of Burnaby – Portrait taken in 1922. Jim Greer, the baby.

to summons "Old Doc Bell", taking a shortcut through an empty lot. It had been raining for days, the ground was saturated and slippery, it was dark, and John fell into a newly-dug excavation. The hole was so deep, and the surrounding wall of mud so slippery, he couldn't get out, and there remained, calling for help, for quite some time before his cries were heard and rescue arrived. When he and Doctor Bell finally arrived at Grace's bedside it was to find Hugh Sinclair safely delivered by Mrs. Willcox, the next-door neighbour, who, according to Doctor Bell, had done "a fine job of it."

In due time all five of the Greer boys attended Gilmore Avenue School, along with the children of other Vancouver Heights families (For many years the area was referred to as Vancouver Heights; later it became Burnaby Heights; and to-day is sometimes called Hastings Heights.) Their names mean little now, but all belong in the account of Burnaby's history: Waddell, Jones, Milne, Wirick, Smith, Pummell, Briggs, Blake, Porter, Bickle, Shantz, Cary, McManus, Benson, Crosley, Fathergill,

Pritchard, Baxter, Williams. And so many more, now long forgotten.

Most of the families had migrated from varying parts of Great Britain and Europe because life had been so difficult in their homeland; but little was changed for them in Canada. Money, never abundant, became almost nonexistent; the Great Depression descended upon them; and the Municipality of Burnaby went bankrupt. During those years everyone worked hard, not to get ahead, but to keep from going backwards. Mothers laboured to keep their families clean and fed; fathers to fulfill the awesome responsibility of providing food and shelter for their wives and children; and the children left school to work for wages of \$7 or \$8 a week just as soon as a job could be found.

But life within the young community was not without its pleasures. Activities at the Vancouver Heights United Church occupied much of Grace's spare time; and shopping along Hastings Street was a social event. It could take her an entire morning just to purchase a few groceries, depending upon how many ladies had ventured forth that day.

For the Heights was a warm and amiable community, and all were friends as well as neighbours.

During the spring and summer month, Harry Royle, who owned a grocery store at Hastings Street and Ellesmere Avenue, sponsored a softball team that provided entertainment for the entire community. At various times three of the Greer boys played on Harry's Softball Team, and Jim was awarded the exalted position of Bat Boy. (Some of life's greatest pleasures have no price.)

The enthusiastic spectators would arrive at a cleared area on the outskirts of what later became Confederation Park which had been designated "the soccer field and baseball diamond", bringing lounge chairs, picnic baskets, babies in prams, and toddlers who played their own games around the edge of the field. None who reminisce about thrilling games fail to mention Mrs. Grant, who, accompanied by her six children, never missed a game.

As soon as the softball season was over, soccer was the game, and The Shamrocks the best team on the lower mainland (or so I am told). But the Shamrocks were only the beginning for Booie, who went on to bring three gold medals home to Burnaby from Dominion Championship competitions.

On hot summer days families went swimming from The Sand Bar on Burrard Inlet, just a short distance from the bottom of Willingdon Avenue; although the kids considered skinny-dipping in the cool, clear waters of Still Creek – or the Vancouver Heights reservoir – much more fun. And there was always Scotty Redpath's herd of goats for amusement if things got dull. Attempting to sneak a ride on a goat without Scotty (or the goat) objecting too strenuously was an exciting challenge to liven up any day.

At the Regent Theatre on Hastings Street the residents of Vancouver Heights could, for a short time at least, escape from their mundane existence for the admission price of 25¢ (5¢ for the kids). Each performance featured two movies, cartoons, a news reel, and those wonderful pre-television soap opera thrillers called Serials. On Wednesday nights each adult attending received a free piece of china, and most of the table settings in the Vancouver Heights

homes looked remarkably alike.

In 1927 John Greer built a new home for his family at the corner of Pandora Street and Willingdon Avenue. It was in this house that he died in 1934. Burdened with medical bills, Grace became a victim of the times, and lost her home to the mortgage company.

The years passed; Grace's sons bought her a new house on Triumph Street; and World War II began. Three of the Greer boys left Burnaby for a while: Ted in the Army, Jim in the Navy, and Booie in the Air Force. By God's good grace (and in answer to the fervent prayers of their reverent mother), they returned safely – to don yet another uniform, that of the B.C. Electric. In 1946 there were four Greer boys (Charlie, Ted, Booie and Jim) operating street cars in Vancouver and Burnaby. A favourite route was running the little "trolley" up Hastings Street from Boundary Road to the end of the line at Ellesmere Avenue, every passenger a familiar one; many of whom will never forget those hair-raising rides when the operator of the trolley (but of course not any of the Greer boys) experimented to see just how fast it could careen down the hill without flying off the tracks.

Burnaby as it once was, and the people who made it that way, were not known to me; but I have been told about them so often they are certainly not strangers. In 1950, two years after I married Jim Greer, we moved into our home on Capitol Hill – on Holdom Avenue, just a short distance from Grace's fourth and final Burnaby home.

Each time we travelled through The Heights a house would be pointed out, and a story would begin, "I remember . . ." Jim Greer had known just about everybody living in Vancouver Heights. He had helped the Blenburn Dairy milkman distribute his wares from a horse-drawn wagon; he had delivered Liberty magazine, the Saturday Evening Post, the News Herald, and Piggly-Wiggly grocery orders on his bicycle. Later he had worked for Roy's Meat Market as delivery boy; and still later was promoted to the role of butcher in the store. He remembers who first lived in many of the houses on The Heights, although their occupants have

changed many times since then.

He has so many stories to tell of those bygone days; of Christmases that began with a hike up Capitol Hill to find the best tree among the thousands covering the hill; of the Hallowe'en he and his pals moved outhouses just a few feet from their holes – and of the neighbour who, no doubt in too much of a rush to notice, fell in; of the day a notorious U.S. bank robber named Bagley held up Harry Royle's store and was chased all the way into Vancouver before being captured.

One of my favourites begins, "One Saturday morning when I was about twelve . . .": still suffering from a bad cold that had kept him from school all week, but feeling well enough to be allowed out of doors, he ran off to his favourite play-ground, the dense forest that spread over land now occupied by the Burnaby Heights school building, McGill Library, Confederation Seniors' Centre and Confederation Park. There he fished for a while in the stream flowing through the woods that often brought forth a delicious brown trout, then walked deep into the forest to check his animal trap. He found the trap closed tight, and inside a wild and ferocious beast – a very large skunk – which he promptly drowned in the creek (but not without a struggle). Deprived of the sense of smell due to his cold, he proudly carried his prize home. His mother off shopping, his brothers at work, no one intervened as the enterprising lad transported his treasure into the basement, there to skin it (no doubt with visions of a skunk-skin cap, the envy of all who beheld it).

The job done, he set forth to the matinee at the Regent Theatre with the five-cent admission fee, garnered from the sale of a milk bottle pilfered from a neighbour's porch. There, so absorbed in the adventures of Hopalong Cassidy was he that he was not aware of anything amiss until he felt himself being propelled into the aisle by Mr. Tommy Thompson, the one-armed manager of the theatre, who was holding him by the ear with the one very strong hand he did possess. In the fleeting moment still left him within the theatre before finding himself transported out the front door and onto the street, he real-

ized that not one soul remained within a large circle of where he had been sitting.

Mr. Thompson's vociferous instructions to, "Get out of here and stay out – you are stinking up my theatre!" hurt to the quick; but not nearly as much as his family's reaction to the stench that permeated their home for weeks to come.

All are gone now: the Regent Theatre, the swimming holes, the forest, the funny little street car that wobbled its way along Hastings Street, many of the people. Of the five Greer boys, only Jim remains in Burnaby, living now on land through which Eagle Creek flows on its way from Burnaby Mountain to Burnaby Lake. Robert Haddon, who purchased the property on Government Road in 1919, often found arrowheads and pieces of tools and pottery as he dug in his garden, for many years ago Coast Indians would stop to rest by the waters of Eagle Creek as they journeyed between NewWestminster and Port Moody.

Burnaby is celebrating its Centennial – perhaps not very old compared to many communities within this vast land. But old enough to have gathered a rich history of the achievements of thousands of people who have lived within its boundaries: their talents and labours, joys and sorrows, triumphs and tragedies, all contributing to what the municipality has become.

Happy Birthday, Burnaby – here's to the next 100!

The author was born and raised in Vancouver, then served in the WRCNS 1943-1946. She wrote The Girls of the Kings Navy, published in 1983 by Sono Nis Press, and still writes for local newspapers.

CRESTON MUSEUM

Creston Town Council began to think of conservation of local history in the early 1960s when their records exceeded their filing space. A filing cabinet was purchased for "archives" and installed in the library. Volunteer librarians dutifully tucked away records but gave no further consideration to them. Meanwhile private collectors were acquiring local artifacts for a Pioneer Museum at Yahk, 25 miles east of Creston. Many residents donated items, while some insisted on a small payment for their contributions.

The Yahk Museum appeared to be doing well for a year or two then rumors circulated about impending failure and a possible sale. These rumblings grew more persistent and Creston residents set up a chant, "We can't let those artifacts go!" The Chamber of Commerce became interested when indeed receivership notices surfaced. Rae Masse, who had worked at Fort Steele Historic Park urged Crestonites to have an official inventory of artifacts done before an auctioneer set foot on the property. After many phone calls to Victoria an angry Chamber member explained the urgency of the situation to Evan Wolfe, then Provincial Secretary. Wolfe phoned back, "Two workers will be there to start work on Monday morning. Please provide them with half a dozen helpers."

Creston's only lawyers were already involved with the receivership of the Yahk property, so the emerging Creston Historical Society tried two or three suggested alternates before finding that Mickey Moran of Castlegar was interested and available within the few days before the auction was scheduled. That sale of contents had to be stopped at all costs. Moran directed action which included putting security guards on the Yahk property 24 hours a day. The RCMP cooperated supplementing their own personnel with deputized volunteers from Creston. Auction day saw dozens of would-be-buyers arrive and leave disappointed. The Creston group had a whirlwind fund raising campaign because they had to make a counter offer. The receivers accepted the \$32000 proffered, approximately one third of anticipated amount. Now all the artifacts had to be moved.

Swan Valley Foods had a large warehouse empty on the flats, so artifacts were transferred there. The small artifacts were packaged by volunteers. Vehicles and farm machinery was loaded onto every sort of truck. A railway engine was placed aboard a flatbed, and despite attempts to find a permanent display area, this, too, went into the warehouse. Masse again advised: this time insisting on an efficient cataloguing and marking of every artifact. Two winter works manpower projects were needed to complete this. The warehouse was sold. New shelter was found in Canyon on the other side of town. Everything was moved except the locomotive.

The Creston Historical Society explored many alternatives to find a permanent museum building. They were most attracted to "The Stone House." but the executors of the estate wanted \$135,000 for the property. Finally the price came down to \$100,000. The group raised \$50,000 in personal loans and were granted a \$50,000 loan (at 1/4% over prime) by the bank of Commerce. The stone house was renovated and readied by volunteers. A Provincial grant was obtained to build a huge storage building adjacent, various manpower grants allowed much progress. Fund raising over the ten years took considerable energy, with Bingo the most consistent source of cash, but the sponsors celebrated by "burning the mortgage" on March 29, 1992.

The Creston Museum came into existence in less-than-conventional circumstance. Editor Herb Legg of the *Creston Review* refused to publish any account of the 1971 acquisition "because it was barely legal", but he willed the press from his newspaper to the group. The Creston Museum, only 1/2 block off Hwy. #3, has many displays including a collection of talking mannequins. These mannequins were programmed by Ted Lapins who came to Creston after working on displays at Expo 67 in Montreal. The story of this Museum may tempt the reader to visit this Kootenay town.

This is a summary of the report to the Annual Meeting (March 1992) by President Cyril Colonel.

Trail's Italian Tradition

by Elsie G. Turnbull



Lower Beyers Lane (The Gulch) 1963.

From overcrowded city states and provinces Italian immigrants came to America, looking for jobs, for the adventure of a new life, or to join relatives already there. Once across the ocean they dispersed over the continent wherever opportunity beckoned. One of the lures was the smelter city of Trail in the West Kootenay district of British Columbia. Firstcomers were from northern and central Italy, from Friuli, Venezia, Toscana, Abruzzi, Campobas-

so, but after WWII the majority came from the south – Calabria and Sicily.

Between these two groups, rivalry was intense. Many northerners, leaving a fertile land with a rich cultural heritage considered themselves superior to residents of the rocky, more barren land to the south. Some people claimed that those born in central Italy were apt to be tradesmen, merchants, shopkeepers with an eye for business. Be that as it may, each Italian province marked its inhabitants, imprinting them with different customs and habits. Nowhere was this more noticeable than in the field of cooking where each locality had a favorite dish and its own way with flavouring, spicing and combining foods. In the new homeland of Canada all methods became accepted as "Italian Cookery."

One of the first Italians to establish a family in Trail was Isaaco Georgetti. Born in Tuscany he moved about southern Europe and northern Africa before emigrating to America where his wanderings took him to California, Nevada and Montana. In Butte he found work in a copper smelter owned by Fritz Heinze. When the latter built a smelter

in Trail to treat ores from the Rosland mines Georgetti was one of the workmen who followed him to British Columbia.

Others came to work on the railway built by Heinze and sold to Canadian Pacific in 1898. Guiseppe (Joe) Gerace arrived in 1896, helping to construct the narrow gauge tramway from smelter to mines in Rosland. He worked for the C.P.R. for over thirty years and left children and grandchildren in Trail.

At an early date the Lauriente brothers, Camille, Tomas and Mike, left the walled hilltop town of Agnone in the province of Campobasso to come to the Kootenays. They worked as section foremen for the CPR at Bonnington Falls and South Slocan. Camille Lauriente in his book, "Chronicles of Camille" tells of how they lived beside the railway and cooked for themselves before wives and families came out from Italy. Baking was done in an outdoor oven made of rocks with a brick floor. Such ovens were used by crews building the rail line and today remains of them can be found in isolated spots. For making bread, the yeast dough was mixed in a pail with starter from a former batch, and left by the stove to rise overnight. Next day a fire was built on the floor of the oven. When the bricks became hot the fire was raked out and the loaves put in to bake. To go with this substantial bread, trout were taken from the river, rabbits and grouse snared in the forest. At the earliest opportunity they planted vegetable gardens and soon had to buy only basic staples such as flour.

Nearly 400 Italians came to Trail during the first decade, drawn by the possibility of jobs in smelter and refinery. They settled in the narrow slash between Smelter Hill and the flank of Lookout Mountain where Trail Creek had cut a channel to the Columbia River. Residents were squatters on a land grant to the Columbia & Western Railway. Years later they were able to buy these lots and trim residences replaced



Rock oven used by Italians for cooking while constructing rail line along Kootenay Lake – 1890s.

tiny cottages. Houses rose one above the other on slopes held back with cribbing and low concrete walls. Every householder cultivated tidy plots of corn, tomatoes, beans, and zucchinis, bordered with herbs such as basil, oregano or rosemary. Potted geraniums or petunias edged verandas or steps while grapes ripened in arbor or trellis against a house wall. Trail Creek was enclosed in a flume, and years later, the railway tracks were taken up so those in "The Gulch" had a bit more space.

In April 1905 gregarious, volatile, fun loving Italian families organized the Cristoforo Columbo Lodge. In it they found an outlet for their love of music, drama, and sports. Festive occasions included food and drink; banquets at Columbo Hall were renowned throughout the area. The Sisters of Columbo took great pride in preparing the clear soups, spaghetti and meat balls topped with tangy tomato sauce and grated Parmesan, great platters of fried chicken

and lettuce tasty with beads of oil and vinegar. Red and white wine, sweet or dry, was served with the meal which ended (as a concession to Canadian tastes) with a slice of Neopolitan cake or perhaps ice cream.

Italian householders made their own wine for daily consumption. The children of the family would pick dandelions in the spring, chokecherries, elderberries, and huckleberries in season. The fruit with sugar and water was put to ferment in a barrel in the basement. When ready the 'mother' liquor was run off and bottled as a first class product. More water was added to the remaining mash and soon a second run of lighter grade with less flavor was bottled for drinking every day. The last of the mash was distilled, resulting in a product of high alcoholic content known as "grappa." Making grappa was illegal so the distilling apparatus was usually hidden in the back of the woodshed or a hillside cave.

Trail housewives strived to duplicate the specialties of their native province. All prepared antipasto, a variety of breads, and a Christmas fruit loaf baked in a tall mould. Neopolitans introduced the pizza while Calabrese made "crostoli" and "scallele" (the latter a rich cookie boiled in oil and dipped in honey.) From Abruzzi came the lacy cookie known as "pizzelle" or its companion, "cialde." It was cooked in a special long-handled mould which turned a spoonful of dough into a crisp confection like a bit of patterned parchment. Tuscans favored ravioli and gnocchi. Truly these cooks were artists in flavors, creating delights to palate and stomach. They are keeping alive a culinary heritage from the past.

This article is an edited version of one prepared for Western Living magazine, March 1977. It is reproduced with permission of the editor, Paula Brook.

The Stone Castle

by Elsie G. Turnbull

Not everyone is satisfied to live in a community whose houses are all of a pattern, huddled together in conventional style. Many people dream of an ideal home, scaled to their own demands or based on memory of past happy associations. One man who had such a dream was Giovanni Vendramini whose fate decreed that he would spend most of his life in Trail, British Columbia, far from his native northern Italy. Recalling a stone mansion near his boyhood home in the Piave River valley he sought to build a replica of it for his family. He failed to achieve his vision but his effort became a landmark in the town, known to neighbors in the neat rows of cottages nearby, as The Castle.

Born in 1886 in Nervesa della Battaglia, Giovanni Vendramini learned the trade of stone mason. As a young man of 24 he went to California in 1910 to work on the railroad but returned to serve four years in the Italian Army during the first World War. He married in 1915. Three children, two boys and a

girl were born to the couple but after the war it became more and more difficult for Giovanni to find jobs and feed his family. Continued pressure from the Mussolini government to join the Fascist party convinced him it would be wise to leave Italy while he still had immigration privileges abroad. Accordingly in 1923 he emigrated to British Columbia where he found employment as a bricklayer in the Trail smelter.

Trail was situated on the banks of the Columbia River, a stream known to explorers as the Great River of the West which had carried detritus from the mountains along its course to the sea. A concentration of rocks and gravel on the flats of East Trail gave Giovanni the material suitable for building his dream castle.

After working at the smelter for a year he sent fares for Antonia and the children, then 8, 6 and 4 years of age, to join him. When their landlady evicted them from a rented cottage he bought a

plot of land on the far side of the Columbia in East Trail beneath the shadow of Mt. Heinze and began building a log cabin for the family. Forced to move in before he had quite completed it Antonia put up heavy blankets to keep out the snow and wind. Shortly afterward the younger boy Corrado came down with rheumatic fever and his mother, overwhelmed with stress of his illness and her struggle with language difficulties went back to Italy. As well as the sick boy she took her daughter Gina but left 9-year old Alfonso with his father so his education would not be interrupted.

Then Giovanni began the fantastic undertaking to construct his dream house, working only in his spare time. Using sand and rocks found on his lot he had to purchase only cement, and he made his own wheelbarrow and scaffolds. After digging a basement 2.74m. (9 ft.) deep he with the help of his son and neighbor boys wheeled rocks to form a structure 12.2m. (40ft.) long, 6.7m. (22

ft.) wide with walls 48.3cm. (19 inches) thick. All walls were reinforced with steel rings while flooring on the first floor was of concrete. Toiling until late at night after a full-time shift at the smelter he carried on the back-breaking job as his wife delayed returning to Trail because of her young son's illness. Vowing to keep building until she came back Giovanni piled up four more stories, not completely finished but with wood beams and gaping holes for windows. Nine long years would pass before Antonia returned to Trail after the death of her sickly son in 1933.

By now the strange stone structure, open to sky and weather and towering over houses of the neighbors made them fearful of its stability but inspection by a

qualified engineer from Victoria proved reassuring. He was surprised to find that the setting of rocks and cement was similar to that used by the ancient Romans. He concluded that all of Trail might collapse but the East Trail Castle would remain standing!

After sending money to Italy to pay for the fares of his wife and daughter to join him in Canada Giovanni had little to spend on the unfinished building. Advised that once he added the roof taxes would be high and a forced completion probable, he shelved plans for finishing and set to work to replace the cabin he and his son had occupied the past nine years. Built next door to the castle it was a less pretentious domicile but definitely possessed a

Mediterranean atmosphere with its whitewashed walls, outdoors stairway and round-arched entrance porch. Here the Vendraminis contentedly raised their remaining son and daughter, Alfonso and Gina, ignoring the gaunt roofless building beside

them.

Giovanni never finished his castle, but proud of his handiwork he offered it for sale, hoping that someone would recognize its quality construction. Twenty-five years later he would say: "It's just as sound as the day it was built!" Those words were to prove true. After Giovanni Vendramini died in the spring of 1963, a man of 77, the building was purchased by a fellow Italian whose son-in-law turned it into a modern dwelling. A carpenter and bricklayer, the new owner put a two-bedroom apartment on each floor, panelling the soundproof walls, filling in some window spaces and adding a side projection with balconied entrance doorways. By 1985 the stone walls that once were part of the Columbia riverbed are hidden beneath a coat of cream colored stucco. Dark brown metal edges the flat roof. Windows are unusually high and narrow, plumb in line, while the straightness of the corner walls shows that their builder was an expert mason who knew his trade. A comfortable apartment house, Giovanni's Castle now blends unnoticed into the neighborhood and East Trail residents see no relationship with stone mansions in Italy. His dream has become part of a more practical world.

Elsie Turnball now lives in Victoria. For many years she was a resident of Trail where she became the official historian of the Smelter City.



The Stone Castle and Residence, East Trail, B.C. This was taken in 1966 before complete finishing.



Note from Surrey Historical Society

The Surrey Historical Society is updating the publication of the 1978 text "The Surrey Story" by Fern Treleaven. The 1992 version will have 32 more pages and photos of the last thirteen years of Surrey's history. The book will be in soft cover with a photo of early Surrey as the cover. The publication will be released near the end of 1992 with an estimated cost of fifteen dollars. The sales of "Rivers, Roads and Railways" also by Fern Treleaven continues to be popular with the local residents and is also in good supply and sells for five dollars, and thirty-five cents for GST.

Best Regards,
Wayne Desrochers

The Chilliwack: The River That Couldn't Be Tamed

by Jim Bowman

On November 8-9, 1990, a record 333.6 mm of rain fell within a 24-hour period, as recorded at the Hope weather station. For the second year in a row, the Chilliwack River flooded its banks, washed out roads, and carried away houses and vehicles.

Chilliwack River Valley residents and some environmentalists charged that clearcut logging was the cause of the flooding. A 1990 report commissioned by the Ministry of Forests exonerated the forest industry from blame for the practice of clearcutting, but indicated that road-building on steep slopes, and failure to properly maintain logging roads, resulted in increased sedimentation of the Chilliwack-Vedder system.¹

Several journalists and concerned citizens contacted the Chilliwack Archives in order to understand whether the flooding was a recent phenomenon caused by logging, or whether it had historical precedents.

Recent engineering and geographical studies suggest that the flooding was caused by several factors, interacting in a complex manner, and that the data has not yet been gathered to explain it completely.²

Climatic conditions are certainly a major factor in the flooding. The Cascade Mountains capture precipitation from moist westerly winds, often unpredictably. Heavy rainstorms followed by flash floods are especially common during the late autumn and early winter. Flooding can also be caused by the rapid melting of the snowpack at higher elevations during warm spells in the early summer.

The geomorphology of the valley is also an important consideration in understanding the causes of flooding. For most of its length between Chilliwack Lake and Vedder Crossing, the river flows over glacial deposits of sand and gravel, which are soft and prone to erosion. There are only a few places where

its bed consists of solid bedrock or is "paved" with large boulders. During flood events, sediment is invariably transported downstream to form new bars in the river bed. In some reaches, such as immediately above the Vedder Bridge, the width of the river bed results in lateral instability.³

After it passes through the narrow gap at Vedder Crossing, the river forms a conical alluvial fan (or "delta"). Historically, several different channels have served as the main outlets of the river, including Chilliwack Creek, Luckakuck Creek, and Atchelitz Creek. Since 1894, the former Vedder Creek has been the main outlet, and below the bridge at Vedder Crossing, it is known as the Vedder River.

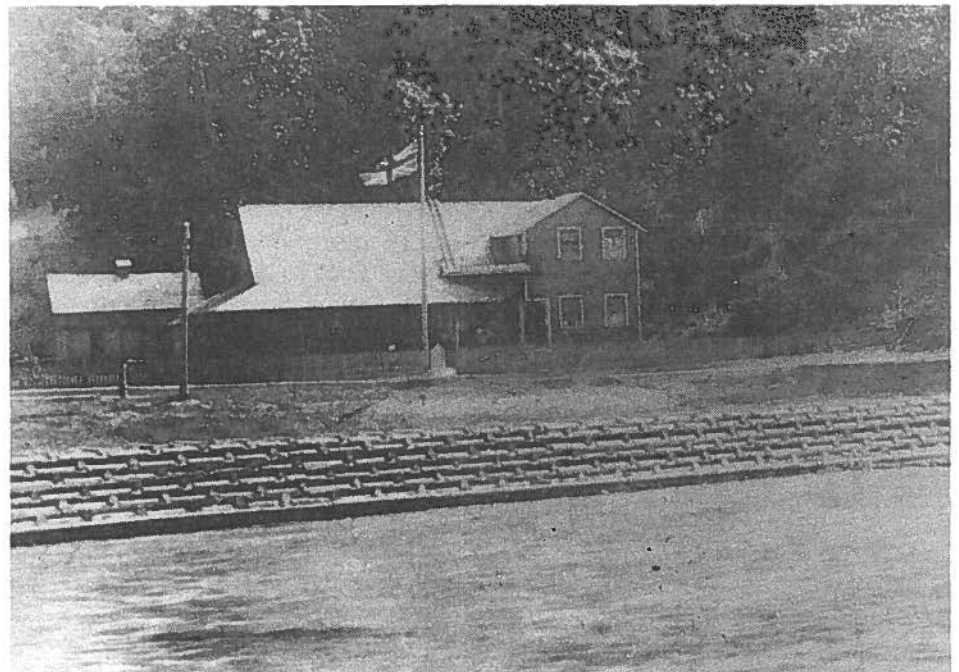
At the time of the arrival of the first Europeans, Chilliwack Creek was the main channel. This waterway meanders through the present-day urban area of Chilliwack and enters the Fraser just

west of the town. The Chilukweyuk River, as it was originally called, was the main route used by the Chilliwack Indians, and by the Royal Engineers during their 1859 survey of the Canada-U.S. border.

Pioneer Chilliwack historian Horatio Webb settled in Chilliwack in 1870 and lived in the community until his death in 1936. He was one of the few pioneers who recorded the shifts in the course of the river.

In an essay written late in his life, Webb recalled that the Vedder was originally "a shallow stream only a few inches deep and ten or twelve feet wide." According to a diary kept by Volkert Vedder, muddy water first began to appear in the creek on March 8, 1873 – an indication that some Chilliwack River water was then entering the creek.⁴

Coqualeetza Creek was the original name of the stream which presently



Vedder River Hotel - 1915, with log cribbing for flood protection.

Photo courtesy of Chilliwack Archives.

flows along Vedder Road into Sardis. There it divided into two streams – Kitsey Sly Slough, which flowed northward into the Chilliwack River; and Luckakuck Creek, which went northwest and also joined the Chilliwack River.

A beaver dam across the Luckakuck had created a small pond in the area. To increase the extent of his acreage, pioneer farmer A.C. Wells hired native Indians to trap the beaver, and he broke up the dam. This increased the flow of the Luckakuck channel and deepened it. As Webb wrote, "In some places where the banks were only two to three feet, (the channel) got to be eight to ten feet deep."⁵

On November 22, 1875 a heavy rainstorm resulted in what was perhaps the most spectacular change in the recent history of the river. On that night the Chilliwack channel was blocked by a log jam. The water was diverted equally into the Vedder and Luckakuck channels. Overnight the Luckakuck channel widened from fifty feet to 400 feet. John Sicker, a neighbor of Webb's, lost his life when the river bank suddenly gave way. All of the community's bridges were washed away, forcing settlers to resort to canoes for transportation.⁶

Because of the devastation wrought by the 1875 flood, and by an 1876 flood of the Fraser, the first of many schemes to control and divert the Chilliwack-Vedder River was devised. Edgar Dewdney, a civil engineer who later became Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest Territories, proposed a permanent diversion of the Chilliwack River into the Luckakuck channel, with a series of dykes to protect the Sumas Prairie from the Fraser River floods.

This plan would have required the Luckakuck to be trained into a deep and straight channel, in order to prevent silting up. It would have been the simplest of all possible flood control schemes, but it was vigorously opposed by the residents of Sardis (then called South Chilliwack) who recognized that a permanently enlarged Luckakuck Creek would divide their community and reduce the size of their farms. Wells, Webb, and other Sardis farmers were

politically influential, and the government was pleased to have an excuse not to spend the taxpayers' money. The plan was abandoned.

Apparently, the diversion of Chilliwack River water into the Luckakuck was opposed in ways other than political. According to Fred Toop, the son of a Sumas farmer, in 1882,

Someone dropped a big tree across the head of these three streams (the Chilliwack, Luckakuck, and the Atchelitz). When this tree stretched across . . . it soon formed a jam and held the water up, (and) poured some of it through the country west into Sumas Lake.

Years later, Fred Toop's father happened to be sitting in the Royal Hotel when he met the man who felled the tree.

"I was well paid for doing it" and he told him who the man was that paid him, but I'm not revealing the name.⁷

The Sumas (present-day Greendale) farmers were equally concerned that the river be prevented from flowing into their low-lying fields. Soon a full-fledged feud developed between the Sumas and Sardis groups.

One night the log jam on the Luckakuck was mysteriously dynamited. In February 1889 when the Sardis farmers attempted to restore the dam, they were met with Sumas people carrying guns.

The Sardis people brought a civil action against the Sumas people claiming that the Vedder was the natural channel. But, on appeal, Mr. Justice McCreight decided for the Sumas farmers. In spite of this decision, the log jam on the Luckakuck continued to build up, and the Vedder continued to establish itself as the main channel.

Finally, the freshet of 1894 stopped up the Luckakuck channel almost completely. As four Sumas farmers were preparing to dynamite the log jam, the Sardis farmers complained to the village constable, and had them arrested.

The Sumas residents were eventually acquitted, but at the same time a judicial decision was made to establish the Vedder as the sole outlet of the Chilliwack River. Subsequently, the north bank of the river at Vedder Crossing

was stabilized by building a rock-filled crib across the entrance to the Luckakuck channel.⁸

By 1903 a permanent bridge was constructed at Vedder Crossing. A small community developed there: the Vedder River Hotel was a popular fishing resort on the south bank, and Mrs. Grand operated a store on the north bank.

On November 30, 1909 a winter storm washed away the bridge and much of the cribbing which had been constructed to protect the hotel. Undaunted, the Township of Chilliwack⁹ immediately went to work on a new bridge.¹⁰

All was well until December 29, 1917, when the rainstorm accompanying the 1917 ice storm washed away Mrs. Grand's store, the newly-built Vedder Crossing Hall, and one of the spans of the bridge.¹¹

In 1918, a log-time dream was fulfilled when the B.C. government found the political will and the funds to embark on the Sumas Lake reclamation project. Although many different schemes had been proposed, the one that was finally accepted was Fred Sinclair's. The project involved diverting the Vedder River into a straight, narrow canal formed between two dykes. Sinclair designed the canal to be self-scouring, although he foresaw the need for occasional removal of gravel bars near the mouth of the canal.¹²

The Sinclair plan was completed in 1924, protecting the vast area of Sumas Prairie for intensive agriculture. Because the Vedder Canal dykes extended eastward only as far as the B.C. Electric Railway Bridge, the communities of Yarrow and Greendale were still somewhat vulnerable. However, the channelization of the river was improved in 1930, when a meander bend was cut off, and in 1932, when the North Vedder Dyke was extended eastward to Vedder Crossing.

Floods still occasionally occurred on the river, and the Township of Chilliwack and other agencies attempted to stabilize it by dredging sediment from the bed onto the banks or by constructing wingdams.

These projects were undertaken frequently, but they were usually only

short-term reactions to crisis situations. Without an agency to plan and fund long-term flood control projects, the work tended to be ineffectual. Another problem was interference with the spawning beds of salmon and steelhead. As early as 1956 the federal Department of Fisheries protested the obstruction of a side channel by the Township. In response to commercial and sport fishing concerns, the Department began to exert more authority in the late 1960's, and removal of material from the river bed was curtailed.¹³

In the latter half of the twentieth century, major flood events had become less frequent. 1951 and 1975 were the only years in which property damage was caused. Perhaps Chilliwack citizens had been lulled into a false sense of security, and were surprised by the encounters with nature's fury in 1989 and 1990.

The question of whether clearcut logging is the cause of flooding can be answered from analysis of the historical record. Disastrous floods have actually decreased in frequency since the 1930's when clearcut logging on a large scale began in the Chilliwack River Valley. This does not excuse the forest industry from responsibility for proper stewardship of the land, however. Damage to the Chilliwack river system through sedimentation can be lessened by proper maintenance of logging roads, avoiding construction of roads on steep slopes, and by leaving forested strips along streams.

The build-up of sand and gravel on the river bed continues to be a problem, particularly in the section between the Vedder Bridge and Yarrow. Because the river is naturally too meandering and braided to be self-scouring, periodic removal of sediment is necessary to prevent overflows during flood events. To avoid damage to the important spawning beds, dredging during July and August has been recommended by at least one engineering study.

"Taming the Chilliwack" has been one of the goals of Fraser Valley residents for over a century. Millions of dollars have been spent on dykes, rockwork, and dredging to accomplish this goal. Yet, the river still confounds "the best-laid plans of mice and men." We can never



The flood of 1917-18 resulted in the collapse of the Vedder Crossing community hall. A few days later the Grand Store was also washed away.

Photo courtesy Chilliwack Archives.

be sure of our ability to control such a powerful force. The danger of the river can be lessened to some extent, through a co-ordinated and informed effort of all communities-of-interest in our society. But in the long run the responsibility rests with individuals to be wary of the potential for disaster.

Jim Bowman is Archivist at the Chilliwack Archives. An earlier version of this article appeared in the Chilliwack Museum & Historical Society Newsletter, Spring 1991. When assisting Helen Borrell in her research of "The Silver Thaw" he was inspired to submit this to the B.C. Historical News.

FOOTNOTES

1. Peter Jordan and Associates, Hydrology of the November 1989 Chilliwack River Flood and Some Observations on the Impact of Forest Management, reported in *The Chilliwack Progress Weekender*, November 24, 1990, p. 3.
2. David George McLean, Flood Control and Sediment Transport Study of the Vedder River. Unpublished M.A.Sc. thesis, University of British Columbia, 1980, p. 2.
3. McLean, pp. 45-49.
4. Horatio Webb, "History of the Chilliwack River with the Vedder and Luckakuck as I Saw Them in 1870." Unpublished manuscript, Chilliwack Archives, Add. MSS. 9, p. 1. Vedder's diary has disappeared since Webb's essay was written.
5. Webb, p. 4.
6. Webb, p. 7.
7. Fred Toop, interviewed by Sara Henning, 1973. Chilliwack Archives, Add. MSS. 110.
8. McLean, p. 9.

9. The spelling of "Chilliwack" is correct - between 1908 and 1980 there were two different municipalities; the Township of Chilliwack and the City of Chilliwack. In 1980 they amalgamated to form the District of Chilliwack.
10. *Chilliwack Progress*, December 1, 1909, p. 2; December 8, 1909, p. 1.
11. *Chilliwack Progress*, January 10, 1918, pp. 1-2.
12. Louise Shaw, "Transforming Landscapes: Fred Sinclair, Engineer", *Chilliwack Museum & Historical Society Newsletter*, June 1989, pp. 4-5.
13. McLean, pp. 13, 175.

J.T. Scott and the Pioneer Saloon

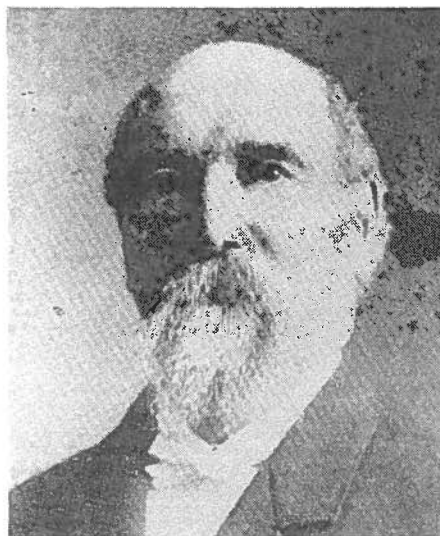
by Mark McCaig

The events connected with the colonization of British Columbia go back barely a hundred and fifty years, and yet this rich heritage is slipping through our fingers. Every year more attics are cleaned out, and no doubt priceless artifacts and documentation are committed to the land fill. The lives and deeds of a few statesmen and soldiers has been adequately documented. Future generations will have no trouble learning about Governor Douglas or Colonel Moody. There were other pioneers who made important contributions to the development of the colony. Their life histories can now only be put together with some difficult research and less clarity than we might desire. One of these was the multi-talented John Thomas Scott.

J.T. Scott was born in Dunoon, Scotland on October 13, 1821. His father was Colonel of the Duke of Athol's Guards and his mother was Agnes Turner of Edinburgh. When J.T. was twelve his father died and the family sent him to live with his uncle in the West Indies for one or two years. Upon his return to the British Isles, he proceeded to London where he enlisted in the thirteenth Argyshire Rifles as a musician. Directly, his outfit shipped out for Halifax, where he was involved in the outfitting of the Halifax citadel with new guns.

Chronologically his time in Halifax was somewhere around 1837 - 1840. Next he moved to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Here he made the first of his many lodge connections, joining the Independent Order of Oddfellows.

In or around 1846 J.T. joined the U.S. army to fight the Mexicans. For reasons not currently known, he enlisted using his home town as a surname. Throughout his service he went by the name John T. Dunoon, even drawing his pension under this alias. Several newspaper accounts report that J.T. was wounded and captured during the siege of Acapulco. A review of contemporary sources relating to the 1846-1848 Mexican/



Col. J.T. Scott

American war yield no references to any siege or battle fought in or around Acapulco. Further the campaign maps show no indication that any American soldier was anywhere near Acapulco which is on the west coast. Most of the campaigning occurred in the north east corner of present day Mexico. The main effort centered on Mexico City and Vera Cruz on the east coast. There was a siege of Vera Cruz and it is probable that this is where J.T. was wounded and captured. While he was in the hands of the Mexicans, J.T. learned Spanish. He then convinced his captors that he would lead them into the American lines. The Mexican attack was defeated in a resounding manner and J.T. was promoted to sergeant for luring the Mexicans into the "trap".

In 1848 Sergeant Scott was discharged from the U.S. army in Mexico. In later years around New Westminster he was known as Colonel Scott. Only one account examined so far gives a source for this title. In his obituary published by the Province February 17, 1908 it is stated that the title of Colonel was acquired in the U.S. army

during the Mexican war. In the absence of substantive proof, this claim must be discounted. In the U.S. army of the 1800s the overwhelming majority of the officers were graduates of West Point. To suggest that a foreign born private soldier could rise to the rank of Colonel in less than two years is near the outer limits of credibility. Until definitive proof is available, the title of Colonel Scott must be considered honorary. ("Colonel" was also a common nickname at that time.)

In 1848 J.T. was discharged from the army and headed north to the California gold rush. He had little success as a prospector so he went into the saloon business, becoming proprietor of the Bluebell in Stockton, California. For a time it appeared that J.T. would settle down in Stockton. He was involved in the local militia, becoming a captain in the Stockton Blues. On June 1, 1857 he married Elizabeth Williams, daughter of Rees Williams a prominent Californian.

Shortly after his wedding gold was discovered on the Fraser river in British Columbia. J.T. may have been among the first batch of American fortune hunters to arrive on board the Commodore that docked in Victoria on April 25, 1858. If J.T. was not one of the sixty British subjects who arrived that day, his appearance was not much delayed. Upon arrival J.T. obtained employment with Mr. George Richardson of the Victoria Hotel, then located at the corner of Government and Courtney streets.

After working a short time he was able to send for his wife and first born son John R. The family proceeded to the Fraser and took up land in present day New Westminster. In April 1859 J.T. Scott opened the doors for business of the Pioneer Saloon. This was on the site now occupied by the Army and Navy Department store on Columbia Street.

His new saloon was the first establishment of its kind in the mainland colony of British Columbia. J.T. was definitely in on the ground floor. The proclamation by Governor Douglas that a new capitol for the mainland colony would be laid out on the north bank of the Fraser, had been issued on February 14, 1859. Only six to ten weeks later, Colonel Scott was on the spot serving drinks. Perhaps it would be more realistic to say that the Pioneer Saloon opened its tent flap in April 1859. Despite his alacrity, J.T. had already missed the best part of the gold rush in the lower Fraser valley. His experience in California had taught him that in a gold rush it is easier to make money provisioning and entertaining the miners than actually digging in the ground. So before he set out for the Cariboo diggings, he acquired a diverse collection of business interests. Aside from the Pioneer Saloon, he leased a section of the water front that was later known as Pioneer Wharf. He started a contracting company that built wharves, houses and cleared bush. He also acted as an agent for the sale of coal and wood.

From the beginning in New Westminster Colonel Scott was involved in every conceivable community activity. Over the years these would include amateur theatrical productions, sporting events, the May Day celebrations and many others.

Early in 1862, he headed up to the Cariboo to try his luck. He worked his own claim as well as in association with a Mr. Weaver and "Cariboo" Cameron. During the summer of 1862 the **British Columbian** carried a number of entries in the "Local Intelligence" column. These reported that J.T. was having considerable success in his efforts. In September there was word that the Colonel had been injured in a mining accident. The subsequent issue contained the welcome news that the injury was not as serious as first thought. He returned to New Westminster arriving on Wed. Oct. 15, 1862 on board the steamer **Colonel Moody**. It was reported that forty thousand of the two hundred thousand dollars worth of gold on board, was the property of Colonel Scott.

He invested his windfall in a number

of ventures, among these he converted the Pioneer Theater to a billiard hall, bringing in three fine billiard tables from Phelan and Co. of San Francisco. The best part of his gold earnings went into the steamboat business. In association with Captain John R. Flemming he ordered the construction of the steamboat **Lillooet**. She was launched in Victoria on September 12, 1863 and thereafter made regular freight and passenger runs between New Westminster and Douglas.

At the end of the following month, Colonel Scott announced his retirement from the saloon business. He leased the Pioneer Saloon to J. Ellard and J. H. Brown who had recently received their discharge from the Royal Engineers. It appears that Ellard and Brown were not greatly successful in the saloon business. Their ad appeared intermittently into 1864, then nothing. Brown's fate is completely unknown, J. Ellard later operated a general store on Front street. The status of the saloon is unknown for a fuzzy period ending on September 21, 1865 when J. T. Scott again assumed his place behind the bar.

Meanwhile J.T. Scott had no trouble staying busy, on December 11, 1863 he was elected Captain of the Hyack fire department. He was to hold this post for two one year terms. The steamer **Lillooet** made regular runs up and down the Fraser carrying passengers and freight.

Although Colonel Moody and others had pressed the governor for the construction of a road linking New Westminster and Burrard Inlet, their early attempts met with failure. Finally in the fall of 1864 the contract was awarded to J.T. Scott. The job was initially estimated to be for nine miles of road. J.T. bid \$1800.00 (U.S.) a mile for a total of \$16,200.00. All timber was to be cut down, the entire width of the road allowance, and piled not burnt. Securing a labor force that winter was not a problem. The Cariboo gold rush was past its peak and many miners had come to New Westminster for the winter. So Colonel Scott set to work with a crew of 150 men. It was a severe winter with unusually high rainfall. The contract called for a bridge over Deep Creek of 66 feet. When the

crew reached the area, they found it so badly flooded that a bridge of 1188 feet was needed. With the consent of Thomas Spence the government road inspector, the work was carried out. The dense bush was another impediment. In the vicinity of Boundary road the entire crew was needed to search for the survey markers, and much time was lost. With the many difficulties the deadline for completion of February 6 was not met. It was not until May 12 that J.T. himself drove the governor and colonial secretary over the new road. The completed road measured eight miles and twelve chains. At \$1,800.00 per mile the contract paid \$14,700.00 in total. J.T. submitted a supplemental account of \$11,875.00 which included \$5,940.00 for the additional bridging over Deep Creek. Unfortunately the road inspector had failed to obtain authorization for the extra work and the Colonial Office declined to pay any of the supplemental account.

Significantly John Robson of the **British Columbian** did not waste many words on this incident. Before this Douglas road fiasco, the "Local Intelligence" section always described the activities of J.T. Scott with the warmest regard. However, Robson was an avid supporter of Governor Seymour and played down any event that might portray the Governor in an unfavorable light. At the completion of the Douglas Road, the **Columbian** carried an inconspicuous item that implied that the work may have been sub-standard. This was a severe financial reverse for J.T. In a letter to Governor Seymour, Scott stated that he had lost everything to his creditors. Both the accounts by Draper and Meyers use the term bankruptcy to describe Colonel Scott's financial difficulties of this period. Although there is evidence that the Douglas Road contract did cause a financial hardship, his claim to governor Seymour may have overstated the case slightly. On June 12, 1865 Thomas McMicking, the municipal tax collector issued a list of properties that had taxes in arrears. Among these was the property on block 7, Lot 1/2,1. This was the Pioneer Saloon. Next on August 22, 1865 a notice appeared in the Co-

lumbian for the mortgage sale of the same property. The property was scheduled to be sold at the auction the next day, but this did not occur. In fact on September 21, 1865 Colonel Scott announced his return to the saloon business in a triumphant fashion. A large ad in the Columbian made the ironic request for "500 men . . . not to make roads for the government, but to come and spend their money . . . at the Pioneer Saloon." On June 23, 1866 another ad for the saloon contained a cryptic passage to the effect that "that it is not necessary to consult May's P.P., to establish the fact that the dig. of his place is still sustained". May's P.P. could be a reference to the Hon. Henry P.P. Crease who was the Attorney General at the time. Taken this way, J.T. may have been employing a bit of gallows humor to refute the rumors of debtors prison that must have swirled about his head. The troubles continued on November 27, 1866 when the furnishings and fittings were sold at a public auction by H.V. Edmonds on instructions from the bank of British Columbia. Mr. George Dietz purchased most of what was offered on behalf of Captain Flemming. That night it was business as usual. In December the building and lot were sold for 2,500.00 to Rees Rees, the same man whose name appeared on the original mortgage. And yet J.T. was still around in January 1871 when the saloon burned down. He announced plans to rebuild at once. By November 6, 1886 the Pioneer Saloon was under the stewardship of a Mr. J. Benter.

At some point J.T. divested himself of his interest in the steamboat business. By August 3, 1873 the ownership of the Lillooet had passed to Captain Irving.

Around 1886 J.T. opened the Junction Hotel in partnership with his son-in-law Mr. R.B. Kelly. It was the first hotel in Westminster Junction, which is part of present day Coquitlam. Shortly after first arriving in New Westminster, J.T. had acquired a farm in the Port Coquitlam area. This was the principal family residence. Altogether John Thomas and Elizabeth had thirteen children, seven of whom survived to attend J.T.'s funeral in 1908. Two of the children, Alexander Turner and Jeannet

WANTED!

SEPT 23 1865

500 MEN to winter in New Westminster, not to make roads for the Government, but to come and spend their money with J. T. Scott, at the Pioneer Saloon, in playing Billiards, drinking good Whisky, and indulging in an occasional "Weed."

J. T. S. would intimate to his friends and the travelling public that he is again established on the old corner, where he will be happy to see all who will favor him with a call, as he has been at great expense in fitting up his Billiard Saloon, which is second to none in the Colony; and to keep pace with the times he has determined to reduce the price of Billiards to 12½ cents per game. Best Wines and Liquors 12½ cents. Segars, 25cts.

JOHN T. SCOTT.

New Westminster, September 21st, 1865. sep23.65

died in March 1865 at the time of the disastrous Douglas road contract. There is no doubt that 1865 was a difficult year for J.T. Scott and his family.

Although J.T. was around 65 years old when he opened the Junction Hotel, he remained active in the community right up to his death. He had a long association with the Masons, the Union Lodge and the Royal City Lodge. The last mentioned is the local chapter of the Independent Order of Oddfellows. He also acted as the master of ceremonies at the yearly May Day celebrations in New Westminster.

This account of J.T. Scott and the Pioneer Saloon is far from complete. It is simply an attempt to pull together into

a reasonably coherent picture, the tantalizing blurbs and snippets of information available. The whole story is still out there. It presently resides in the archives and dusty attics of two continents. There is always hope that someday a definitive secondary source will be written on Colonel (Honorary) John Thomas Scott.

Mark McCaig prepared this essay for the History 113 class at Douglas College. Much of the research was done by reading pre-Confederation newspapers on microfilm.

Should any researcher wish to see the detailed footnotes, contact the editor of the B.C. Historical News for a copy of the original manuscript.

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The Dial Telephone's Debut

by Valerie Green

In today's world of cellular and mobile phones, answering machines, call alert, three-way calling and touch dial (not to mention the wonders of Fax!), it is perhaps hard to understand the excitement generated in the capital city over sixty years ago by the arrival of the dial telephone system. Nevertheless, this was something of a milestone in B.C. telephone history and is certainly worth recalling.

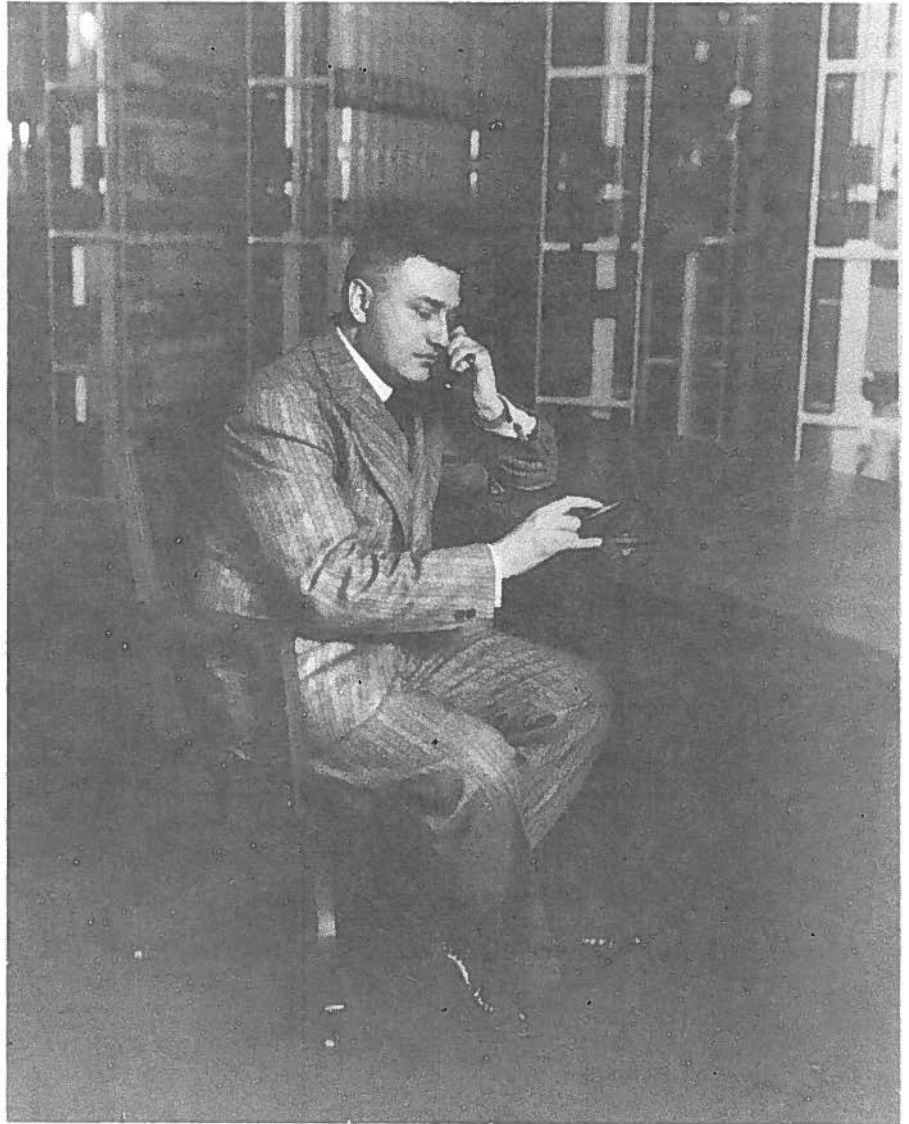
Just before midnight on Saturday, November 1st, 1930, the entire telephone system of Victoria was converted to dial. The change-over was carried out without a hitch in only three minutes and fifty seconds.

An editorial running in *The Daily Colonist* next morning began with the words "Today Victoria awakens to find itself in a new telephone era . . ."

A new era in telephone history certainly did begin on that date, for overnight, Victoria had become the first major town in B.C. to have the dial telephone system installed.

The day of the change-over was the culmination of two years of hard work on the part of many members of the telephone company to ensure that British Columbia's capital city would be a part of one of the most up-to-date systems in the world. And it was especially appropriate that the change-over to dial occurred exactly fifty years after the opening of the first telephone office in Victoria in Trounce Alley, pioneered by R.B. McMicking in 1880.

A mere two years after Alexander Graham Bell had invented the telephone in 1876, McMicking secured from Ottawa the agency for the Bell Telephone to be brought into British Columbia. When the first two telephone 'machines' arrived in Victoria, McMicking installed one in the *Colonist's* editorial room and the other at the C.P.R. survey office. On March 28th of that year, the *Colonist* reported that many people had visited their offices to try out the new 'machine'. They all went away "amused



Mayor Anscomb of Victoria makes the first call on the dial telephone, November 1, 1930. He reached Lieutenant Governor R.R. Bruce in Trail, B.C.

Photo courtesy of V. Green

and instructed".

That same year a coal mine mechanic by the name of William Wall built a telephone line between Wellington and Departure Bay. This was supposedly the first line in regular use in British Columbia.

Two years later on January 21st, 1880, the first telephone line in Victoria linked Jeffree's clothing store with Pen-dray's soap factory, a distance of about a third of a mile. From that initial suc-

cess, it soon became obvious there was a definite need for a telephone system in the city. On March 8th, the Victoria and Esquimalt Telephone Company Limited came into being and by July was operating successfully with forty subscribers from a telephone exchange in Trounce Alley.

This first telephone company with its single line ground system worked well in the early years. However, in 1903, McMicking merged his telephone com-

pany with the already established British Columbia Telephone Company. By 1912, with a steady increase in telephone users in Victoria, a new telephone exchange was built at the corner of Blanshard and Johnson Streets.

An addition to that building was built just prior to the 1930 Dial System change-over, in order to house the new automatic racks then needed. On these racks thousands of varicolored wires and delicate instruments were mounted. It was estimated that 5,000,000 individual soldered connections were in place in order to complete the eventual conversion to dial.

As midnight approached on the auspicious November night, the telephone big-wigs and numerous other officials, gathered in the old rack room to take up their positions. Mr. Bunkerman, the cut-over dispatcher, sat with Alan Harper, in charge of the pay station testing, and orchestrated the entire event. As zero hour approached, the district traffic superintendent and traffic cut-over supervisor notified Bunkerman that all was ready in the operating room.

The manual wire chief was asked if he was ready and then at 11.55 precisely was signalled to "Pull!". 18,000 coils were then pulled in unison, thereby disconnecting the old system in 18 seconds. At 11.56, the chief switchman in the new exchange was also told to "Pull", a signal which released the blocking tools and brought the new equipment into operation. It took exactly 2 minutes and 50 seconds to pull all 1,000 blocking tools. Almost immediately the telephone calls started coming in.

The telephone operators left the old boards and took up their new positions at the dial service. No longer would they be answering calls with the familiar "Number please" though. Now they would be directing customers to dial "Information" or "Long Distance" or whatever service was required should they not be able to dial direct. Although excitement was intense that night, the oldtimers also felt a sense of loss as they witnessed the end of an era.

A ceremony was then held at the exchange building with telephone officials

and invited guests. It was officiated over by the district commercial superintendent, F.C. Paterson. James Hamilton, Vice-President and general manager of the Telephone Company, addressed the assembly, as did Victoria's Mayor, Herbert Anscob, who praised the efforts of all those involved. "We should be very proud of our Telephone Company," he reiterated.

The first official dialed call was then made by Mayor Anscob to the Lieutenant-Governor, R. Randolph Bruce, at Trail, B.C. The Mayor was next connected to Premier S.F. Tolmie who stated that if the "government can be of use to (Mr. Hamilton's company) . . . we shall be only too glad to do so."

Mr. McMicking's widow was also called that night. She looked back with fondness to the days when her husband had pioneered the telephone system in Victoria. From 40 telephones, a directory written on a card, and young boys working as operators, she felt it was a great accomplishment to have come so far and to now service 17,000 subscribers with such efficiency.

Interestingly enough, the big manual switchboard that began its service in 1912 had functioned almost non-stop until that dramatic November night in 1930. The one and only interruption to service had come about as the result of an overload in 1918. At that time, news of the Armistice coming over the wires had been so intense, it had necessitated a 20 minute stoppage.

In 1895, it was the Victoria Colonist who first coined the phrase "the hello girls" to describe the telephone operators. Then, in 1930, they were sadly no more.

The very last signal on the old manual board was responded to by the all-night chief operator. The manual service had already been "killed" and the change-over to dial in place when suddenly a light flashed up on the old board. The operator quickly ran across the room to plug in. But it was a false alarm. The light was caused by a short circuit. It was most probably the only error in a night of considerable success.

Valerie Green is a free lance writer now living in Victoria. Her most recent book is on the Mayors of Victoria, No Ordinary People, Beach Holme Publishing 1992.



Looking east on Johnson Street. Cecil Hotel, 1322 Blanshard Street (S.W. corner of Johnson and Blanshard Streets) and B.C. Telephone Co. Ltd., 1321 Blanshard. c. 1930
City Archives. Photo courtesy of Victoria

Emily Carr's British Columbia

by Paulette Goodman Johnston

Emily Carr has come to epitomize the early days of the province and the difficulty it had in fitting in with the rest of Canada. By looking at Emily Carr's British Columbia, we can trace the changes that were wrought in a relatively short time as the province sought to find its identity. "Small" or "Milly" are the names she uses for herself in her writing. Apart from two stays "outside" to study art in San Francisco, England and France, Emily Carr lived her whole life (1871-1945) in Victoria.

Her parents met in California where Richard Carr had arrived in 1849 as a photographer. He had abandoned that occupation to take part in the search for gold, and within a year he had accumulated enough money to invest in two general stores in the San Francisco area. Richard Carr was the typical English wanderer; a youngest son who would not inherit property and who was looking for a way to support himself in gentlemanly style. America provided the Carrs with the economic means to return to England. This, however, proved to be a disappointment. "The New Land had said something to him and he chafed at the limitations of the Old which, while he was away from it, had appeared perfect."

The Carrs arrived in Victoria in the summer of 1863. Here Richard could live well on the money made in California, comfortably surrounded by other English gentlemen. He purchased eight acres bordering Beacon Hill Park which was then a wild and forested part of town. The first task Richard Carr set himself was to turn his property into a veritable English garden. He planted cowslips and primroses and many English flowers. He made stiles and meadows that took away all the "wild Canadian-ness." None of Carr's neighbours considered this odd, as Victoria was as English as it could be without actually being in England. Citizens made more fuss over the Queen's Birthday

than did any other town in Canada. Sunday was observed adhering to old traditions beginning with family prayers, followed by Sunday School at the Presbyterian Church, an evening service at the Reformed Episcopal Church, and ended with bible readings and hymn singing. Emily played with the children of Bishop Edward Cridge, blissfully ignoring the history of the Anglican churchman who arrived in Victoria in 1854, became dean of Christ Church Cathedral in 1865, then seceded from the Church of England in 1874 following a serious disagreement with Bishop Hills. Cridge founded the Reformed Episcopal Church favored by Mrs. Carr. In a later description of the district where she lived as a child, Emily noted that, "Bishop Hills' field was separated from Bishop Cridge's field by a fence and two hedges . . . which was perhaps just as well." In their English garden, surrounded by English neighbours, the senior Carrs created an environment for themselves that was comfortably dominated by traditions they had grown up with in England.

Victoria had literally been a garrison in the days when it was a Hudson's Bay Company fort. At the time of the Carr's arrival in the 1860s, it had become a rapidly growing town, thanks to the gold rush. Suspicious of the American desire for expansion into their territory, Victoria had to retreat inward in order to establish itself as a community on the edge of a forest. Becoming exaggeratedly British ensured Victoria's survival. In *The Book of Small* Emily Carr was critical of the closed-in garrison that Victoria was in its early days; she said, "Victoria was like a lying-down cow, chewing. She had made one enormous effort of upheaval. She had hoisted herself from a Hudson's Bay Fort into a little town and there she paused, chewing the cud of imported fodder, afraid to crop the pastures of the new world for fear she might lose

the good flavor of the old to which she was so deeply loyal. Her jaws went rolling on and on, long after there was nothing left to chew." Victoria's leisurely pace and complacency made it unique, but concessions had to be made to its location in the New World. Habits developed that Emily Carr did not realize were particular to British Columbia until she went to England as a young woman. Large families here were the norm; average ladies had six children. This was excessive by English standards, but necessary in an area that was trying to increase its white population and needed its labour. Distances, road conditions and the absence of trained household servants meant that women who went visiting had to bring their entire family with them, so afternoon tea became a day long excursion. Meanwhile cattle and sheep stampeded through town from the wharf to the slaughterhouse, churning up dust and trampling on gardens. Victoria may have been mostly English but it had a dual personality as a pioneer town.

The contact that the Carr family had with the Indian and Chinese communities in the Victoria area was limited to employing them as servants and, for Mr. Carr, in giving handouts to the Indians from the Songhee reservation who loitered near his store. The reserve was across the inner harbour where the Parliament Buildings stand today. When the senior Carrs arrived in Victoria in 1863 the White population was approximately 3000, the Indian reserve, with seasonal fluctuations, averaged 2000 and there was a small community of Chinese. Apart from trade with the Hudson's Bay Company store on Wharf Street, Indian groups continued to trade with each other. Indians were allowed to pitch a tent on any beach during their long canoe journeys up and down the coast. Carr summarized the parts played by the Indians and Chinese in the young town. "Indians

worked as much as they had to, spent their money as fast as they made it, and when in Victoria dressed in European-style clothing. Chinese never rested, hoarded all their money to send home to China, and wore uniquely eastern clothing."

Emily Carr wrote in detail about the two who worked in the family home. "The Indian in Mary was more human and understandable than the Chinese in Bong." Her conclusions in this regard raise a number of questions. Although she gave some revealing information about Bong, she never stopped to analyze what she said. Arriving in Victoria as a child of twelve, unable to speak English, Bong was too young to have chosen to come but would have been recruited or sent by someone else. When he was homesick, which seems to have been often, Carr said he would run out to the yard and talk to the cow. Perhaps he felt a kinship with the penned-in animal. More likely he came from a rural setting in China and felt more comfortable outside; yet his life in Victoria was spent as a houseboy. Mary, the Indian woman who did the Carr's weekly washing, started as a mature woman with her own home and presumably a family of her own. She most likely did the washing for several white families and could independently schedule her workload. Bong was dismissed as being from another hemisphere, never becoming one bit Canadian in all the years he worked for the family. Unlike Wash Mary, he did not have a family or kinship group anywhere near Victoria; his feelings of alienation were those that Miss Carr, safely ensconced in her large family and circle of friends, could not comprehend.

As Victoria grew bigger social groups grew smaller, social stratification became more entrenched, and the individual within society became more confined. Expansion meant the addition of new rules. Gravel roads replaced dirt ones that had been muddy in winter and dusty in summer. The piggeries were relocated out in the country; dog licences were required, and impound laws for wandering cows were enforced. Cabins on the mudflats on Humbolt Street were torn down to make way for a concrete causeway. The harbour was dredged and the Canadian Pacific Railway built the Empress Hotel. Victoria became linked

to the world with the completion of the railway in 1886. "From London dock to Empress Hotel was one uninterrupted slither of easy travel," said Carr contrasting it to the arduous journey her parents had made around the Horn. Trains from up-island now came into Victoria. Cedar Hill "went snooty" and later included a public park named Mount Douglas. The English navy left Esquimalt, as Canada now had its own navy, so there were no more English balls or English military uniforms about town. As the number of new-fangled automobiles increased the number of downtown taverns decreased. Those saloons which Emily, when little, was not supposed to notice, disappeared. Victoria changed slowly while watching Vancouver leap ahead with new factories, mills, wharves and a large influx of population.

Carr began sketching and painting in Indian villages outside Victoria in 1895. Emily Carr's early paintings gave glimpses into west coast Indian villages that few other Whites had experienced. On her first visits up the coast she was confronted by the toll taken on the Indian population by German measles, whooping cough, tuberculosis, poor housing and poverty brought on by reduced salmon runs and limited employment. Carr blamed European influence for the degraded condition of Indians and their villages. She felt that Whites, particularly missionaries, were responsible for changing the nobleness of the Indian to humiliation and subservience. Coastal Indians had been introduced not only to disease but also to alcohol and other destructive practices. Carr recorded the fate of many villages in her book *Klee Wyck*. Her paintings portrayed the decaying villages, moss covered totems, and the changes through the years as she visited new sites and old. Her early work was ethnographic and served to chronicle a disappearing way of life.

Miss Carr went to Europe to study painting at the turn of the century. Biographers now dwell on the fact that she avoided nude painting classes, but seeing as she was a lone woman in the class, plus her rigid upbringing, this reaction was logical. Then she was hospitalized in East Anglia Sanatorium for fifteen months. Early records, now

destroyed, gave her diagnosis as "hysteria" complicated by an amputated toe which never really healed. It is possible that exhaustion and overwork, coupled with her unhappiness in strange surroundings, were at least contributing factors. Drawing and painting were considered genteel hobbies for women and children. Miss Carr became instructor for the Vancouver Ladies Art Club in 1906; she failed because she thought the participants wanted to become serious artists and criticized them accordingly. As a women artist who sought to be recognized in a male art world at a time when few women in Canada seemed to have a similar goal, Emily Carr was, and continues to be, an oddity.

Even by 1920 women painters were not eligible for full membership in the Royal Canadian Academy, but instead were assigned to a separate category. Carr describes the years when she was forced by financial difficulties to devote her time to making a living as a landlady in *The House of All Sorts*. For fifteen years she abandoned sketching but had just resumed her art work in 1927 when some of her paintings were included in an Exhibition of Canadian West Coast Art, Native and Modern, at the National Gallery in Ottawa. This brought recognition to Carr and provided eastern Canada with portraits of Indian life with which they were not familiar. After travelling east to see this exhibition in December 1927, she was introduced to the work of the Group of Seven. One of the Seven, Lawren Harris, encouraged Carr to leave the Indian villages that she had been painting and venture into the forest that hovered in the background of many of her works. This lady, who had sketched in villages like Kitwancool or Ucluelet when White men had been turned away, was ready to move in that direction. She produced paintings called *At Edge of Forest* (1931) and *Above the Trees* (1935). Her later paintings were often dominated by large distinct trees in the foreground, with flowing brush strokes that envelop the viewer and draw him/her into an abyss beyond. She corresponded with Lawren Harris in Toronto but was isolated from artists on the west coast. Her changed style brought her closer to nature, but the love she pro-

fessed to have for nature was coupled with fear. She painted a big landscape on a big canvas using big brushstrokes. She joined, at times led, the Canadian expressionist movement. Carr's work has been the basis upon which subsequent British Columbia artists have built.

Emily Carr's place in British Columbia history is more than solely as an artist. Her written accounts of life in pioneer Victoria give us a glimpse of the town prior to 1900. Picnics in Beacon Hill Park, Sunday church-going, wondering about saloons on every corner were all activities of the British immigrant upper class that Carr was born into. It must be noted, however, that her autobiographies have a "poor me" quality about them. As an artist she was plagued by loneliness. The art circle in Victoria was small and traditional; she rejected it, and was rejected by it. She felt that her family did not support or understand her . . . but they never actively thwarted her art education or her sketching trips, or her eccentric life-style surrounded by ani-

mals. Indeed her sister Alice - "Middle" to Emily's "Small" - remained a close friend all of their lives. What Carr seemed to have was an intense feeling of loneliness rather than actually having been alone. Nonetheless we acknowledge Emily Carr as an ethnographer of sorts, and interpreter of British Columbia landscape, and a chronicler of life in Victoria from 1871 to 1945. The changes in British Columbia as she knew it have been candidly presented in her written works, and boldly illustrated with broad brush strokes on canvasses we are all familiar with.

This is an edited version of a paper prepared by Paulette Johnston for a history class at Simon Fraser University. Johnston is nearing completion of an M.A. in Communication.

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Emily Carr camping out with some of her pets - Summer 1934.

Photo courtesy of B.C.A.R.S. - Cat. No. HP65557

Man Yuck Tong in Victoria

by David Chuenyan Lai

Man Yuck Tong was one of the earliest Chinese herbalist shops in Victoria's Chinatown. It was operated under a partnership of close friends, relatives, or fathers and sons at different times throughout its nearly eighty years' history. The four partners who founded Man Yuck Tong in c.1905 were natives of Kaiping County and surnamed Quan: Kwok Luen Quan, Song Luen Quan, Song Pun Quan, and Song Pui Quan.¹ Kwok Luen was the manager because he had previously worked in a herbalist store in China. The shop was first located in a rented premise at 48 Cormorant Street (now 560 Pandora Avenue.). In addition to selling herbs, it also sold Chinese groceries as it could not be run with profit if it depended solely on the sale of Chinese medicine.²

Man Yuck Tong was managed by Yuen Yen Quan, son of Song Luen after Kwok Luen retired. Yuen Yen was not only an energetic merchant but also a prominent community leader in Chinatown. He himself was a tailor and ran a tailor shop called Wo Kee. He was also engaged in the greenhouse business and land speculation. In November 1910, he together with his friend Joe Gar Chow purchased the Hart's Figgard Building on 532-536 Figgard Street.³

Four years later he moved Man Yuck Tong from Cormorant Street to their own building at 532 Figgard Street. He managed the herbalist shop in the front and ran his tailor store in the rear of the building. In 1918 the two shops were merged into one enterprise, and Man Yuck Tong was renamed Man Yuck Tong Wo Kee which also sold Chinese dry goods. The tailoring section received extra help when in 1921 Charlie Hall Quan, son of Song Pun, arrived at Victoria from China. Charlie was also a tailor. In Man Yuck Tong Wo Kee he assisted Yuen Yen in selling herbs as well as in making, altering or mending Chinese labourers' clothes.

In January 1935, Yuen Yen and his



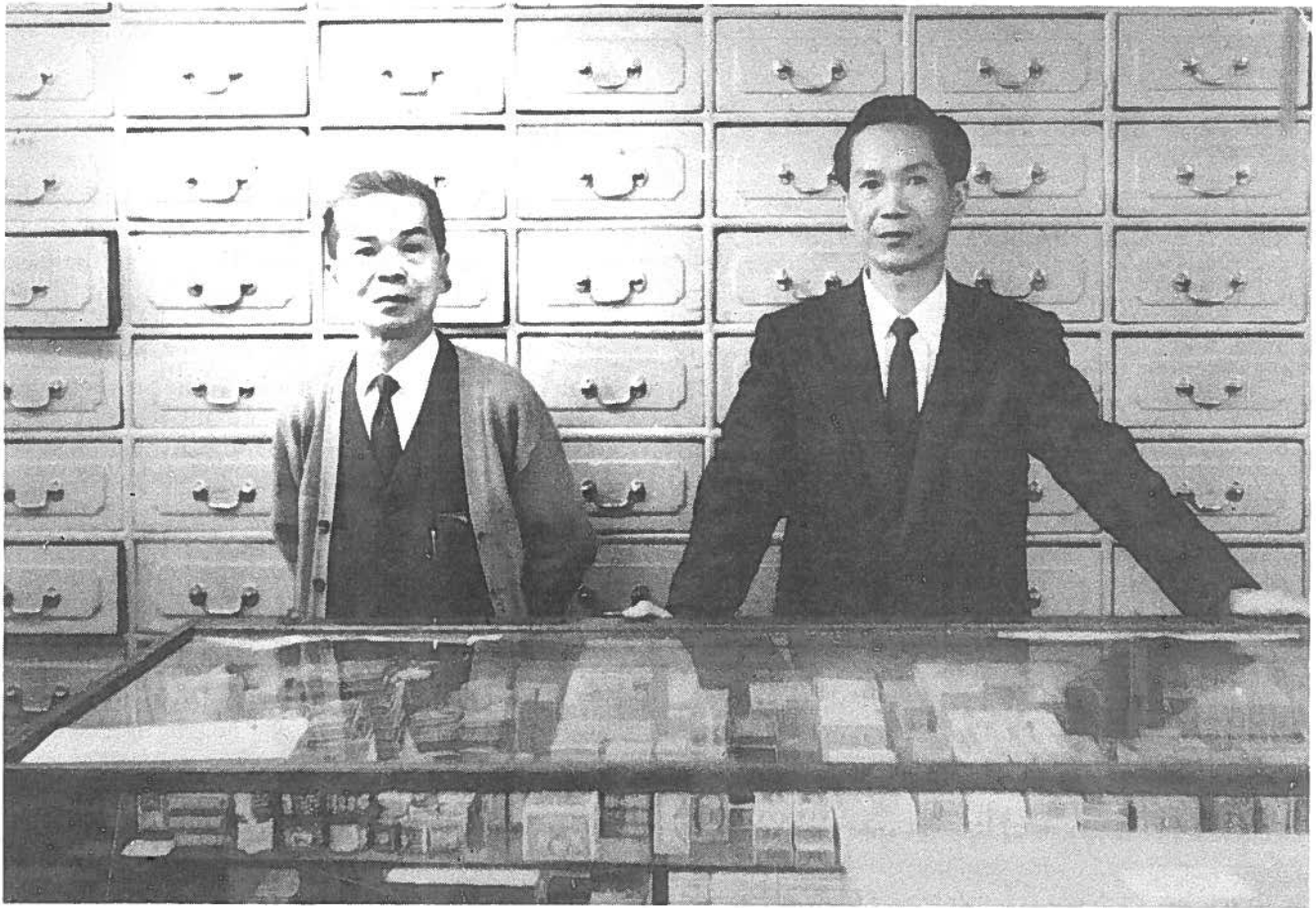
Man Yuck Tong Herbalist Shop, Victoria, 1982.

wife, Jessie, purchased the On Hing Building on 538-544 Figgard Street.⁴ Four years later, he moved Man Yuck Tong Wo Kee to his own building at 544 Figgard Street, planning to expand his dual herb-tailoring business. Unfortunately, he was killed in 1942 by one of his greenhouse employees over a wage dispute. After his death, the tailoring section of Man Yuck Tong Wo Kee was closed. Hence, in 1949 the name was reverted to its original form, Man Yuck Tong, and the trio partnership was Charlie Hall Quan, Jessie Quan, and Kwok Kim Quan (alias Chew Lee Quan), a relative of Kwok Luen. In view of an increasing number of tourists in Chinatown, Man Yuck Tong began to sell Chinese artifacts and gifts as well.

Charlie Quan was one of the prominent elders in the Lung Kong Tin Yee Association and an entrusted friend of the Nationalist Party members. Hence, Man Yuck Tong was not only a well-known Chinese herb-souvenir shop in

Chinatown but also a popular rendezvous for members of the Lung Kong Tin Yee Association and the Chinese National League in Victoria.

In 1959, Yong Foo, Kwok Kim's son, came from China to Victoria, and assisted his father in Man Yuck Tong.⁵ After his father died in 1971, Yong Foo together with Charlie Quan looked after the herbalist shop. In January 1981, Yong Foo bought out the two shares from Charlie and Jessie Quan, and became the sole proprietor. Towards the end of the year Yong Foo considered retirement and started to dispose of all the merchandise in the gift section. A few antique merchants and people from Ottawa were interested in purchasing all the herbs and equipment.⁶ I went to see Yong Foo soon after his daughter-in-law informed me of the news. Both Yong Foo and I felt that we should preserve Man Yuck Tong in Victoria since local people would be more nostalgic than outsiders when they saw the sign of Man Yuck Tong. Yong Foo promised me



Kwok Kim Quan and his son, Yong Foo Quan, 1959.

that the British Columbia Provincial Museum would have priority over the other potential buyers in his sale. Meanwhile Zane H. Lewis, Modern History Division, was working hard to look for funding. Eventually he succeeded in obtaining the financial support of the Friends of the Provincial Museum to purchase all the contents of the shop. In January 1982 Man Yuck Tong was closed and sold to the Provincial Museum. In the following month I was engaged to carry out an inventory of the shop's stock and equipment which included many articles of furniture, a great variety of containers, and tools for preparing, mixing, weighing or measuring the herbs.⁷ Nancy J. Turner, Jane Chapman and Jean Marchand were engaged to identify the shop's some 260 herbal medicines of which about 25% were roots and other underground parts; 25% fruits and/or seeds; 20% whole plants, leaves and/or stems; 17% woods and/or barks; and 13% flowers, animal products, minerals, and unclassified herbs.⁸

In January 1990, the Royal British Columbia Museum began to plan a Chinese Canadian Exhibit Project which is now being headed by John Robertson. One of its essential components is the reconstruction of a Chinese herbalist's shop based upon Man Yuck Tong. The Chinese community in Victoria is very supportive of this restoration project to which the Victorian Chinatown Lions Club, for example, has made a contribution of \$45,000. In the spring of 1992 Virginia Careless, Alan Graves, Gerald Luxton, and myself have been working hard on the herbalist shop project, and received much advice from Yong Foo Quan on the arrangement of the shop's herbs. The official opening of this display is slated for November 1992.

Dr. Lai is a professor in the Geography department of the University of Victoria. He has done extensive research on the Chinese presence in British Columbia, and has directed restoration

of sites in Victoria, Barkerville, Kamloops and elsewhere. He was honored by the BCHF for his 1988 book, Chinatowns: Towns Within Cities in Canada.

FOOTNOTES

1. Charles Hall Quan, a partner of Man Yuck Tong, Vancouver, Interview, March-April 1992.
2. Zane H. Lewis. "Man Yuck Tong," *Discovery: Friends of the British Columbia Provincial Museum Quarterly Review*, Vol. 10 No. 1 June 1982. (unfolioed pages)
3. Lai, David Chuenyan *The Forbidden City Within Victoria: Myth, Symbol and Streetscape of Canada's Earliest Chinatown*. Victoria: Orca Book Publishers, 1991, pp. 116-118.
4. *Ibid.*, p. 119.
5. Yong Foo Quan, a partner of Man Yuck Tong, Victoria, Interview, March-April 1992.
6. Robert Amos. "Take Two Snakeskins and Call Me..." *Monday: Victoria's Magazine*, Vol. 8 No. 7 Feb. 12-18, 1982, p. 10.
7. Lai, Chuenyan David. *An Inventory of Man Yuck Tong Co., 544 Fisgard Street, Victoria*. February 1982. (unpublished manuscript submitted to the British Columbia Provincial Museum).
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St. Andrew's Day Celebration

From the Prospector, Fort Steele, B.C. Dec. 4, 1897

There could have been no happier results of the labors of the committee of the Fort Steele St. Andrew's Society than the splendid celebration which took place at the Dalgardno Hotel on Tuesday evening last. The spacious rooms of the largest hotel in the city were thronged with merry ladies and gentlemen; about 150 people were present, a number coming from Cranbrook, Moyie, Wardner and other places.

The ballroom was garlanded and festooned with evergreens brightened with vari-colored papers. The music was furnished by flute, violin, piano and cornet, played by Messrs. Grez, McMillan, Cann, and Lindsay.

The guests began to arrive about nine o'clock and half an hour afterwards the ball was opened with a grand march. The first 80 diners were served at 10 o'clock, having marched twice around the large dining room while F.I. Laing skirled the bagpipes to honor the Haggis which was carried aloft, then deposited with decorum at the head of the table. The tables, which were very prettily decorated, fairly groaned under the load of good things provided by Mine Host Mather - a fact fully borne out when one scans the MENU.

Following a most joyous hour the table was set for the remaining members of the company, who had meantime been dancing in the ballroom. At about half past twelve the chairman of the evening, Dr. Watt, invited the company back to the dining room where the toast list proceeded.

The first toast was "The Queen" which was drunk with great enthusiasm followed by the singing of the National Hymn. The chairman then in a neat little speech proposed "The Day We Honor." This was coupled with the name Wm. Baillie, who gave in brief form the salient points in the life of St. Andrew, and narrated the traditions of St. Regulus or St. Rule and St. Andrew, and how the latter came to be chosen patron saint of Scotland.

The next toast was "The Land We Love", with a very happy response by R.L.T. Galbraith, who astonished friends by claiming a purely Scottish descent, though born (unluckily) in Ireland. He spoke glowingly of the high eminence of Auld Scotia amongst the nations of the world, her poets, her soldiers, and her statesmen.

"The Land We Live In" brought Henry Kershaw to his feet. He made a most entertaining speech, keeping his audience in roars of laughter. He was quite satisfied with the land we live in, and it seemed the satisfaction was mutual.

Responding on behalf of the St. George's Society to the toast to "Our Sister Societies," E.A. Elton spoke of the history of two great nations occupying different portions of one small island, at mortal feud with each other for many centuries, but at length happily joined in Kingship by one monarch who in Scotland was James the Sixth and in England James the First. The legislative union came later, and the combination had produced the greatest Empire the world had ever seen. R.L.T. Galbraith responded on behalf of St. Patrick's Society, and eloquently spoke of the glory of the Green Isle. Mr. Laing sang the soul stirring 'Scots Wha Hae' which elicited loud applause.

To the toast of "Our American Cousins," there was a quartette (sic) of gentlemen from the land of the Stars and Stripes who spoke for their native land. Messrs. Frizzell, Sheppard, Keep, and Schagel all spoke with enthusiasm of the Great Republic and all paid fitting tribute to the Sons of St. Andrew.

"The Ladies" found a happy sponsor in Mr. Robertson, whose wit and gallantry was fully equal to the occasion. Toasts to "The Press" and "The Host" brought the list to a close.

Back again all the merry company flocked to the ballroom where dance followed dance till the 'wee sma' oors' were well worn out. Thus was closed

the finest celebration of its kind that has yet taken place in Fort Steele.

Credit must be given to the Committee of St. Andrew's Society. Chairman Fred Binmore was indefatigable in his efforts. Mr. Hazan officiated as Master of Ceremonies in the ballroom. Messrs. Smith and Lamont received the guests and saw all properly bestowed with a grace and care that left nothing in that respect to be desired. In the banquet hall Mr. McLeod and Mr. Grassick were assiduous in their attention to their guests. Mr. Elton's and Mr. Binmore's efficiency as carvers could not have been dispensed with. Messrs. Shier, Thompson, and Morrison were general overseers, and no part of their duties was overlooked. The committee could not have desired a greater success than was achieved.

MENU.

Tak' a Drain.
Ox Tail and Chicken Soup.
Cream o' Cod, Peat-reekit. Mountain Troot.

A Wee Drapple.
Billed Beef an' Greens, Reekin' hot.
Pottit Zoo's Heed, Brazle Ham, Minced Callops

HAGGIS.

Tak' Anther Drain.
Rostit Surlain o' Beef, Saddle o' Venison, Jelly
A wee Grumple, stuffed w' Saebys.
Rostit Wild Duck, w' currant jelly.
Rostit Domestic Chicken an' dressin'

A bit Chicken Salad.
Lobster Mayonnise.
A Pickled Tongue o' an Ecclefechan Stott.

Chappit Tatties. Bircelled Tatties.
Noops an' Cream. Stewed Tomatoes.

Anther Wee Drapple the stocken.
English Plum Puddin'.
Lemon, Mince, Cranberry Pie.

Cakes o' Shortbread. Faris o' Altcake.
Some Ither bit Cakes.
A whcen Nuts an' Raisins an' Apples.
French Coffee.
Green and Black Tea.

"Guld nicht, an' Joy be wi' ye a'."

NEWS & NOTES

FRASER WILSON

The Burnaby Historical Society regret the death of Fraser Wilson on July 31, 1992. Fraser was a founding member of the BHS (1957) and a moving force behind the Society's activities. Over the years, he served on the Society's executive council in various capacities including president. During his lifetime, Fraser was a commercial artist and muralist and, at one time, political cartoonist for the *Vancouver Sun*. Along with his son, he founded his own Burnaby business, Commonwealth Displays, in 1967.

Fraser's many friends gathered together to pay tribute to him on August 11 in the Maritime Labour Centre, Vancouver where one of his outstanding murals is displayed.

SCHOLARSHIP

The Burnaby Historical Society has awarded the Evelyn Salisbury Scholarship for 1992 to Jeffrey W. Locke who attends the University of Victoria.

Jeffrey W. Locke has also been awarded the BCHF Scholarship for 1992. This student at University of Victoria has submitted an excellent article to our publication. Watch for it in a future issue.

CORRECTION

There was an error in the article "The Coastal Princesses" in the Summer 1992 News.

Mrs. John Irving and Mrs. R. P. Rithet were the daughters of Chief Factor Alexander Munro of the Hudson's Bay Co., and not of Sir James Douglas. Mrs. Irving is buried in the cemetery in Petersfield, Hampshire, England, close to her two daughters, Mrs. Milman and Mrs. Weston, both of whom married British naval officers at Victoria.

Thanks to grand niece Sandra Nightingale and writer Norman Hacking for submitting this corrected information.

NOTICE

Recent advertisements appearing about the Quesnelle Forks Museum Society are in no way connected with the Likely Cemetery Society. The sponsor is an individual seeking funding for a proposal which has minimal local involvement.

CONGRATULATIONS and BEST WISHES!

Ruth and Tom Barnett recently celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary at their home in Campbell River. Tom was an MP from an Island riding and Ruth was President of the BCHF. Congratulations and Best Wishes!

ODE TO THE ALASKA HIGHWAY

Graffiti found on a washroom wall in Watson Lake.

Winding in and winding out
One begins to have some doubt
About the lout who built this route:
Was he going to hell? or coming out?

MARY ORR

Mary Gartrell Orr passed away in June in her home in Summerland. She was a valued leading figure in the Okanagan Historical Society and strived to be liaison between that organization and

the BCHF. Among the honors given this member of a pioneer family was the Certificate of Merit in 1985 from the American Society of State and Local History.

POSTCARDS

The picture side of a postcard often fits into an archival collection. Alberni Historical Society is now sorting collections and will send scenes to appropriate museum societies. We urge readers to check their collections and then send those early postcards to local archives in the community or district which is depicted in the photograph.

HONORARY PRESIDENT 1992 - Keith Ralston

Keith Ralston taught history of the Canadian West at the University of British Columbia from 1967 till his retirement in 1986. He is an active member of the Vancouver Historical Society.

Born in Victoria, Ralston was educated in Victoria Schools and Victoria College, graduating with first class honours in history from the University of British Columbia. After service in the Royal Canadian navy during WWII he took post-graduate studies at the universities of B.C. and Toronto. From 1952 to 1955 he worked as a reporter in the B.C. legislature; in 1956 he graduated from the Vancouver Normal School then taught in high schools for four years. He next became curator of the Maritime Museum in Vancouver (1960-64), and finally assistant professor at U.B.C.

Keith Ralston is a co-author of *Working Lives in Vancouver 1886-1986*, and coeditor of *Historical Essays on British Columbia* (1976).

BCHF CONFERENCE 1993

Kamloops is the site for our next annual conference. Set aside April 29, 30 and May 1 to attend this event.

CANADIAN HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

Report & Notice re Nominations for 1993.

The Canadian Historical Association annually recognizes outstanding contributions to the field of regional history. Two Certificates of Merit are awarded for each region, one for a book, imaginatively conceived and executed, that enhances our understanding of all or part of the region, and the other for an individual, organization, or periodical that has accomplished the same over an extended period of time. For the year 1991 Certificates of Merit for British Columbia and the Yukon, announced in early June 1992 at the C.H.A.'s annual meeting in Charlottetown, were awarded to:

A) Jean Barman, *The West Beyond the West: A History of British Columbia* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1991).

The West Beyond the West marks the first substantial overview of British Columbia history since the publication of Margaret Ormsby's fine work some thirty-four years ago. Written to appeal to both a scholarly and a general audience, the book synthesizes the

substantial volume of historical, literary, and social scientific work that now informs our understanding of the British Columbia experience. Barman breaks new ground by shifting the geographic focus of her interpretation away from heavily urbanized centres, and the thematic focus away from traditional themes of politics and administration. Emphasizing British Columbia's social history, the book is particularly adept at telling the story of ordinary people across the province.

B) Rolf Knight, private scholar

Rolf Knight has made an important contribution to the historical study of work and the working class of British Columbia. Beginning with a biography of his immigrant mother, he has produced a diverse group of books on British Columbia's working people, including the life of a Japanese-Canadian fisherman. In addition, he has published two autobiographical volumes, one a reminiscence about growing up in east Vancouver, the other about his own development from east-end kid to tenured academic. His bibliography on company towns remains a valuable aid to research in an important but underdeveloped area of British Columbia history.

Most important among Knight's B.C. works is an imaginative and path-breaking approach to the study of White-Indian relations in British Columbia. Knight demonstrates how the aboriginal population became, from the earliest days of European contact, an integral part of the labour force. He shows that in the resource industries of nineteenth century British Columbia Indian labour was indispensable, and traces the twentieth century difficulties of the native population to their progressive exclusion from the work force. *Indians at Work* is based upon extensive research into fishing, forestry, mining, and agricultural industries, and offers a perspective that was, at the time of publication, almost entirely new.

CALL FOR NOMINATIONS CANADIAN HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION CERTIFICATES OF MERIT FOR REGIONAL HISTORY

The Regional History Committee of the Canadian Historical Association invites nominations for its "CERTIFICATE OF MERIT" awards. Two awards are given annually for each of five Canadian regions, including British Columbia and the Yukon:

1. an award for publications and videos that make a significant contribution to regional history, and that will serve as models for others;
2. an award to individuals for work over a lifetime or to organizations for contributions over an extended period of time.

Nominations accompanied by as much supporting documentation as possible should be sent no later than 15 December 1992 to

John Belshaw, Department of History
Cariboo University/College,
900 College Drive, Box 3010
Kamloops, B.C. V2C 5N3

BOOK SHELF

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

Archdeacon on Horseback: Richard Small, 1849-1909.

Canon Cyril E.H. Williams and
Pixie McGeachie. Merritt, B.C.,
Sonotek Publishing Ltd., 1991. 112p.
ISBN 0-929069-05-6. \$9.95

A strange subject for a stained-glass window! Against a backdrop of pine-clad hills, a man wearing a broad-brimmed clerical hat and mounted on a dark horse approaches a tiny church. This is the window over the entrance to the Church of St. Mary and St. Paul at Lytton. The church in the picture is this same church, as it looked in the first decade of the twentieth century. The man is Rev. Richard Small; missionary at Lytton, chaplain at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Lytton, and Archdeacon of Yale. The archdeacon on horseback is an appropriate motif for this account of mission work in the Thompson-Nicola Valley, suggesting distances travelled, devotion to a sacred purpose, a figure both attractive and incongruous.

Canon Cyril Williams is well known for his nearly twenty years as Anglican archivist at the Vancouver School of Theology. It is less well known that he previously served at Lytton, and travelled the roads that Richard Small had travelled. This book is therefore a product of personal experience as well as careful research. Working with him to weave the research notes into a narrative was Pixie McGeachie, whose writings witness to her devotion to British Columbia local history and heritage.

Archdeacon Small's role does not begin until nearly halfway into the book, but the drama unfolds from the Fraser River gold rush of 1858, and the invasion by the white man "at his greedy destructive worst." In 1859 the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel sent the Rev. James Gammage to minister among the gold hunters, but it was the Native people who responded to his ministry. In 1867 another Anglican priest, John Booth Good, took up residence in Lytton (Kumcheen) at the invitation of its people. From the first,

Good recognized that religion was an integral part of the native way of life. While never doubting that Christianity, specifically Anglican Christianity, was "a better way than they have yet known", he found in these "heathen" a spirituality far exceeding that of most nominal Christians. Priest and people travelled many miles to meet, and to worship the Christian God in the Thompson language. Good's own dream of "a pretty Christian village" was a very English dream, not realizable even in England. His first little mission school had to be moved because of the establishment of "one of those vile institutions in which White men and the worst class of Indian women meet".

Canon Williams's little book bursts at its seams, so rich is the record in letters, diaries and official reports, of nineteenth century contacts between this fascinating lot of English divines and the peoples of the B.C. interior. Richard Small, as the most fascinating of the lot, is the focus of attention, but the material on him alone could fill a much larger volume. He was an Anglo-Catholic scholar who loved the mountains, the valleys, even the dust, of the Fraser Canyon and the Cariboo. He was a skilled administrator, archdeacon first of Columbia, then of Yale, "with ecclesiastical jurisdiction over all the Native congregations in the Diocese," a builder of churches, hospitals and schools, subject to the stresses and strifes of diocesan politics. But he is remembered as a man on horseback, travelling among the people of his choice, sharing himself and his God.

He used his leaves in England to drum up support for mission work in British Columbia. After one such trip, he was given a new set of saddle-bags; his comments give us a glimpse of his lifestyle:

"Their capacity is simply marvellous, and the only being who can have any complaint against them is Jupiter, my horse. He eyed them rather askance when they were first put across his back, but made no kick, and has borne the

burden of their content, comprising of books and vestments, vessels and linen, change of raiment, without the least show of unwillingness.

"It was a slow, weary jog over deep, slippery mud. Jupiter insisted that he had enough of it, and persistently turned off the road to an Indian's place that he knew of, instead of keeping on up the hill to a proper stopping place. The consequence to me was a bed on the floor in the corner of the Indian's house, while Jupiter had to fend for himself."

St. George's Indian Residential School at Lytton opened in 1901, under the principalship of the Rev. George Ditcham. The publisher's foreword makes a politically correct disclaimer, that this book is "not a statement of the present philosophy of the Anglican Church in British Columbia". When the time is ripe for a dispassionate study of the province's mission schools, it will be found that Canon Williams has provided an invaluable starting point, based on his years of research, his personal devotion to the ideals which drove Small and Ditcham, and his professional knowledge of the primary sources waiting to be tapped.

There is, also, more to be said about that complex man, Richard Small. For instance, what compelled him to throw it all up in the unexpected belief that he should be a missionary in Korea? He was wrong, of course, and came back after a year (1890-91). Did he feel trapped? How did he come to terms? We want to read more of his letters and diaries, and get to know him better.

We must thank Cyril Williams and Pixie McGeachie for introducing us to the Archdeacon on Horseback.

Phyllis Reeve

Phyllis Reeve is the author of Every Good Gift: a history of St. James' Vancouver.

Denison's Ice Road.

Edith Iglauer. Madeira Park, Harbour Publishing, 1991. paper. \$14.95

The book, a classic of its kind first published in 1975, describes the reopening of the winter road from Yellowknife north to the Echo Bay silver mine at Great Bear Lake, a distance of some 520 kilometers. Begun on the second of January it took three weeks to accomplish in the particular year, presumably in the late 1960s or early 70s. Much of the route was over the ice of some nineteen lakes, treacherous at times but generally better going than the rough portages between them.

The author, along for the ride, describes how a seriously ill Denison and his crew worked together to get the job done despite bitter cold, mechanical breakdowns and vehicles going through the ice. From a start in 1959, Denison believed that trucks could be operated over winter roads in the North and it took his determination to turn it into reality.

This new edition is enhanced by 32 of the author's photographs but regrettably lacks a postscript with more recent news of both Denison and of the ice road.

Lewis Green

Lewis Green, a member of the Vancouver Historical Society, is the author of *The Boundary Hunters, 1982.*

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The West Beyond the West, a History of British Columbia.

Jean Barman. Toronto, University of Toronto Press, 1991. 428 p., illustrated. \$35.00

With the appearance of Jean Barman's *The West Beyond the West, a History of British Columbia*, we have a worthy successor to Margaret Ormsby's *British Columbia, a History* published in 1958 as a British Columbia centennial project.

This first in-depth study of the prov-

ince's history, since the centennial year, covers the social, political, economic and geographical aspects from the time of the first contacts with the explorers to the Van der Zalm era. The closing chapter attempts to discover what is the province's identity. A task that is fraught with difficulties, since the province is still changing both culturally and economically.

Barman points out near the beginning that the geography of the province has a tremendous impact on the historical development. It is a region of many distinct areas due to the mountain ranges which run from north to south. Although recognition has always been given to the separation from the rest of Canada by the Rocky Mountain range on the eastern border, little has previously been mentioned of the influence of these other very divisive geographical factors which have had such an impact on all aspects of the life and history of the area.

The author also recognizes the importance of the native peoples in the development of the province, a factor which will play a most important role in the forthcoming years. Previous works have almost completely ignored the indigenous people when considering our historical development.

Although British Columbia history has frequently been considered both uninteresting and ponderous, the author manages to interweave political, social and economic issues in such a way that the reader is rarely bored.

Maps, illustrations, extensive references and index all make the book of value to students and researchers as well as those members of the general public who are interested in furthering their knowledge of the province's history.

One minor criticism can be made with regards to the reproductions which are not as clear or sharp as they could be. The publisher has used the same acid free non-gloss paper for both text and illustrations. Reproductions are often printed on coated paper which produces clearer and sharper images. In this case, the extra cost involved would probably not have been

justified, since the reproductions do not lose a great deal.

This work is highly recommended as a well-balanced and scholarly history of British Columbia. It will, I am sure, remain the standard authority for a considerable time.

Melva J. Dwyer

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Vancouver's Chinatown: Racial Discourse in Canada, 1875-1980.

Kay J. Anderson. Montreal, Kingston, McGill Queen's University Press, 1991. 323 p. \$34.95

The history of race relations in British Columbia is a subject that has attracted the attention of scholars from a variety of disciplines, including political science, sociology and anthropology, as well as history. Though it is well-trodden ground, Kay Anderson takes us to it via a rather different path, and in so doing, provides us with a new understanding of the relationship between Vancouver's Chinese and European communities. This path is one she forges with the help of a complex body of contemporary social and literary theory. While the details of these theories need not detain us, the broad perspective they provide is worth discussing at some length.

Over the last two decades, there has been a growing movement in the humanities and social sciences which has suggested an alternative way of understanding how we comprehend the world in which we live. Understanding how we see the world is important itself, but it also has an added significance because how we conceive of the world shapes how we act in it. Simply put, this theoretical position asks us to consider that what we understand as "reality" is really a creation of our own imaginations. How we see the world is shaped by who we are - our race, class and gender, for instance - as well as what we hope to become.

Though we all live in the same world and are confronted by the same basic facts of existence, each of us understands those facts differently because we each bring a different perspective to bear on them. Each of us attaches different values and meanings to the facts that make up our existence, and it is these values and meanings, rather than the facts alone, that determine how we see the world. In essence, then, we construct the world we live in by attaching significance to the reality that is presented to us. Consider, for example, the biological reality that women bear children. While this is a universal and uncontested fact of human existence, it is insignificant in understanding the nature of past or present societies. To do that we need to explore the meaning attached to women's capacity to bear children. That meaning is not only specific to individuals but to particular times and cultures. Not only do different people construct childbearing differently, but they have done so differently at different times in the past and in different cultures.

Language is central to how we conceive of the world. We use it to organize our own experiences and to convey them to others. According to the social and literary theorists whose work Anderson uses, language is not just a tool for communication. Words don't simply describe things. They are value-laden. So when we use words we are both describing the world and making certain implicit judgements about it. Again, some examples might help clarify the theoretical position I've just outlined. Think about these two sets of words: King/Queen and bachelor/spinster. Both "King" and "Queen" suggest royalty and power, but "Queen" also has other less regal connotations, for it is used to describe flamboyant male homosexuals. Similarly, though both "bachelor" and "spinster" describe the marital status of men and women, each summons up rather different images: "bachelor" signifies a lifestyle of freedom, action and adventure, while "spinster" suggests something very different - stooped backs, orthopedic shoes and a retiring

life of prudence and caution. Finally, this line of thinking gives even the unassuming pronoun power. When we use "he" and "his" to describe hypothetical situations we are implying that the masculine experience is either universal (that men and women experience things in the same way) or that women's point-of-view or experience is unimportant. When we use language then, we not only communicate meaning but we also create it. We also create a community - a community built around the shared understanding - and (as the Quebec experience has shown) a culture.

Kay Anderson argues that the language of race shaped how western society as a whole and British Columbians and Canadians in particular saw the world and acted in it. This "racial discourse" led white British Columbians to see themselves as superior to others who were not like them. However, as Anderson shows, the racial differences upon which white British Columbians based their claims to superiority do not correspond to genetic ones. Racial difference was constructed by attaching negative meaning and value to attributes like skin colour, language, birth place and cultural practices. The Chinese were, in a sense, European creations: what white British Columbians thought them to be tells us more about the dominant society than it does about the lives of Vancouver's Chinese inhabitants. The Chinese "race" that Europeans constructed represented everything European society was not: it was morally depraved, dirty and barbaric. In fact, Anderson contends that it was by defining the Chinese as alien that Europeans created a positive identity for themselves.

Racial discourse and the meaning conveyed by it had very concrete manifestations. The language of race was more than words and meaning: as Anderson documents, it was translated into a series of restrictive laws that disenfranchised the Chinese, barred their entry into Canada and limited the occupations they could enter. In general, they formalized the Chinese as "outsiders." As is often the case,

however, social status came to be expressed in the landscape. Chinatown was the spatial manifestation of the marginal status of the Chinese, who congregated in the area around Pender Street not only because they sought the comfort provided by living with people of a similar cultural background, but also because they were forced to do so by an unwelcoming host society. Anderson, a historical geographer, traces the evolution of municipal efforts to regulate Chinatown and to channel, if not limit its expansion, and argues that the municipality's actions were both influenced by and reflected a racial discourse that constructed Europeans as superior.

The negative stereotyping of the Chinese and Chinatown began to give way after the Second World War. Eventually, the Chinese came to be portrayed as contributing members of Canada's mosaic and Chinatown as a valuable tourist attraction. Despite these more favourable assessments, Anderson does not consider them to represent a significant shift in perception. Though negative racial stereotypes had been replaced with positive ones, those positive ones were still expressed in a language of race. Race, it seems, was still central to how white British Columbians saw the society they lived in, and because of this Anderson contends that racism is never far away.

For all its insights, Vancouver's Chinatown is not an easy book to read. The theory is not laid out as clearly as it might have been and it is not always integrated as tightly as it could be with the archival evidence. Nevertheless, Kay Anderson has brought a new and provocative perspective to bear on B.C. history, and as such, has contributed at a very fundamental level to our understanding of Vancouver's past.

Tina Loo

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