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KWAKIUTL, IRISH, ITALIAN AND CHINESE

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Member Societies and their Secretaries are responsible for seeing that the correct address for their society is up to date. Please send any change to both the Treasurer and the Editor at the addresses inside the back cover.
The Annual Return as at October 31 should include telephone numbers for contact.

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BRITISH COLUMBIA HISTORICAL NEWS

Volume 27, No. 1 **Journal of B.C. Historical Federation** Winter - 1993/94

EDITORIAL

My prediction for 1994 is that local museums and heritage sites will have a busy time with an increased number of visitors. Tourism surveys for the summer of 1993 indicated that attendance was up at virtually every heritage attraction except the Royal British Columbia Museum in Victoria. Sites and museums are drawing young families and it behooves curators, staff, and volunteers to welcome the younger generation. We can all help to indicate the joys of learning the history as well as the geography of our province.

Your editor was treated to a conducted tour of Point Ellice House – the old O'Reilly home on Pleasant Street in Victoria. This house is unique in that the furnishings and display artifacts are those collected by the O'Reilly family over their 111 years of continuous occupancy. Curator Jenifer Iredale has read hundreds of pages of letters, diaries, bills and receipts, and other records which date activities such as the planting of a sequoia tree in the front, purchases of a piece of furniture or clothing, or social events such as a tennis party on the lawn. Further, Virginia Careless of the RBCM has documented the garments belonging to Miss Katherine O'Reilly in her book Responding To Fashion. (See Book Review on page 39.) The garden at Point Ellice House features a great variety of roses and other lovely flowers. Tea is served on the lawn in good weather. This is indeed a site where history has been reclaimed with scant "modernization" to be undone.

Croquet, lawn tennis, boating, and other English pastimes were indulged in before the acceptance of baseball, hockey, lacrosse and other American games. Is there an author among our readers who could enlighten us on the fine points of croquet? It is difficult to imagine how active our female ancestors could be in their long skirts, yet pictures show ladies on skis or skates or playing tennis in that era. It proves that where there is a will there is a way!

Naomi Miller

COVER CREDIT

Leonard Meyers did a lot of research in the Royal British Columbia Museum before writing the article on the Kwakiutl people. He studied a large collection of photographs before finalizing his selection included with his article. The cover picture is of a group of Kwakiutl women in woven hats sunning themselves on the beach at Alert Bay. Photo courtesy B.C. Archives and Records Service. #HP 1735.

CONTENTS

Manuscripts and correspondence for the editor are to be sent to P.O. Box 105, Wasa, B.C, V0B 2K0
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Jottings on My Travels

by Tom Barnett

COMING TO BRITISH COLUMBIA

Through the gathering gloom of a late afternoon in November 1918, the train rumbled westward. Banff and all the rest of Alberta was now far behind. With my family I was moving from the Red Deer district to coastal British Columbia. The trainman came through our tourist sleeper, checked all the windows to make sure they were tightly closed, and lit the lamps. Following him came the conductor to tell us we were coming to the Five Mile Tunnel, and that the train would get smoky inside. I had heard about the Five Mile Tunnel. It was a topic of conversation amongst my elders, so I was looking forward to it as the highlight of the trip.

Soon after the conductor had passed through, the sound of the train's rumbling changed dramatically and we could see vaguely that rock was close outside the window: a bit scary to realize that we were actually moving right into the middle of a mountain!

The conductor's predictions about smoke soon began to be realized. It got smokier and smokier and smokier. It was no ordinary smoke. It was biting acrid smoke that made everybody cough and splutter. Eyes were running.

After what seemed an eternity, the change in sound told us we were out of the tunnel. The smoke didn't go away, but at least it didn't get any worse. Why didn't they stop the train and open all the doors and windows, even if it was cold and dark outside! But the train just kept going on and on and on.

Eventually speed did slacken, and we finally came to a stop. When the porters opened the doors there was a mad rush for the outside. My first landing on the "terra firma" of British Columbia was into about two feet of fluffy new snow. Everyone stood gulping in fresh air, not minding the snow at all in our relief at being out of that train. About the time we began to realize it was chilly outdoors the calls came for "all aboard."

Back in the train, my sisters, being too "little" to have gone dashing out into the snow, had had to endure the smoke until the train cleared (along with my mother who stayed with them). By the time I was in my seat the windows and doors had all been closed, so the train was warming up. When we were underway the porter began making up the berths. My mother and younger sister were in one lower berth; in the next lower, my sister and I had our pillows at opposite ends; while our father climbed to the upper berth I would have loved to have had. But soon I was in the Land of Nod as the train rumbled westward.

The next morning my sister and I woke up early. The train still trundled along unceasingly. At the first glimmer of light around the blind we opened it up enough to peek out. Not much to be seen! We sensed there were no more mountains close by, but occasional stretches of water. As the daylight grew we realized what was really different: there was no snow. We were in a place where there was no snow in November! Finally we could see green grass. What a wondrous place this B.C. must be!

Eventually the train arrived at a big station. Everything was so strange and busy. People were rushing every which way. The worst of all was getting across Cordova Street through all those cars. There must have been at least half a dozen of them in sight! And those tracks down the middle of the street, along which street cars might come dashing! Vancouver was such a big city. That night I slept blissfully in the hotel on the southwest corner of Seymour and Cordova. Tomorrow would be the beginning of a new life.

ROGERS PASS REVISITED

Travelling back and forth through the five miles of the Connaught Tunnel became routine after I was elected a B.C. MP in 1953. Four days on the train it took, between my home in Port Alberni and Ottawa. The contrast between those trips through the tunnel and my first was dramatic. No more acrid smoke! No more coughing and weeping eyes! Just the sound change when the train entered the mountain. I used often to reflect upon the miracle of the ventilation system which produced this transformation.

Train travel in Canada reached its apex in the 1950s. Those spanking new sleeper, dome and dining cars brought into service after the war seemed so luxurious. And they were really the most practical way to get across Canada. The volume of travel had made possible the choice which we had, of four trains a day between Vancouver and the East.

In 1953 I had no idea the heyday of train travel would be so short, but before the 1957 election signs of change were evident. I will mention two. One was the making of the Trans Canada Highway Agreement between the federal government and the provinces. The other was Trans Canada Airlines (now Air Canada) providing MPs two round trip passes a year betweeen Ottawa and the airport nearest their constituency. Now it took only thirteen hours from Ottawa to Vancouver! (The noise of those four big engines in the Northstar roaring on, hour after hour, was almost as hard to take as the smoke in the Connaught Tunnel in 1918.)

TRANS CANADA HIGHWAY OPENS

After the 1962 general election, before Parliament met, the new Trans Canada Highway was officially opened by the prime minister, the Rt. Hon. John George Diefenbaker. This opening ceremony could be called the last of his crowning glories; in the Session which followed he was defeated on the floor of the House and lost the 1963 election.

The scene of the opening was the summit at Rogers Pass. My wife and I decided to accept our invitation to be there and to make it part of a car trip to Ottawa with our two teen-age children in time for the new school year. It seemed logical to stay in Revelstoke the night before. Fortunately I thought of how limited accommodation for automobile travellers would be and had made hotel reservations (motels being virtually non-

existent) well ahead of time.

We all loaded into the car and set out bright and early from Port Alberni on the day before the ceremony. I picked what looked on the map to be the most direct route to Revelstoke, which had the added attraction of enabling us to travel some bits of British Columbia we hadn't seen before. What I hadn't counted on was just how winding and primitive some of our "highways" still were, so it was close to midnight when, finally, we pulled up in front of the hotel in Revelstoke.

When I went into the lobby to claim my reservations, rather to my surprise it was full of people. The harried desk clerk seemed relieved when I gave my name. He said he had decided he would hold the rooms only until the stroke of twelve. He had already told the people besieging him they could spend the night in the lobby if they wished, which I think most of them did. We got some envious glances as we carried our bags upstairs!

If my memory serves me right, we were in the King Edward Hotel. It certainly had an Edwardian look and feel: solid, dignified, built to last, symbol of the importance of a major railway divisional point. Despite the many times I had travelled through Revelstoke, it felt strange to actually be "in" the place. If we had arrived in daylight I'm sure I would have revisited that station platform where, in 1918, I had first set foot in British Columbia.

The next morning we set out for the Rogers Pass highway summit. It was a beautiful, cloudless day. We hadn't been travelling long when we spotted a viewpoint pull-out, with a brand new monument at its edge, and discovered that it was to commemorate the "official opening" that W.A.C. Bennett and Phil Gaglardi had put on a short time before to upstage the Canadian opening. (If this sounds catty, I freely admit I have never quite forgiven them for taking the Trans Canada Highway signs off the Trans Canada Highway, and remember the kidding I got from MPs from other parts of the country in 1972 when the signs went back up, such as: "So B.C. has decided to rejoin Confederation! Welcome back.")

We got to the summit well before the appointed time. A long rustic platform had been set up, decorated, as I recall, with red, white and blue bunting, and somewhere above was the Red Ensign with the Canadian coat of arms, flanked on either side by five provincial flags. A few officials from the National Parks Branch stood around, looking uncomfortable, as officials tend to do when the prime minister is about to descend upon them. We found good seats in one of the rows of folding chairs which were placed in front of the platform, and relaxed to gaze at the mountains.

There are few more glorious places in Canada than Rogers Pass on a day like that one. The sun kept shining, the air was balmy and so clear one felt like plucking a mountain from the landscape. So we were enjoying ourselves!

But the appointed time came, and nothing happened. We waited, and waited, and still nothing happened. No one seemed to know why. Boredom set in despite the beauty of the mountains. Finally two large buses appeared from the east, and from them descended the members of a Royal Canadian Air Force band. (I learned later a bus had broken down and nothing could happen until a replacement enabled them and their instruments to get to the site to play "O Canada.")

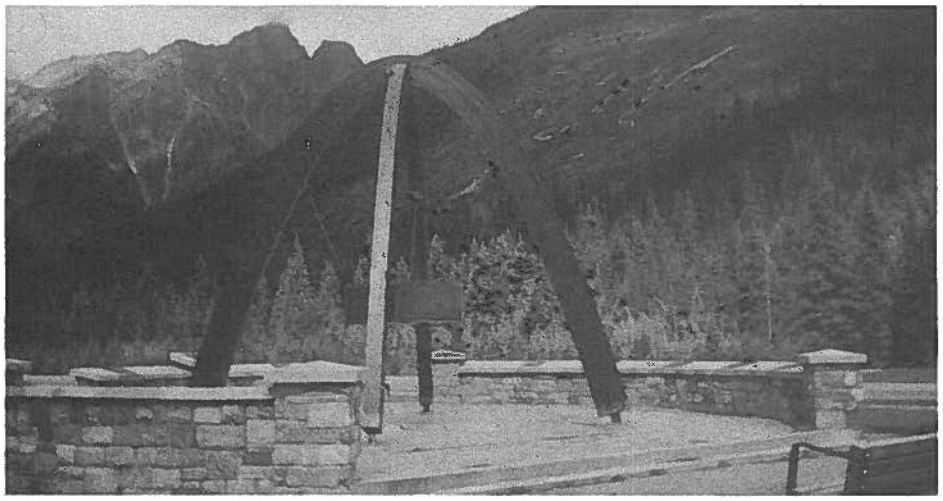
Shortly afterwards a cavalcade of vehicles arrived, bringing what the press usually describes on such occasions as "the dignitaries," who proceeded to line themselves up on the long platform. The band played incidental music while this was going on, reviving us somewhat from our ennui.

Finally all was in order, the prime minister at the microphone in the centre, flanked right and left by the Hon. Davie Fulton, minister of public works, and the Hon. Walter Dinsdale, within whose ministry came the National Parks Branch. Flanking this trio were the ministers of highways from the ten provinces, five on each side. (I was pleased to note that Phil Gaglardi was there.) At a signal we all stood up, the band played the national anthem, while we sang along lustily.

Some of us had been invited to be there; others just happened to come driving along while the road was temporarily closed by the highway patrol. These involuntary members of the audience seemed quite happy to relax and join the show.

I wouldn't attempt to recap the speeches, even if I could. Suffice it to say they were suited to the occasion, expressed warm Canadian sentiments, and are otherwise best left to the imagination. Part of the time I spent ruminating on how it had come about that both the federal minister and the B.C. minister responsible for the highway were members for Kamloops: a lovely subject for coffee-cup political gossip, they being such dramatically different characters, and Davie Fulton having been demoted not so long before by "Dief The Chief" from minister of justice to minister of public works. When the speeches were finished, the band played "The Queen" and traffic resumed on Highway #1.

It had been a rather unassuming, somewhat corny, some would say "typically Canadian," affair. Nevertheless, even in retrospect, I am moved by it, and am glad that I was there. It may not be on a par in our history with the driving of the last CPR spike, but it did symbolize a great change in the way Canadians live



The commemorative arch at Rogers Pass. The first railway ran to the left of this (and was blocked by slides down the hill at centre in the background). The Connaught Tunnel runs beneath this mountain. This is the site of the ribbon-cutting ceremony attended by the author and his family.

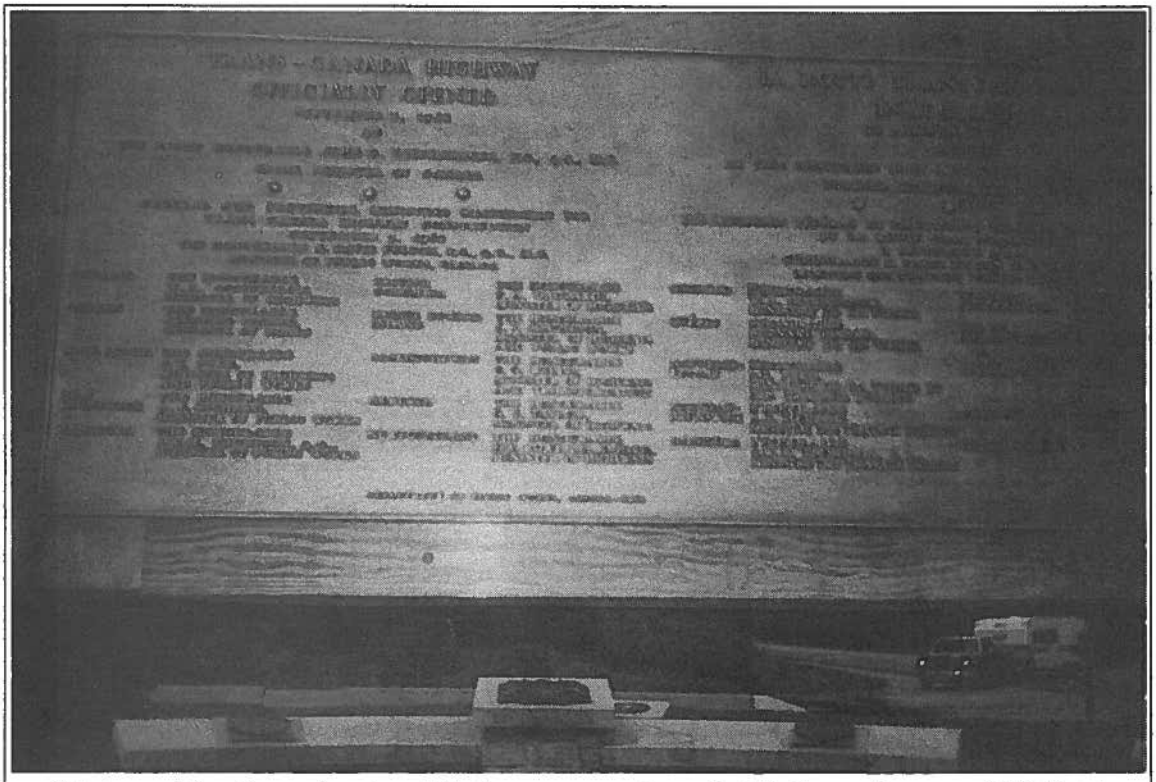
Photo courtesy of Naomi Miller.

and work. Starting from St. John's and travelling to dip one's toes in the sea off Mile 0, Victoria, has become part of the Canadian mystique.

We travelled down the road to Park Headquarters where coffee and sandwiches had been laid on. Walter Dinsdale was our host, and I kidded him about his government not being able even to arrange a ribbon-cutting on time.

Our next stop was on the highway above the outlet of the spiral tunnels. A passenger train came through. We waved down at the passengers, and the passengers waved up at the motorists.

I had promised my wife to drive as far east as I could before catching a train back to the Coast for some commitment; meanwhile, she would go on to Ottawa, find a place for us to live, and get settled before school opened and the Parliamentary Session began. I got as far as Fort William (now part of Thunder Bay), kissed my wife goodbye, and climbed aboard the CPR train to retrace my steps to Vancouver. Time passed. Presently I realized we were emerging from the spiral tunnels. I looked up towards the highway. There the motorists were, waving down at us. We waved back to them. This time, being a train passenger, I was travelling the way most Canadians still did when they crossed the country!



This is one of four plaques hanging within the commemorative arch at the Rogers Pass summit. The Trans Canada Highway was officially opened September 2, 1962. Photo courtesy of Naomi Miller.

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Thomas Speakman Barnett was taking honours in history at UBC before the Depression cut short his academic aspirations. His interest in public affairs took him to Ottawa as MP for Comox Alberni in 1953. After his retirement in 1974, he spent four years as mayor of Campbell River. His wife, Ruth, is a former president of the B.C. Historical Federation.

A passenger train in the 1950's.

Lorine's Legacy

by Pat Koretchuk
as told by Lorine Wong Chu

My name is Lorine Wong Chu. My name tells something about me but, I must caution you, not as much as you might think. Like the names of some actresses, mine has changed many times, in ways not always to my liking. Of course, my name tells of family affiliations and heritage, but you need my story to really understand who I am.

It is a story remembered in my eightieth year, the year my husband and I celebrated the diamond wedding anniversary of our first wedding ceremony, held in August 1933. Not many couples celebrate their diamond wedding anniversary, do they?

If you came to visit me in our small apartment in our son's house near UBC, I would introduce you to all my beloved plants, the only gardening I am permitted since my small stroke. I would make you welcome with some tea and apple pie, perhaps fresh baked by my husband, Charlie. Then I would tell you my story, set in a time too young to be history, too old and different from today to be modern. It is better than those of the soap operas I now watch on television. Sometimes I ask myself: "What other eighty-year-old Chinese lady can remember such a story and speak English well enough to tell about it?"

Fate has played a big role in my life. Fate most certainly decided I would be a girl, not always a good thing for me. Later, fate became a positive force, planting me on Vancouver soil, providing opportunities, bringing good luck.

I was born January 4, 1913, when Dr. Sun Yat-Sen was serving as China's provisional president. The last Manchu emperor abdicated his throne less than two years previously. I lived in an extended family of farmers in Wang Suey, a small farming village located near Hong Kong. In those politically hard times, money was so scarce we had to be even thriftier than the Scottish in order to survive. (I'm still that way today, even recycling my grandchildren's popsicle sticks as props for my plants.)

In Wang Suey, my name was "Wong Sunho," which in English translates to "New Peaches Wong." "Sun" means "new," added because, just before I was born, my father had paid for a new Wong family house. My grandmother added a sound to my name to "tether me" here on earth, to protect me because my older brother and sister had died (I don't know how) before I could remember them. Sometimes I think Grandmother's added sound is the reason I've lived for eighty years.

Grandmother, sitting uncomfortably balanced on a thin wooden sawhorse, under a banyan tree in Wang Suey. She holds my boy cousin on her right, a place of honour. I am on her left.

Life in Wang Suey was simple and enduring. Some people lived in three-hundred-year-old houses. They made their own hand-sewn clothes, with styles unchanged for years. There was no doctor, no grocery stores, no public transportation. My mother had no baby carriage; she carried me on her back in a sling. (What a contrast later, when we moved to bustling, busy British Columbia.)

Sisters moved when they married, but brothers stayed. As the numbers in the family grew larger, cousins and uncles would need another house and a bigger rice field. To meet these growing needs, money was necessary, but money, as wages, was almost non-existent in Wang Suey. Thus my father and other relatives chose the big adventure, emigration to Canada, also called "The Golden Mountain" due to tales of the gold rush days. Here they worked, sending money back to China to help us.

I grew up in a world where men blamed women when no boys were born to them, sometimes taking another wife in order to have a son. My own father was no different. Grandfather told me Father had been filled with grief when, in Canada, he received the letter telling that his third child was a girl (me). Father became very angry, vowing never to return to Wang Suey. Grandfather said: "If you had been a boy, your father would have hurried back to China."

But, fortunately, fate, in the form of my grandfather, responded to Father. He said: "All right, if you're not going to China, then your family must come to Canada." It would not have been easy to refuse Grandfather, even though the task of saving the costs for our immigration was daunting. That was how it was decided I would move to a land that was different.

I have always been different, even loving girls better than most people. To his credit, years later, my own husband didn't say anything bad about my having three girls first, even if he was thinking negatively, and that made life easier for everyone.

My mother-in-law demonstrated another difficulty sometimes faced by Chinese girls. Her feet had been bound, deforming them to only size four, hoping to create a dainty, attractive walk. Poor,

poor feet. Painful! I have never understood why some Chinese people thought this was a good thing to do. Here in Canada women wear high, high heels to produce the same effect, but high heels don't deform. I think people had to be crazy to bind their daughters' feet. I have never seen a boy with bound feet!

But I am getting ahead of myself. When my mother and I left our family home to come to Canada, we spent several days in Hong Kong, perhaps even staying at a place called Gold Mountain Shop, accommodation for those emigrating to Canada. Before we were permitted on the liner *Empress of Russia*, we may, like Chinese men, have had to check our belongings for fumigation with sulphur, which had a very bad smell.

On the ship, three ladies, my mother and I shared a cramped room, having one small porthole and five narrow bunks. Very seasick, my mother didn't eat for twenty-one days from Hong Kong to Victoria. Of course, being so small, I don't remember anything, except what I was told about the journey.

On our arrival in Victoria, my father and grandfather came to meet us at the dock, November 8, 1920. Neither of them had seen me before. My father had left China to return to Canada in September of 1913, and I was born four months later. If Father had been away from Canada longer than two years, he wouldn't have been allowed to return. There were regulations.

The "Head Tax" of $500 per person (in today's dollars, close to $20,000 each) was another regulation, probably the one that kept us apart for almost seven years. There were very few Chinese women in Canada; not just when we arrived, but for many years thereafter, very few.

Of course, I really didn't know anything about laws, or even where we were going. I only knew it was bitterly cold. I was afraid, holding tightly to my mother's hand. Through a space between the gangplank, I could see the frightening, dark greenish-coloured water rolling underneath us. I can still feel myself shivering in my light clothing, crossing my arms, hugging myself for warmth, as I said: "Momma, lung a ho lung a (Momma, cold, cold)." Even today, I shiver thinking about it.

We were herded into a big immigration building where people arriving from all over the world were detained, separated from us, the Orientals. I suppose it was here that my name changed from the original Chinese script to the English letters approximating the sounds of "Wong." I remember we were taken into a room and given English food: slices of white bread with a syrupy thing served on plates. In spite of the fact that my mother must have been very weak due to her illness, we were kept five days in that building before we were permitted to go to my grandfather's place on Princess Street in Chinatown.

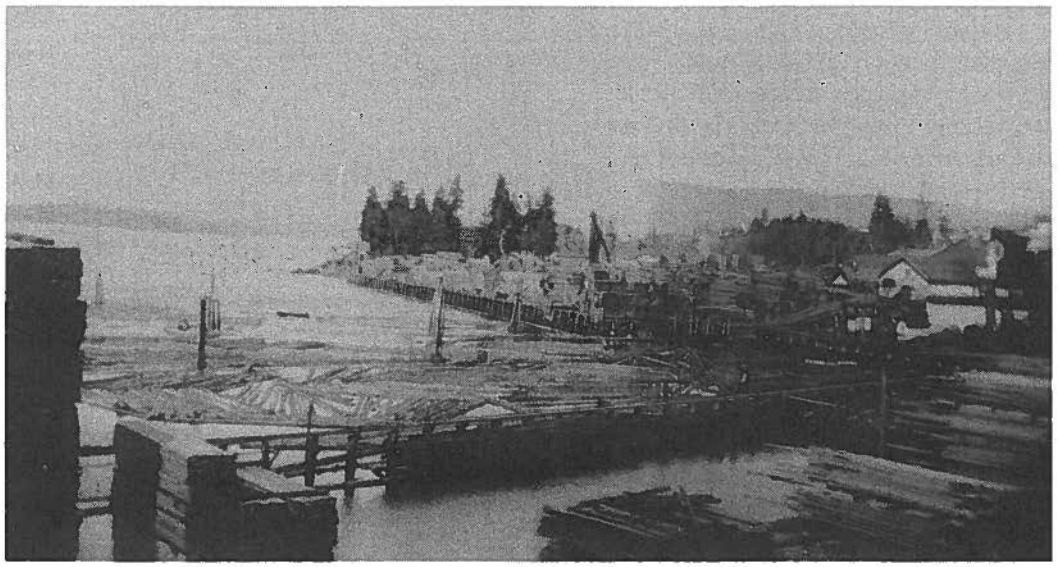
Awaiting completion of the immigration procedure, my mother and I stayed in the larger home of a friend, another Mrs. Wong. She was so kind to us, buying me warm Canadian clothes, cutting my hair, placing a pretty, wide ribbon on top of my head.

As an adult, I can understand how the reunion of my mother and father must have been difficult. It is never easy to remain close in spirit over such long distances, with communication limited to letters taking months to arrive. Furthermore, my mother had to rely on others to read my father's letters to her, and to write her replies. Then there were no home videos to exchange to build closeness, yet, in spite of my grandfather's revelation and all that his words implied, my father took my mother and me to Port Alberni to live with him, recreating our family.

We lived in the only place available to us, a very cold, old draughty storage building on First Avenue, having very high ceilings and an outhouse for a toilet. Rent was $10 a month, not cheap in those days. In this place, about a year later, my parents had their second son. In spite of the living conditions, initially his arrival must have made them very happy.

Significantly, I remember the bitter coldness I felt when carrying my little brother outdoors in a sling on my back. I wonder if this coldness, both in and out of the building, was the reason he died tragically, probably from pneumonia, not long after he was born. His death must have caused my mother to become very depressed, a possible explanation for the blame she placed on me. I often think that life in Canada must have been very, very lonely for her, compared to her life in China.

I still smile when I look at this picture of my new Canadian haircut, bow and warm coat.



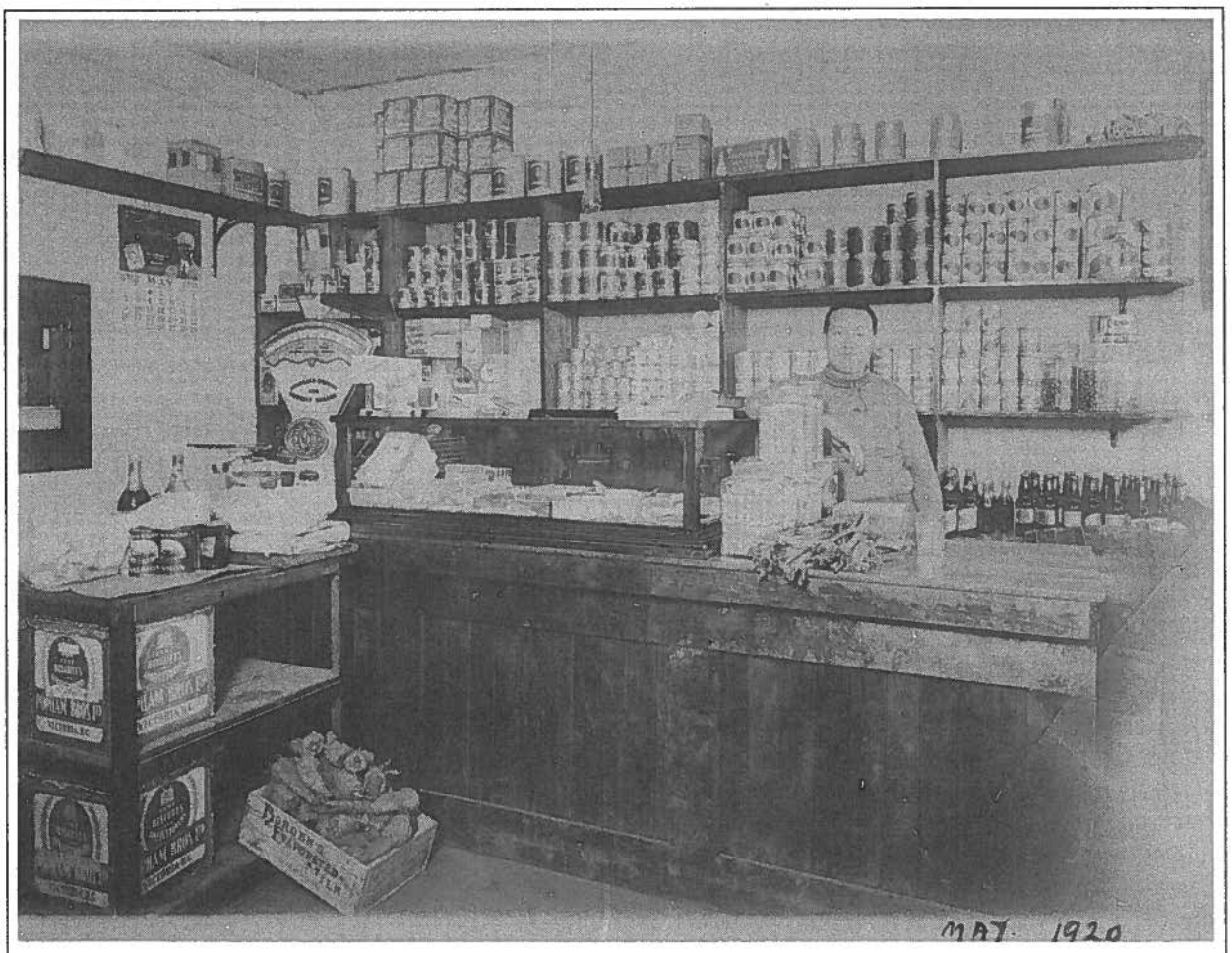
Port Alberni on our arrival in 1920.

Her awful judgment of me echoes still. She said: "It's your fault. You brought bad luck when you were born. Your head released a spell that killed your Chinese brother and sister. Now, a spell from your feet has killed your little Canadian brother." Even though seventy-two years have passed since her words were spoken, I respond to their memory always with feelings of guilt and confusion.

It was in Mr. Bird's rental house that Dr. Hilton, the only doctor in Port Alberni, attended the births of my brothers (Bob, 1923; Fred, 1925; and Allen, 1927) and of my sister, Doris, born 1926. In 1944 Bob became one of four hundred Chinese Canadians from British Columbia who served in the Canadian Armed Forces during World War Two.

Within my first few months in Canada, was more like a general store than a hardware store. There was one newspaper, the *Port Alberni News*; one theatre, the Old Port; and, from 1929 until 1942, a fish saltery owned by the Japanese. Of course, in those days Port Alberni and Alberni were separate towns, very small.

The railroad station had its great steam engines hissing and huffing, bringing passengers from Nanaimo and Victoria.



Inside my father's Henry Company grocery store in Port Alberni.

A short time after my second brother's death, my mother and father rented another house, warmer, a real home. Located near the bottom of the Third Street hill on the Alberni side, it was owned by Mr. George Bird, our landlord, friend, and sometimes advisor. He gave me a doll for our first Christmas, and he was the person who suggested the change of my name, Sunho, to my first Canadian name, used until after my marriage.

Although I liked Mr. Bird, I hated that name. In fact, I still dislike it so much I won't allow it written here in my story. I suppose it was needed, but I don't remember ever being consulted about the choice.

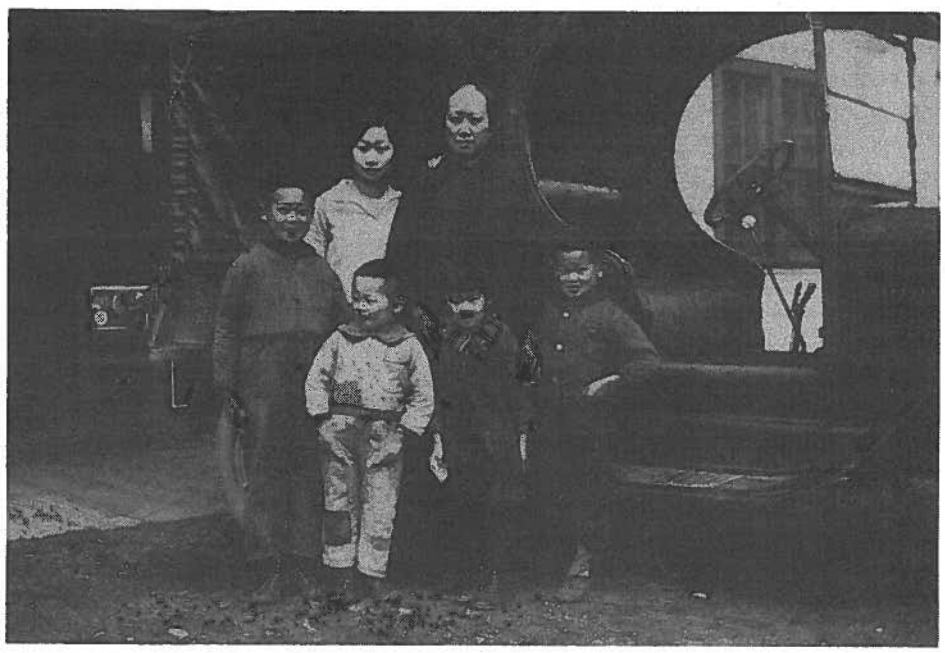
my world began to expand to include my father's store, Henry Company, located on Argyle Street, in front of the Port Alberni shake mill. In back of the store, the mill had train tracks coming right up to it. I often watched, fascinated, as shakes were moved onto the trains to be carried to faraway places. I remember my new Canadian world was pleasantly scented by the odour of freshly cut cedar shakes.

I became aware of the other businesses nearby. Homewood's supplied the fishing and passenger boats travelling the Alberni Canal. The Stone Brothers' office arranged trips to Tofino and Ucluelet. Nearby, MacDonald's Hardware Some stayed at the nearby Somass Hotel, waiting for connecting transportation to logging camps. Some shopped for caulked boots or logging clothes at Price Waterhouse.

Some of our Chinese friends were in fishing or service businesses, some were loggers working for small "gyppo" logging outfits, many worked in the Alberni Pacific Lumber Mill. Chinese, Hindu, Japanese and English customers all came to my father's Henry Company grocery store.

At seven, I had to help by watering Father's excellent garden. Mostly he grew Chinese vegetables, including pea plants six to seven feet tall! Gigantic to a small

Father in his Ford truck in 1933.



Posing proudly beside the Ford truck my father purchased with his earnings from his garden.

girl.

He taught Mother how to make apple pie, and Sunday mornings he enjoyed cooking half-inch-thick pancakes. My mouth waters remembering that delicious aroma waking us up! Today, like him, I still use butter to make my pancakes.

I enjoyed helping Mother, especially in May when we made "dong chay," rolling the glutinous rice, Chinese sausage and salted eggs inside three long leaves to create a delicious delicacy. We spent hours together, folding the rolls a special way, with square corners, the way she learned to do it in Wang Suey. We boiled them for three or four hours, a lengthy preparation making dong chay a rare treat.

To help me begin school, Father taught me five English sayings — "good morning, teacher, goodbye, thank you, my name Sunho" — but I was too embarassed to speak on the first day. I kept my head down on my desk, made shy by the stares of my eighteen classmates. After two or three days, I began to relax, then I began to learn quickly. In five months, my teacher promoted me to grade two, not bad for someone who was just learning English. Later, I was "skipped" from grade five to grade six, then from grade seven to grade eight. Every time this happened, my father smiled, giving me a real, round silver dollar.

I remember an eye doctor came to the school to test everyone. He said: "If this girl wanted to, she could see a fly flying over Mount Arrowsmith." (I still have good eyesight to this day. Even at eighty years old, I still don't need to wear glasses to read,)

My teachers were Miss Matz, Mrs. Bacon, Miss Smith, Mr. Jones (a Welshman who taught grade seven), and Mr. Samuel Oswald Harries, the principal. Mr. Harries wore soft-soled shoes, good for creeping up on the students that threw things or used pea shooters.

In fall, on the way home from school, my brothers and our friends would hop over a fence to pick ripe apples, but I wouldn't eat them. I worried the apples were being stolen. Even then, it was important to me to be honest. We thought the Alberni Canal was beautiful, sometimes looking like molten silver or gold, not at all like the water it was.

Then one day, after finishing grade eight, I decided Henry Company would be the place that completed my education. Because my uncle returned to China, I was needed to keep the store records and speak English to our non-Chinese customers. I chose to work full time at Henry Company from then until my marriage when I was twenty. It was a choice that gave me the training permitting my eventual success in business in Vancouver.

In my mind, I have fond memories of serving customers wearing one of two blue-coloured smocks, each of which cost one dollar in the Eaton's catalogue. I can see myself surrounded by the neatly stacked rows of green Export and other cigarette packages, not smoking, yet saving cigarette coupons from the cartons, sending them away for a free box camera or for free pens to share. I was satisfied to be an asset to my family, and I forgot all about Wang Suey. I began to feel Port Alberni was the only place I knew. I liked it there and I wanted to stay.

However, fate intervened again, leading me in another direction. I was to be married because, for reasons of their own, my father and mother decided they wanted to return to China. They left shortly after my marriage, leaving me very lonely. If I had grown up in Wang Suey instead of Canada, they probably would have married me to a "Mah" boy, or perhaps a "Tum" or a "Hom." That was the way it was always arranged. But, because I chose to live in Canada, fate and a matchmaker decreed that I marry a Canadian-born "Chu," my husband Charlie.

We were married twice: first a Chinese wedding, then at my request, a simple Canadian ceremony performed ten months later in June 1934 in the Sam Hop Coffee Shop (my father-in-law's restaurant). This ceremony not only made our marriage legal here, but also allowed my Canadian citizenship, even though Chinese were then barred from applying

A formal portrait taken not long before my family returned to China.

for it. You see, my husband had been born in Canada, a Canadian.

Throughout the Depression we both worked: Charlie in his father's restaurant, then later at the White Lunch, me part time in the Y Hoy Grocery Stores. My four children were born and we saved our pennies until we owned a modest house at 542 Georgia Street.

In May 1949 we sold this house, risking everything to purchase our own nice, new, clean grocery store, Fairway Foodland, located at 6493 Victoria Drive. Hard work by both of us and our children, plus good management and a fateful fire at a nearby Safeway store, increased our success. In just five years we earned enough to build a $20,000 home (a great deal of money in 1954) at 2243 East 48th Avenue. I was so proud and happy the day we moved in, and I loved creating our beautiful garden every year.

Having raised four of my own children, seen them grown up, productive, married, I now enjoy watching my twelve grandchildren grow. When I think of it, in spite of the name, you don't hear much about the joys of grandchildren on *All My Children*, do you?

Perhaps, rather than to the soaps, my life is better compared to the lives of the plants that have always given meaning to my life. Today I have pink stocks, peonies, blue rhododendrons, red Christmas cacti, purple African violets and green hoya surrounding and delighting me in our little apartment home. My husband and my family might say that I am neither as silent nor as lacking in opinion as my plants, but I think the comparison holds truth.

Like them, I have had little choice about the location of the soil in which I grow, yet the soils of Wang Suey, Port Alberni and Vancouver have nurtured me. No matter how much my desires have been pruned and clipped to my experiences, I keep on growing in spirit. Like them, I am honest, true to my nature. My life has been fruitful, productive, with little time wasted in useless activity.

When I think about it now, I see that my original Chinese name, Sunho, was a good name for me. This plant name is an appropriate symbol for the life and the story that this eighty-year-old Chinese lady has remembered and told.

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Pat Koretchuk grew up in Port Alberni but now is married and living in White Rock. Mrs. Koretchuk teaches at L.A. Matheson Jr. Secondary School in Surrey. She wrote the biography* Rose's Roots *of a classmate's grandmother. Lorine Chu read* Rose's Roots *and asked Pat Koretchuk to visit and transcribe this beautiful story which is shared with us on these pages.

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Kootenay Central Railway

by Winnifred A. Weir

When I came to the Windermere Valley in 1929 as a primary teacher, the shrill whistle of the Kootenay Central Railway signalled one of the events of the week.

The KCR is a branch line of the CPR running from Cranbrook to Golden serving the Columbia Valley. It followed the days when stage coaches and then paddle wheels on the Columbia River were the only means of transportation.

The KCR was planned as early as 1901 but it did not become a reality for more than a decade. After many months of arduous construction, the last spike was driven December 3, 1914, just south of Athalmer, and on January 1, 1915, the first train steamed into Lake Windermere station. It carried soldiers en route to World War I.

There had been heated controversy between the communities of Athalmer and Invermere as to the name of the station. To avoid further conflict, the CPR named it Lake Windermere, although it is situated at Athalmer. (This caused confusion when travellers from Britain or Eastern Canada enquired about train transportation to Athalmer and Invermere and were told no station existed by those names.)

The train schedule called for twice-weekly service: Cranbrook to Golden and return. Largely offering mail and freight service, there was one grimy passenger coach placed ahead of the caboose. The train left Cranbrook Monday and Thursday mornings, arriving at Fort Steele, twelve miles away by road, about 2 pm. It arrived at Lake Windermere in early evening, stayed the night, and steamed on to Golden Tuesdays and Fridays, returning to Cranbrook Wednesdays and Saturdays.

In 1929 I was living at the Invermere Hotel with another teacher and, with the current boyfriends, we would await the train whistle that signalled the crossing a mile south of the station. Dropping whatever we were doing, we'd tumble into the first available vehicle and head for the station a mile away. We were in good company for half the community would be doing the same. The train arrival was an event of the day.

Of first concern was any passenger who might alight. Who was he or she? Sometimes someone knew. If not, there was speculation because any new arrival was a matter of interest. If there was no passenger, we followed the mail truck, speculating on letters that might be within the mail sacks. Then there was a half-hour or more wait while the mail was sorted. It was always sorted, even when the train was late, steaming in at 9:30 or 10 pm. The King's Mail was of prime importance and we stood in the grocery store that housed the post office, waiting hopefully until the postmistress turned from her sorting and handed letters to the lucky recipients.

Came the 1930s, marriage, and in a few years, two babies. My parents lived in Cranbrook and, as we had no car, the KCR offered the only opportunity for family visits. Trips in the grimy passenger car with two small children were a not-to-be-forgotten experience and one I would not care to repeat.

My mother would drive us to Fort Steele to avoid the roundabout trip there from Cranbrook and, armed with sandwiches and baby bottles or colouring books and crayons, depending on the then ages of the children, we would entrain in the airless, not-too-clean passenger coach.

In summer the fine views were scarcely visible through the grimy windows but it offered some respite. However in winter the snow-covered landscape was monotonous. The coach was heated by a pot-bellied wood/coal stove at one end, around whose reddening sides we would gather with whomever the other passengers might be.

Sometimes the genial conductor or trainman would bring me a cup of tea, for there was no meal facility. Sometimes we would be invited into the caboose where, no doubt, the children broke the monotony for the train crew.

In winter it would be dusk long before we reached Lake Windermere station so the trainman would light a coal oil lamp which swung to and fro with the shaking of the train, and I would watch it in dread lest it fall and start a fire.

If the coach ever had a spring cleaning it was designed to last the year and I struggled to keep the children's hands clean at least until they had eaten their sandwiches. The air reeked of unwashed passengers who had occupied the coach in months past.

Not many people travelled by the KCR in those days because most people had cars, and the road trip to Cranbrook was just three hours, compared to the five or six on the train. Passenger service declined as road conditions improved until eventually a stage service was available between Golden and Cranbrook, with stops in the valley. The passenger coach was dropped from the north-south run.

Then came increasing coal activity in the Crow's Nest and the CPR upgraded the KCR rails to withstand the heavy coal traffic which joined the main line at Golden, hence to Roberts Bank at the coast and Japan. Mail service had long before been changed to mail trucks so the rail traffic became solely freight.

Then in 1975, on a crisp October morning, the northbound freight's engine and two cars derailed on the crossing adjacent to Lake Windermere station and tore into the log structure. The CPR decided that the extensive damage was not worth repairing.

The Windermere District Historical Society seized the opportunity, contacted the CPR and, after negotiations, the CPR agreed to give the society the remains of Lake Windermere station for a nominal sum. The society was to remove the building by a specified date.

This demanded a major moving project and a tremendous volunteer effort but the task was accomplished and the building has now been renovated and

is the focal area of the Pioneer Museum at Invermere.

The station at Athalmer was not rebuilt. The handsome log building was replaced by a mobile-type complex, a far cry from the historic structure that now is the pride of the museum.

WINDERMERE VALLEY MUSEUM

If a CP Rail coal train en route from the Crow's Nest coalfields to Roberts Bank near Vancouver had not derailed and ploughed through the Lake Windermere station at Athalmer, Invermere wouldn't have its log cabin museum complex.

The society's museum until then had been housed in two log buildings nearer the town centre. The first, acquired in 1964, was a one-room cabin hauled from Kootenay National Park when its site was required for highway construction. Measuring three by five metres, it was probably the smallest museum in Canada.

It soon became too small for the growing collection of artifacts and the chance came to acquire a second log building. This was the original clubhouse of the Royal Canadian Legion branch. When the school board bought the land the building was on for parking space, it was sold to the historical society for the token dollar and moved beside the first museum.

Then when the station was to be moved up the hill to Invermere to sit on land donated by the Village of Invermere, the other two buildings were moved there also to the small park. They made a picturesque complex.

Many donations and much volunteer labour had made the project possible. The village installed water and sewer. The National Museum of Canada gave a grant toward moving and renovating the former station; the Invermere Businessmen's Association, through the Devonian Beautification Program, assisted; and private businesses and individuals donated funds and labour.

As the renovations were completed, plans for improved display areas were developed. Because David Thompson's Fort Kootenay is of major historical interest, the area with Thompson artifacts, including a valuable copy of his journal, is framed with simulated palisades.

Indian artifacts are also given prominence. The valley has two Indian bands: the Kootenay (Columbia Lake Band) and the Shuswaps. There is a Shuswap dugout canoe of undetermined age and an interesting collection of bead work, papoose bags, arrowheads and tribal photographs.

Also treasured is a Father de Smet medal dated 1845, the year he was the first priest to visit the area. It is presumed that the priest either lost it himself or gave it to an Indian who later lost it. It came into the possession of a local resident who presented it to the museum.

The primary aim of the society has been to preserve the history of the old-time families and there is a valuable collection of scrapbooks, diaries and photographs in the archives.

Some years ago the log cabin of an old-time prospector was moved to the complex and this houses stories of the old mines, ore samples and photographs.

An old notary public building, a more recent acquisition, houses all the old journals, typewriters and business artifacts pertaining to the early-day stores and businesses.

Thousands of people each year from far flung parts of the world visit this resort area and take time to visit the local museum. Many expressions of appreciation are received that such a small community can house such a valuable collection of local artifacts.

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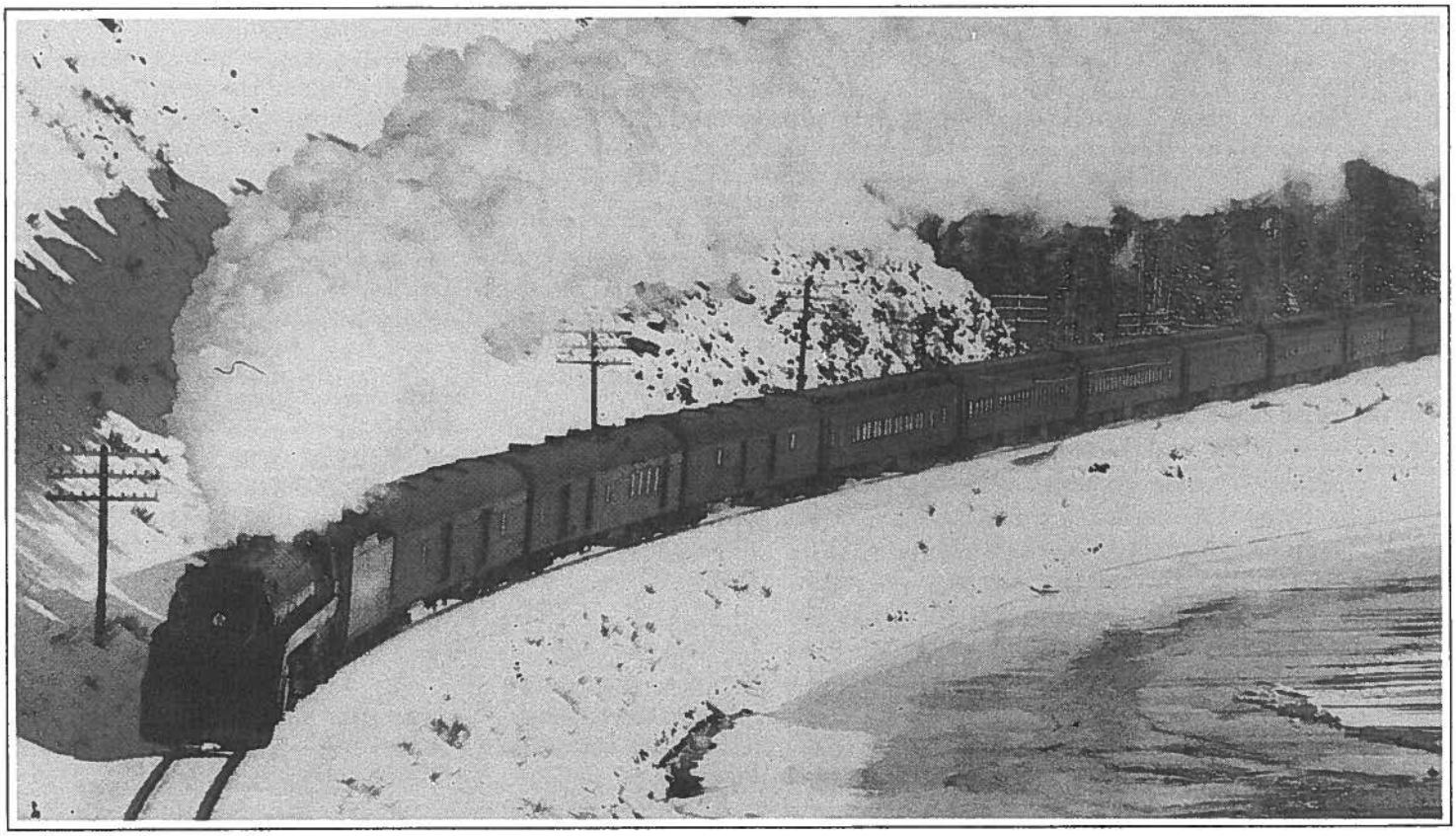
Win Weir is a retired teacher, editor and valued community leader living in Invermere, where her home overlooks Lake Windermere and the rail line where coal trains still travel.



Famous Potatoes from Ashcroft

Ashcroft was, perhaps, one of the most important centres in the province of British Columbia in years past, with its freighting days, raising and shipping cattle and farm produce, epsom salts, honey, and other products.

It was June 14, 1912, when the Ashcroft District Potato Growers held its first meeting. Some 38 members were present and nine applications for membership were received. Mr. Lucas, the association's solicitor, opened the meeting with a brief address on the advantages of an Agricultural Association Act. The following officers were elected: Hon. President – Martin Burrell; Hon. Vice President – Alex Lucas, M.P.P.; President – Charles Semlin (former M.P.P. and premier of B.C.); Vice President – C.E. Barnes; Secretary and Manager – W.C. Adam. The board of directors included W.H. Hammond-Basque, Charles Doering of Hat Creek, Charles Gibson, G.N. Barclay, J.B. Leighton of Savona, J.J. Melbuish of Walachin, and W.O. Lang.

Previous to the forming of the association, potato growers were shipping many carloads to different areas under their individual market names. In October, 35 carloads of Ashcroft potatoes were shipped out east and west by H.L. Roberts, manager at the F.W. Foster's store, at $2.50 per ton.

Ashcroft benefitted from the operation of the Potato Growers Association. It encouraged settlers to come to the district. Certain members spoke of the advantages to be derived from having a trademark. It was pointed out that in previous years Ashcroft had been "robbed of its birthright by the many imitations on the market" (with inferior products), with the result that the *real* grower of potatoes had to stand financial loss.

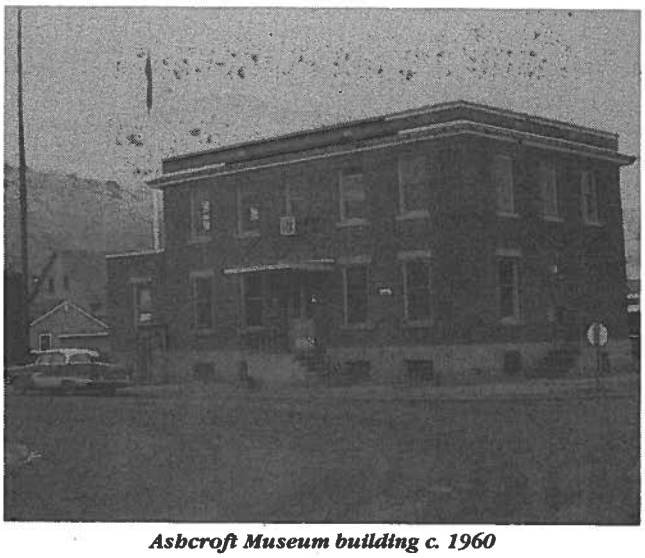
Potatoes made Ashcroft famous across the continent. Orders came from Minneapolis, Kansas City, Toronto, Vancouver and other points. One discriminating customer was the Canadian Pacific Railway which, for many years, would use only Ashcroft potatoes in its dining cars and hotels across Canada. Potatoes were grown in quantities and quality superior to all others for flavour. They were dug in the fall and many were stored in huge root cellars over the winter. Wagon loads of potatoes were hauled to the CNR and CPR freight yards, graded and shipped according to government regulations to customers across the country.

An item from the *Inland Sentinel* of Kamloops on October 6, 1894, tells us: "Mr. C.A. Semlin related to the *Inland Sentinel* this week a wonderful yield of potatoes on the farm of Mr. P. Parke, Bonaparte. Last spring Mr. Parke got one pound of seed potatoes from a Philadelphia seed house, and upon digging them called Mr. Semlin to witness the results and weigh the produce which turned out to be 280 1/2 lbs. The seed house offers a prize of $75 for the largest quantity raised from one pound of seed west of the Rockies, and a capital prize of $150 for the greatest yield anywhere in America, so that Mr. Parke is a probable winner of both prizes."

ASHCROFT'S MUSEUM: THE ESSENCE OF YESTERYEAR

by Tracy Thiessen

The building which houses the Ashcroft Museum seems rather old and unpretentious on the exterior, but when you walk inside it's like entering a time warp. It was built in 1917 as the post office; the post office was a central point in citizens' lives here as long as it was in service.



Ashcroft Museum building c. 1960

Displays lead the visitor through town in the early 1900s; an exhibit of WW I memorabilia; a drug store with the newest cure-all; fashions circa 1920; some mining apparatus used in the brief coal mining venture in the 1860s; and even a glimpse of settlers before a community existed.

Robert D. Cumming stated that when his family arrived from Scotland in 1885, there was no CPR depot in Ashcroft. The train went straight through to Savona.

Cumming, then ten years old, started collecting arrowheads around his parents' farm at Pavilion, B.C. When he purchased the *Ashcroft Journal* in 1912, he started a museum above his office. During his business career he inspired others to contribute photos and artifacts. In the early 1950s the expanded collection moved to a larger building, the Harvey-Bailey warehouse beside the tracks. Soon afterwards, the Canadian Pacific Railway decreed that the building must come down. The Cumming family bequeathed the collection to the Village of Ashcroft. Artifacts were packed, moved and placed in storage. Finally, public concern for the collection was transformed into action. Fundraising dances were held every Saturday night. Sunday "bricking bees" had volunteers building a concrete-block museum and fire hall. (Lew Cumming, Jr., grandson of R.D., says it is possible that some of the Sunday morning brick work might have been a wee bit crooked — but no matter, the work got done.)

The new museum, bearing R.D. Cumming's name, was officially opened in the year of his death, 1958, and served the community for 22 years.

A Canada Works grant in 1978–79 assisted with cleaning, cataloguing and updating of displays. It also emphasized the unsuitability of the cement building, so when the federal post office was vacated in 1980, the village council acquired this with a view to upgrading the interior for a museum.

Curator Robert Graham researched, planned and directed remodelling, installing air conditioning, insulation, new flooring, lighting and creation of special showcases. Funding came from many sources for the $80,000 worth of improvements. This museum officially opened in June 1982. Exhibits concentrate on the heyday of Ashcroft, that is, the years between 1884 and the great fire of 1916. Archives hold records through to the present time.

Today the museum curator is Helen Forster. She is a walking reservoir of Ashcroft history, quick to provide answers to visitors and to substantiate her answers with written materials in her files. The Ashcroft Museum preserves and presents a wealth of information about the district surrounding this little railway town tucked beneath arid hillsides a few kilometres away from the Trans Canada Highway.

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This article was compiled using information supplied by the Ashcroft Museum.

Miracle at Indian Arm

by Valerie Green

Victoria writer Marguerite West is in her eighty-first year now. Lately her writing has been curtailed somewhat due to the fact that she has been caring for her sick husband. But she still likes to tell a good story.

Recently she related one to me that has always been very close to her heart. And a story with ingredients like a rustic wilderness inn, a courageous young woman, and a wrinkled old Indian woman who performed a miracle could not help but intrigue the listener.

"The story begins back in 1910," said Marguerite. "That was when the once-famous Wigwam Inn first opened its doors to the public."

The Wigwam Inn is situated approximately twenty-five miles from Vancouver at the mouth of Indian River on Indian Arm, which is the northern arm of Burrard Inlet. The building of the Inn was initially the idea of Benjamin (Benny) Dickens, the instigator of the first advertising agency in Canada. He had long envisioned building a luxury wilderness resort catering to the wealthy, where the fishing and hunting were excellent. His plans, however, encountered a few financial snags along the way.

In 1910, millionaire and well-known Vancouver resident Gustav Constantin Alvo von Alvensleben, the son of a former Prussian ambassador, decided to invest in the project. This money gave Dickens the help he needed.

In June of that year, the newly formed Indian River Park Development Company chartered the steamer *Baramba* to sail up the Arm with six hundred people aboard, all anxious to inspect the development and visit the luxury Inn.

Although many famous visitors came to the Wigwam Inn in the early days, Marguerite's story concerns an unknown young couple, George and Margaret (Meg) Dayton, who were employed by the Inn's owners to be the managers there for the summer of 1911.

The Daytons were certainly not your average young couple. Meg, although only in her early twenties, suffered from a chronic arthritic condition causing her to limp badly. Most of the time she was in great pain, but this did not stop her leading a normal life. When she and George answered a newspaper advertisement, they were convinced they would be chosen as the right couple to manage the Wigwam Inn.

Meg's sister and father also joined them to help with the chores. Meg carried out her tasks with a smile on her face and was highly thought of by everyone who visited the Inn that summer.

In September, when the Inn was officially closed down for the winter, Meg and George were asked to stay on as caretakers. They agreed, and Meg's father and sister Emily also stayed on.

In October Meg and Emily paid a brief visit to Vancouver for Meg to have a medical check-up. To her amazement she found that she was pregnant and the baby was due the following April. George was concerned for his wife's health and wanted them to leave the Inn immediately and return to Vancouver so that she would be near good medical help. Her chronic arthritic condition had not improved and it was thought that her hip might cause special complications during delivery.

Meg was convinced that so long as she followed doctor's orders concerning diet and exercise she would be able to stay on at the Inn through the winter. To appease her worried husband, however, she agreed that they would leave Indian Arm a good month before the baby was due.

The winter months passed uneventfully and by the following February the weather had turned quite spring-like, enabling Meg and Emily to take daily walks along nearby trails. On one of those walks, on February 22, Meg slipped on wet ground, lost her balance and fell,

A picture of the proposed hotel that appeared in* B.C. Saturday Sunset, *August 1907.
Picture taken from* The History of Wigwam Inn *by Pam Humphreys.

George and Meg Dayton with baby Marguerite - c. 1913.

hitting her head against a rock as she went down.

Emily was panic-stricken. She ran for the men but by the time the three of them returned, Meg was already sitting up, rubbing her head and wondering what all the fuss was about. George ordered his wife back to bed and, apart from the scare they had all received, everything seemed to be all right.

During the night, Meg went into premature labour. It was a full two months before the baby was due but her fall had obviously hurried things along.

There were no telephones at the Wigwam Inn so communication with the outside world was impossible. Greatly distressed and fearing for his wife's life, George decided he would try and get to Buntzen Lake where there was a logging camp doctor in residence, even though the distance to the lake was quite considerable.

A long, arduous row down Indian Arm was followed by a hike inland from Buntzen Bay toward the lake. In near pitch darkness George stumbled on. Suddenly he was helped by the appearance of the Northern Lights briefly lighting up the sky as though in answer to his fervent prayer to guide his way. But his journey was all to no avail as the camp doctor had left for a few days in town. George did, however, manage to telephone Meg's Vancouver doctor who promised to leave for the Inn with his nurse at daybreak.

When George returned to Meg's bedside many long hours later, he discovered her labour had ceased and she had lapsed into a coma. He placed a mirror to her lips, not even sure she was alive, but to his relief discovered she was still breathing. On his knees he begged her not to die, praying for guidance as to what he should do next.

Thinking to hurry the doctor's arrival by waiting down by the wharf, he rushed out into the cold, grey dawn. A heavy fog hung over the water in patches. Suddenly he heard the sound of splashing water and saw, coming slowly through the mist, a solitary canoe manned by a wrinkled old Indian woman. George frantically called for help and the woman came nearer to the wharf, probably thinking George wanted to buy her fish.

She was dressed in soiled navy pants and a heavy sweater, with a red bandanna on her head and a pair of gold hoops through her ears. Her gum boots were muddy and she smelled strongly of fish but to George she was the most beautiful person he had ever seen. He was convinced that this apparition from the mist would be Meg's saving grace.

He helped her out of the boat and, although she spoke no English, persuaded her in sign language to come with him to the Inn to help his wife. Once inside, he led her to a washbasin, insisting that she wash her hands, as well as the fish knife she proposed using on her patient. After that, the Indian woman took charge by ushering him out of the room.

No one ever knew exactly what happened next. Against all medical odds, however, this mystery woman managed to save Meg's life and deliver her baby safely. Two hours later, the baby's cry was music to George's ears.

Meg herself had no memory of the previous night and her long ordeal, but she felt inwardly that she had been saved from death's door by this miracle woman. A woman who, according to the doctor who later attended Meg, had achieved far more than any of the available medical knowledge in Vancouver at that time would have done.

Meg squeezed the Indian woman's hand in silent understanding. Then, in the general confusion and excitement of the moment, no one noticed that she had quietly slipped away. Next morning, she reappeared at the door with a handmade papoose basket for Meg's baby and, in return, she accepted the food and money that George insisted that she take. Then once more she went on her way, never to be seen again. George and Meg named their daughter Marguerite.

"That baby was me," grinned eighty-year-old Marguerite at the end of her story. "It was a miracle birth, wasn't it?"

It was indeed, but in many ways it was just the prelude to a rather miraculous life. Marguerite's courage, like that of her mother, has been brought to the fore many times during her life.

Just prior to her own marriage sixty-two years ago, she was diagnosed as having bone cancer in her right foot. She fought the cancer and beat it. Her only daughter was born with an eye problem needing much medical attention through the years. Medical expenses were exorbitant and took Marguerite and her husband ten years to pay off. During the Depression years this was especially difficult for them.

During World War Two, Marguerite, far ahead of her time, took a job as a truck driver to help out with expenses, in addition to looking after her home, her husband and daughter, and two other young children.

So life has not always been easy for the Wests. And Marguerite would perhaps parallel her life in many ways with that of the Wigwam Inn itself. When World War One started in 1914, the Inn was forced to close down because of its predominantly German theme. It opened again in the twenties with a new owner and a new elegance.

During the Depression it became a day lodge serving lunches only and selling Indian crafts. It was modernized again

in the fifties and operated as a gambling casino in the sixties until a dawn raid by the RCMP brought those activities to an abrupt end. The Inn was even used for movie locations on occasion.

Eventually, with a general downtrend in business, the Inn fell into disrepair and lay vacant for a number of years. During that time it was pitifully vandalized. Many of its prize possessions were destroyed. The guest book was found floating in the water and only a few pages were able to be saved.

In the seventies, the Inn was bought by Arjay Developments Ltd., who rejuvenated it somewhat, and later Western Pacific Resorts Inc. as the new owners also spent a great deal of money to turn the Inn back into the ultimate retreat it once was.

Today the Wigwam Inn is owned by the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club but is only used by them for special events. There are still no telephones, although there is now radio communication with the outside world.

As for the papoose basket, Marguerite told me it was discovered years later in the attic of the old Dayton home and was presented by George's sister to the Kamloops Museum, where it now forms part of their Native Indian display.

"I returned to the Inn myself in 1982," Marguerite said. "It was about two years after the grand re-opening. I felt that before I died I needed to see the place my parents had told me so much about."

Her emotions were strong as she wandered around the Inn thinking about the story of her birth. Later she slipped away on her own to wander the trails.

"I tried to imagine the exact spot where my mother might have fallen and struck her head. Then I wandered down by the water and pictured in my mind's eye that old Indian woman with the magical powers coming out of the mist. I wanted to experience the relief my father must have felt at that moment in time.

" ... I was finally about to say a silent prayer of thanks for the miracle at Indian Arm which gave me life ... "

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Valerie Green is a freelance journalist in Victoria and author of two books on prominent residents in our capital city.

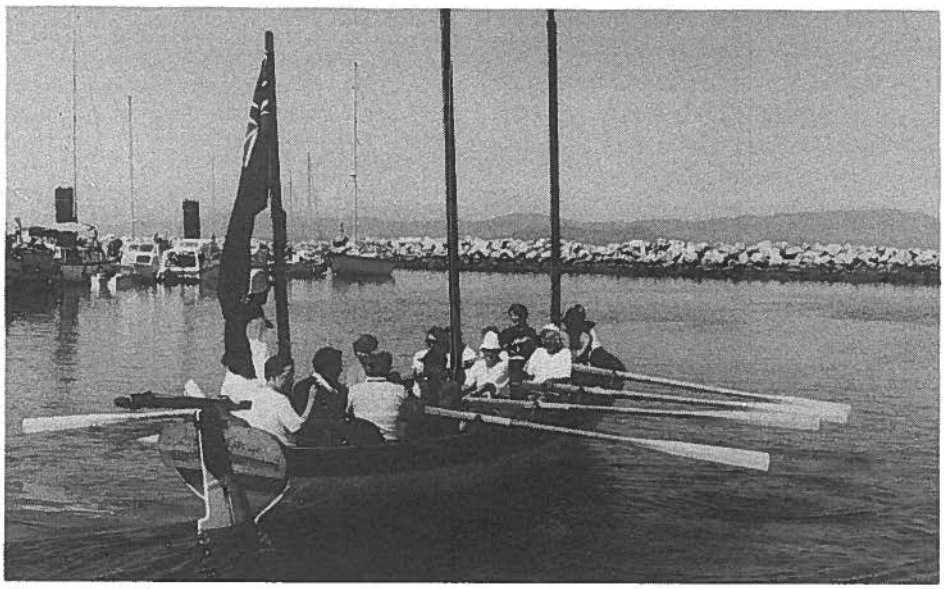
Marguerite (Dayton) West, taken on her 50th wedding anniversary, December 1990.

After the Reenactments

We celebrated the bicentennial of the exploration of our Pacific coast in 1992, and followed Lakehead University students paddling their way to the Arctic Ocean, then arranging to appear at Mackenzie Rock near Bella Coola on July 22, 1993. We wish we could report that the sun shone on all ventures and that students and citizens benefitted immensely.

The Wake of the Explorers (International Maritime Bicentennial Reenactment Expedition 1992) perhaps should have been named "Against the Tide." This project ran into both political and real currents which made for difficult progress at the outset. Unfortunate references to the Columbus Voyage, commemorating its 500th anniversary this same year, threatened to tar all explorers with the same brush ... and doubtless moved Premier Michael Harcourt to set a "politically correct" tone for the local bicentennial by announcing: "There is no reason why British Columbia should be celebrating the arrival of George Vancouver." This, despite the fact that his

Captain Galiano's "lancha" in foreground, Captain Vancouver's yawl in rear in Desolation Sound, July 1992.



A "community weekend" at French Creek Harbour in August 1992: "pulling an oar with Captain Vancouver."

government was helping to sponsor the expedition, as well as numerous museum exhibitions and special projects.

Captain Vancouver Day, June 13, 1992, was wet but well attended. Within the first two weeks approximately 1,000 persons had stepped into the boats, learning to pull together in waters close to Vancouver. Over the following five weeks the longboat crews threaded the upcoast channels with a perseverance and fascination worthy of early seamen, handling twelve-foot oars and lugsails as if they were familiar tools. Pulling in unison for hours on end, however, gave a special relish to supper ashore and made even a bed on a stony beach seem soft. (Longboat crews sleep well.) It wasn't all rowing. Long hours of making sail on a close reach or with the wind astern often gave crews a chance to relax.

Over twenty community visits during the fourteen-week expedition brought the fleet into the local limelight. The smaller the community, the bigger the response. In August the boats were trailered to Gold River to permit a voyage down the west coast of Vancouver Island. A spectacular entry into Friendly Cove was climaxed by a day of feasting, speeches and dancing. Public receptions here and elsewhere set an example of mutual respect between cultures. Native chiefs were honoured and spoke eloquently of the joint inheritance which calls us to face our common future together. The Wake of the Explorer longboats headed the parade opening the Classic Boat Festival in Victoria's Inner Harbour ... with staff members from the ministry of government services occupying the captain's seat. It was an epic journey directly involving 5,000 people from every waterfront community in southern British Columbia and the states of Washington and Oregon.

Five years of study, planning and building by volunteers went into the preparation of the boats representing British and Spanish yawls, cutters and jolly boats. The twenty boats will serve for many years. The eleven boats here in British Columbia are being used for school and community outdoor education programs in Victoria, Cowichan Bay, Saturna Island, Sooke, Esquimalt and Galiano Island. The Washington State boats are being used by the Sea Scouts, Outward Bound and a CYO camp. Those in Oregon are displayed and used by the Maritime Museum in Astoria and the Oregon Historical Society in Portland.

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This information was supplied by Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Foster of Galiano Island. Greg was one of the boat builders and the executive director of the Discovery Reenactment Society.

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The Route of the Voyageurs, 8,500 kilometres from Quebec City to Bella Coola, was completed. They stood on Mackenzie Rock. The twenty-four Lakehead University students and their leaders were forced to abandon the climactic two-week 347-kilometre walk along the Grease Trail. The disappointment incurred by the blocked trail was assuaged by the welcoming ceremonies held in Sir Alexander Mackenzie Secondary School in Bella Coola. The Nuxalk hereditary chiefs and their families extended personal hospitality to the young adventurers. Nonetheless, the students camped overnight on The Rock prior to the official celebrations.

On the cloudy, drizzly July 22, crowds assembled in a flotilla of private and official vessels supported by *HMCS Mackenzie*, a 300-foot destroyer. The official Nuxalk party, in ceremonial robes, were ferried to the beach and trail to file to their benches below the monument. The voyageur canoes threaded through the fleet, landed, and twenty-five costumed travellers filed onto the slippery rock where they faced the aboriginal leaders. Chief Andy Siwallace wove a ceremonial feather into the hair of Dwayne Smith from Newfoundland (who acted as Alexander Mackenzie). "You are a welcome sight," he said. "You followed in Mackenzie's footsteps from beginning to end, and we are proud of you. While you are here you will be living in peace with us." Other statesmanlike greetings followed. The young visitors, who had travelled Canada from sea to sea, led in the singing of "O Canada" and heard it echo back over the water.

Lakehead University students, dressed in period costume, at the Alexander Mackenzie monument in Bella Coola.

Nuxalk hereditary chiefs and families from Bella Coola, arrival on the beach.

The students went from Bella Coola to Fort Langley, the Vancouver Maritime Museum, and six different communities in the Okanagan to present a program which had been shared with many groups along their route. They presented a show at the Canada Summer Games in Kamloops. They are now back in classes at Thunder Bay or starting their chosen careers. At least two excellent videos have been prepared. (Details on how to buy or borrow a video will appear in a future issue.)

Meanwhile, communities along the water route taken by Alexander Mackenzie have been alerted to their history and promise to highlight this in future. The chambers of commerce in Peace River, Fort McMurray and Fort Vermilion will keep in touch with The Alexander Mackenzie Trail Association to promote themselves as places on the Sea-to-Sea Route.

Meanwhile, in Jacques Cartier Provincial Park near Quebec City, a group of French-Canadian voyageur canoeists and historians met at noon on July 22 to commemorate the "first crossing." Six French-Canadian crewmen acccompanied Mackenzie in 1793. Two direct descendants of crew members were present for this observation of the bicentennial.

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Information and pictures courtesy of John Woodworth of Kelowna, secretary for the AMTA and director for eighteen years.

Photos from the Summer 1993 issue of The Alexander Mackenzie Trail Association newsletter:

The water closes swiftly around the ship's keel, and she leaves no track upon the sea; even the fretful wash and wake vanish astern as a skein of froth in a few brief seconds. Yet every craft which passes leaves some trace in memory, and every passage and channel is forever haunted, however faintly, by the ships and seamen who have sailed them through the centuries.

– Author Unknown

Hereditary Chief Andy Siwallace.

Hereditary Chief Arthur Hans.

The Kwakiutl: A West Coast Nation

by Leonard W. Meyers

Today we hear a great deal about Indian land claims and Indian affairs. The early Kwakiutl (recently renamed the Kwakwaka'wakw) Indians of B.C. occupied a large area of mainland British Columbia. This virgin land was unsurveyed, unregistered and undefiled before the coming of the white man.

This large area of the northwest coast, roughly from Bute Inlet on the south to Douglas Channel on the north, including the northeastern portion of Vancouver Island from Johnstone Strait to Quatsino Sound, was the undisputed habitat of the Kwakiutl. Part of the Kwakiutl domain, especially the portion in the vicinity of Dean and Burke Channels and Coast Range mountain valleys, was partially inhabited by a tribe of Salish people known as the Bella Coola Indians, while the offshore islands were considered part of the Kwakiutl territory and generally remained free of alien Indian occupation.

Personal property in the strict sense did not include real estate or land and was largely limited to clothing, abalone shells, potlatch supplies and primitive tools, as well as weapons, canoes and other articles necessary for carrying out his daily duties or pursuing his vocation. Kwakiutl women similarly owned their own wardrobes, ornaments and such items as woven baskets, boxes and other utensils required to maintain her household. But no real estate accrued to her. Even her home and the names connected with it were common or family property.

One of the most prized possessions of the Kwakiutl was copper. This soft metal was often hammered and fashioned into tribal or family plaques or crests which were then handed down from generation to generation and greatly prized. The crests, privileges and the names of the ancestor were owned at any given time by the male head of the family.

Most of the copper, some in rolled sheets, came from early American and European traders given in exchange for furs. During potlatches and other ceremonial occasions, these plaques were displayed as marks of wealth and honour and, at times, depicted the tribal affiliation. Pearl buttons were also greatly prized by West Coast Indians such as the Kwakiutl. It is believed that most of these came from early Russian traders seeking valuable otter skins.

The Kwakiutl had an innate appreciation for beauty and embellishment and used pearl buttons to outline the crests on their blankets. A chief's standing in his tribe was denoted by the crests he was authorized to wear. Additional crests were obtained through marriage. A chief might marry a number of times in order to obtain more crests and thereby enhance his and his tribe's prestige and influence.

Other privileges the Kwakiutl inherited through marriage included the right to perform certain dances, to sing songs, many of which they composed themselves, and to have ceremonial names conferred upon them, a native formality for members in secret societies such as the Hamatsa, Grizzly Bear, Cannibal, Crazy Man, The Warrior, etc.

Kwakiutl Indian ceremonial dances were preoccupied with things supernatural and, indeed, the mysteries of life itself. They found significance and meaning in the most mundane things. For their aboriginal dances they wore handsomely carved masks with painted representations of various creatures familiar to them. Cedar bark dyed with the sap of the alder held certain significance and was traditionally worn with the masks. Even the blankets worn during the dances were embellished with gleaming pearl buttons which delineated the owner's or the chief's tribal crest. Loud singing, sticks beating on boards, rattles and whistles of many kinds accompanied the dances, and each was an integral part of the particular dance. When the dancing began, all the dancers emerged from behind a large ceremonial curtain or screen. This custom was steeped in the supernatural. No one was permitted behind its mysterious precincts without permission from the chiefs or nobles. Each dancer had to make a right turn before going behind the curtain. Should the dancer inadvertently turn left, disaster could befall him and something would have to be done to ward off anticipated evil.

"We do not hug each when we dance, as white people do," claimed an elderly chief years ago. "Ours always dance alone."

Many creatures and animals of the wilds were represented in their dance rituals. There was the ever-present salmon, the mysterious raven, the crab, grouse, the spirit of the woods, the canoe dance, the warrior dance and many others. They even had dances representing small birds that were supposed to ripen the berries. The raven mask, the Kwakiutl believed came from above, signifying a spirit from the heavens (with a very long beak carved of cedar). The spirit of the underworld traditionally was danced in a crawling position, presumably denoting its lowly stature in the spirit world.

Physically the Kwakiutl Indians resembled the general coastal Indian tribes. They had heavy, powerful bodies with less developed legs. They had broad faces with high prominent cheekbones, brown eyes and straight black hair with very little on the face and body. They had somewhat high and relatively narrow noses which could be quite prominent and frequently hooked.

Not all Kwakiutl men were muscular and short in stature. The late Chief William Assu of the Cape Mudge community was a fine, grand old man when was he was eighty. He didn't look his age. He was six feet, two inches tall and erect of figure with heavy dark hair and flashing dark eyes. During his lifetime, as did other chiefs, he witnessed a dramatic change from the traditional aboriginal life and adapted to more modern times, for better or for worse.

Kwakiutl body covering or clothing was rather scanty. Ordinary folks wore aprons and blankets made of deer hide. The elders and chiefs supplemented these with fur robes. Certain items of clothing were woven from cedar bark, but these were largely worn as protection from the weather, or as padding when carrying

heavily laden baskets. Others were woven of mountain goat wool. Even though the Kwakiutl developed considerable skill in textile weaving, they failed to make use of this craft in the manufacture of everyday clothing.

In the summer clothing consisted, in the main, of deer skin loin cloths for both males and females. Blankets and rain capes were woven of yellow cedar bark into which goat wool, feathers, dog hairs, etc. had been twisted and used to provide additional warmth in the cold winter weather. Kwakiutl men wore fur headbands to keep their hair from falling over their eyes, while hats woven from cedar bark or spruce roots were worn in inclement weather. These were beautifully woven and some may have been acquired from the Haida and the Tlingit tribes who were masters of this intricate craft.

Kwakiutl houses were of a square configuration. The home of a noble family might be sixty feet long, with the average house some forty feet. The basic framework consisted of six vertical logs up to two feet in diameter set in pairs down the middle of the house with cross members of equally large logs. On top of these three arches, one or two longitudinal large logs were laid to support the rafters and a shallow gable roof.

The outer framework consisted of vertical logs some ten inches in diameter and topped with longitudinal poles running the full length of the house. The sides, or walls, were constructed of split cedar planks approximately four inches thick and set in a vertical position with the bottom ends imbedded into the soil, and the upper ends lashed to the horizontal beams with spruce roots. The roof planks were made of split cedar about two inches thick. These were laid in the manner of Chinese tiles, with the upper layer covering each joint in the lower series and forming a rainproof roof.

A door about four feet wide and seven feet high was provided in the middle of the front wall. This was formed by two standing posts and an upper crosspiece. The house was windowless, but poles were provided with which to slide a roof-board open and closed to allow the smoke to escape. A house similar to this would be occupied by three or four families, each of which would have its own corner with its own fireplace flanked by one or more settees large enough to accommodate the entire family. Family quarters were screened from the rest of the house by a framework of light poles on which mats, blankets and clothing were hung.

Like whites, the Kwakiutl Indians ate three meals a day — but no cereals, bacon and eggs, toast and coffee. Their breakfast generally consisted of fish served with berries and roots. Lunch, like ours, was usually a light meal and taken in the afternoon. Dinner was the biggest meal of the day, served when the men came home from their daily chores. There was generally a good selection of food available for the Kwakiutl, especially seafood such as clams, mussels, seals and sea lions. The waters of the coast were filled with halibut, cod and salmon. In the forests there were deer, elk, beaver, mink, otter, etc. There was also an abundance of ferns and shrubs yielding a good supply of berries and roots. The Kwakiutl seldom went hungry.

At mealtime, they had no tables or chairs; the men sat cross-legged and the women squatted. The food was served in a wooden bowl or in dishes placed on the ground. As a rule, the women did not eat until the men had been adequately looked after. This spartan meal ritual existed before the coming of the white man. Thereafter, the white arrivals taught the Indians their ways and their culture, along with European utensils, dishes, food production like gardening, food preservation and preparation. They introduced tools, firearms, liquor and disease to the aborigines. At the same time they also brought medicine, education, carpentry, agriculture and religion.

The Kwakiutl had many illustrious chiefs in years gone by. They were men of intelligence, understanding, compassion and, at times, they could be ruthless when their possessions, way of life, territorial integrity, culture, and their very existence was threatened, either by other hostile tribes or by the arrival of the white man. They were the Kwakiutl "wise men" of generations ago, but to their tribal heirs their memory, noble deeds and heritage lives on.

Chief Herbert Johnson of Simoon Sound was one of these men. Speaking of the potlatch, Chief Johnson was quoted as saying: "A chief likes to do it, and had done it lots of times ... Don't want to keep all the money he earns. He wants everybody to have it ... "

That is how the old chiefs felt. They thought it was good. "When a chief gives away everything he has," they believed, "he never thinks he is poor. He will always have enough." And he generally does.

Kwakiutl parents taught their children not to spend their money foolishly. They were told to keep it till they had saved enough, then to give it to other people (in need). And they will see you as a good man.

Another venerable and highly respected chief was William Assu of Cape Mudge. When Billy Assu was a baby, his father gave a potlatch and christened him "Ya-kin-ak-was" which meant "give a guest a blanket." This, of course, was not the last of the chief's potlatches. The late Chief Assu estimated that during his lifetime he gave several hundred potlatches. The largest one of all was the time he invited sixteen tribes, numbering some 3,000 people. He hosted them for three weeks. Chief Assu's house was three hundred feet long, one hundred feet wide and fifty feet high. Even then, it was bursting at the seams with food, refreshments and various gifts to be given away. This mammoth potlatch (one of the largest ever in B.C.) took place some one hundred years ago, before potlatches were outlawed by the federal government on the grounds that they impoverished the host Indians.

Chief William Assu stood by the water's edge at Cape Mudge and watched his people load their cherished wooden masks, rattles, whistles, woven boxes and hats, wooden belts worn by dancers, assorted head dresses, and piles of other ceremonial regalia, including finely woven blankets, etc., onto a large scow. A federal Indian agent offered the Indians a choice: hand over the artifacts or face jail sentences for participating in illegal gift-giving ceremonies called potlatches.

The potlatch ban lasted from 1884 to 1951, with repercussions still being felt. The government's rationale for the potlatch ban in 1884 was that they encouraged debauchery and caused the Indians to fritter away their resources, and "generally made themselves unfit for British subjects in the proper sense of the word," the Indian agent wrote in his 1925 report to Indian Affairs in Ottawa.

Thirty-four leaders from several

communities were convicted of violating the anti-potlatch law. Before sentencing they were told they could avoid jail sentences if they handed over all their potlatch paraphernalia in their communities. Families from three villages — including Cape Mudge — decided to forfeit the items, but others refused and more than twenty leaders went to jail.

Once in Ottawa, some of the native artifacts were placed in national museums, while other smaller collections were sold to foreign museums, mainly in the United States. Today some of these museums are considering their collections of B.C. Indian artifacts and regalia, some of questionable acquisition, with a view to returning certain of the items not directly purchased from the Indians to their rightful aboriginal owners.

Most of the artifacts confiscated by the Indian agent were sent to Ottawa. Others were loaned temporarily to the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto. In the early 1980s, the federal government saw fit to return all the artifacts and regalia to the West Coast tribes from whom they were seized.

Kwakiutl Chief William Scow in his native ceremonial robes and regalia which he wore at the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II in Westminster Abbey, London, England.
Photo courtesy of British Columbia Archives and Records Service #HP 95791

Chief William Assu was a hard worker. He provided for each of his sons. He built homes for them and provided them with sleek, sturdy boats. Chief Billy Assu belonged to the eagle clan. His mother was an "eagle" and his father a "wolf." Among Assu's clan the matriarchal system still prevailed, and a son always took his mother's crest.

One of the more illustrious Kwakiutl chiefs of the modern age was Chief William Scow of Gilford Island. As a well-known and highly respected chief from British Columbia, he was invited to attend the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II to represent the Indians of Canada at Westminster Abbey in London. Resplendent in his chief's robes and rich native regalia, Chief Scow was an imposing figure among the congregation of dignitaries, many in their distinctive costumes, from around the world. He represented Canadian Indians with dignity, colour and authority and received accolades and recognition from many quarters. Later, back in British Columbia, he wore the same colourful chief's robes when he made the Hon. Lyle Wicks, minister of labour and minister of railways, an honorary chief of the Kwakiutl Indian Nation at Harrison Lake.

The Kwakiutl Indians, like the Haida, were expert dugout canoe builders. Long before the arrival of the white man, large seaworthy dugout canoes were being constructed and in constant use by B.C.'s coastal Indians.

A large cedar tree would be felled by means of fire and stone chisels. The large log was then placed so that the desired side intended for the canoe's hull lay below. The surplus part of the log was then removed by means of stone wedges and the skilful use of the adze, and the hollowing out of the log was carried out with controlled burning and eye-experienced adze and chisel work. The hollowing of the interior of the canoe of necessity had to be carried out by eye as no engineering instruments or metal tools were available to the Indians before the arrival of the first explorers and traders.

The most critical time of all was when the sides of the hollowed canoe had to be spread. For this delicate operation the canoe was partly filled with water brought to a boil by means of hot stones. Bark and

Kwakiutl Indian village at Alert Bay, British Columbia, circa 1907.
Photo courtesy of British Columbia Archives and Records Service #HP 20236

skin mats were laid over the canoe to confine the steam. When the wood became soft and pliable enough, thwarts were forced between the gunwales to spread the sides and give the canoe the required beam.

Next came the hardening of the outside shell. In some cases this was done by fire, in other instances by applying paint comprising a mixture of oil and ground charcoal. The boiling water in the hollowed-out canoe also enabled them to curve the prow into a sleek and imposing figurehead containing intricately carved and painted tribal crests.

"The Wiwekae," once said the late Chief William Assu of the Cape Mudge Band of the Kwakiutl Nation, "had the finest war canoes; their bottoms smoothed and polished like still water. Only the strongest men were trained as canoemen, and they had their own distinctive paddle beat that enabled them to drive the canoe all night without rest ... "

Decades ago it took months to carve and paint a huge totem pole, and the only tools available were stone axes, hammers and mauls made of igneous rock, wedges, and chisels made of stone or slate. One skilled carver would be in charge of the project with several helpers.

After the arrival of the white man, poles were fashioned much more efficiently and expertly with white man's tools. Paints used on the poles were traditionally derived from coloured natural minerals and oxides mixed with fish oil. These paints were, on occasion, exchanged with other tribes. They also had finer paints which were applied to the face for ceremonial dancing and for warfare.

Totem poles were generally carved out of doors in summer and under cover in winter. Most were carved out of red cedar logs. The carving of ceremonial masks, however, was a different matter. These belonged to a higher category and had to be kept secret.

One of the popular crests on a chief's pole was the whale. This indicated that the owner was a personage of high standing. No other tribe, it was believed, could harm him because of the immense strength of the great sea mammal. At the top of the pole was the legendary bird "Hah-hak" which was reputed to have been the daughter of the great raven, the "Creator of the World."

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Leonard Meyers is a long-time Vancouver resident and researcher. The material for this article was obtained at the Royal British Columbia Museum and from the writing of Mildred Valley Thornton.

The Kwakiutl and other coastal tribes carved huge sleek dugout canoes from massive cedar trees. Photo courtesy of B.C. Archives and Records Service

Kwakiutl masked dancers performing around the turn of the century.
Photo courtesy of B.C. Archives and Records Service #74499

Kwakiutl house posts in front of the chief's house, Alert Bay, B.C., 1907. Photo courtesy of British Columbia Archives and Records Service #20238

Two Pioneer Women

by Zara Mitchell

Esther McKinney Crawford and her daughter Isabella Crawford Magee were two pioneer women in Upper Canada and in British Columbia in the nineteenth century. I am their great, great, great granddaughter and great, great granddaughter, respectively, through my maternal line. Their way of life was similar to that of many other frontier wives and mothers and they experienced many of the same hardships other women did, both in Canada and the United States. Their lives are significant because they were among the early settlers in both Upper Canada and British Columbia and it is in this way that they actively contributed to the social world around them.

Esther McKinney Crawford was born in 1802 in Northern Ireland. She and her family immigrated to Upper Canada when she was a young girl — probably about eight or ten years old. She met and married George Crawford in 1822 at the age of twenty in Halton County, Upper Canada. Halton County is located near what today is the city of Toronto, Ontario. George, nine years her senior, had recently emigrated from County Antrim, Northern Ireland, with his mother and eight sisters. Both he and Esther's father preempted land to farm in Halton County among other pioneers, many from the same part of Northern Ireland. At the time it was common for whole clans or villages to emigrate and then to settle near one another in the New World. After their marriage, Esther and George settled in a small log house and began to farm one hundred and fifty acres of land. At this time they also started their family.

There were several reasons to move to the New World at this time. One reason the families came to Upper Canada was because of the War of 1812 between the United States and British settlers in Upper Canada. The British government wanted settlers who were loyal to the British government in the southern part of what is now Ontario. The government of Britain also encouraged emigration for two reasons. One, to relieve the population pressure in Europe at this time and, two, to prevent the takeover of land by the United States. For a deposit of approximately £16 , men of "good character" could acquire transportation, a few supplies, and land in Upper Canada. Because of this opportunity, many people, including George Crawford and Esther McKinney's family, took advantage of the chance to start a new life in a new country, far removed from the poverty and overcrowding of the Old Country.

In the early nineteenth century, especially on the frontiers, everything the family used had to be made by the family as stores were few and far between, usually located a day's ride (on horseback) or more away. "The average farm household had to be largely self-contained, both in the field and in the house."[Daumont, 82] Everything from the clothes the family wore to the house they lived in was made by them. The manufacture of all these goods was often a lengthy, time-consuming process. For example, wool for clothing first had to be shorn from the sheep, then carded, then spun into yarn. After that, if it was desired to dye the cloth, roots, plants and flowers to make the dye had to be gathered. Finally, the yarn was dyed and then woven into cloth. It was only after this time-consuming process that the farm wife was ready to begin making clothes and also bed linens, woollen blankets and sometimes rugs to cover the floor, as it was often only dirt or rough boards. This process, in addition to her other duties both inside and outside the house, such as cooking, cleaning, sewing and gardening, took up most of her time.

Although the management of the farm was done mainly by the farmer's family, there was also a lot of cooperation among members of the surrounding communities when a house or barn had to be built. These gatherings became known as "bees." One early pioneer woman describes a bee as "those friendly meetings of neighbours who assemble at your summons to raise the walls of your house, shanty or barn."[Traill, 53] Bees were an effort to help another pioneer get a start in the New World but they were also a time to socialize. After the work was done people sat around and ate, drank and danced. For the young people of the community it was a time to get to know one another and for the children it was a time to play together. For all members of the community it was a time to work hard and to relax and socialize as well. This was one of the few times for everyone to interact together and to forget the hardships of life on the frontier. Strachan says in his book *A Visit to Upper Canada in 1819* about the bees: "His neighbours assisted him in building a log house and he married the daughter of one of them."[56] This was probably the case in the marriage of Esther McKinney and George Crawford and also in the marriage of their daughter Isabella Crawford to Hugh Magee almost thirty years later, in 1850.

In Upper Canada, as in other frontier areas, marriage and reproduction were essential to the survival of the family. "The productive work of girls was vital to the rural family economy in the mid-century."[Light, 26] Girls were often married at a young age and had numerous children. Esther McKinney was married at the age of twenty and had her first child, a girl, in 1822. Over a period of about eighteen years she gave birth to thirteen children, seven girls and six boys. Only two girls died at birth; the other eleven children, including one set of twin boys, survived into adulthood. In a time where survival for adults was often difficult, raising eleven children through the perils of childhood was no small task. "The death of young mothers in childbirth was a tragically common occurrence in the late eighteenth/early nineteenth centuries. So, too, was the death of newborn infants."[Light, 133] Esther's life from age twenty on was a cycle of childbearing and raising children, in addition to cooking, cleaning and manufacturing items for daily use. Esther had been taught how to run a household by her mother and over time she passed this knowledge on to her daughters as well.

Esther McKinney and her family were

farmers. They owned a one-hundred-and-fifty-acre farm and grew a variety of things. The grains grown in Upper Canada during the early nineteenth century included Indian corn, oats, buckwheat, rye and barley. In addition to those, other common crops included potatoes, peas and beans. Most farms had smaller gardens, as well as some orchards with apple, cherry and often peach trees. It is likely that Esther and George Crawford also possessed these things on their farm. Most of the farmers in Upper Canada at this time sold only what they could not consume. With a family of thirteen, most of what was produced was probably cooked or baked or preserved for the winter by Esther and one or more of her daughters.

In the United States during the 1820s and 1830s a new type of family emerged. This change occurred in Canada as well, usually in urban as opposed to rural areas though. Still, the ideas about the importance of domesticity and the Cult of True Womanhood would have affected Esther's life somewhat. *Godey's Ladies Book*, a manual for the middle class housewife, was published and widely read both in the urban and rural areas of Upper Canada. In addition to these movements that directly affected women's roles, the religious revivals sweeping through the United States also occurred in Upper Canada. These movements must have had an impact on Esther's life as well as the lives of her children as many family stories still emphasize the importance of religion. Religion played an important part in pioneers' lives before the revivals and continued, probably with even greater importance, after.

The church meetings were an important aspect for socialization, for entertainment, and for expressing one's belief and faith in God. Although these church meetings did not take the place of the bees, they did become another important facet of pioneer life. With these revivals came the temperance movement which did change the way people would relax after the bees, which had formerly been characterized by heavy drinking by men and some indulgence by women. These movements altered the social way of life for women and men living in both rural and urban areas.

Esther and George Crawford were listed in the Canadian census of 1861. At this time they were living in a one-storey frame house on three-quarters of an acre. Among their assets was a cow valued at $20. The entire estate was listed as worth $350. Previous to this census, on January 16, 1854, the Crawford farm was transferred to Esther and George's son, James. The conditions of this transfer included a mortgage of £75 and a yearly annuity for George and Esther of £37. Soon after the census of 1861 Esther and George went to live with their daughter Phoebe and her husband and five children in Peel County, just north of what is now Brampton, Ontario, a suburb of Toronto. During her life, with the assistance of her husband George, Esther raised eleven children, who in turn raised more than seventy grandchildren. After their deaths sometime in the late 1860s, their memory lived on, as did stories of farming in the old days. Esther and George's children may have scattered across Canada but they passed on to future generations the values, beliefs and the strong Irish heritage that had been given to them by their parents. Social patterns were continuing.

Esther's daughter Isabella Crawford was born in Halton County in 1833, the tenth child in a family of eleven. Isabella was taught how to run a house and how to farm, knowledge that would be useful to her later in life. As a child she performed many of the tasks her mother had performed as a child, including spinning, chores in the garden as well as chores around the house. As children grew older they were given tasks with more responsibility.

When she was about sixteen or seventeen, Isabella attended a bee and there she met an Irishman ten years her senior named Hugh Magee. Magee had just emigrated from County Antrim — where Isabella's relatives were from — to Halton County in southern Ontario. Soon after first meeting, Isabella Crawford and Hugh Magee were married; the year was 1850 and Isabella was only seventeen years of age. Within two years of their marriage, Isabella and Hugh had their first child, Eliza Jane. In 1854 and 1856 and in 1858 three sons followed.

During the first years of their marriage the Magees had begun farming not too far from Isabella's parents. No doubt they had a small log house and a couple of hundred acres of land. As many other young couples, especially in the eastern parts of the United States, could not find large tracts of land to farm anywhere but out west, Isabella and Hugh were lucky to have the land that they did. The location of their farm probably helped make the transition from the role of daughter to the one of wife that much easier for Isabella as she still had family nearby to turn to for help when questions or problems arose. Many young American women during the nineteenth century were not so lucky. Often they were forced to migrate to urban areas to support themselves because, unlike Isabella and Hugh, land was simply not available.

Around 1858 the Magees gave up farming in Halton County and decided, like many other young people, to try their luck in the west. They packed their personal belongings and moved south to Boston, Massachusetts, for a year to arrange for transportation to western Canada. To get from Boston to California, the Magees took a ship to Panama — a trip close to one thousand miles — and from there they journeyed by train over the Isthmus of Panama. Their journey was not yet complete as they still had to travel again by boat to San Francisco. Upon arrival there it was discovered that the majority of their personal belongings had been stolen en route. After arriving in San Francisco, the Magee family again boarded a boat and sailed to Vancouver Island and from there on to New Westminster, British Columbia. This long journey took almost a year to complete because the railroad did not yet run to western Canada. In the United States many people had started the journey west in covered wagons only a few years earlier. It must have been difficult to travel so far from family and friends to an unknown place, especially with four children under the age of ten! But it was not uncommon as there are many stories of courageous women, both in the United States and Canada, making a life for themselves and their families on land that was far removed from "civilization."

In British Columbia, Hugh Magee preempted land in the district of New Westminster in the early 1860s and he and Isabella attempted to farm there for almost a year. They soon found that the land was too much of a bog to farm and they were forced to look elsewhere. In 1867 Hugh Magee again preempted land, this time near the mouth of the Fraser River, five miles to the west. At this time the Magees purchased one hundred and ninety-one acres for the sum of $1 an

acre. A Crown grant in the year of 1889 finally conveyed ownership of this property to the Magees (after they had been working on it for over twenty-five years). A copy of this can still be found on record in New Westminster at the District of Land Registry for British Columbia.

After moving across the country Isabella would finally settle in one place and continue the task of raising her ever-expanding family. In 1861 another son, James Douglas, was born to the Magees. Isabella was now twenty-eight and the mother of five children. Between 1861 and 1868 Isabella gave birth to three daughters. One, and possibly two, died at birth. In 1868, according to family legend, Mary Caroline Magee was born in a canoe on the Fraser River, somewhere between New Westminster and the Magee family farm. The Magee family was rapidly expanding.

It has been said that in "the predominantly agricultural, hunting and fishing communities the wife's reproductive and productive roles, with their sorrows and rewards, were the basic sources of her identity and gave definition to her daily life."[Light, 134] This statement can definitely be applied to Isabella Magee's life. In the 1860s western Canada was still very much a frontier place with many men looking for gold and few women to provide stability to the community. The Magee family was one of the first families to settle and begin to farm in the southern part of British Columbia, thus Isabella faced many of the problems that her mother had thirty years earlier. Light says in *Pioneer and Gentlewomen of British North America* that "the arrival of white women quickly altered the class and racial structure of western British North America both on the plains and on the coast."[3] This is just one example of the social change that happened both in the United States and Canada every time a new area was settled by families as opposed to just men.

The migration west occurred simultaneously in both the United States and in Canada in the mid-nineteenth century. It signalled the desire of people to own more land and to make a new beginning. "The land hunger that lured migrants to unpopulated regions was hardly new, but it now swept them over longer distances."[Woloch, 256] This hunger happened to many people. As the populations grew, land became more scarce and the sons and daughters of farmers had to look elsewhere to make a living. For some girls this meant migrating to the cities to get work as domestics or in factories. For others it meant moving halfway across the country by covered wagon to start again. A Canadian census done in 1871 lists British Columbia as having a population of 10,586.[Macoun, 101] By 1881 the population had mushroomed to 49,459. Of this number, 10,439 were families and 31,797 were children or unmarried adults. It is also interesting that along with the results of these censuses, Macoun lists the numbers of Irish immigrants in British Columbia during the 1860s as 3,172. Isabella and her husband Hugh and their children were no doubt among these numbers.

From the early 1860s until her death in 1899, Isabella and Hugh farmed their land and raised thirteen children in all. She gave birth to fifteen children at intervals of approximately two years from the time she was nineteen until she was about forty-seven. She was pregnant or with an infant for more than thirty years of her adult life. Of these fifteen children, only two died at birth or during their childhood. One reason for the survival of the children could have been the increased practice of smallpox vaccinations that became available in the 1860s in British Columbia. Isabella and her daughters probably did many of the same things she had done with her mother growing up in Halton County. Like her mother, Isabella was a pioneer woman, a wife, and she was a mother to a large brood of children.

Also like her mother, Isabella was responsible for the production of just about everything used by her family as British Columbia was still a sparsely populated area. Although the Magee farm was located some distance from an urban centre, rough roads were built by Hugh Magee, his sons and his neighbours, enabling the family to have some degree of mobility. Also, travelling by boat between New Westminster and the farm was another way that was used more frequently. News about what was happening in British Columbia, the rest of Canada and Europe was available in larger urban centres such as New Westminster or, if it was too difficult to get to these centres, small churches that were scattered throughout British Columbia often supplied news to the people far removed from them. Gradually, though, with the coming of the railroad, it became easier to keep in touch with what was happening in the rest of the world. The advances in transportation brought social change to rural areas and helped transport people and goods to areas formerly uninhabited and isolated.

Church played an important part in the Magees' lives for both social and emotional reasons. The North Arm Methodist Church was located one mile from the Magee farm, easily accessible by boat. For many pioneer women a belief in God guided them through the hardships of frontier life and provided some solace for the loneliness that so many of them felt. With a husband who worked outside for most of the day, children who were still small and neighbours who were miles away, the life of a young pioneer wife must have been fairly solitary. Thus, church on Sunday mornings provided an opportunity for a farm wife to socialize with other adults. It also afforded young people of an area the opportunity to meet and interact with one another. According to family stories, Isabella Magee looked forward to Sundays.

When the Magee girls were not busy spinning or performing other household and garden tasks, they cared for younger siblings and several worked outside the home as schoolteachers. The Magee farm was profitable enough in the 1880s that the only other possible occupation for young women, domestic service, was not considered. British Columbia was fairly sparsely populated and, therefore, it is unlikely that there was even any factory work available for young women. Those who worked as schoolteachers did so for a couple of years before they married and formed homes of their own. It was generally assumed that all the daughters of Isabella would eventually marry and have children of their own. Thus, like Isabella, they were taught all the intricacies of the management of the household. "Education for most girls in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries was largely a domestic affair ... the household arts were the main curriculum."[Light, 63] Children, especially girls, were an extremely valuable source of free labour that could help make the difference between just surviving and making a profit. The Magee family farm actively contributed to the economic world in which they lived and the family members contributed to the social world.

In the 1880s ideas from the women's rights movement began to trickle into British Columbia. These ideas about women's roles within society as a whole gradually began to change to the point that "in 1899 women almost received the vote"[Creese, 57] in British Columbia. Although the ideas were present and beliefs were beginning to change, women suffragists still had a long way to go. Certainly their goals were not realized within Isabella Magee's lifetime.

The nineteenth century was a period of time in which women's lives reflected their active contribution to the continuity and change of the social world which they inhabited. Esther McKinney Crawford and her daughter Isabella Crawford Magee were typical women of the nineteenth century. Both women lived and worked on a farm all of their adult lives. In addition to the work of maintaining a house and farm, they both bore and raised many children in the Christian faith. They were typical of many young pioneer women who had the strength and courage to go to distant lands to make a new and hopefully better life for their families. These and other pioneer women richly deserve recognition in history.

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Zara Mitchell wrote this paper while a student at the University of Puget Sound in Tacoma, Washington. Her major is European History, with additional interest in Women's Studies.

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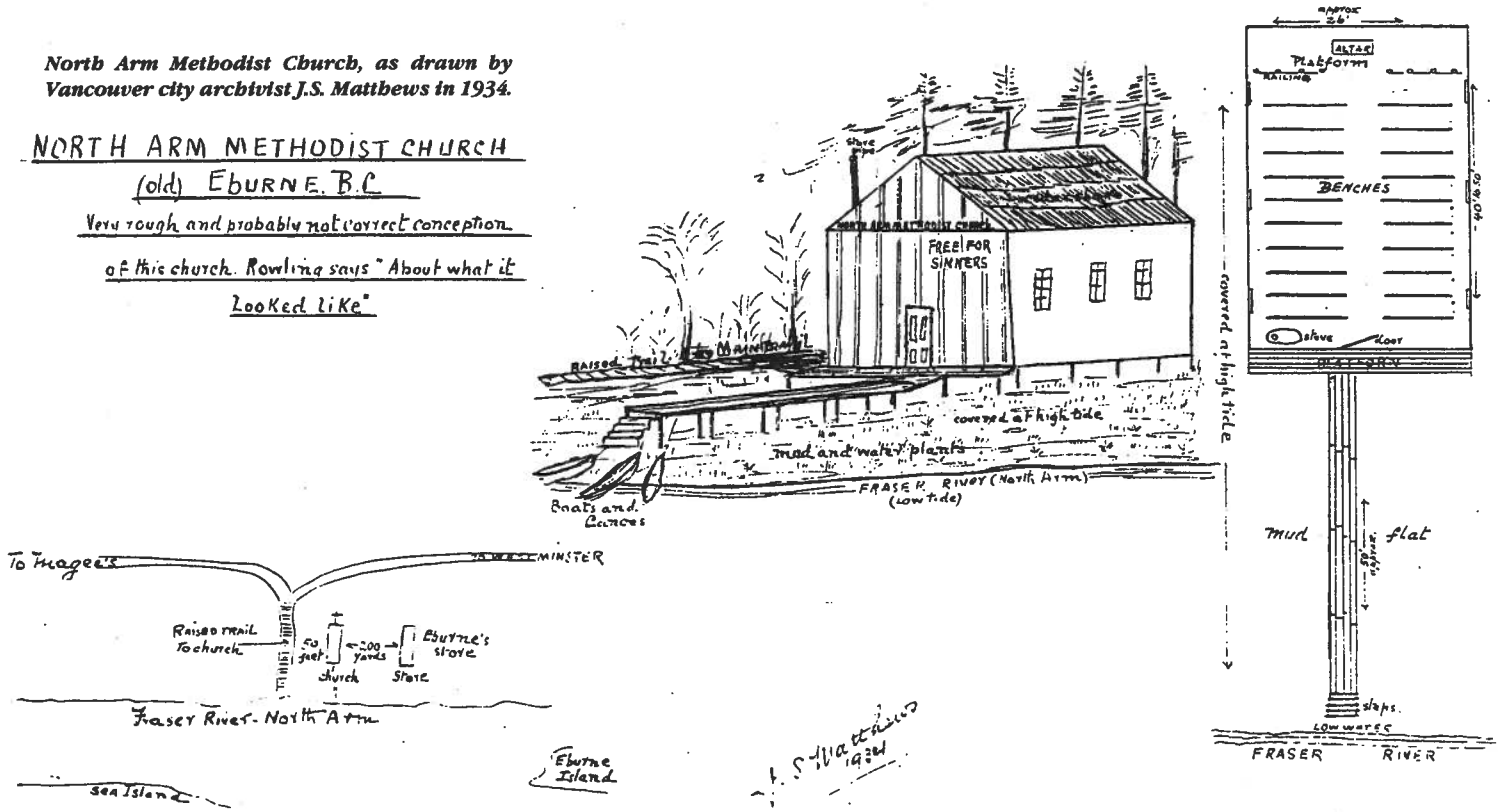
North Arm Methodist Church, as drawn by Vancouver city archivist J.S. Matthews in 1934.



The Cascara Bark Collectors

by K.W. Broderick

The California buckthorn tree is known locally as the cascara, which means "bark" in Spanish, and its bark was, years ago, collected, dried and sold to vendors of natural remedies to be used as a laxative.

Over twenty years ago we built a house on a steeply slanted rock above the Indian Arm, a fjord near Vancouver. After the house was finished I explored the huge lot fully, at the bottom of which was a fissure in the granite. This fissure narrowed as it approached the sea until it was barely wide enough for me to force my way through. Farther up it was lined with cascara trees and, as I wriggled around devil's club and through ferns towards them, I came to the stump of a large cedar tree that may have been felled in the 1890s. It completely blocked the narrow cleft through which I was squeezing myself and swelled to about four feet in diameter where it rose above the confining rock. The bark had been ripped off many decades ago and had, at one time, been laid across the fissure in such a way that it roofed over a portion of it, forming a shelter of sorts. This brought me up short.

Memories of my youth came in vivid detail. They were of the "Dirty Thirties" and of my existence on a stump ranch near Rocky Mountain House, Alberta. The climate there was harsh and the growing season short but, unlike the dried-out prairies, or "Dust Bowl" as they were known in that period of drought, we could raise a crop and have a vegetable garden. So, although we existed, there was little or no cash about, and for a teenager a bit of spending money is essential.

My friend, Emil Lachance, was the most restless of all of us. Perhaps it was in his blood, being descended from the "Hommes du pays Haut," and, being the strongest man I have ever known, able to take care of himself in any situation. He, perhaps being too hot-blooded for the farmers thereabout, had not been able to find work of any kind that spring and had, one day, simply vanished. Those were the days when every train going west carried men huddled on the running boards of each boxcar. They were mainly young men, but there were some greybeards. They suffered through the days and nights, often in the extreme cold, as they were transported to the better land to the west. Of course, every train going east carried the mirror image of those men, but they were returning from that "better land" in dull despair or with renewed hope of the "better land" to the east. Emil had hopped a freight going west.

That winter he appeared at a dance and we, happily, renewed our friendship. He had wandered about after he had left in the spring and had found himself in Calgary. Seeing a freight train leaving for the west with its usual load of "bums," he had, as mentioned, upon a sudden impulse, hopped aboard.

It was early summer, the weather was good and the trip was uneventful. He had a few, very few, dollars in his pocket. After arriving in Vancouver, he had slept on the ground under whatever shelter he could find and had scrounged food in any way that he could. In other words, he had lived a standard existence for a young man in those times when no work could be found anywhere.

It was the first time he had been to the ocean and everything fascinated him. He spent hours each day sitting on a small dock and watching the goings-on, the freighters, the tugs and ships bound for far places.

One day, while doing so, he noticed a rowboat coming from the direction of what he later learned was the Indian Arm. He casually watched it. It was being rowed by someone obviously unskilled in the handling of a rowboat. It wove slowly forward and when it was close, he saw that it was filled to the point of swamping with bags full of some rough material and a few battered items of camping gear. It bumped the float below the dock and a young man, unshaven, ragged and dirty, got out and tied up. My friend went down and helped him unload the bags and carry them up to the dock. They sat in the sunshine and talked.

The owner of the rowboat had, a few months before, been in the same position as Emil was then. He could not find work and was desperately husbanding the dollars he had saved from his last logging job. Somewhere he had heard about the cascara bark collectors and had put together his outfit. Although the summer was less than half gone, he had harvested all his little rowboat would hold. When he could stand the life of a hermit no longer, he had loaded the boat and headed for Vancouver. Now here he was, eager to cash in his bark at the nearby dealer's and catch a tram to the skid road area where he would take a hotel room, clean up, and enjoy the pleasures of Vancouver for a few days. Then he would jump an eastbound freight and return to the prairie town that was his home.

They went together to the dealer where the young man received a fair wad of cash. Emil bought the rowboat and camping gear for a few dollars and received detailed instructions as to the location of the cascara groves and the method of harvesting and preparing the bark. The necessity for the huge cedar stump was explained: it was the standard home of the bark collectors.

They parted like the best of buddies and my friend visited a corner store nearby and bought, as he had been instructed to do, a huge sack of beans, a slab of bacon, and a few other necessities. Without a penny left in his pocket, he returned to the rowboat, loaded his purchases and stepped, for the first time in his life, into a rowboat and began fumbling with the oars. His progress was more erratic even than the previous owner's had been, but he soon had the boat going in the direction from which he had first seen it approaching. That night he slept on a beach somewhere up the Indian Arm, and began his search for a cascara grove the next morning.

Many of the best groves had been cut down and harvested. Many others were occupied by ragged, whiskery hermits who, when they saw his rowboat beach below them, came to greet him with a razor-sharp double-bitted axe, held ready to defend their holdings. He found several uncut and undefended groves but none had the required cedar stump.

Before dark he found what he wanted: a canyon with a stream running through it, a cascara grove on the slopes, and a huge old cedar stump somewhere above. He unloaded his rowboat and dragged it ashore. Climbing up the canyon to the stump, he made vertical slashes, about four feet apart, in its bark with his axe. Over the decades, the bark had loosened and he pulled away each "shingle" and laid it aside. The stump, eight feet in diameter at its swollen butt, gave him six four-foot shingles, each eight feet high. These he placed about the stump, reversing every other one butt to top, at such an angle from the stump that he had a space about six feet high at its highest and six feet wide at its widest and which was nearly twenty feet in length around the stump, as the shingles were overlapped to keep out the rain. This was his more-than-adequate living quarters and dry storage for his bark. Next he dug the fire pit for his bean pot and lit a good fire in it. The fire would never be allowed to go out completely and, when it was a mass of red coals, would cook his constant diet of beans and bacon. The pot was covered with ashes and a few inches of earth when it was cooking.

The next day he was hard at work, cutting trees and peeling every square inch of bark from the trunk, branches and twigs. The bark was spread in the sun to dry. His store of bark increased and, during rainy periods, filled the shelter so that he had to sleep outside under the tarpaulin that had come with the outfit. As soon as the bark was perfectly dry, he broke it up into small pieces and bagged it, storing the full bags under bark ripped from other, smaller stumps.

He worked from dawn until it was too dark to see what he was doing. Meals were rough and quick. Days, weeks, months passed in a daze of hard work, and the store of dry cascara bark piled up until he had far more than he could take to town in one load with the rowboat. Obsessed by his efforts which, to him, were producing a treasure trove, he worked until every cascara tree in the area had been cut and peeled. He took the sacks of dry bark up the gully and hid them in safe, dry places. Autumn had come and the rainy season, but the grove was stripped anyway. He loaded the rowboat with sacks, not too heavily at first, and practiced when the waters were calm and loaded more sacks until he was confident. He set out for Vancouver. The trip was uneventful. He returned, without incident, to the dock where he had purchased the rowboat, found the cascara dealer, and carried load after load of sacks up to him and was paid. He returned to his cache up the Indian Arm and took out other loads until he had sold his entire hoard.

He abandoned the rowboat and his gear. With a roll of bills in his pocket, he walked towards the railway tracks. Dirty, hungry for good food and companionship, he looked longingly at the skid road area in the distance and wavered. He knew what could happen to his roll of bills in the bars of that area. A freight train moved slowly along the tracks nearby, going east. That was what it took to make his decision: he jumped aboard and returned with his money intact.

We looked at each other and he, in the friendly way he had, grabbed me by the belt and lifted me high in the air with one hand. Then he dropped me and, laughing, took a wad of bills from his pocket and riffled them. For the first time in my life I saw, amongst the ones and twos, a fifty-dollar bill. "I'm treating," he said. "Let's go and find the bootlegger and I'll buy a jar of moonshine."

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Mr. Broderick is a retired accountant now living in North Vancouver. His father worked for the CPR and the family moved frequently, as has the writer in his adult years.

Leone Caetani: World Traveller Who Came to Vernon

by Sveva Caetani

In the year 1921 Canada became the newest enterprise of an adventurous spirit: a renowned scholar, the scion of one of Europe's most ancient houses, and yet a member of a reformist party dedicated to improving the lot of the working man and the peasant. This mixture, which was extraordinary even in the eyes of his contemporaries, included a utopian dreamer for whom Canada, and especially British Columbia, was the ultimate haven.

This man was my father, Leone Caetani, born in 1869 in Rome, Italy, and therefore while that city was still part of the Papal States, for it was only in 1872 that Italy became the independent and united country for which Garibaldi had fought, and in which Garibaldi's friend, my great-grandfather Michelangelo Caetani, had always believed and for which he, too, had worked. The dreamer in my father was perhaps a heritage from his Polish great-grandfather, Count Rzewuski, who left his home in Poland to spend the close of his life in the Near East among the Arabs. My father's mother, however, was an Englishwoman, Ada Wilbraham, and it was his English blood, I feel sure, that made him feel that only life in a country run on the British principles of freedom of thought and conscience could offer him a real home.

I have been asked to write a portrait of this exceptional being. My mother and I accompanied him on that arrival in 1921. I was born in Rome in 1917 and grew up listening to the stories of his travels in the Near East, in India and Persia and North Africa; of his campaigns in Italian politics as a Radical Socialist; and of his service in the First World War as an artillery officer in the Italian army in the Dolomites.

As a young man, my father decided to become an Oriental scholar, concentrating his studies on the Islamic religion, culture and history. He learned complete familiarity with at least eleven languages and could speak Arabic like an Arab. Six foot, four inches tall, slim, agile and strong, he travelled alone and often at great danger to himself over Syria, Turkey, Palestine and Persia, as well as North Africa. Those were the days of Turkish rule and often of barbaric customs unchanged since the Middle Ages.

A family portrait taken in Paris in 1921 just prior to sailing to Canada. Leone with his wife Ophelia and little Sveva.

My father's life work was a twelve-volume history of the Mohammedan world entitled *The Annals of Islam*. In the estimation of Stephen Runciman, the premier British medieval scholar, my father's history of Mohammed is the best ever written. I have also been told that *The Annals* are now a standard text at Harvard University. For his historical labours, my father was elected a member of the oldest and one of the most prestigious academies in Europe, the Accademia dei Lincei (the Academy of the Lynxes). Since he was an active and incorruptible anti-Fascist, his membership in the Accademia later infuriated Fascist officialdom.

He also went to India as aide-de-camp to the Count of Turin, the cousin of the king of Italy, and for the first time met at the viceroy's palace an imperial guard — the Sikhs — consisting of men all taller than himself. Besides hunting the usual

tigers, riding on elephants and watching a polo game played by Pathans in the original manner with a dead calf instead of mallet and ball, he visited Fahtepur Sikri, the city abandoned by Akbar, where he fell in love with the style of architecture, open on all sides to the winds. He decided there and then that if he was ever to build himself a home of his own, he would demand an adaptation of that style from his architect.

His more conservative brothers were content to live in various parts of the family palace and in more conventional dwellings. The Caetanis were then still landlords of territory extending more than fifty miles south of Rome, including castles such as Sermoneta, of which my father was the duke; towns, villages and fortified towers, all dating from the Middle Ages and all surrounded by the Pontine Marshes which were still malarial and semi-wild.

In the 1890s there also began his political career as a member of the Radical Socialist Party, which was led by Leonide Bissolati, one of the noblest men my father ever knew and who became prime minister of Italy during the First World War. The party was attempting to reform the Italian social system, allowing the working classes the kind of freedoms and rights which are now a commonplace here in Canada, such as the right to strike, to have decent minimum wages, medical care and education, as well as a political voice in their own futures. My father even persuaded his father to donate land to the sharecroppers so that they might at last have some farms of their own.

My father had been to British Columbia in 1890 on a hunting trip with an Italian friend, Count Schiebler, and had spent several months in the Kootenays, spellbound by the beauty of the country, the mountains, the unadulterated freshness, and the directness and simplicity of the life there. With the arrival of Mussolini and Fascism, which to my father's great horror was welcomed by the Italian king, he felt that Italy was heading for the kind of repression he abominated. Though his only personal contact with Mussolini was in acting as Gaetano Salvemini's second in the latter's duel with the future duce, in which Mussolini was wounded, he knew he would find existence under Fascism to be intolerable. Life in Canada therefore promised a freedom that was to him as vital as the air he breathed.

Before the advent of Fascism, my father had already started his dream house in Rome, but it was not to be the eyrie of which he had dreamed. Twice when we went back to Italy for a short period, each time to see relatives and to attend to financial matters, we stayed briefly in this towering building on the highest hill in Rome. It is now the headquarters for the religious order of Barnabiti monks.

His actual choice of Vernon as his home makes a good story in itself. My father was an impulsive person and, having decided on British Columbia, had only to find the right town. He asked advice of his English relatives in London and then of friends at the Atheneum Club, to which he belonged, and the outcome was a suggestion that he go to the Okanagan Valley to become one of the "gentleman farmers" the Canadian government of the time was encouraging to settle in B.C. My father was then shown a map of the Okanagan and laid his finger at random on its mid-point, Vernon. He thereupon got the tickets for himself, my mother and me, plus my mother's Danish secretary, Miss Juul, and an Italian servant. Thomas Cook and Sons also provided him with the name of the real estate agent in Vernon, Cossitt, Lloyd and Beatty.

My father telegraphed requesting to be met at the station by a representative of this firm, that he might inspect whatever large homes were available. He also asked to be met by a delivery wagon to carry the more than thirty pieces of luggage without which my mother never travelled. The drayman was Mr. Joe Harwood himself, the future chairman of the Vernon School Board, with his two beloved horses. It was Mr. Beatty who showed my parents two houses before my mother gave the nod to the third, which I now still occupy. My mother was ready to travel 8,000 miles into strange lands unquestioningly, but when it came to the home she had the final word.

My father bought the house then and there, a large family home with an ample garden and the simplicity and ease he really treasured. By the time he came to Canada, he had put both his politics and his writing behind him, but not his anti-Fascism, for he kept up a vigorous correspondence with many of those who had fled Italy because of Fascist persecution. During the 1920s my father and I both acquired Canadian citizenship and since this change was registered in Italy, we were both freed from any dual citizenship.

For my mother, it was a lonely existence. Fluent in French but not in English, she had few with whom she could carry on a conversation outside her own home and she was, moreover, a shy and reserved woman, of great determination but with none of my father's adventurous spirit. Being thousands of miles from her beloved Rome, and Paris, the fashionable shops she had frequented, the theatres and opera houses and bookshops, made

Mrs. Caetani, Sveva and Miss Juul at Kalamalka Lake, 1925.

Mr. Caetani and "Doggie" bringing home firewood for the Pleasant Valley mansion, 1926 or '27.

her withdraw into herself and she made only a couple of friends in Vernon, the only two who could speak French. After my father's death she went into complete seclusion.

In the meantime, my father bought an orchard and worked it himself, happily. He also bought lots above the BX district near Vernon, where he taught himself to log trees and provided the entire supply of cordwood needed to heat our house until long after his death. He revelled in wearing working clothes, driving a small truck, handling his tools and walking downtown every day to get the mail, which he carried home in a flowered bag my mother would dearly have wished to persuade him to throw away.

It always seemed to my mother and myself, and to those who loved him in Italy, that in the midst of this innocent and happy life it was the cruelest of fates for him to develop cancer. He whose relatives lived mostly into their nineties died in his mid-sixties on Christmas Day, 1935. I was then eighteen and almost overnight became my mother's factotum in all her dealings with the outside world. I had been to school in Vancouver at Crofton House and, earlier, had had English governesses to provide me with an English upbringing. I spoke English before I spoke Italian and while my mother, in fear of my leaving her to get married or to have a career, demanded my constant attendance, she never denied me an endless supply of books, ordered specially from England by the crate. All my spare time was devoted to this reading and it was this that allowed me to survive twenty-five years of isolation. My favourite subjects reflected my father's love of history and both my parents' passionate interest in literature.

After my mother's death in 1960, I had to earn my own living, which I did by teaching both elementary and secondary school. To this day some of my students are still my faithful friends. I had painted as a child and as a young woman, but I only went back to it seriously in my fifties and sixties, and at this advanced age actually undertook my largest project, the series of water-colour paintings which I called "Recapitulation" and that celebrates my father's and my own "worlds of the mind." In doing these works, I felt I was paying my own tribute to the exceptional spirit that had always been the inspiration of my life.

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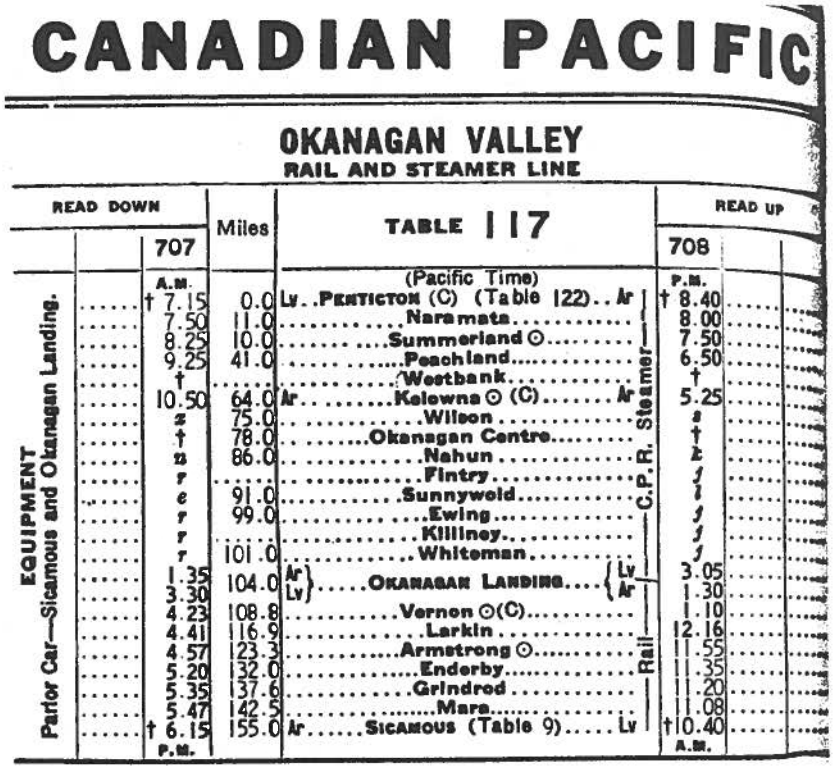
Miss Caetani lives in the home her father purchased in 1921. It is designated a heritage home although it has been subdivided into apartments. This home is to become the art centre for the city of Vernon, a bequest which includes funds for maintenance of the house and the one acre of ornamental garden.

The Caetani Residence on Pleasant Valley Road in Vernon.
Photo courtesy of Greater Vernon Museum & Archives.



CANADIAN PACIFIC

OKANAGAN VALLEY
RAIL AND STEAMER LINE

TABLE 117

READ DOWN		Miles		READ UP	
	707			708	
	A.M.		(Pacific Time)	P.M.	
Parlor Car—Sicamous and Okanagan Landing. EQUIPMENT	† 7.15	0.0	Lv..PENTICTON (C) (Table 122)..Ar	† 8.40	
	7.50	11.0	Naramata	8.00	
	8.25	10.0	Summerland ⊙	7.50	
	9.25	41.0	Peachland	6.50	
	†		Westbank	†	
	10.50	64.0	Ar..Kelowna ⊙ (C)..Ar	5.25	
	z	75.0	Wilson	a	
	†	78.0	Okanagan Centre	†	
	n	86.0	Nahun	z	
	r		Fintry	j	
	e	91.0	Sunnyweld	i	
	r	99.0	Ewing	j	
	r		Killiney	j	
	r	101.0	Whitoman	j	
	1.35	104.0	Ar/Lv OKANAGAN LANDING Lv/Ar	3.05	
	3.30			1.30	
	4.23	108.8	Vernon ⊙(C)	1.10	
	4.41	116.9	Larkin	12.16	
	4.57	123.3	Armstrong ⊙	11.55	
	5.20	132.0	Enderby	11.35	
	5.35	137.6	Grindrod	11.20	
	5.47	142.5	Mara	11.08	
	† 6.15	155.0	Ar..SICAMOUS (Table 9)..Lv	†10.40	
	P.M.			A.M.	

C.P.R. Steamer — Rail

The Akamina-Kishinena

by Leo Gansner

On July 31, 1861, Lieut. Charles Wilson returned over South Kootenay Pass from a brief visit to the Waterton Lakes. With two companions, he turned southerly from the well-beaten Indian trail to reach Forum Lake some miles away. He climbed 1,500 feet above the lake over bare rock to reach the height of the Rocky Mountains. On his way he looked down on Akamina Pass, much lower in elevation than South Kootenay Pass but "choked up with piles of fallen timber and driftwood."

At last he stood beside the final stone cairn marking the international boundary. The cairn also was the most southerly point on the future boundary between the provinces of British Columbia and Alberta. Wilson had spent three years as the secretary and supply officer of the British Boundary Commission. The commission was headed by Capt. J.S. Hawkins of the Royal Engineers and consisted of Charles Wilson as well as two astronomers, a geologist, a naturalist, and a veterinarian who also was the assistant naturalist.

The survey commenced at Point Roberts in colonial British Columbia and proceeded relentlessly over meadows, swamps, through heavy timber, up steep mountainsides, over wide rivers and smaller streams until reaching its destination at the crest of the Rockies. The survey of the boundary from the east was not to reach the mountains until some years later. The western survey had been completed just before Wilson arrived at the cairn. He was so impressed by the view that he wrote in his diary (the original of which is in the provincial archives in Victoria):

> The view from this point was very fine, precipices and peaks, glaciers and rocks all massed together in such a glorious way that I cannot attempt to describe it.

Other members of the commission had been encamped below the apex of the mountains at the Summit Camp. One of Wilson's colleagues, veterinarian J.K. Lord, wrote of the camp that:

> It is placed in a snug nook under a massive slaty kind of mountain; there is little to be seen from it save rugged hilltops and snow. Near the terminal point of the Boundary line is the watershed, and it is hardly an exaggeration to say one may sit and smoke his pipe with one foot in the water that finds its way into the Atlantic, whilst the other is bathed in that flowing into the Pacific.

Wilson and members of the survey crew were not the first whites to penetrate this uninhabited and spectacular country. In August 1858, Lieut. Thomas Blakiston of the Palliser Expedition left Old Bow Fort with three half-breed voyageurs, an Indian hunter, saddle horses and pack animals. He was on his way to seek a new pass over the southern Rockies. After eight days, his party crossed the Crowsnest River and then encountered a well-beaten trail used by Kootenay Indians while travelling to and from their buffalo hunts. Being in a new country, Blakiston began naming peaks, mountain ranges and other features. On reaching the height of the Indian trail, he reported:

> We were now on the watershed of the mountains, the great axis of America.

Blakiston called this Kootanie Pass, though it is now known as Middle Kootenay Pass. Looking below, he saw a river in a deep valley which he realized must be the Flathead. Ascending a tributary of that river, he reached a high ridge and followed Lodgepole Creek down to its junction with the Wigwam River. There he observed a mountain which he called the North Bluff, now Mt. Broadwood, which because of its distinctive conformation is known locally as the China Wall. Continuing toward the Elk River, he saw distant mountains which he called the Steeples. Following the Elk downstream, he named a wall of mountains on the east side of the river Galton's Range after an English scientist. Before him stretched the Tobacco Plains which extended into the United States where he met a large camp of Kootenay Indians. He learned from them of a more southerly pass which led to near Chief Mountain on the east. Blakiston immediately decided to recross the Rockies by this route. Passing through the northwest corner of today's Glacier National Park, he reached the junction of Kishinena Creek and the Flathead River.

Regaining British territory soon afterward, Blakiston with a party of Kootenay Indians followed a track up the creek. Though it was still early September, they encountered snow between two and four feet in depth at what today are called the Akamina Meadows. Then, turning northward, they climbed to what Blakiston again referred to as the watershed. It was the summit of South Kootenay Pass, at an elevation of 6,900 feet, which Blakiston called Boundary Pass. It is seven miles north of the international boundary. By a zigzag track he began a steep descent and after twelve strenuous hours stopped with the Indians on a level patch of ground. On his way he had noticed that:

> Magnificent cliffs and cascades of snow water falling down the narrow gullies added motion to the grandeur of the scene.

The party continued next day along Red-stone Creek, subsequently called Blakiston Brook and finally known as Pass Creek, then emerged on the plains and camped beside the Waterton Lakes. Blakiston named them after an eccentric English ornithologist. Here he found that the boundary passed just over Chief Mountain. It was then time for the explorer to turn northwards so as to reach the expedition's winter quarters in Fort

Edmonton.

The British Boundary Commission had access to Blakiston's report and adopted his nomenclature, much of which is still unchanged today.

A year later, in September 1859, Dr. James Hector, another member of the Palliser Expedition, having crossed the Rockies by way of Howse Pass, continued down the Kootenay to the boundary line, after which he arrived at the Kootenay Indians' camp. There he received news of a group of eight Americans who had started over Boundary Pass en route from Fort Benton on their way to the rich sand bars of the Fraser River. The party's passage over the pass was marked by the failure of their provisions and the exhaustion of their horses. Food and fresh horses were sent to them. This must have been the very same party referred to by Clara Graham in *Fur and Gold in the Kootenays*. The group consisted of six Americans and two Canadians, one of whom was John Jessop, a school teacher, who later became British Columbia's first superintendent of education.

Blakiston and Wilson were members of the well-to-do English gentry, each being talented and well educated. In 1861 two young Irishmen, less favoured by circumstances, each with military experience as junior officers, left England for British Columbia. They were Arthur W. Vowell and John G. Brown. They arrived in the Cariboo at the peak of the gold rush. Vowell soon left for Victoria where he later joined the civil service. At one time he was the gold commissioner and magistrate in the East Kootenay, where Vowell Peak and the Vowell Glacier bear his name.

Brown left the Cariboo after trapping and mining for several years. By 1865 he had become a constable at Wild Horse Creek. Following an unexpected reduction in pay, he resigned and with four others staked a placer claim. They sold it to a company of Chinese and with the proceeds set out to cross the mountains by way of South Kootenay Pass. The existence of this route must have become fairly common knowledge during the preceding four or five years. There is no record of their travel except for their arrival at the Kootenay Lakes. Brown was so captivated by the surrounding peaks and by the soft rose and green argillite cliffs reflected in both lakes, he decided that one day he would return to spend the rest of his life there. Blakiston's nomenclature already had been forgotten and the lakes, because they were frequented by the Kootenays, were called after these Indians.

Brown's partners nicknamed him "Kootenai" and the name stuck. Travelling in the vicinity of the South Saskatchewan River, they survived an attack by Blackfoot Indians. Kootenai separated from his partners and spent most of the winter in a Metis settlement. He learned the Cree language and continued further east by horse-drawn sleigh. Then came a new and exciting period of his life as a pony express rider in the Dakota Territory. In April 1869 he was hired by the U.S. Army to carry the mail. In the course of his service, he and a companion were captured by Sitting Bull and his Sioux followers but managed to escape during darkness. When his mail contract had expired, Kootenai with his Indian wife returned to Canada in 1877 over the Whoop-up Trail. He settled beside the Kootenay Lakes and supported himself as a hunter, fisherman and guide.

The District of Alberta, formerly part of the Northwest Territory, was created in 1882. As settlers arrived, large cattle ranches, financed by English and eastern capital, became prevalent. Kootenai Brown was well known in the area surrounding Fort McLeod. He bred and trained horses which he sold and was employed from time to time by the North West Mounted Police. He gained a reputation as a dependable scout, guide and packer. By 1893 he and other residents had become concerned that campers and holidayers were cutting down shade trees near the lakes, leaving camp fires burning and committing other acts of vandalism. Wildlife, including grizzly bears, mountain goats, bighorn sheep and deer, were threatened. G.M. Dawson commented:

> ... that the scenery at the lakes was not equalled in grandeur in any other part of the mountains.

Finally, in 1895, the Kootenay Forest Reserve was established under federal legislation and Kootenai was appointed a fishery officer. A fiercely dedicated conservationist, he became a forest ranger in the reserve in 1910 due, in part, to the efforts of John Herron, MP. With increasing interest, the status of the reserve was being reconsidered and in 1911 was renamed Waterton Lakes National Park. Notwithstanding the elevation to national park status, Kootenai, now park superintendent, and his supporters were frustrated by the example of what was being done in Glacier National Park where "thousands of dollars are being expended, (and) miles of good roads built."

At last, in June 1914, the park boundaries were revised to include an area of 423 square miles which extended to the international boundary and became a well-known game reserve. The extended boundaries called for a new superintendent and Kootenai's former assistant, Robert Cooper, was appointed to take his place. Repeated illnesses brought on Kootenai's death on July 16, 1916. Today Waterton Lakes National Park covers 525 square miles, being only one-eighth the size of Glacier National Park.

Alex Stavely Hill, a wealthy English barrister and shareholder in the Oxley Ranch Co., has left his impression of his first meeting with Kootenai Brown:

> He was ... a wild Indian-looking fellow ... with his long dark hair and moccasins had not much of the European remaining about his appearance.

On September 14, 1883, Hill's party, consisting of himself, Lord Lathom, two servants, four saddle horses and five pack horses, set out for Boundary Pass. At the summit of the pass they found a saxifrage growing among the rocks, along with other alpine plants. On descending the western slopes, they encountered warm temperatures as they travelled over the Indian trail which was little changed since Blakiston had followed it a quarter of a century before. Due to the lateness of the season, they saw few wild flowers in bloom but found many berries. They were greatly impressed by the height and girth of coniferous trees and continued on the route to the Tobacco Plains where there was a settlement of Kootenay Indians led by Chief Edwards.

In 1917 the Chief Superintendent of Dominion Parks recommended that the southeast corner of British Columbia become a national park. Pressure for the establishment of a provincial park there was repeated in 1927, 1930, 1938, 1962, 1974 and 1977. A large use, recreation and enjoyment area for the public in

favour of the Ministry of Parks was established in 1956. It provided little, if any, protection. Proposals for ecological reserves made in 1970 and 1975 were rejected by the provincial government.

In October 1985, British Columbia's Environment Minister appointed a special advisory committee on wilderness preservation to review land use issues in sixteen key areas of the province. The committee's terms of reference included the following, to be found in appendix A to the committee's report:

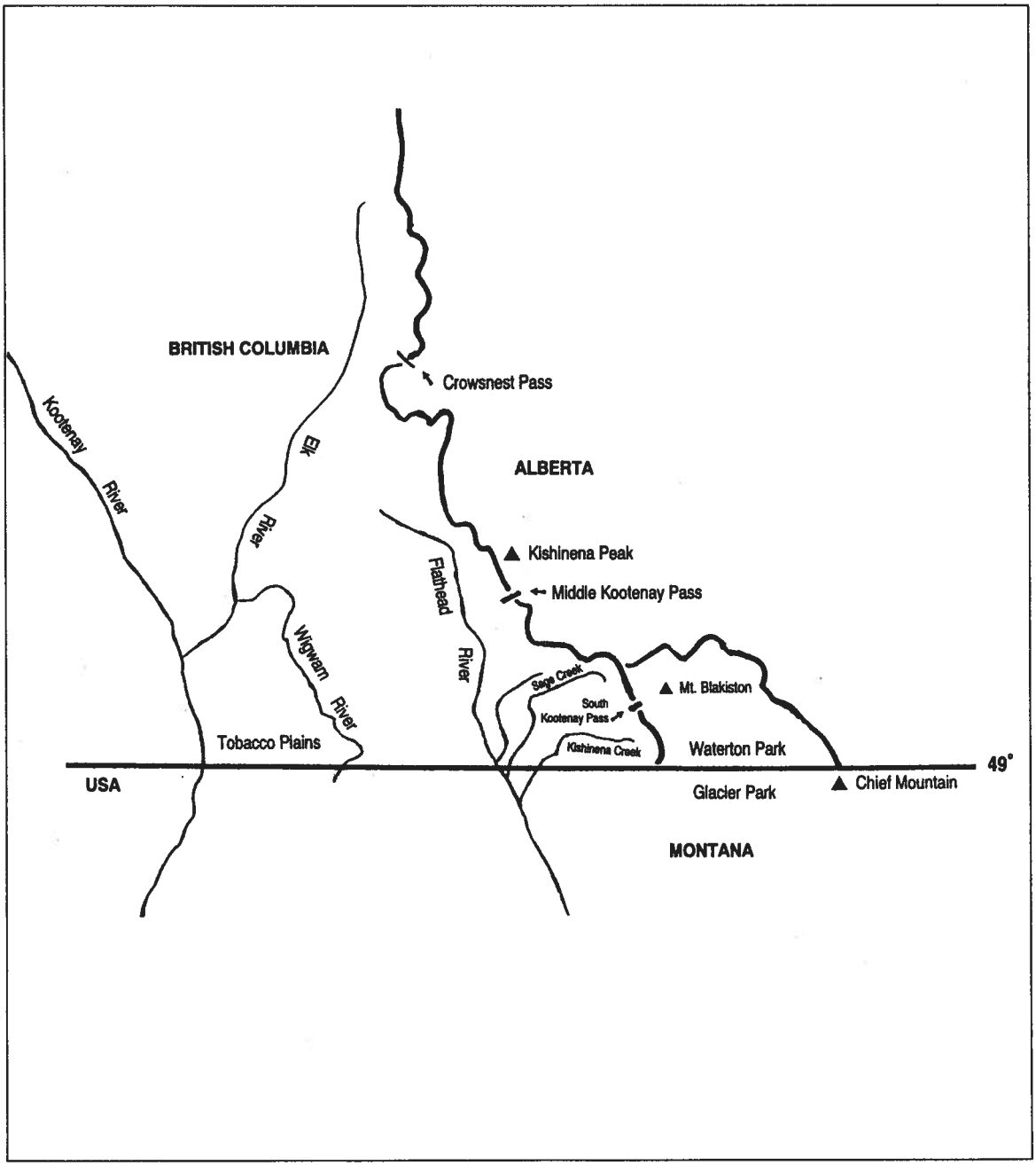
> Having regard to the existing limits on, and the best use of, the forest, mineral, agricultural, water and fish resources of the Province, which of (16) areas or parts thereof are of such recreational, ecological or aesthetic importance that they should be excluded from these uses, taking into account existing rights and the costs that would be incurred by the people of British Columbia as a result of such exclusions.

One of the committee's nineteen "study areas" was the Akamina-Kishinena where the committee dealt with a proposal for a provincial park of some 20,000 hectares. This study area lies east of the Flathead River extending as far as the Alberta boundary. It is bounded on the south by the international boundary and on the north by Sage Creek, a distance of about nine miles from that boundary. The special advisory committee in 1986 recommended that a class A park should be established to include the drainages of Starvation and North Kintla Creeks, including the drainage of Akamina Creek upstream from the junction with Grizzly Gulch. Such a class A park, if and when established, would provide a large measure of protection to the two adjoining national parks.

The main spine of the Rocky Mountains extending from South Kootenay Pass into Glacier National Park is the source of three great rivers which flow into Hudson Bay, the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific Ocean. Late in the last century the term Crown Jewel of the Continent was applied to this area of glaciated peaks and mountain steams (since abbreviated to Crown of the Continent).

The Advisory Committee recommended that as Class A Park designation was achieved the area should be dedicated to the International Biosphere program.

The establishment of a world-wide network of reserves known as Man and the Biosphere includes two such reserves in Canada, one the Mt. St. Hilaire Nature Conservancy Center in Quebec, and the other in Waterton Lakes National Park. Glacier National Park in Montana has been similarly designated. The program is sponsored by the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO). Biosphere reserves have no legal boundaries and their objectives of focusing on wise land use management, education and integration with local inhabitants are not legally enforceable. The Waterton Biosphere Reserve established in 1979 was superimposed on Waterton Lakes National Park.



In 1981 the park initiated a workshop attended by park staff, university researchers, federal and provincial agencies and several local ranchers. The result has been to form a local management committee which includes four ranchers and two park staff, of whom the Park Superintendent is one. Public awareness of environmental problems and lessons on how to deal with them have highlighted local programs. A letter from the Southern Interior Regional office of the Ministry of Parks states that they are coordinating their management policies with the adjoining Waterton Lakes and Glacier National Parks and with the principles of the Man and the Biosphere programs. Until a Class A Park is created in the Akamina-Kishinena there will no basis for seeking international designation as the Man and the Biosphere program was envisaged by the Wilderness Advisory Committee. If and when that designation is achieved there will be the opportunity and impetus for wildlife managers, hunters, foresters, biologists, botanists, naturalists and outdoorsmen to meet and address the area's environmental concerns. The program will be joined to those in the contiguous National Parks and under its umbrella research leading to improved land management will be promoted.

In 1987 the International Joint Commission ruled against a proposed coal mine that would have damaged the spawning runs of bull trout into Cabin and Howell Creeks. These streams drain into the Flathead River from the west almost opposite the place where Sage Creek enters it from the east. The bull trout is a native char of the Rockies which inhabits Flathead Lake and is known in British Columbia as the Dolly Varden.

Dr. Bruce McLellan is a wildlife biologist who has spent years studying the grizzly bears on the east slope of the river. He has found that they have one of the densest populations on the continent. Despite their tendency to forage far afield for many miles it seems clear that there must be an adequate supply of glacier lily bulbs in the spring followed by grass and other vegetation as well as small marmots. Most years there are plentiful berries supplemented, perhaps, by spawning trout. Dr. McLellan found that the bears had grown accustomed to intensive logging activity and to the rumble of logging trucks. He is apprehensive that their tolerance to human activity will jeopardize their survival. It is obvious that these magnificent animals require a wilderness which is undisturbed. Much of the funding for Dr. McLellan's research has come from the Untied States where the grizzly is protected by the Federal Endangered Species Act. The Americans are anxious to bring back the grizzly to designated areas in the northwestern states and are hopeful that some British Columbia bears will find their way into Glacier National Park.

Rocky Mountain wolves are on the endangered species list in Montana. Diane Boyd, an American wolf researcher, came to the Canadian side of the Flathead Valley in 1979 when there was only a single female wolf in the area. About two years later it was joined by a black male. The wolves are believed to have denned in Glacier National Park. The increase in population has resulted in the wolves unknowingly crossing and recrossing the International Boundary.

Over the centuries subspecies of some mammals and plants have developed in the study area. The Wilderness Advisory Committee mentioned a rare subspecies of Mountain Goat to be found in these mountains. A significant portion of the northern extension of Shiras Moose is on these slopes. Wildlife managers are seeking a separate status for these animals for Boone and Crocket trophy records dealing with antler measurements. The abundant wildlife population includes cougars, wolverines and two species of deer. There are large populations of elk and Rocky Mountain Bighorn sheep as well. As winter snows deepen on both slopes of the Crown these sheep move to lower elevations in Waterton Lakes National Park where they are protected. Many. can be seen in the town of Waterton itself appearing to be almost tame.

The vegetation of the Akamina-Kishinena is said to be an extension of the inter-mountain region of the central northwest United States. It is believed that the south-facing slopes below Kishinena Ridge abound with rare wild flowers and plants carried there over the millennia by the south-western winds passing over the Great Western Plains. They are of national and even international significance. Among them are variant subspecies of Oregon grape and Labrador tea, as well as two subspecies of cinquefoil. Included among the wild flowers not found elsewhere in British Columbia are a pygmy poppy, subspecies of saxifrage, monkey-flowers and tall Michaelmas daisies of the aster family. The fragility of the plants on the subalpine slopes is such that any form of resource extraction and even recreation calls for extensive management constraints.

This recreation area is staffed from June 15 to Labour Day each summer. Work has been done to improve the trail to Wall Lake, and two primary backcountry campsites (each with ten pads, fire rings and toilets) have been created. Now, in the fall of 1993, the 10915 hectares of Akimena-Kishinina is being evaluated under Protected Area Strategy reviews. It is being looked at by the East Kootenay Round Table of C.O.R.E. (Commission of Resources and Environment) which has decided to reconsider this area in the southeast corner of British Columbia for possible upgrading to a Class A Park.

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Judge Gansner loved to bike in wilderness areas in both the East and West Kootenay. Now retired and living in Cranbrook, he researched the history of the Akamina-Kishinena to augment environmental pleas for protection of this area.

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NEWS & NOTES

WELCOME OKANAGAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY MEMBERS

The B.C. Historical Federation is pleased to announce the Affiliate Membership of the OHS. We are very pleased to have such a large and vibrant body join our Federation. We look forward to meeting members from the Okanagan at our annual conferences. The 1994 conference will be held in Parksville/Qualicum on Vancouver Island, April 28 – May 1.

SCHOLARSHIP WINNER – 1993

Jamie Disbrow grew up in Victoria, studied Applied Communications at Camosun College, then worked in television in Prince George and Calgary. In 1987 she travelled for a year, experiencing distant adventures. Important souvenirs were a set of changed values and the harsh realization that she lacked even basic knowledge about her home country. She resumed her television career at an Edmonton station, but inner dissatisfaction pushed her to plan for further education; a second job serving cocktails made the transition possible.

Jamie Disbrow, winner of the 1993 BCHF scholarship.

In 1990 she returned to Camosun College as a mature student, tackling the first two years of university transfer courses. General history soon became her top priority. Instructor Clarence Bolt encouraged a first attempt at archival research. The resulting paper analyzed the missionary reaction to the native shaman, and gave her the Robert Martin scholarship. Under Dr. Patricia E. Roy at the University of Victoria, Jamie researched the case of the Allied Indian Tribes of British Columbia before the 1927 special federal Joint Committee. This work was published in the student journal *Blurred Genres*.

Jamie is interested in all aspects of B.C. history and thanks the Federation for its scholarship, which will assist her to achieve her BA. Graduate work is her ultimate goal.

B.C. STUDIES CONFERENCE 1994

Okanagan University College in Kelowna will host the B.C. Studies Conference on the 8th, 9th and 10th of October 1994. This is Thanksgiving weekend and organizers invite participants to bring their families. Activities for spouses and children are planned.

Suggestions for complete sessions are welcome. Contact Duane Thomson, History Department, Okanagan University College, 3333 College Way, Kelowna, B.C. V1V 1V7.

VIOLA CULL — 1899–1993

Mrs. Cull passed away August 21, 1993, having lived 93 of her 94 years in Ladysmith. She prepared two local histories: *Chronicle of Ladysmith and District* (1980) and *Ladysmith's Colourful History* (1985) and attended many BCHF conferences. She was awarded the commemorative medal for the 125th anniversary of Canada in 1992.

PROFESSOR ARTHUR WIRICK

Arthur Wirick graduated from the University of British Columbia then taught for many years at the University of Saskatchewan. When he retired to Burnaby he was pressed into service as the BCHF scholarship chairman. He was very efficient in this role but requested that he be replaced after the 1993 scholarship was processed. He died suddenly while attending homecoming celebrations in Saskatoon on September 18, 1993.

WELCOME BILL BARLEE

On September 15, 1993, N.L. (Bill) Barlee became Minister of Small Business, Tourism and Culture. This gentleman has been guest speaker at BCHF conferences in 1980 and 1990. He has a longstanding interest in history, having written the very popular *Gold Creeks and Ghost Towns* (1970) and *Guide to Gold Panning in B.C.*, each of which has sold over 95,000 copies. Although history and heritage are but part of the "culture" portfolio, Barlee's familiarity with this sector will enable him to further heritage legislation in the Legislature and to support heritage projects across the province.

HAT CREEK RANCH

Hat Creek Ranch near Cache Creek has not only restored many historic buildings such as the roadhouse and B.X. barn, it also sponsors a fall fair. The fair coincides with the apple harvest and features true cowboy competitions, that is, horsemanship more realistic than rodeo events. The top cowboys in most events were ranch hands from the nearby Bonaparte Reserve.

FORT STEELE BREWERY

A replica of the Fort Steele brewery of 1898 is being constructed ... to house the new information centre. A novel sod-turning took place on September 6 when local MLA Anne Edwards, Minister of Energy,Mines and Petroleum Resources, guided a single plough pulled by one of the resident Clydesdale horses. A large crowd was on hand to witness this and to partake of cake and (ginger) beer.

SALT SPRING MUSEUM(S)

Bob Akerman is prepared to show his large collection of Indian artifacts and pioneer memorabilia to visitors. A log building houses Bob's notable collection. Guests are then asked if they would like to see his wife's doll collection. One wing of their home holds an amazing display, which the modest collector says is as popular with male visitors as it is with girls and ladies.

HOSMER

Watch for that name in future. A colliery operated at Hosmer from 1904 to 1914. Buildings and coke ovens are being prepared for display to tourists in the Elk Valley, near Highway #3 between Fernie and Sparwood. This is an attractive complex owned by the provincial Heritage Properties Branch.

MARGARET ORMSBY SCHOLARSHIP TRUST

Four doctoral students have launched an ambitious fund-raising program to endow a major scholarship for future students majoring in British Columbia history, archaeology, historical geography or ethnohistory. They have received endorsation for this project from citizens such as former Lieutenant Governor Robert Rogers, former Liberal leader John Turner, former MLA Brian Smith, and from the staff of every university or college offering courses in history in the province.

Charitable donation receipts will be issued for donations of more than $20.00 Those wishing to contribute should mail their cheque to:

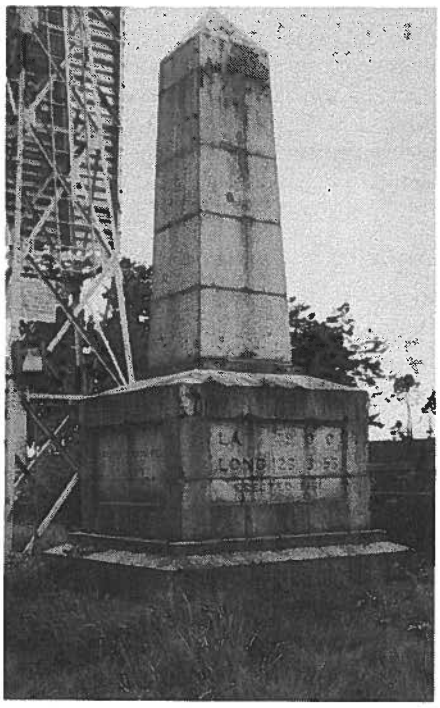
The Margaret Ormsby
Scholarship Committee.
1454 Begbie Street
Victoria, B.C. V8R 1K7

CONGRATULATIONS & BEST WISHES

Alice and Jim Glanville of Grand Forks celebrated their 50th Wedding Anniversary on October 9th of this year.

POINTS ROBERTS OBELISK

Point Roberts, named by Captain Vancouver for Lieutenant Henry Roberts, RN, lies on the 49th parallel. The Treaty of Washington signed on June 15, 1846, decreed that the 49th parallel would divide Canada and the United States. A granite obelisk erected at Point Roberts in 1861 still stands to mark the boundary. Forty tons of granite from Scotland were carried around Cape Horn to form the shaft which is set on a base of local stone. One side is inscribed "Treaty of Washington, June 15, 1846" and another states "LAT 49 0 0, LONG 128 3 53" while the others carry the names of the commissioners who signed the treaty. Joan and Bernard Bellinger recommend a visit to this point of interest.



The boundary marker on the 49th parallel at Point Roberts, near Vancouver. Photo courtesy of B. Bellinger.

VIDEOTAPED HISTORY

Campbell River Museum and Archives is pleased to announce the release of several videotape productions that highlight the lives of the pioneering women of northern Vancouver Island. Drawing on a rich body of material gathered through an innovative women's history project, four lively and inspiring portraits of our foremothers have been captured on video. The researchers assembled over 75 hours of taped interviews and 400 historic photographs to create a specialized collection of information about women.

The programmes were professionally produced using live interviews and dramatic archival photographs. They are suited to different age and interest groups and will be of special interest to schools, universities, women's groups and historical associations.

These videotapes are available for purchase from the museum at a unit cost of $20 plus tax:

REFLECTIONS

1. History of Women of Northern Vancouver Island 1915–1945
   35 minutes, general adult or senior second ary school audiences.
2. A History of Women of Northern Vancouver Island – A Child's Perspective 1915–1945
   15–20 minutes, elementary school audiences.
3. Native Women of Northern Vancouver Island 1915–1945
   20 minutes, native focus for general adult or senior secondary school audiences.

SILENT PARTNERS

4. A History of the Women of Northern Vancouver Island to 1920
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This project has been supported by Secretary of State, Ministry of Women's Programmes and Government Services, B.C. Heritage Trust, Campbell River Museum and Archives, P. Foster and Associates, and Campbell River Television (CRTV).

ARCHIVES ASSISTANCE AVAILABLE

The next deadline for applications for grants under the Community Archives Assistance Program is March 31, 1994. These grants can be used by community archives to help fund a variety of archival projects. Groups interested in applying for grants can obtain information brochures and an application form by writing to the Community Archives Assistance Program, British Columbia Archives and Records Service, 655 Belleville Street, Victoria V8V 1X4.

CAAP grants will pay for up to one-half of the total cost of a project and may be up to $10,000 in value. Grants are issued to non-profit societies, municipalities or other local government agencies, and similar groups (they are not available to individuals or profit-making societies). They are meant for one-time projects and cannot be used for capital or on-going expenditures.

CONFERENCE 1994

The Island Hall Hotel in Parksville will be the venue for the 1994 conference of the British Columbia Historical Federation. Many speakers and outings are planned, plus the presentation of awards for the Historical Writing Competition, exchange of successes and programs by member historical societies, references to historic trails and markers, reports about the Publication Assistance Fund, and scholarship winners. Remember the dates: April 28 – May 1, 1994.

History buffs from all over are welcome to participate. Those of you who are not members of Member Societies may request registration forms from:

Mrs. Paddy Cardwell
1033 Forgotten Drive - Parksville
V9P 1T3 Phone: 248-9541 or
Jim Storey at 752-1247

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

On Track: The Railway Mail Service in Canada

Susan McLeod O'Reilly. Hull, Canadian Museum of Civilization, 1992. 151 p., illus., $17.95

Railway passenger service has always captured the imagination of the public and its sharp decline in the post-World War II era has been appropriately mourned in the media. On the other hand, railway mail service, the bone and sinew of communication across Canada's vast area for more than a century, flourished efficiently in the background. Its demise in Canada in 1971 aroused barely a whimper. In earlier times, however, not only did railway mail service enable first class mail to be transmitted with unerring celerity, but also sped safely to isolated householders thousands of mail orders from Eatons and Simpsons. Such esoterica as day-old baby chicks, live bees and bank notes were also given tender loving care by this postal service.

Railway mail service involved the use of specially designed railway carriages forming a unit in an express train but staffed with postal employees who over the long miles sped the mails by sorting them in transit, thus eliminating delays involved in sorting and resorting at various postal centres on the journey. Shift hours were long and working conditions cramped in the railway mail carriages but employees with a proper bent for the work became dedicated to the service.

In 1951, just before the precipitous decline in railway mail service set in , B.A. Long and W.J. Dennis succeeded in glamorizing what might seem to be a tedious occupation with their book entitled *Mail by Rail*, a fervent tribute to those unsung heroes in the service who laboured diligently on railway routes over the world, sometimes in the face of real danger. *Mail by Rail* remains the paradigm for readers seeking a lively account of the history of the service and a detailed explanation of the intricacies of sorting and routing mail in various countries of the world.

On Track: The Railway Mail Service in Canada, written by the curator of the National Postal Museum, does not attempt to match the scope of *Mail by Rail*, but it is nonetheless a highly informative work. The format is "hybrid pictorial history," that is, space on most pages is shared between textual material and a wealth of action shots and pictures of railway mail service artifacts. The text relating the history of the service in Canada and explaining its modus operandi is well organized and the presentation is lucid, if somewhat deliberately dispassionate.

Philatelists will likely snap up *On Track* for its host of illustrations of cancelled covers, while those with a general interest in facets of Canada's history will find the text easy to read and the illustrations engrossing. The quality of the book as a reference work would be considerably enhanced if in a subsequent edition the following were to be added: (a) The address of the National Postal Museum (100 Rue Laurier, Hull, P.Q.). One of the goals of the book is to stimulate an interest in the museum. (b) An appendix delineating the railway and steamer post office routes which existed in Canada. (c) A subject index.

Postal transportation service was a feature of many of British Columbia's railway, coastal steamer and inland steamer routes. Hopefully, the appearance of *On Track* will prompt some aficionado to write a work concentrating on this aspect of the service. *On Track* hints of a host of colourful stories yet to be told by surviving service retirees across Canada.

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Living in the Depot: The Two-Storey Railroad Station

H. Roger Grant. University of Iowa Press, 1993. 145 p., illus., $32.95

Over the past thirty years the North American landscape has been bereft of many miles of railway track and also of water towers, roundhouses, depots, etc. ancillary to railway operation. National, regional and local associations of railway buffs have taken a lively interest in preserving not only railway history and railway rolling stock but also many of these retired railway structures.

Books on a variety of aspects of railway operations continue to roll off the press. In style these range from the sober academic to the blatantly "coffee-table pictorial." Those seeking information on the history and architecture of depots erected for Canadian railway lines are likely to find either of the following copiously illustrated works quite satisfying: (a) Bohl, Charles, *Canadian National's Western Depots*. Don Mills, Fitzhenry & Whiteside Limited, 1977. (b) Brown, Ron, *The Train Doesn't Stop Here Any More*. Peterborough, Broadview Press, 1991.

Living in the Depot, by the well-known railway author Roger Grant, samples the whole of the U.S.A. and Canada, but limits its scope to depots which also housed families of railway employees, usually that of the station agent. The book is beautifully produced and contains many illustrations of small-town railway depots bound to prove mouth-watering to railway depot buffs. The work also captures many of the experiences of the families who were housed in the utilitarian quarters provided in the second storey of the depot or, as designs progressed, in a two-storey wing of the structure. In the Depression days of the 1930s, as branch lines were relegated to "freight only" status, some families were thankful to find rudimentary shelter carved out of abandoned waiting rooms and ticket offices. Grant draws deftly on much anecdotal material in providing a generic picture of domestic life in the railway depot, and does point out any marked regional differences in railway practice in the provision of "in-depot" employee housing. Prior to the Depression, the quality of housing in all regions tended to improve as railways consolidated their operations and refined their depot design.

There are men and women living today who doubtless have memories of family life within the walls of small-town railway depots, now abandoned, which served railway lines in British Columbia. Grant's *Living in the Depot*, should serve as a challenge and a helpful model for any historian willing to seek out such individuals in an attempt to record domestic life in the depot as it existed during the great days of railroading in British Columbia.

~

Streetcars in the Kootenays

Douglas V. Parker. Edmonton, Havelock House. 210 p., illus. $22.95

At the turn of the century, promotion and financing of hydro-electric power plants and of electric street railway systems in the British colonies and other undeveloped lands often provided a rapid route to riches. Max Aitken, the boy from the backwoods of New Brunswick who became the fabulously wealthy Lord Beaverbrook, was one who got his first real leg-up through such promotion efforts. Given the temper of the times, it is not surprising that the London-based British Electric Traction Company, which aspired to dominate electric railway development throughout Great Britain and the Empire, yielded readily to the overtures of a group of slick mining promoters from British Columbia's Kootenay district and financed the construction of a street railway in the small but promising city of Nelson, B.C.

In the years leading up to the Klondike gold rush, it was the Kootenay district which held out the expectation of boundless lodes of gold, silver and base metals. Exponential population growth in Nelson and environs was forecast. The street railway was completed in the fall of 1899, by which time the bloom was already beginning to fade from the Silver King and its neighbouring mines high up on Toad Mountain to the south of the city. Nelson was never quite to recover those boom days of 1895 to 1897. After operating deficits had accumulated for several years, the city fathers leased the line and kept it in fitful, modest and unprofitable operation. The rolling stock was destroyed in a streetcar-barn fire in 1908. The

city then acquired the rails and trolley wires of the system, which languished until a group of dedicated citizens organized a new company and raised financing for new rolling stock and trackage extension. Cheap power was available from the City of Nelson's hydro-electric power plant at Bonnington Falls, but the system continued to lose money. Once again the city took over the system and thanks to a dedicated maintenance staff managed to keep its three antiquated streetcars and one snow sweeper in operation throughout World War II until the fifty-year-old system was retired in 1949. Nelson residents looked on the money-losing system as one of the "perks" available in a city which owned its own hydro-electric plant.

The railway historian Doug Parker, who has been in the forefront of restoration work carried out on the Edmonton street railway system, has achieved in *Streetcars in the Kootenays* a superb piece of work which provides not only lucid, interesting information on the street railway system itself, but fills in some good solid background about the economic conditions which prevailed in Nelson during the life of the line. A wealth of anecdotes captures the flavour of this boom town which over the decades survived the closure of the Hall Mines smelter, as well as other economic setbacks.

The many illustrations, which share pages with the text, are a delight, while the format, which assigns "footnotes" to the inside margins, makes for easy reading. The closing chapters of the book are devoted to an account of the inspiring work carried out in recent years by the Nelson Electric Tramway Society and others in restoring one of the old streetcars and rebuilding a streetcar line along part of Nelson's scenic waterfront. A perusal of *Streetcars in the Kootenays* will impel even the most jaded tourist to visit Nelson and take a trip on the restored car #23 which began operating on July 1, 1992.

Streetcars in the Kootenays ranks in a class with Henry Ewart's epic *The Story of the B.C. Electric Railway*, published in 1986 by Whitecap in Vancouver. Parker's work is a "must" for street railway enthusiasts and should also prove rewarding reading for anyone having an interest in the history of the Kootenay district.

Edward L. Affleck

Ted Affleck is a member of the Vancouver Historical Society.

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Lasqueti Island: History and Memory

Elda Copley Mason. Lantzville, B.C., Byron Mason, n.d. 228 p., $18.95.
Available from Byron Mason, Box 322, Lantzville, B.C. V0R 2H0.

The Nelson Island Story, including Hardy Island and Other Islands of Jervis Inlet

Karen Southern. Surrey, B.C., Hancock House, 1989. 219 p., illus., $12.95

Anyone who knows, or is fortunate enough to be planning to visit, Lasqueti or Nelson Islands will find these two local histories useful, interesting and enjoyable. Indeed, the themes and incidents they describe will strike a chord with those familiar with any of the islands of the southern Inside Passage.

While the two islands lie on opposite sides of the Strait of Georgia — Lasqueti being tied geographically to Vancouver Island and Nelson, which curves around the north end of the Sechelt peninsula, to the Mainland — the experiences of settlers on the two islands were in many ways similar and the two volumes have much in common.

Both tell the story of the islands largely through chronologically arranged biographies and reminiscences and through anecdotes of island life. These are given context by sections on such topics as early exploration, industries, the development of community organizations, changing patterns of transportation and communications and their effect, and that of changes in the economy of the outside world on island life.

The particular interest of both books lies in the stories of the people who lived on, or passed through, the islands and in the affection and detailed knowledge with which their stories are told.

Elda Copley Mason, the author of *Lasqueti Island: History and Memory*, lived in Lasqueti for over forty years and the parts of her book which consist of her own reminiscences are particularly interesting. If the extract from her diaries which appears on page 146 is typical, they should perhaps be published in their own right: "What a queer couple they are ... and their house, a long narrow building constructed of beachcombed wood, browned and mellowed by years of smoke and wind and salt spray. He with his sharp blue eyes and hers with the same piercing quality ... within the house everything spotless ... They are so very old looking ... What a strange life for a crooked man and an educated woman."

The Nelson Island Story includes a particularly enjoyable account by Howard White of his childhood at Green Bay where his father logged during the early fifties before the family became "victims of the Social Credit Government's policy of closing the woods to small free enterprise and delivering it over to the big monopolies." (page 122)

White writes of "a pattern of failure and abandonment." Certainly the coast is dotted with evidences of past lives. Both *Lasqueti Island: History and Memory* and *The Nelson Island Story* will help to preserve the memory of the courage, ingenuity, hard work and, often, eccentricity of people who lived on the islands, and they do it so well that the many photographs in each book have the interest of a family album.

Both books have good indexes and contain maps, the one in *The Nelson Island Story* showing the location of the early settlers. Both have a section on place names and *The Nelson Island Story* includes a list of "boats familiar to the waters around Nelson Island throughout its history."

Frances Gundry

Frances Gundry, a member of the Victoria Historical Society, is an archivist at the B.C. Provincial Archives and Records Service.

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Responding to Fashion: The Clothing of the O'Reilly Family

Virginia Careless, Royal British Columbia Museum, 1993, 92 p., $6.50

Responding to Fashion was prepared to describe a collection of clothing acquired when the O'Reilly home at Point Ellice became a provincial heritage attraction.

This book will be of great help to anyone who is researching clothes for costuming at historic sites or for centennial celebrations. It should also be of interest to anyone wanting to know what the Social and Fashion life was like in their mother's or grandmothers' time. I feel that the first 13 pages should be mandatory reading for anyone working with historic costumes, as it shows many of the things that could go awry even when the custodian has the best of intentions.

Notes, illustrations and references are clear. I was sorry Ms. Careless could not present the rest of the costumes at Point Ellice House. I closed this book wanting to learn more about the O'Reilly ladies.

Jean-Ann Debrecini

The reviewer has been associated with Fort Steele Heritage Town for 18 years, frequently acting as a consultant re costuming for staff and volunteers.

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Books Also Noted

Affleck's List of Sternwheelers & Other Larger Steamboats Working on the Columbia River Waterways North of the 47th Parallel of Latitude 1865–1965

Edward L. Affleck, comp. 60 p. Vancouver, Alexander Nicolls Press, 1993. $6.00
Available from Alexander Nicolls Press, 3208 S.E. Marine Drive, Vancouver, B.C. V5P 2S2 (604) 324-2201.

Shuswap Chronicles Vol. 4.

Celista, B.C., North Shuswap Historical Society, 1993.
No price given. Available from North Shuswap Historical Society, P.O. Box 22, Celista, B.C. V0E 1L0.

A POSTSCRIPT TO *Atlin Adventure*

Lyman D. Sands, retired Government Agent and Gold Commissioner in Atlin wrote to the author of "Atlin Adventure". We are privileged to share the following with our readers.

I read with some interest your article "Atlin Adventure" in the B.C. Historical News Fall 1993 and thought it would be interesting to you to receive sort of a follow-up on the story.

Frank Barr married my sister Mary Kate Sands in 1937. He flew planes between Juneau and Atlin until late fall of 1938 when he and his wife moved to Fairbanks where he flew for himself and various other companies until approximately 1956 when he retired from the flying game and moved to Portland, Oregon where he bought a mobile home park and sort of semi-retired.

My sister died in 1976 and Barr died in 1983 at the age of 80. During the period he was in Fairbanks he ran for politics and served for four years as U.S. Senator for the Fairbanks area. When Alaska became a State, he was one of a team that drew up the Alaska State Constitution.

He was considered by his peers as one of the better bush pilots in the north. While he had many forced landings, some severely damaging his plane, he was always able to repair it and fly it back to his base. One of his slogans was "If you want to fly the worst way, fly with Barr".

I remember Ike Matthews as a young person and he was not particularly well liked by the people of Atlin. I think the reason for this being he was hard on his crew, poor living conditions in his camp and poor grub. However times weren't the best and men were glad to have a job.

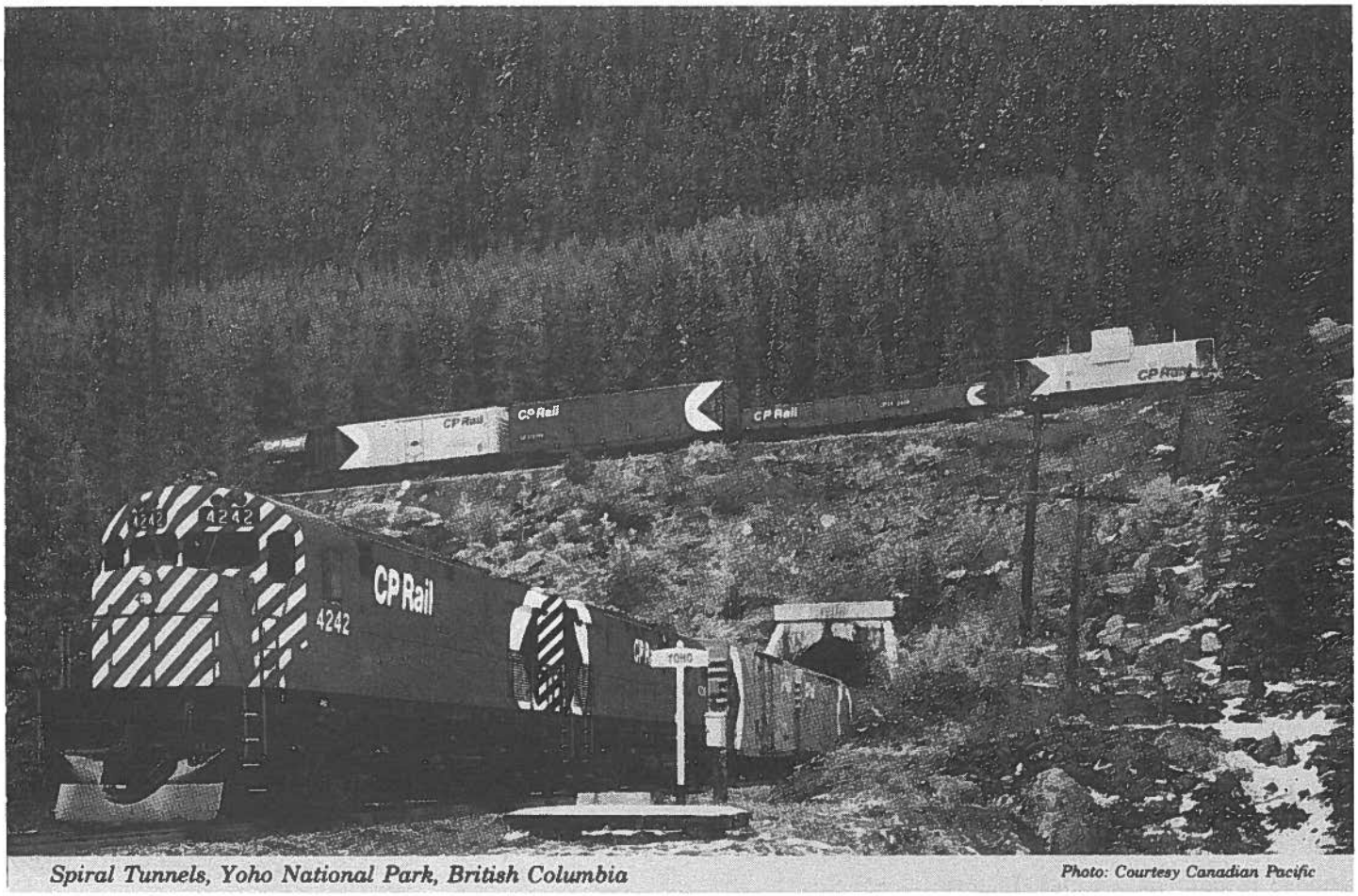
Incidentally the Joker, Poker & Croker leases are still in existence and still producing gold.

The undersigned worked for the Provincial Government as Government Agent for 36 years and retired in 1983. During my career I was Gold Commissioner in Atlin and several other places and also Court Registrar. I enjoyed my work at the time but don't miss it now.

Trust you may find the above of some interest.

Yours very truly,

Lyman D. Sands.



Spiral Tunnels, Yoho National Park, British Columbia — *Photo: Courtesy Canadian Pacific*

The engine of this freight train emerges from the Lower Spiral tunnel, near Field, B.C., while the tail has yet to enter the portal 45 feet (13.7m) above. This is the locale where the author, Tom Barnett, waved to motorists stopped at a viewpoint on the Trans-Canada Highway.

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BC HISTORICAL FEDERATION

WRITING COMPETITION

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

Any book presenting any facet of B.C. history, published in 1993, is eligible. This may be a community history, biography, record of a project or an organization, or personal recollections giving a glimpse of the past. Names, dates, and places with relevant maps or pictures turn a story into "history".

The judges are looking for quality presentations, especially if fresh material is included, with appropriate illustrations, careful proof reading, an adequate index, table of contents and bibliography from first-time writers as well as established authors.

Note: Reprints or revisions of books are not eligible.

The Lieutenant-Governor's Medal for Historical Writing will be awarded to an individual writer whose book contributes significantly to the recorded history of British Columbia. Other awards will be made as recommended by the judges to valuable books prepared by groups or individuals.

All entries receive considerable publicity. Winners will receive a Certificate of Merit, a monetary award and an invitation to the B.C.H.F. annual conference to be held in Parksville in May 1994.

Submission Requirements: All books must have been published in 1993, and should be submitted as soon as possible after publication. **Two copies** of each book should be submitted. Please state name, address and telephone number of sender, the selling price of all editions of the book and the address from which it may be purchased if the reader has to shop by mail.

Send to: B.C. Historical Writing Competition
P.O. Box 933, Nanaimo, B.C. V9R 5N2

Deadline: December 31, 1993. **LATE ENTRIES** WILL BE ACCEPTED WITH POST-MARK UP TO JANUARY 31, 1994, BUT MUST CONTAIN **THREE COPIES** OF EACH BOOK.

* * * * * * * * * * *

There is also an award for the Best Article published each year in the *B.C. Historical News* magazine. This is directed to amateur historians or students. Articles should be no more than 2,500 words, typed double spaced, accompanied by photographs if available, and substantiated with footnotes where applicable. (Photos will be returned.)

Please send articles directly to:

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