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SUMMER

MEMBER SOCIETIES

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

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BRITISH COLUMBIA HISTORICAL NEWS

Volume 26, No. 3 **Journal of B.C. Historical Federation** Summer - 1993

EDITORIAL

October is designated Women's History Month. The Minister Responsible for the Status of Women, Mary Collins M.P. for Capilano-Howe Sound, implemented this idea in 1992 but publicity did not reach many of the intended "celebrants" until late October or early November. The 1993 letter to local historical societies came out in May. (This contrast in timing is due, in part, to our Nanaimo branch protesting the belated arrival in 1992.) Anyway – for October turn history into "HERstory of Women's Contributions to Our Community and Country."

Another item of political interest is Dan Marshall's article, "Carnarvon Terms or Separation." This arrived in the mail within days of the October Referendum on the Charlottetown Accord. I almost wept that this could not be shared with historians/voters right then.

Summer is a time for travel. Many of us visit local museums. British Columbia has more museums per capita than any other state or province on the continent. Some of these museums have fascinating, unexpected displays. If you have a comment on one or more places that you have visited, write a few lines to the editor and we will share the good news with our readers.

Naomi Miller

COVER CREDIT

Ahhh, summer! Sandy beaches, buckets of water, sunshine, and bathing beauties. This little lass took me back years to when bathing suits were made of wool, and a rubber bathing cap was pulled on even though it did not keep water out of ears. And look carefully at the beach shoes on the model, Miss 1928 at Gibsons Landing near her summer cottage. Thanks to Rosamond Greer for lending us this picture to illustrate her summer story.

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Gibsons: Our Summer Place

by Rosamond Greer

Molly's Reach, Gibsons, B.C. c 1980. Photo courtesy of Rosamond Greer

The Village of Gibsons lies at the foot of Mount Elphinstone, nestled within a sheltered cove at the mouth of Howe Sound, about thirty kilometers from the city of Vancouver. But it is far removed from the Metropolitan scene, for, although located on the mainland of British Columbia, it cannot be reached by road.

Many of the residents of Gibsons have retired from the work force and choose to live far from the hustle and bustle of the city, although more and more young people are commuting daily by ferry to jobs in Vancouver. The Village, once known only to the few who lived there and the summer visitors who came to enjoy its tranquillity, acquired world-wide fame in 1971 when television stars and technicians descended upon it to film the CBC TV program **The Beachcombers**. For twenty years the program was televised in seventeen countries, and tourists from around the world stood before Molly's Reach, the focal point of the series, to have their pictures taken.

Sixty years ago Molly's Reach was a hardware store, the Village of Gibsons was called Gibson's Landing, and I thought it was the most wonderful place on earth.

Each summer, as soon as schools closed in the city, scores of mothers and children boarded one of the Union Steamships, and the exodus from city homes to summer cottages began. Fathers remained alone in the hot city, keeping the gardens watered, the lawns mowed, cooking their own meals, toiling at their jobs, waiting for the weekend to arrive when they could sail to the cool havens their families had been enjoying all week.

The voyage was an adventure in itself, beginning at the Union Steamship dock in downtown Vancouver and ending some four or five hours later at the dock at Gibson's Landing. There we disembarked and headed for our summer cottage, closed up and abandoned on Labour Day ten months before.

The musty smell that greeted us as we unlocked the door; the dust and cobwebs accumulated over the winter; the autumn leaves still lying on the veranda; the outhouse on its side since being pushed over by local Hallowe'en pranksters months before; each year it was the same . . . wonderful to return to!

Most of the summer cottages bore names which described the purpose of their existence: Dun-workin', Helen's Haven or Summer Daze. My father had named our cottage Bonn-na-Coille, a Gaelic phrase meaning, "At the base of the Forest", for when he first saw it, it was secluded within dense woodland.

In the year 1919 my mother had purchased Lot 16 of District Lot 686, for $200. Two blocks above the beach, it lay at the heart of the original George Gibson pre-emption, and when my mother had a cottage built on the land she became a pioneer of the hundreds of summer people who would follow.

A historical account of this lovely place can be found in **The Gibson's Landing Story** by Lester R. Peterson. In his book Mr. Peterson relates how George William Gibson and his two sons, seeking safe anchorage for the night, arrived at the bay. On the following day, May 24, 1886, George Gibson drove a stake in the ground and pre-empted District Lot 686, a plot of land approximately 800 metres square. There he settled his family, and by 1892 some twenty families were living on pre-emptions circling the Gibson land. In 1895 the settlement became known as Gibson's Landing.

My first journey to Gibson's Landing was made in 1925, at the age of eight months, and for the next seventeen years Bonn-na-Coille was my summer home. Its one room contained a black cast-iron stove, a small wooden table, cupboards with flowered drawstring curtains, and a double bed. The bare wooden walls were adorned with pictures of Campbell Soup Kids and old calendars.

The room was bordered on two sides

by a wide veranda on which were iron cots for the children, two wicker chairs, and a large linoleum-covered table with wooden benches. From it there was a panoramic view of Keat's Island.

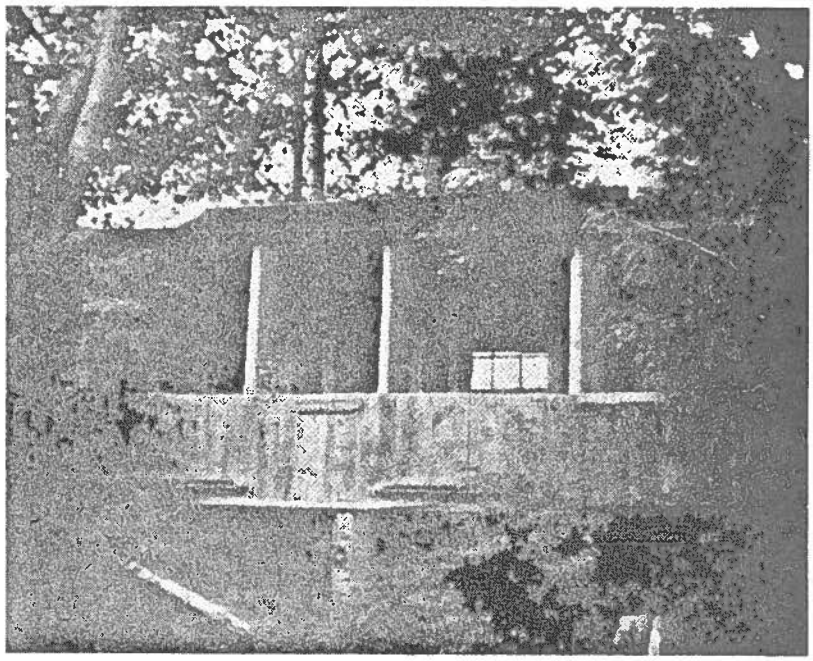
With no electricity and the plumbing consisting of a cold-water tap outside the back door, Bonn-na-Coille had none of the comforts of our city home. Yet it became my favourite place to be, and provided me with happy memories I shall always cherish.

There were two main roads in Gibson's Landing which were referred to as the Upper Road and the Lower Road. Most of the traffic on them consisted of small groups of cows wandering down from the farms high on the hill above the village. It was rare indeed that a vehicle interrupted their slow and tranquil journey, for there were very few cars or trucks on the peninsula at the time. It might be Dr. Frederik Inglis, who from 1912 until 1946 was the only physician between Sechelt and Port Mellon; Harry Winn's taxi; or a farmer venturing down from the hill with produce to sell.

But there was never any doubt that the cows had the right-of-way. Their melodious bells clanged as they wandered freely about the village, keeping the grass mowed around the cottages, supplying fertilizer for the gardens and providing an exciting challenge to those of us who shed our shoes to spend the summer running barefoot.

We spent the hot, sunny days at the beach, lifting rocks to watch crawling things scuttle away, building towering sand castles and watching them disintegrate with the tide, searching for exotic shells and swimming from Armour's float. There the best fun of all was submerging under the wharf and coming up in between the logs where the world took on an eerie glow. There was no lifeguard on duty save the good Lord, who must have kept a close watch, for miraculously none of us drowned.

Rainy days were wonderful, too, for then we huddled within Bonn-na-Coille, playing rummy or solving jigsaw puzzles, while the rain beat a tattoo upon the bare



Bonn-na-Coille, a summer place "at the base of the forest".. Photo by William Fiddes - (my father)

shingled roof. The little stove, filled with bark from the beach, gave off a glowing warmth, griddled scones on its top, heated the hand irons, baked a chocolate cake and boiled the kettle for tea, all at the same time. The room was a haven from the outside world - safe, warm, and filled with delicious smells.

But perhaps the best days of all were those when the water was as smooth as glass, and mother woke us at sunrise to announce that this was the day we would go fishing. Then we would rent a boat and row to Salmon Rock. The fish were not at all particular in those days and accepted our crude offerings enthusiastically. With a line wrapped around a piece of wood and a silver spoon dangling from the end of it, we seldom failed to catch a few grilse, and sometimes even a salmon.

Our lunch procured, we would row to Sandy Beach on Keat's Island, build a fire and fry up our catch. No gourmet meal ever tasted as good! There we would spend the remainder of the day, swimming and sunning, setting off for our return to Armour's float at dusk.

Loath to see the day end, sometimes we waited too long, and found ourselves rowing across "The Gap" between Keat's Island and Gibson's Landing in the dark. Then we would sing as we rowed, trusting that any boats nearby would hear us even if they couldn't see us. Our roaring rendition of "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain" never failed to keep us out of harm's way.

Our evening strolls took us to Gospel Rock, a short distance from the village. There we would sit atop the rock and watch the sun set in fiery splendour. Gospel Rock was so named in the early 1900s when a member of the Plymouth Brethren painted messages upon its natural galleries proclaiming: "The Wages of Sin is Death", "He Shall Be Born Again", and "Christ Died For The Ungodly".

Although the messages could not be seen from land, the rock was a landmark for fishermen who could see the inscriptions from the water. For many years the messages were kept brightly painted, although who did the re-painting remained a mystery.

During those happy days it never occurred to me to wonder what the "real" Gibson's Landing people thought about the interlopers who descended upon them each summer. Perhaps they enjoyed the unusual activity, knowing it was temporary, and treasured their isolation the more when we were gone.

We brought brisk trade to the merchants and gave excuse for social gatherings such as the Saturday night concerts in the old Methodist Church hall, where any

Summer fun - 1928 style - Note the woolen (itchy) bathing suit, rubber swim cap and rubber beach shoes.

talent, or even the total lack of it, was loudly applauded. (In 1918 the pulpit of this small church was occupied by James Shaver Woodsworth, who in 1932 became parliamentary leader of the newly-formed CCF.)

There were movie nights at the school hall up the hill, and the annual regatta when participants and onlookers came from miles around. The daily arrival of the boat from Vancouver always drew a crowd on the wharf, eager to see who was coming or going, and to catch up on any local news.

The farmers from up the hill were seldom seen in the village during the summer. They were kept far too busy growing fruit for the Howe Sound Canning Association, which for over twenty years processed and sold jam under the label Four Square Brand. (Needless to say, it was the most delicious jam in the world.)

Another very busy person in Gibson's Landing was Helen McCall, a pioneer in the field of photography, and one of the women featured in the book, **Eight Women Photographers of British Columbia 1869 - 1978** by Myrna Cobb and Sher Morgan. For twenty years, through the 1920s and 1930s, Helen McCall's photographs recorded the life and times along the peninsula, and her scenic sepia postcards were mailed around the world. Many of her postcards are now in safekeeping in the Elphinstone Pioneer Museum at Gibsons, contributing to the pictorial recording of people and places as they used to be.

But I do not need pictures to help me remember. When my days become too hurried, too cluttered, too scheduled, I dream of Bonn-na-Coille and those wonderful summers of my childhood. For to me Gibson's Landing was more than just a place. It was a way of life: a simplistic way of life that brought with it a contentment no amount of money could ever buy. Those years saw a terrible depression and brought the horrors of war; but my summers at Gibson's Landing remained the same, untouched by the rest of the world.

Recently I returned to the place they now call Gibsons. There I found everything changed. Tree-lined paths have become paved roads lined with bumper-to-bumper traffic (a meandering cow wouldn't stand a chance!); tiny cottages with funny names have been replaced by spacious bungalows; the little church is gone. Even Gospel Rock has changed, its proclamations weathered and dimmed. A spanking new house supplants Bonn-na-Coille on Lot 16 of District Lot 686.

My summer place is gone. And I am sad.

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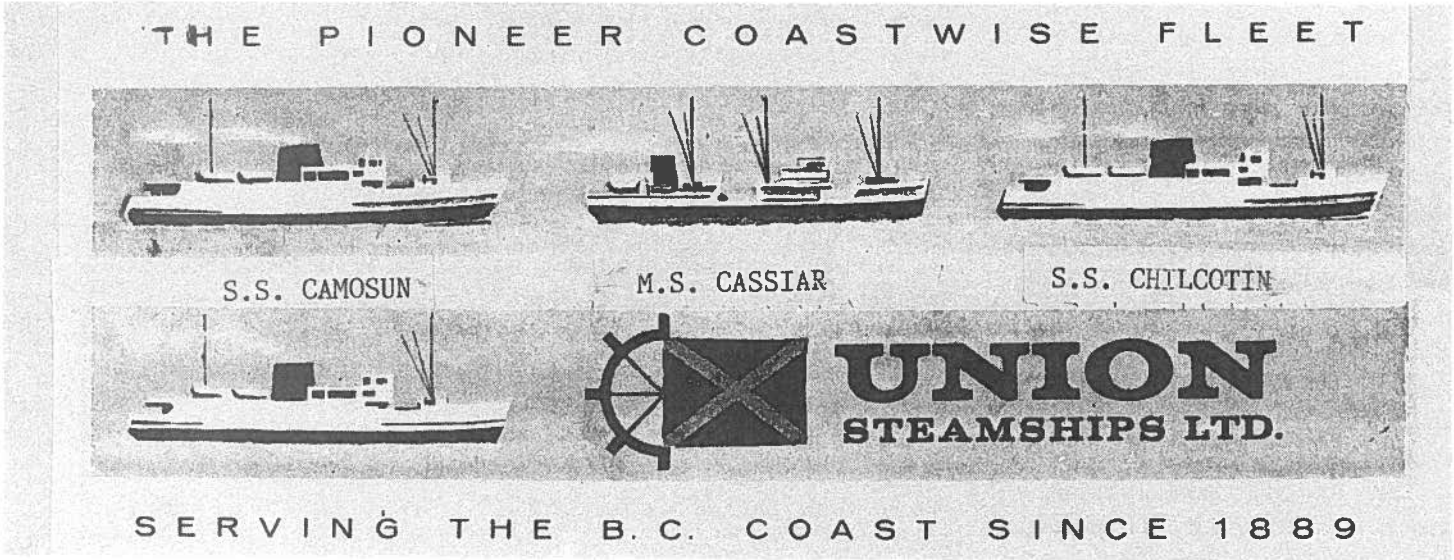
The author is a free-lance writer living in Burnaby.



Union Steamship Advertisment - Courtesy of Vancouver Maritime Museum

A Tale Told By Prescriptions

by Cindy Whitmore

One of the most intimate regions of a person's home is the medicine cabinet. The contents of the small bottles within reveal details of a person's private life. Likewise, the prescriptions requested by and sold to people of any community illustrate a segment of its history, its mind frame, the times, and the forces that governed the community.

The medical ledgers for Nanaimo in the years 1914-1923 provide this kind of social snapshot. These ledgers are a collection of medical prescriptions written by the physicians of Nanaimo and surrounding area for the people in the community. The ledgers, supplemented with evidence from the local paper, illustrate the reactions of Nanaimo citizens to a rapidly changing world. In analysing this collection it was evident that Nanaimo and surrounding areas were in a transitional phase. The predominantly coal mining community suddenly had to face changes in society, such as increased usage of consumer goods, new technologies, and acceptance of peoples of differing ethnic descent. These changes required personal adjustment.

There was a concern displayed by people to fit in with the rapid changes. The motivation for this concern was a decreasing sense of the safe and the traditional, spurred along by current world events and rapid changes in the role of the individual as worker, housemate, and consumer. This concern was reflected, for example, in prescriptions for items such as aspirin and Lysol. Advertisements in the local newspaper also played a large role in increasing consumer demand for many products, sometimes using guilt tactics. There was a 'keeping up with the Jones's' mentality. This indicated an acceptance of the new role of increasing dependency into which consumerism and professionalization were molding people.

New ideas of health and cleanliness in the community helped to change the way individuals, family units and communities lived their daily lives. During this time it was evident that the physician was increasingly relied upon for many things. Services gradually spread to the outlying communities: by the end of the collection, Qualicum had acquired its own physician, and no longer had to rely on doctors from Nanaimo. The international patent medicines advertised in the local paper and prescription medicine available only by doctor's recommendation broadened the realm of choices available to citizens and extended beyond traditional methods of dealing with sickness.

The repercussions of nation wide events such as Prohibition had far reaching effects from the professional down to the working class miner. Prohibition brought ethnic minorities together with the anglo-saxon majority in the pursuit of a common desire for alcohol. This was illustrated in the medical ledgers. Religious influence was evident in the local paper although to a large extent the voice of temperance was a weak one in the community.

Between 1914 and 1923, measles, scarlet fever, diphtheria, chicken pox, and whooping cough affected the city from casual to 'epidemic' proportions. The Spanish Influenza was an example of an illness of epidemic proportion. Other diseases such as mumps affected the population as well. Although venereal disease was not explicitly mentioned in health reports there is evidence that it did exist. The Medical Health Officer suggested that much illness was caused by poor sewer systems, the treatment of milk, the condition of the water, and the tendency to leave garbage rotting in the open, breeding insects and vermin.[1] He suggested that diseases were passed easily in communal places, such as theatres and schools. He also attributed many diseases in 1922 to increasing urbanization. General prevention methods, a clean city, and personal awareness and care were suggested as methods of prevention, as well as the long sought after Isolation Hospital, which would provide relief in the advent of an epidemic.

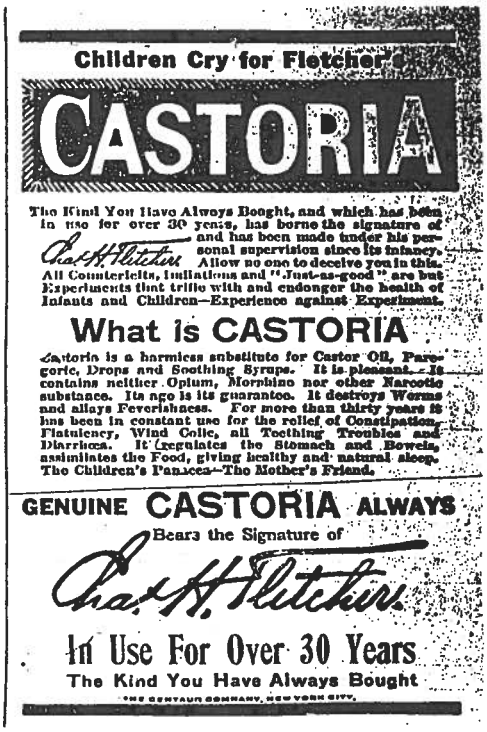
This is all part of a public health movement which began in the 1800's. The public health movement *worked to change the nature and improve the quality of family life, to establish new systems of child and family welfare, to transform Canadian education, and to organize child and family health care.*[2] In public schools, and in Nanaimo general practice, isolation techniques, education, vaccination, inspection, and prevention of exposure were exercised as methods to attain the desired state of a healthier and stronger nation. Fresh air was often recommended as a cure for many ailments. These concepts – increased personal and national awareness of cleanliness and health, and suggested alterations to society and its institutions – are evidence of the many transitions that Nanaimo was going through. Linked to the advent of the public health movement was increasing urbanization, and increasing consumerism.

By nature of geography, Nanaimo was a commercial centre with Vancouver and Victoria being the nearest large cities. As Nanaimo expanded, it offered a large selection of consumer products and services to the general public. Tourists, visitors, travelling workers such as ships' captains and crews, and patients from Nanaimo and surrounding areas called upon the services of Nanaimo's physicians and drug stores. The communities of Errington, Parksville, Qualicum, Coombs, Ladysmith, and Cassidy were often dependant on these services. According to the signatures on the medical prescriptions, from 1914 to 1923 there were two physicians in Nanaimo who handled the majority of patients: Dr. W.F. Drysdale, who served as the Medical Health Officer of Nanaimo until the mid thirties, and Dr. MacPhee.[3] Drug stores J.B. Hodgins

and Van Houten's offered their services to the general public. By the early 1920's, expansion and competition demanded an eye/ear/nose/throat specialist W.E.J. Ekins, and an additional drugstore Terry's, a branch operation from Vancouver. Outlying areas also began to acquire their own professional medical services.[4]

The families of Nanaimo and area were predominantly in the working class. The majority were employed by the Western Fuel Company Limited, a mining company.[5] Although many people were of anglo-saxon descent, there were also thriving ethnic populations including Chinese, Japanese, Southern Europeans, and Sikhs. Their place in the community is explored and defined in prescriptions requested and written for these people. Simultaneously defined is the place of the professional and the worker of anglo-saxon origin.

The people of Nanaimo were evidently concerned with cleanliness and health, especially in the years between 1914 and 1917. Concern for health in general was a rather new phenomenon of the late nineteenth century. This concern was reflected in numerous prescriptions, a majority of them prescribed specifically for women. Lysol, for example, was obtained by prescription and used by many women as a douche as well as for other



disinfecting purposes. Glycerine (an ingredient in soap), thymaline (used as a lotion as well as for mouthwash), and various concoctions of sodium bicarbonate mixed with other compounds and used as a mouthwash or gargle, were all agents lending to the upkeep of personal hygiene. The impetus for this focus on health and cleanliness came from the public health movement. More products and services were available to the public than ever before. It seemed to be the norm to consult a physician for non-emergencies. Infant diarrhea, rash, restlessness, and vomiting required medical consultation. Aspirin was frequently prescribed, primarily for women. The childbirth aid ergot was used often,[6] and doctors prescribed other medications as they came on the market.

Commercialism had its foundation on an ever expanding consumer oriented market. Pharmacy was in a transitional stage in Nanaimo. The acceptance of consumer products was balanced with a belief in traditional ways. Prescription medication for specific brand names such as Lysol, Calamine and Witch Hazel were evidence that many Nanaimo citizens were comfortable with the concept of buying health. Patent medicine brand name products that had something to offer everyone were advertised in the local paper, such as Beechams Pills.[7] Advertisements were successful: 'Erton's Syrup', to be used "when required for neuralgia pain," and 'Rexall Nerve Remedy' found its way into the homes of many Nanaimo patients.[8] However, there was a strong feeling that perhaps the old ways of dealing with things were the best. This was illustrated by the many prescriptions for raw materials such as glycerine, (rubbing) alcohol, sodium bicarbonate, and potassium iodide, to name a few.[9]

Prescriptions for the Spanish Influenza epidemic provided evidence of the confused manner in which cure for illness was sought. The 'flu' struck Canada with lightning speed in 1918, and claimed the lives of thirty to fifty thousand Canadians in a few short months.[10] On October 16, 1918, twenty cases of the epidemic had been officially reported, and others were suspected. The first death occurred on October 18, with a report of 135 cases in the city. The number rose to 175 the next day. By the twenty-first, there were four new deaths and an estimated 300 cases. On October 24 the estimate rose to 700 cases. In November of 1918 there were seventy-six deaths from all causes in Nanaimo as compared to the regular number of eighteen.[11] In the seven weeks of its heaviest influence, the 'flu' claimed fifty-six lives.[12] The epidemic cost the city a total of $10,000, and treatment was given to at least 218 people from the city itself and the surrounding area under emergency conditions.[13] Prescriptions show that remedies were searched for through a mixture of superstition, tradition, and a hope in modern medicine. Although the purpose of many prescriptions is not identified, requests for camphor, eucalyptus, and chloroform are specific to the time period, and have been validated as requested forms of cure.[14] The role and perhaps often the only option of the physician seemed to be 'comfort rather than cure.' Keeping the patient satisfied in every possible way was the fundamental prerequisite to keep doctors and pharmacies in work. *Confronted by (a) wide array of cases, the physician seldom had recourse to more than symptomatic treatment. In this respect, his efficacy may have been rivalled by the patient's attempts at self-medication.*[15]

During Prohibition, dating in most of Canada from late 1917 to the late 1920's, various forms of alcohol became very popular as a requested cure for influenza. In fact, on October 30, 1917 it was in the local paper that "Provincial Agents Will Sell Liquor/Dispensary Agents During Epidemic". The Commissioner had hope "on the medical profession generally (to) prescribe only the amount medically necessary in their judgement for the immediate needs of their patient."[16] Apparently this was not demonstrated, resulting in a great many sales correctly processed.[17] British Columbia had followed the majority of Canada into Prohibition by the end of 1917, and in spite of the constant pressures of the government and the temperance movement, there was still a great

demand for liquor.[18] Advertisements for the U.B.C. Brewery even rivalled the various church bulletins for space in the local paper.[19]

This demand was voiced by traffic through Nanaimo's busy sea port, in the neighboring communities including most notably Comox, Parksville, and Qualicum, and from Nanaimo and area citizens.[20] Alcohol was prescribed to all levels in society, from the Judge to the miner. There was almost a general lack of prescriptions allocated to ethnic groups such as Orientals, Southern Europeans, and a complete lack for Native Indians. This is due in part I suggest to a general xenophobia and preoccupation with keeping Canada as anglo-saxon as possible at this time. The feelings of guilt and inadequacy and attempting to prove themselves respectable by anglo-saxon standards perhaps kept many ethnic people from requesting alcohol. Community pressure, control, and negative sentiment would add to this feeling.[21] A third reason could be that a variety of alcoholic beverages may have been produced in the back shed therefore there was not a need to obtain alcohol by prescription.[22]

Doctors usually demanded an extra payment of two dollars above the cost of the alcohol for the prescription. Between October 6, 1917 and early July 1919, a period of twenty-two months, approximately 130 prescriptions for brandy, rye, and scotch whisky were dispensed. Most prescriptions were for one bottle, but some requested two or even three bottles. There were some repeating customers. For example, in a period of eight days, a Nanaimo Judge received three prescriptions for "1 bottle Scotch Whisky."[23] At two dollars extra per bottle a grand profit of between two hundred and sixty and three hundred dollars was accumulated by primarily the two physicians in Nanaimo. At a time when the average physician's salary sat at around two thousand dollars, Dr. MacPhee pocketed one hundred and forty-four dollars and Dr. Drysdale about thirty-six dollars.[24]

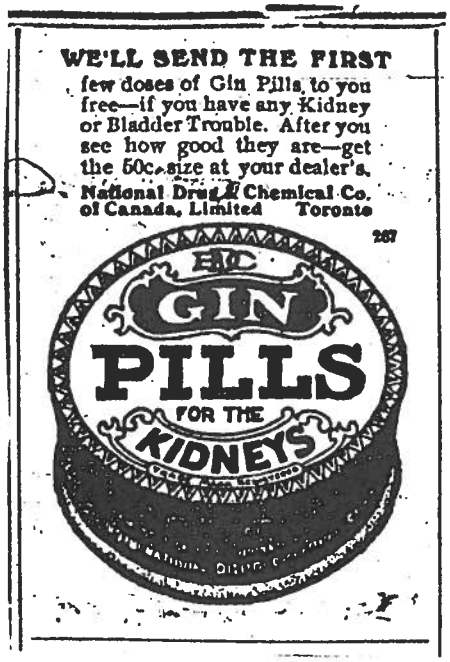
Prescriptions for alcohol began thirteen days after the inception of Prohibition, on October 14, 1917. The first prescription requests "1 bottle rye whisky" and had no accompanying directions. The physician's signature was illegible. No further prescriptions were given until August 6, 1918, nearly ten months later, and they ended abruptly in early July of 1919, at the end of Prohibition.[25]

One particular ethnic minority family was of special interest during Prohibition and in the years following. Between January 11 and April 28 of 1919 twelve prescriptions for alcohol were allocated to between six and eight different members of a Sikh family of East Wellington. After Prohibition, from January 15 1921 for more than a year, the family began receiving prescriptions for opium and cocaine from Dr. MacPhee.[26]

This is an interesting phenomenon for several reasons. It is unusual because ordinarily the names of ethnic minorities were generalized in racial terms on prescriptions, such as the address to "Chinaman," "Japanese," and "Italian," especially in the early years. By 1923, actual ethnic names can be noted on the prescriptions. All other prescriptions were addressed formally to Baby Smith, Mrs. Foley, Miss Young, and Capt. Taylor, 'Master (of the) Tug (sic) Tempest.'[27] It is also unusual because there were very few prescriptions for alcohol that were written for ethnic minority groups. This particular Sikh family had alcohol prescriptions and later the drug prescriptions addressed specifically in their name.

The question of social stigma did not seem to enter the minds of the family, nor did questions of morality seem to bother the doctor. Numerous opium and cocaine prescriptions similar to this one were common: "(name) Opium 1/4 lb. as directed (Drug Addict) MacPhee."[28] These drugs had become illegal substances in varying degrees at the turn of the nineteenth century.[29] Traditionally, the drinking of alcohol had been frowned upon in the Sikh religion.[30] Although the pattern of drug prescription was specific to the Sikh family, and they were pioneers in requesting opium and cocaine with such frequency, other ethnic families soon followed suit in increasing numbers.[31] Opium was also used in treating dysentery, which is caused by dirty water and poor hygiene.[32] As the vast majority of these prescriptions were for ethnic families, i.e. not anglo-saxon, the prominence of dysentery would show a great difference in lifestyles between groups in the community. However the fact that aid for it was being sought through a physician illustrates that assimilation and blending of two different ethnic groups was occurring. Illness forced citizens of every race and creed to seek help from physicians and pharmacies, for drugs (and alcohol during Prohibition.) Prior to this, the only meeting place of the two would have been at work in the mines. It was indicative that ethnic groups would not co-exist separately but were beginning to evolve together.

Venereal disease also broached questions of morality. Although the evidence of venereal disease in Nanaimo is not overwhelming, it did exist. The town was infamous for its prostitutes up and down the coast. An active seaport, Nanaimo's large number of brothels catered to local as well as to transient and visiting customers.[33] Prescriptions for venereal disease were not explicit in their directions, as other ailment prescriptions usually were.[34] This in itself was suggestive of the stigma associated with venereal disease. "Use as an injection" or "apply to affected areas"



Illustrations are advertisments from the Nanaimo Free Press, April 1915.

were often the only directions for requests of potassium permanganate, which is used as a general disinfectant and could have been required for an eye or foot infection, or to an open sore.[35] "Syphilis was treated with one of the 'arsenicals' . . .(and) gonorrhea was treated with Argyrol (and) silver nitrate."[36] Although for all the prescriptions surveyed there were under one dozen that were somewhat effective in treating venereal disease, the stigma and shame must have prompted many people to hide or ignore their condition and decline to seek professional help.[37] Whereas the medical evidence of venereal disease is scanty, it is probable that such disease existed to an extent, due to the nature of industry and geographical setting of Nanaimo. Thus religion and the church seem to have played as minor a role in preventing the spread of venereal disease as they did in the prevention of alcohol consumption.

In conclusion, there were the difficulties of undated prescriptions, questionable chronological order, prescriptions with no physician undersigned or person or place addressed, vague directions (when directions existed at all), and the possible loss of documents over the years. However, an analysis of the medical ledgers does provide an insight to the social climate of Nanaimo in the years 1914 - 1923.

Social reform and social adjustment are the tales told by the medical ledgers. Increasing professionalization of the medical and pharmaceutical fields forced the different ethnic populations in Nanaimo to patronize the same physicians and drug stores. Traditional methods of dealing with illness were being replaced allowing professional services to become a norm. As patent and prescription medicines became acceptable as methods of cure, so they also supported a growing consumer oriented market. Part of the support for this market came from ethnic minorities, who were gaining profile in an anglo-saxon dominated world. Attitudes of community were changing. Attitudes of self were also changing. This is evident in prescriptions for hygiene aids. The responsibility for one's own health was taken on by the individual. The transitions to increasing professionalization, consumerism, a new, healthier goal for the individual and the family, and ethnic assimilation in Nanaimo society illustrate the struggle in leaving the safe and traditional ways to accept a new world and lifestyle.

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The writer is a student at Malaspina College and a part-time worker in the Nanaimo Archives department.

FOOTNOTES

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2. Neil Sutherland. "'To Create a Strong and Healthy Race': School Children in the Public Health Movement, 1880-1914." Medicine in Canadian Society. ed. S.E.D. Shortt. Montreal: McGill-Queen's University Press, 1981.
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5. The British Columbia Directory 1919, Vancouver Island Regional Library Headquarters. 388-399.
6. Ledgers passim.
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13. Nanaimo Free Press Dec. 3, 1918.
14. Pettigrew, The Silent Enemy. 110-112. The author states that "Every household had its own trusted preventative and remedy. Corton Bags holding a lump of camphor and worn on a cord around the neck were commonplace . . ." 110. Eucalyptus, mothballs, goose grease, and castor oil used in a variety of ways was also popular; Ledgers 70 ff.
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17. James H. Gray, The Roar of the Twenties (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada Limited, 1971) 138-140. "In the beginning (1917-1919) no restrictions were imposed on the number of prescriptions a doctor could issue or a druggist to fill. Nor was either profession required to keep records of business done. As a result, in all the cities across the west the doctors did a roaring trade, but only with those who could afford to pay $2 for the prescription and $3 to $5 to the druggist for the whisky." Various restrictions came into being after this. Ledgers 177: on January 15, 1921 Miss Lee was prescribed one quart of sherry. In order for a transaction to occur, a very formal physician's form for the "British Columbia Prohibition Act" for the "Physicians Prescription for Liquor" was filled out. "Name of person for whom liquor is required, Address, Nature of Liquor Prescribed, Quantity, Directions for use, Name of Physician," and "Address of Physician" were all duly noted.
18. Francis, Destinies 218. The Nanaimo Free Press April 8, 1915, "Prohibition Not Settled;" April 15, 1915, "Waiters Affected by Prohibition;" April 20, 1915, "Temperance Rally at Haliburtan St.;" May 7, 1915, "Anti-Liquor Law Modified;" June 26, 1915, "Prohibition Campaign for B.C.;" July 7, 1916, "Manitoba Liquor Law Raises Serious Trouble;" (re: the sale of medicated liquor. "Since the Prohibition Act came into force, the consumption of these beverages has grown rapidly.") Aug. 24, 1917, "Liquor Exodus has Commenced;" Aug. 9, 1919, "Liquor Restrictions are so Beneficial;" The presence of these articles to the general public leaves no room for speculation that prohibition and anti-alcohol sentiments were an issue only for few - it was well known
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20. Ledgers passim.
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23. Ledgers 116 ff.
24. Shortt, 'Before the Age of Miracles . . .' 136; Ledgers 101 ff: these figures are taken from prescriptions specifically signed by a doctor, and many were not.
25. Ledgers 101.
26. Ledgers 199 ff.
27. Ledgers passim. The names of patients have been changed.
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31. Ledgers 209 ff.
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34. Ledgers passim
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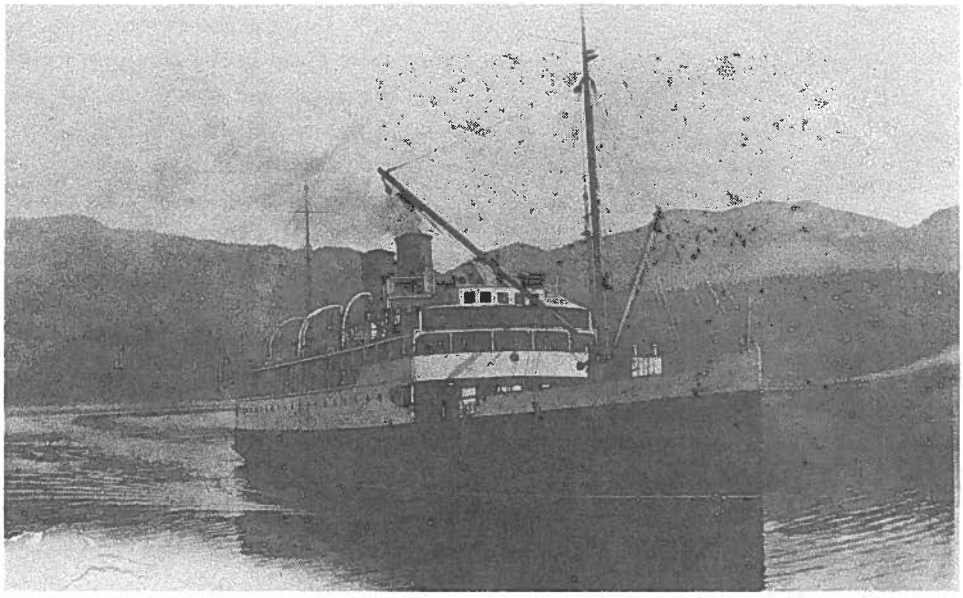
37. Ibid., 181-187.

The Union Steamship Company of B.C.:
The West Coast Lifeline

by Kelsey McLeod

Early in the century, 'boat day' to residents of British Columbia's coast meant one thing only: on that day a Union Steamship Company ship would call. Tugboats, fishboats, freighters, rowboats and sailboats abounded in their waters. But if someone shouted: "There's the boat!", it meant the **Capilano**, the **Cassiar**, or **Catala**, **Lady Evelyn** or **Venture**, perhaps the **Cardena**, to name but a few of the company's ships, had hove in sight. It was a measure of the importance of this lifeline with the outside world. It brought mail and provisions, settlers, loggers, residents back from holidays in the 'Bright Lights' of Vancouver, mothers with new babies, people who had been away for medical care. For seventy years the red-and-black funnelled ships steamed the inlets and tide rips of the vast coastline, servicing the small dots on the map that the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian National scarcely knew existed. It was a world that came into existence largely through the services of those ships, and a world that quickly died once they stopped sailing. To Vancouver residents the steamship company meant excursions and moonlight cruises - entertainment; to the coast dwellers it meant survival.



Catala, up coast - mid 20's

The company was formed in 1889 by a group of visionaries. It began with a step that developed into a creed - that of swallowing another shipping company. It took over the Burrard Inlet Towing Company, and so owned **SS Leonora**, **SS Senator**, the tug **Skidegate**, and several scows, and quickly plunged into the hurly-burly of the pioneering boom that was shaping up on the West Coast. Both the name of the company and the colours of the funnels were borrowed from the Union Steamship Company of New Zealand, for an Englishman, John Darling, who was connected with that country's shipping line, gave his support to the new company.

The 'Union', as the company became commonly called, started first serving the Vancouver to Nanaimo run, and Burrard Inlet communities. But the early pioneers were already moving north and west along the coast. They went in small steamboats, row or sail boats, but the Union had other transportation in mind for them. Orders were placed in Scotland for three ships, which were built in sections there, and shipped out to be assembled in Coal Harbour. They were given names of local Indian origin, a naming policy long followed: **Comox**, **Capilano**, and **Coquitlam**. The year was 1891, and few years that followed did not see added ships carrying the 'Union' flag.

When the cry of "Gold!" sounded from the Klondike, it meant the gold to be made from shipping to the company. In 1897 **Capilano** was the first British ship to sail out of Vancouver for the Klondike. She was followed by the **Coquitlam**, loaded with gold-mad men and their possessions. And by the **Cutch**, which made many trips before foundering on Horseshoe Reef, near Juneau, on August 20, 1900. The gold rush ended, but the company scarcely noticed, for men's attention was turning more and more to green gold of the coast's timber, and the wealth of its fisheries. Serving the loggers and the fishermen became the main interest of the ships and remained so till the end.

It was a prodigious undertaking, and remained a constant challenge, even once the routes were established. There are basically thirteen major systems of inlets that wind for miles into the heart of the Coast Range. The mountains are high and mean and glacier-covered. Mount Waddington has an altitude of over 13,000 feet and there are hundreds of peaks approaching that height. Down these mountain-girt inlets often roar what today is quaintly called an "Arctic outflow".

Captain John Mercer & Sylvia McLeod

In many places the mountains drop straight into the sea; in others the waters are what are regarded as shallow, and this means that in minutes a cruel and dirty sea can boil up. It is doubtful if there is a completely straight stretch of shoreline anywhere in the "17,000 miles of coastline within a linear distance of 500 miles",[1] and there are countless islands that divert the Pacific in its surge around the northernmost and southernmost tips of Vancouver Island. "The most outrageous bottleneck on the Coast is probably Nakwakto Narrows near Cape Caution which drains a system of four inlets – 700 miles of shoreline all told – through a passage barely 1000 feet wide . . . It may be the swiftest tidal rapids in the world, achieving velocities of 24 knots . . ."[2] Places like the Hole-in-the-Wall and the Yacultas,[3] Seymour Narrows, are known and respected by experienced mariners. (There is a legend floating around that the reason the Queen Charlotte Islands became inhabited by white people is that Hecate Strait is such a rough passage that no one had the nerve to re-cross it.)

As the years went by the crews of the Union ships came to know each and every one of these inlets, rapids, tide rips. They seemed to develop a built-in magnetic system that drew them safely through into fog-bound landings; they never sought shelter, pitching and ploughing through the worst storms one of the wildest coastlines in the world hurled at them. Where there were no navigational aids, they invented them: ". . . he stopped the vessel in slack water and lowered a boat with . . . seamen and the mate, who had a . . .can of luminous paint. They . . . repainted a . . .mark on a large boulder, upon which the **Cassiar's** course depended."[4] Two and three foot squares of wood were made in the company's machine shop, and painted with special white paint, to be set up as beacons in hazardous channels, as further safeguards.

It was the manner in which the ships and their crews adapted to coastal life which made the company's service unique. A humdrum, structured service would have been impossible, first because of the terrain itself, and secondly because the crews had to adapt to the nature of the individuals served. The BC. coast, in those far-off days, seemed to attract rugged individualists who did not fit into known moulds. People like Hole-in-the-Wall Johnston, Nine-day Jimmie, Cut-Throat Mike... And, how could a schedule be kept strictly, when, say, there was a load of planed boards in the hold, which had simply to be tossed into the salt chuck and let float as its owner rounded up and tied them for towing? If, in an area where there was no dock or float for miles around, a rowboat appeared from behind a headland, flagging down the ship? Naturally, the ship stopped, perhaps to take only a letter, perhaps a passenger or parcel.

If an injured logger was taken aboard at some camp, and his time was running out, stops would be skipped to get him to hospital. In the 1920's, at Lang Bay, one day the Union ship went into Stillwater, which was but miles from us. Stillwater was usually a lengthy stop, with a lot of freight to be unloaded. We were thus amazed to hear the departure whistle shortly after docking. Out pulled the ship, which sailed right past our dock with a brief toot which said: "We know you're there, but you'll understand . . ." Everyone was concerned, for we knew what it meant. In this case a logger named Hannigan had been severely injured at one of the camps on the Gordon Pasha Lakes. Sadly, in spite of the thoughtfulness of the ship's master, Hannigan died in the Powell River Hospital.

It was impossible for the company to make money in servicing in this fashion an area so sparsely populated, and this led to the Federal Government giving a subsidy even before the turn of the century. The thought was of course, to "open up the country." And open it up the Union did. The Union never really stopped growing. 1911 saw it with a fleet of nine ships. When it had its Jubilee in July of 1949 the number was sixteen with a gross tonnage of 19,000, as well as speedy ferries operating on Howe Sound. The previous year the ships had carried half a million passengers, logged 586,435 miles, and provided employment for 600 persons. The company had absorbed the Boscowitz Steamship Company of Victoria, and the All Red Line, and gone into the resort business when it acquired the Bowen Island resort, and those at Sechelt and Selma Park. Much of the company's progress had been done by strictly B.C. interests. Until 1911 the company was completely B.C. owned, when the interests of Welsford and Co. of Liverpool, England, acquired control. In 1937 the company once more reverted to ownership and management by B.C. businessmen.

The one thing the company's service could never be called was dull. The **Venture** had, as well as sixty-two first-class berths, extra loggers' berths, which were free for the down-on-their-luck. In the **Cassiar**: "Aft of the cargo-room . . .was the skookum box – that is, the strong room or lock up. To it the first mate . . .is wont to shoot too-noisy drunks, pushing them before him at arm's length, with that fine collar-and-trouserseat grip of his . . ."[5] In a Vancouver newspaper, many years later: ". . . on these work ships of the B.C. coast, you get a ringside seat into a show that makes a heavyweight bout look like a Sunday school picnic . . . A drunk watched a shapely young passenger head for her cabin. He knocked on the door. When she wouldn't open up, he put his fist through the panelling. . . Police officers were called aboard at Alert Bay . . . You

had only to split an infinitive, or tread the decks with your shoe lace untied, to warrant a slug in the nose. . ."[6]

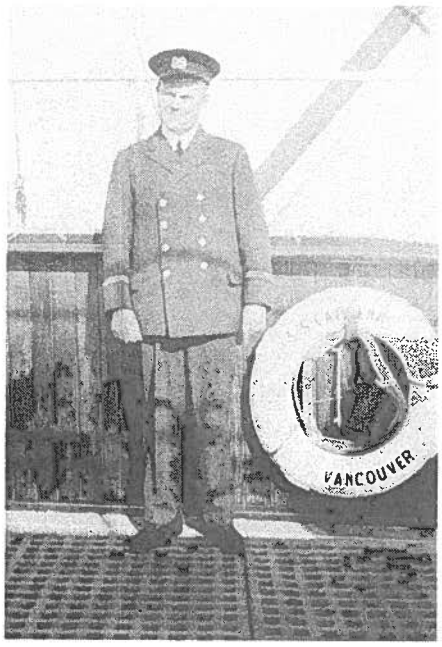
The Union was progressive as well as flexible and adaptable. For instance, they fitted into the **Camosun** the first Marconi wireless, and early went into the freight business. By 1941 they were operating the Frank Waterhouse Company, with five coastal freighters. They also gave summer excursions to the Howe Sound area, lending an air of festivity to Vancouver Harbour as the flag-decked ships sailed past Prospect Point one behind the other. There were periodic one-day excursions from Powell River to Vancouver as well, and to Savary Island.

The company's adaptability was more than matched by its customers. There were many ways of meeting the boat's arrivals. It could be by simply rowing out to the ship. But it was more often by a community's leisurely movement toward the dock or float area. (The ship's schedule was one that could stretch a span of many hours, one of unpredictability.) No matter, it was a time to gather at the local store and post office, which usually was close to the wharf, and chat with neighbours, get caught up on all the local doings. It was boat day, entertainment day, meet-your-neighbours day – the one day of the week when the boat's arrival proved there was another world out there, a world not hemmed in by forest and mountain and ocean.

– And then, there was the meeting method of a hand logger, who deserves to go down in history. Picture him, on his lonely claim way up the side of a mountain on a winding inlet. Far below is the small bay that holds a float where the ships dock, and where he booms the logs he fells. – Logs that go hurtling down a narrow wooden chute, down, down those hundreds of feet into that bay. He is busy at his work, preoccupied, when the sound of the ship's whistle bounces back and forth from peak to peak. **The boat!** There is absolutely no way he can hike down that mountain trail and arrive at the float in time for the ship's docking. He solves the problem: He flings himself into the log chute, and rides it corks[7] first, the seat of his tin pants[8] smoking, and arrives in the bay with a splash and a shout just as the ship ties up. City slickers may doubt this tale; those who have lived up the coast will not. You simply did not miss **the boat.**

All through its life the Union had many ups and downs. It was plagued by strikes: one in 1955 lasted two months and cost the company an estimated $700,000. But the real misfortune was simply so-called progress, which waits for no man, and cares not who is hurt. As months and years passed, airplane service to small communities cut heavily into the passenger service. After World War Two ended Black Ball ferries spanned both Howe Sound and Jervis Inlet, which meant that the Union was no longer needed by the two most populous areas of the coast. Though the northern runs were retained, the company turned more and more to freight service in an effort to survive.

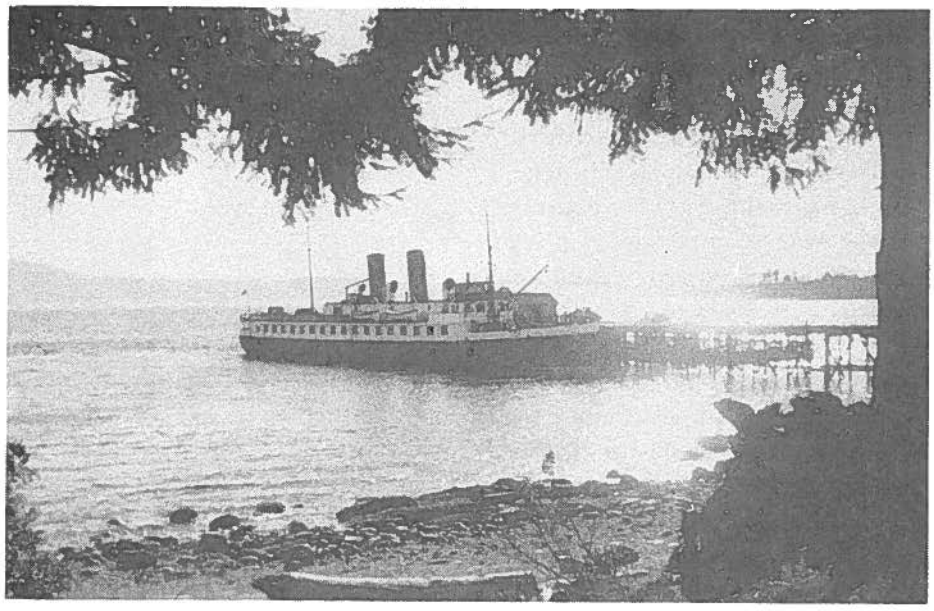
Yet always it was the humanness of the service that has kept memories alive. The officers in their navy serge uniforms with the gold braid, the others in the crews, were not simply seamen, they were friends. Captains like John Muir, Howard Lawrey, Harry Roach, to name only a few, were well thought of because of the type of person they were, not because of their usefulness. People got to the point where they were so familiar with the way a captain handled a ship that they could judge, long before it docked, who was in command. It could be said it was a type of mutual admiration. When Granny Young, at Lang Bay, handed over flowers to steward William Gardiner for use on his dining room tables, she did not have to. He had not asked; she did it because she wanted to, knowing he felt it made the dining room a pleasanter spot. And let there be no doubt as to the decor and the atmosphere of those dining rooms. Eating in them was by way of an occasion. Even the way meals were announced had panache. A steward strode the decks, sounding a chime that must have been cousin to the glockenspiel: "Bong, bing, bing, ting, bing, bong. First (or second) call to lunch! (or dinner.)" To the purser's office to purchase your ticket for the meal, then down the stairway to the dining room, at the



1st Mate Jack McLeod, Cardena - 1933.

foot of which your ticket was taken, and you were directed to a table. There were linen tablecloths and napkins, gleaming silver. The china had the Union Steamship logo. You were not just eating here; you were dining out! And what food, what a choice!

Here is a partial list of a luncheon menu aboard the **Cardena.** (It must be noted that the menu was decorated with a lovely depiction of forest and sea, with a company ship in the foreground.) – Sardines on toast. . .iced green olives. Barley broth, or consomme. Boiled ling cod with parsley sauce. Entrees: Boiled ox heart with Italian sauce, Veal Fricassee and Green Peas, or Banana Fritter with Maple Syrup. For Joints: Roast prime ribs and Horseradish, Roast Leg of Mutton with Currant Jelly. Vegetables were not too numerous, only steamed or mashed potatoes were offered, and string beans. The desserts make one long for the "Good Old Days". – Steamed Marmalade Pudding with Sweet Sauce, Green Apple Pie, or Pear Pie. Raspberry Jelly with Whipped Cream, Vanilla Ice Cream, and either plain or fruit cake. To finish off, there was a choice of four cheeses, fresh fruit, mixed nuts, tea, milk, buttermilk or coffee.[9] Observant readers might ponder the fact that the individuals who laid foundations of our province did so on a meat and potatoes,



Lady Cecelia - Lang Bay wharf, early 30's.

enjoy-your-food diet, without benefit of tofu or Caesar salads.

It is difficult to describe, to analyse, the atmosphere aboard the Union Steamship ships, particularly in the early years. They were like small, lighted and warm islands amidst the vastness and loneliness of the land and sea around. There was a sense of striving against an as yet untamed frontier, and the knowledge that the land and the struggle were worth it all. There was an underlying feeling of excitement about life in general. There was such a friendliness in the coastal community. Every ship that was passed was saluted; people waved and shouted greetings. At each stop, whether dock or float, or just a rowboat, passengers lined the rails of the ship, calling greetings, looking for friends, giving and receiving news. All the freight carried by those ships was not in the form of tangible bundles, crates and packages. But sometimes, the heartiness was muted, and the atmosphere became sombre indeed. As one night when the **Cassiar** was docked at a float: "Suddenly someone behind me called out 'Gangway!'... There was a tone in that word... I did not need to look behind me. I **knew** without seeing, what was there! . . . I watched five men advance . . .it was a great big box . . .it was the hand-logger killed the day before... A quiet-looking man, cleaned up for town in rough black woollen clothes, followed the box on board – the dead man's partner."[10]

All the co-operation, all the atmosphere in the world, however, did not save the Union Steamship Company. By May of 1957 they had not the largest passenger fleet on the coast, but the largest cargo fleet – fourteen vessels and three steel-covered barges that called at a hundred small ports as well as the larger centres. This changeover from passengers to freight had come about so swiftly, yet so insidiously, that it was scarcely heeded in many quarters. Prince Rupert, Port Hardy, Sointula, Minstrel Island, to name a few places, were still given the old service. The **Cassiar** gave fortnightly service to the Portland Canal and to the Queen Charlotte Islands. But those in the really isolated, smallest places, those who had to make a long trip to where plane or boat landed, were already suffering.

The breakthrough in the fog of indifference came in a newspaper report from Ottawa in April of 1957. It stated that the Federal Government subsidies to the company were to be reviewed. In December came the announcement that the subsidy was ended. The coast dwellers were in an uproar. Headlines in the Prince Rupert newspaper heralded: "End of Era Arrives!" The Native Brotherhood got into the act. Ottawa was besieged, as far as it is possible to besiege from beyond mountains and prairie. Ottawa shrugged its collective shoulder, and compromised by subsidizing, for three experimental months, C.P.R. service north of Johnstone Strait.

The Union did its best. In Vancouver papers of March, 1958, there was the announcement: "Effective, mid-April, Union Steamships Ltd. is reinstating combination passenger and cargo service to the Johnstone Straits-Bella Coola route on an unsubsidized basis. . . .Union Steamships realized that the upcoast communities need dependable and regular water transportation . . "

Unfortunately, Ottawa did not recognize this unarguable fact, and the service was short-lived. By early 1959 B.C.'s oldest in-service shipping company had sold its floating assets to Northland Navigation Co. The sight of the red-and-black funnelled ships was gone forever from west coast inlets and bays. An era had ended, and countless little places served by the company would also vanish into history.

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The writer is a very active member of the Vancouver Historical Society and a docent for the Vancouver Museum. She is also supporter of the Vancouver Maritime Museum.

The pictures are all from her family album.

FOOTNOTES

1. Raincoast Chronicles, "Tides", p. 242.
2. Ibid, p. 241.
3. Pronounced Yooclataw, Ibid, p. 243.
4. Whistle up the Inlet, p. 93.
5. Woodsmen of the West, p. 20.
6. Les Rimes, Vancouver Sun Marine Editor, in his column, "I cover the Waterfront".
7. Caulked boots. A logger would refer to his boots as his "corks".
8. Waterproofed canvas pants worn by old-time loggers.
9. Echoes of the Whistle, p. 81.
10. Woodsmen of the West, p. 101.

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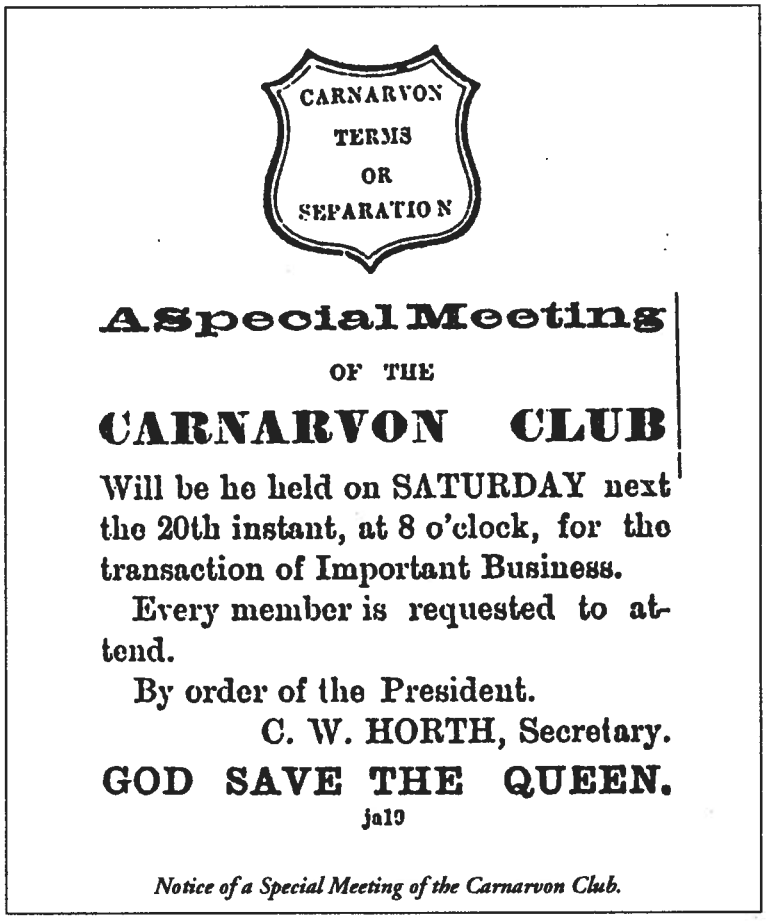
SOURCES:

Vancouver Public Library, Marine Section
Vancouver Sun Newspaper, Marine column
My personal memories.

Carnarvon Terms or Separation: B.C. 1875-78

by Daniel P. Marshall

Never before has there been such interest taken in a political organization in this city as is now being taken in the organization of the Carnarvon Club. Meetings are held nearly every night of the week. Hundreds of members are being enrolled, and the greatest enthusiasm prevails. If an invasion were expected, there could not be a more determined effort made to enroll a force to resist the enemy, than there is to oppose all attempts to surrender the Carnarvon Terms.[1]



Notice of a Special Meeting of the Carnarvon Club.

On 20 July 1871, British Columbia's long held dream of a convenient transportation link to eastern North America seemed assured, when their demand for a transcontinental railway became enshrined in the Terms of Union by which they joined the Canadian Confederation. The necessity of a fixed rail link was deemed of importance if the tyranny of distance was to be genuinely conquered. Indeed, for some such as Dr. John Sebastion Helmcken, the Pacific Railway was a *sine qua non* and without it there could be no Confederation.[2] As a consequence, the federal government agreed to the colony's request and gave the additional guarantee that railway construction would begin in the province within two years of the date of Confederation, and be completed in ten.

Speculation immediately arose, however, as to the federal government's faithful adherence to the railway clause of the agreement. British Columbia's enthusiasm for the literal fulfilment of the Terms of Union was not shared by successive federal governments. The obligation for the commencement of construction within the two year limit was carried out only in symbolic form just one day before the expiry date of 20 July 1873.[3] In keeping with his order-in-council, which established Esquimalt as the terminus, Sir John A. Macdonald ordered, 19 July 1873, a survey party to run a location line for a portion of the proposed Island Railway. Once this was done, however, the federal government, having kept its promise, if only minimally, returned to its languid state and the absence of railway construction became apparent once more. British Columbia remained patient, but with the election of Alexander Mackenzie's Government in 1873, the province's fears were exacerbated by a Prime Minister who had previously pledged that the railway terms were "a bargain made to be broken."[4] Consequently, a deadlock ensued between the provincial and dominion governments over the question of relaxing the ten year limit for the completion of the railway. This impasse was not effectively broken until both parties agreed to an impartial mediator: Lord Carnarvon, Colonial Secretary of the Imperial government, who insisted that his decision "whatever it may be, shall be accepted without any question or demur."[5]

Vancouver Island, and especially Victoria, had the most to lose at this juncture. Macdonald's Order in Council of 1873 naming Esquimalt the terminus had been rescinded, and the Island Line, as offered in compensation for delay, would not be built as a government work, if at all.[6] Lord Carnarvon's decision as it turned out, guaranteed the building of the E & N Railway, and as long as the Bute Inlet Route was still seen as a viable option for the transcontinental line, Victoria's hopes of being part of the main nationwide railway were still very prevalent.[7] Yet, even after the Carnarvon decision had been made, the practise of procrastination continued under the Mackenzie Government and became a concomitant to the rallying cry of "Carnarvon Terms or Separation." The nonfulfilment of the Terms of Union acted as a catalyst for political opposition and was waged against not only the federal government, but also the provincial government if a strict adherence to the Carnarvon Terms was not kept. As opposition grew, so did the need for formal organization: both as a forum for discussion and, if required – political action.

This naturally led to the establishment of the Carnarvon Club, which before the introduction of the "old" line parties of Canada, played an important and influential role in the politics of the province and can be seen as one of the best examples of a political pressure group in the immediate post-Confederation period, if not in the whole political history of British Columbia.

Even before the formation of the Carnarvon Club, Sir Joseph Trutch, Lieutenant Governor of British Columbia, noted the "extra-ordinary wave of radicalism" that had overtaken the province. In writing to Sir John A. Macdonald, Trutch described the political mood as such:

The temper of our community is greatly excited and set against Canada and the Canadians by the nonfulfilment of the Railway Clause of the Terms of Union and especially by the tone and manner regarding it taken by those who have expressed a desire for some readjustment of the obligations of Canada w[ith] this respect.[8]

Talk of secession was becoming so frequent among provincial politicians and the electorate alike, that it was decided that a vice regal visit by the Earl of Dufferin, Governor General of Canada, and his wife Princess Louisa, might help to mend relations between the two governments.[9] Consequently, in August of 1876, British Columbia made special preparations for a royal celebration, while in Victoria, a private audience was anticipated with the queen's representative to detail the city's many grievances with the Dominion. At a large meeting held at Philharmonic Hall in Victoria, an address was prepared and approved for presentation to the Governor General.[10] In part, it stated that:

The action of the Dominion Government in ignoring the Carnarvon settlement, has produced a wide feeling of dissatisfaction towards Confederation . . . .(and if the) Government fails to take practical steps to carry into effect the terms solemnly accepted by them, we must respectfully inform your Excellency that, in the opinion of a large number of people of this Province the withdrawal of this Province from Confederation will be the inevitable result.[11]

This fact was made immediately known to Lord Dufferin upon arriving in Victoria. The grand procession that ushered both him and his wife to Government House, travelled the streets of Victoria where magnificent celebratory arches had been erected to commemorate the visit.[12] One such arch, however, had been raised by the "Fort Street Shopkeepers" which proclaimed: "The Carnarvon Terms or Separation," but the Governor General refused to lend any official recognition to the slogan when he bypassed the offending arch altogether.[13] In addition, Lord Dufferin later declined the address prepared for him by the Philharmonic Hall meeting which had outlined Victoria's grievances. He instead spoke privately with the meeting's deputation and informed them that the Island Railway would be abandoned.[14] In an attempt to quell the secessionist threat, Dufferin further warned that "the Crown would allow the Island to go; but . . . the Mainland will be held to the Dominion by inducements of self interest which the building of the main line will furnish."[15] In other words, if the threat of separation continued, Bute Inlet as a railway route would be overturned and "the proposed line of the Pacific Railway might possibly be deflected south" to New Westminster.[16] This then, was the political climate which the Governor General's visit was supposed to alleviate, but instead intensified as a result of Dufferin's consistent refusal to publicly recognize the legitimate constitutional complaints of Victoria.

As a direct result, on 9 September 1876, the Carnarvon Club was formally established with an approved constitution entrenching the society's main objective to the effect that:

Whereas doubts have arisen in the public mind as to the intentions of the Dominion Government to carry out the Terms of Union in the manner determined by Lord Carnarvon it has been deemed advisable to organize a society for the purpose of using all constitutional means to compel Canada to carry out her railway obligations with this Province; failing which, to secure the withdrawal of British Columbia from Confederation.[17]

The Club's constitution also provided for executive positions for six-month terms to which the following well-known gentlemen were elected: Charles Hayward, President; James Fell, Vice President; Dr. William Wymond Walkem, Secretary; and Thomas Chadwick, as treasurer.[18] These were undoubtedly some of the same men who raised the Fort Street arch which bore the identical inscription later used by the Club as its motto: "Carnarvon Terms or Separation." Although no record of the participants exists – in part explained by the Club's oath of secrecy – the arch, nonetheless, symbolizes the early origins of the society, and can be seen as a turning point in the creation of formal political opposition under the Carnarvon Club banner.[19]

Political opposition took the form of a two-pronged attack, as the Mainland, and New Westminster in particular, believed that the Island Railway, if built, would secure the Bute Inlet route over their preference for the Fraser River route. Most of Vancouver Island, consequently, worked not only against the federal government, but also the proponents of the Fraser River alternative which was "destined to keep the sections asunder and preclude the possibility of united action."[20] Two such proponents of the Fraser River route, both elected to Provincial Parliament in 1875, were Messrs. Brown and Vernon, of New Westminster District and Yale respectively. Both were also members of Premier A.C. Elliot's administration. These appointments to cabinet caused considerable consternation among Victorians, and especially Carnarvon Club members. Elliot's intentions towards the Carnarvon Settlement were questioned as these gentlemen were "two avowed and openly pledged enemies of the Island Railway and consequently the Carnarvon Terms."[21] For the Victoria Daily *Standard*, the natural conclusion was quite simple: Premier Elliot's Government was preparing to surrender the Carnarvon Terms.[22] In consequence, thereof, the Carnarvon Club's mandate now swung from the federal theatre to include the realm of provincial politics

and the close scrutiny of the Elliot Government. The Premier must have been aware of the observation he was under as Ebenezer Brown was asked to resign in conjunction with a public pronouncement he had made in support of reopening the Carnarvon Terms.[23] Perhaps it was felt that the forced resignation would keep the Carnarvon Club in check and prevent any further opposition-secessionist sentiment from being directed towards the provincial government. Indeed, the *British Colonist* thought the action more than "sufficient to silence the clamorous knaves who are attempting to mix Local with Federal politics in the hope that they may seize the reins of Government."[24] The *Colonist* had become increasingly aware of an attempt to inject party politics into the whole debate over the fulfilment of the Terms of Union contract. The newspaper claimed that the ultimate aim of the attempt to link the Elliot Administration to a conspiracy to "sell out" the Carnarvon Terms, was that of destroying public confidence in the Government.[25] Joseph Trutch described the political manoeuvre while writing to John A. Macdonald:

But it is a great mistake to introduce – as is being done here of late by the 'Standard' of which Mr. Walkem now has control – the Party politics of Old Canada into this province. For as there are here as everywhere else at least two parties in politics the more one adopts Conservatism the more tendency with the other naturally in the other direction – and of this introduction of Canadian party politics here (if it) has any effect at all it must be to divide up a community . . . which would otherwise continue united (to) . . . that party which is thoroughly acknowledged as truly friendly to B.C.[26]

Yet neither the *Standard*, nor former Premier George Anthony Walkem necessarily attempted to introduce party politics, as presumably they were astute enough to realize that such a course would be unpopular with a non partisan public. The approach taken was more subtle, in that the introduction of old party labels merely consisted of a contrived perception being made that Elliot's Government was an ally of Mackenzie's Liberal Government, and therefore, Liberals themselves working in concert against the Carnarvon Settlement.

The strategy, in fact, was similar to the Carnarvon Club's which within a month of having been established became decidedly preoccupied with provincial politics once the Elliot-Mackenzie link-up had been made. The *Standard* ventured to forecast that "Without a doubt the Carnarvon Club will sweep all before it at the approaching provincial election."[27] Clearly, if any party had been introduced into the political milieu of British Columbia at this time, it was unquestionably the Carnarvon Club *incognito*.

Three mass public meetings held at Philharmonic Hall, after the Club's inception, were convened for the express purpose of deciding on "Carnarvon Terms or Separation" and acted as the main political impetus for further provincial legislative action on the question of secession. The first such meeting, 19 September 1876, recorded not only an attendance of "Seven Hundred Citizens in Council," but also a "unanimous vote in favour of separation!"[28] Likewise, 4 March 1877, separation was again endorsed by a similar mass public meeting with the additional demand for George Vernon's resignation from cabinet for having publicly opposed construction of the E & N Railway.[29] In this case a deputation waited upon the Premier to determine whether he planned on retaining Vernon in his administration. Elliot refused to meet with the deputation which led to a third mass meeting, 12 March 1877, that called for Premier Elliot's resignation for not having met with his own electors of Victoria City.[30] Carnarvon Club executive members, such as President Charles Hayward and others, were always prominent at the Philharmonic Hall meetings (and subsequent deputations to the Provincial Government), as were opposition politicians such as Robert Beaven, T. Basil Humphreys and James Douglas, Jr.[31] Perhaps Club members were a little too prominent, however, as the first warning shot as to their provincial political involvement was made in the *Colonist* by former Member of Provincial Parliament, W.A. Robertson. In his trenchant letter to the editor he claimed that:

I deemed it in the interest of the public, and the people particularly of Victoria, to let it be known that there is in our midst a political Star Chamber (wrongly called the Carnarvon Club) which, while professing to be working in the interest of the Province, is, in reality, wholely and solely run in the interests of a political faction – a faction which is nothing more nor less than the rump of the late (Walkem) Government . . .[32]

Robertson further cautioned to beware of all calls for further mass public meetings which he believed to be the work of the former Walkem Government. Other Elliot supporters also pointed an accusing finger to the secret political organization called the Carnarvon Club as those responsible for the agitation being meted out to the Government. Of the two later meetings held at Philharmonic Hall, the *Colonist* reported that:

They were initiated, regulated and controlled generally by decisions arrived at in a secret society meeting previously held, and which the late Cabinet of the dethroned Walkem Ministry were the head centre, backed by a few individuals who are so notorious in this connection as to make public mention of their names unnecessary . . . The public safety requires its immediate – its utter extirpation.[33]

To take the *Colonist's* word at face value would be putting a little too much faith in the editorial integrity of the newspaper's political coverage. It is indeed, often difficult to discern what might be considered reliable reporting of Carnarvon Club events. In such circumstances where there has been a partisan war of words, the only real test of the validity of their claims, is to determine whether the issue of adherence to the Carnarvon Terms was still an influential factor contributing to the outcome of the 1878 provincial election.

The *Standard*, in endorsing opposition candidates in 1878 remained consistent. Electors were warned of the Elliot-Mackenzie conspiracy and to vote for the opposition ticket straight if the Island Railway was to be secured:

There is no doubt that if Elliot is returned it is intended not to call the Legislature together until next February, so that in the

meantime should the Dominion elections result in a majority for Mackenzie, the sale of the Island Railway can be consummated.[34]

On election day, 23 May 1878, Victoria elected all four opposition candidates to provincial parliament and even deprived Premier A.C. Elliot of his own seat. Overall, ten opposition members out of twelve were returned for Vancouver Island, and the Mainland having yielded similar results led the *Standard* to predict that "any opposition that may be offered to the new (Walkem) Gov't on any of the great questions of the day will be unimportant and inconsiderable."[35] Indeed, one of the greatest questions of the day was: "Carnarvon Terms or Separation" which newly restored Premier Walkem, in keeping with the election results, was determined to act on promptly. Upon winning the third general election in 1878, Walkem and other pro-Carnarvon colleagues immediately passed the famous secession petition to Queen Victoria which threatened to pull British Columbia out of the Canadian Confederation.[36]

The work of the Carnarvon Club, in mobilizing support to raise and hold the issue on the public agenda, would seem to have brought very good results for opposition candidates and those determined to have a strict observance of the Carnarvon Settlement. So favourable were the results to be, in fact, that Premier Walkem who had previously denounced the separation cry, declared upon later reflection that "it would be better to be alone than to have a partner we could not trust."[37] The Carnarvon Club, for George Anthony Walkem, had become the next best thing to a political party: as a pressure group, it certainly was the most successful the province has ever seen, having secured major government losses at the polls, and a return of a sympathetic ministry. In its role as a political party incognito, however, the Carnarvon Club was perhaps even more effective, being the only group in the history of British Columbia ever to have succeeded in returning a Premier to power after his political defeat. This they did for George Anthony Walkem, and all before the age of political parties.

* * * * * * * * * *

Dan Marshall is nearing completion of a Ph. D. in History at the University of British Columbia. Readers may recall that this young man from Cobble Hill received the first BCHF Scholarship in 1988.

FOOTNOTES

1. "The Carnarvon Club," Victoria Daily Standard, 7 August 1876, p. 3.
2. Dorothy Blakey Smith, The Reminiscences of Doctor John Sebastion Helmcken (University of British Columbia Press, 1975), p. 261.
3. Margaret Ormsby, British Columbia: A History (Vancouver: MacMillan, 1958), p. 256.
4. Mackenzie's Speech at Sarnia, 25 November 1873, Ibid., p. 261.
5. Carnarvon to Dufferin, 18 June 1874, as quoted in Margaret A. Ormsby, "The Relations Between British Columbia and the Dominion of Canada, 1871-1885," Ph. D. dissertation, Bryn Mawr College, 1931, p. 201.
6. "The British Columbia Government contends that it was not within the power of the Dominion to cancel the first Order, as that order made them parties to a specific agreement which was completed and rendered binding and permanent by the fulfilment by the other parties of the conditions demanded of them. British Columbia holds, and with apparent reason, that the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway became part of the great Canadian Pacific line . . .". See "In the House of Commons," London Daily Post, 6 July 1876. Reprinted in British Colonist, 13 August 1876, p. 2.
7. For a re-examination of the viability of Bute Inlet Route No. 6, see Chapter V in Daniel Patrick Marshall, "Mapping the Political World of British Columbia, 1871-1883," M.A. Thesis, University of Victoria, 1991.
8. Trutch to Macdonald, 25 May 1874, private, in Macdonald Papers, BCARS. Add. Mss. 1433/vol. 278, p. 127853.
9. G.P.V. Akrigg and Helen B. Akrigg, British Columbia Chronicle, 1847-1871: Gold & Colonists (Vancouver: Discovery Press, 1977), p. 48 of epilogue.
10. A private meeting was held at the Victoria Council Chambers with Mayor Drummond presiding. Draft resolutions were prepared for the public meeting to endorse. Among those in attendance were M.P.P.s Beaven, Ash, De Cosmos, Jas. Douglas, Jr., plus Simeon Duck, James Fell and Thomas Chadwick. See "Preliminary Meeting," Standard, 11 August 1876, p. 3.
11. "The Address to the Governor General," Colonist, 13 August 1876, p. 3.
12. For a description of the vice regal tour see Molyneux St. John, The Sea of Mountains: An Account of Lord Dufferin's Tour Through British Columbia in 1876 (London: 1877). Also see "The Governor General's Reception," Colonist, 18 August 1876, p. 3.
13. "The Arch Enemy," Colonist, 19 August 1876, p. 2., "Fort Street Arch," Colonist, 25 August 1876, p. 3, and "The Reception of the Governor General," Standard, 18 August 1876, p. 3. For an illustration of the Fort Street Separation Arch see Chuen-Yan David Lai, Arches in British Columbia (Victoria: Sono Nis Press, 1982), p. 54.
14. "The Railway Imbroglio: A Deputation waits Upon Earl Dufferin," Colonist, 22 August 1876, p. 3.
15. "Earl Dufferin's Address," Colonist, 23 September 1876, p. 2.
16. St. John, The Sea of Mountains, pp. 215-217.
17. Constitution of the Carnarvon Club, organized 9 September 1876. BCARS. NW/975.51/C288.
18. "Carnarvon Club," Colonist, 12 September 1876, p. 3.
19. A case for Carnarvon Club involvement can be made as follows: (1) In "The Arch Enemy," the Colonist (28 October 1876, p. 3) notes that "the seceders were chiefly Oddfellows in regalia." (2) In "Carnarvon Club," Colonist, 12 September 1876, p. 3, Hayward, Fell, Walkem and Chadwick are elected as officers. (3) In "Proceedings of the 2nd Annual Communication of the Grand Lodge of B.C. of the I.O.O.F.," 14 Fevruary 1876, BCARS. Reel 105A, Hayward is listed as W. Grand Marshal (p. 39), and Fell as a member (p. 40). In addition, Walkem (Premier Walkem's brother) is listed as member in Constitution and Bylaws of Victoria Lodge No. 1, I.O.O.F. (Victoria: Standard Printing House, 1878), p. 70. (4) In "Orders to Marshals," Colonist, 15 August 1876, p. 2, Odd Fellows are one of the largest participants in the Governor General's procession, and in "Reception of the Governor-General," Colonist, 15 August 1876, p. 3, Captain T. Chadwick is listed as in charge of No. 3 Company of Lady Dufferin's Guard of the procession. Also see "Mr. Sproat on the Fort Street Incident," Colonist, 20 August 1876, p. 3.
20. "Counting Unhatched Broods," Colonist, 1 September 1876, p. 2.
21. "Mr. Brown's Position," Standard, 14 September 1876, p. 2.
22. "Two-Faced," Standard, 11 September 1876, p. 3.
23. "The Elliot Conspiritors are at Work," Standard, 1 September 1876, p. 2. and "Hon. Mr. Brown's Resignation," Standard, 14 September 1876, p. 3 where Brown stated: "My constituents will judge from this, of my entire disapproval of the agitation on the Carnarvon Terms in Victoria which I consider inimical in the welfare of the whole mainland and the Province in general."
24. "The Resignation of the President of the Council, " Colonist, 14 September 1876, p. 2.
25. "The Cloven Foot," Colonist, 5 September 1876, p. 2.
26. Trutch to Macdonald, 3 March 1876, Confidential, Macdonald Papers, vol. 278. pp. 127871 - 127872. Macdonald confirmed that "We consider ourselves as a Party pledged to carry out the terms of Union in spirit and substance and the people of B.C. may depend on our taking that course . . " Macdonald to Trutch, 29 April 1876. BCARS. Add. Mss. 412. O'Reilly Family, II:3.
27. "The Carnarvon Club," Standard, 29 September 1876, p. 3.
28. "Great Railway Meeting Last Night," Colonist, 20 September 1876, p. 3. Among the platform speakers listed were Carnarvon Club members C. Hayward, C. Gowen, J. Fell, and C. Chadwick. Others were politicians R. Beaven, S. Duck, A. Bunster, T.B. Humphreys and James Douglas, Jr.
29. "Mass Meeting!" Standard, 5 March 1877, p. 3 and "Elliot's Treachery! Mass Meeting of Citizens," Standard, 27 February 1877, p. 2.
30. "Mass Meeting Last Night! Elliot's Resignation Demanded!" Standard, 13 March 1877, p. 3 and "Oh A.C.E. resign," Colonist, 13 March 1877, p. 3.
31. In "The Triumph of Common Sense," Colonist, 6 March 1877, p. 2, both Beaven and Douglas are noted as members of the Carnarvon Club.
32. "The Carnarvon Club – Its Object to Oust the Ministry," Colonist, 3 March 1877, p. 3. Also see: "The Carnarvon Club - an ex-M.P.P. Proves himself a Traitor," Standard, 6 March 1877, p. 3.
33. "The Impending danger," Colonist, 15 March 1877, p. 2.
34. "The Island Railway," Standard, 22 May 1878, p. 3.
35. "Glorious Victory," Standard, 23 May 1878, p. 3; "The People Winning all along the Line," Standard, 24 May 1878, p. 2; and "The Election Right Side Up at Last," Standard, 27 May 1878, p. 2.
36. See Journals of the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia, (Victoria: Government Printer, 1878) VII, 30 August 1878, pp. 109-110.
37. "In the House," Colonist, 27 February 1877, p. 2. Also see "Public Meeting at Philharmonic Hall," Colonist, 4 March 1877, p. 3.

1993
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Kieth Ralston - Honorary President BCHF - 1992-93

Photo courtesy of John Spittle

Life Blood of the Okanagan Valley

by Winston Shilvock

In its original state the Okanagan Valley is basically desert country, replete with sagebrush, cactus and rattlesnakes.

About 19,000 years ago a massive glacier, more than 2,000 metres high, covered the whole area, bringing with it vast quantities of rich alluvium. When the glaciers melted some 10,000 years later, this fertile mass was left behind to form the abundantly productive soil of the whole valley.

But there was one problem. For the land to produce with maximum efficiency it required water. There was lots of water in Okanagan Lake but in the early days technology hadn't advanced enough to pump it up several hundred feet to the benches.

Settlers and orchardists therefore had to go back into the hills and route water to their land from the lakes and streams that abounded there. Forced by gravity, the water sped for many miles along large wooden flumes to be channelled into ditches that interspersed the agricultural land.

The first known attempt at irrigation was in 1859 when the Parson brothers took up land just north of Kelowna and hand-dug a 500-foot ditch to direct water from today's Mission Creek to irrigate their land.

Among the first settlers in the Valley were miners who had come from California where primitive irrigation methods were used. So it was natural for them to put their knowledge of sluice boxes to good advantage to direct the flow of water. It's from their association with irrigation that the term "miner's inch" was used as a basis for measuring water. This later became "water inch."

Eli Lequime and his family came to Okanagan Mission in 1861 and began ranching. He prospered over the years and by 1890 his cattle business required more hay than could be produced in the bottom lands so he tapped into Canyon Creek and was the first to bring water by flume to the upper dry benches, now East Kelowna.

As more and more people moved into the Valley and the demand for water increased, it became necessary to allocate "rights." Recording water rights began in the 1870s and one of the first was issued on April 17, 1874, in the name of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Vancouver Island to cover the use of water for irrigating purposes of Father Pandosy's Okanagan Mission. This gave control of the water in Mission Creek.

Near the turn of the century the increase in population accelerated and demand for fairly small blocks of agricultural land gave rise to the large development companies. These were obliged to provide water on a scale beyond the capabilities of the individual and large irrigation systems came into being.

The Kelowna Land and Orchard Company (KLO) was formed in 1904 and bought out the Lequime holdings and expanded the comparatively small irrigation system.

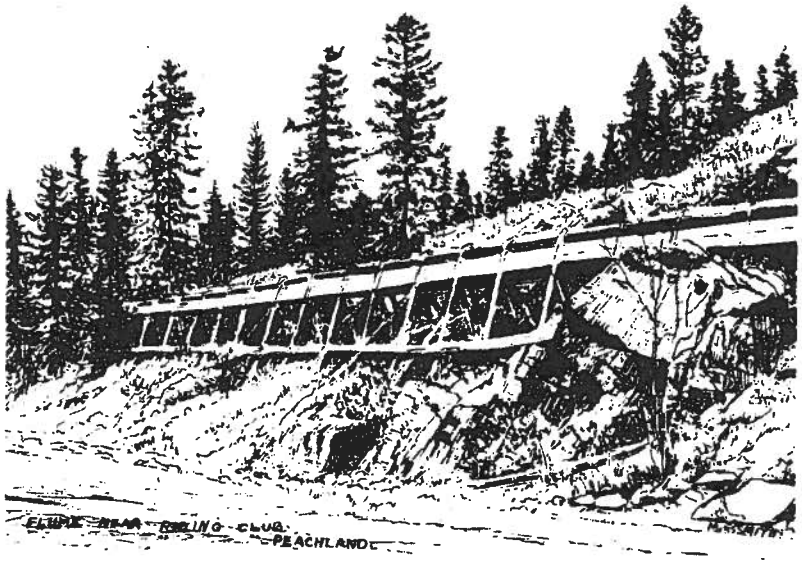
That same year John Rutland, an Australian, brought water in an open ditch from Mission Creek to irrigate his land in what is now Rutland. He too found the going rough and sold out to the Central Okanagan Lands Co. in 1906 when that company purchased most of what is now the Glenmore area of Kelowna.

Despite the trend to centralization, some small water systems known as "water users communities" – the lowest form of life in the large irrigation fraternity – continued to operate in other areas such as Oyama, served by the Wood Lake Power Co.

On the west side of Okanagan Lake pioneers such as Gellatly and Lambly developed their own irrigation systems. However, it remained for the big promoter, J.M. Robinson, to create a vast water transportation system that resulted in the establishment of Peachland, Summerland and Naramata. (See **BCH News** Spring 1990 page 26).

In the south end of the Valley, development of large water systems was late in coming owing to the great tracts of land held by Tom Ellis' cattle empire which precluded subdividing. Eventually, near the end of 1905, the South Okanagan Land Company bought the Ellis property, surveyed the townsite of Penticton and laid out an irrigation system in preparation for future development.

In Kaleden, British capital under the name of Kaleden Estate Co. developed an



Peachland Irrigation District flume.

irrigation system in 1909.

Little attention was given to the area further south until 1919 when the provincial government bought out the South Okanagan Land Cattle Company whose holdings included Vaseux Lake. The purchase was instigated by premier John Hart to provide land for World War One veterans.

Water was taken from Vaseux Lake and sent by gravity in concrete flumes and laterals south to serve the 23,000 acres of the development. The system was opened in 1921 but it took until 1927 to fully complete the project. The town of Oliver is named as a tribute to Premier Oliver's pet project.

With the completion of this project water was able to be sent south to Osoyoos to replace the original arrangement of drawing water from Haynes Creek or pumping it from Osoyoos Lake with a one-cylinder gasoline engine.

At the north end of the Valley Charles A. Vernon received the first known water rights on September 25, 1871. It allowed him to draw 1,000 inches of irrigation water from Coldstream Creek just east of Vernon. When Lord Aberdeen acquired the land in 1891, a subdivision took place and extra water was drawn from Lake Aberdeen via the Grey Canal to feed into the burgeoning orchards.

It wasn't always peace and goodwill among the orchardists when it came to water and disputes often arose as to who had what rights. Some were settled amicably and some went to court but on one occasion in 1908 a chap named Layton was shot and killed near Vernon when, after receiving permission from the government, he attempted to run an irrigation ditch over a neighbor's property.

Water was also a valuable asset for domestic use and firefighting. Settlers drew their water from wells and the house that had a hand pump in the kitchen was considered very modern. In 1904 Kelowna's old Broderick fire truck was able to function by hooking up to shallow wells scattered throughout the townsite. For fires near the lake bucket brigades would swing into action.

Great progress has been made in the field of irrigation since the primitive ditches of the miners and the Parson brothers and the flumes of the 1860-90s. Today there are modern underground pressurized systems and a universal use of sprinklers. But maybe this comes too late with so many orchards being ripped out to make way for housing subdivisions.

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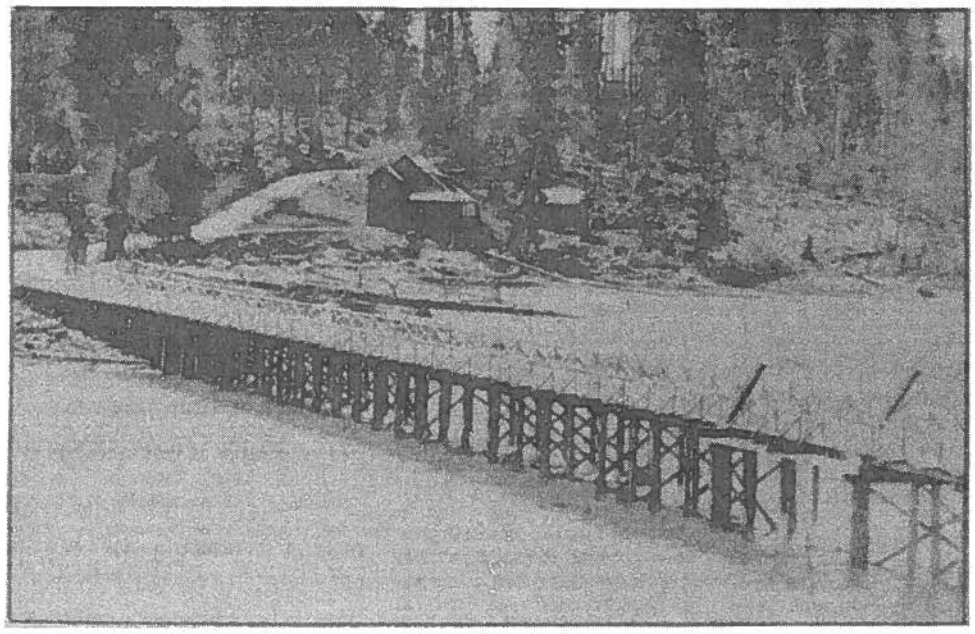
Winston Shilvock is a freelance writer living in Kelowna. He delights in sharing tidbits of B.C. history.

Stanley Park

by Rosamond Greer

Stanley Park has been a topic of controversy for over one hundred years; ever since September 27, 1888, the day David Oppenheimer, the Mayor of Vancouver, officially opened the park to the public. But despite altercation and dissension over the evicting of squatters, building the Lions Gate Bridge and approaching causeway, constructing (then enlarging) the zoo, constructing (then enlarging) the whale pool, the implementation of a "Forest Management Program", the proposal to levy a licence fee upon the artists who display their craft in a small section of the park, and, most recently, the installation of parking meters, millions of people have accepted David Oppenheimer's invitation to relax and enjoy this unique parkland.

Stanley Park has been a part of my life as far back as I can remember. It had been my mother's "back yard" as she was growing up on Comox Street, and she introduced me to the delights of her childhood domain. One of my first memories is being taken to see the drinking fountain at English Bay dedicated to Joe Fortes, Vancouver's first life guard, and being told the story of how he had taught my mother and her younger sister to swim. Stories of bicycle outings, picnics and strolls through the park followed as she and I shared many good times together in the park. As a small child I spent hours playing on the grass beside the tennis courts while my mother played a set or two with friends, and afterwards, as a very special treat, being taken to the pavilion for tea, or going to Second Beach for a picnic lunch and a swim in the new salt-water pool. As the years passed, the park continued to be a place to return to – to its beaches in the summer and to ice skate on Beaver Lake in the winter. What memories I have of those forbidden climbs up to the top of the original Lumberman's Arch, there to jeer at those, far below, too faint-hearted to achieve such a daring feat; of dancing the Highland Fling in a woollen kilt in the sweltering heat of mid-summer at the Scottish Games at Brockton Point; of being taken to admire the bridge-keeper's house my father built alongside the southern end of the new Lions Gate Bridge; of tossing peanuts to the lethargic, odorous, caged bears, and laughing at the antics of the monkeys at the zoo; of the magical summer's night in 1936 when Gerry McGeer's fountain, commemorating Vancouver's 50th anniversary, first lit up Lost Lagoon; of attending band concerts at Malkin Bowl, and spending delightful evenings at Theatre Under the Stars. It was within Stanley park, in 1943, that I was transformed from a civilian to a Wren when I joined the Women's Royal Canadian Naval Service at H.M.C.S. Discovery, then accommodated in the old Vancouver Rowing Club building.



Entrance to Stanley Park in 1889. Painting done by William Fiddes.

All of my life I have lived within hearing distance of the Nine O' Clock gun. For years my father set our hall clock according to its message, and I still glance at a clock to be sure it is recording the correct time when I hear the gun's report.

But Stanley Park was an important part of my family's life long before I was born: in the year 1900 my grandfather was brewing beer on the shores of what is now known as Lost Lagoon.

In 1893 my grandfather had journeyed from England to "the wilds of Canada" in search of his fortune, leaving behind a wife and eight children. He spent several years working his way across Canada, eventually settling in Pitt Meadows where he purchased a farm on which there was a log house, an apple orchard and a hay field. For the first few years he transported his apple crop into Haney in a wheelbarrow, as there was no money with which to buy a horse and wagon.

It was 1898 before he was able to send for his family; first for two sons to help him on the farm, and a year later he sent for my grandmother and the other children. But the farm did not provide the fortune my grandfather had dreamed of, and in the summer of 1900 he went into Vancouver in search of work.

Grandfather was not a farmer (which had soon become all too apparent); he was a Master Brewer, a fairly prestigious occupation in England at that time. But he had been unable to find employment in his trade in Canada, as the favorite beer in this uncivilized country was Lager, of which he had nothing but disdain.

But luck was with him, and he obtained a position as Head Brewer in a brewery operating out of a small building situated on Coal Harbour (now Lost Lagoon) called The Stanley Park Brewery. On the side of the building, which had originally been a house built around 1889, was a sign announcing:

F. FAUBERT PROPRIETOR
BREWER OF ALE, PORTER
AND GINGER BEER

Here my grandfather happily brewed his heavy English ale, with two of his sons working as bottle washers after school. It was a thriving business. When visiting warships were in port the Royal Navy's Jack Tars came to enjoy an ale – or two; on sunny days people who had taken a stroll in the park would call in at the brewery to quench their thirst; and grandfather's love of his own brew undoubtedly contributed to the constant flow.

But grandfather's euphoria was short-lived. In 1902 the land was expropriated by the city, The Stanley Park Brewery closed down (the building was demolished in 1906), and grandfather was once again unemployed.

Today Stanley Park is a haven of flowering gardens and greenery, sandy beaches and walking trails through dense forest, only minutes away from a downtown core that has become a jungle of towering office buildings and horrendous traffic congestion. The thousands who walk around the seawall or visit the aquarium and the zoo are unaware that this wondrous place was, for several centuries, the home of B.C. Indians and the burial ground for their dead; in 1859 the site of a military fortification guarding against the threat of an American invasion; from the 1860s to the 1880s the location of several logging companies; the locale of a squatters' village (the last squatter remained in his home until his death in 1958); or that at one time the park even harbored a pig ranch.

Pauline Johnson loved Stanley Park, and wrote of her beloved Lost Lagoon:

O! lure of the Lost Lagoon,
I dream tonight that my paddle blurs
The purple shade where the seaweed stirs,
I hear the call of the singing firs
In the hush of the golden moon.

If you should be strolling around Lost Lagoon "in the hush of the golden moon" some summer's eve, be sure to look carefully into the shadows of "the singing firs" and the shimmering willows. You just might catch a glimpse of the ghost of my grandfather lurking there . . . a foaming glass of ale held high in a salute.

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This writer expresses her love for Vancouver, and its surrounding area, in columns which appear in various newspapers and magazines. We thank her for giving us a renewed appreciation and understanding of beautiful Stanley Park.

Emily Susan Patterson:
Vancouver's First Nurse

by Helen L. Shore

Mrs. John Peabody Patterson, nee Emily Susan Branscombe, a beloved and practical lady who arrived at Hastings Sawmill, Burrard Inlet, in April, 1873; moved to Moodyville Sawmill, 1874. She was a "Lady of Grace of St. John" in the wilderness; a "Dame Hospitaller" to Indians and to whitemen alike before there were doctors or hospitals. Immortalised in poetry as "The Heroine of Moodyville". Mother of the first white child born, 26 February 1864, at Alberni, B.C., now Mrs. Alice Crakanthorp, of Vancouver, hale and hearty at over 86 in August 1950. Died at Vancouver, 12 Nov. 1909, aged 74 years. Her granddaughter is Miss Muriel Crakanthorp. P.S.: The place of birth was "Stamp's Mill," Alberni.

Photo courtesy of City of Vancouver Archives.

The dedication for a stained glass window in Christ Church Cathedral, Vancouver, "To nurses in Vancouver from 1873 to 1954 . . ." provided the incentive for this article. Who was the first nurse in Vancouver?

Emily Susan Patterson fills this role. She came to Hastings Mill on Burrard Inlet in April, 1873. She was an American, born in 1835 in Maine, married to John Peabody Patterson who began work at Hastings Sawmill supervising the loading of ships. The family had come from Stamp's Mill, Port Alberni, and are also remembered as parents of the first white child born there, a daughter, Alice, born February 26, 1864.[1]

Granville, a lumber mill community, had few conveniences and many inconveniences. Muddy ground covered with stumps and rocks surrounded the buildings. The Patterson family settled first in cramped quarters above the Hastings Mill store. There were four children, Abigail, Rebecca, Alice and Adelaide. The Pattersons were welcome newcomers on several counts; Emily as the only nurse was soon busy in the community; their four children made possible the opening of a school. The Hastings Mill Company had built a school in 1872 and operated it privately. In 1873 a public school began, it had a wood stove, coal oil lamps, and slates for the children to write on. The teacher, Miss Georgina Sweeney of Granville, was the first teacher and was paid $40 a month. A minimum of fifteen children were needed before a school could be opened. It meant that the Pattersons' youngest, four year old Adelaide, would also be needed to attend school, but she writes later how thrilled and excited she was at the prospect. The first group consisted of 8 children from the Alexander and Miller families, 2 half-Indian children, 1 child from a Hawaiian family and 4 Pattersons.[2]

While British Columbia had become a province on 20 July 1871, the population in the lower mainland was still small and clustered around what industry there was. Captain Edward Stamp moved his sawmill (from a poorer location) to the foot of Dunlevy where Stamp's – later Hastings – Mill was built in 1865, but did not get really going as a lumber mill until 1867 because of lack of machinery.[3] A little shack town sprang up for the mill-hands and supervisors. There was a wharf for small boats, a store that sold food, clothes, cooking pots and patent medicines. Gastown got a jail in 1871, a post office in 1872, and a school in 1873. Daily steamboat service to New Westminster began in 1874. Well into the 1870's Vancouver was a straggling line of buildings set in a two block clearing on the edge of the forest. Several hundred loggers with their families made up the community. Local Musqueam and Squamish Indians were also hired by the mills, and often moved closer to their work. Mr. Sewell Prescott Moody operated a lumber mill on the north shore of Burrard Inlet at Moodyville. He had come from Maine (like Emily Patterson); his mill was larger and said to be better run than Hastings Mill. Moody's Mill was, in a sense, a model community complete with library, school and electric light – a luxury then unknown in Victoria, New Westminster, or any settlement north of San Francisco.[4,5,6] In 1874 the Patterson family moved to Moodyville, and from there they witnessed the fire of 1886 that gutted Vancouver.

Earlier John and Emily Patterson had travelled and lived in New York and San Francisco. An oil painting, a copy of a tintype made by an artist in China in 1855 suggests travel there, but it is hard to know whether the picture was purchased in China or in San Francisco. They were described (years later) by their daughter Alice as "gypsies, they travelled and travelled until they settled down for good on Burrard Inlet."[7]

There were no hospitals and no doctors in Vancouver in those early days. There were hospitals and doctors in New Westminster and in Victoria, both difficult and time-consuming journeys from Vancouver. The doctor from New Westminster would come if a message was sent to him. The usual means of communication was to send an Indian in a canoe along the shore to the end of Hastings street, and from there a rider on horseback would take the message to New Westminster travelling by the Douglas Road. Dr. A.W.S. Black of New Westminster had been killed in an accident with his horse on that road in 1871.[8] The doctor would come for emergencies, serious logging accidents requiring surgery, or to certify death. Otherwise sick and injured were transported to the Royal Columbian Hospital in New Westminster. Women expecting confinement might travel to Victoria to await birth there. Dr. Walkem, the first doctor at Hastings Mill, arrived in 1877. Dr. John Lefevre, who established the C.P.R. Hospital in Vancouver, arrived in 1886.

Emily Patterson was not a trained nurse. Nurses' training began in London, England in 1860 at St. Thomas' Hospital. In Canada, the first nurses' training school opened in 1874 in St. Catharines, Ontario. Before that, women in families had a number of commonly-used remedies: sulphur and molasses for children in the spring, mustard plasters for chest colds, syrup of figs for regularity, poultices of goose oil and turpentine or flaxseed for chest ailments. Nevertheless, the presence of a local woman who knew what to do in times of illness and childbearing and who did not hesitate to help when called upon was a source of strength and comfort in many pioneer communities. These women acted as midwives, knew herbal potions and remedies for illnesses and could also be called upon to lay out the dead. Emily Patterson was one of these women.

Stories abound of her willingness and success as midwife and as giver of first aid and treatment to white settlers and Indians alike.[9] One story told by her daughter, and recorded by Major Matthews, Vancouver archivist and historian, tells of her being called to come and attend a man who had been in a fight where the Kanakas (Hawaiians) lived. His lip had been split in a fight. Indians were often given liquor by sailors on sailing ships tied up at the dock. Emily sewed up his lip while his terrified wife told her to watch out for him. "Be careful, Mrs. Patterson, he will strike you." "No, he won't", and to the man "You dare move and I'll hit you on the head with a club." Apparently he had terrified others, but Emily Patterson was up to the challenge. Another day an Indian woman came by her house to show her baby to Emily. The baby's eyes were almost swollen shut. Emily washed them out with a little milk and water and some boracic acid. She told the woman to go to the Hastings Mill store and get some Steadmans Teething powder. The woman came back with baking soda, but Emily said it was not right and sent her back to the store with a note to get the right stuff.

Moodyville, Burrard Inlet. circa 1890. The home of Mrs. John Peabody Patterson, (Emily Susan), first nurse on Burrard Inlet, immortalised in poem, the "Heroine of Moodyville. Most northerly cottage on hill. Corner of Mt Randall's house. 8 pigeons. Chinese lantern. L to R: Fred Patterson & Mrs. Emily Susan Patterson, Willie Williams. Photo presented Sept. 1941, by David H. Pierce, son of Capt. E. H. Pierce, and Mrs. Pierce, nee "Beckie" Patterson, daughter of Mrs. Patterson and nephew of Mrs. Alice Crakanthorp, nee Patterson. In 1941, David and his mother reside at 1240 Park Ave., Alameda, Cal.

Photo courtesy City of Vancouver Archives.

Emily Patterson delivered the first child born at Hastings Mill, a child born to Mrs. Alexander, wife of the mill manager, whom she confined and later nursed.[10] Women would recall how they remembered her and described her as a "good woman", saying that she delivered all their children. Many white and Indian children were named after her.

A poem "The Heroine of Moodyville" (written in 1936 by Nora M. Duncan) sets in epic terms one of Emily Patterson's heroic missions made in 1883.[11] Word had been brought that Mrs. Erwin, wife of the Point Atkinson lighthouse keeper, lay dangerously ill. The lighthouse could not be reached by land, it was only accessible by water. As luck would have it a gale was raging. The skippers of available tugboats were asked for transportation. They told her that with dusk falling and the height of the storm such a trip would be foolhardy and advised delay. A Squamish Indian, possibly one that had brought the word in the first place said he would take her there in his dugout canoe. They set out in the storm and dark of night reaching Point Atkinson at daylight. The mission was accomplished.

While many questions remain to be answered in the chronicle of Emily Patterson's life we do have ample evidence of her devotion and determination in bringing nursing care to her community. She died on the twelfth of November, 1909 at the age of 74 years and is buried in Mountain View cemetery, Vancouver. Stories about the Patterson children appeared in local newspapers for many years. Alice Patterson Crakanthorp, first in many things on the British Columbia coast, died in 1971 at 97 years of age.

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FOOTNOTES

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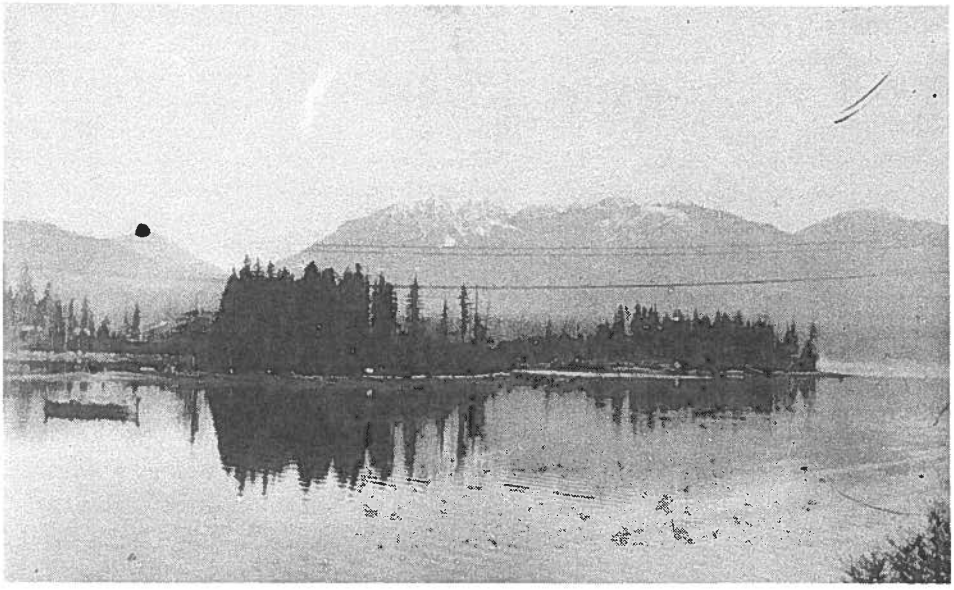
The Deadman's Island Dispute of 1899:
A Monument to Stupidity and Vandalism

by Mark Leier

The choice between jobs and the environment poses a dilemma for British Columbians. It is most evident in the battles over forests, as loggers, forest companies, and environmentalists find it difficult to forge a compromise. Though this dilemma is as contemporary as the daily newspaper, it is not new. Nearly one hundred years ago, a similar fight divided the city of Vancouver over the logging of Deadman's Island. The division was nowhere more evident than in the Vancouver Trades and Labour Council; then and now, the labour movement found it difficult to reconcile the pressing concerns for both steady employment and preservation of old-growth forest. An examination of this affair gives some insight into the political evolution of Vancouver's labour movement and into the difficulty of trade union solidarity on environmental issues.



Deadman's Island before the logging. Picture courtesy of City of Vancouver archives P. 98 N 125.

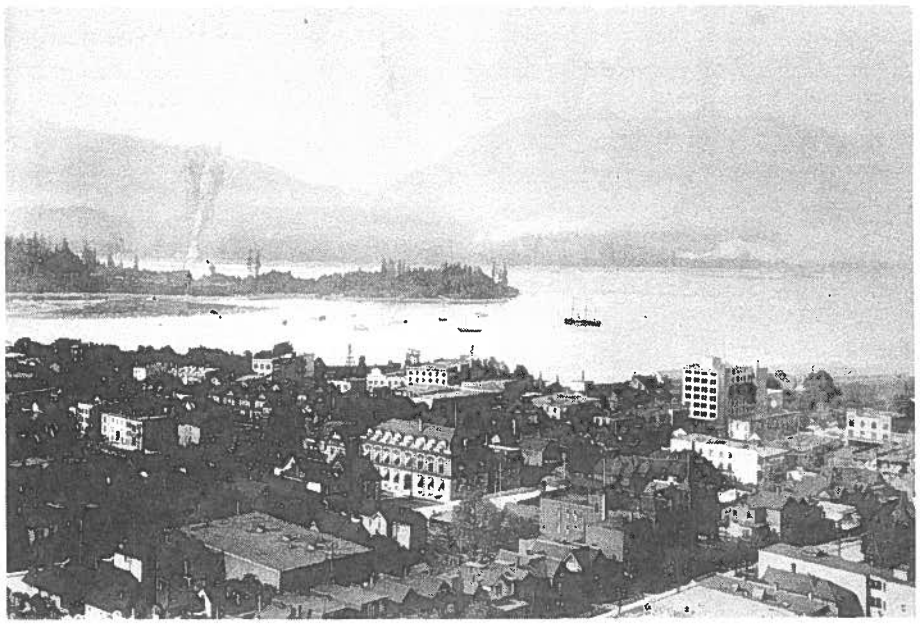
Deadman's Island, today the site of the naval reserve training base **HMCS Discovery**, is a small islet in Coal Harbour. It lies a few hundred feet off Stanley Park, and received its name from its use as a burial ground by coastal Indians. In the 1860s, it was used as a rendering station for whalers. Both the peninsula that would become Stanley Park and Deadman's Island were part of a colonial government land reserve, and came under federal jurisdiction when B.C. joined Canada in 1871. As federal land, the area was held out of the real estate development that fuelled Vancouver's early growth. One real estate broker, A.W. Ross, believed that the pristine forest could still help him turn a profit, if only indirectly. Reasoning that a large park within the municipal boundaries would attract tourists and settlers, and thus drive up the price of his own nearby lots, Ross lobbied to have the federal government transfer the land to the city. In 1887, the request was agreed to. Stanley Park was officially proclaimed and given to the city.[1]

Deadman's Island was commonly believed to have been included in the Stanley Park grant, but the federal government did not agree. In 1899, the issue was put to the test when Wilfrid Laurier's Liberal government leased the island to a Chicago businessman, Theodore Ludgate. Ludgate soon announced his intention to build a saw mill and log the island.

His plans created a furor in the city. Different factions sprang up to argue the respective merits of park space and industry. Politicians split on the issue. The Conservative mayor, James Garden, used the police and the powers of the Riot Act to halt the first attempts to cut down the island's trees. Staunch Liberal L.D. Taylor, who would become mayor some years later, supported the logging scheme, but the Liberal newspaper, the Vancouver **World**, broke with the party and supported Garden's actions.[2]

Business leaders too were divided. Some, such as Henry Bell-Irving, opposed the logging of Deadman's Island, while others, such as Charles Woodward, favoured it. This factionalism can be explained, in part, by the different kind of enterprise each man controlled. Bell-Irving headed the fish canning company ABC Packers, and prospered in a resource industry that exported most of its product. More jobs in Vancouver would not increase his sales and so Bell-Irving was not faced with the hard choice between profit and quality of life. Woodward, on the other hand, was a merchant whose downtown store sold consumer goods to city residents. Local industry would create new jobs and attract more people to the city. A sawmill on the foreshore had the potential to increase customers and revenue for represented potential customers and revenue for the retailer.

But it was in the ranks of the Vancouver Trades and Labour Council (VTLC) that division was the keenest. The dispute over Deadman's Island was the most fractious issue to come before the council since its founding in 1889, and was the only controversy in that decade that caused



Vancouver from roof of Hotel Vancouver on Georgia St., Howe to Granville Sts., circa 1910.
Picture courtesy of City of Vancouver Archives, P. 152, N. 129.

resignations, parliamentary intrigue, recriminations, and outright feuding. At stake were the labour movement's ability to act as a united force and the direction of its political activity.

The VTLC had been concerned with recreational and green space since 1891, when it called upon the city to create public beaches along the shores of English Bay. In 1898, the labour council urged municipal voters to support a referendum that would allow the city to purchase lots and make them into parks to provide "breathing spaces" for local residents. In its campaign, the VTLC warned voters against the moneyed interests who opposed the park plan and instead favoured unregulated speculation and growth. Despite the council's activity, the city did not build parks for working people. Instead, local businessmen pressured the local government to create parks in the wealthier areas of the city. As a result, upper and middle class neighbourhoods, such as Kitsilano and Grandview, had parks relatively early, while working class districts had virtually no park space until well into the twentieth century.[3]

Thus the proposal to use Deadman's Island for private profit touched a nerve in the labour council. Its president, Harry Cowan of the International Typographical Union, informed his fellow council delegates that Ludgate had received the rights to log and run his sawmill on the island for the nominal fee of $500 per year. Outraged, the VTLC resolved unanimously to "condemn . . . the action of the Dominion government in granting (the) lease of Deadman's Island for commercial purposes." The council then voted to send Cowan as labour's spokesman on the delegation of business and community leaders that was on its way to Ottawa to protest the leasing of the island.[4]

But this apparent united front soon cracked. At the next meeting, with Cowan on his way to the nation's capital, J.H. Watson, delegate from the Boilermakers' Union, praised industrialization in general and the leasing of Deadman's Island in particular. After his speech, two other delegates moved that the council reconsider its previous decision to oppose the logging scheme. Struggling to prevent the council's opposition from being overturned, delegates George Bartley, John Pearey, and Francis Williams tried to get this new motion referred back to the affiliated unions for discussion. This would have delayed the vote on the motion to reconsider indefinitely, for the individual unions that made up the VTLC would be under no obligation to discuss the matter and nothing could be done until they had reported back. If Bartley and the others had been successful, the motion to reconsider the council's resolution would have been effectively tabled. But Watson outmanoeuvred the island's defenders. He simply moved that the VTLC, "after more mature consideration, does heartily approve the leasing of Deadman's Island or any other foreshore around the city, for manufacturing and commercial purposes, as being in the best interests of the working classes." In one of the most heated meetings in the history of the council, it voted 12-9 in favour of Watson's motion and declared itself officially in favour of logging the small island. Cowan was notified of the abrupt about-face and returned to Vancouver.[5]

The matter did not die there. Supporters of the original decision to oppose logging did not take lightly the devious, if legal, machinations of the pro-logging faction. President Cowan, secretary J.H. Browne, treasurer Joseph Dixon, and auditor George Bartley all resigned from the council executive in protest. Bartley was then denounced by Watson as a front man for the politicians who were organizing against the saw mill. Bartley hotly denied the charge, and counter-attacked by insisting that those council delegates who supported logging were dancing to the tune of their Liberal masters. Bartley reminded the council that some of its members had recently received government sinecures and as a result were "amenable to government influence."[6]

This was a shot aimed directly at Watson. He had been a Liberal supporter since 1897, and was a close associate of the Liberal MP and labour leader from Nanaimo, Ralph Smith. Watson's party loyalty had been rewarded with a patronage job in the federal customs service, and he was now called upon to help the Liberal party garner support for its decision to lease Deadman's Island to Ludgate. The Vancouver Liberal MP George Maxwell was also pressed to support the logging plan. Maxwell initially had been elected as an independent candidate friendly to labour, but he had quickly allied himself

with Laurier's Liberals. He now declared that the logging of Deadman's Island was in the interest of the working class. The city's rich wanted to maintain the forest, he argued at a public meeting, for only those "who wore kid gloves" preferred scenic views to jobs for workers.[7]

But class was not a reliable way to predict how people would react to the issue of clear-cutting the little island. Businessmen, politicians, and trade unionists united with each other on both sides of the dispute. Watson and Maxwell could make no claim to speak for all of the city's workers, and their attempt to make support for logging a class issue failed. One opponent archly inquired just when Maxwell had done the manual labour that would qualify him to voice the opinions of workers, while another deplored Maxwell's

> *talking to the gallery. When will the laboring classes give over being gulled this way? The most hopeless sight in the world is that of the working man led, captured at will, by unscrupulous demagogues who simulate an undying interest in them while they (the workingmen) fondly dream that they are governing themselves.* [8]

Nor was the fight in the VTLC between those unionists who advocated political action and those who followed the advice of the American labour leader Samuel Gompers. The president of the American Federation of Labor maintained that trade unionists should not support any particular political party. Instead, he maintained, they should reward their political friends and punish their enemies at the polls, regardless of the individual politician's party ties. But the VTLC had been created in 1889 precisely to coordinate labour's political demands and present a united political front. The difficulty lay in trying to reach a consensus on which party to support. Watson plumped for the Liberals provincially and federally; Bartley for the Conservatives at the local level. To confuse the matter even more, the VTLC was about to launch its own political party. In May 1900, the council would nominate Joseph Dixon and Francis Williams as provincial candidates on the Independent Labor ticket.[9]

Nor was the split in the council simply between those who favoured industrialization and those who favoured parks. Watson had earlier been a strong advocate of municipal parks, beaches, and recreational sites, and had worked with Bartley on these issues. For his part, Bartley admitted that he was "something of a crank on parks," but insisted that "a man might as well say that he would be opposed to three square meals a day, as that he was opposed to industries." The fight was over this particular site and this particular logging scheme.[10]

Union affiliation may help explain the schism over Deadman's Island. Watson, representing the Boilermakers, was supported by Thomas Tyson of the Iron Moulders. The Stonecutters delegate, William Lawson, also came out in favour of Watson's motion. It may be that the building of the sawmill would employ members of their unions. However, carpenters too would be employed, yet Joseph Dixon, delegate of the Carpenters and Joiners union, resolutely opposed the logging of the island. The typographical union, represented by Bartley, Cowan, and Browne, was united in its anti-logging stand, and this may have been because printers would not benefit in any way from the proposal. Indeed, they would lose a recreational site.

The conflict in the VTLC over Deadman's Island indicates the difficulty that faced trade unions when they moved away from pure and simple issues of wages and conditions. The very craft bonds that created solidarity on, say, the eight hour day, created friction and division when the council tried to tackle larger political issues. The trade unions that had affiliated to create the VTLC had different positions on Deadman's Island depending on how each would benefit, and according to the ties each leader had with the important political figures of the day. Even though the VTLC was created to give labour a united voice, such unity over issues other than standard trade unionism was difficult to achieve.

The division caused by the Deadman's Island dispute was soon healed. In September 1899, the council held new elections, and former opponents were now serving on the executive. Dixon and Watson served amiably as president and vice-president, respectively, and Bartley was unanimously made the VTLC's candidate for the parks board. But this renewed solidarity could not save the small island. Though the dispute dragged on outside of the labour council and was ultimately resolved by the British Privy Council, the preservationists lost the battle. Some years later, the **Province** newspaper observed that: The last tree has been cut down on the "isle of dreams" . . . desolate and pathetic it lies across the entrance to Coal Harbour, shivering in its nakedness, a monument to materialism, vandalism, and stupidity, cleverness and illegality.[11]

Trade unionist and environmentalists have much work to do if we hope to avoid a similar fate for the remaining old-growth forests of the province. For if unity is difficult to achieve, without it labour and others are doomed to failure. Perhaps Deadman's Island can serve as a cautionary as well as a historical tale of the need for thoughtful cooperation and compromise.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Mark Leier received his Ph.D. at Memorial University in Newfoundland and is now a sessional instructor at Simon Fraser University. He is author of WHERE THE FRASER RIVER FLOWS and co-author of the LIGHT AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL.

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8. World, 28 February 1899.
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10. For Watson's earlier stand in favour of parks, see World, 3 August, 31 August 1895; VTLC Minutes, 6 December, 8 May 1896, 17 July, 31 July 1896. For Bartley's remarks, see Daily News-Advertiser, 6 January 1900.
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Cariboo Honeymoon – 1933

by Ilma Dunn

This picture show the remains of the Swift River dredge taken in 1970 prior to removal for scrap metal. It is described in the Report of the Minister of Mines, 1925, and did not prove very efficient. From 1940-49 the same stretch of river was mined by J. V. Rice and G. Hinkley - using a huge dredge mounted on five steel pontoons, each 8-by 40 feet by 41 inches deep.

In 1970 Sovereign Ventures Ltd. got tenure and did very well using a dragline, trommel and washing plant.

Photo by Branwen Patenaude

One of the happiest memories I have is of the trip I took on the road that ran from the little town of Stanley to Quesnel Forks. When I came to the end of my year's teaching at Enterprise School I looked forward to a summer of joy. I had promised to marry my special boy friend from the Wingdam Mine as soon as I reached the goal of my permanent teaching certificate.

He had already met and been accepted by my parents in Burnaby while he was studying in Vancouver for his Second Class Engineer's Certificate, the goal he had set for himself before we should marry.

So it was in July of 1933 that I was married to William Dunn. By August 1 we were on our way in his 29 Chev. for a month's honeymoon in the Cariboo, looking forward to the future Fall when the Wingdam Mine would reopen after closing due to a big fire. Bill had been promised that his engineer's job would be waiting for him when he left to pursue his studies in Vancouver.

In the late twenties before working at the Wingdam Mine, Bill had fired and operated a Donkey Engine which provided power to operate a Gold Dredge in the Swift River. Nearby he had staked some gold claims. He had been one of the many young unemployed prospectors in the 20s and 30s who had gone to the Cariboo staking claims on the various creeks and rivers in the Barkerville area with the hopes of striking it rich. So it was to the Swift River we were headed.

The Swift River and Lightning Creek where the Wingdam Mine was located, are both tributaries of the Cottonwood River which joined the Fraser just north of Quesnel. In the gold rush days of the 1860s to the 80s large quantities of gold had been taken from the banks and gravel bars of all of these, and there had been a mine at the Wingdam site since before 1900. It was a well established mine in the 30s with an office in Vancouver and investors from England supporting it regularly. The President of the company was a Mr. Unverzagt; his son-in-law, C.N. Deronne managed the mine.

It took us three days to reach Quesnel, for we had stopped at a lovely little Auto Court in the Thompson Valley, the name of which I have forgotten, but it has always held a special place in my memory. Each time as we drove past in later years we would reminisce about our first few days together. In 1990 as I drove through that way I could see no trace of it at all.

On reaching Quesnel, we went right to the home of Lilly and Sig Susag in the Ten Mile Valley. It was in their home I had boarded while teaching at the Ten Mile Lake School the year before. Besides Frances, who had been one of my grade 4 pupils, they now had a new baby son, Raymond, so we stayed and renewed our friendship, and also visited the family of Emil and Hilda Johnson. There were four Johnson children in my class at the Ten Mile School, Vernon in grade 8, who now lives in Oliver and who over the years has kept in touch with me, Queenie in grade 6, Hazel in grade 4, and little Joan in Grade 2. In 1990 Joan was in charge of the Billy Barker Days in Quesnel, and she enjoyed introducing me to her co-workers as her grade 2 teacher of 60 years ago, reminding them that she herself had just had her 39th birthday.

But Bill was anxious to get on with the trip to initiate me into camping in the rough and to search for the illusive gold nuggets. He had purchased for me a smaller gold pan than his own, and also secured for me a Free Miners License when getting his. So we left one morning, taking with us Emil Johnson as far as the little town of Stanley. He was bound for work at the Gold Quartz Mine which, along with the town of Wells in 1933, was just in its early beginning stages.

The highway between Quesnel and

Barkerville in 1933 was also in its beginning stages in comparison to what it is today, but Bill had taught me to drive the previous year, so I remember I drove over it that day much to the disgust of our passenger, Emil, who hadn't much faith in women drivers. We by-passed Cottonwood House that day, but we had enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Boyd the year before on our way from a weekend in Barkerville. Along with another couple we had driven to Barkerville just to attend a special dance in the Theatre Royale Dance Hall, and stayed the night in the Barkerville Hotel. Eric Magnuson, whom I visited in Quesnel in 1990, and who will be 89 this year, remembered that weekend also, for he was the other young man.

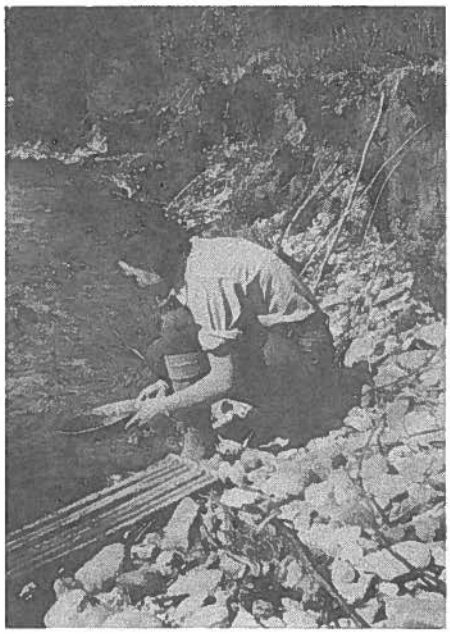
I was really glad to see in 1990 that Cottonwood House has been restored to a Heritage Stopping Place, and also that large signs on the Highway tell where the Wingdam Mine was once located.

The first day we stopped at Little Valley to visit with an old prospector that Bill and Emil both knew. I remember that his name was Murphy, but his first name does not come to mind. I remember that he made the best hot-cakes I'd ever tasted, but then in those days "I was no cook". That night I was given the bunk in the cabin and the men bunked outdoors. I remember that the cedar bough put in the bunk for my comfort, made the most uncomfortable bed I have ever slept on. I found out soon after that a blanket on top of the tarp on the bare ground, made a much better bed. The men were up at dawn and had the coffee boiling before I was awake. I volunteered to cook the bacon and my new husband took a picture of the very first camp cooking I ever did.

That day we reached the little town of Stanley where we said good-bye to Emil and started on our way up the Swift River Road. We found indeed that it was a muddy road, full of holes. At one time it must have been a good road, for the machinery for the Gold Dredge had travelled over it.

We had almost reached our destination of Bill's claims when we landed in one beautiful mud hole, and since it was by

The 29 Chev & Bill. Our camp up the Swift River near the abandoned homestead, August 1933.



Ilma Dunn panning for gold in the Swift River, August 1933.

then late evening we slept that night in the car.

Yes, it was a cramped position and by morning I was uncomfortable, but I'll never forget that Cariboo sunrise. I had been in the Cariboo for two years already but had never been up at dawn, when the great orb of the sun makes the earth seem so small. I can still see it in my mind's eye after the 59 years. The only comparison I have ever seen in my life is to watch a sunset in the Caribbean from the Island of Grenada when the great orb drops from sight and immediately darkness descends.

Bill soon had the car out of the mud hole using boards and straw from an abandoned homestead nearby, and there we set up our tent and our camp. It was within walking distance of the old Dredge and the Falls on the river.

I learned very quickly to adjust to outdoor living and the cooking all done over the open fire. The next week or more were days full of happy times. We hiked, and we fished, we picked Saskatoon berries, and Bill taught me how to handle a gun, and every day we panned for gold in the Swift River. Yes, we had rain and we stayed in the tent on those days, but Cariboo summer days are mostly long, and warm and golden.

There was another young fellow with claims nearby who was one step ahead of panning for the nuggets. He had what was called a "long tom". I don't know where the name "long tom" came from, but it was like a sluice box, and I know that with it more gravel could be washed with less arm work than with panning. But during the time we were there neither way produced many nuggets, and the fish were scarce too. We camped until our food supply was pretty well exhausted, and then we started back for the civilization of the Ten Mile Valley, not with a wealth of gold, but with a wealth of a marriage well begun, and happy days to look back on.

The poor old Chev took a real beating on that muddy road between the little town of Stanley and Quesnel Forks, and we had yet another experience with it on our way back to the coast through the Fraser Canyon.

Anyone who has travelled that road in the Canyon in the 30s well knows what a treacherous winding road it was. It went up the one side of a creek for miles then crossed it when it was just a stream, then wound back down the other side for miles. Today there is a lovely bridge right across where the creek joins the Fraser, thus cutting off so many miles of driving, and what an improvement that is.

The straps holding the battery must have become damaged in that mud hole beside the Swift River, for when we were going down Jackass Mountain the battery fell to the ground and was smashed. Bill

picked up what was left and hurled it into the canyon.

Fortunately we were able to coast down the hill and keep the engine running until we reached and sailed right across the Alexandra Bridge. In the 30s there was a one dollar toll to pay to cross that bridge, and the toll collector came running after us waving his arms. Bill stopped on a downslope and went back to explain. In the 30s too, a Free Miners License covered the cost of the toll, so the collector did not get his dollar. We coasted again until the engine started and we managed then to get to the town of Yale where we bought a new battery.

Such experiences were part of the hazards of driving in the 30s.

Yes, I had some gold flakes from that gold panning trip of ours, and I kept them in a jar for all to see for many years. During my twenty years that I taught again in Prince Rupert, they were looked at by many a young pupil, especially when we'd be doing a unit on Rocks and Minerals. Then fifty five years after, when my one and only granddaughter was in her twenties, I had what were left of them put in a locket for her to keep, so that now she has my memories in her heart.

I do not know what happened to the old Dredge or which company had put it there. It was inaccessible when we were there and already was falling into disrepair. I only know that for someone besides ourselves, the Swift River had been a Land of Golden Promise that had not come true.

During Bill's last year as Engineer at Fraser Mills, in 1945, he had his first paid holidays so he took our two sons on a camping trip similar to ours of 1933, hoping to reach the Swift River. The road by then was absolutely impassable, and they didn't even see the river.

In 1990 on my last trip to visit in the Cariboo, all that was left of the little town of Stanley were the usual tourist attractions associated with the restoration of Barkerville, and nothing at all to be seen of the road into the Swift River. So time has obliterated what only memory can retain.

* * * * * * * * *

Ilma Dunn is a member of the Burnaby Historical Society who makes her home in White Rock.

Gold Dredging Syndicate, Limited.

A group of leases on the Swift river, about 5 miles above Cottonwood Post-office, has been secured by the Gold Dredging Syndicate, Limited. The capitalization of the company is $50,000, with the head office in Vancouver. M.M. Kerr is secretary-treasurer of the company and manager in charge of the work.

The ground was drilled in 1922 by G.A. Dunlop, and according to Mr. Kerr the results showed 5,000,000 cubic yards proven with an average value of 40 cents a yard. Most of this pay-gravel is contained in a surface run of gravel from 10 to 20 feet thick, lying on clay. Most of the drilling did not go to bed-rock, as **but little** values occur in gravel **under the clay**.

After the drilling was done Mr. Kerr promoted and organized the company. An arrangement was entered into with F.A. Rowe, the inventor of the "Rowe Circulating Dredge," whereby the property would be equipped with a dredge of this design. Late in the fall of 1924 most of the machinery was shipped in to the property and assembling of the dredge commenced. Owing to severe winter weather, construction was stopped before completion of the dredge, but it is expected operations will be resumed in the spring of 1925.

The principle of the dredge is that by suction and force pumps the gravel is forced up a 6-inch pipe to the washing-sluice. The 6-inch pipe is inside another pipe of larger diameter – 8 or 9 inches; water is forced down the annular space between the two pipes and emerges from the end in four small jets; this is expected to cut the gravel, which is then drawn by suction up the inner pipe. The pressure-pump delivers 900 gallons a minute and the suction-pump 1,200 gallons a minute. The concentric pipes stand vertically and are expected to sink into the gravel-deposit as the digging proceeds. After the pipe has mined out the gravel around it the pipe is withdrawn by a winch and started in a new place. No boulders are mined, but it is claimed that the water-suction will draw into the discharge-pipe all fine gravel, sand, and gold, leaving the boulders behind – an ideal system if it works.

The whole plant, including boilers, pumps, etc., is to be mounted on a log raft 60 by 22 feet, which can be moved and moored by cables as necessary. The raft has been constructed right in the Swift river, but will be carried ahead in a pond as desired. It is claimed that the dredge will mine 3,000 yards a day of the gravel-deposit, but by leaving behind the boulders, only a portion of this yardage is actually handled. The ordinary sluice-boxes and riffled tables will be used for washing the gravel.

It is to be hoped that the claims of the inventor are substantiated when the dredge is in operation.

B 116 REPORT OF THE MINISTER OF MINES. 1925

The Priest's Trek From Clayoquot Sound - Circa 1875

by Walter Guppy

Excerpts from the diary of Rev. A.J. Brabant, a Catholic priest charged with establishing a mission at Hesquait, in Clayoquot Sound, in 1875, provides an interesting insight into conditions on the outer coast of Vancouver Island at that time; as recounted in **REMINISCENCES OF THE WEST COAST OF VANCOUVER ISLAND** by Rev. Chas. Moser, O.S.B. The account begins with a general description of these conditions from Rev. Brabant's perspective:

On the west coast of Vancouver Island, between the entrance of the Strait of Juan de Fuco (sic) and Cape Cook, there live eighteen different tribes of Indians, forming, as it were, only one nation, as they all speak the same language. Their manners, mode of living, in one word, all their habits are so much alike, that to know one tribe is to know them all. This coast, at the time of our taking possession of it, was exclusively inhabited by Indians.

Four trading posts had, however, been established and were in charge of one white man. But besides these four men there are absolutely no white settlers to be found on this extensive coast of nearly two hundred miles.

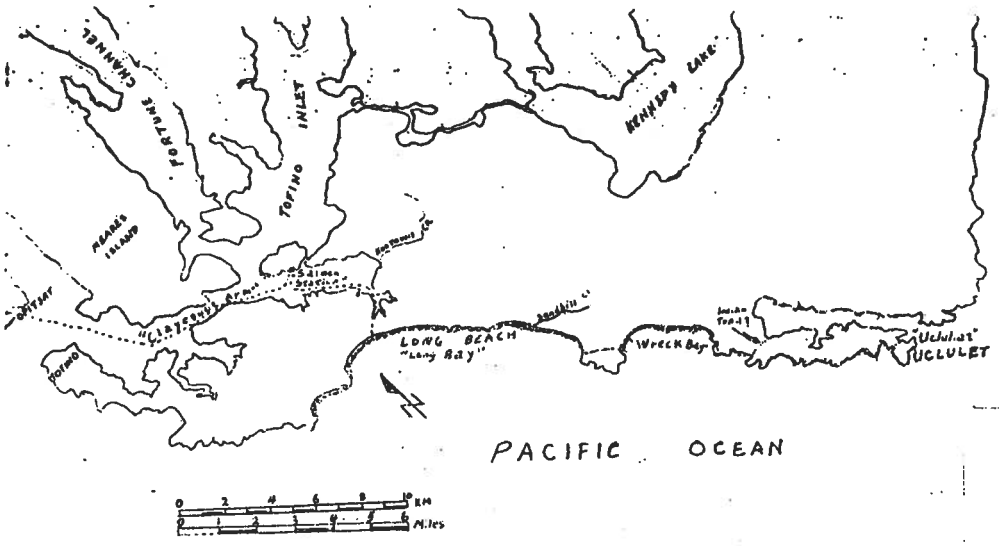
I need hardly say that communication was very rare, for beyond a couple of small schooners, that made an occasional call on the coast for the purpose of supplying the stores with goods and provisions, and at the same time making a trading call at different tribes, no vessel frequented this part of the World. I have been as much as six months without seeing the face of a white man, and consequently speaking a civilized language.

The difficulties encountered in transportation to and from points along the coast is illustrated in the following excerpts from Rev. Brabant's diary, dealing with a return from a visit to up-coast points accompanied by Rev. Seghers, Bishop of Vancouver Island and two Kyuquot Indian guides. Having arrived at Opitsat, the Bishop prevails upon Shiyous, chief of the Clayoquot Indians, to take them to Ucluliat (Ucluelet) and the account continues:

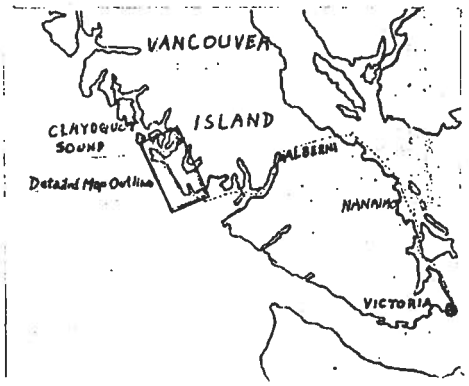
Having proposed to the Clayoquot chief to take us to Ucluliat he wished us to go with him up to the Clayoquot arm to his salmon station; he would from there cross to Long Bay or Schooner Cove. If no canoe was at any of the outside camps it would be an easy task to pull a canoe across and put her afloat with our baggage at Long Bay, comparatively speaking, a short distance from Ucluliat harbor. We complied with his desire, which gave us a chance to see Clayoquot inlet, the entrance to the lake, and the muddy flats, literally alive with ducks and geese. The dreary hours that we spent at the chief's house are painful to remember; the smoke and stench inside cannot be imagined; besides, the house was so low and the abundance of salmon so great that we could not move except in stooping position and we could not put down a foot except on or over dissected salmon or salmon roe! We, therefore, went outside and pitched our tent, and next morning begged of the chief as a favour to take us to Long Bay and thence to Ucluliat. The poor man seemed anxious to comply with our request, but upon coming to the seacoast he found the surf would not allow the launching of a canoe. We, therefore, were compelled to pitch our tent and await better weather. Meanwhile he went to his house and family, promising to come next day. He kept his word, but made the same remark as the day before, – easterly wind. Off he went again with the promise of another visit next day. Again he kept his word, but again the same difficulty – easterly wind..This morning, upon rising, we noticed that our tent had been visited by a bear. His tracks were there, but finding the tent occupied he had preferred to walk off rather than disturb us.

About noon His Lordship proposed to walk over the Indian trail to Ucluliat. The Clayoquots hardly approved of the idea, but promised to take our baggage to Capt. Francis's house as soon as the weather would permit. With this promise the Bishop was satisfied, ordered me to prepare some provisions, which I did with reluctance, and off we went, on foot, accompanied by two Kyuquot Indians who helped us in carrying the things that we had judged necessary to take along. We walked all that afternoon, first over a beautiful sandy beach; then we crossed a point and arrived in Wreck Bay, around which we also walked that day over a nasty, gravelly shore, and shortly before dark we made a fire and prepared our supper. Then the Bishop ordered the Indians to prepare for us a decent camping place, which they did, half way on a sandy hill. We laid down and fell asleep, but were soon awakened by heavy drops of rain, and we then noticed that the sky had clouded up and that it was pitch dark. About midnight the water was streaming down the hill under us, and having decamped to the upper side of the stump of a large tree, I called the Bishop to come and join me, which after some persuasion he did, I showing him the way by striking from time to time a match. I was afterwards sorry for extending the invitation, as we soon discovered that we had moved from bad to worse. Here, however, we remained in the water and mud till four o'clock in the morning, when I went down the hill and made a cup of tea on the fire of last night, which had kept alive under a large piece of log.

We left as soon as it was daylight. After a short walk along the beach we took to the bush, intending to make a short cut of a projecting point. After struggling about a couple of hours through the thick salal brushwood, we came to the Indian trail, which we were glad to discover; and



..... route taken by Rev. Brabant and Rev. Seghers.



following it with great avidity we travelled about five miles an hour, when lo! to our great disappointment, we noticed that the said trail led directly to our old camping place, where the fire on which we had cooked our breakfast was still smoking. Our courage now sank very low, and then, instead of following the same trail in an opposite direction, which on a little reflection we ought to have done, we went over the rocks and boulders around the point which we had intended to have cut off that morning. According to directions given by the Clayoquots we were at a certain spot to cross to the Ucluliat inlet. This we intended to do, when we took to the bush again. We walked and walked till I found my strength failing, which the Bishop noticing, he proposed that we should take something to eat. Accordingly we made a fire in the bush, and then we boiled doughnuts! We ate them with great appetite; then we noticed that our two Kyuquot Indians began to show bad will and insisted on going back to the beach, which we accordingly did.

Early in the afternoon the rain, which had fallen in the morning in the shape of a Scotch mist, became thicker and thicker, and having come to a small bay, where driftwood was piled in great quantity, we prepared a place where we could spend the night. We started a big fire, which soon spread to the trees around, and in the morning I discovered that a hole was burned through one of my boots and that my cloak was badly damaged. The Bishop's clothing had also suffered to a certain extent through fire. We took as breakfast the last piece of meat we had left, and we also made slapjacks (sic) with our last flour. After this we began to walk with renewed courage. However, about nine o'clock the Bishop took a fainting fit. He lay down on the rocks and asked if I had any food left. I took down a satchel which I had on my back, and after careful examination I found in a paper a few grains of sugar and a little flour in the corner of an old flour sack; this I gathered in a spoon and presented to His Lordship; he would not, however, take any of it except that I had taken my share, saying that he did not know what would become of us in case I should give out. We next noticed that the Indians were gathering mussels on the rocks and ate them with great relish. This we also did and raw mussels and salal berries were the only food which we took till we reached Captain Francis' place in Ucluliat next morning.

The captain could hardly recognize us; seeing our condition and hearing of our long compulsory abstaining from food, he advised us, and we followed his advice, not to take any full meal till we had eaten very little at a time preparing our stomachs for their usual functions – at the same time the captain went into his store and gave us new pants and shoes, for all our clothes had been reduced to rags in our attempts to travel through the brushwood. His Lordship, Bishop Seghers, at one time escaped being drowned, having slipped from a rock in crossing a ravine, where the sea swept in very freely at high tide.

Our experience from Clayoquot to Ucluliat had such an effect on our general condition that it took more than two weeks for us to recover our usual strength.

After recuperating from their ordeal in the bush, the two priests continued their journey to Victoria accompanied by an "Ekoul Indian" they hired as a guide for the sum of six dollars. Rev. Brabant's diary describes a pleasant trip up Alberni Canal, a stop to visit miners at "Gold River" (no doubt China Creek) and a visit to two white settlers and a tribe of Indians at Alberni. The hike across to the east coast is described as "a delightful trip over a newly-made road"; the crossing of a lake (Cameron Lake) by canoe, and on to Nanaimo where they caught a steamer to Victoria.

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The writer is a long time resident of Tofino - Earlier writing was on mining on Vancouver Island.

The Rise and Sad Demise of Salt Spring's Lodge of Hope

by John Crofton

Introduction

In the evening of February 1, 1886 in the small, lamp-lit classroom of the Central School on Salt Spring Island, in the Gulf of Georgia, twenty men and women came together to form the **Hope of Salt Spring, Lodge 7**.

This was a temperance organization under the **Grand Lodge** in Nanaimo and was part of the **Independent Order of Good Templars**. Emblazoned across the logo of the Order's great seal was the word, in bold letters, "**PROHIBITION**". The motto was: "In Unity Strength".

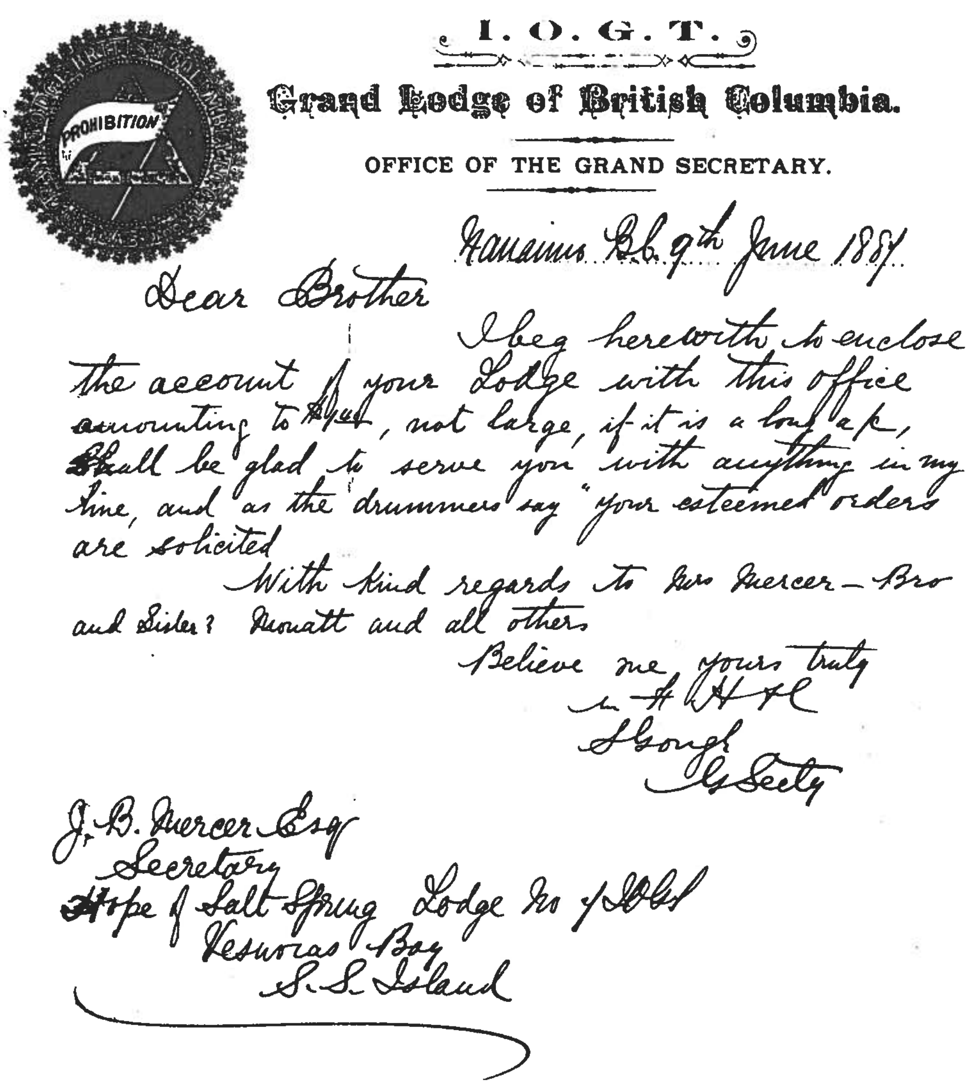
Salt Spring at that time was just beginning to become well populated with farming families from various parts of the world, in particular from Western Europe, England, Scotland and Ireland. By 1886 there were about 400 people there, black and white, all trying to make homes out of the thick wild bush and forests.

At the same time, they were developing a community spirit and began forming social and fraternal organizations according to common interests and concerns.

The Hope of Salt Spring - Lodge 7 was one of these. The story that follows tells of its rise and sad demise.

It is taken from the original Lodge record of minutes of meetings and presents a snapshot picture of one aspect of life during those early pioneering days.

This record is now stored in the archives of the Salt Spring Island Historical Society.



I. O. G. T.

Grand Lodge of British Columbia.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY.

Nanaimo B.C. 9th June 1887

Dear Brother

I beg herewith to enclose the account of your Lodge with this office amounting to [illegible], not large, if it is a [illegible], Shall be glad to serve you with anything in my line, and as the drummers say "your esteemed orders are solicited

With kind regards to Mrs Mercer — Bro and Sister? Mowatt and all others

Believe me yours truly in H H & C

J Gough G Secty

J. B. Mercer Esq
Secretary
Hope of Salt Spring Lodge No [illegible]
Vesuvius Bay
S. S. Island

Letter from Grand Lodge of British Columbia.

The Rise

The Lodge meeting that was held on February 1, 1886 was an organization and installation meeting.

If the weather that night was a typical February night for Salt Spring it would have been stormy with perhaps rain or snow falling. The people who attended the meeting must have been highly dedicated to the temperance movement in order to venture forth into that dark night after a long hard day of clearing land and doing tough, heavy farming chores. It is to be remembered also that they had to travel over appalling roads that were not much more than muddy wagon tracks.

When the meeting opened, before the election of officers took place, a Mr. Hemlow from the Grand Lodge at Nanaimo gave instructions on "grips and signals and all rules necessary to the proper conduction of a Lodge".

He told those present that they were to address each other as "Brother" or "Sister"

The embroidered motto of the Lodge. Photo courtesy of Tom Holtby, Salt Spring Island H.S.

as appropriate.

Brother John Booth was then elected "Worthy Chief Templar" (WCT), William Harrison – Treasurer, and Tom Mouat – Secretary. Also elected as an official was Sister Jane Mouat.

The Meetings

The first regular meeting of the Lodge was carried out on February 10 with the "Worthy Chieftan in the chair". After the meeting was called to order a committee was organized to draft a code of laws. Unfortunately: "Considerable argument here ensued which, however, took no definite effect". Consequently action to proceed with the preparation of by-laws was tabled for discussion at the next meeting.

The second meeting was held on February 24. After accepting and initiating new candidates to the Lodge the members proceeded with the business of preparing by-laws. They also agreed that meetings be held on the second and fourth Wednesday evenings of each month beginning at 7:30. At a later meeting members decided to meet on Tuesday nights.

At the third meeting on March 11 proceedings were much the same as before except that prior to adjournment Sisters Dagan, Isaacs and Anderson along with some others "devoted themselves to the good of the Order with song".

At the April 14 meeting, the fifth meeting, two candidates for membership were put forward and ballots for acceptance were cast. William Caldwell was elected but Albert Sokin was black-balled. A committee was created to investigate the reasons for the black-ball. Joel Broadwell then announced he wanted to resign. His resignation was accepted. Later he was reinstated.

Meetings continued regularly through 1886 to January 26, 1987. Elections of new officers were carried out each quarter with Brother Robinson becoming Worthy Chief Templar on May 12. At this May meeting William Caldwell and some others resigned and several were suspended or fined for non-payment of dues. At later meetings there were more candidates for membership most of whom were accepted, the rest black-balled. Approval of by-laws remained outstanding. The financial situation was always a bit shaky because of many expenses – particularly for lights and Lodge regalia. For example at an April meeting the total indebtedness was $12.22. Revenue collected at that meeting was $3.00.

There were no meetings during February of 1887, but one took place on March 9. At this meeting Brother Baker was accused of violating some rule but after he "expressed his sorrow for having broken this vow" he was "reobligated". However, Brother Robinson resigned, the name James Anderson was "erased from the roll" and Sister Margaret Dagan and Brothers McHaffey and Norton were suspended.

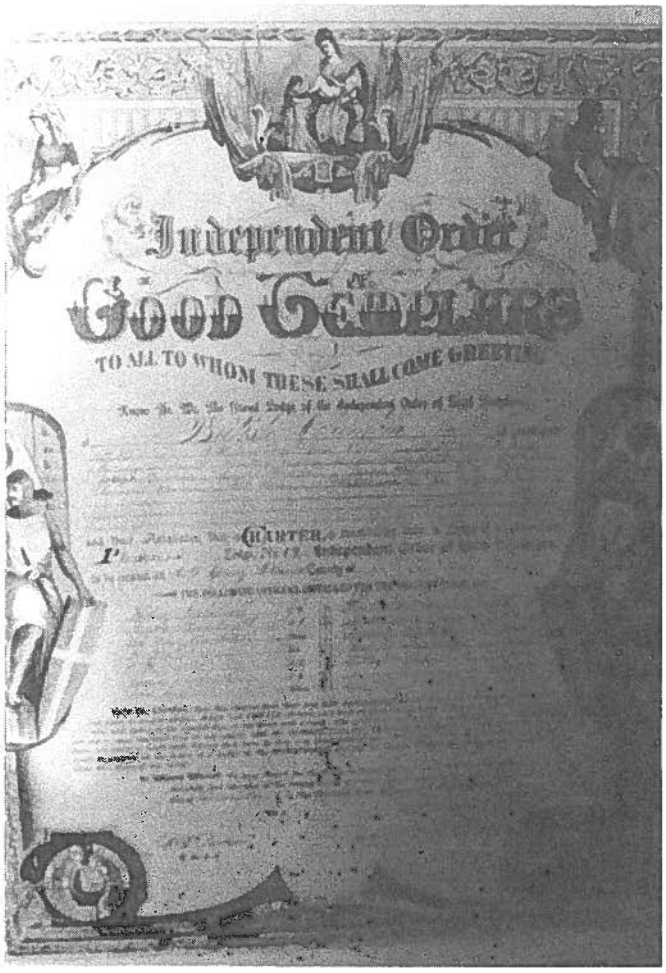
At the May 24 meeting a debate was held on the subject: "Which is happier, an old bachelor or an old maid?" After the debate, a ballot of the judges was taken. They decided in favour of the old maid. This decision "was called into question by Brother John Harrison and a somewhat heated argument followed in the course of which Brother Ernest Harrison made a somewhat serious charge against the WCT . . " The charge was that the WCT "allowed things to be carried on in an unconstitutional manner". the WCT ruled he "would have to substantiate or withdraw at the next Lodge meeting". Finally the motion was made "to stop this argument and proceed to further business". The motion passed.

At the following meeting on May 31 a more friendly atmosphere seems to have prevailed. However members decided to punish Brother Ernest Harrison because he had been unable to substantiate his charge against the WCT at the previous meeting. Their decision was that he be fined and that "that fine be nothing". Next, "Brother Atkinson having used profane language, apologized to the Lodge". He was forgiven. A subject for debate at the next meeting was selected: "which are the most useful to mankind, the services of the agriculturist or those of the artisan?" At the June 7 meeting the artisan won.

The next debate took place on June 28 on the subject "which is most beneficial to man – gold or iron?" Iron won.

According to the record of minutes, two meetings were held during July, but none during August and September. Three meetings were held in October, two in November and none in December.

At these meetings, opening ceremonies and other rituals were observed, secret passwords and handshakes exchanged, some members resigned, punishments were meted out to wayward members, new members initiated, other candidates for membership rejected, elections were held, and "for the good of the Order" meetings closed with various brothers and sisters singing songs, reciting poems, tell-



Charter of Salt Springs Lodge of Hope. This is in the archives of the Salt Spring Island Historical Society. Photo courtesy of Tom Holtby.

ing tales, or giving a speech. The minutes at no time mention there was discussion about temperance and prohibition. Perhaps such matters were covered in discussions about by-laws that may have arisen but, if so, they are not recorded. However by-laws, probably because they were a source of much acrimony and disunity, were never agreed upon and officially accepted.

Meetings normally opened at 7:30 p.m. and closed at 10 p.m. depending on the tempers of those present.

At the April 14, 1888 meeting Sister Anna Broadwell was elected WCT, and Brother Henry Stevens became Treasurer. Brother James Horel was nominated to the position of "Inner Guard", but he lost out in the election to Brother Mansell. Before the meeting adjourned Brother Stevens, "for the good of the Order", sang "Biddy Small" and Sister Broadwell sang "No Sir!".

Other songs sung at meetings were: "The Courting Man", "Curfew", "Where Has Rosanna Gone?", "Not Yet!", "No Use Trying to Stop Here", and "No Man Shall Ever Break My Heart".

At one meeting Brother Rosman did a reading called "Drop and Be Hanged!".

The Demise

Finally, at the September 1, 1888 meeting, after a stormy meeting in August when Brothers Stevens and Mansell resigned, members at first discussed various routine matters. Then the demise of the Lodge suddenly came about.

It happened on a poignant note when the following motion was made by the Chaplain, Arthur Walter:

"In view of the want of harmony displayed at several meetings of this Lodge displacing the fraternal feeling that should prevail, I move that the Lodge be dissolved and its charter be surrendered to the proper authorities."

The motion was carried. The Lodge was then officially closed on September 11, 1888.

Epilogue

During its 30 months of activity the Lodge held 50 meetings and had a total of 49 members. Of these, ten resigned, 13 were suspended, and Brothers Bishop and Anderson were expelled and their names erased from the roll. The Lodge motto, "In Unity Strength" was seldom remembered.

In December 1888, an attempt was made by William Caldwell, the Broadwells, Tom Mouat and a few others to resurrect the Lodge from its ashes. "By unanimous vote it was decided that the name of the Lodge be the **Phoenix Lodge.**"

Unfortunately the same want of harmony that prevailed with the old Lodge seems to have carried over to the new one. An indicator of this state appears in the minutes of the May 7, 1889 meeting when: "The Chairman of the room committee reported that his assistant, Sister Malcolm, was quite beyond his control".

Meetings continued for several more months on an irregular basis. Then in April 1890, with no apparent notice of Lodge closure being given, they ceased.

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John Crofton is a third generation resident of Salt Spring Island and is the Past President of its Historical Society

The Cowichan Settlers of 1862

by Helen B. Akrigg

A group of settlers arrived at Cowichan Bay, near present day Duncan, on August 18, 1862 on H.M.S. **Hecate** and the schooner **Explorer.** These colonists arrived less than twenty years after the founding of Fort Victoria, the first European settlement on the southern part of Vancouver Island.

The Cowichan Indians were known to residents of Fort Victoria from the very early days of that fort. In 1843 the first white arrivals found that the local Songhees Indians had left their main village and "fortified themselves within stakes. . . at the head of the harbor (perhaps up the Gorge at Portage Inlet) through fear of the fierce Cowichins . . . who crept stealthily down the strait in their canoes, entered villages at night, massacred the men, and carried the women and children into slavery".[1]

Bancroft has an interesting account of the early relationship between the Cowichans and the white settlers.

Among those encamped in the vicinity of the fort (Fort Victoria), and who watched operations with as keen a zest as any, was a band of Cowichans, whose chief was Tsoughilam, and who had come down from the north on a plundering expedition.

The horses and cattle of the fort-builders were magnificent prey for these brigands, particularly the work-animals, which were finer, fatter, and more easily approached than the others. It was not often the good gods sent them such abundant benefit at so small a cost; and to decline them might seem ungrateful. So some of the best of the work oxen and (work) horses were killed , and the Cowichins were filled to their utmost content.[2]

These depredations called for immediate reaction on the part of the officer in charge, Roderick Finlayson, who demonstrated among other things the damage a nine-pounder gun could inflict on Indian lodges. The Cowichan Indians wisely decided to reimburse the company in furs, and so the matter was settled.

Once Fort Victoria was built, life settled down to routine – there was fur trading with Indians who came by canoe, and the comings and goings of the Hudson's Bay Company's own ships carrying on maritime fur trade along the British Columbia coast. Very important also was the water communication with the H.B.C.'s establishment at Fort Nisqually on Puget Sound, which was not only a vital link in the communication network with Fort Vancouver, the H.B.C.'s main depot for its Columbia Department, but also the source of agricultural produce. Breaking the monotony was the arrival in Esquimalt Harbour (for Victoria's harbour was much too small) of increasing numbers of ships of the Royal Navy.

In 1852 James Douglas decided to explore by canoe the east coast of Vancouver Island, to examine the country and to communicate with the native tribes who lived there. Although his charts were fairly accurate as far as Cowichan Head (on Douglas' sketch map this was just north of Cordova Bay), he was amazed to find that, what the charts indicated was the coast of Vancouver Island, was not that at all – but really a "multitude" of islands stretching northward from Cowichan Head to Gabriola Island, with the real coast of Vancouver Island lying 15 to 20 miles further west. Douglas mentioned that he touched at Cowichan river, whose name was derived from the tribe of Indians which inhabited the neighbouring country:

They live in several villages, each having a distinct chief, or headman, who cannot be said to rule the community which acknowledges his supremacy, as there is no code of laws, nor do the chiefs possess the power or means of maintaining a regular government; but their personal influence is nevertheless very great with their followers. The Cowichins are a warlike people, mustering about 500 fighting-men, among a population of about 2100 souls. They were extremely friendly and hospitable to our party, and gave us much information of the interior, which by their report, appears to be well watered and abounding in extensive tracts of arable land . . . These Indians partially cultivate the alluvial island near the mouth of the river, where we saw many large and well-kept fields of potatoes in a very flourishing state, and a number of fine cucumbers, which had been raised in the open air without any particular care.[3]

Douglas continued up the coast to the Inlet of Winthuysen (today's Nanaimo) which he was particularly interested in visiting because of the reports of coal in the area:

These people are called Nanaimo, and speak nearly the same language, but have not the reputation of being either so numerous or warlike as the Cowichin tribe. We entered into immediate communication, and found them very friendly, and disposed to give every information we desired in regard to all matters concerning their own affairs and the country which they inhabit.

They live chiefly by fishing, and also grow large quantities of potatoes in fields which they have brought into cultivation near their villages. These are built chiefly on a river named Nanaimo. (the name of this river was really Quamquamqwa = swift swift water.)

Douglas was excited by what he saw of the area, which he described as "**one vast coal-field**" and wrote urging the Colonial Office in London to arrange for a hydrographic survey of the route to Nanaimo which he foresaw as a busy coal port. He mentioned that the H.B.C. had already sent a small body of miners to examine the coal beds, and to commence immediate operations there.[4]

In the next few years Governor Douglas had two more opportunities to have a close look at the agricultural potential of the Cowichan valley. The first was in early 1853 when, with an armed force of about

125 men travelling by the **Beaver**, the sailing ship **Recovery** and several smaller boats, Douglas arrived at the mouth of the Cowichan River. He was intent on the capture of a Cowichan brave who, with a Nanaimo chief's son, had murdered a Scottish shepherd in Saanich. At a meeting with the local Cowichans the following morning, Douglas addressed them in Chinook declaring that, just as a white man must be punished if he killed an Indian, so an Indian must be punished if he killed a white. After much "impassioned oratory", the Cowichans decided to give up the wanted man.

The second occasion was in 1856 when Douglas, with an expeditionary force of over 400 men aboard H.M.S. **Trincomalee** and the H.B.C. ship **Otter**, again went to the Cowichan country, this time to capture an Indian who had attempted to murder one Thomas Williams. Douglas wrote to the Colonial Office as follows:

The Cowegin Tribe can bring into the field about 1400 Warriors but nearly 1000 of those were engaged upon an expedition to Fraser's River (for salmon fishing) when we entered their Country. About 400 warriors still remained in the Valley, nevertheless no attempt was made, except a feeble effort by some of his personal friends, to rescue the prisoner or to resist the operation of the law.

The Troops marched some distance into the Cowegin Valley, through thick bush and almost impenetrable forest. Knowing that a mere physical force demonstration would never accomplish the apprehension of the culprit. I offered friendship and protection to all the natives except the culprit and such as aided him or were found opposing the ends of Justice. That announcement had the desired effect of securing the neutrality of the greater part of the Tribe who were present, and after we had taken possession of three of their largest Villages the surrender of the culprit followed . . . The expedition remained at Cowegin two days after the execution of the offender, to re-establish friendly relations with the Cowegin Tribe, and we succeeded in that object, to my entire satisfaction.

I greatly admired the beauty and fertility of the Cowegin Valley, which contains probably not less than 200,000 acres of arable land. I shall however address you on that subject in a future communication.[5]

Douglas, who in his many years in the fur trade had learned to deal kindly but very firmly with Indians, by this policy soon won the trust of most Indians and so made it feasible for whites to start settling in the Cowichan country. But traditional rivalry between tribes still flared up on occasion. Walbran tells of an incident which happened on July 4, 1860 when a canoe of Bella Bella Indians (containing nine men, three women and two boys, plus a white man) arrived at Admiralty Bay (now Ganges Harbour) and were invited by about fifty Cowichan Indians to come ashore and rest. Soon after the white man left to visit a nearby settler, the sound of shots was heard and the whites soon found the Cowichans had killed all the Bella Bella men, had taken the women and boys as slaves and escaped in the Bella canoe. Old habits died hard.[6]

Until 1858 Fort Victoria remained a sleepy village with fewer than 300 white residents. Then in the spring word leaked out in San Francisco that gold had been discovered in mainland British Columbia and, by the end of the year, over 30,000 people had arrived. Most of you know the story of the Fraser River gold rush and the later Cariboo gold rush very well, but the only reason I mention them is to point out the great pressure on the very limited local food supply. After all, the site of Fort Victoria was chosen because it had a safe and sheltered harbour for small vessels, a well disposed tribe of Indians, a location convenient for intercourse with Fort Nisqually, and enough open land for subsistence farming to supply the servants of the Hudson's Bay Company. What arable, lightly treed land there was within a reasonable distance of Victoria, such as on the Saanich Peninsula and out in Metchosin and Sooke, had long since been settled.

So in 1859 it became very obvious that plans MUST be made to open up new agricultural areas as hundreds of unsuccessful goldseekers had returned to Victoria and were looking for land on which to settle. At the same time the colonists, who could ill afford to pay for imported food, saw the constant arrival of herds of cattle and sheep from Washington Territory, and even from the Sandwich Islands. But things were not simple when it came to acquiring land. The **British Colonist** of July 11, 1859 printed a list of 19 people (some non-resident such as Royal Navy officers E.P. Bedwell and R.C. Mayne) who in 1858 had paid the first of four instalments on a total of 9880 acres in the Cowichan valley. Alongside this list was an editorial entitled "Land as a Right, Not as a Favor". When a group of would-be settlers petitioned the Governor to permit them to settle in Cowichan, they were informed that it could not be done at present. Instead they were offered unsurveyed land in the Chemainus country.

But the government was surveying possible agricultural land for, in 1859 a booklet entitled **Vancouver's Island – Survey of the Districts of Nanaimo and Cowichan Valley** was published.[7] It covered the three districts of Mountain, Cedar and Cranberry around Nanaimo (30,000 acres in total), and the five districts of Shawnigan, Cowichan, Comiaken, Quamicham and Somenos in the Cowichan Valley (some 57,000 acres).

About the same time the British Colonist ran a short item headed "Indian Title". This read:

'Why is not the Indian title to Cowichan extinguished at once?' This is repeated over and over again, and yet no response is heard from the government. It may require judicious management, but it has to be done. The country expects it without delay. We want farmers – and the best way to get them is to open the lands of Cowichan to actual settlers by extinguishing the Indian title."[8]

For two years from spring 1859 to spring 1861, there was little news about the proposed Cowichan settlement; then in March 1861 two items appeared touching on subjects of real concern to any intending settler – the Indians and roads. A resident of Harrisburg (Cowichan Bay) wrote about the "Remarkable Success of Catholics at Cowichan to Reform the Indians":

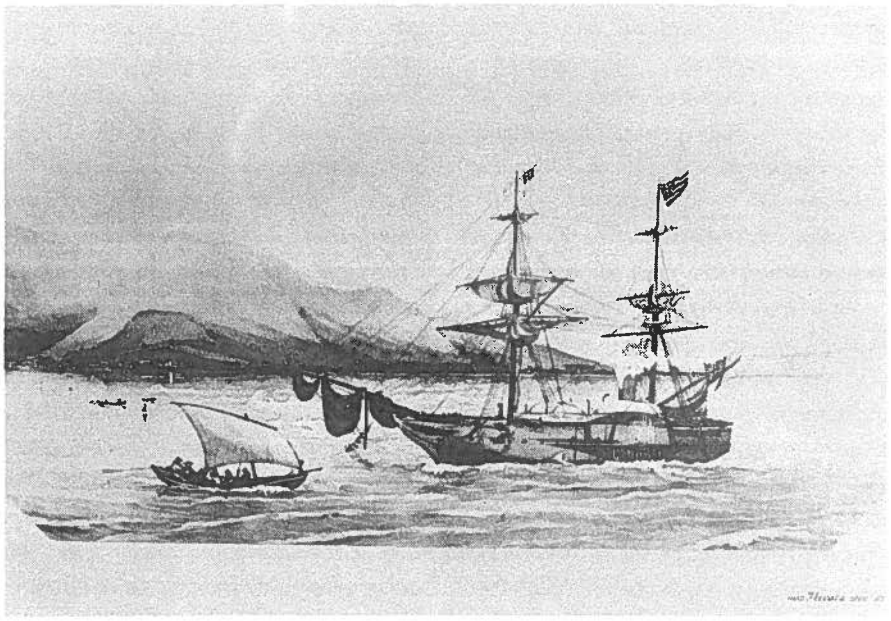
I reside in the above district, in the midst of about two thousand Indians, who eighteen months ago carried on a system of drunkenness and murder too horrible to relate. At this date they may be said to be a reclaimed

people. Drink is forbidden by them, and a penalty attached to drunkenness by order of their chiefs. Consequently, other crimes are of rare occurrence. And to what is all this owing? To the honest and persevering labors of a poor Catholic priest . . [9]

The other article said that the proposed road from Saanich Inlet should not stop at Cowichan but continue right through to Nanaimo. It pointed out that, with the 10,000 acres in the Cowichan valley purchased in 1858 still held for speculative purposes, would-be settlers had to look elsewhere for cheaper land, and the extended road would be a great help.

In July 1862 the government suddenly came to life, and called a meeting on the 29th "for the purpose of organising a party of immigrants to proceed to Cowichan Valley under Government protection, and take up lands on the pre-emption system". To the more than 300 people present Attorney-General Cary said that many people wanted to settle on Crown land and become citizens of Vancouver Island but there were too many obstacles in their way. However, now 6000 acres of the land originally bought in 1858 by speculators were available for the newcomers, as well as other land in various places. Each man would be allowed to pre-empt 150 acres, with 50 additional acres for his wife and 10 for every child. Accompanying the party would be a gunboat, a surveyor, and "a competent party to deal with the Indians". All that the government wanted was an assurance that a sufficient number of men would go up in a fortnight and a vessel would be provided to take them.[10]

At this time also, Governor Douglas notified Rear-Admiral Maitland that a gunboat would be needed to escort the party of settlers to Cowichan (or possibly to the alternate destination, the Comox country, but Douglas believed that settlers would choose Cowichan.) Douglas added that this was "a matter of more immediate importance than the visit of the Gun Boat to Sitka . . ." Captain Richards, of H.M. Survey Ship **Hecate**, was ordered to escort the party, an order that did not please him, for his hydrographic work was already far behind schedule due to such interruptions.



H.M.S. Hecate. Photo courtesy of Cowichan Bay Maritime Centre.

Finally, on Monday, August 18, 1862, H.M.S. Hecate, towing the **Explorer** schooner, sailed for Cowichan Bay. I have two accounts of this trip – one from the **British Colonist** of August 22; the other of Captain Richards. First, the newspaper article entitled "The Cowichan Expedition":

*H.M. ship **Hecate**, having on board His Excellency the Governor, returned to Esquimalt yesterday morning from Cowichan District, whither she departed on Monday last with 100 intending farmers. The expedition reached Cowichan at 4 o'clock, p.m., on Monday, and the settlers, divided into three parties, under the guidance of the Surveyor General and his assistant, and the Attorney General, were landed at the localities in which it is intended they shall inspect and select lands for farming purposes. The Governor also disembarked and encamped . . . The few natives at present in the district (the major portion of the tribes being absent fishing), agreed without hesitation to the surrender of their lands to the Government, with the exception of their village sites and potatoe (sic) patches, being informed that when the absent members of the tribes had returned to their homes in the autumn, compensation for the lands taken up by the settlers would be made at the same rate as that previously established – amounting in the aggregate to the value of a pair of blankets to each Indian – the chiefs, of course, coming in for the lion's share of the potlatch. The Indians, one and all, expressed themselves as perfectly content with the proposed arrangement, and even appeared anxious that settlers should come among them.*

One party of the settlers was dispatched to Shawnigan District, another to Somenos District, and the third to Quamichan. The settlers were all in good health and spirits, and appeared greatly pleased with the appearance of the country. The weather was fine, and from the expressions of satisfaction which fell from the lips of every member of the expedition, it is believed that many of the settlers will make the Valley of the Cowichan their permanent home. They were given to understand by His Excellency that actual residence on the land would alone entitle them to hold it. . . Game of all kinds is abundant and numerous deer-paths were observed leading to the river shores.

*The **Hecate** on the way down stopped in the Sansum Narrows where His Excellency went ashore and inspected the copper mines there located and was furnished by Mr. Smith, the manager of the company, with several beautiful specimens of rich copper ore.*

Now for Captain Richards' version:

*Monday 18th August. In morning anchored off Victoria Harbour at 7 a.m. At 10 embarked the Governor and his Civil staff & towing the **Explorer** schooner with about 80 settlers, proceeded for Cowichan, where we were anchored at 3:30 p.m. Governor & his*

party landed with the settlers, the object being to establish them on some of the Cowichan land as farmers. Anchorage off a village on the south side of the bay, very close in, in 14 fms. Bank very steep. On swinging next morning we grounded abaft and had to shift further out.

Tuesday 19th August. The Governor encamped on what he calls Mt. Bruce, an elevation of something like 100 feet, on the north side of the bay. On it stands a Roman Catholic church, the Priest of which seems to have caught more souls – or rather bodies – than his Episcopal brethren. It is a question of who will bid highest for them; if the Catholic Roman is going ahead, it is necessary for the Protestant to launch into more rice or molasses – or to beautify the church or school house a little more. Both do a certain amount of good in checking drunkenness, but as to instilling any principles of religion, I fear for long to come this is not to be looked for. They will go to Church and sing and howl as much as may be desired, but they will kill or defraud their neighbours if necessary as soon after as convenient.

The surveyors were employed in marking off allotments of land all today, but the would-be settlers shew (sic) the greatest apathy and won't even accompany the gentlemen to see the district. A few of them start away with this view in the morning, but as soon as they find they have to walk a couple of miles, they drop off one by one and the surveyor finds himself left alone.

On Wednesday 20th I was going on shore to visit the Governor and look at the district in the neighbourhood of the River, when he was seen coming off in a canoe. He acquainted me that he had completed his task, and had some interviews with the natives who were perfectly disposed to receive the white men and allow them to cultivate and occupy any lands other then their potatoe fields and villages; that the surveyors were going on with their labours and, when completed, every man would if he chose be put in possession of an extent of 100 acres subject to the pre-emption law – that is, to occupy and improve. (In some other areas 150 acres was the size allotted.)

In the afternoon I took the Governor in my boat to look at the Copper district just this side of Maple Bay, on the W. side of Sansum Narrows. 4 miles dist. we found some people prospecting and they had some very fair specimens of copper ore out, some in quartz, others in a calcose slate, the former the most favourable looking. Mr. Wigham, an Englishman who has been years working in the Mexican mines, thinks the mount on the east side, Mt. Bruce, and Mt. Sullivan on Admiral Id. (Salt Spring) are the spots where the copper will be found, and he thinks the indications here very good.

We returned to the ship at 4 p.m. and visited the settlers who had landed on the S side of the bay. I walked more than a mile inland, with the Governor. The soil appeared very fair but rather light, the ground partially clear or loosely timbered, and no great labour would be required to clear it. The men all acknowledged this but I saw no disposition except on the part of 2 or 3 to set to and clear and cultivate. After a talk with the natives and a few trifling presents of tobacco and pipes, we embarked.

Thursday 21st. At 4 a.m. we left Cowichan and with a favourable tide passed down the inner channel, anchoring off Victoria at 9 a.m. After landing the Governor I steamed into Esquimalt where we remained till Saturday morning.

So here ends the story of the arrival of the settlers of 1862 in Cowichan Bay, and the rather strikingly different accounts – Douglas' as reported in the newspaper, full of "developer" style of optimism, and Richards', rather sardonic and cynical. It is difficult to know, 131 years later, which version is the more accurate.

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Helen Akrigg is best known as co-author of British Columbia Chronicles. British Columbia Place Names, and the more recent H.M.S. Virago in the Pacific.

FOOTNOTES

1. H.H. Bancroft. The History of British Columbia, 1792-1887. (san Francisco, 1887) p. 95.
2. Bancroft, p. 107.
3. James Douglas, "Report of a Canoe Expedition along the East Coast of Vancouver Island," Journal of the Royal Geographical Society, Vol. 24, 1854, p. 246.
4. Douglas, p. 248.
5. James Douglas' letter to H. Labouchere, London, 6th Sept. 1856. (P.R.O., Adm. 1/5678).
6. J.T. Walbran, B.C. Coast Names, 1592 - 1906. (Vancouver 1971 reprint), p 117.
7. H.M. Stationery office. (London 1859).
8. British Colonist, March 19, 1859, p. 1.
9. British Colonist, March 26, 1861, p. 3.
10. British Colonist, July 30, 1862, p. 3.

1993
CONFERENCE PHOTO

Alice Glanville, Helen Akrigg and Jim Glanville at the 1993 Conference in Kamloops.

THE 1993 BCHF CONFERENCE IN KAMLOOPS

by Nancy Peter

Many of the coastal delegates opted to drive up the Fraser Canyon, enjoying the scenery before arriving in time for the 5:30 Council meeting. The Stockmen's Hotel provided comfortable facilities, and the entertainment by the Happy Choristers, wearing turn-of-the-century costumes, created a happy ambience during the opening reception.

Chairman John Belshaw opened the Friday morning program introducing Mel Rothenburger, local editor and descendant of "The Wild McLeans." His lively story was followed by a review of "Early Medicine in Kamloops" by Dr. Stewart Burris. The morning concluded with Marilyn Ivey giving a detailed history of Wallachin. A lady in the audience had lived there and shared her memories. Following an excellent buffet lunch visitors, in groups of up to 8 people, were given a guided walk through the older area of West Kamloops. (Guides specified that only one block would be uphill . . . Kamloops has less flat than you would imagine.) The old homes and public buildings were attractive and interesting, and the weather was lovely.

"The Story of Kamloops Canneries" by John Stewart told of the wonderful fruit and vegetable crops in the district, not fish as coastal residents envisioned. Unfortunately the agricultural component of Kamloops economy has disappeared. A bus whisked delegates to St. Joseph's Church and the Secwepemc Museum. Our guides endeavoured to teach us the pronunciation of Secwepemc but most of us resorted to "Shuswap" after a few vain efforts. The outdoor exhibits showed some of the early lifestyle of district aboriginal peoples. Indoors, the canoes and other exhibits were enthusiastically explained by Laura Thomas, then cooks served a superb luncheon in the cafeteria.

The Federation Annual General Meeting (Necessary but rarely exciting) was executed smoothly by President Myrtle Haslam. Important decisions included reappraising the status of "Affiliates", Societies which are not exclusively historical become Affiliates of the Federation for a fee of $25 up to 50 members and $50 for larger groups – these memberships to include one subscription to the **B.C. Historical News**. Regular Society members pay $1 each to the federation for membership. These members get a reduced rate for the magazine, $9 per year while non members pay $12.

Arnold Ranneris, Secretary and Myrtle Haslam, President.
All photos courtesy of John Spittle.

Don Sale of Nanaimo was accorded a standing ovation when he was awarded an Honorary Life membership by the Federation. Arthur Lower, distinguished historian from Vancouver, was declared Honorary President for the coming year. Melva Dwyer conducted the election of officers. Mrs. Doris May of Victoria became Treasurer to replace Francis Sleigh. (Readers Note: Names and addresses of all Federation officers are listed inside the back cover of each issue of the **Historical News**.) The AGM concluded with reports from Member Societies.

The Awards Banquet was well organized and very enjoyable. Musical entertainment of a few old songs, preceded the announcement of winners of the 1992 Writing Competition. Pamela Mar announced that the winner of the Lieutenant Governor's Medal was James R. Gibson of York University, author of **Otter Skins, Boston Ships**, and **China Goods**. Other absentee recipients of Certificates of Merit included Ken Drushka for **Working in the Woods**, Darryl Muralt for **The Victoria and Sidney Railway, 1892-1919**, and Christopher Hanna for Best Article in 1992. Rolf Knight was present to accept his award for his book, **Homer Stevens: A Life in Fishing**. After dinner speaker Robert Matthews spoke of the importance of bringing our history to life with pictures and stories, sharing the rich inheritance of all groups who have lived in this province. The Kamloops Museum Society were thanked for the well planned and managed conference under the leadership of Liz Murdoch, Pat King, and Lila Dyer. A truly happy feeling was obvious in the cluster of friends reluctant to leave.

Corresponding Secretary
Don Sale & Leonard McCann.

Some of the Happy Choristers on stage in Kamloops.

At the Secwepemc Museum - Guide Laura Thomas, Naomi & Peter Miller and other visitors.

NEWS & NOTES

HUDSON'S HOPE TRIBUTE

The ground breaking ceremony for an addition to the Hudson's Hope Library will take place on May 18, the day that Alexander Mackenzie passed this site on his journey of exploration. The library is situated above the Peace River at the mouth of the canyon. This is a place where undoubtably Mackenzie and his crew stopped to view the next part of their journey up the Peace. The Municipality has decided to add a reading room with many windows to take advantage of the view and the sounds of the river. Architects plans and funds are in place. Completion for a ribbon cutting ceremony is scheduled for August 22nd, 1993 concurrent with other community celebrations on the 200th anniversary of Mackenzie's arrival here on his way back from Pacific tidewater.

(This item contributed by Leo Rutledge of Hudson's Hope.)

HERITAGE FARM VISITS

A group of farmers in the Cowichan Valley have arranged to offer weekends to individuals and families interested in experiencing farm life as it was prior to WW1. These farms have been in their families almost 100 years.

Anyone wishing further information can phone Lyle & Fiona Young at Cowichan Bay, (604) 746-7884 for details.

FUR TRADE SYMPOSIUM

The department of history at the University of Victoria is sponsoring a Conference on "Columbia Department Fur Trade" at Dunsmuir Lodge October 1-3, 1993. There are 14 sessions with a total of 36 presentations. This unique conference has a few more openings for attendees at Dunsmuir Lodge.

For information or applications contact Richard Mackie, Jamie Morton, or Sylvia Van Kirk at the University of Victoria, P.O. Box 3045, Victoria, B.C., or phone (604) 721-7382, or fax (604) 721-8772. An international look at our fur trade history!

CERTIFICATE OF APPRECIATION

Your Editor visited writer/cartoonist Ernest Harris shortly after "A Kettle Valley Rail Ride" appeared in Vol. 26:1. So many letters of appreciation arrived to add to the admiration for several cover illustrations that we deemed it logical that Mr. Harris deserved the seldom awarded Certificate of Appreciation. BCHF Vice-President Alice Glanville accompanied Naomi to make this presentation. A lively discussion took place about some stories in Boundary District's past.

BURNABY HERITAGE AWARD

Burnaby Historical Society was presented with a clock for their archives room as a Heritage Award from the City of Burnaby.

A BAILEY/BAYLEY ADDENDUM

Charles Alfred Bayley signed a five year contract with the Hudson's Bay Company in 1850 and came to Victoria on the **Tory** arriving in 1851. On board ship he ran a Library and conducted classes for the children and some adult passengers. Governor James Douglas did not find Bayley useful as a labourer so in 1852 appointed him as schoolmaster for children of the Company's "Labouring class." Bayley was transferred to Nanaimo in 1853 where he taught the miners' children and those of the Company's servants. These children are listed in Bayley's diary held at BCARS and in **Nanaimo Retrospective**. He was to be paid £1 for each child - to be paid by the parent, but was often unable to collect his salary. Disgruntled with the lack of supplies and omission of his salary, he returned to Victoria when his term with HBCo was completed. There he opened a store to sell supplies to gold miners.

While in Nanaimo he boarded with the Andrew Hunter family who had also been on the **Tory** bound for Fort Rupert. The coal venture there was unsuccessful and Douglas moved the workers to Nanaimo. On Christmas eve 1854 Charles Bayley and fifteen year old Agnes Hunter were married by James Douglas on board ship in Nanaimo harbour at 7 p.m. (This is the first recorded marriage in Nanaimo.) Their first child was a boy born in October 1855. Charles Bayley was elected to the Colonial Legislature by a majority of 2 out of the 8 electors for the sitting 1863-65. Representation of Nanaimo was ineffective because Bayley chose to live in Victoria. Due to Charles' ill health the Bayleys sold their Victoria business and moved to the Dalles, Oregon. Later they moved to San Francisco to seek further medical treatment; Charles died 3rd November, 1899.

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Thanks to Peggy Nicholls of Nanaimo.

SHARING OUR HISTORY

B.C. local histories traditionally mention the first Nation tribe or tribes who roamed the sites of our present cities. Many descendants of those people are now well-educated individuals, eager to share their version of pre-colonial history. We appeal to writers of coming publications to consult with band historians when preparing that chapter on aboriginal involvement.

Let us share our Heritage!

This message from Robert Matthews, guest speaker at the BCHF banquet on May 1st, is endorsed and practised by your editor.

A NAVAL CONNECTION

John Wilson, winner of the 1991 BCHF Scholarship, completed his Bachelor of Arts in 1992 and went into service as an officer in HMCS Porte Dauphine in Victoria. He finds the duties challenging and rewarding, but plans to further his studies in history at a future date.

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

H.M.S. Virago in the Pacific, 1851-1855: To the Queen Charlottes and Beyond

G.P.V. Akrigg and Helen B. Akrigg.
Victoria, Sono Nis Press, 1992.
209 p., illus. $21.95

Of the thousands of ships wearing the White Ensign and sailing the distant seas during the era of **Pax Britannica**, Her Majesty's steam sloop **Virago** was but one. The progressions of such vessels on their lonely vigils is sadly lost to history. So much, even disproportionate attention, has been given to ships of discovery and of the great fleets in line-of-battle. But what of the vessels who sought to keep the peace, promote legitimate commerce, end slavery and the slave trades, prevent piracy, support the economic and colonizing activities of parent states and their offshoots, and make seas safe for seaborne commerce by their tedious but important hydrographic duties? Their achievements deserve to be known, not just in what are known as "station histories" of say the Pacific, Australian, or North American and West Indies stations; they deserve to be known in the accounts and interpretations of individual ships, their officers and men. As an historical enterprise, too, such recounting can reveal much about places and peoples visited in the course of a three- or four-year cruise to distant, unfrequented parts of the world.

It is commonplace to say that the outlying ramparts of British influence and obligation were established by the use and control of the sea. Whether the object was trade or colonization, the British imperial ethos was a seaborne matter. Joseph Conrad, in the evocative, brilliant images in the opening pages of **Heart of Darkness**, wrote how the Thames led to "the uttermost ends of the earth." "The tidal current," he continued, "runs to and fro in its unceasing service, crowded with memories of men and ships it had borne to the rest of home or to the battles of the sea." And then, warming to the imperial theme, he added: "Hunters of gold and pursuers of fame, they all had gone forth out on that stream, bearing the sword, and often the torch, messengers of the might within the land, bearers of a spark from the sacred fire. What greatness had not floated on the ebb of that river into the mystery of an unknown earth! ... The dreams of men, the seed of commonwealths, the germs of empire." Such emotions have now passed from our hearts, minds and bodies. Empire, at least as of yesteryear, is but a memory or a nostalgic hangover. Even nationhood seems at risk, and new principalities replace old dominions, and knowledge of country and tradition but a fleeting phase of citizenry and of classroom.

In this era it is not easy to classify the type of book that is under review, for the uninitiated may well ask what indeed was a British warship named after a quarrelsome, shrewish woman (thank you, Mr. Webster) doing poking around the harbours of Tahiti, the Marquesas, Chile, Hawaii, Petropavlovsk and, of particular importance to readers of this journal, Vancouver Island, British Columbia and the Queen Charlotte Islands? This is a segment of a history of a British man-of-war, but it is very much part of a very much larger story that I had the pleasure of examining in my **Royal Navy and the Northwest Coast** (1971), **Gunboat Frontier** (1984), and in several articles. Years ago Longstaff and Lamb made a preliminary excursion into this topic, and in the 1960s Vancouver-born Rear Admiral P.W. Brock, R.N. retired, took up the herculean task of writing for the Maritime Museum of British Columbia the individual histories of individual ships, the **Virago** being one of them. The debt that the Akriggs owe to Admiral Brock is fully acknowledged in this book, and the splendid foresight of the Maritime Museum of British Columbia in funding such research is now again repaid in this fine volume.

Not all British warships were the same in the nature of the officers and non-commissioned officers they carried, and I think it fair to say that the **Virago** was an exception, for many of her officers kept records that have survived. Thus if the scholar wishes to explore the interrelationship of the **Virago** with Eda'nsa (a.k.a. Albert Edward Edenshaw), Haida chief, trader and pilot, that scholar has not only all the known Admiralty papers in London and Victoria but the journals of Paymaster W.H. Hills and especially Master G.H. Inskip and the welcome, first-time used illustrations of Master's Mate W.E. Gordon. James Prevost commanded this paddlewheel steamer, and his contribution to British Columbia was later enlarged by his assistance to William Duncan and the Church Missionary Society.

Because history is essentially a salvage operation of the past, the authors of this work have done an extraordinarily impressive job in bringing to light much of that which was lost in the progressions of this warship from port to port on the imperial mission. At west coast Mexican ports the **Virago** turned "smuggler" — the Mexican government saw the export of silver as illegal, being a drain on their resources, but the British government saw such a practice in a different light and authorized the shipment of specie by order-in-council. In the Queen Charlotte Islands the men of the Virago encountered the aggressive, upwardly mobile chief Eda'nsa. Governor Douglas makes his appearance, and the ship undertakes repairs on the beach at Fort Simpson. We have here a recreation of an aspect of British Columbia life in the mid-1850s. It is to be regretted that this work contains very few footnotes and no bibliography — undoubtedly editorial choices made along the way. This does not challenge the veracity of the authors; it only makes the task of future investigators that will follow in their wake all that more difficult. The work is richly illustrated and, in several instances, adds new visual images to our extensive canvas of the Pacific world at the mid-nineteenth century.

The authors are to be congratulated on another successful venture carried to its logical conclusion. They have tracked down important primary material for this work, especially Inskip's account. More, they have presented an impressive, highly readable Pacific travelogue, one that may induce armchair travellers to venture just a little bit beyond the usual beats. Just like British men-of-war of yesteryear, readers of this fine book will find themselves exploring distant, palm-fringed lagoons and pestilence-ridden Latin American ports — besides the green-grey landscape of Vancouver Island and British Columbia that is, correctly, the focus of this imperial odyssey in miniature.

Barry Gough

Barry Gough is Professor of History at Wilfrid Laurier University, Waterloo, Ont.

Gentleman Air Ace; The Duncan Bell-Irving Story

Elizabeth O'Kiely. Madeira Park,
Harbour Publishing, 1992.
216 p., illus. $29.95

Once in an adventurous lifetime is the theme which covers much ground in the story of World War I and II aviator Duncan Bell-Irving. The biography, written by his daughter, Elizabeth O'Kiely, reveals to the public and particularly historians a fabulous experience and history of not only the air warrior, but of the Bell-Irving family for the past one hundred years.

The recently published book, **Gentleman Air Ace**, is a really well-equipped manuscript of eleven chapters, sprinkled liberally from beginning to end with a collection of family and historical photographs, which in no short measure adds to a very fulfilling reading experience.

Indeed this writer recalls from the distant past the arrival and meeting at a Vancouver west side school in the early thirties, the flyer himself. Following a brief history of the air force to the assembled students, we later joined with thousands of Vancouverites at the official opening of the Vancouver airport in July 1932, where Bell-Irving, from the eyes of this young student, was the star performer.

Elizabeth O'Kiely deserves three cheers for the tremendous effort on her part of giving us the background and detail to a very distinguished record in her recently published book **Gentleman Air Ace.**

Cedric Hawkshaw

Cedric Hawkshaw, a member of the Vancouver Historical Society, is a one-time resident of Lasqueti Island.

The Not So Gentle Art of Burying the Dead. The real story of how cemeteries began in New Westminster

Helen C. Pullem. New Westminster, Bridges to Yesterday Publishing, 1992. 68 p., illus. $12.70

The preface states the writer's purpose in compiling this book. "The first purpose of this book is to entertain ... my prejudices against churches shine through. ... if you're looking for a doctoral thesis about the positive influence of religion, this isn't it."

The book deals primarily with the beginnings of New Westminster's cemeteries during the years 1859–71. Information on two special cemeteries is intriguing. One is that of Woodlands School, the other the Penitentiary's.

Locations of early burial grounds are given, and names of those first buried. Snippets of information regarding the division between Catholics and Protestants are listed, giving insight into the colonial society of the time — a time when churches, which had in the past been responsible for cemeteries, were beginning to turn the responsibility over to governments.

There are maps showing the location of the grounds, pictures of early headstones, early pioneers. Ten pages are devoted to the telling of a "legend", a rather complex tale which begins in Yale in 1860, and ends in New Westminster in 1935. Perhaps one of this book's most intriguing aspects is the listing of the ages and causes of death of many of the deceased, and details such as the fact that convicts who were buried in "Boot Hill" had on their gravemarkers no name, only a number. Death, dying, burial are subjects difficult to make entertaining, but there are indeed enlightening moments in this slim volume.

Kelsey McLeod

Kelsey McLeod is a member of the Vancouver Historical Society.

Nootka Sound Explored: A West Coast History

Laurie Jones. Campbell River, Ptarmigan Press, 1991. 236 p., illus. $34.95

In many respects, Jones's **Nootka Sound Explored** is a superior book, a model in the local history genre, and worthy of the Federation's Certificate of Merit, which it received last year. It is well organised and clearly written, and presented in a handsome format with some useful maps and vivid and appropriate photographs. The shortcomings are of the small and annoying type, which appear all too often in local histories, shortcomings which, with a little care, need not be there.

The geographic region covered by the book is that of the north and west coast of Vancouver Island, from Nootka Sound to Kyuquot Sound, a region somewhat more extensive than that suggested by the title. The non-native communities which developed within the region were, in the main, isolated one from another, and prospered and died because of outside economic forces. There is a surprising, and most interesting, diversity in the industries which, often for but a short time, brought people to particular places in the region: furs in the nineteenth century; fish canning and other fish processing, including a pilchard fishery; mining activities, especially in the vicinity of Zeballos in the 1930s and '40s; and various sectors of the forestry industry, including small independent water-based operations and large company mills at Tahsis and Gold River.

The pulling together into a cohesive unit of such diverse elements is not easily done, yet Jones does so in **Nootka Sound Explored.** The photographs are a great help and complement the textual narrative admirably. They are well chosen and cover the range from general views of the landscape (and seascape) to interior views of the homes of residents. There are good general maps on the endpapers, and several additional maps in the body of the book. Jones has provided a useful bibliography of works consulted and a listing of interviews conducted with people connected to the region. This latter resource formed the basis for particularly impressive chapters on the communities of Tahsis and Gold River.

Given the strengths of the book, the shortcomings are most annoying. As is the case with many local histories, there is a need for severe editing. Why, for example, is the reader subjected to a sentence such as: "In 1871, the colonies of Vancouver Island and the mainland joined together as one province and entered confederation with Canada"? And the author tends to editorialize. "One *unenlightened* canner," we are told on page 68, "pointed out that the Chinese were less trouble and less expense than the whites. They are content with rough accommodation at the cannery. If you employ white people, you have to put up substantial buildings with every modern appliance ... " The reader knows very well what the author is trying to say here, but a good case could be made from the canner's words that he knew very well what he was talking about ... was, in fact, enlightened. Another word is needed here, if the author *must* put in an adjective. On the other hand, why not allow the reader to draw his, or her, own conclusion?

This is the type of book which I will consult again and again, but unfortunately the index will be of limited value. It is inconsistent, incomplete, and too often inaccurate. The photographs, an essential part of the book, are not included, with some surprising exceptions. The "Laing Expedition", for example, mentioned in the legend as the source for a photo reproduced on page 19, is entered; another entry for the expedition, on page 20, is not. Subjects such as "fish processing" and "fox farms" are included; "forestry" and "mining" are not. "Tree Farm License #19" is indexed, but the whole business of tree farm licenses, nicely treated on pages 145–7, is not. The **S.S. Princess Norah** is listed as "Norah, S.S. Princess", similarly the **S.S. Princess Maquinna.**

The maps, like the photos, are good, yet they, the maps, have not been listed in a table of contents. With the exception of the endpaper maps, which presumably one will remember, the reader must search through the book to find them. They are too much a part of the whole to be disregarded in this manner.

Despite these matters, this is a superior work in which the demanding problems of organisation and writing and design have been admirably handled. Member societies thinking of publishing a local history would profit from a close study of **Nootka Sound Explored.**

George Newell

George Newell is a member of the Victoria Historical Society.

Forge in Faith; A History of First Presbyterian Church

Nelson, First Presbyterian Church, n.d. 47 p., illus. $8.00

Tracing the development of the Presbytery since 1888 in the Kootenays, where tides of immigration could presumably create "a wild and godless West", this little booklet weaves historical milestones with personal recollections. **Forge in Faith** is perfunctory in tone, and features a diverting design which seems to randomly follow the salt and pepper school of typography.

Bev Hills

Bev Hills is a bookseller in Kimberley.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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