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Journal of the B.C. Historical Federation

The 1887 wedding of an early B.C. Telephone Operator.

SURVEYING B.C. SINCE 1793

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BRITISH COLUMBIA HISTORICAL NEWS

Volume 26, No. 2 **Journal of the B.C. Historical Federation** Spring - 1993

EDITORIAL

Last Call for Conference Registration.

Kamloops beckons! History buffs everywhere are invited to enjoy the tours, guest speakers, meals, and camaraderie April 29-May 1, 1993. Some of the topics on tap are "The Notorious McLeans," "Early Medicine in Kamloops," "Hat Creek Ranch", and slides on "Wallachin", plus a visit to the Secwepemc Museum. Registration ($80.) includes 2 lunches and 2 dinners.

DEADLINE: April 19. Obtain a registration form today from your local historical society secretary, or phone Mrs. E. Murdoch at 372-3827.

* * * * * * *

We are fast approaching the centennial of the Women's Institute, (1897 - 1997). Surely some of our readers have memories of special activities undertaken by the local W.I.? Send in your memory, or your mother's story to the editor. Even if you only write a paragraph or two, we can stitch them together to make a quilt of stories about this Made-in-Canada organization.

Gems from the Archives

Do you have a favorite newspaper clipping, postcard from long ago, poster or picture that you would like to share? Please send it, or a clear photocopy of it, to N. Miller, Box 105, Wasa, B.C. V0B 2K0.

Naomi Miller

COVER CREDIT

Laura Gilbert of Nanaimo posed for this picture on her wedding day in 1887. Read the story of this wedding dress, and the life of this bride and her family as told by Pamela Mar on page 5 & 6. B.C. Tel acknowledges her as one of the earliest telephone operators in the province.

Photo Courtesy Nanaimo Museum & Archives.

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Manuscripts and correspondence for the editor are to be sent to P.O. Box 105, Wasa, B.C. V0B 2K0
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"Show Us Where Mackenzie Walked"

by John Woodworth

The author examines an axed square survey post found on the 1909 Cluscus trail (now part of the AMHT.)

1993 is the bicentennial of the first recorded crossing of continental North America. For Canadians to-day it signifies A MARI USQUE AD MARE on our Coat of Arms, **"from sea to sea"**.

For an older generation's schooling, there was **"Alex Mackenzie, From Canada, by land, 22nd July, 1793"**, in 1926 chipped into a dominating rock in Dean Channel 50 km through fjords from Bella Coola – much memorized from the textbooks.

Mackenzie's CANADA was Lower Canada, now the Province of Quebec. He recorded in his 1801 journals [1] the Northwest Company's Route of the Voyageurs from the St. Lawrence River to Fort Chipewyan and Athabaska country, plus his unsuccessful search for a Pacific trade outlet in 1789 (the first "wrong-way Corrigan" paddled downstream to the Beaufort Sea), and finally his 1792-93 zig-zag canoe and backpack expedition to the Pacific.

There he missed Captain George Vancouver's coastal survey crews by several weeks. But between the two explorers, both gentle but determined men, Canada's "sea to sea" motto was assured. Mackenzie's breach of the Rockies brought the fur trade into New Caledonia, which along with the Cariboo gold rush gave us a British Columbia. Although each assumed Britain would claim the coastline from the Gulf of Alaska to south of the Columbia mouth, B.C. got only half a border on the Pacific.

Mackenzie's crew of French Canadian voyageurs, native Indian guides and his aide, Alexander Mackay, after wintering near the present Alberta town of Peace River, paddled, portaged, and risked their lives via the Peace, Parsnip and McGregor Rivers to an eventual stalemate at or near Fort Alexandria on the steep-walled Fraser north of Williams Lake. Taking local (Shuswap) advice they then struggled back north to a river Mackenzie named the West Road, known to-day as the Blackwater, just north of Quesnel. Here they donned 85 lb. packs and in 14 days, guided over the native "grease trail" and also a surprising alpine diversion, reached the Bella Coola Valley and further canoe adventures.

Our story centres on this overland trek, a 350 km foot-trail that to-day is a designated linear heritage site under the B.C. Heritage Act. Officially it's the **Alexander Mackenzie Heritage Trail** (often abbreviated to AMHT). En route signage sub-titles also say "Nuxalk-Carrier Route" which recognizes its Southern Carrier origins on the Nechako/Chilcotin plateaus, and its coastal Nuxalk (Bella Coola) connection.

But if you live out there, it's the **Grease Trail.** While there are dozens of Coast-to-Interior "grease trails", from Alaska to California, where rendered oil from the little eulichan fish was the high-priced trade item, there's a loyalty from Bella Coola to the Fraser that the AMHT is not just Mackenzie's trail. "It's the Grease Trail!" So be it.

From 1975 until 1982, a small core of Cariboo and Bella Coola citizens plied the political path to get Canada and B.C. to agree that this prehistoric route should be recognized and preserved. Names like Rene (Kopas) Morton, daughter of Bella Coola's famous writer and promoter, Cliff Kopas, stand out. And Andy Motherwell, former Quesnel school principal, realtor, and regional district rep. And geographer Kent Sedgwick, Prince George planner and currently President of the 300 member Alexander Mackenzie Trail Association (AMTA).

When these volunteers first asked for support from the forest industry, an aggressive woods boss – or maybe an old hand B.C. Forest Service manager – said bluntly, "So, show us where Mackenzie walked."

A good question. Moccasins don't leave 200-year-old tracks. Or do they?

A forties Canadian from Banff, naturalized Swedish park warden and photographer, Halle Flygare, with his travel agent wife Linda, took up the land search between 1975 and 1982 in a series of summer contracts with Parks Canada.

In the late 20th century, one starts with a look-see from the air, backed by government 1:50,000 maps, plus Mackenzie's journal notes and useful 1875 reports from the Geological Survey of Canada's G. M. Dawson [2] and Sir Sanford Fleming's [3] C.P.R. reconnaissance of the same period.

But the "nub" rests with the journals. "Walk west", Mackenzie's guides said, "along a river to a lake whose water is nauseous." When you climb west by air from the mouth of the Blackwater, the torturous Blackwater canyons are soon succeeded by a shallow wooded valley laced with lakes and a river, coming in from **due west** with Tweedsmuir Park's Rainbow Mountains on the horizon.

In broad terms, this rimrock-lined river valley separates the lava layers of the Nechako Plateau to the north and the Chilcotin to the south. Where else but the river valley would you look for a prehistoric path? Sure enough, it's there. And not just the obvious 1900s wagon and 4x4 rutted trails. In some places, as Flygare was to learn, were moccasin trails that connected 4000-

year-old [4] prehistoric habitation sites.

But the obvious direct valley route to the coast mountains was initially not enough evidence to establish B.C.'s first designated linear heritage site. Not in a territory that was beginning to see hundreds of logging trucks rumble out daily to mills at Vanderhoof, Prince George and Quesnel.

"Show us where Mackenzie walked!"

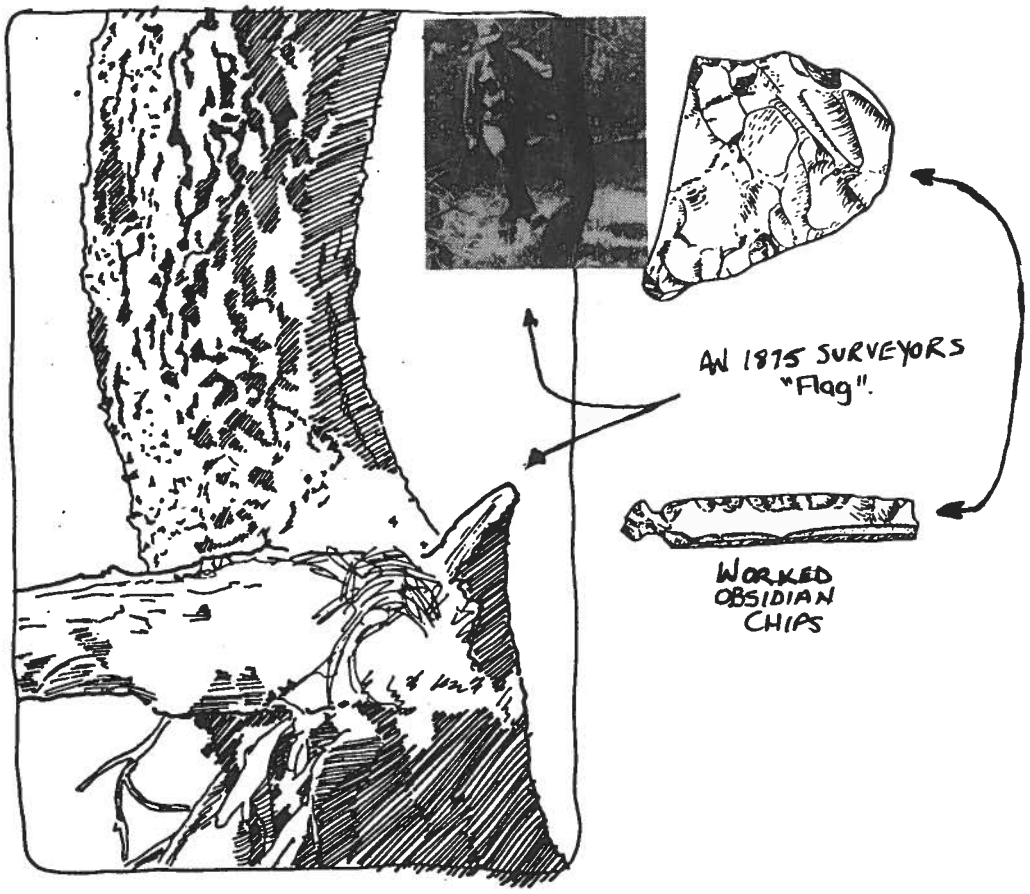
Fortunately Mackenzie's journals give us linkups in a chain of unarguable landmarks. He wrote that the 1793 trail to the Pacific starts upstream a few miles from the Blackwater's mouth. His Nazkoten guides slipped him by their village at the south end of Punchaw Lake on the old Blackwater Road, but Simon Fraser archaeological students in a 1973 site excavation recorded the old footpath there at the logical north-south, east-west trail intersection.

Glacial kettles that Mackenzie called "basons" are at the foot of Titetown lake, for example (km 82.5 Trail Guide[5]). Chine Falls, where the Blackwater drops out of Kluskoil Lake (km 99), fits too well the walking time from the Fraser up onto the plateau where the river has slowed into a long chain of lakes. So does Sandyman Crossing (km 137) where hikers to-day still wade or swim the Blackwater to get to the old (and now new) Kluskus village site that entranced Mackenzie.

And it's hard to argue that the coastal-type trading house at Gatcho Lake (km 247), so vividly pictured by Mackenzie, then in 1875 photographed by G.L. Dawson and in the 1970s excavated by archaeologist Paul F. Donahue [4], is not a believable landmark. Nor is the fishing encampment site in the Tanya Lakes Rainbow Mountains (km 289) which was recently reestablished by the Algatcho Band.

But the irrational climb Mackenzie's local guides showed him through a 6000 foot snow-choked pass and down the cliff-face to the Bella Coola River and Friendly Village, we'll come back to. First, "Show us where Mackenzie walked."

Most credit for the field proof that eventually produced a measured and marked historic route, goes to Halle and Linda. But their friend Peter Alexis, a descendent of original residents (km 204) not only shared campfire with



"Flagged" marker on the old trail.

them but tempted them with many glimpses of abandoned foot trails and river fords.

Were these bush-covered segments the aboriginal trail? Useful 1875 maps from both Dawson and Fleming, plus a 1909 survey sheet of the Cluskus Trail from the Fraser to Kluskus village, narrowed the field. While wagon trails still in use identified (and also obliterated) most of the foot trail, there were some gaps where the horses and wagons took the easier and often swampier way, and the native trail, as described by Mackenzie, went directly west over hills and low mountains.

It was in these undisturbed sections our modern explorers exploited their working clues. First, they knew approximately where the foot trails separated from the wagon roads or the key link points. For example, at the west end of trout-filled Eliguk Lake, trader Paul Krestinuk's winter road to the abandoned village at Gatcho Lake slithered over swamp and underbrush to bypass a low mountain, whereas Mackenzie hiked up a trail over the top – where, incidentally he describes the view of the Anahim Lake/Dean River valley to the south, and further on the snowcapped Rainbows they were to thread through in the west. The original foot trail simply had to be buried somewhere between.

Halle's bush sense helped him here. First, as an aid to distinguish prehistoric footpath from meandering game trails, he says, "Could you walk it in your stocking feet?" That is, moccasins or Vibram soles? The latter ruled out a lot of aimless side trails.

Then, just as the big question mark"?" on a modern highway leads to a tourist information centre, similar "?" trademarks (see sketches) from early surveyors' "flags" led him to search out telltale linear footpath depressions. You can imagine the elation when a footpath siting occurred between several of these "hooked" marker trees in a row. Or when the trail on the forest floor stopped at a big tree and emerged again on the other side!

What really convinced forestry officials however was Halle's handy core drill.

He's a trained forester as well as park warden and professional outdoors photographer. Core drill annular rings, drawn from above a thumb-shaped stub where a marker tree branched sideways, again and again gave an origin of 1875 – the year when Dawson and the C.P.R. looked to the grease trail for a Canada sea to sea rail route.

This writer's father led him many times on bush searches, and I can see him to-day regularly slicing off the top of a sapling as we moved into new territory, to leave a row of white slashes like bandaged thumbs to guide us homeward. (Readers please note, including my friend Halle, these are heritage trees to-day and not to be mounted like antlers over your fireplace.)

Among other clues that lead a trail walker to-day to expect to run into Mackenzie in the deep woods, or the group Mackenzie met " . . . **every man, woman and child carried a proportionate burden consisting of beaver coating and parchment, as well as skins of the otter, the bear, the lynx, and dressed moose skins** . . . " are the "kickwillie" holes: over-grown pockmarks, from 25 foot diameter family size for permanent residences, down to smaller for temporary sites and food storage pits. When you spend time on the trail, your primal human senses guide you to them. Permanent sites where fishy streams leave lake systems, food pits at salmon river mouths, lookout sites where to-day's woods-wise person would tent for bug-free breezes, or to watch for game or strangers.

Then there are the black glass-like obsidian chips, not only at obvious campsites but under foot on the moccasin trail. Follow our familiar archaeologist Victoria's Ian Wilson, head down, on a wet day and he shows you one after another tiny worked chips that reflect up through the needles. For unknown millennia, quarries in the Rainbow Mountains have yielded these jewels for arrow heads, knives and scrapers, that through scientific tests produce a map pattern that covers both the seacoast and the Interior for hundreds of miles around. Please, "Leave 'em be." They're protected by law.

So for several summers of rain, flood, frost, gales, bugs and occasional drought, Halle and Linda used their clues and their woods sense to find the missing links between the known linkage points. In some heavy timber sites, often regrowth over forest fires, where the trail simply **had to be**, they were reduced to flagging large acreages into rectangles for conventional "square searches" literally nose to the ground. A great sensation on a needle-cover forest floor to find perhaps first the hooked tree and then the logical ongoing scoop-shovel-width section of continuing trail depression!

Little by little, between the Fraser River and Tanya Lakes in Tweedsmuir Park, a legitimate-looking AMHT came together – much of it existing wagon or horse trail, but with enough wilderness walking to challenge 15 to 20-day long-distance trekkers. For day-trippers, several easy walks exist close to public roads.

But an enigma exists in Mackenzie's "grease trail" travels. At Tanya Lakes his native travelling companions pointed south to a "vee" in the Rainbow Mountains horizon. Through that vee they said were the seacoast natives Mackenzie wished to visit.

As for themselves, they had other plans. For Takia River, the Tanya Lake stream where they caught spawning salmon led steeply downhill about 25 km to Salmon House Falls on the world famous Dean River. Why not . . .Ho Ho Ho . . .bump this enquiring Whiteman 50 km in the opposite direction to be someone else's guest?

Whatever their intent, Mackenzie hiked south through a narrow alpine valley to a 6000 ft. snow-drifted pass, from which he could see to the south "**...a stupendous mountain . . . between it and our immediate course flowed the river to which we were going.**" This was to-day's landmark Tremendous Mtn. at the foot of which are the Bella Coola Valley sites Mackenzie called Friendly Village and Great Village (the latter recently subject to rewarding archaeological excavations by Simon Fraser University).

While there is a 60-70 km ancient abandoned trail, known as the Algatcho Summer Trail between Tanya Lakes and the Bella Coola River further downstream, it's not the way Mackenzie went. Too many clues, both going down and coming back up, have him walking straight to the lip of the 4500 ft plateau below the pass and then scrambling down the cliff face into Burnt Creek and out to the valley bottom. To-day's descendants of the original Native families who greeted him have no doubts that he came and went via Burnt Bridge. So, by a kind of "judgement call", to-day's Alexander Mackenzie Heritage Trail comes down off the alpine on an established switchback pack trail through the west arm of Burnt Bridge Creek.

The 450 km AMHT full trip is described in detail and with accompanying photos, 1:50,000 maps, sketches, anecdotes, and Mackenzie quotations in "**In the Steps of Alexander Mackenzie**" by Woodworth and Flygare. ($20.00 mailed from AMTA, Box 425 Stn A, Kelowna, B.C. V1Y 7P1.) Some hikers, such as a Sidney Girl Guides group who wrote us, broke the challenge into three good August excursions.

At present, several day-trip brochures describe a variety of walks at each end of the AMHT. Off the Quesnel-Prince George west-side Blackwater Road along the Fraser are both the Lower Blackwater Bridge outings and a range of Titetown Lake walks. The latter includes shallow fords on the Euchiniko River and the glacial kettles Mackenzie called "basons". There's also a favourite hour-long loop trail at the western trail end, up Burnt Bridge Creek from Highway 20. Brochures are stocked by B.C. Forest Service and B.C. Parks, at Williams Lake and Bella Coola.

* * * * * * * * * * *

John Woodworth was founding president of the Alexander Mackenzie Trail Association and is now their volunteer executive secretary and produces its quarterly Newsletter. He is a retired architect who makes his home in Kelowna.

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2. Diary of George Dawson, Geological Survey of Canada, Ottawa ca 1876.
3. Fleming, Sir Sanford, Report on Surveys and Preliminary Operations of the Canadian Pacific Railway, ca 1875.
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Map - See page 36.

A Long Distance Line To The Past

by Pamela Mar

For some time the British Columbia Telephone Company has exhorted us to "reach out and touch someone". An opportunity to do so in a very practical way came in May 1991 when Nanaimo's past and present telephone operators held a reunion to celebrate the company's 100th anniversary.

In the costume and textile collection at the Nanaimo Centennial Museum is a wedding dress worn by Laura Gilbert. She became the wife of George Cavalsky in 1887. George had a store on Victoria Crescent, which housed Nanaimo's first telephone switchboard. Laura Cavalsky was the first operator, and likely the first female to hold such a post in the province.

The idea of displaying her dress to recent operators was appealing – it would form both an historic link with the past and honour their reunion.

The dress is very small – Laura was petite even for her day – and mounting it was a challenge as none of our models was suitable. But we improvised and achieved the necessary effect. A check of accessories revealed that we had not only her dress, but also her kid leather shoes and gloves. Together with our wedding "finds" a good display ensued, and those who were able to visit the Museum were happy to see this link with the past. After a month or so, everything was returned to storage. But Laura has come back several times to jog my memory.

Earlier this year a relative brought in a photo of Laura in her wedding finery. For our records this was invaluable as we could see just how the dress had looked, and what was missing in the way of trims. In the summer, another descendant visited and was delighted to see "grandmother's" wedding dress once again.

The family promised further information for our archives. However, this article was invited, and so I went in search of "Laura" once more.

On the occasion of their Golden Wedding, November 1937, the 'Nanaimo Free Press' published a short biography of the couple. Laura was born in Penzance, Cornwall, in 1864. She came to Nanaimo in 1874 with other family members to join their father, who was working in the mines. George Cavalsky was born in Denmark and came to Victoria in 1880. He sailed in coastal shipping for some years and settled in Nanaimo in 1886 to open a grocery store. Presumably he lost little time in courting Laura as they were married the next year on November 9th.

In its history, B.C. Tel notes that in 1878 or a little earlier, William Wall was the first person in the province to make telephones and install a line. This was for Dunsmuir's Wellington mines, and other telephones followed as the Dunsmuir interests grew.

Laura Gilbert/Cavalsky in her wedding dress.
Photo courtesy of the Nanaimo Centennial Museum & Archives.

Fernville, the Cavalsky family home on Esplanade in Nanaimo. Mrs. Cavalsky made gardening her hobby, and the cultivation of many types of cactus a specialty.
Photo from the Heritage Homes Collection at Nanaimo Centennial Museum.

Although a telephone company was not set up officially in Nanaimo until 1890, lines were placed in August 1887 and a switchboard installed in George Cavalsky's store, with less than a dozen subscribers. Newly-weds George and Laura acted as operators. After a year or so, the exchange was moved to a more central location, and by 1890 the system had about 37 subscribers.

Laura's wedding photo shows a pensive and very young-looking woman. She was given away by John Pawson, a former Mayor of Nanaimo, her father having died in 1876 and his brother, her Uncle William, in the big 1887 mine explosion. The family had begun the Temperance Hotel on Bastion Street soon after their arrival, and Mrs.

Gilbert re-opened it following her husband's death. Weekly board was $6 or could be had by the day. That they must have prospered is indicated by the reports of a sumptuous wedding breakfast and the fact that Laura's wedding dress was a rather "impractical" white. A coloured dress which could later be worn for best was often the 19th century bride's choice.

Laura and George were a prominent part of pioneer Nanaimo, being active in various lodges and societies. George played a major part in public life. He joined the Fire Department in 1888, becoming its secretary in 1895, a post held for over 40 years. He was elected an Alderman for 17 different terms between 1908 and 1935.

Their home on the Esplanade near No. 1. Mine was a social gathering place. At the entrance the name of the house, "Fernville", lettered on large blue tiles is still on the concrete path. George was said to have named other homes in Nanaimo in this manner, but they have mostly vanished.

They raised three daughters, and a son, J. King Cavalsky. B.C. Tel proudly notes that the son followed the example set by his parents and served with the Company for 38 years until his retirement in 1961. Two daughters married. The third, Bertha, remained in Nanaimo, living at Haslam Hall. This was the building that started Nanaimo's move towards heritage preservation.

Laura died in January 1940, and George in July of the same year. A photo taken at the time of their Golden Wedding shows this tiny lady with curly hair and a smile. George sported a moustache as in the earliest photos we have of him. Many people in Nanaimo still remember the Cavalskys with warm affection.

* * * * * * * * * * *

The writer is a volunteer at the Nanaimo Centennial Museum and Archives. She dedicates much time to working with the textile collection, Princess Royal Day, and other projects.

SOURCES

Information for this article has been culled from material in the Nanaimo Community Archives and the Nanaimo Historical Society Archives. In particular: Nanaimo Free Press, November 1887, November 1937, January 1940 and March 1991: B.C. Telephone publications "Telephone Tapestry" and "Spirit of Vision"; sections in "Nanaimo Retrospective" and "History of Nanaimo Pioneers". Mrs. Peggy Nicholls also drew on her personal archives for early history.

November 12th 1887
Nanaimo Free Press.

A HAPPY EVENT.

Marriage of Mr. Geo. Cavalsky and Miss Laura Gilbert ! !

THE CHURCH CROWDED.

On Wednesday morning the citizens of Nanaimo were all in a flutter to witness the ceremony that would unite Mr. George Cavalsky and Miss Laura Gilbert in wedlock. Shortly before 10 o'clock the spacious Methodist Church was filled with an expectant congregation, the fair sex largely predominating. In a few minutes the groom, accompanied by Mr. William Lewis, to support him through the trying ordeal, entered the Church and took their seats near the pulpit. Shortly after 10 o'clock the handsome and youthful bride, leaning upon the arm of Mr. John Pawson, ex-Mayor of this City, entered the church and walked up to the altar, when the Rev. Joseph Hall, Pastor of the Methodist Church, read the ceremony that made George Cavalsky and Laura Gilbert man and wife. At the conclusion of this ceremony the groom saluted his bride with a kiss and this was followed by the bridesmaids and numerous friends. As the bridal party returned down the aisle to the carriages, the church bells rang out a merrie merrie peal.

The bridesmaids were Miss Maggie Jones, Miss E. Williams, Miss Laura Green and Miss Lillie Freethy.

The bridal party and several invited guests proceeded to the residence of Mrs. J. K. Gilbert (mother of the bride) on Bastion Street, where a sumptuous wedding breakfast was in waiting, to which most ample justice was done. The newly married couple left by the afternoon train for Victoria, on a wedding tour to Puget Sound. As the train moved off showers of rice were thrown over the young couple as an emblem of good luck and happiness.

The young bride has lived in this city for a number of years and was a general favorite, while the bridegroom is a most popular gentleman. The newly married couple were the recipients of hearty and numerous wishes for a united life of unalloyed happiness and prosperity, and with this general felicitation the FREE PRESS is heartily in accord. On their return Mr. and Mrs. George Cavalsky will take up their residence on Victoria Crescent.

In the evening a social party took place at the residence of Mrs. Gilbert, and a pleasant evening was passed. At Victoria, Capt. Rudlin gave the newly married couple an evening party which was also numerously attended.

THE DRESSES.

The bride wore a white, stain dress, trimmed with cream colored French lace and pearl beads, orange blossom wreath and embroidered tulle veil.

Miss Maggie Jones, (bridesmaid) wore a pink satin dress trimmed with cream colored French lace and pearl beads.

Miss E. Williams (bridesmaid) wore a ruby plush dress trimmed with cream colored French lace and pearl beads.

Miss Laura Green (niece of the bride) and Miss Lillie Freethy (cousin of the bride) (bridesmaids) were dressed alike and wore cream lace dresses and ruby flowers.

THE PRESENTS.

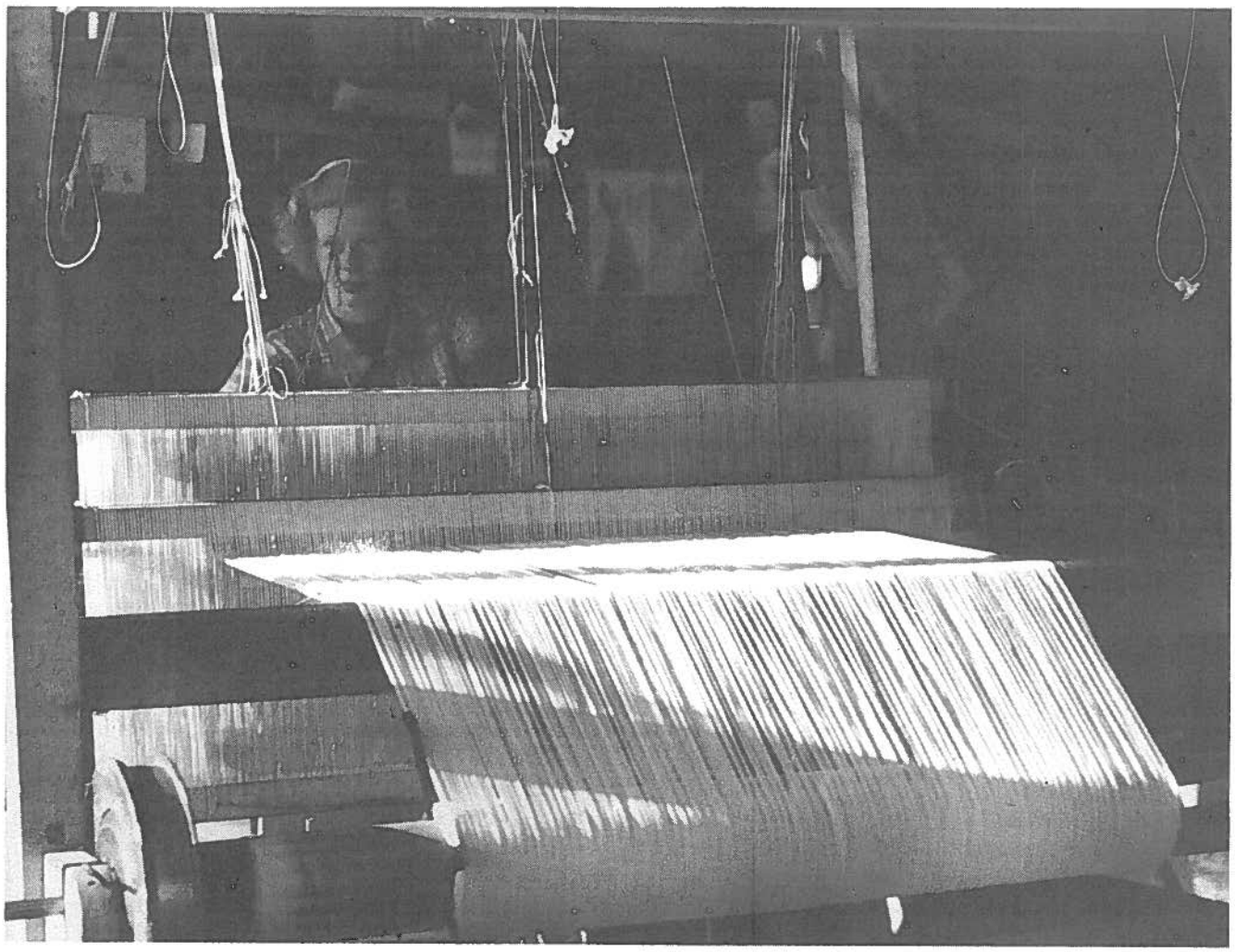
Following is the list of the presents received (omitting a unique present received by the groom in the shape of a minature baby doll) by the newly married couple. The parties making them have exercised excellent judgment, for they are of a practical character and just the thing to start housekeeping with :—

Mr. J. Rertram—Two large oil paintings.
Mr. Wm. Lewis (groomsman)—An Album.
Mrs. J. W. Glaholm—A pair of vases.
Mr. J. Pawson, J. P.—A cooking stove.
A Friend—An extension table.
Mrs. T. W. Glaholm—A butter dish.
Miss Williams (bridesmaid)—A silver cake basket.
Mr. Jas. Williams—A cruet stand.
Mrs. John Hilbert—A cruet stand.
Mrs. Sarah Johns—A Plush Table Scarf.
Miss Luney—A cake holder.
Miss Bertram—A tea set.
Mr. Cicero Westwood—A flower stand.
Miss Jones (bridesmaid)—Catsup Jar and Butter Knife.
Mrs. Jones—A bed spread.
Richardson & Horner—A bed spread.
Miss Parkin—A table cover.
Miss Barbara Primm—A decanter.
Mrs. J. E. Jenkins—A lamp and teapot.
Mrs. Monck—A pin cushion.
Miss Maggie Watkins—A mat.
Miss Jennie Jones—A mat.
Mrs. W. Bone—A fruit basket.
Mrs. G. Old—A handsome pair of vases.
Mr. Chas. Donahue—A rocking chair and towel rack.
Mr. Henry Hague—A dozen silver tea spoons.
Mrs. J. K. Gilbert (mother of the bride)—Half-dozen chairs, a centre table and bookcase.
Miss Katie Gilbert—Half-dozen jelly dishes.
A friend—A pair of cornice poles.
Miss Bryant—A copy of Scotts' poems.
Miss Mebius—A hand-painted handker chief case.
Miss Barker—A pin-cushion.
Mr. George Mitchell—A silver fish slice.
Mrs. Garland—A pickle jar.
Miss Garland—A card receiver.
Mr. John Hilbert—A coal scuttle, scrubbing brush, blacking brush, black lead brush and a broom.

The 1887 News Item.

The Island Weavers

by Shirley Cuthbertson



Joan Oldfield working the Loom. c. 1940.

Photo courtesy of Bonita Jackson.

If you lived in Victoria (or Vancouver) from 1933 to 1974 you may remember buying fabric or a suit at the "Island Weavers". The Island Weavers was a small company with its headquarters in Victoria, that made quality tweeds and tartans and shipped them as far away as New York. Their story is representative of a business that started as a small family business, flourished and then stopped - for many reasons, some of them typical of other small businesses in the history of this province. It also represents the story of many people who came to this country, contributed ideas, energy and products to our way of life, and who take themselves for granted, so that we don't always recognize the contribution. In some ways, it's a remarkable story, because it is a success story that started during the early years of the Depression and survived until the seventies.

For the Royal B.C. Museum's History staff, the story began with a loom, collected in 1975. The catalogue card that is supposed to tell us everything about this object had this photo on it, and the card said that the source was "not established". Between the time that it was collected and the present, the museum's large artifacts had been moved from one warehouse to another. Everything was moved and had to be inventoried later, so the Museum hired summer students to help. Although the museum had the data in the files, no one had time just then to go through all the papers; if a tag came off during the move, the original number was missing. Without a number or a name, any paper concerning an artifact is just one of several hundred thousand pieces of paper.

The loom no longer had all its parts, as some had been moved separately. In order to stabilize the frame, we needed two crossbars replaced. One of our staff, a conservator who looks after the textile collection, gave me the name of someone who fixes looms for members of the Weavers' Guild - Emory Lalonde. I called his home, and his wife said he would probably be very pleased to help. In fact, she said he was "a loom nut"!

Emory came, figured out what was needed, he and some of our History staff got the materials, and conservator George Field worked with him to replace the essential pieces. While Emory was working on the loom, he suggested I talk to Chris Howland, who had worked for a long time in Victoria as a professional weaver. I called Chris, who came out to see the loom, and of course he recognized it immediately. Chris had been the one responsible for bringing the loom to the Museum from the last place it was used, at 1019 Langley Street. Later I found a "specimen receipt" dated October 25th, 1975, with Chris's signature as the donor, and since he still lives at the same address, I would have been able to track down the story through this piece of paper. However, as often happens with museums, it is the community network of people with similar interests and good memories that got us started on this story.

The loom was one of those brought to Victoria by Chris's employers, Major R.G.H. and Mrs. Enid Murray, after they started the Island Weavers company in Victoria in 1933. Chris told us it was a Galasheils loom, 54" width, made by Thomas Kennedy in Scotland. Sidney Pickles, who had been a consultant to GM on gear ratios, designed and built the gears in Victoria.

I asked Chris if he would talk about the loom while I videotaped, because when you have a very large, complex object like this loom, the best document you can make is one that connects the spoken word with the object and its parts. What we wanted for our records was its origins, history of use, and something about how it worked, since none of us are weavers. While we were doing this, Chris said I should talk to Mrs. Murray, who lived in Victoria, and who could tell me much more about the Island Weavers. So I wrote to Mrs. Murray and followed up with a phone call and visit. She told the story in her business-like way, not making too much of her and her husband's accomplishments.

The Murrays chose Victoria to start a weaving business when Major Murray retired from the British Army in the early 30's. Major Murray had wanted to come to Canada, and a naval officer they met in India, who had been stationed in Esquimalt, mentioned that "Victoria has everything, except good tweeds!"

Enid Murray's father was a civil engineer in India (he laid the railroad into Karachi), and her husband's father was Surgeon-General there. She had come through British Columbia when she had been sent to school in England. Mrs. Murray says that although the British in India refer to England as "Home", and she had been born there, it had never been "home" to her. Her father had wanted to come to Canada earlier. He had brought her back to India after a visit to England when he found she was studying Latin by candlelight because she wanted to be a doctor - "No daughter of mine is going to work for a living!"

For a retiring Major, the British Army pension after 1929 was not enough for both to live on, especially as the stock market crash and depression altered circumstances. Mrs. Murray became a weaver because it was suggested by her husband - "Enid, you're going to be a weaver!" She had had some experience with textiles, having worked at a friend's tweed shop in Kashmir, and had watched the Kashmir weavers producing exquisite work on primitive looms. In fact, weaving done on hand looms was superior to fabric produced on power loom systems. (A power loom is any loom that is run by machinery, a hand loom such as the one in the Museum collection is powered by the treadles worked by the feet of the weaver.) The Murrays decided that Canada, especially western Canada, might be a good market for Scottish style weaving. They came to Victoria from India in March 1932, and she left for England in April. Major Murray used the Public Library to research the business, and the Librarian had put him in touch with a Mr. Cochrane, who said "You must go to Galasheils Technical College".

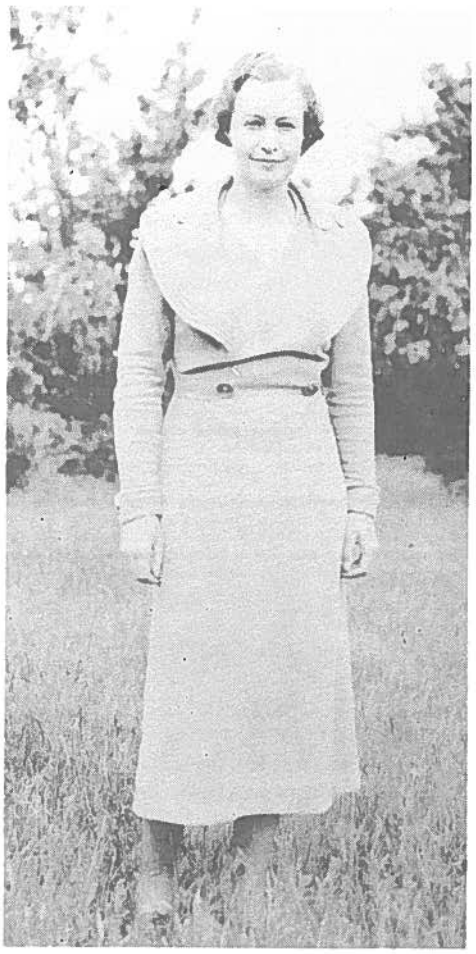
Galasheils was the centre of the Scottish tweed trade, and the college, started in 1909, is the Scottish Woolen Technical College, Selkirkshire. Mrs. Murray went first to London and "went to all the shops" - doing what we would call today "marketing research". Then she went to Galasheils and entered the Technical College, which had been built to train the sons of the mill owners. At first she lived in a room over a grocery store, and was able to visit her husband's sister on weekends as her only break.

As she was there to learn a complex craft as quickly as possible, she often worked from eight in the morning until midnight. There is more to weaving than learning the physical movements. One of her instructors told her to find the reciprocal square root of an area in order to determine the number of threads to the inch. Fortunately, although she was not acquainted with square root, mathematics was one of her better subjects.

She must have done well, although it was unusual to have a woman in the College - she was only the second woman in 32 years to apply. The mill-owners, who treated her well, invited her to visit the mills, and one of the large manufacturers, Fairgraves, took her in. In fact, throughout her years in business, she retained close ties with a number of the mill-owners, and returned at least once, often twice a year, to purchase yarns. Arranged by Paton & Baldwin's Canadian agent, yarn was shipped via the Panama Canal. One of the mill-owners, a Mr. College, showed her the material "S - P", a hard-wearing fabric, which was to become a staple of her business. She returned to Victoria in November 1932, with a Scots weaver loom and 500 pounds of yarn. The Island Weavers is listed in the 1932-33 Directory. The name "Island Weavers" was suggested by his mother, who lived in Victoria for several years.

The first loom brought to Canada (they had limited capital, as some money Mrs. Murray had inherited had been invested and was lost in the "crash" of 1929), was set up in the attic of Rossmead, now the Olde English Inn in Esquimalt. Rickards bought the house three months after the Murrays rented it. They then rented a room in the old **Esquimalt High School** (818 Esquimalt Road, near Dominion Street), for $13 a month, and later bought the building. Later in 1933, the Murrays brought over two more looms, and two Scottish boys as weavers. These were older looms, which they got from Mr. College.

Major Murray did the accounting for the firm. The Murrays had a "Head Boy" running the factory in Esquimalt,



Mrs. Enid A. Murray, 1935.
Photo courtesy of Chris Howland.

and by 1938 the business had prospered so that ten looms were kept in production. The first head boy was Jimmy Davidson, who later returned to Galasheils, as did Jimmy Birney, who had come from a large working class family. In 1939, he joined the Air Force, and was given a commission as a Flight Lieutenant. Mrs. Murray took him to Wilson's in Victoria to get him a uniform. Later he became manager of Mr. College's firm in Galasheils.

Before the war, the Murrays employed only boys, after the war started, only girls. In addition to weavers, they employed two darners, who went over the fabric, took out any knots and wove the threads in. Cloth was measured by the Scottish "porter" system (20 porters in 37"). In the early days, they sometimes worked from 9:00 a.m. to 11:00 p.m., not just on the looms, but doing all the other work to get ready and finish the cloth.

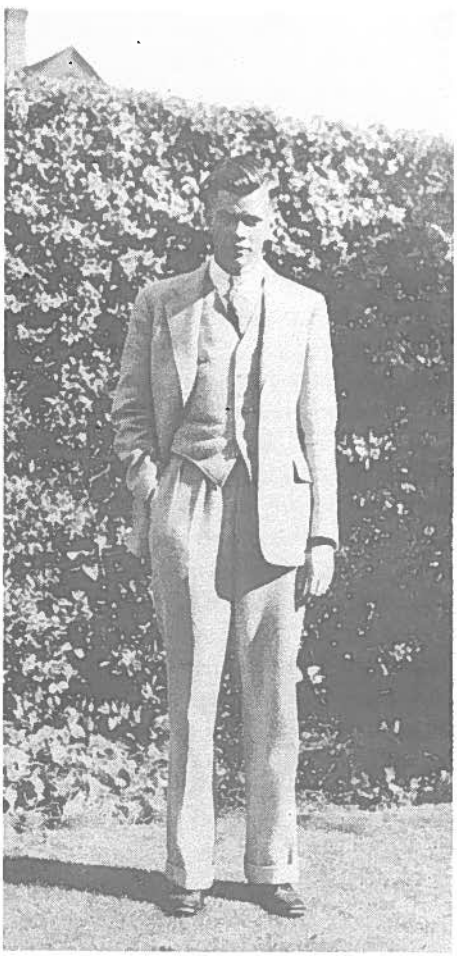
The loom in the museum collection was used to weave Harris tweed as well as other fabrics. The Island Weavers wove the "S - P" fabric, and Kashmir yarn as well. It took anywhere from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 or even 4 hours to set up a loom for weaving. The actual weaving time for the professional weaver averaged about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards an hour. The cloth was removed from the loom, checked, and menders removed any knots or loose ends before it was "finished" - washed, stretched and pressed. Some of this work was done in women's homes. This attention to detail is what makes hand-woven material a higher-quality product than machine weaving.

The first downtown retail outlet was in the Belmont Building - they had a corner window in the Period Arts Shop opposite the Empress Hotel in 1933. In 1936, they opened their own shop at 1013 Government, with a tailoring shop in the room above. Mrs. Murray had a retail outlet in Vancouver at 12th and Granville in 1935, which she moved to Georgia Street opposite Hudson's Bay, and which did well after the war. When they needed to fill a Vancouver order, Mrs. Murray drove it to the ferry and sent it express.

In 1935, realizing that the summer tourist trade in Victoria was not sufficient and they needed the business over the winter, she went to the U.S. immigration authorities and the people in the Textile Tower in Seattle, and since no one was weaving in Seattle at that time, she was allowed to bring over two Scots boys and set up two looms in the Tower. She was partly financed by mill-owners in Galasheils, and bought yarn and fabric from them for the American market.

In order to find markets in the United States, she travelled to New York, stopping at Chicago en route with an introduction to the man who was the buyer for Marshall Fields. (They had bought out Frederick & Nelson in Seattle, where Mrs. Murray dealt.) He referred her to McCutcheons in New York.

With orders from both Marshall Fields - the dress she was wearing turned out to be "the Marshall Fields colour" for that year, and from McCutcheons, she and the two "boys" worked long hours from July 4, when they received the yarns (it usually took two weeks for an order to come from Britain) until September, when the orders were due for the winter line of clothing to be manufactured.. They had to make their own warps and patterns, and Mrs. Murray did the "darning" in the evenings. The looms they used there were 74" wide to meet American demand. They were hard to operate: "too demanding, heavy", compared with the 54" width in Britain and Canada. During this period, 1935 to early 1940, they (mostly Major Murray) spent a good deal of time in Seattle and travelling, so they (mostly Major Murray) lived at the Empress. He belonged to the Union Club and had some of his meals there. Their daughters attended Queen Margaret's School at Duncan.



Chris Howland in an Island Weavers Suit.
Photo courtesy of Chris Howland.

They kept on with the Seattle business, eventually with four looms (Mrs. Murray trained two American boys), until war made it too difficult to get the yarns in time to fill the orders. They sold once to Bullock-Wiltshire in California, but they were difficult to deal with. During this time, they started sending parcels from the U.S. (a neutral

country at the time) to Canadian prisoners of war. By the time they finished, they were sending up to 230 parcels a month to Canadian and Galasheils POW's. At first they did it on their own with a few friends, but later money was contributed by all their customers via a charitable organization in the States.

Mrs. Murray had been selling for two firms in Scotland as well as her own, but did not enjoy dealing with the New York buyers, the cost of yarns went up very quickly, (especially after the war). When double knits came into fashion, exports coming into the United States were severely limited, and the devaluation of the French franc gained the advantage for that country in shipping goods into the States, the Murrays closed the business in Seattle.

Because the Murrays had built in the Brentwood Bay area near Woodward's farm in 1946, Mrs. Murray was acquainted with the Woodward family, who built two shopping centres in Vancouver. She was invited to move her Vancouver shop to Park Royal when it opened in 1950, and later to Oakridge when it opened in 1959. Mrs. Murray ran the Oakridge shop herself, and lived in Vancouver. They employed eight tailoresses from a variety of national backgrounds (Danish, German, Japanese and others), in the back of the Oakridge shop. Oakridge was their "best-paying" place, but in 1974, when the lease went from around $300 a month to $1,500, added to the fact that taking on the shop as it was, they had borrowed to fix it up, they decided to sell the lease.

They ended up with eleven 54" looms in Victoria before they closed. There were a number of reasons for closing, but probably the most important were that the cost of yarn "sky-rocketed": sometimes when she first started Mrs. Murray was able to get odd bits of yarn for as little as tenpence or a shilling a pound, more often it was 2 shillings a pound. By 1950, the minimum price was 20 shillings a pound, rising to 35 and sixpence. By the early 70's, it was anywhere from $3.50 to $6.00 a pound and still rising. It became harder to get, and other kinds of fabric (mostly synthetics) became more and more popular. The Murrays' daughters had decided to develop their talents in other ways than to carry on with the weaving business, so in 1974, Mrs. Murray closed the Island Weavers.

Some of their work was used in the Canadian Embassy in Washington in the 60's, and they were asked to exhibit at the Rockefeller Institute in New York. The quality of their work may have been better known away from their "home town" than here. Mrs. Murray's husband Robin (Major R.G.H. Murray) died in 1973 - as did Jimmy Davidson and Jimmy Birney, her two early "head boys".

The Island Weavers operated during the best years for handweaving. From the early 19th century, when the heavy tweeds of Scotland began to be marketed elsewhere, until synthetics were developed for outdoor wear, there was a great demand for warm, tough fabric with a wide range and mixture of colour. Handweaving in Scotland, which was maintained for an elite market, has lost ground in the competition with synthetic fibres and large-scale production as recently as the 1980's. The Toronto Globe & Mail (January 1, 1990, B3) reported that weaving production in the Hebrides has declined from a high in 1984 of 5 million metres to 2.1 million metres in 1989, when the U.S. buyers bought less than 200,000 metres. The hand-weaving industry in Scotland is still a mixture of old and new - yarn is produced and finished in mills, but handweaving is a cottage industry. In Scotland, this means that the crofters, who get the yarn from the mills and weave it in their homes, then return it to the mills for finishing and distribution, face a bleak future. One of them was quoted as wishing that it would be a "terribly hard, cold winter in America so all the Yanks buy some tweeds."

Elsewhere, as here, new technology, cheaper material goods and increased international marketing have a powerful impact on everyday life. As I said, the story of the Island Weavers is representative of many manufacturing businesses in British Columbia, they are a part of world economic change.

The story of the Island Weavers loom is also typical of many artifacts in the Museum: the donor recognized it as a piece of twentieth century history, which is how most museum collections continue to grow. What museums and archives will have to tell about the 20th century depends on what we decide to keep. But museums have almost run out of space, so our dilemma is to decide now what can be kept for the future. It may be that the best understanding of the past will come from maintaining traditions in the "museums" we preserve in our homes, like the other Island Weaver's loom, still in use in Chris Howland's basement.

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Shirley Cuthbertson is a senior staff member at the Royal B.C. Museum in Victoria. She served as secretary of the B.C. Historical Federation for several years.

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Ad from the Times-Colonist, 1962.

Vancouver's Jim Garden

by H. Barry Cotton

Practicing surveyors are not often found as members of Provincial Legislatures, but as R.E. Gosnell wrote in 1926: "I know of no-one in my time who was so personally popular in Vancouver as Garden . . . not because he tried to be, but because he was always 'Jim Garden', with a smiling face and cheery greeting". So it seems only logical that his career would expand into politics.

His story begins on February 19th 1847, in Woodstock, New Brunswick, where he was one of seven sons and two daughters born to H.M.G. and Jane (Gale) Garden. The family were of United Empire Loyalist descent. The sons were James Ford, Charles, Herbert, Edward, Arthur, Julius and Henry, the first four of whom followed the engineering profession, and were identified with the construction of the main line and branches of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The two daughters became Mrs. Ballock and Mrs. L. Bull.

James Ford was educated at Charlotte County Grammar School, and as a young man he first worked at an oil-refinery in Portland, Maine. Later he came west to Ontario, and spent some time on railway operation and construction under Hugh Lumsden C.E. About this time, the Dominion Government of Canada started a systematic survey of the North-West Territories, and Mr. Garden decided to go in for surveying. He served his apprenticeship with Mr. Sing, at Meaford, Ontario, qualifying as an Ontario Land Surveyor in 1877, and a Dominion Land Surveyor in 1880, commission #49.

He was at Flat Creek, Manitoba in 1882, the headquarters for Dominion Land Surveyors for that year. This was the year when the earliest meetings of the Association of Dominion Land Surveyors took place, and J.F. Garden was one of those who attended. The year 1883 was noteworthy in that Township layout in the Territories reached an unprecedented peak of activity. Otto Klotz's diary for that year mentions sharing a sleeper on the newly-constructed C.P. Railway with Messrs. Garden, Cotton and Hermon, and preliminary evenings spent in camp at Moose Jaw, where each survey party in turn hosted a social evening. Garden was in Moose Jaw for that year, and in 1884 also. In the fall he would return to Toronto, where he made his home.

James Ford Garden - Mayor of Vancouver 1889 - 1900. MLA 1900 - 1909
Photo courtesy of B.C. Archives & Records Service - Cat. No. HP21641

However in 1885, Louis Riel returned to Canada, and the problems that had characterized the young days of the Province of Manitoba came to a head, with the second North-West Rebellion. Government surveys on the prairies were suspended, and many surveyors joined the Dominion Land Surveyors' Intelligence Corps, which was being formed under Capt. John Stoughton Dennis Jr. It was a mounted corps, formed for the purpose of scouting, and having a somewhat top-heavy establishment (there were 22 commissioned officers out of a total force of 53). J.F. Garden was commissioned as Lieutenant.

At Batoche – reputedly while General

Middleton and his staff had retired to have lunch – the Surveyors' corps exchanged scouting duties for more direct action, and went on to capture the position. Their success, however, was not achieved without loss. Killed in the engagement was Lieut. W.A. Kippen; while amongst other casualties Lieut. Garden was wounded in the left arm. He was then 38 years old.

In the spring of 1886, work started again for the profession, and Mr. Garden received instructions to proceed to British Columbia and make surveys in the Railway Belt – that strip of land 20 miles on either side of the centre-line of the C.P.R., granted by the Province to the Dominion of Canada as part of the terms of Confederation (It was conveyed back again much later, in 1930). Thomas Fawcett, who had also been wounded at Batoche, and A.F. Cotton were also in the contingent. E.B. Hermon, whom Garden had first met in 1882, was engaged as his assistant.

Mr. Garden's destiny from that time on was to be bound up with British Columbia. In the fall of that year, instead of returning to Toronto, he and E.B. Hermon opened an office in Vancouver, as the firm of Garden & Hermon, comprising two-thirds of the City's land surveyors (the other one was John Strathearne). In 1887 the first train arrived. Mr. Garden continued on Government work through the seasons 1887 and 1888, when local work increased sufficiently to pass on his contracts to Colonel J.R.O. Vicars D.L.S. of Kamloops.

Mr. Garden's last season with the Dominion Government on Railway Belt surveys deserves mention, as it was the subject of an article in the **Daily News Advertiser**, Nov. 1, 1887, when he returned to Vancouver. The article is informative, and is entitled: "Dominion Land Surveys in B.C."

It describes Mr. Garden's party – 8 men plus himself – the agricultural and grazing land which would be available – the 200 miles of lines run, mostly at the junction of the North and South Thompson Rivers. It also describes the Fourth System of Survey.

The most general system in use during the survey of Dominion Lands had been the Third System, in which road allowances of one chain in width extended along each Section line running north and south, and along every alternate Section line running east and west. However, in the rugged terrain of British Columbia, to lay out roads according to astronomic rather than engineering principles was (not surprisingly!) considered impractical. So, while the astronomic layout of Townships and Ranges was still projected throughout the Railway Belt, the Fourth System of survey came into being, in which road allowances were not surveyed as such, but included in the Sections, which were made correspondingly larger.

Later that year, a light-hearted account of Mr. Garden's leaving the City to spend Christmas with his brother appeared in the same newspaper: –

Mr. Garden was a Lieutenant in the Intelligence – or as the irreverent called it the "Intelligent Corps", during the North West Rebellion, and received a severe wound in the arm at the capture of Batoche. He is a great favorite in the City, and a large number of friends assembled at the C.P.R. Depot to see him off. Their feelings were so overcome, and their tears so copiously shed, that the engineer found it impossible to start the train until he "gave her sand". In fact a quantity of the new embankment has been washed away by the excess of emotion. The only thing that mitigated the sorrow of the boys was the thought that Mr. Garden would return in a couple of months or so, and probably not alone.

In the fall of 1888, Mr. H.M. Burwell joined the firm, and for the next ten years their work embraced all branches of surveying and engineering; including much of the original layout of the City of Vancouver, and resurveys which followed the fire of 1886. Mr. Garden who in 1894 was elected a member of the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers, had personal charge of the Pitt Meadows Dyking Project, and the original design, estimates and construction of the Vancouver Street Railway Company. Several surveyors of note, who were to play their part later in B.C.'s expanding economy, were associated with the firm in those early days – nephew H.T. Garden B.C.L.S., and R.W. Cautley P.L.S. were both articled pupils, and J.H. Bushnell P.L.S. was for a time inspector of construction on the Vancouver Street Railway Co.

The day to day running of the practice of Garden, Hermon and Burwell is illuminating. The bills for hardware (from the good old firm of McLennan & McFeely) were between 20 and 30 times less than pertain today, while as for wages that ratio would be closer to 100.

2 dozen surveyors pins	$1.50
2 boys' axes	$2.00
1 pr. leggings (a necessary item today, too)	$2.50
Insertion of a professional card in J.H. Brownlee's "Mining Laws of B.C."	$4.00
Assistant's wages - per day	$1.00

During the survey of Cranbrook Townsite, wages were $2.50 per day, room and board of 75¢ per day being deducted. But in the majority of projects, accommodation would be in a tent for weeks at a time, and the grub – salt pork, beans, bannock – would have to be free. When the crews hit town, they had cause to celebrate.

An account of one such celebration appeared in the Vancouver **Daily World** on February 10, 1896, describing one of the early meetings of the Provincial Land Surveyors Association. Mr. Garden was President, and it is noteworthy that both E.B. Hermon and H.M. Burwell were on the executive. In the evening, a banquet was held at the Merchant's Exchange, and although the tenor of the article was quite sedate, it seems that the evening was a lively one. Speeches were made, mostly extolling the virtues of B.C. and its future; songs were sung, interspersed with numerous toasts – to the Province, to the Armed Forces, to the Press and, of course, to the Ladies (who obviously weren't present); and A.F. Cotton demonstrated both a song and a dance. The evening concluded with Auld Lang Syne, and God Save the Queen, bringing "a charming evening, full of racy anecdote and sweet melody to a close".

Such decorous reporting is highly conducive to reading between the lines; my own interpretation is that it was a winging of an affair!

In 1890 J.F. Garden was elected an alderman of the City of Vancouver. He was a very dynamic councilman, mostly active in engineering affairs, such as the Cambie Bridge, sidewalks, approved grades for city streets and water-works. In 1891, however, allegations were made that he still had connections with

the Vancouver Street Railway Company (they had been severed on completion of construction, and before he was elected). He resigned; which enabled him to carry on serving the City in a consulting role.

Mr. Garden ran for the B.C. Legislature in 1894 as an independent, but unexpectedly was defeated at the polls. He had been known to favor Turner, whose office was regarded as an "Island" government. Turner was not popular on the Mainland, where detractors insinuated that the administration was run from the smoking-room of the Union Club.

But on January 13th 1898, the City of Vancouver was certainly ready for Mr. Garden. He was elected Mayor with a thumping majority. Enthusiasm was intense, and he was carried shoulder high from the committee rooms to a waiting carriage, then escorted in procession to the corner of Carrall and Cordova Streets. Here, there was much speechifying – mostly by others, including ex-Mayor Collins, all of whom congratulated Mr. Garden and praised his honorable character. After which the City Band formed up, and the procession marched with blazing brooms to the Hotel Vancouver, where rockets were fired; and thence to the newspaper office, where Mr. Garden again spoke to the crowd.

Elections in the 1890's were meant to entertain, and did so, unlike the somewhat dull events we hold today.

Mr. Garden was Mayor for three years, dealing with all the problems inherent in this rapidly growing city. Early in his tenure, he was called upon to read the Riot Act, to restrain one Theodore Ludgate from cutting down the trees on Deadman's Island in order to establish a sawmill there. The Ludgate affair has been held up as a conflict between an environmentally-minded City Hall versus commercial interests. Certainly Mayor Garden and his council took a firm stance; and when Ludgate, after listening politely to the announcement, set his crew to cutting down the trees anyway, he was arrested. The affair could also be construed as an early example of Federal Government bureaucracy acting without consideration of local interests (and certainly not of Native concerns, for which they were directly responsible). Unfortunately for the City, Ottawa had provided Ludgate with a legally water-tight lease, and it took years of litigation before the senior government backed down and ceded the land to the City.

E.B. Hermon wrote: – "Garden was a good Mayor. He had much to do with getting the City started on the right lines in those early days, and he had great visions for its future as a commercial port". His last year as Mayor was 1900, and many electors felt that in a new century, his abilities could be put to use in a higher level of government. After retiring from the firm of Garden, Hermon & Burwell to avoid conflicting duties, he ran for the House of Commons, but being defeated tried for the Legislature, where he was elected on the "Liberal-Conservative" ticket, as a member for Vancouver City, and thereafter re-elected in 1903 and 1907.

The B.C. Legislature at the turn of the century had its exciting moments. Ever since Confederation, influence in government had been determined by the personal following of the premier and cabinet, with little regard for party affiliations. At this session, just prior to that in which J.F. Garden took his seat, this system was about to be put to the test by a bizarre series of circumstances which culminated in the elected members in a body stalking out of the Chamber immediately prior to the Throne speech, leaving the Lieut. Governor to read his speech to an audience of two (one being the Speaker). The result of such shenanigans was, of course, another general election, and, at the behest of Sir Wilfred Laurier, a new Lieut. Governor. In the early 1900's political life in B.C. could never be regarded as dull.

J.F. Garden's name was included in the 1st session of the 9th parliament, also in 1900. He was quite active, moving for the establishment of a Government Assay Office in Vancouver, a private bill to amend the City Corporate Act, and two railway petitions. Richard McBride's star would not be in the ascendant for more than two years, but invariably he received Mr. Garden's support.

Standing committees are where most of the hard work of politicians takes place. J.F. Garden served on Railway, Municipal Affairs, Private Bills and Standing Orders from 1902 until 1909. The Province was undergoing unprecedented expansion during those years, particularly in Municipal growth; railway lobbying was a way of life; and many were the resolutions put forward attempting to limit the employment of Chinese and Japanese nationals. Against the latter measures Mr. Garden voted steadfastly, yet continued to support McBride. In 1906 he was chairman of the select committee looking into the acquisition of parts of Kaien Island by the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, which found the government blameless.

Politics aside, however, J.F. Garden's profession was still that of a surveyor; and in 1903 he had formed a new partnership with T.H. Taylor B.C.L.S., which continued until 1909, when Mr. Taylor dropped out, and a new firm of Garden, Roberts and Hawkins continued until 1911. Mr. Taylor re-entered the firm later. The firm was engaged in the general survey work of timber limits, pre-emptions, mineral claims, and subdivisions, and in particular had much to do with the C.P. Railway Co's residential area of Shaughnessy Heights.

Mr. Garden's rifle, a model 1876 Winchester, similar to the North West Mounted Police service issue, is in a display case at the Surveyor-General of B.C.'s office., where it is on loan from the Association of B.C. Land Surveyors. He was known as a man who had the happy facility of making friends, and always had a sympathetic ear for anyone in trouble. On December 8, 1914, he died of a stroke, to general regret amongst all classes. He was unmarried.

Richard McBride said of him: "I knew him intimately, and was proud to number him among my friends. During the period in which he sat as a member of the Legislature, he showed a marked capacity for public life, and did a great deal of excellent work for his constituents. He will be very greatly missed."

* * * * * * * * * * *

Mr. Cotton is a retired surveyor (B.C.L.S.) who makes his home on Salt Spring Island.

SOURCES

B.C. Archives
Vancouver City Archives
B.C. Legislative Library
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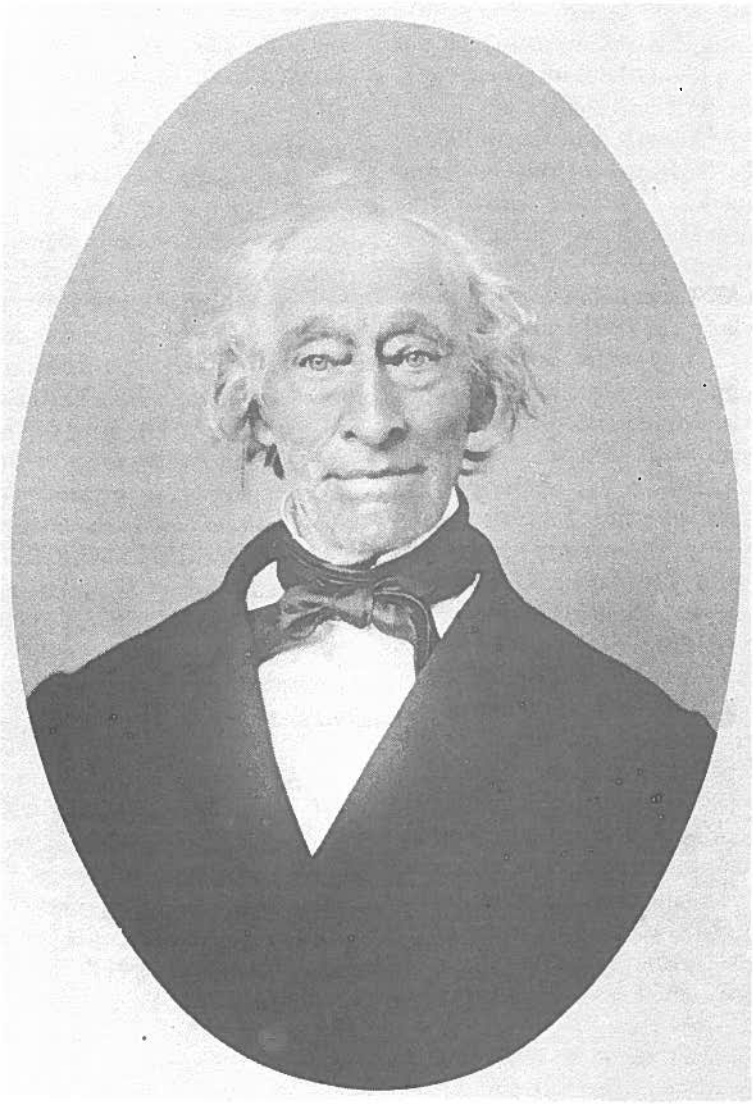
The Colonist - March 2, 1900

No Salmon, No Furs:
The Provisioning of Fort Kamloops, 1841 - 1849

by Jeffrey W. Locke



John Tod – ***This Portrait was taken shortly after Tod retired to Victoria.***
Photo courtesy of British Columbia Archives and Records Service. HP57024

When news of the murder of Samuel Black reached John Tod at Fort Alexandria he gathered a few men and quickly set off for Fort Kamloops [1] where Black had been Chief Trader. Immediately upon his arrival at Kamloops on August 3, 1841 Tod examined the state of the provisions and supplies within the fort. Having found all stores to be in satisfactory condition he proceeded with burial arrangements for Mr. Black and other matters of importance. In retrospect, in the midst of such turmoil, it may seem strange that Tod would be primarily concerned with the condition of the stores. Such was the importance of provisions to the fur traders of the Hudson's Bay Company. Black, as important a man as he was, could be replaced. It would have been much more difficult to replace the stores inside the fort.

The provisioning of trading posts was one of the most important tasks of fur traders. Without provisions they could not expand operations or even survive for very long in the wilderness. If the traders could not survive there would have been no fur trade. In the early stages of the HBC, when the posts were close to the Hudson Bay, most of the provisioning was carried out through yearly supply ships from England. This was a costly and often unreliable method of securing supplies. On many occasions ships would not make it through the passage before the winter freeze and would be forced to winter over.

As the fur trade expanded it became increasingly evident that an alternate food source would have to be secured. Soon the Bay posts were taking advantage of the abundant fish and wild fowl in the area and were able to provide much of their own food. [2]

Further expansion to the west proved existing supplies to be impractical. The new exploration of the frontier was accomplished primarily through voyageuring. This rapid movement of small parties by canoe demanded a staple that was fairly light, of a manageable size, nutritious, and would not spoil easily. The ideal solution to the problem was found in pemmican, a food source relied on by various native groups in North America. Pemmican was made by combining dried and pounded animal flesh, usually buffalo, with animal fat. The product was an extremely concentrated food source that could survive indefinitely if properly protected. It was said that a man could survive on two pounds of pemmican per day with nothing else. [3] Pemmican was used extensively by both the HBC and the North West Company (NWC) in building and maintaining lines of com-

munication across the west. [4]

When traders pushed across the Rocky mountains into what is now the interior of British Columbia they were faced with the need for another staple. The pemmican that had been used on the plains and in the north was not readily available in the interior. There was no large reliable source of game animal like the buffalo to be counted upon to produce the pemmican. The maintenance of lines of communications across the Rockies was difficult enough without the added burden of provisioning the new areas. To supply the expanding trade by transporting pemmican would have been nearly impossible. At best it would have tied up a considerable amount of resources. Once again the traders turned to the natives and found that they managed to survive quite well off a local and abundant source of food, salmon. Salmon soon became the staple for the region, vastly outweighing any other food source. Without it, it is doubtful that many posts, and perhaps even the fur trade itself, could have survived west of the Rocky mountains.

A significant illustration of the importance of salmon can be found in the provisioning of Fort Kamloops. The period in focus, 1841 to 1849, is the term when John Tod served as chief trader. This is also a relatively early period in the history of the post; a time when all Europeans in the area were connected to the HBC. A time when the only source of provisions was the stores of the post.

Kamloops had originally been a NWC post. The first traders in the area had received their supplies overland from Montreal by way of Fort William. These goods were transported by canoe and portage, an extremely difficult journey. This practice was continued until salmon, a more expeditious source of provisions, could be collected in sufficient numbers. [5] Norwesters continued to supplement their diet with imported European goods until the amalgamation of 1821. [6]

The merger of the HBC and NWC put an end to old provisioning practices in the region. With the amalgamation the HBC gained control of all NWC posts in the interior region. George Simpson, the Governor of the HBC, was faced with rising costs, falling profits, and the redundancy of HBC and NWC posts and institutions; he set about on a zealous cost cutting program under the maxim "Economize". As part of this cost cutting program traders in the interior were required to obtain all their provisions from the land on which they lived.

By the middle of the 1820s the fort had become largely unproductive, the furs in the area had been exhausted. Simpson seriously considered closing the post. He had tried to encourage natives in the area to use the post at Rocky Mountain House as their trading area so he could close Kamloops. Warfare between the Shushwap peoples around Kamloops and the natives in the Rocky Mountain House region prevented the Shushwaps from migrating northward. When Simpson travelled through Kamloops in 1828 he planned to close the post. He was persuaded by a clerk at the post, Archibald McDonald, to leave it open as a depot place for the New Caledonia fur brigade. Simpson was convinced of the usefulness of the post and elected to keep it open; he was also impressed with McDonald and promoted him to the position of Chief Trader for the post. [7]

Kamloops became an important area for the administering of neighboring departments, supplying food, and raising horses. The post was transferred from the Columbia district to the New Caledonia district as its main task was in providing feeding grounds and a breeding area for the northern horses. [8] When the HBC entered the area in 1821 the overland supply route that had been used by the Pacific Fur Company was taken over. This route, which passed through Kamloops, became known as the fur brigade trail. The route began at the Yellowhead Pass and travelled in a mainly southerly direction passing through Fort Alexandria, Fort Kamloops, Fort Okanogan and finally to Fort Vancouver where the goods could be transported to the Pacific via the Columbia River. For this reason Kamloops was equipped with corrals and fenced pasture areas for the 250 horses it supported.

It was in this capacity that Kamloops was operating when John Tod arrived in August of 1841. As mentioned previously the main reason for the arrival of Tod at the fort was to survey matters and take control of the post after the murder of the former chief trader, Samuel Black. There is some debate over why Black had been murdered. [9] It had been carried out by the grandson of a recently deceased native leader, Chief Tranquil. One thing is certain, Black had no great regard for the native people. The rest of the post company, which numbered nearly twenty, fled after the murder fearing for their own lives. This had left the post in the sole care of Jean Baptiste "St. Paul" Lolo, a native of Iroquois origin who had been employed as post interpreter. As mentioned earlier the first matter of priority upon his arrival was to take an inventory of the stores and provisions in the post. Tod was fortunate that the most important article of provisions, salmon, had not been stolen or ruined.

The importance of salmon to the Kamloops post cannot be emphasized enough. "No salmon, no furs" was a saying in the regions west of Rocky Mountains. [10] That is to say that without salmon the fur trade could not have operated, it was the fuel of the operation. Later in his life Tod wrote that, "to us the loss of salmon might mean the ruin of our years' work". [11] Without a supply of salmon traders would have been forced to abandon their posts for other areas as a means of survival. Archibald McDonald wrote that, "Dried salmon is the staff of life", without it the post could not have been maintained. [12]

Salmon was an ideal food for the fur trade. It met all of the requirements of a staple as outlined by Tod, salmon was "something obtainable regularly in large quantities, something fairly nutritious, prepared as to keep without decay, easily packed and carried, and with the advantage, also, of cheapness [sic]". [13] Kamloops was fortunate to be situated near some of the best salmon rivers in the west, for most of the term with Tod as Chief Trader there was a large and regular supply. Each man could survive on a diet of twenty-one pounds of dried salmon per week, even less if supplies were low. When dried or smoked it could keep indefinitely as long as it was protected from the elements. It was

also easily packed; each horse could carry two bags of 84 pounds each, this combined for a total of 168 salmon which could provide for a man for two months.[14] Salmon was also cheap both in the fact that it was fished locally and that its relative abundance gave it a moderate trade value.

The vast majority of salmon was obtained by trading with the various native groups in the area. The predominant native group in the area were the Shushwaps, seven different Shuswap bands traded with the post. Other groups from as far south as Fort Okanagan also occasionally made their way to the post to trade.[15] Both dried and smoked salmon were traded as well as fresh fish when it could be secured. A number of goods were traded by the fort to obtain the salmon. The most important of trade goods were tobacco, guns and ammunition. Other trade goods such as medicine, tools and baize, a coarse woolen cloth, are also referred to in the post journal. [16]

The natives, who also depended on salmon for their own survival, were well experienced in the large scale fisheries necessary to supply the posts. Fish were caught by a variety of methods. One method was to construct a weir, or trap, by driving stakes into a stream at low water. The salmon were driven into the weir where they could be easily speared or netted. Platforms were also built over favorite fishing areas from which the fish could be speared or netted.[17] On the lakes natives would often fish at night from canoes using a torch to attract fish to the surface where they could be speared. While this method could not be relied upon for large quantities of fish it was useful in providing enough for daily fresh fish. [18]

The native method of preserving the salmon was both simple and efficient. The fish were split into four strips, each one of these was a "salmon" in terms of accounting, approximately one pound when processed. The strips were either hung on racks and left to dry in the wind or sun or were smoked over a fire. Another method, although less common, was to pound the dried salmon between two stones until it was a flaky pulp. This pounded meat was placed into specially prepared bags made of grass matting and cured salmon skins. The product was a pemmican like substance which could be kept for several years. [19]

Local to Kamloops the Thompson and Fraser rivers both supported a large annual population of salmon. Along these rivers some areas were particularly outstanding as reliable fisheries. One of these areas, Pavilion on the Fraser River, was important to the yearly salmon supply for Kamloops. Pavilion, or Pebion or Popayou [20] as it was called in the native tongue, was relied upon each year for a supply of between 10,000-12,000 salmon.[21] A large number of salmon were secured each year from the Coutamins, which appears to be south of Kamloops and east of the Fraser River.[22] The post also usually received a few thousand salmon each year from Fort Alexandria.

A large amount of salmon was needed each year to provision the post. In 1842 when the post had traded approximately 20,000 dried salmon the trade of salmon was stopped, having reached a sufficient level for the winter. Trades of between 2000-5000 dried salmon at one time were not uncommon. Apart from the dried and smoked fish traded for use later on, fresh salmon, a much more palatable food was traded whenever it was available.

Although salmon was usually plentiful obtaining it was often not as easy as simply trading it. One example of a difficulty in obtaining salmon occurred in the summer of 1846. Tod had sent Lolo and a company of natives with horses to Pavilion to obtain the annual supply from that area of the Fraser. Two days after the party had left Tod found that Lolo had returned to the post alone. Tod experienced difficulty in gaining any useful information from Lolo except a continual request for a fine horse that Lolo had been denied several times before. After much prodding Tod was able to determine what had happened to the rest of the salmon party. En route to Pavilion Lolo had learned that another native group was planning an attack on the fort, he had hidden the rest of the salmon party so they would not be discovered.

In the middle of the night, after Lolo had fallen asleep, Tod left the fort to find the rest of the salmon party and find out if Lolo had been telling the truth. Tod found the rest of the men in hiding and unaware of any danger. Tod ordered the party back to the fort and rode ahead. As he approached the Fraser he inadvertently came upon the very war party that Lolo had warned him of. Seeing that he was caught Tod threw his sabre and pistol to the ground and made his horse perform several wild rotations on the spot then rode into the midst of the natives. They were stunned and taken aback by this strange behavior. The natives demanded to know where Lolo was, Tod quickly replied that Lolo had taken ill with smallpox and was recovering in the fort. He also told them that he had come to vaccinate them all if they wished.

The anger that the natives had felt towards Tod quickly turned to fear. They begged him to save them from the dreaded disease. Tod had noticed a rack of some 10,000 salmon drying on the shores and realized an opportunity to trade. As a means of stalling time he ordered the warriors to cut down a large tree. As they did this he traded with the women who had come out of hiding. Once the tree was cut Tod stood upon the stump and vaccinated men with three pieces of vaccine scab he had with him. These were placed into a cut which he made in the arm of each individual. For the serious troublemakers of the lot he made an extra deep incision.

Once he had completed this task Tod was able to return to Kamloops with the 10,000 salmon he had managed to trade. Lolo was very much surprised to hear the news but was even more delighted when Tod rewarded him with the horse he had requested. [23] This example clearly shows that even in times of threat and grave danger traders would be on the watch for the opportunity to trade. The consequence of having no salmon would have been as dangerous as a raiding party of warriors.

Even though salmon was "the staff of life" it was not especially well liked. Many times the men were forced to spend much of the year enduring the monotony of dried salmon and cold water.[24] Francis Ermatinger complained of the "misery of Damned Dried Salmon [sic] – with which we are obliged to sustain a miserable existence".[25]

While in the New Caledonia area trader Thomas Dears complained that "many a night I go to bed hungry and craving something better than this horrid dried salmon".[26] John Tod noted that "We became very tired – most of us – even of the indispensable salmon".[27] Tod understood that men often suffered, not from the lack of food, but from a lack of variety in their diets. In an effort to make life a little better Tod and others strove to add other items to the regular diet.

The most prevalent secondary source of meat at Kamloops was horse meat. As mentioned previously Kamloops maintained a large number of horses for the fur brigade. Whenever a horse was injured and had to be put down it would be used to feed the men. Other times, when supplies were low, a horse would be slaughtered to tide the company over until other provisions could be secured. On most holidays a horse was butchered for the celebration. In later years, as the salmon fishery became less and less reliable, more reliance was put on horse as a source of food. [28] By the late 1850s salted horse meat had replaced salmon as the staple food. [29]

The local habitat also offered additional game animals. Venison was obtained several times each year as was duck and other wild fowl. Several different fish besides salmon were also taken, including: white salmon, carp and suckers. [30] Although not mentioned in the post journal it is evident that bear, elk, caribou, rabbits and dog were also used as food in the region. [31]

Apart from meat other sources of food were also sought out. One item that was vigorously pursued in Kamloops was potatoes. Once again traders learned from local native practices. Experiments with potatoes had been attempted early in the history of the fort. Samuel Black had cleared land in a valley near the post and had planted some potatoes as an experiment. The success of early trials encouraged Tod to start his own project when he took control of Fort Kamloops.

At first potatoes were acquired from the natives through trade. Once a tolerable seed stock was obtained Tod organized the clearing of land near the river for gardens. Initially it was difficult to cultivate the land. The only plow was in poor shape and of all-wood construction. Tod compensated for this by paying natives in the form of tobacco to turn the soil by hand. The soil was worked further by a crude harrow which was made by the men at the post. The land used for the gardens was irrigated by the river, producing good conditions for potatoes. Still, at times, the post had to contend with floods in the spring and long dry spells near the end of summer. By the third year the enterprise had produced a considerable crop. The typical expected yield was 17.5 kegs of potatoes for every keg planted. Even while the post was enjoying a healthy harvest from its own crops Tod never turned down an offer to trade for good potatoes.

A second crop that was initiated under Tod was wheat. In 1843 Tod planted 4 bushels as an experiment. No mention is given in the post journal as to the fate of this crop. It must have been somewhat successful as there are later references to a wheat crop at the post. The closest mill for producing flour was to be found in Okanagan where a grist mill that had been built by Peter Ogden was in operation. [32] it is most likely that the majority of the wheat found at Kamloops would have been obtained from Okanagan, Coleville,[33] or even from the Cowlitz area near Fort Vancouver. [34]

This family portrait was taken when a photographer visited Fort Kamloops in 1865. Jean Baptise "St. Paul" Lolo had been in the service of the HBCo for many years. Lolo's scowl shows that he disliked having to pose for the camera.

Photo courtesy of British Columbia Archives and Records Service. HP2007

Additional provisions that were neither collected or produced at Kamloops were imported from other posts. For the New Caledonia district the main supply centre was Fort Coleville. Coleville boasted good gardens in which barley, wheat, turnips, tomatoes, potatoes, and other vegetables were grown. In addition to this the yearly rations of flour and sugar were obtained from this post. The men at Kamloops received twenty-five pounds of flour and ten to fifteen pounds of sugar each year.[35] From the records at Fort Alexandria it is evident that inland posts stocked a variety of foods. Included in the 1832 inventory are: coffee, chocolutr [sic] (chocolate), mustard square, black pepper, butter, spirits, salt, and sugar. [36] While these items may have been kept in stock it is not likely that they were consumed on a regular basis, certainly not by the general labourers. An example of an "extravagant" meal can be found in the 1841 Christmas gift from the post to the men. It included: 1 quart flour, 1 quart Indian corn, 3 pounds of fresh horse meat, 1 pound of grease and 1 pint of wine.[37] Officers could usually expect better provisions, most often they were supplied with flour, rice, beans, bacon, tea, sugar, and Madeira wine and brandy.[38] When this

ran out or was not available the officers would eat salmon with the rest of the men.

While provisioning was a year long task the various supply activities fell into a yearly cycle. Since the main stock of provisions was based on the salmon the cycle really began with the salmon run. The bulk of dried salmon was obtained from late August to October. Often natives would keep their salmon en cache and not trade until November or December. It was also in October that the local potato crop was harvested. Again, natives often stored their potatoes and did not trade until later in the winter or spring. By the middle of the summer some salmon would begin to appear often making it possible to secure a daily quota of fresh fish. By the late summer stocks would be low and the post would be ready to resume the cycle once again.

Although the provisioning was primarily concerned with food it also involved fuel. Just as collecting food supplies occupied much of the activity at the post so did the gathering of firewood. At all times of the year at least one labourer was employed in the task of gathering and chopping firewood. In winter three men were engaged in this activity. As the wood immediately surrounding the post was collected it became necessary to travel elsewhere for a good supply. Obtaining enough wood became an increasingly tedious task; Tod began to employ natives from the area to maintain the supply; these workers were usually paid in the form of tobacco.

The history of the fur trade in Canada has produced a massive collection of literature. Much of this work has been devoted to romanticization of the most exciting tales of glory and adventure. It is somewhat unfortunate that much of the popular conception of the fur trade is based on these accounts. Many important areas have received only cursory treatment or have been neglected altogether. The volume of solid academic work is growing and should be taken into account. Areas of the fur trade that are seemingly obscure, such as the provisions trade in Kamloops, played an important role of the development of the region. The provisioning of HBC posts is an area of study that cannot afford to be neglected.

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Jeffrey Locke is the winner of the 1992 BCHF Scholarship. This essay was written as a third year assignment at the University of Victoria.

FOOTNOTES

1. Fort Kamloops has also been referred to as Fort Thompson, Thompson's River, and Fort Shushwap.
2. Lois Halliday McDonald., Fur Trade Letters of Francis Ermatinger, (Glendale, California: Arthur H. Clarke Co., 1980), p. 49.
3. John Tod., History of New Caledonia and the NW Coast, (Victoria, 1878), BCARS, p. 3.
4. Frederick Merk, ed., Fur Trade and Empire, (Cambridge, Mass: Harvard University Press, 1931), pp. 346-347.
5. Inland Sentinel., "Kamloops and Yale", (Kamloops: May 29, 1905), p. 22.
6. Mary Balf., The Mighty Company: Kamloops and the HBC, (Kamloops: Kamloops Museum, 1973).
7. Ibid.
8. M.S. Wade., "The Founding of Kamloops", (Kamloops: Inland Sentinel Press, 1912).
9. One account states that the grandson of Chief Tranquil perceived Mr. Black to have caused the death of the Chief. Another account explains that the grandson of the Chief thought Mr. Black would be a good soul to accompany his grandfather into the hereafter.
10. Gilbert M. Sproat., Career of a Scotch Boy who Became the Hon. John Tod, (Victoria: Victoria Daily Times, Sept. 30-Dec. 30, 1905), Chapter XXIII.
11. Ibid., Chapter XXII.
12. Rodney Wiens., The HBC in BC, (Vancouver: Simon Fraser University History Dept., 1983), BCARS, p. 9
13. Gilbert M. Sproat., Career of a Scotch Boy who Became the Hon. John Tod, Chapter XXIII.
14. Calculations: Each man could survive on three salmon per day (Tod Journal). Each man could live on 21 pounds of salmon per week (Career of a Scotch Boy . . .). Therefore, each salmon weighed approximately 1 pound. If each horse could carry 168 pounds, they could carry 168 salmon, enough for 8 weeks at 3 per day.
15. Malcolm McDonald, ed., Peace River: A Canoe Voyage, (Ottawa: J. Durie and Son, 1872), p. 115.
16. John Tod., Journal of Thompson River, BCARS.
17. J. J. Morse., Kamloops: The Inland Capital, (Kamloops: Kamloops Museum).
18. John Tod., Journal of Thompson's River., BCARS.
19. Frederick Merk., Fur Trade and Empire, pp. 40-41.
20. Tod referred to the area as Pebion in Career of a Scotch Boy . . ., Dan Munday referred to the same area as Popayou in, "John Tod of Fort Kamloops" in The Shoulder Strap, (February, 1942). The name could either be different pronunciations of the same word or the name of the same place; but in different native languages since several tribes shared the fishery.
21. Gilbert M. Sproat., Career of a Scotch Boy who Became the Hon. John Tod, Chapter XXII.
22. Coutamins, also called Countamine, Cutmins and Cutanais, seems to be a native group and/or area located south-east of Kamloops. Several references are made to it in the letters of Francis Ermatinger and in the Thompson River Journal.
23. Op. Cit. Chapter XXII.
24. Gloria G. Cline., Peter Skene Ogden and the Hudson's Bay Company, (Norman, Okla.: University of Oklahoma Press, 1974), p. 123.
25. Lois H. McDonald., Fur Trade Letters of Francis Ermatinger, p. 64
26. Gloria G. Cline., Peter Skeene Ogden and the Hudson's Bay Company, p.123.
27. Gilbert M. Sproat., Career of a Scotch Boy who Became the Hon. John Tod, Chapter XXIII.
28. J.J. Morse., Kamloops: The Inland Capital, (Kamloops: Kamloops Museum).
29. R.C. Mayne., British Columbia and Vancouver Island, (London: John Murray, 1862), p. 121.
30. John Tod., Journal of Thompson River.
31. G.P.V. Akrigg and Helen B. Akrigg., British Columbia Chronicle, 1778-1846, (Vancouver: Discovery Press, 1975), p. 244.
32. Gloria G. Cline., Peter Skeene Ogden and the Hudson's Bay Company, p. 127
33. Lois H. McDonald., Fur Trade Letters of Francis Ermatinger, p. 149.
34. Ibid., p. 142.
35. Gloria G. Cline., Peter Skeene Ogden and the Hudson's Bay Company, pp. 127-128.
36. Papers relating to Fort Alexandria, BCARS.
37. John Tod., Journal of Thompson River.
38. G.P.V. Akrigg and Helen B. Akrigg., British Columbia Chronicle, 1778-1846, p. 198.

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U.B.C.'s Deans of Women

by Dolly Sinclair Kennedy

Mary Louise Bollert
Dean of Women 1922-1941

Dr. Dorothy Mawdsley
Dean of Women 1941-1959

Dr. Margaret Fulton
Dean of Women 1974-1978

All photos courtesy of UBC Special Collections.

The older universities in Canada were founded by religious bodies - Roman Catholic, Anglican, Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist. They were modeled on Paris, Oxford, and Edinburgh, according to the nationality of their founder. In the western provinces of Canada provincial universities were established in the 20th century. McGill was the parent institution of the University of British Columbia, having established McGill University College of B.C., 1906 - 1915. At this time in Canada, many persons felt that higher education was beyond the mental and physical capacity of women. But educators fought for the equality of women to participate. Gradually universities which had been a male prerogative began to admit female students. Among the early brilliant teachers at McGill College, was Isabel MacInnes. She was first appointed to McGill University College of Vancouver in 1911. She struggled for status in a world of male scholarship and administration. Beside her teaching duties, she and the faculty wives acted as chaperones at co-educational functions. MacInnes went on in 1915 to become Instructor at the University of British Columbia. She was the first, and until 1921, the only woman holding a permanent appointment on the teaching staff. When Isabel MacInnes retired from UBC in 1948, with an Honorary Doctorate, she had for some time been Head of the German Department, the first woman to hold such an appointment at UBC.

The first Dean of Women, Miss Mary Louise Bollert, was selected for the newly-created office of "Advisor to Women Students" in 1921. In 1922 she was given the title of Dean of Women, and served the university in this capacity until 1941.

Mary Bollert was born in Guelph, Ontario, and was a graduate of Toronto University, with honours in Modern Languages. She took her M.A. degree at Columbia University, New York, in Education and English. For several years she was Instructor at Columbia, and at the same time was lecturing in the New York Public Lecture Course under the Department of Education of New York City.

During her residence in New York, Mary Bollert became very interested in the large number of girls who were taking University courses intending to go into business afterwards. This research, begun in New York, and continued in Toronto, led Toronto University to ask her to lecture on the openings for women in industrial life.

Canadian at heart, Miss Bollert could not resist the call of service in Western Canada, spending four happy and useful years organizing the Women's Department at Regina College.

With the introduction of co-education the provision of a Dean of Women had become a common response of the established universities. The word "Dean", in general secular use, meant the head or senior member of certain bodies: responsible for the selection of curriculum and instruction.

Lee Stewart in her recent book, **It's Up to You; Women at UBC in the Early Years**, has pointed out that Mary Bollert being appointed as "Advisor to Women Students", rather than Dean of Women, significantly lowered both her status and her salary. She was meant to be a counselor to women in all matters except those related to their chief reason for being at the university – their academic studies.

Dean Bollert was a strong and original person. When urged by the women's associations in Vancouver, she ran and was elected as a member of the University Senate, a position she retained from June 1933 until her retirement in 1941. As Dean of Women, Mary Bollert set

up the student's loan fund. She believed it was more difficult for women students to earn as much money during the summer months as did the males. Loans added money they often depended on to aid them to complete their education. Vitally concerned with education, Dean Bollert became involved with setting up the Parent-Teacher movement in B.C. She was concerned with the inadequacies of teachers' salaries.

Dean Bollert was a woman of wide interests. She was a very visible representative of the University. A member of the National Association of Deans of Women of the United States; a member of the Women's Canadian Club; for three years she was national convener of the Committee on Education for the National Council of Women. In Vancouver she was active in the Business and Professional Women's Club. She was President of the University Women's Club of Vancouver and President of the Canadian Federation of University Women. Under her leadership, CFUW urged the appointment of women on boards and commissions of the League of Nations.

In 1934, Bollert was chosen as one of the 12 women in North America to tour Japan as guests of the Japanese YWCA. For several years she was president of the Pan-Pacific Women's Association.

Dean Mary Bollert died in Vancouver in 1945. Her life reflected her commitment to educational and social values.

Dr. Dorothy Mawdsley replaced Dean Bollert in 1941. She possessed all the academic qualifications of the other Faculty Deans.

Dorothy Mawdsley, Dean of Women, and Professor in the Department of English, was born in Florence, Italy. Her elementary and High School education was in the public schools of Ontario and Saskatchewan. Before receiving her B.A. in Honours English and Philosophy at McGill, in 1920, she taught in ungraded schools in Saskatchewan and Alberta.

During her student days, Mawdsley received awards for debating and public speaking.

After graduating in 1920, she taught English and History at the High River high school in Alberta. From 1922 to 1926 she taught English and French in the Lethbridge Collegiate Institute, Alberta.

Mawdsley went on to take her M.A., with Major English and Minor French, at the University of British Columbia, in 1927. Mawdsley became Assistant Professor in the Department of English at UBC from 1927 until 1932 when she left for the University of Chicago to complete her PhD.

In 1933, Mawdsley transferred to King Edward High School, Vancouver, and taught English until 1940.

In 1940 Dr. Mawdsley returned to UBC as Assistant Professor in the Department of English. In 1941 she became Dean of Women; and in 1945 Dean of Women and Professor in the Department of English.

Publications: Mawdsley had articles published in the Alberta Teacher's Magazine and the McGill News. She wrote a Children's book – **Little Children of Italy**, published by Rockwell. In collaboration with her friend Miss Leeming of the King Edward high school staff, she wrote a textbook – **Modern Composition**, which was used in the B.C. schools.

Dr. Mawdsley devoted much of her time as Dean, in appealing to the public for housing, jobs, scholarships, bursaries, and emergency funds for women students at UBC. In most instances her pleas were answered by women's organizations in the city, whose vigilance kept issues concerning women's education before the public. Mawdsley endeavoured to be aware of all clubs, programs and off-campus housing for female students. For example, she came to dinner at the Girls Co-op Boarding House at least once a year, where she was welcomed as if she was a favorite aunt.

Mawdsley had been familiar with and objected to the segregated English classes for first and second year students at UBC, which was the custom at the time at UBC.

Dr. Mawdsley believed that the lack of dormitory accommodation for women students was a serious impediment to their access to campus facilities, particularly the Library. Women's groups kept this issue before the government, and finally in 1951, a women's residence on campus was finally established.

The first two Deans at the University had to define the role of Dean of Women. Dr. Mawdsley spent much of her time legitimizing and expanding women's place on the campus. Two buildings on the UBC campus honor their memory. Mary Bollert Hall is now an office complex, while Mawdsley House is one of the Place Vanier residences.

Dean Helen McRae was a member of the Faculty of the University of British Columbia for 23 years. She joined the teaching staff of the School of Social Work in 1950, and was appointed Dean of Women in 1959. She held this post until her retirement in 1973. Helen Dalrymple McCrae was born in Glasgow, Scotland, and educated in Ontario. She received her B.A. at Victoria College, University of Toronto in 1929. As an undergraduate she won the Hamilton Fisk Bigger Scholarship, and the Prince of Wales Gold Medal. After completing a year at the Ontario College of Education in 1930, she began her teaching career in Lindsay, Ontario, and in Lindsay she married Charles H. McCrae. After his death in 1942, she came to B.C. and enrolled in UBC's School of Social Work, receiving her master's degree in 1949. She took further graduate work at the New York School of Social Work and at Smith School of Social Work.

Helen McCrae's work experience included that of Protection Supervisor, Child Welfare Division, British Columbia; Field Worker and District Supervisor, B.C. Provincial Government; Commonwealth Fellow, Ryther Child Centre; Winnifred Culis Lecture Fellowship, British American Associates. Helen became Field Supervisor, Casework teacher, and Director of Field Work, at the School of Social Work, UBC.

Dean McCrae's academic qualities led her, in 1959, to being asked to serve as a consultant to the United Nations in two roles; with United Nations Technical Assistance (Sweden) first as Child Welfare Consultant, and later as Casework Consultant.

In an era of rapid change and growth at UBC, Helen worked quietly and effectively to ensure that the office of the Dean of Women evolved to meet the needs of all women students, including mature students who wished to resume

their education.

Her accomplishments at UBC included the establishment of a "Needy Women's Loan Fund", raising the money with the aid of Vancouver Women's Associations. Dean McCrae gained subsidized housing for single mothers. She was instrumental in establishing Day Care on Campus. She encouraged women students in residence to take office on Residence Councils to improve their administrative skills.

Dean McCrae was a member of the Canadian Task Force on the Status of Women in Canadian Universities. As a member of the Council of Deans and Faculty Councils, she gave women a voice in the highest administrative circles at UBC. Dean Helen McCrae through her personal qualities of diplomacy and grace and her unfailing sense of humour, contributed immeasurably to the Status of Women at UBC, received the Alumni Award of Distinction, the Association's highest honor.

Dr. Margaret Fulton, the fourth and last Dean of Women at UBC, was born in 1922, in a small community, northwest of Brandon, Manitoba. In that rural community, women could be educated as long as they became teachers, secretaries or nurses.

Margaret Fulton taught school in Manitoba from 1942 to 1948. She then earned a diploma in physical education from the University of Minnesota, and moved to Thunder Bay, Ontario, where she taught school until 1953. She obtained her B.A. from the University of Manitoba in 1955. In 1960 she obtained her M.A. from UBC. Fulton received her PhD. in 1968 from the University of Toronto. Dr. Fulton returned to UBC in 1974 as Dean of Women and Associate English Professor. During the next four years she encouraged the expansion of counselling services for women. She won equal pay for female professors, and she helped establish a women's academic association. Fulton was one of the first mature women students to work their way up to a doctorate. She completed her doctorate in Victorian literature.

Dr. Fulton's philosophy on education can be gained from reading her address to the University Women's Club, Vancouver, in April 1981. The topic was "Women and Social Change". I quote "The topic seems to imply two assumptions: one, that social change is needed, and two, that women can bring about some kind of constructive social change".

Dr. Fulton visited Copenhagen and China. In 1975 and 1976 she was involved in two other United Nations World Conferences, that is, the International Women's Year in Mexico City, and the Habitat Conference in Vancouver.

She believes that if we are to break our universities out of the mold in which they have been cast, it will require a courageous effort on the part of a new breed of educators and leaders. She continues . . ."No area of society needs re-thinking more than education, unless it be economics."

Margaret Fulton resigned from UBC in 1978 to become the first secular President at Mount Saint Vincent University in Halifax, a position which she held for six years.

At present Dr. Margaret Fulton is an adjunct professor at UBC in the field of education. She holds several honorary degrees, and was given the Human Relations Award by the Canadian Council of Christians and Jews plus the YWCA Woman of Distinction Award. She is an officer of the Order of Canada.

The Dean of Women's Office was replaced in 1978 by the Women Students' Office. In the 1970's, female students began to seek access to the faculties of science and engineering, traditionally dominated by men. Recent events on Canadian campuses have high-lighted our awareness of an unacceptable situation and reinforce our sense of responsibility to women in academia.

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The writer is a longtime member of the University Women's Club. She met the four deans at various meetings of that society.

Dean Helen McCrae (1959-1973) with her two assistants, Margaret Frederickson (left) and Kathleen Jackson on the right. This picture was taken in the Dean of Women's Office, Buchanan Building, U.B.C.

CREDITS

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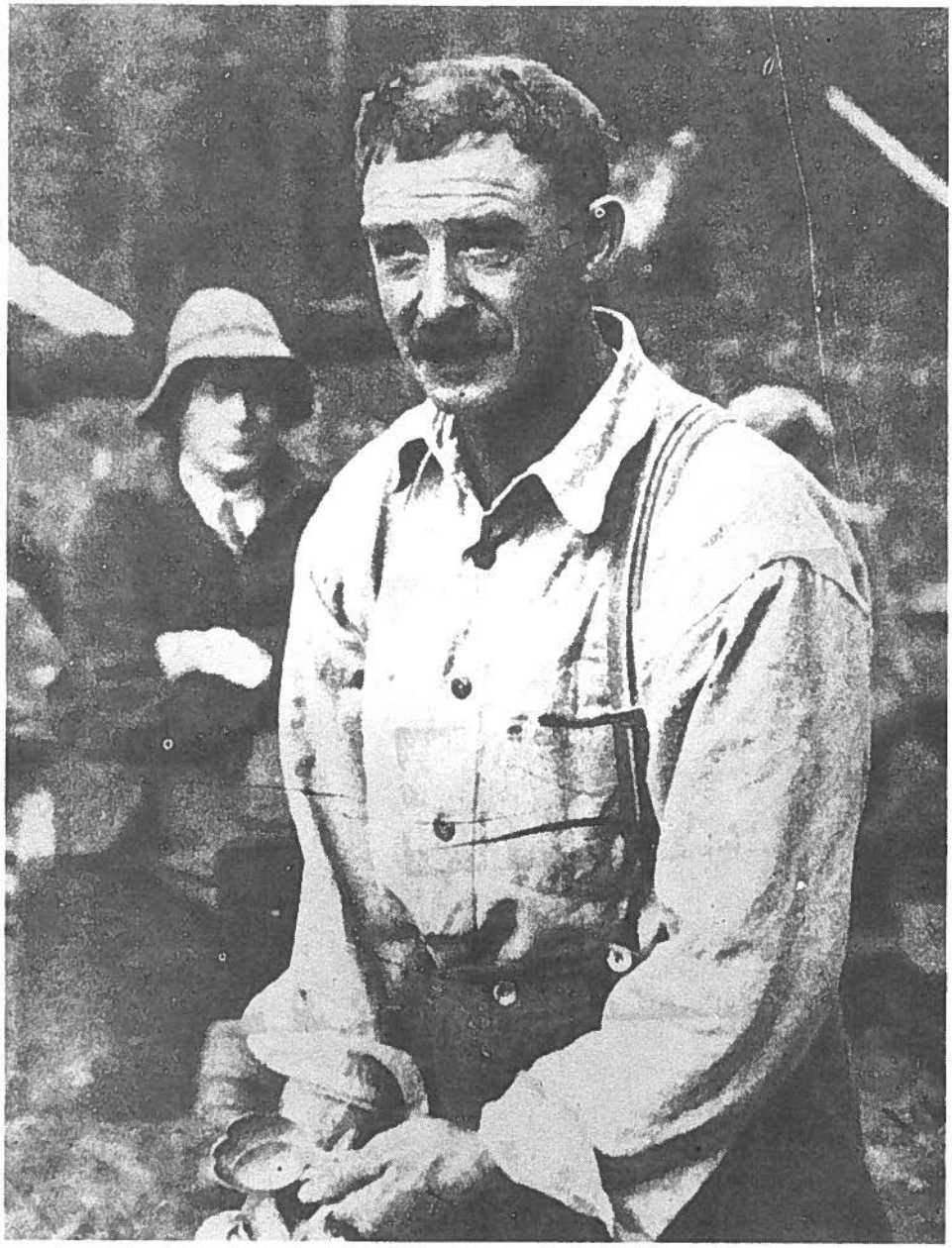
Conrad Kain: Mountain Man Par Excellence

by Mary Andrews

The Rocky Mountains attracted adherents to the sport of mountaineering as soon as transportation became available upon completion of the railway. Shortly after opening the line in 1885, the Canadian Pacific Railway imported Swiss guides as part of their own scheme to attract tourists. The Alpine Club of Canada, formed in 1906 by Dominion Land Surveyor Arthur O. Wheeler, made these mountains accessible to many more tourists at annual summer camps. The participants at these camps were for the most part novices in mountain exploration; guides were needed to "show them the ropes." Swiss guides. loaned by the C.P.R., filled this need. Then one day in 1909 Wheeler got a letter from a Dr. Pistor in Vienna inquiring if he could possibly use the services of a guide in his early twenties who had already become one of the best in Europe, but whose pay was insufficient to support his large family. Wheeler's affirmative reply was to make Conrad Kain God's gift to Canadian mountaineering. With Kain as guide, not only did peak after peak of Canada's western mountains feel the impress of hobnailed boots and ice axes, but blanks on the map came to be filled and geographical riddles solved. Almost totally transcending these accomplishments was his remarkable personality which endeared him to all who benefited from his services. These included scientists, doctors, professors and statesmen, as well as ordinary folk getting their first taste of the mountains. In every conceivable situation, he gave unstintingly of himself.

Conrad was born in 1883 in Nasswald, Austria, a village southwest of Vienna. His father, an iron miner, died while Conrad was still in school. The burden of supporting his mother and six younger siblings fell upon his shoulders. He had to leave school, and travel the country on foot to find work breaking stones. All too often, his feet suffered from frostbite as he walked from one job to another, finding sustenance in soup kitchens. When he did find work, the pay was too small to sustain him, let alone his family. On one occasion he found himself stealing, not without trepidation, a loaf of bread from a lady who had shown him hospitality. On weekends he would put his life in danger poaching chamois on the Raxalpe, the large mountain near his home, so that his family might have meat. In doing so, he acquired the skills that would later place him in the first rank of mountain guides in the Alps, the Rockies and the mountains of New Zealand.

It did not take him long to realize he could translate his agility on the Raxalpe into a livelihood. One Easter



Conrad Kain taken on an outing up Findlay Creek, 1930.
Photo courtesy of Whyte Museum of the Canadian Rockies.

Sunday, he showed his first party the mountain he knew so well. The twenty-six Austrian kreuzers he earned were probably as much money as he had seen in his life. "By this money my mother and I were much helped," he admits in his autobiography **Where the Clouds Can Go.** [1] From that day he acquainted himself with every nook and cranny in the mountains of his native Austria. Clients flocked to him, won over by a charm undiminished by his not having had as much schooling as some, and by his meticulous attention to safety. One of his steadiest clients was the aforementioned Dr. Pistor (referred to as Dr. P. in **Where the Clouds Can Go**), who made it possible for him to travel beyond Austria into the French and Swiss Alps, and who was later instrumental in getting him work in Canada. There was also a "Miss B", an enthusiastic but imperious person who believed that by addressing a guide as "Mister" he would thereby become spoiled and think himself "God only knows what".[2] A more pleasant association resulted from a contract with a mother and two daughters, one of whom, Amelia Malek, became a lifelong friend and whom he might have perhaps married had circumstances not forced him to leave Austria. With these and other clients he developed a keen understanding of human nature and a unique guiding psychology.

On his time off he sought – and found – challenges of quite a different nature from the rock and ice faces of the Alps. In reference to "going to the window" to woo attractive farmers' daughters, he states that "to overcome difficulties is what makes life and love sweet. Often it is a dog or a stick, or the farmer's whip, or a bucket of water from above."[3]

The year 1906, Conrad's twenty-third, was an important one. Accompanying a client to Corsica in the Mediterranean he accomplished his first ascent: the Capo Talfonato. From then on he made so many he was hard put (like Don Giovanni with conquests of quite a different nature) to keep count of them.

Two years later, after completing a course which gave him formal qualification as a guide and having gone to Vienna to be tutored in English by Dr. Pistor's wife, Conrad paused to reflect on his life. Admitting its ups and downs, he concluded that, so far, it had been good, even "splendid". He could not, however, go on living "from hand to mouth",[4] and he might be better off, certainly from a financial standpoint, if he were to leave Austria. So Dr. Pistor, doing him one of many good turns, wrote the Canadian Pacific Railway on his behalf, about the possibility of his being taken on as a guide in the Rockies.

The Railway, already having at its disposal a "stable" of Swiss guides, responded negatively. Another letter to A.O. Wheeler of the Alpine Club of Canada produced the desired result. So in 1909, Conrad, with financial help from his friends supplementing his own hard won earnings, set out for Canada. He took with him a suitcase, a trunk, a rucksack, two ice axes and a handful of flowers from the valley that had been his home. It goes without saying the sorrow he felt leaving was echoed in the family and friends he left behind.

After the monotony of ocean and prairie, his first sight of the Rockies, with their covering of snow, filled him with longing. Taken as he was with red and yellow flowers by Lake Minnewanka near Banff, cerulean lakes bleeding glaciers in the high country, and mountain goats footing the crags, these beauties served only to remind him of what he had left. In spite of his resolution to "fight out the battle", [5] the "heim-weh" (homesickness) he felt was never to leave him.

Wheeler, however, found plenty for Conrad to do. At the Alpine Club camps his services as a guide were much in demand. Mountains having worked their way into his being, he could be alive to their dangers without being afraid. This inspired confidence in his clients, regardless of experience. A.H. McCarthy, who participated in the first ascents of Mounts Robson (highest in the Canadian Rockies) and Logan (highest in Canada) was quite happy to follow in the steps Conrad cut with great skill into Robson's icy face. Conrad took special care with women, "quieting" their nerves over rough spots with stories, or a few harmless "love" gestures. He would pack extra pairs of mitts (which on one occasion were used as socks) for those who, underestimating how cold it could get in the mountains, neglected to bring their own. He could also be stern. When he observed one gentleman to be having more than he ought to of difficulties, he told him in no uncertain terms to go easy on the cognac. Instead of turning against Conrad, the man chose to regard him as a friend. And back in camp (where Wheeler would have no end of chores lined up), instead of calling it a day, Conrad, when asked by clients to repair their climbing boots, would do so "with a smile".[6]

One thing that impressed Conrad about the camps, and about Canada, was the prevailing democratic spirit. He marvelled that both men and women carried their own gear. Back home in Austria, his client, Miss B., once made him carry half a dozen pairs of her boots. When he led McCarthy and Colonel W.W. Foster, Deputy Minister of Public Works for British Columbia, to the summit of Mount Robson in 1913, he was pleased with the thanks they expressed, especially that coming from Foster, "a Canadian Statesman".[7] This would not likely have happened had the "statesman" been European. Most startling of all was the occasion when Conrad took his hat off to Wheeler and Wheeler replied: "You do not need to take your hat off to me, for if you do it I shall have to also and I am not accustomed to any such thing".[8]

At the end of the summer, when Conrad received his first Canadian pay, he was surprised at the number of Austrian kronen that could be squeezed out of a Canadian dollar. He went to his hotel room, closed the door, and counted the money several times. He admitted that back home in Nasswald, the amount would make him feel "just like a Rothschild".[9] What did he decide to do with it? He would pay off a debt to a friend, then send some to his "dear" mother.

When camp was over, Wheeler put Conrad to work on his surveys, both in the mountains and in the Kamloops region. On one of his days "off", Conrad took a notion to climb Mount Sir Don-

ald, a feat he claims gave him no difficulty.[10] While in the Kamloops region, he had occasion to observe the plight of the Indians. Aware of their alcohol ridden state, he noted that the white traders to whom they brought handicrafts and pelts paid only a tenth of the value. He pitied the women for being treated like slaves, but admired how they "carried their children".[11]

During his first winter he worked as a carpenter in Fort Saskatchewan, Alberta.[12] There he found people going to work on Christmas Day, and afterward making for the local bar, where they wasted no time getting drunk. A far cry from the inns of Austria, where the day would be celebrated with singing and dancing.

In the course of this winter he and an Indian co-worker both suffered frostbite. He paid an Edmonton hospital for the Indian's treatment as well as his own. Then he worked on a prairie farm, finding himself having to wriggle out of a situation in which the farmer tried to marry him off to his daughter. This made him decide that if he were to marry, it would have to be to someone who shared his love of nature. He had left one such person behind in Austria (Amelia Malek). Some years and many adventures later he would find another in the Columbia Valley.

Glad to get back to the mountains, he accompanied Wheeler on surveys to the Purcells and the Yellowhead region. While in the Purcells they glimpsed for the first time the needle-like spires of the Bugaboos which, closely resembling similar formations in the French Alps, would tantalize Conrad for the rest of his life.

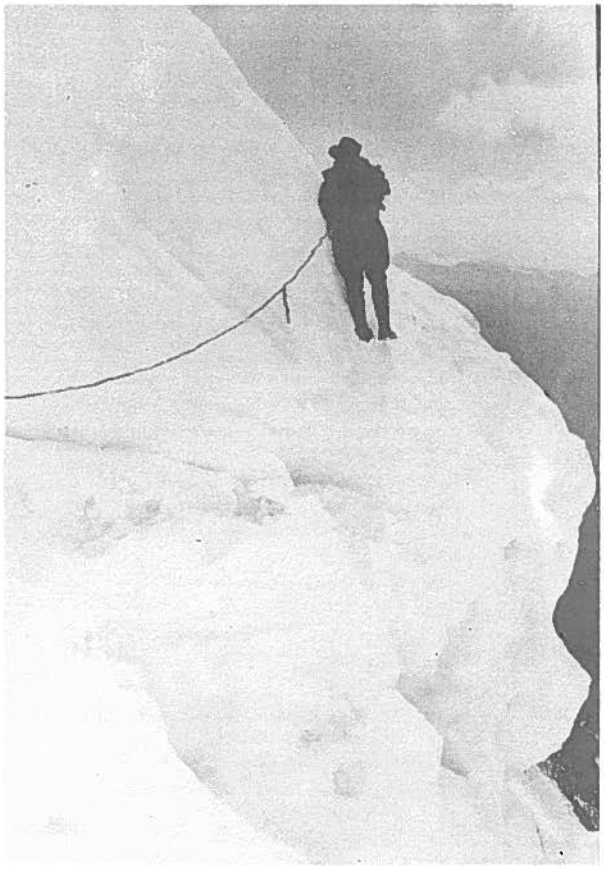
While in the Yellowhead region, feeling boxed in on a day when weather conditions precluded surveying, Conrad set out alone to make the first ascent of Mount Whitehorn. When he got to the top he found no evidence of anyone having been there before him. After carefully constructing a "stone man" (cairn) and placing a note in it bearing the date (August 10, 1911 – his twenty-eighth birthday) and his name he began what poor visibility made a difficult descent. Feeling his way with his ice axe, he often found it to strike nothing but air. Then a flash of lightning showed him the way to go. When his feet felt rock under them he "yodelled with delight".[13] When he told Wheeler what he had done, the latter would not take him at his word, there having been no companion along to back him up. Conrad had to wait two years to be vindicated, when a climbing party found his cairn and retrieved his note.

The following winter was the first of many he would spend trapping, living "a lonely, Walden like existence"[14] in cabins he would build during time off on Wheeler's surveys. For food he was totally dependent on animals that, all too often, could be obtained only with difficulty. In the course of that winter he got caught in an avalanche while pursuing a mountain goat. When it was over and he found himself miraculously still alive, if somewhat the worse for wear, he happened to see the goat's head sticking out of the snow. Apologetically, he killed the animal as it struggled to free itself. A vegetarian would be hard put to survive the Canadian wilderness in winter. Of this life itself, despite its hardships, Conrad admitted a predilection for it. "Many wouldn't spend a single hour alone in a forest where there are all sorts of wild animals . . . But I have always had a taste for it . . . There can be no finer life."[15]

With the year 1912 came an opportunity for travel, and a visit home. A zoologist, Ned Hollister, whom Conrad met in the Mount Robson region the previous summer, asked him to accompany and assist him on a collecting expedition to the Altai Mountains in Siberia. There Conrad found "snaring mice can be as exciting as hunting elephants". [16] The experience stirred up in him a feeling that what he really would like to have been in life was a scientist, or something that would have enabled him "to do something good and great in the world".[17] He felt keenly his lack of formal education, and the circumstances which brought it about. Afterward he made his way to Austria and his family, to see both for the last time. Even while enjoying "a jolly time, living my youth over again" [18] he found himself missing "the solitude that one finds in the Rockies; for the campfire and the carefree life".[19] Clearly, his feelings were split between his two worlds.

Back in Canada in 1913, he was to perform the one feat that would make him an icon of Canadian mountaineering: leading the first officially acknowledged ascent of Mount Robson. Other peaks in the Rockies and Selkirks he regarded as easy game when compared to the Alps. Not so Robson. This 12, 972 foot monarch of the Rockies, located on the British Columbia side of the Yellowhead Pass and hoisting its castellated splendour above the Canadian National Railway line, he found "no baby to be fondled by everybody".[20] Its loftiness making it a cynosure for weather, it hurled snow and ice, avalanches, rockfalls and difficult visibility at all who dared challenge it. None of this deterred Conrad as on July 31 he led his "herren": the aforementioned A.H. McCarthy and W.W. Foster, to the cloud capped summit. The ice into which he cut steps fell off in showers of glistening chunks. When they "arrived", Conrad remarked: "Gentlemen, this is as far as I can take you." [21] All the while, he took time to observe "overhanging cornices fringed with long icicles glittering in the sun."[22] There was also a sunset and, needless to say, the view was splendid. These things meant as much to Conrad as having made the first ascent. He pitied those for whom climbing meant nothing more than winning the race to the top. On reaching "terra firma", Conrad must have felt, to quote his editor J.M. Thorington, "how gay the flowers, how bright the sky."[23]

That same year Conrad travelled again, this time to New Zealand, at the behest of another mountaineering friend, Herbert Otto Frind. In 1914 he became head guide at the Hermitage, a centre for mountaineering in the Mount Cook region. In the course of three visits to the country during the World War I years, he ascended over fifty peaks, twenty-nine of them first ascents. Most notable was his traverse, in January, 1916, in company with a Mrs. Thomson of Wellington, a lady in her sixties, of all the peaks of the 12,349 foot Mount Cook. To more conventional souls looking on askance at exposing a lady, and an elderly one at that, to the dangers involved, Conrad replied: "When a lady wishes to go on, I never turn back." [24] In many instances throughout **Where the Clouds Can Go** Conrad rates women's climbing ability as equal to that of men, and their capac-



Conrad on an Alpine Club ascent. c. 1921
Photo courtesy of the Whyte Museum of the Canadian Rockies.

ity to endure discomfort and pain, higher. As for Mrs. Thomson herself, she was "ready to follow him anywhere in the mountains . . . where the only view I had for what seemed like quite a long time was the sight of (his) hobnailed boots".[25]

Beautiful and challenging as New Zealand no doubt was for Conrad, at the end of one of his trips he found himself nostalgic "for the green woods and the bears"[26] of the Rockies.

In 1916, during one of his Canadian interludes, Conrad, in company with A.H. MacCarthy, confronted the Bugaboo Spires. Located in the northern part of the Purcell Range, these sharp quartzite peaks to this day are regarded as some of Canada's most difficult and challenging, and draw mountaineers from all over the world. They were named for a prospector who worked the area to discover that what he found glittering therein was not gold. From a mountaineering standpoint, Conrad struck "pay dirt". In August 1916 he ascended the 10,250 foot Bugaboo Spire. Reaching a spot where there were no hand holds he "applied the vacuum grip and pulled himself up and over".[27] He admitted this to be his most difficult Canadian climb. Later, he would attempt Bugaboo's neighbor, Snowpatch, to meet defeat on a mountain for the first time. It was not beneath him to send a photo of Snowpatch to Amelia Malek, and other friends, in Austria, labelled "The Mountain that Conrad Could Not Climb".[28]

Also during his Canadian interludes Conrad, again with A.H. MacCarthy, "knocked off" a good number of the highest peaks (all over 10,000 feet) in the Purcells, the range facing the Rockies across the Rocky Mountain Trench in Southeastern British Columbia. Among them was the highest, 11,342 foot Mount Farnham, climbed in 1914. Thus Conrad eased himself into what might be regarded as the last phase of his life, when he finally found a lady to marry, and made the Purcells his home.

In June, 1917 Conrad married Henriquito Ferreira, nicknamed Hetta, a "quiet, interesting woman"[29] of Portuguese descent and conversant in several languages, who had come to Canada from British Guiana in 1913. He met her at McCarthy's ranch near Wilmer on Lake Windermere, where she was cook. Following their marriage, they bought a ranch in the same area. Conrad raised pack horses for hunting and climbing expeditions and Hetta raised mink, marten and chinchilla rabbits for fur. She is reported to have had a talent for handling these animals. Philadelphia ophthalmologist James Monroe Thorington, intrepid explorer and author of **The Glittering Mountains of Canada**, testifies to her domestic abilities when he describes a visit to Conrad's ranch following a trip they made to the Lake of the Hanging Glaciers in 1928:

". . . his wife cooked us a dinner of fried chicken and trimmings that none of us have ever forgotten. We treasure the memory of the white cottage, window deep in sweet peas and currant bushes, with Conrad and his wife waving goodbye as we started homeward. The dusky foothills of the Rockies spread a gorgeous panorama across the Columbia Valley: Lake Windermere is almost below, and it is easy to see why Conrad had chosen it for his home."[30]

On day he almost lost this home – and Hetta. Taking his cue from "a mystical New Zealand lady" (Mrs. Thomson?") he had guided, he sought to induce in himself a trance like state by gazing at a candle he had set at the foot of his bed. When his spirit was about to "take off", some hot candle grease fell on his toe. In trying to put out the fire that ensued when this caused him to tip the candle over, he almost drowned Hetta in the room below.[31] I can imagine she was none too pleased when confronted with the mess.

Hetta seems not to have shared Conrad's love of wilderness and outdoor life. "She was too much afraid the white blankets would get dirty,"[32] Conrad told Thorington. All the same, she seems to have been a good companion to Conrad and provided for his roving spirit an emotional anchor.

After he had married and set up his ranch, Conrad shifted from climbing to guiding and outfitting, mostly in the Purcells and around the Columbia Icefield. Under Conrad's guidance, Thorington, Eaton Cromwell and others in 1928 set eyes for the first time on that jewel of mountain lakes, The Lake of the Hanging Glacier, with the icebergs that had broken off the glacier "standing in the dusk like white ghosts."[33] The following year they traced Dutch Creek from where it discharges into Columbia Lake to its origin in a mountain they called Tri-Kootenay Peak. They established this as the source of the Columbia River, rather than the Lake, as explorer David Thompson gave the world to believe. This geographer of geographers must have somehow missed the entrance of the Creek into the Lake, or was held back from further investigation by time or bad weather.

In the Columbia Icefield Conrad and fellow guide and outfitter Jimmy Simpson would entertain by swapping stories. Listening to these "was to know where Munchausen left off".[34] On all these trips Conrad's natural intelligence

made him a good companion. An avid reader as well as observer, he "could talk of many things from the history of Austrian royalty to the intimate domestic habits of marten and muskrat, and there was always something to learn from him".[35]

Conrad's abilities with people also extended to animals. He would pet and spoil his horses and talk to them like a father to his children.

In off season, Conrad continued to wander the country setting up traps, living in the little cabins he would build for himself. One gets the impression that beneath his charm, good humor and other marks of the extrovert there lurked a substratum of melancholy originating, perhaps, in the poverty of his early life and which made him want to "pull away", even from Hetta. In a letter to Mrs. Thomson, the lady he led across Mount Cook in New Zealand, he describes the animals with whom he once shared his trapping cabin: "a most wonderful clever dog, sixteen mice . . . a big snake" to whom he would play music on his mouth organ, "The ugliest looking toad you can imagine", but whom he loved "for his good natured character", and a porcupine who stayed for "hours" and whom he "lernt" to shake hands.[36] He admitted to finding them all "better friends as one does amongst people".[37] On another occasion Victor Hugo's **Les Miserables** kept him from going "insane" from loneliness.[38] Throughout all Conrad's "walkabouts" Hetta kept the home fires burning. She, too, must have been lonely.

With the onset of the Depression in 1929 the dark angel of poverty, always present at Conrad's shoulder, asserted its menace once more. While, thanks to the farm, they could always feed themselves, the Kains failed to make a profit on their enterprises. Demand for the products of both farm and trapline had fallen, and they had to give up the animals they raised for fur. Neither did Conrad expect much from his outfitting. He made a point, however, of not giving in to despair. In March, 1932 he writes: "The robins, blue birds, crows and geese have arrived here and things look a little more cheerful . . . I for one look at thing with hopes that all will come right again."[39]

Then in February, 1933 Fate robbed him of Hetta, his companion for seventeen years. After being rushed to hospital in Cranbrook for an intestinal obstruction, she died following surgery. Conrad felt her loss keenly. In a letter to Thorington dated August 30, 1933 he admits: " . . . my little place does not look so nice as it did when my dear old girl looked after it in my absence . . . at times I get so damnable lonely. I miss my old sweetheart more than ever."[40]

Following his wife's death friends report that Conrad, always negligent about caring for himself, became even more so and took fewer precautions against exposure. His health declined and he came to find climbing difficult. On his fiftieth birthday in August, 1933 – his last – Conrad, in company with friends, climbed Mount Louis which pokes its impressive finger into the sky near Banff, and whose first ascent he had made some sixteen years earlier. On top, the event was celebrated with a small cake and a candle.

Early in 1934, he too, was admitted to Cranbrook hospital suffering from encephalitis lethargica. On February 2, he died. Friends from Wilmer notified Amelia Malek with the request that she deliver the bad new to his mother, still living in Nasswald, and to his brothers and sisters. A headstone was erected to Conrad Kain, "A Guide of Great Spirit, Mt. Robson, 1913. Erected by his friends." Earle Birney wrote in retrospect; "The glow of our rocks is richer by the life of an Austrian goatherd, of Conrad Kain the mountain man, of Conrad Kain the Canadian."

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FOOTNOTES

1. p. 18.
2. Kain, Conrad **Where the Clouds Can Go.** p. 152.
3. Ibid p. 265.
4. Ibid p. 198.
5. Ibid p. 248.
6. Letter written by Jimmy Simpson to J.M. Thorington, March 23, 1934.
7. Op. cit. p. 321.
8. Ibid p. 212.
9. Ibid p. 243.
10. Ibid p. 230.
11. Ibid p. 234.
12. Listed in **Place Names of Alberta**, Geographic Board of Canada, 1928.
13. **Where the Clouds Can Go**, p. 286.
14. Conrad Kain (unpublished article) Colin Monteath.
15. Op. cit. p. 279.
16. Ibid p. 299.
17. Ibid p. 306.
18. Ibid p. 301.
19. Ibid p. 308.
20. Letter from Kain to Mr. Lindsay, March 15, 1929.
21. **Where the Clouds Can Go**, p. 317.
22. Ibid p. 316.
23. Ibid p. 313.
24. Recollections of Conrad Kain by Mrs. J. Thomson p. 2-3 Thorington papers f. 196).
25. Ibid p. 2.
26. **Where the Clouds Can Go** p. 305.
27. Ibid p. 373.
28. Ibid p. 440.
29. Ibid p. 378.
30. Ibid p. 404
31. **The Glittering Mountains of Canada**, James Monroe Thorington p. 224.
32. **Where the Clouds Can Go**, p. 379.
33. **The Purcell Range of British Columbia**, J.M. Thorington p. 54.
34. **Where the Clouds Can Go.** p. 415.
35. Conrad Kain, 1883-1934. p. 6 (Thorington papers, f. 186).
36. **Where the Clouds Can Go**, p. 377.
37. Loc. cit.
38. **Where the Clouds Can Go.** p. 380.
39. Ibid p. 410.
40. Ibid p. 440.

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Captain Evans Represented the Miners

by Lloyd Bailey

Captain Evans and his son Taliesin. Photo courtesy of BCARS Cat. No. HP2876

Years ago, R.L. Reid and F.W. Lindsay published separate accounts of one of the most curious of British Columbia's historical figures. Captain John Evans seemed the Don Quixote of the Cariboo gold rush of the 1860's.

His early life and experiences in no way fitted him to be a pioneer in a rough Western mining camp. He was born in the village of Machynlleth, Montgomeryshire, in North Wales, on January 15, 1816, and grew up to manhood there.

In 1858 and succeeding years, news travelled throughout the world that in an unknown country, under the British flag, on the North Pacific Coast of North America, there had been great discoveries of gold, and that people from all countries were flocking there to make their fortune. Some of the lucky people had come from Wales. Why should not others fare as well? Evans would not have been true to his Welsh blood if he had not longed for an adventure in the search for gold.

It was Mr. Evans who dreamed up the idea of the "Company of Adventurers," as the group was called, but it was Henry Beecroft Jackson who put up the necessary money. He was a longtime friend of Evans and both of them had worked in the cotton industry in Manchester. But Jackson was a man who loved to take chances, whilst Evans was the cautious type. At one time, indeed, both men had equal chances to take over a cotton manufacturing plant in Manchester. Evans considered the installment payments too big a risk. Jackson jumped in single-handed and made a fortune. It was from this that the funds came to support Evans' gold-seeking venture, though in all truth, Evans was no miner. His total knowledge of mining had been gained through three years work in a Welsh slate quarry.

Evans was delighted to accept Jackson's offer, and set to work without delay to select his men. Some he chose from the residents of Carnarvonshire, the balance were taken from Flintshire. Among the former was Taliesin Evans, the Captain's son. All the men selected were of good standing in the communities in which they lived. They addressed Evans as "Captain" out of deference.

Twenty-six Welshmen, bound for the golden Cariboo, landed in Liverpool that December 1862. Liverpool, with its Naval yards and Her Majesty's ships anchored out in the roadstead. Liverpool, bleak and snowy and windy, with the salt air blowing in off the ocean, almost as bleak a land as the Cariboo was said to be. Now there was the urgent business of finding a ship called **The Rising Sun**, lucky omen, for it was on this vessel, sailing three days before Christmas, that Mr. Evans had made arrangements for the passage to Cariboo of the Company of Adventurers;

first stop Victoria, British Columbia, by way of Cape Horn.

It took the Company of Adventurers almost six month to reach Victoria on the sailing ship. John Evans, taking a faster vessel and crossing the Isthmus of Panama instead of the long and fearsome journey around the Horn, had beaten the Adventurers to Victoria by two months. But his passage was not what you would call luxury travel. In his diary, he describes part of this journey and also tells how he spent those two months of waiting for the men, in an even more rugged exploratory trip up the Fraser River to look for a suitable location where claims could be staked.

The Adventurers stayed five days in Victoria. Victoria, in 1863, saw '49ers, from the played-out California goldfields, returnees from the recent Australian gold rush and Cariboo miners, fresh from new strikes on Williams or Lightning Creeks, milling about the booming tent-town. Thugs, gamblers and the off-scourings of the world watched each incoming boat for gold-laden miners and each Fraser river-bound craft for future victims. But somehow, the 26 Welsh Adventurers appear to have come through unscathed and innocent. On the 16th of June they boarded the **Elizabeth Anderson** for the trip across the Gulf of Georgia to the Fraser River, then up the Fraser to New Westminster, jumping-off place for the golden land. Here they changed to a smaller craft which would take them further up river, into Harrison Lake and on to Port Douglas at its head.

Before he left Victoria with his men, Evans had a long conference with Governor Douglas and his advisors as to mining matters. The discussion was mainly directed to the mining laws of the Mainland colony. Under the law as it then stood, no one could mine on Crown lands unless he were the holder of a Free Miner's certificate issued by a Gold Commissioner. Any one holding such a certificate could stake a claim on unoccupied Crown lands and mine thereon, but by law no person could hold more than two claims at the same time.

This he pointed out to the Governor, and suggested that, if this remained the law, it would be difficult to obtain English capital for mining development, for under these circumstances, the investor would be at the mercy of his workmen, as they could sell what really belonged to the employer, no matter what agreements had been made. He showed the Governor the contracts with his men so that it could be seen that no advantage was being taken of them.

The Governor requested Evans to write him an official letter, and assured him that his suggestions would receive his careful attention. In collaboration with Mr. Rhodes, Evans "concocted," as he says, a letter setting out his views, and delivered it to the Governor before leaving Victoria. Notwithstanding his aggressive attack on the mining laws, no amending legislation followed.

What Evans did when he reached Cariboo, therefore, was to look about for ground in a favourable location not already taken. He had a warm welcome from those operating on Lightning Creek. They were anxious for him and his party to remain there, and by readjusting the abandoned claims and those being worked, they were able to secure for him 2,500 feet on the creek, clear of any claims. Evans thereupon applied for a lease for five years of this territory, including the water rights thereon and the hillsides, and this was granted.

Here they remained mining for two years, at the end of which they had recovered gold to the value of $450 at an expense of over $26,000. The expedition then disbanded. Some of its members went back to Wales, some remained in British Columbia.

Hardly had the Adventurers got settled in Van Winkle, when Captain Evans was requested to run as candidate for the British Columbia Legislature. The first election in the Crown Colony of British Columbia (the Mainland was then a separate colony from Vancouver Island), was held during the winter of 1863. The Legislative Council, as it was then called, consisted of fifteen members: five Government officials, five magistrates, and five members elected by the residents of five electoral districts. Cariboo was allowed two representatives.

In Cariboo as in Wales he was still the same old stalwart Puritan. By precept and example he preached the religion and morality of his faith. He did all in his power to better the conditions of his new home. Especially he watched over his fellow Welshmen in Cariboo. As early as 1866, he had induced a few of them to gather together a few dollars and build a small hall in Barkerville, to be used for religious and literary purposes, on a lot granted for that purpose by Gold Commissioner Cox. This was called "Cambrian Hall," and religious services were held therein until it was destroyed in the fire of 1868.

According to Welsh Adventurer Harry Jones' records, Captain Evans was almost a religious fanatic. Here in the new country, he would allow none of his men to travel on a Sunday. And each evening his stalwart crew of 26 knelt in a circle while the good Captain intoned his sonorous prayers. It may have been irksome to some of the Welshmen, but it proved a stellar attraction to the Indians who happened by. Indeed, the sight of these men kneeling and praying in a language that was neither Chinook, Shalish, English or French, must have been mystifying – even terrifying to those Indians who did not speak Welsh.

The completion of the miners' contract with Captain Evans and Henry Beecroft Jackson was rapidly approaching. For two years they had worked like slaves, faced insuperable odds and gained nothing but experience. On every side they had seen men, some as green as they were, dig fortunes from the gravel. True to their contract, they had obeyed Captain Evans, but now it dawned on them that the Captain, despite his honesty of purpose, despite his integrity and regardless of his organizing ability, was a losing proposition.

It is quite possible that the Welshmen might have stayed with him for another season under a modified contract, had the Captain agreed to hire just one experienced Cariboo miner and put him in charge of operations. The difficulties of mining on Lightning Creek were at least twofold those of Williams and most of the other creeks. And although the Welsh miners did not know this then, they were getting nowhere under Evans' guidance. They were anxious to learn how to improve their methods, for they must think of their own futures. Many had families back in Wales.

From the old records available con-

cerning the Welsh Adventurers, under Captain John Evans, it would appear that the whole expedition was compounded of a tragedy of errors, insufficient capital, over one for Cariboo East, and the other for Cariboo West, in which were situated Stanley, Quesnel, and Van Winkle, where the Welsh Adventurers were living.

Van Winkle was a typical pioneer placer mining camp, the like of which could be found throughout the Western States north into British Columbia. It consisted of the inevitable saloons, miners' shacks, a store and several flop houses. About a hundred men were working Lightning and Van Winkle creeks, which joined waters at this point. Lightning was one of the richest creeks in Cariboo. But it was cursed with "Cariboo slum", that bane of all placer miners from that day to this. Cariboo slum is a pea-soup mixture of silt and water which swallows mine timbers, equipment, and men.

At Van Winkle, where Evans was known, the vote was overwhelmingly in his favour: Black 3, Evans 50, Nelson 0.

But what happened at Quesnel? Let Evans himself tell the sad story:

When the news came up from the Mouth (Quesnellemouth) we found that the two men who were nominated my agents there got on a spree in going down and only reached there the evening previous to the election, so that they had not the opportunity of doing anything if they tried, much less had the electors, as it was found afterward they (the canvassers) were bought over by Dr. Black with drink. Only 4 voted for me there, who only came to know of my being a candidate in the afternoon. Dr. Black polled 127, but Mr. Cox, who is the returning Officer, struck out all the votes of Chinamen.

As the official record shows Dr. Black's majority was 69, and Captain Evans' figures show a majority of 76, the Chinese votes struck out must have numbered 7. So ended Captain Evans' first appearance in the political world.

At Barkerville, on Sunday, gambling, swearing, and other vices reigned unchecked. Of course, there were others who deplored the condition of things, but they were too few to force a change. This state of affairs is not to be wondered at when we consider conditions in other mining camps in the West at the time. Of all these camps, Barkerville was the most isolated from civilization. In it a heterogeneous mass of humanity had come together from all parts of the world. Even in such surroundings Evans never faltered in his stubborn pride and his attempts to keep costs down. According to Harry Jones, there were at that time many experienced miners on the creeks of Cariboo and practically any one of them would have been glad to advise the Welshmen in the fine art of sinking a shaft, drifting into gravel or even timbering in the mine. Jones said that none of the Welshmen had any knowledge of these things, least of all about coping with the infamous "cariboo slum" or the implacable waters of Lightning Creek, which flooded so many shafts and broke so many miners. But Evans was determined to demonstrate to all interested onlookers the superiority of his methods and of his crew.

And somehow, by sheer guts and tenacity, the Welshmen did manage to sink a shaft some thirty feet before the water came in. The log pumps were put to work, sans iron bands, but were of little value between splitting and clogging up. So the iron hand-pump was brought into action and the men tried to bail out the shaft by bucket and windlass, working in relays of two, night and day. Pump and bail; pump and bail. No time for sleep, or decent food, or even prayers. Without proper tools or dry clothes, they labored while the water crept up. For Lightning Creek is a sizeable stream and neither Captain Evans' determination, nor the unremitting toil of his men could master its flow.

Nor did Evans feel it was a necessary expense to purchase steel with which to tip the men's picks. Thus, when they were working in gravel or hard pan, the soft point blunted in a short time. So desperate were the men that they used their spare time and Sundays to search around deserted mines and old shafts, picking up any bits of steel they could find from which their blacksmith "Old Pritch," could make serviceable points for their most important tool. After the failure of this venture Evans remained in Cariboo, seeking riches in the mines. Like so many others, he felt that he would sometime strike it rich in one of his claims.

In 1872, he was working on a group of claims on Antler Creek, east of Barkerville. By 1873, he was beginning to fear that they were not going to turn out as he had anticipated, and that he would lose the $1,600 he had expended on them. However, he had other claims on Davis Creek, a tributary of Lightning Creek, and he was sure that they would be all right, "some day." The last we hear of his mining claims is in November, 1875, when he says that he has several claims, but he does not know whether they will turn out to be anything or not. Evidently, his fears were well founded.

A failure he may have been as a miner, but the "gray-headed old man," as he called himself, kept the affection and esteem of the people of Cariboo. In 1875, at the first election in British Columbia where the voting was by ballot, he was again nominated as a candidate for the Legislative Assembly of the Province, in company with the Premier, George Anthony Walkem, and A.E. B. Davie, later also Premier. This time there were no accidents as in 1863, and he was elected.

He was very proud of his success, both for the compliment which the people of Cariboo had paid him by electing him as their member, and also for the monetary reward which accompanied it, which, no doubt, he needed very much at that time. He attended the three sessions of the Assembly in 1875, 1876, and 1877, and took an active part in the proceedings. The votes show that he supported the Walkem Government until its fall in April, 1876. Mr. A.C. Elliott then became Premier. Although Walkem was after that time in opposition, Evans remained loyal to him and continued to vote with him until the dissolution of the House in 1878.

The Legislative Assembly was dissolved on April 12, 1878, and a general election held in May. Evans was again a candidate with Mr. Walkem and Mr. George Cowan, a miner of Conklin Gulch, as his associates. All were elected. The Elliott Government was defeated and Mr. Walkem was again

Premier. In the first and only session held thereafter in his lifetime, Evans continued to be Mr. Walkem's faithful supporter.

But the Captain was growing old. He was not feeling well and began to complain of the state of his health. In June 1879, he writes to his children that he is feeling very well except for rheumatism, which had been troubling him for some time. He says that "It is in the nerves and called Sciatica." On August 25, 1879, he died at Stanley of inflammation of the bowels and kidneys, after an illness of only two days.

Years later, when reminiscing about the old days, Harry Jones told of the Welshmen's departure. "As we were leaving, the Captain came to say goodbye. I was the last one out of the house.

"I am sorry to see you go Harry,' he said, taking my hand and looking into my eyes. "I wish you better luck than you've had with me." With that he quickly dropped my hand and turned away, but not before he had pressed a twenty dollar bill into my palm. I managed to stammer my thanks, but that was about all. I hurried from the house. Taliesin followed and walked part way down the trail with me."

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The Baileys of Colonial British Columbia

by Lloyd Bailey

Philip James Bailey, the American poet, 1816-1902, once remarked that "the worst men often give the best advice." As a bona fide Bailey, I no doubt qualify, albeit Lloyd James Bailey, occasional historian. A more germane dictum comes from William Shakespeare: "What's in a name? That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet." I am not writing a history of the "Rose" family but the point is well-taken.

Rather, this is an attempt to identify early settlers in colonial British Columbia who bore the Bailey escutcheon. Why? Perhaps contemporary Baileys like myself should search for roots amongst these possible ancestors. There is an old Australian adage, "To know a country, you must learn its memories." To know British Columbia we might tap our genealogy. The British Columbia Archives and Records Service can provide procedural details.

The surname Bailey is of French-Norman origin, designating a bailiff or lord's agent. His castle premises came to be known as the "bailey" or "courtyard" or "castle walls." The venerable Old Bailey stands today as a courtyard of justice in London, England. Medieval England abounded in castle baileys and baileys as officers of the manor. Being an occupational surname like Smith and Cooper, metalworker and barrelmaker, there is a much wider possibility of Baileys not being related. Geographical surnames are the best for tracing family origins.

Aristocratic pretensions must be satisfied with the family name, Bailey, of the Barons Glanusk of Northumberland, England. There are virtually no famous Baileys, if one exempts minor celebrities like the late American television host, Jack Bailey, and popular songstress, Pearl Bailey.

My own family interest goes back to 1910 in Winnipeg, Manitoba. My grandfather, Henry Townsend Bailey, joined his brother Richard from Barnoldswick, Yorkshire, in the employ of the Canadian Northern Railway, he as a policeman, his brother as an express clerk. World War One witnessed both Baileys enlisting in the Canadian Expeditionary Force in 1914 and suffering severe gassing and other wounds at Vimy Ridge during that terrible conflict. My grandfather returned to Canada only to gather his family of wife, Rachel, and sons, Harold and James, for a return trip to a small business in Yorkshire. Daughter Maude had died of pneumonia on her original voyage to Canada in 1911. My great-grandfather, John "Jacko" Bailey, a merchant farmer, paid trans-Atlantic fares several times as my young father-to-be, Harold, developed chest congestion which demanded a dry, Canadian, prairie climate.

In the early 1920's, Henry Bailey and his young family tried valiantly to farm in central Saskatchewan near Saskatoon. One winter they survived largely on a diet of donated turnips. War injuries never really healed. By 1927, the Baileys had moved to Victoria, buying a large house on Scott Street. Grandmother Rachel fought with Royal Canadian Legion support for a small government pension for my incapacitated grandfather. Henry died of the effects of mustard gas poisoning in 1929.

Son Harold worked in local sawmills, educated himself and gained Victoria prominence as a sports figure and associate of Archie Mackinnon at the Y.M.C.A. After twenty years as an official of the Pacific Lumber Inspection Bureau, he retired with his wife, Thora Mathisen, to Sooke, B.C. Harold passed away in 1974.

Younger son, James, went from the Saanich Fire Department to the Victoria Machinery Depot as a supervisor during World War Two. The postwar

Benjamin Bailey who brought his family to Yale from San Francisco, 1858. He moved to Victoria where he helped found St. Barnabas Anglican Church. Photo courtesy of BCARS - Cat. No. HP4798

building boom saw Jim Bailey prosper in subdividing many Shellbourne and Lansdown area housing units. He retired to his apartment complex in Esquimalt, leaving the widow, Eleanor Anderson, in 1987. John and Carolyn are surviving cousins.

Richard Bailey returned in 1919 to the Canadian National Railway, retiring in Vancouver in 1949 where he was survived by his son Ronald and daughter Stella, now Mrs. Norman Johnson of Qualicum Beach, B.C.

In colonial British Columbia no Baileys worked for the incumbent Hudson's Bay Company which had established interior posts from 1805 and coastal posts from 1827. Few settlers were found either on Vancouver Island or the mainland before 1858, year of the gold rush. The limited immigration to the crown colony of Vancouver Island after 1849 numbered no Baileys. The year 1860 saw over 30,000 population in the new colony of British Columbia. Fort Victoria experienced an economic boom. Charles Alfred Bayley (alternate spelling) opened Bayley's Hotel that year. He went on to develop a grocery business at two sites on Yates Street before expanding to Fort Street in 1868.

There were sixteen other known Baileys in the pre-1871 colonial era. John Bayley led Victoria's nascent police force as superintendent in 1860. U.F. Bailey lived on Meares Street and he was a stonemason in 1863. That year Leslie Bailey boarded at the St. James Hotel on Government Street. Thomas Bailey had no fixed address.

Benjamin Bailey came to British Columbia a gold-seeker, led a miners' protest against arbitrary conduct by Yale magistrate, P.B. Whannell, in 1860, and graduated to auctioning government property in 1866. Thereafter, he resided in Victoria.

Nicholas C. Bailey too sought gold in 1858, first on the Naas River and later in the Queen Charlotte Islands. Residing in Victoria on Langley Street, he moved to the Star Hotel on Fort Street in 1863 and then to the rural Parson's Bridge Hotel in 1871. He applied to Colonial Secretary W.A.G. Young for a position with the new Gold Escort Corps in 1863.

Of these pioneers, John Baily of Comox has left the most traces. in 1862, he departed the sidewheeler **Shannon** from Southampton at St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. After a train trip to San Francisco by way of Panama, Baily sailed in the steamship **Oregon** for Victoria, arriving on July 18, 1862. He and three English companions, all from Somerset, initially sought Stikine River gold. Instead, they pursued Indian tales of fertile lands and on August 10, 1862, began clearing the first farms in the Comox Valley. They were followed later that year by sixty purchasers of Hudson's Bay Company lands, off H.M.S. **Grappler.**

As Comox Road Commissioner, John Baily was the first elected municipal official on northern Vancouver Island. He proved aggressive in that position and also augmented his holdings to 310 acres. After ten years, Baily returned to Glastonbury, Somerset, to take up the management of a large flour mill inherited from his father. He became mayor of his hometown in 1880. Baily refused to sell his Comox farm, instead renting it with its substantial house and barn. Just before his death on May 12, 1916, his lawyer son sold the land to Dr. C. Denton Holmes of Victoria. Of the three surviving children, Mrs. S.S. Gardner lived in Everett, Washington.

Murray Bailey arrived in Victoria in 1862. Son of a London merchant, he came with sterling references and a desire to gain government employment. Governor James Douglas found no

place for him. More employable was Madison F. Bailey, a plasterer, and he lived on Meares Street from 1868 to 1871.

The last of the island Baileys would be James Bailey, farmer, resident on East Road in the Lake District or Royal Oak between 1864 and 1869. A community-spirited fellow, James donated one quarter acre of his land for a school site at the corner of Elk Lake Road and North Saanich Road in July 1864. The colonial government felt the lot to be too small and requested a larger donation.

Four Baileys sought mining claims or pre-emption land grants on the mainland before 1871. William Bailey worked at Lightning Creek. Odo Bailey lived near Richfield. Albert Bailey pre-empted land in the central Cariboo. And Robert Bailey farmed along the Fraser River above New Westminster. Bailey and Lawrence were general merchants at Yale in 1871.

The most ambitious Bailey in colonial history never arrived in British Columbia. Formerly of Her Majesty's Colonial Land and Emigration Office, C. Stuart Bailey served as secretary and chief spokesman for the Emigrant and Colonist's Aid Corporation Limited, headed in 1870 by one Irish duke and three members of the British Parliament. Its board of directors counted six aristocrats, four high military officers, five territorial officials and one insurance company executive.

C. Stuart Bailey espoused the Gibbon Wakefield scheme of government-assisted, farmers-proprietors. The colonial government responded with a visit to London of Chief Lands Commissioner J.W. Trutch in July 1870. The Bailey proposal involved a huge land grant to the Corporation along with the issuance of long-term colonial bonds. Five hundred families would immigrate to 100 acres each of crown land. All transportation and settlement costs would be administered by the Corporation, the colonial government need spend no money, only float 76,000 pounds of funding bonds for the first 400 families and allocate 40,000 acres. The Corporation would receive 10,000 acres to settle another 100 families as they saw fit. Redemption of the bonds with interest and collection charges would have cost 157,500 pounds in 1884. Neither C. Stuart Bailey nor his ambition could be afforded by the colony, itself in economic doldrums.

It is said that Napoleon despised his family. Perhaps they knew each other too well. Such is not the case with the pioneering Baileys of colonial British Columbia. Much more needs to be known and the adventure of discovering an historical connection should be pursued.

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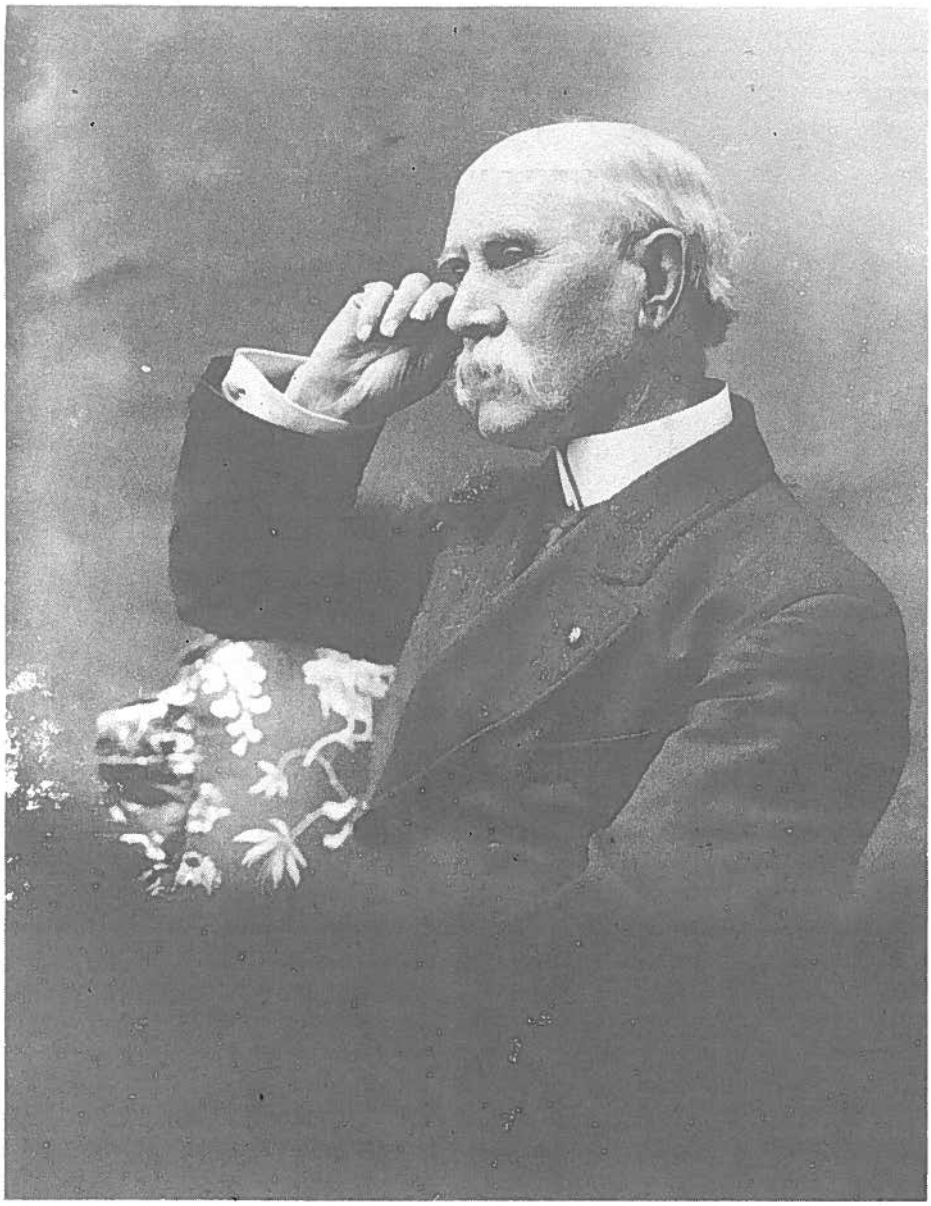
The writer, who has been instructor at Malaspina College and the University of Victoria, has recently completed requirements for his PhD. at Columbia Pacific University.



James Bailey - resident of Royal Oak 1864 - 1869. Photo courtesy of BCARS - Cat. No. HP61584.

Rollin Art Centre of Port Alberni

by Catherine (Lord) Kean

Fred and Ellen Rollin on the steps of their new home in Alberni, 1914. Photo courtesy of G. White.

Tucked away on the corner of Eighth Avenue and Argyle Street in the heart of Port Alberni stands a relatively modest building, now Rollin Art Centre. Shaded behind a protective screen of large evergreen trees and a row of sturdy fencing which encloses each of the centre's three distinctive community gardens, many people would not immediately acknowledge the 1914 heritage home. Yet Rollin Art Centre, once the house of the young married couple Fred and Ellen Rollin, has its own tale to tell of the history of the Alberni Valley, and of the achievements of Fred Rollin.

Frederick Benjamin Rollin was born into an English family in April, 1890, and his life began with an adventurous voyage to Canada at six months of age. The three member family landed in Victoria, significantly "at the same time as the Empress Hotel was being built and they were driving piles to put the building on."[1] Fred's father, James Surfleet Rollin, established a small butcher's shop on Government Street, and became renowned as a "specialist in pork sausages."[2]

After several successful years in this occupation, and the birth of a second child, Dorothy Victoria, James sold his butcher shop and became an owner and operator of a hotel in Victoria. Yet the tales of the gold discoveries in the interior of British Columbia which drifted back to Victoria convinced him to relocate, and in 1898, James moved to Lake Bennett to assume ownership of a local hotel. His wife Helen, Fred, and Dorothy followed later that year.

The prosperity of the gold fields was naturally short-lived, and the boom rapidly shifted to Dawson Creek and Whitehorse. The family left Bennett a year later in February or March, 1900, and returned briefly to Victoria. Later that year, they relocated to Port Alberni, at this time "a world of stage coaches, miners, early settlers, high button shoes, trailing skirts and little girls in pinafores."[3] While separated into two distinct towns until 1967, Port Alberni was just beginning to emerge as a considerable settlement, partly due to the presence of the Alberni Pacific Lumber Company, the fledgling company of what is now MacMillan Bloedel. James became the proprietor of the Armour Hotel, and the family ran this business until 1908, when they constructed their own establishment, the King Edward Hotel. The grand opening of this premises was celebrated with a dance, and a "general and cordial invitation"[4] was extended to the people of both Alberni and New Alberni in the December 7, 1907 issue of the Alberni Pioneer News.

It was through his parents' business that Fred met the young and talented schoolteacher, Ellen Ohlsen, with whom he would eventually share the Eighth Avenue home. She was the daughter of a Victoria family who had recently immigrated from Europe. Her parents owned the Oakland nursery in Victoria, which specialized in exotic plants and shrubs. Many of these were later transplanted to the Rollin gardens.

Ellen's school teaching career began in the valley at John Howitt School, which was established about 1900. She also taught classes at the school in the basement of the Watson Building, which opened in 1903, and at the New Alberni Public School which was established about 1906.[5] She continued to teach until she and Fred were married in 1913, in Victoria.

Fred and Ellen returned to Port Alberni after their wedding, and after a temporary residence moved into the home built on the corner of Eighth Avenue and Argyle, now Rollin Art Centre. This 1914 *white shingled, one-story home, built by Warnock and Co-*

chrane, contractors, for Mr. Lighter, the local jeweler, was the second of three identical homes built in the Valley.[6] Photographs from this period show the home to be a pleasant construction of the period, surrounded by a fence composed of poles of wood.

Ellen's school teaching career did not long surpass her marriage. She retired from the public school teaching system, but this encouraged her to devote her time to teaching what she loved most-music. An accomplished concert pianist, Ellen had studied music in Dresden, Germany, when a young girl; upon her return to Victoria, she gave a performance at the prestigious Empress Hotel. These accomplishments no doubt fostered the rumours amongst friends that she was "high society."[7] Ellen gave lessons in her own home on her grand piano, which had been shipped round the Horn from Germany. Apparently, *she had many, many local girls-and boys, too-taking music. She took them at half-hour lessons, twice a week.*[8] Lessons cost about $5 per month.

During this time, Fred was employed as a boom man with the Alberni Pacific Lumber Company. He worked on the booms for a number of years, until poor health forced his early retirement. He had suffered from asthma from the age of eighteen, and his frequent falls into the water on the job merely aggravated his health problems.

Fred's life after retirement centred around his home and the outdoors. A true outdoorsman, Fred loved to travel, and he and Ellen undertook many hiking expeditions around Vancouver Island, including treks to Buttle Lake, Nahmint Lake, and the Golden Eagle mine. Fred's nephew George (sister Dorothy's son), often accompanied them. A good hunter, Fred often packed a rifle with him, and the 1930 trek to the Golden Eagle mine was commemorated by several trophies, "the hides and heads of two black bear, one of them the largest ever known to have been taken in this neighborhood."[9] The hides and heads together weighed 108 pounds.[10] These mementos were displayed prominently on the walls and floors of the Rollin home; a visitor to the house after Fred's death commented that it was *crowded with the results of Mr. Rollin's success with a gun. A wolverine shares space on the back of an old fashioned couch with various other variety of local wild life.*[11]

Ellen's grand piano was privileged to rest on both bear and cougar rugs.

Fred also spent much time tending the large garden surrounding the Eighth Avenue home. It was lush with rare plants and shrubs which had been given to him and Ellen by her parents, as well as an orchard of fruit trees. Every spring, the garden blossomed a myriad of colours as the various tulips, narcissus, and other flowers opened; 400 tulip bulbs alone were planted to commemorate his and his sister Dorothy's birthdays in April.[12] Some of the plants he collected during his hikes, for example on his trek to the Forbidden Plateau and Mount Albert Edward with his friend W.H. Crowshaw. It was reported that *the floral specimens brought home were white and purple heather, mountain wallflower and mountain daisies. Mr. Rollin now has these planted in his Port Alberni garden, and is confident they will thrive there.*[13]

Gardening became especially important to Fred after Ellen's death. She passed away in Port Alberni on October 27, 1944, at the age of 60, after suffering for several years from what was rumoured to be cancer of the lung.[14]

Facts surrounding the discovery of her illness are obscure, but one source indicated she collapsed on a hiking expedition and was rushed back to medical care in Port Alberni; her condition was quickly diagnosed. After treatments in Victoria, and the realization that her illness was terminal, Ellen returned to the valley home, where she remained until her death.[15] For Fred, the garden became a means of solace and of refuge. Alone in the home he had shared for so many years, his life became haunted with memories of his beloved Ellen.

Despite his retreat into a world of isolation and loneliness, Fred tried to maintain a link with his community. He donated money to many charitable organizations in the valley, and invested in many businesses. He also established a rapport with teachers and many of the students of the neighboring Eighth Avenue School. Often he would invite teachers and students into the home for afternoon tea.[16] And, as George White asserted, "in small ways he was always very generous to the kids when they came around."[17]

Fred Rollin died in the home in March 1976, at the age of 86. In his will, he bequeathed two of the four lots of land surrounding his home to the City of Port Alberni, to be developed into a public park. The third lot was purchased by the city from an heir. The fourth lot was left to School District #70, for the children of Eighth Avenue School to enjoy. After consultation with City Council, the city lands were leased to the Community Arts Council of the Alberni Valley. The aim of this institution was to restore the rather dilapidated pioneer home and to develop it into a community base for the arts; recitals, exhibitions, workshops, and other special events would be held here. As well, it would upgrade and maintain the gardens for the public to enjoy.

Extensive renovations were made to the building in order to make this goal feasible. Approximately eight cords of dry wood were removed from the basement level, an incredible fire hazard which had gone undiscovered until this time. As one newspaper reporter indicated of the state of the home, it was easy to imagine Fred *passing from room to empty room during his last years of ill health, feeling the loneliness which only the aged can know . . . Looking about me, I saw old fashioned lighting fixtures hanging from soot-blackened wall and ceilings, beamed and panelled, [and] the old wood furnace in the basement which had only a decayed plank floor.*[18]

As well as general repairs, the entire building had to be raised, a new cement floor poured, rewiring completed, and a new heating system installed. The overgrown gardens were maintained to the best of abilities by dedicated volunteers, but minimal funding seriously hampered all efforts to keep them cultivated. Rollin Art Centre, the visible extension of the Community Arts Council, was established in 1977. Its name pays tribute to the man who engendered its existence.

In 1988, with massive community support for what was named the Garden Project, the centre was able to renovate the old gardens and make the home into

Fred Rollin with nephew George, Dolly White (Fred's sister) and Ellen Rollin. c. 1914.
Photo courtesy of G. White.

a popular tourist attraction. Many of Fred's plants, trees, and shrubs had degenerated over the years, and the orchard no longer produced fruit. It was no longer feasible to maintain the original gardens. Following a plan envisioned by landscape architect Arne McRadu, three distinct gardens were created: the Macmillan Native Plant Garden, the Margaret B. Smyth Garden, and the Children's Garden, which is dedicated to the children of School District #70 as Fred would have wished. The official opening of the new gardens was held on August 20, 1988.

With its newly landscaped setting and modernized structure, Rollin Art Centre looks very different to the building in the early photographs of the young married Fred and Ellen, poised at the top of the porch steps over 70 years ago. However, this does not reduce its significance in the history of the Alberni Valley. Its name recognized Fred Rollin's contributions to the community, and perpetuates his memory. With this in mind, it is clear that Fred, if he were to visit his former home in spirit, "would smile blithely with joy at a job well done."[19]

* * * * * * * * * * *

Catherine Lord worked at Rollin Art Centre for three consecutive summers while she studied at the University of Victoria. She then took a post-graduate Works of Art diploma course at Sotheby's in England. She was married in July 1992 and the couple live and work in Orlando, Florida.

FOOTNOTES

1. Catherine Lord, Interview with Mr. George White, Victoria, September, 1988, p. 1.
2. Ibid.
3. Ruth Roberts, Turn-of-the-Century Link Dies with Fred Rollin, Alberni Valley Times, March 16, 1976.
4. Alberni Pioneer News, Saturday, December 7, 1907, p. 8.
5. Valley Heritage - 100 Years of Schooling in the Alberni Valley, 1887-1987, Alberni Valley Museum, pp. 2-4.
6. Roberts, 1976.
7. Catherine Lord, Interview with Mary Wood, Port Alberni, July 12, 1988, p. 4.
8. Ibid., p. 1.
9. Port Alberni News, May 15, 1930.
10. Ibid.
11. Roberts, 1976.
12. Ibid.
13. Port Alberni News, September 12, 1929.
14. Catherine Lord, Interview with Mr. Johanessen, July 14, 1988.
15. Lord, White, p. 3.
16. Lord, Johanessen, 1988.
17. Lord, White, p. 7.
18. Laura Evans, A Moment of Silence, Alberni Valley Times, January 28, 1977, p. 1.
19. Ibid., p. 3.

Some crests which appeared on early railway cars.

NEWS & NOTES

THE NELSON CLUB

Ron Welwood's story of the Nelson Club in Vol. 26: 1 was on a disc – very carefully prepared. The proof readers were so confident that no typos could appear that vigilance was relaxed. We were very chagrined to discover that the date "1896" in the title appeared as 1869.

NEW ACHIEVEMENT HONORED

Dr. David Chuanyan Lai was awarded the Commemorative Medal for the 125th Anniversary of Canadian Confederation. He has done a great deal of volunteer work and consultation re restoration of Chinatowns in Victoria, Barkerville, Kamloops, and Edmonton. He has also written two very successful books, one of which won a Certificate of Merit in the 1988 BCHF Writing Competition. His **Forbidden City Within Victoria**, Orca Publishers, 1991 has been on the best seller list for several months.

STERNWHEELERS

Did you know that at least 245 steamers worked the inland waters of B.C. over the years? E.L. (Ted) Affleck has tracked down information and registration from various archives. He has produced a compact listing of those vessels with their original specifications at the time and place of shipbuilding, and the routes they plied. This 50 page book **Affleck's List of Sternwheelers Plying the Inland Waters of British Columbia, 1858-1980** is available for $6 from Ted at
#208 - 2250 S.E. Marine Drive,
Vancouver, B.C. V5P 2S2.

MISSIONS TO SEAMEN

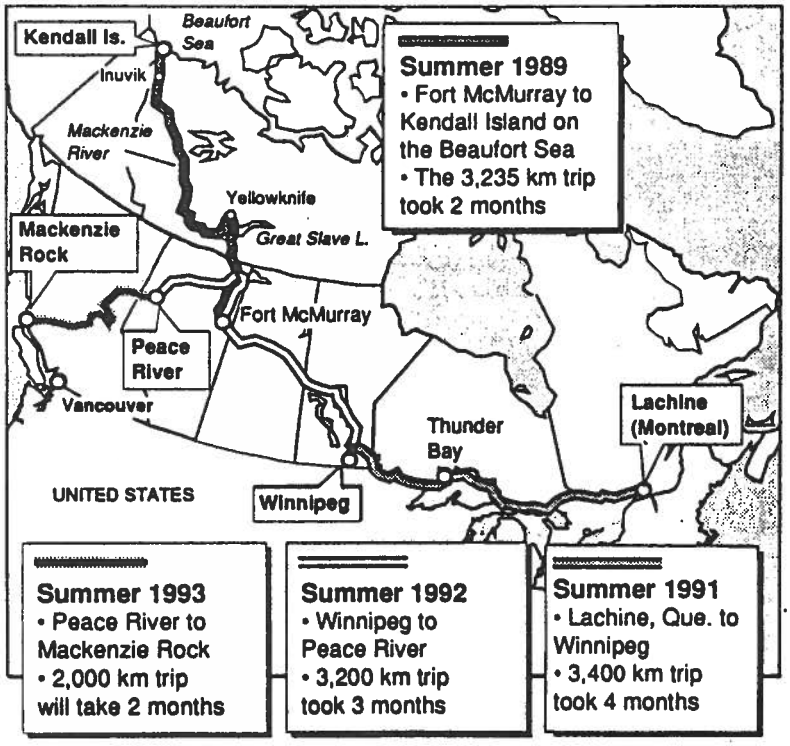
Pictures Wanted!
If any reader has a picture of any of the buildings (interior or exterior), or the bus, that served as Mission to Seamen in Vancouver will you please lend it to the editor to illustrate a well written history to be published in the Fall issue of this magazine.

RESONANCE

Readers particularly enjoy references to people and places they have known. Ken Leeming commented on many of those in the list "Those We Have Honored" plus his mother's friend Lady Gertrude Aylmer (Vol. 26:1). Another faithful reader from White Rock wrote to state that she was born in the Methodist Manse in Kaslo, shown in the picture on page 15 of that issue.

Following Mackenzie's route

Nine Lakehead University students arrived by canoe in Peace River, Alta. August 29. They are retracing the route taken by Alexander Mackenzie in his sea–to–sea journey across Canada. The expedition will end next July as the voyageurs reach Mackenzie Rock exactly 200 years after the explorer's arrival.



Map courtesy of Chronicle-Journal Graphics Thunder Bay, Ontario

RENEWALS AND ENQUIRIES

We are now into Vol. 26, ie. 1993. Check the address label on the back cover. The number on the end of the corner indicates which issue marks the end of your paid subscription. If it says, "26/2" it also says "That's all Folks!" Send a cheque for renewal to the Subscription Secretary or your local society treasurer. AND please use the same format in registering your name. The computer sends out duplicates if John Jones reregisters as E.J.Jones, or John E. Jones.

Also note – the Post Office Box in Station E, Vancouver, which has served as collection point for the BCHF and BCHN for the past ten years, is no longer applicable. Canada Post is divesting itself of Station E. The Post Office Box will vanish in every sense of the word.
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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

Vancouver and Its Region

Edited by Graeme Wynn and Timothy Oke. Vancouver, University of British Columbia Press, 1992, 133 p., Illustrated. $45.00.

It would be hard to find a better book about Vancouver than this one. It is informative, visually attractive, comprehensive and well-referenced. That it should also be well written from start to finish, given that at least eighteen authors collaborated, is in itself some sort of miracle. Each author is a geographer. That may be one key to the book's cohesion. It may also account for the down-to-earth interpretation of social facts.

Opening with a series of aerial photographs, subtle and striking at the same time, modern Vancouver is captured in a setting recognizably linked with the distant past.

From primordial times to the present, section by section the book progresses. Through the coming of the first human inhabitants, the impact of Europeans and the rise of the city, to the state of the environment to-day, we are given up-to-date facts sensitively interpreted. Each of the several sections is an excellent compression of relevant information, yet each will yield some fresh intriguing fact or some unusually perceptive insight even to those of us already well-acquainted with Vancouver's story.

As a town planner, I was pleased by Wynn's own chapter on "the rise of Vancouver", especially by his treatment of Bartholomew's lasting work. As a municipal history buff, I was disappointed that our longest serving, remarkable and influential mayor L.D. Taylor, was not mentioned, not **anywhere** in the book. As a book user, I found one feature quite awkward: the book is hard to hold open for a full reading of the left hand page (because the generous margin allowance is asymmetrical – too little on the right). But enough! Apt and unusual illustrations gleaned from a great array of sources add so much to this excellent book that I must stop carping.

Great credit is due Messrs Wynn, Oke and their colleagues from the U.B.C. Department of Geography. Fortunate is our City to have this set of understanding observers. Lucky the students to have such teachers.

Mary Rawson

Mary Rawson, a town planner, is a member of the Vancouver Historical Society.

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Otter Skins, Boston Ships, and China Goods

James R. Gibson, Montreal, McGill-Queen's University Press, 1992. xii, 422 p., Illustrated $39.95

In a nine page introduction, the author of this excellent book defines the Northwest Coast as "one of the most distinctive aboriginal areas of the continent". He continues by establishing at the outset the unique character of the coastal area, stretching from the Columbia River to the western end of the Aleutian Islands.

Forty-five years prior to any British or American commercial interest in the Northwest Coast, the Russian expedition of Vitus Bering and Alexsey Chirikov in the **St. Peter** and **St. Paul** in 1741 obtained hundreds of sea-otter skins (and resulted in the tragic loss of Bering and some of his companions). The skins were in demand in China by the wealthy Manchu class, who paid handsome prices. Knowledge of this enticing development resulted in a "fur rush" across the Aleutian chain of islands to the Alaska mainland. "From 1743 to 1800 one hundred ventures obtained more than 8,000,000 silver rubles worth" of sea-otter skins.

In 1799 the Tsarist government chartered the Russian-America Company, resulting in enormous profits to the franchise holder, the virtual enslavement of the Aleutian natives, and the near extermination of the sea-otter. The latter, plus international and domestic difficulties for Russia, encouraged the eventual sale of all of Alaska to the United States in 1867.

The Spanish presence on the Alaska coast antedated that of Russia (except for the Bering-Chirikov expedition). However, Spain's interest was mainly strategic, preferring to avoid foreign penetration as much as possible by keeping its discoveries secret. Any motivation to develop a Spanish fur trade was consequently almost nonexistent, although several feasible plans had been offered. By 1800 Spanish interest in the Northwest Coast north of the Columbia River had almost completely ceased.

The attention of maritime fur traders (other than Russian) to the Northwest Coast largely came about as a result of the published report of Captain James Cook's sojourn in 1778 for nearly a month in Nootka Sound, repairing storm damage and replenishing stores of water and firewood in his two ships, **Resolution** and **Discovery**. Cook's crewmen traded scraps of iron to the Indians for sea-otter skins to make warm clothing in preparation for exploration of far northern waters. The better quality skins were sold in Canton for astonishing profits.

Exploration of this unique area began with the British captain James Hanna in the 60-ton **Sea Otter**, who sailed for Nootka Sound in 1785. After five weeks in the Sound, he procured a "valuable cargo of Furs", resulting in a handsome profit when sold at Canton the next year. Hanna was followed by others, including the **King George** and the **Queen Charlotte**, skippered by members of Cook's own expedition, Portlock and Dixon.

Despite this auspicious beginning and a few other notable successes, the British traders suffered from restrictions imposed by the monopolistic practices of the East India Company and the inactive South Sea Company. A licence granted by the East India Company imposed substantial restraints on British trading vessels. The restrictions placed on British traders plus the growing competition from American vessels, were among the major factors causing the decline and eventual extinction of British participation in the maritime fur trade on the Pacific Northwest Coast. The author persuasively points out that British traders, too, may well have been less ruthless, less resourceful, and less efficient than their free-wheeling Yankee rivals, although the vaunted shrewdness of the latter may have been simply the result of their freedom from the former's commercial constraints . . . A Spanish **commandante** noted early that "the English, and more especially the Americans, give anything they have, or for which the natives may beg, in exchange for the skins of the sea otter". And a Russian commander declared that "the spirit of commerce, is, perhaps, nowhere greater than in America". "The Americans", he continued, "avail themselves quickly of every advantage that is offered to them in trade."

In closing, this reviewer has never encountered a more coherent, useful, enjoyable, and detailed account of the Pacific Northwest Coast maritime fur trade than that offered by this book. It contains a total of ten chapters, the first four of which as mentioned above, deal with the Russian, Spanish, British, and Americans engaged in the trade. The concluding six chapters go into even more widespread and keenly detailed examination of all possible aspects of the trade, ranging from "The China Market" to "The Impact of the Trade".

It is strongly recommended as the definitive work on the subject both for the casual reader and the dedicated researcher.

John Frazier Henry

John Frazier Henry is author of **Early Maritime Artists of the Pacific Northwest Coast.**

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Ragged Islands: A Journey by Canoe through the Inside Passage

Michael Poole, Vancouver, Douglas & McIntyre, 1991. 248 p. $26.95

This book holds something for everyone. Whether you tend towards tales of adventure, lean towards unusual sagas, like to read of strange places where you will never go, are an environmentalist, yearn to read about unusual lives and individuals, it is all in these pages.

Michael Poole paddled his canoe through but a portion of the Inside Passage, yet such is the terrain that it took him most of three months. He actually explored only Seymour, Kingcome and Loughborough Inlets. Knight Inlet was bypassed, and he crossed the mouth of Toba at the end of his trip. This is the area of the mainland coast in the vicinity of Queen Charlotte and Johnstone Straits, and the upper reaches of Georgia Strait.

Once I had reassured myself (by going to the back of the book) that the canoe of this odyssey was not an ordinary canoe, but one which contained flotation tanks and other safety features, I felt free to read in comfort.

There is a peculiar blend here; he finally gave in to the strange love-hate relationship the B.C. coast engenders, and started his long-dreamed-of solitary trip. As much as anything else, it was a personal quest in search of identity. it was with considerable relief that I read at the end that the author had paddled the coast "out of his hair", and had faced the fact that a life of isolation and hardship in a lonely, mountain-girt inlet was not for him.

If only because it takes us to an area we are unlikely to actually visit, the days of the Union Steamship being long over, it makes worthwhile reading. The awesome loneliness, the awesome terrain, the brooding quality of the landscape, the always-lurking danger from the tides and narrows such as the Arran Rapids, or Roaringhole Rapids, the winds sweeping down the inlets from the lofty peaks, hold the imagination. No benign zephyrs here; no warm waters, due to the glacial run-off. It is strange that a land so melancholy and dangerous casts such a spell.

We travel a land in transition economically: a land where loggers now fly in for brief stints, then leave, a land where expensive yachts, mainly American, clog the inlets like floating luxury hotels during the summer season, and fill up their freezers with over-limit loads of fish, then leave at summer's end, a land where fish farms are the latest industry attempting to provide a living for residents.

We visit abandoned Indian villages, totally bushed individuals, isolated beaches and bays where it seems all is as it was hundreds of years ago. Some of the people he visited are not among those you would like to cultivate as friends. It almost seems that a violent eccentricity is a must for anyone who remains up the B.C. coast – interesting, certainly, but comfortable? No, no, and no.

Canoeists would find the hints he gives for managing in the violent tidal rips and currents helpful. On the down side, the fact that one gets the impression he is cold, wet and anxious much of the time rather limits the enjoyment of going along with him. Thrown in for good measure are snippets of history and environmental broadsides. There is a predictable eyeball-to-eyeball encounter with a killer whale. My favourite page details the unusual experience of finding himself in the middle of a school of feeding dogfish. Unique! The whale-watchers, the whale chroniclers, the bushed, the idealists, those who come to exploit and spoil, those who came with starry dreams and are still trying to make a life and a living, all are here. Michael Poole met them all, and paddled on, till he eagerly yearned for journey's end at Okeover Inlet – an excellent read.

Kelsey McLeod

Kelsey McLeod is a member of the Vancouver Historical Society.

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The Dunsmuir Saga.

Terry Reksten, Vancouver, Douglas & McIntyre, 1991. 290 p. $29.95

In the history of British Columbia, perhaps no other family has attracted the intense loyalty, despairing hatred, moral outrage or just simple interest that the Dusmuir family of Vancouver Island did in the late 1800s and first decades of this century. In choosing to name her study of three generations of the family **The Dunsmuir Saga,** author Terry Reksten could not have selected a more apt title, suggesting as it does the rich history of that clan.

In **The Dunsmuir Saga** the author has summarized, in a very readable and enjoyable form the complex story of the rise of the Dunsmuir family, from its humble origins, through hard decades, to its sudden emergence in a position of immense, virtually unequaled economic and political power in British Columbia. It is a story of particular interest, especially when the reader stops to wonder why the dynasty, which had dominated the Pacific coast, has now disappeared from the public stage. Reksten's rich narrative provides the complex answers, tracing the dissipation of the family position and fortune in the hands of later generations. The author begins by tracing the hardworking, common Scottish origins of Robert Dunsmuir, who emigrated to Vancouver Island as a coal miner in 1851, settling at Fort Rupert where a coal seam had been located. She then examines the long lean years that Dunsmuir experienced before the dramatic discovery of massive coal reserves in the Nanaimo area, and then the rapid rise in the fortunes of the Dunsmuir family. By the 1880s Robert Dunsmuir was the coal baron and railway tycoon who controlled much of the economy of Vancouver Island. The book reveals the driving business ambition that took Dunsmuir to the heights of power, but it also demonstrated his often very controversial relations with his employees.

This is, however, not the biography just of a prominent industrialist, but truly a family history. Reksten also provides a rich, detailed examination of the other members of the clan, including Joan, the matriarch who outlasted her husband and retained control of the empire well after his demise. It also provides an extended review of the colourful and often sad lives of Robert and Joan's two sons and eight daughters. At his death, Robert Dunsmuir willed virtually his entire estate to his wife, provoking a long and bitter feud between the elder son James and his mother, as well as no doubt contributing to the long term and steady decline of the Dunsmuir businesses and family fortunes.

While lacking the business talents of his father, James Dunsmuir eventually became the premier, and then the lieutenant-

governor of British Columbia, either of which positions would have been a remarkable achievement in itself. Younger son Alexander Dunsmuir became an alcoholic. **The Dunsmuir Saga** provides valuable glimpses into Alexander's sad deterioration, and a particularly interesting review of the costly and scandalous lawsuit that emerged from his will, a court action that attracted the interest of the press from Victoria to New York.

The author describes in great detail the lives of luxury and adventure of the next generation, the two sons and eight daughters of James and his wife Laura. Some of the most interesting material in the saga, in the opinion of this reviewer, is to be found in Reksten's review of the lives of this generation. One son, for instance, ran away with the daughter of actress Lillian Russell, and died an alcoholic in Singapore. The hope for this third generation, James, known as "Boy", was tragically lost at sea, as a passenger on the **Lusitania**, which was torpedoed and sunk, during the First World War. Elinor experienced a major struggle with her sexuality, Reksten's recognition and treatment of the issue adding depth and value to this family history. Elinor also contributed to the dissipation of the Dunsmuir legacy, losing much of her fortune in Monte Carlo. Another daughter, Muriel, married a Parisian couturier, who worshipped his wife but also had an interest in members of his own sex. Daughter Kathleen lost much of her part of the fortune investing in early unsuccessful talking pictures based in British Columbia. Daughter Dola Francis, who lived until 1966, was a long time companion to Tallulah Bankhead. In the end, the fortune was disbursed, and little of the Dunsmuir legacy remained, except in the form of notable buildings, such as Robert and Joan's Craigdarroch Castle, Robert's Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway, and James and Laura's Hatley Park residence, now the centerpiece of Royal Roads College on Victoria's western perimeter.

Possibly **The Dunsmuir Saga** is the best legacy, since it places all of these artifacts in context, and has brought to the reading public a much richer understanding of the important place and colourful lives of the Dunsmuir family in the history of this province. I found the genealogical outline of the Dunsmuir family, provided at the beginning of the book, a valuable reference tool, as I followed Reksten's narrative through several generations of a very complex family. The historical photographs also added depth to the study. The book provides a very useful perspective on the industrial and transportation history of British Columbia. Terry Reksten has exhibited great dedication over the years in her persistent work on this project; the immense amount of detailed research has resulted in a family history that is extensive, and shows the mundane as well as the more colourful sides of her subject. She has produced a product that is not a glowing, uncritical review of her subject, but a balanced study that examines both the positive and negative. Her style is very readable, and follows the excellent form that she offered her readers in previous publications.

For anyone interested in learning more about one of British Columbia's most important family dynasties, some of its rich industrial history, or just enjoying a very entertaining account of the lives of some of British Columbia's "rich and famous", I recommend that you take the time to read **The Dunsmuir Saga**.

Bill McKee

Bill McKee, a native of Sechelt, currently works for the Museum of Man, Ottawa.

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Brother Twelve; The Incredible Story of Canada's False Prophet and His Doomed Cult of Gold, Sex, and Black Magic.

John Oliphant, Toronto, McClelland & Stweart, 1991, 384 p., $29.95

John Oliphant has provided us with a fresh look at Brother Twelve, one of our notorious British Columbians whose fame goes beyond our borders.

He has presented new information on the background of Brother Twelve giving us insight into the man's character. His religious parents belonged to one of the many new sects springing up in the 1900's, the Catholic Apostolic Church; in the 1920's there was a branch in East Vancouver.

Brother XII apprenticed in the British Navy, where he became skilled in many trades. Marriage and family did not alter his restless nature, and he finally abandoned them to continue his travels and "ever seeking his Quest". This quest eventually led him back to British Columbia and the Cedar district, near Nanaimo and DeCourcy Island. Here he made the headquarters for the Aquarian Foundation and home for his converts. Like many cult leaders, he made rules for the converts, but not for himself. The converts toiled in his fields while he spent his time writing and travelling. Finally his uplifting words and lofty ambitions could not quell the dissidents.

The book contains excerpts from Wilson's publications. We can wonder why people gave up their jobs, homes and donated thousands of dollars on the strength of his writings.

While my family were living on Gabriola Island prior to the second World War, rumors were always circulating about DeCourcy. I remember looking across Northumberland Channel and seeing Brother Twelve's yacht and looking through binoculars at the gun emplacements which he had built on DeCourcy Island. Later, I met Mary Connally and Margaret Whyte, two of Brother XII's disciples, on a trip to DeCourcy Island for the Victoria week-end in 1935. Mary Connally eventually sued Brother XII, recovering the whole island for herself.

Peggy Imredy

Peggy Imredy is a member of the Vancouver Historical Society.

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Sunny Sandy Savary; A History, 1792-1992.

Ian Kennedy, Vancouver, Kennell Publishing, 2177 West 13th Ave., Vancouver, B.C. V6K 2S2. 1992. 188 p. $11.95

On July 1, 1792, Peter Puget and Joseph Whitbey, of Captain George Vancouver's surveying team, camped on Savary Island, "in a delightful plain with a fine smooth beach before it for the boats". Diligently completing their assignment, and exchanging courtesies with "a small party of Native inhabitants", they lingered just long enough to stock up on clams, "as many as we could conveniently stow". Then they sailed away, back to work, refreshed by their picnic on Savary.

For two hundred years – and more, as the Native inhabitants attest, – people have gone to Savary Island to enjoy the delightful plain, smooth beach, and the clams. Since 1980, Ian Kennedy has been among these people, summering on Savary and relishing the snippets of summers past which appeared in the **Savary Island News** and in the books of Jim Spilsbury. The Vancouver Bicentenary spurred him to gather Savary's past into a chronological narrative, beginning with the geological adventures which gave little Savary more sandy beaches, more sunshine, and warmer waters than British Columbia's other islands.

The first summer visitors, the Sliammon people, named the island "Ayhus", a double-headed serpent. Vancouver named it

"Savary's Island". No one has been able to identify Savary, but Kennedy has fun speculating. He has even more fun with the story of the island's first permanent settler, John Green, sixty-nine years old in 1886 when he arrived on the island to set up a farm and trading company. If this were fiction, a reviewer could take Kennedy to task for suddenly turning this idyll into a lurid tale of Jack's murder, and the pursuit, trial and execution of his killer, postscripted of course with a rumour of buried treasure.

By the turn of the century the island had a resident family, the Andersons. In 1910 Savary was rediscovered by George Johnstone Ashworth, crime reporter for the Vancouver **Province**, who came in search of the site of the Green murder and left in a frenzy of enthusiasm for the vacation potential of "the Catalina Island of these northern seas". His aggressive real estate promotion interested some prominent Vancouverites, notably C.R. Townley and Harry McMicken Keefer. One could be appalled by their development tactics; the advertising was misleading, the lots were too small. But their most significant sales were to themselves and their like-minded friends. These developers recognized a good deal, but they also fell in love with the island and stayed in love for the rest of their lives.

The story then becomes one of summer cabins and Union Steamships, long friendships, family memories, and community efforts – and people. The cast is varied; celebrities range from Jim Spilsbury making his first wireless in his father's cabin in 1922, to Margaret Trudeau sauntering down the dock in a bikini in 1973.

Troubles plague paradise, exacerbated by decisions made far away by bureaucrats unacquainted with the island and uninterested in learning. Kennedy tells how "improvements" in transportation and highways increased the time and discomfort involved in travelling from Vancouver to Savary. He recounts the story of the Royal Savary Hotel, built in 1927-28 by the Ashworths, and finally defeated in 1983 by incongruous but inflexible government regulations.

But he does not belabor the troubles; this is a sunny book. It is also a useful contribution to the history of our islands and rural communities. As a footnote to larger Histories, it happily reveals what Vancouver families did on their summer vacations.

Phyllis Reeve
Phyllis Reeve is a resident of Gabriola Island.

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The Run of the River; Portraits of Eleven British Columbia Rivers.
Mark Hume, Vancouver,
New Star Books, 1992.
205 p. $14.95

I waded into the **Run of the River** all unsuspecting. When I emerged, waterlogged, 205 pages later, I felt I had sojourned in a surrealistic world inhabited by beings entirely removed from reality.

This is a book not as much about eleven B.C. rivers as about protest – a book for the fanatical fisherman and the career environmentalist. The inhabitants of the world of the book are mainly male, see our habitat as a vast wilderness that should be kept for ever so, in order that they can fish, white-water raft, watch fish and birds, etc. The real world of those who work in B.C., and pay taxes, of the logging, mining, pulp and paper companies, the commercial fishing industry, not to mention the ranchers, is viewed not as an economic necessity, but as a threat to this sacred and hallowed recreation.

The government which created the W.A.C. Bennett dam, which brought electricity to thousands, jobs to thousands, is labelled as a "rapacious regime". Government agencies are accused of mismanaging the fishery resources, and slammed from all angles. (These same governments funded this book with grants from Canada Council and the Cultural Services Branch of the Province of B.C.)

The author is upset during his yearly "pilgrimage" to the Capilano fish hatchery (hatcheries are termed "technological fixes",) because he finds the fish there have "blank" eyes. Yet he writes lyrically and at length about the barbaric playing of a steelhead: "after fifteen minutes I began to ache". Meanwhile, a companion is "shouting out joyfully every time the fish jumped" to cheer him on. What this fish's eyes looked like when he finally landed it is not recorded, but he loosed the exhausted fish into the river, "to tell its story to the glacier".

Ranchers who allow their herds to wade into rivers to drink are censured for fouling the river and damaging river banks. Yet a fly fisherman who takes a chain saw with him and carves out an area of riverbank so that he can cast is lauded. Similarly, the white-water rafters are applauded for trudging off into the bush with a roll of Delsey, and "burning the toilet paper" afterwards. One pictures the rafting rivers ringed with blackened patches left by these stalwarts who have never heard of leaves or moss – all this illogic gives one occasion to pause.

Perhaps part of the disquiet one feels on reading this book is caused by the uneven quality of presentation. After ploughing through pages of statistics, one is hurled with no warning into sudden and inexplicable flights of fancy that strain towards the poetic. After hearing of the horrors of damming the Nechako, we suddenly find ourselves flat out on a dry stream bed, gazing up through the non-existent water in a strange kind of trance. "I lie on the gravel . . . and dream of the Nechako passing over me . . . salmon hold in the current . . . some . . . have in their mouths the bones of the Cheslatta people . . . " Similar writing comes at random moments throughout.

The sad truth is that economically we use the rivers to survive; in the real world people work in the here-maligned industries in order to survive – a fact that is apparently a bagatelle in the lives of the so-called sportsmen and environmentalists.

There are pages of statistics from everything about the different fish runs, numbers of fish returning to habitats, etc., and all the data on the building of different dams throughout the province. The stories of the dams make interesting reading from a historical standpoint. There is an index for quick reference, and selected bibliography for those wishing to read further on the subject. And, perhaps all this information will contribute to a solution being found between the extremes of viewpoint, which will in turn lead to a satisfying balance being worked out between fact and fancy, wish-fulfillment and reality.

Kelsey McLeod
Kelsey McLeod is a member of the Vancouver Historical Society.

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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.

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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.

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