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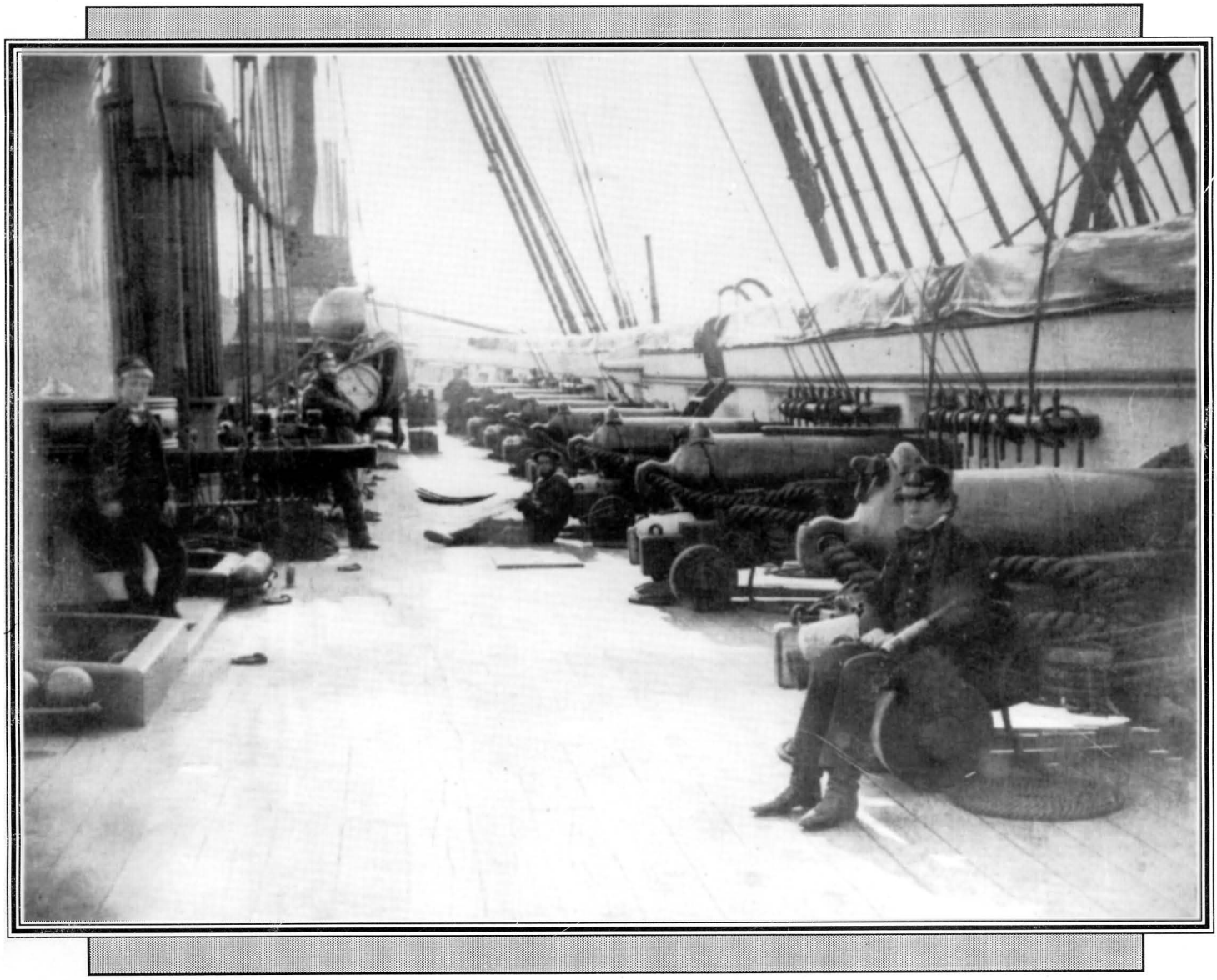
# British Columbia Historical News

Journal of the B.C. Historical Federation



## *Twisting the Lion's Tail*

## 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 the Editor at the addresses inside the back cover. The Annual Return as at October 31 should include telephone numbers for contact.

**MEMBERS' DUES** for the current year were paid by the following Societies:

| | |
|---|---|
| Alberni District Historical Society | Box 284, Port Alberni, B.C. V9Y 7M7 |
| Arrow Lakes Historical Society | Box 584, Nakusp, B.C. V0B 1R0 |
| Atlin Historical Society | Box 111, Atlin, B.C. V0W 1A0 |
| Burnaby Historical Society | 6501 Deer Lake Avenue, Burnaby, B.C. V5G 3T6 |
| Chemainus Valley Historical Society | Box 172, Chemainus, B.C. V0R 1K0 |
| Cowichan Historical Society | P.O. Box 1014, Duncan, B.C. V9L 3Y2 |
| District 69 Historical Society | Box 1452, Parksville, B.C. V9P 2H4 |
| East Kootenay Historical Association | P.O. Box 74, Cranbrook, B.C. V1C 4H6 |
| Gulf Islands Branch, BCHF | c/o A. Loveridge, S.22, C.11, RR#1, Galiano. V0N 1P0 |
| Koksilah School Historical Society | 5203 Trans Canada Highway, Koksilah, B.C. V0R 2C0 |
| Kootenay Museum & Historical Society | 402 Anderson Street, Nelson, B.C. V1L 3Y3 |
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| North Shore Historical Association | 1541 Merlynn Crescent, North Vancouver, B.C. V7J 2X9 |
| North Shuswap Historical Society | Box 22, Celista, B.C. V0E 1L0 |
| Princeton & District Museum & Archives | Box 687, Princeton, B.C. V0X 1W0 |
| Qualicum Beach Historical & Museum Society | 587 Beach Road, Qualicum Beach, B.C. V9K 1K7 |
| Salt Spring Island Historical Society | 129 McPhillips Avenue, Salt Spring Island, B.C. V8K 2T6 |
| Sidney & North Saanich Historical Society | P.O. Box 2404, Sidney, B.C. V8L 3Y3 |
| Silvery Slocan Historical Society | Box 301, New Denver, B.C. V0G 1S0 |
| Surrey Historical Society | 8811 – 152nd Street, Surrey, B.C. V3R 4E5 |
| Trail Historical Society | P.O. Box 405, Trail, B.C. V1R 4L7 |
| Vancouver Historical Society | P.O. Box 3071, Vancouver, B.C. V6B 3X6 |
| Victoria Historical Society | P.O. Box 43035, Victoria North, Victoria, B.C. V8X 3G2 |

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| Boundary Historical Society | Box 580, Grand Forks, B.C. V0H 1H0 |
| Bowen Island Historians | Box 97, Bowen Island, B.C. V0N 1G0 |
| Kamloops Museum Association | 207 Seymour Street, Kamloops, B.C. V2C 2E7 |
| Kootenay Lake Historical Society | Box 537, Kaslo, B.C. V0G 1M0 |
| Lasqueti Island Historical Society | Lasqueti Island, B.C. V0R 2J0 |
| Nanaimo District Museum Society | 100 Cameron Road, Nanaimo, B.C. V9R 2X1 |
| Okanagan Historical Society | Box 313, Vernon, B.C. V1T 6M3 |

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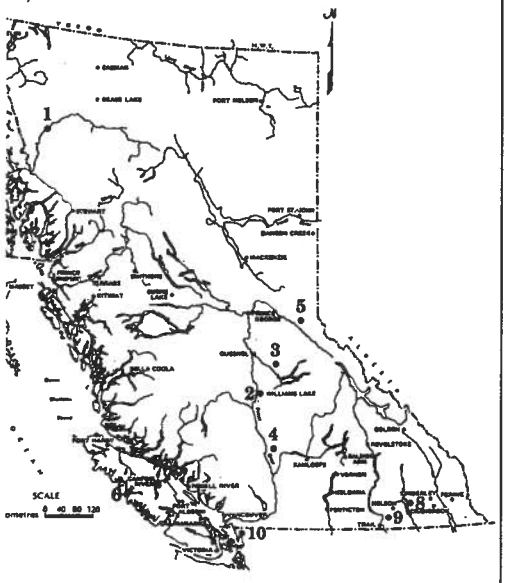
# British Columbia Historical News

Journal of the B.C. Historical Federation

Volume 29, No. 2 Spring 1996


## EDITORIAL

### BRITISH COLUMBIA




1. Telegraph Creek
2. Williams Lake
3. Likely
4. Cache Creek
5. Hutton Mills
6. Nootka Sound
7. Campbell River
8. Gray Creek
9. Castlegar
10. Whatcom

## COVER CREDIT

Depicted is a view of the deck of the HMS **Satellite**. This vessel was an ultramodern screw and sailing corvette with 21 guns and a complement of 325 men under Captain James Charles Prevost. Governor James Douglas despatched the **Satellite** to patrol the entrance to the Fraser River to ensure that all prospectors had cleared customs and purchased a miner's licence in Victoria. This prevented Americans from "Twisting the Lion's Tail."

BCARS #A-00259

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### FEATURES




Manuscripts and correspondence to the editor are to be sent to P.O. Box 105, Wasa, B.C. V0B 2K0.
Correspondence regarding subscriptions is to be directed to the Subscription Secretary (see inside back cover).

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# *Rex vs Davidoff*[1,2]
# *The Last Hanging in B.C., 1951*

## *by Adam C. Waldie*

Early one spring morning of 1951, I was working in the garden of my little rented house in Castlegar when a couple of Doukhobors drove up in a tiny Austin. The conversation went something like this:

"Well, Dr. Waldie, we see you working, but we got some work for you too. "

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"We want you come to Camino Village[3] and see one young fellow. We tink he take poison."

"Is he dead?" I questioned in disbelief.

"We tink so but we want you come and see. "

***The body of Joe Davidoff, 19, in the bed where his cousin had slept with the corpse the previous night. Note the Russian style quilt.***

Photo courtesy Adam Waldie

With that I phoned Constable Bill Howarth of the Castlegar Detachment of the RCMP[4,5], and Dr. Victor Goresky, the local coroner. The three of us drove in the police cruiser over the ferry to Robson, then three miles east to the suspension bridge at Brilliant below the power dam, and two miles back along the south bank of the Kootenay River to Camino Village on the height of land at the confluence of the two rivers, across from the town of Castlegar and near the site of present day Selkirk College.

We were led into a large room on the main floor of one of the twin, two-storey brick houses typical of the Doukhobor village communities. The body of 19 year old Joe Davidoff lay at one side of a double bed in the centre of the room. His cousin appeared at this point, and related how he had been sharing the bed with Joe for a few days. He had come in late the night before, smelt a little vomit, and stayed well to his side of the bed thinking Joe had been drinking. In the morning he spoke to Joe. No answer. So he kicked Joe to wake him, but found Joe was cold and stiff. He had indeed slept that night with a corpse.

I threw back the quilt and found the body clad only in shorts and a green T-shirt. There was a little dribble of vomitus at the corner of the mouth. Rigor mortis had set in and the skin was dusky but there was still warmth in the groins and the armpits. On lifting the shirt a bullet wound was evident on the lower right side of the chest; this appeared to be an entry site but no exit wound could be seen.[6]

***A picture taken by the author at the scene of the crime, May 1951. Note the bullet hole on the right lower chest.***

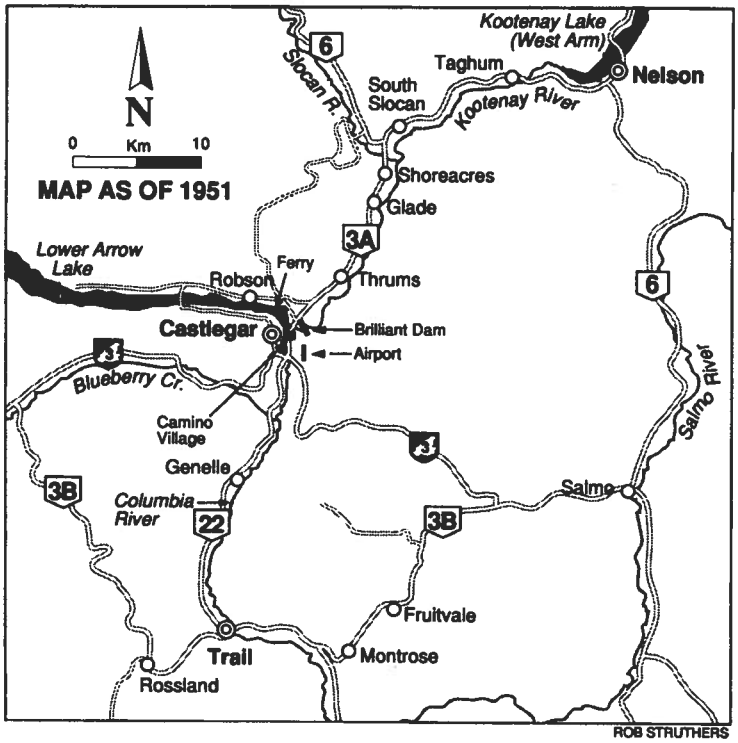
Photo courtesy Adam Waldie

As there were no pathologists in the Kootenays at that time, it was obvious one of my colleagues in the C.S. Williams Clinic at Trail would have to do the autopsy. The body was sent twenty-five miles in to Trail and that evening Dr. Jack Harrigan, who had been out of medical school a year longer than I had, did the post mortem in the back room of Clark's Funeral Home. As he undertook the gruesome task he found that the bullet had torn up the right lateral chest wall, the dome of the liver, the base of the right lung, shattered the spinal column, then passed through the back of the left lung. No exit wound was found and Harrigan thought of sending the body to the hospital for x-rays to see if he could find the slug. At the last moment he found it between the fragments of the left posterior ribs and the skin itself. It had been too spent to pierce the skin (which is highly elastic). As we packed up to go, Jack Bush, the undertaker's assistant, then produced a bottle of rye which quickly disappeared between the four or five of us present.

Who had killed Joe Davidoff? At this point there wasn't a clue, not a hint. Constable Bill Howarth worked day and night on the case, painstakingly interviewing everyone in the village. At the end of the third day, as he was driving back to the scene after supper for still more interviews, he came across the two men who had summonsed me the first morning, their little Austin overturned in the ditch. They were both inebriated but quite aware they had crossed the median and were at risk of being charged with

driving to the common danger. In a patent ploy for leniency the driver dropped a hint of what was to be the breakthrough.

"I hear John Davidoff, Joe's father, had dinner at Polly Argatoff's house that night," he said. Constable Howarth did not charge the man with the driving offence but questioned Polly Argatoff directly. Yes, John Davidoff did have dinner at her home on the night in question, but left about eight o'clock, before anyone else did.




*The Kootenay Columbia area, showing Camino Village, the site of the Davidoff murder in 1951. Since then Highway #3 with bridge has been built. Selkirk College now lies between the Airport and Camino Village. The Hugh Keenlyside Dam and Celgar Pulp Mill have been built on the Lower Arrow Lake two miles west of Robson.*

The next break came unexpectedly from Nelson. A life insurance agent, reading of the murder, recalled that John Davidoff had called to see him in his office the week before to ask if Joe had a life insurance policy, and if he was the beneficiary. Affirmative to both questions. The agent reported the incident to the police and John, already suspect, was taken into custody and charged with the murder of his son.

In the course of his many interviews Constable Howarth had found several young people who said they had seen Davidoff walking down the long hill toward Brilliant Bridge with a sack under his arm. Other people recalled seeing him at the other end of the bridge with nothing under his arm. Staff Sergeant William J. (Bill) McKay of the Trail detachment of the RCMP (later "D" Division) had taken over the investigation and authorized a diving barge to be located downstream from the bridge and a crew of divers with the old brass helmets, hand-pumped compressors and air hoses, to search the river bottom. After two days work they had found nothing and were about to abandon the search. Howarth, in the meantime, was convinced there had to be a gun at the bottom of the turbulent river below the power dam, and set about to re-question the witnesses.

"Are you sure you saw Davidoff coming off the bridge with nothing under his arm?" Howarth asked.

"Yes," was the reply.

"What side?" Howarth asked.

"Right side" was the reply.

"Your right side or my right side?" asked Howarth.

"Your right side," (policeman's), was the answer.

Whether the witnesses were using the idiom of their own language, or whether they were being deferential to the policeman will never be known. However, Howarth and McKay decided that it was worth moving the barge upstream and searching the river bottom on the upper side of the bridge. The divers, on their second try, found a rifle, the ballistic characteristics matching that of the slug recovered from the body. [7]

The preliminary hearings were held in the Legion Hall at Castlegar which had been converted into a temporary courtroom. Much of the testimony was given by Doukhobor people in their own dialect of Russian, but the court interpreter was a man who had been an officer in the Russian Imperial Navy. Polly Argatoff was one of the first witnesses on the stand and testified that John Davidoff had indeed had dinner at her home on the night in question.

"At what time?" she was asked by the prosecutor. She answered in Russian which the interpreter translated as "Just after eight o'clock." There was a loud murmur from the audience and it was apparent there had been a mistake in translation. The Doukhobor people did not use the customary hours in their keeping track of time and Polly's answer literally was "at the time of the second milking of the cow" meaning, in their idiom, just before eight o'clock, not after. At the vigorous objection of A.G. Cameron, defense counsel, the judge dismissed the interpreter on the spot and the hearing was set over a day.

When it was resumed the new interpreter was a clerk from the Land Registry Office in Nelson who had grown up in one of the Doukhobor communities and was aware of the many differences between the Doukhobor dialect and the classical Russian language.[8] The accused was committed for trial in Assize Court in Nelson early in July. With two murder cases on the docket that year, and with the indifferent performance by local counsel in previous assizes, the Chief Justice appointed a well known Vancouver trial lawyer, T.G. Norris (later Mr. Justice Norris) to be Crown Prosecutor. Leo Gansner[9] of Nelson was appointed Assistant. Arthur Garfield Cameron of Trail, a former Rhodes Scholar and mining law expert turned successful criminal lawyer was retained by Davidoff. At the time there was no such thing as legal aid but the appeal court records quote from an affidavit by Cameron and Gordon which swears that the firm took the case "gratis."[10]

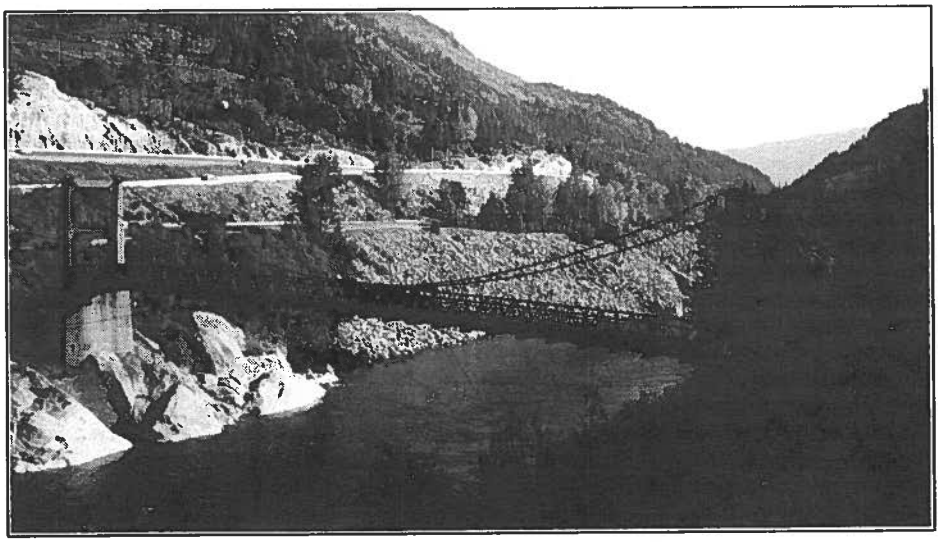
Having been summonsed as a medical witness, I presented myself to Mr. Norris in the library of the Nelson Court House. "Get a copy of Glaister's **Medical Jurisprudence**," he said. "Read the chapters on sudden death, rigor mortis and gunshot wounds and know them thoroughly." The next day I had to protest there was not a copy of that text in the Kootenays, so he threw me the keys to his room in the Hume Hotel and told me to read his copy there.

At the time of my original examination of the body, I had had little or no experience with forensic medicine, but somehow came up with the estimate that the body had been dead between eight and twelve hours. Dr.

Harrigan, on the basis of the appearance of the stomach contents, had estimated the boy had died two hours after his last meal, which was known to be at six p.m. Thus we both guessed, quite independently, that be had died about eight p.m. Lawyer Cameron tried and tried to break our estimates of time of death, but we held by our original evidence. On July 7, 1951 the jury found Davidoff guilty of murder and the judge sentenced him to be hanged on October 2 at Oakalla Prison in Burnaby.

There were two appeals. Firstly Cameron and Gordon gave notice of appeal of the death sentence. At first this was denied by a lower court but the appeal court ruled that there had been technical delays, and the appeal was subsequently allowed.[11]

Before this appeal could be heard, there was a second one involving a request for admission of new evidence. A jeweller in Castlegar by the name of Ozeroff found a young man, Lampard, who claimed to have seen John Davidoff in town earlier in the evening than the time of ten o'clock which had been established in the trial. A last minute all night drive of the new witness in a police car to the coast did not persuade the appeal court that the new evidence was credible, and the appeal was denied.[12]



***Brilliant Bridge today - the Dam is behind the pillar on right. Traffic now crosses on a new bridge 100 yards downstream.***

Execution by hanging took place in Oakalla Jail on December 11, 1951, with Canada's official hangman, "Mr. Ellis," springing the trap door. Twenty four years later Paul St. Pierre wrote a dramatic essay in the Vancouver Sun recalling the details of this last hanging in B.C. which he had attended as a reporter. "Witnessing a hanging did not make me change my mind (about capital punishment) ...time did."[13]

Following this event many stories and rumours filtered up from the community which, if true, would confirm my suspicions that John Davidoff was a dangerous psychopath. I had seen him in the office on several occasions when I had been treating his aged mother who was very ill, and felt that his neglect of her was unpardonable. I was convinced that he had met his just reward, but the whole sordid affair left me with a permanent disgust for capital punishment.

Having worked very closely with Bill Howarth on the case it is my distinct recollection that he did a superb piece of police work in his role in the investigation. Bill McKay was known to be one of the finest police investigators in the province,[14] and together they were responsible for bringing the case to a successful prosecution.

Bill retired in Rossland, B.C., and died in 1987. His widow, Loraine, lives in Nanaimo. His older son Fred was a member of the RCMP detachment at North Battleford when he died prematurely in 1974. His other son, Bill, Jr., was also a member of the force and has retired to Kelowna where he now lives.

*My thanks to The Honourable Mr. Justice Gerald Coultas of the Supreme Court of British Columbia for providing me with the legal citations and photocopies of the decisions of the Appeal Court in 1951. To Mr. Brian Young, Archivist, B.C Provincial Archives, Victoria, for help in trying to run down the original court records which appear to have been lost. To Loraine Howarth of Nanaimo for reviewing the manuscript and telling me the sad lot of the policeman's wife who was not allowed to breathe a word about what everyone else was talking about.. And to David McKay, P.Eng. Arbutus Ridge, Cobble Hill, son of the late Staff Sgt. William McKay, for recalling his father's role in directing the investigation. He recalls his father saying he had to deal with several known murders in the Doukhobor community but this was the only case in which they were able to get a conviction. (The Appeal Court admitted this was entirely on circumstantial evidence, BCCA, op cit, p.389). To Rebecca Wigod, Medical Reporter for the Vancouver Sun, for obtaining a copy of the Paul St. Pierre article for me. To Ms. Naomi Miller, Editor of the B.C. Historical News, for having to deal with so many final versions of the ms. Corrections and additions kept dribbling in long after I thought I had submitted the last word. And last, but not least, to my son, Dan, a printer at the* ***Victoria Times Colonist****, for the endless hours he has spent trying to teach me to use the computer as a typewriter.*

***Bio Note: Dr. Waldie has recently retired from a medical practice in Vancouver and feels he is old enough to become more interested in history.***

Footnotes:

BCCA - British Columbia Court of Appeal

1. Rex vs Davidoff (No. 1) 1951, 13 CR 383 BCCA
2. Rex vs Davidoff (No. 2) 1951, 13 CR 389 BCCA
3, 4 Referred to as "the second Ostrow village County of Kootenay" in the Appeal Court decision noted above, page 384.
5. The B.C. Police had been taken over by the RCMP August 15, 1950 but the men were still wearing the uniforms and insignia of the former force.
6. The quilt, significantly, had a bullet hole with powder burns, indicating the rifle had been fired at close range, thus muffling the sound of any gunshot.
7. Jack Duggan, RCMP (ret) was a member of the Trail Detachment at the time, and was one of the divers on the barge. He relates that McKay had a rifle painted white, threw it into the river from the upstream side of the bridge as a marker, and the divers located the murder weapon near the white rifle on their second dive. The flood gates on the nearby dam were shut down for a short period (maximum of two hours) to facilitate the underwater search.
8. According to Jack Duggan this man remained official government interpreter for Doukhobor trials for many years afterwards.
9. Deceased, 1994.
10. BCCA, op cit, p.385, (quoting from an affidavit by defense counsel giving reasons for seeking appeal,) para. 12, 14. Para. 15 is interesting, and bears quotation: "that the said firm of Cameron & Gordon are prepared to act as counsel for the said Davidoff *gratis* due to the fact that they believe the verdict of the jury and the conviction of the said John M. Davidoff was not supported by the evidence adduced at trial."
11. BCCA, op cit, p.388.
12. BCCA op cit, p.394.
13. **Vancouver Sun**, November 27, 1975.
14. According to Jack Duggan, in personal communication quoted above.

# *Twisting the Lion's Tail: The 1858 Fort Victoria Riot*

## *by Lindsay E. Smyth*

Two Argonauts recently arrived from California—one an American, the other English—stood on the deck of a small vessel that had just sailed out of Victoria enroute to the "New Eldorado," at the crest of the 1858 Fraser River Gold Rush. "On one side the mighty Olympian mountains reared their white peaks heavenward," recalled Thomas Seward—the British-born member of the pair—when he penned his reminiscences half a century later; "on the other the low but rugged and picturesque hills of Vancouver Island marked the western boundary of the British Empire. Pointing towards Vancouver Island, my companion, half seriously, half jocularly, remarked that if the country proved as rich as reported, it would soon be under the same flag as the Territory of Washington, just across the water. The remark nettled me, as I had always been staunchly British, and I replied: "Well, you'll have to do some damned hard fighting to get it."

*Governor James Douglas.* BCARS #2653

In a nutshell, the foregoing account illustrates the most volatile bone of contention affecting the social relations of the two conflicting camps of Anglo-American miners participating in the stampede which ultimately gave birth to British Columbia, as 30,000 men of various ethnic origins made the pilgrimage up from California that same spring and summer. "The invading army was composed almost entirely of Americans," Seward writes, "the majority of whom... were animated with no friendly feeling towards the British nation, of whose wealth and power they were jealous." "After the great influx of men from California," he further declares, "it would have been an easy matter—at least so it was thought by thousands of American citizens—to have swamped the government" and "completely Americanize"[1] the sparsely settled and largely unorganized territories that now comprise Canada's westernmost province.

As far as Governor James Douglas was concerned, the threat of annexation was all too familiar. According to the terms of an 1818 Treaty between Great Britain and the United States the two nations had agreed to share what was then known as the Oregon Country, stretching between present-day California and Alaska—or in geographic terms, between 42° and 54° 40' north latitude. Foreseeing the possibility that a future boundary might be set at the 49th parallel, in 1843 the Hudson's Bay Company (HBC) had sent Douglas to establish Fort Victoria on the southern tip of Vancouver Island, that it might serve as their new western headquarters in the event that they had to abandon Fort Vancouver on the Columbia River, and substitute the Fraser as the main route to their chain of trading posts in the Interior Northwest.

The move came at an appropriate time, for in the following year, 1844, James Polk was elected to the presidency on the infamous slogan "Fifty-Four Forty or Fight." Obsessed with the belief that it was the "Manifest Destiny" of the young Republic to expand its rule over the whole of the Continent, American expansionists were demanding all of the Pacific Slope lying south of the Russian Possessions, and they were threatening to go to war with Great Britain to achieve that end. At the same time, however, they were aspiring to annex Mexican Possessions in California and Texas. Consequently, when the British responded by sending a squadron of warships to "show the flag" on the Northwest Coast, fearful that their country might become simultaneously embroiled in wars with both Britain and Mexico, the Americans in 1846 agreed to compromise on the 49th parallel as the final line. Nevertheless, in 1849 the Crown deemed it necessary to create the Colony of Vancouver Island (under management of the HBC) for the express purpose of forestalling American penetration of their Possessions on the Pacific Northwest—Chief Factor Douglas having been installed as Governor of the same shortly thereafter.

In justifying their failure to annex the whole of the Oregon Country, it became fashionable with the Americans to dismiss the lands ceded to Britain as one of the most worthless tracts on the planet, a barren mountainous wasteland suited for naught but savages and wild beasts. And so the British Frontier—now greatly reduced—was left to the peaceful pursuit of the fur trade for another decade until that fateful day in 1858 when news reached the outside world that rich gold deposits had been discovered on Fraser River, and once again the cry of "54-40 or Fight" was raised throughout the land.

A popular contemporary poem entitled "Fraser River,." in which U.S. President James Buchanan and Secretary of State Lewis Cass are referred to as "Buck and Cass," expresses the sentiment of many thousands of Ameri-

can emigrants who overran the British Possessions during the gold excitement of 1858:

When news gets where Buck and Cass is,
Johnny Bull can go where grass is,
He may rant and rave to foaming,
It will never stop our coming.
Soon our banner will be streaming,
Soon the eagle will be screaming,
And the lion—see it cowers,
Hurrah, boys, the river's ours.[2]

Far from "going where grass is," Johnny Bull—as represented by James Douglas—had other plans. At first, motivated by a concern that immigrant miners would have "a hankering in their minds after annexation to the United States" and "never cordially submit to British rule,"[3] the Governor toyed with the idea of barring their entrance altogether. "I should be glad to keep those parties out of the British Territory," he writes to the Home Authorities under date of March 22, 1858, "and would undertake with a very moderate force to accomplish that object, as the avenues to the country are few, and might be easily guarded."[4] By mid May, however, following the inconceivably sudden eruption of the stampede, he was forced to the sober realization that "to prevent the entrance of those people... is, perhaps, altogether impossible with any force that could be collected within a reasonable time."[5]

Making the best of a hazardous situation, this bold British Lion next sought to "assert the rights of the Crown, protect the interests of the Hudson's Bay Company, and.. .draw the whole trade of the Gold District"[6] through British channels. In order to accomplish these ends he instituted a licensing system and despatched a gunboat, HMS **Satellite**, to patrol the entrance to the river. By at first making the requisite mining licenses and customs clearances available only at Victoria, Douglas reasoned, the British port "would thus become a depot and centre of trade for the gold district, and the natural consequence would be an immediate increase in the wealth and population of the Colony."[7] As a final master stroke, he planned to implement regular steamship service between Victoria and the gold mines on the Lower Fraser, on condition that the American-owned vessels he solicited for the job carry no other merchandise but that of the British Monopoly.

Victoria's main rival in the quest for commercial supremacy soon developed to be the new boomtown of Whatcom on Bellingham Bay, where American entrepreneurs began constructing a trail to the mines in an effort to circumvent British revenue officers guarding the mouth of the Fraser. Exploiting the anti-British sentiment of the emigrants, the boosters and speculators who now sought to make Bellingham Bay the "great Northern City of the Pacific"[8] declared "every American miner who has the least spark of national pride" should "avoid Victoria, and every thing that is British."[9]

Accordingly, as "the first feeling after the gold discoveries became known in California, was to give the preference to ANY American port.. so as to avoid the English one,"[10] it initially appeared that Whatcom would gain the ascendancy over Victoria. Describing the scene in early June, a correspondent of the California press reports: "Bellingham Bay presents the appearance of San Francisco in the memorable days of '49. It is constantly covered with boats of every size and description. The shores are alive with the stir and activity incident to such exciting times. " All this prosperity was not to be without its dark side, however, for along with the basically honest and industrious tide of humanity funnelled through whichever port gained the ascendancy came the gamblers, thieves and swindlers inexorably drawn by the yellow root of evil; "those vultures who ever hover about where there is a carcass to prey upon... Their nefarious operations are performed as in California in '49, publicly and boldly. Faro banks, monte banks, and their concomitants are in full blast."[11] "Whatcom is.. as near like the City of Sodom of old as ever a town could well become," testifies another observer. "Vice and immorality of every description is practiced there at noon-day, which will require the firm arm of a vigilance committee to arrest."[12]

By mid-June, as Douglas's strategy began taking effect, the tide of emigration now turned towards Victoria. On June 10, following the maiden voyage of the side-wheeler **Surprise** direct from Victoria to the mining district with 500 men, a sojourner at "Bedlam Bay" reports: "The whole town of Whatcom is one set of speculators... to-day, when the **Surprise** came back from Fort Hope, and brought the news that she will go from Victoria to Fort Hope hereafter, it seemed as if they had all been knocked in the head."[13] Writing from Esquimalt Harbour (adjacent to Victoria) on June 12, another newly arrived gold-seeker declares: "The Bellingham Bay trail is a failure, they are unable to get through. . . Whatcom must necessarily 'go in,' as it is not to be supposed that the crowd will land there and then pay... to return to Victoria to get their clearance to go up the river."[14] By June 30, the newly founded **Victoria Gazette** was in a position to boast: "But a short time since, two thirds of the Fraser river immigration landed at Bellingham Bay. Now four-fifths of the newcomers stop at Victoria."

The stampede reached its climax in early July, when on a single memorable day — July 8 — two California steamers disembarked 2,800 newcomers, and the floating population of the colonial backwater, which had amounted to perhaps 500 souls in April, soared to 10,000. "So far none but miners.. .or men of small means had made their appearance," recalls one of the early arrivals, "but merchants and people of standing, who had so far hesitated, now began to arrive... These 'big bugs' 'were closely followed by another class, and Victoria was assailed by an indescribable array of Polish Jews, Italian fishermen, French cooks, jobbers, speculators of every kind, land agents, auctioneers, hangers on at auctions, bummers, bankrupts, and brokers of every description. . . To the above list may be added a fair seasoning of gamblers, swindlers, thieves, drunkards, and jail birds, let loose by the Governor of California for the benefit of mankind, besides the halt, lame, blind and mad. In short, the offscourings of a population containing, like that of California, the offscourings of the world..."[15]

Inevitably, as Victoria gained the ascendancy over her American rival, the more unruly elements amongst this "motley inundation of immigrant diggers"[16] descended upon the town in overwhelming numbers. "The new-found mineral wealth of British Columbia had attracted from California some of the most reckless rascals that gold has ever given birth to," writes Lieutenant R.C. Mayne of HMS **Plumper**. "Strolling about the canvas streets of Victoria might be seen men whose names were in the black book of the Vigilance Committee of San Francisco, and whose necks would not, if they ventured them in that city, have been worth an hour's purchase."[17]

Foremost amongst the latter was the notorious Edward McGowan, who shortly after would gain a place for himself in the history books in consequence of the bloodless affair known as "Ned McGowan's War," at which time he and his fellow annexationists vainly conspired to create a disturbance on Fraser River which would "bring on the fight and put an end to the long agony and public clamor... that our boundary line must be

*Lieutenent Charles Wilson, Royal Engineer, served as Secretary to the British Boundary Commission. He outfitted himself in frontier garb to post for this picture c.1858.*

BCARS #3775

'fifty-four forty or fight.'" This "born instigator" arrived in Esquimalt Harbour aboard the steamer **Pacific** on the evening of July 3, having but recently escaped an attempt on his life by several policemen who had sworn to kill him, while passing through San Francisco enroute to the Fraser. Taking advantage of the captain's absence on shore next day, McGowan manned the vessel's two small signal guns with a crew of filibusters direct from General Walker's disastrous Nicaraguan campaign, and proceeded to fire off a 100 gun salute in honour of the Fourth of July. "As volley after volley peeled out," McGowan recounts, "down on the beach came hundreds of Indians and others, subjects of Great Britain, as well as our own inquisitive 'Yankees,' not knowing what was up. An English man-of-war was lying off in the harbor, and no one for a moment but imagined we were bombarding the town or bearding the lion in his den. It was soon explained to the inhabitants that it was the great American holiday. . .and that we had a fashion of celebrating it and getting jolly, no difference in what country or clime we were sojourning."[18]

McGowan was undoubtedly aware of the consternation that his unexpected salvo would create, as the alarming news that a war between Great Britain and the United States was imminent had only just reached Victoria, following publication of a fictitious report in the Eastern and California press that "a British cruiser had fired into an American vessel and that one man was killed."[19] The facts, as later revealed, were that the over-zealous captain of a British man-of-war hunting for illegal slave-traders in the Gulf of Mexico had forced an American merchant ship to lie to so as to exercise the "right of search." Before the matter was clarified, however, the **San Francisco Herald** of June 9, 1858, had stated: "A collision with the British... seems to be inevitable... The most intense excitement prevails throughout the whole of the Eastern States on the subject, and nothing but the most ample atonement on the part of Great Britain can prevent a war."

The alleged incident provided just the excuse that annexationists were looking for in order to open hostilities against the virtually defenceless British Possessions on the Northwest Coast. Under heading of THE FRAZER EXODUS AND ITS ULTIMATE RESULTS, a letter appearing in the **San Francisco Bulletin** of June 21, 1858, declares:

"Americans and Englishmen cannot mix, and but little will be needed there on Frazer river to provoke a crisis—a sort of independent California fight which will involve the two nations... It is not altogether an idle dream.. .to look forward to the day when the.. 10,000 Americans now on the way to Frazer river might become the conquerors of Vancouver Island, and another bright star thereby be added to the American constellation. Would not Americans throughout the length and breadth of our continent thunder a welcome to the new state of Vancouver?"

The volatile nature of the situation which arose at this time is further illustrated by the words of William Bausman, a veteran California journalist who came up on the same boat as McGowan to found the short-lived **Northern Light** at Whatcom on July 3. Denouncing those who preferred to locate at Victoria as "mercenaries" in the first edition of his paper under that date, he declares: "But we have many of the right kind of Americans left. The first intelligence that is borne to their ears of an actual encounter with the British Lion, they will take the American standard in their hands, and advance to the outer verge of 54 40 - and fight!"

It has been asserted that meanwhile, in Victoria, Ned McGowan "gathered a gang about him. . and announced that he was going to hoist the Stars and Stripes over the place."[20] Describing the scene, one contemporary observes: "Frequently men might be seen crying through the streets that they were 'true Americans' or singing and shouting about the 'Stars and Stripes'; American flags, too, were plentiful."[21] If the star-spangled Lion-tamers thought that they were simply going to waltz right on in and usurp Governor Douglas's authority, however, they soon realized that they were underestimating the mettle of their man. This fact is well illustrated by an anecdote told by Mayne, and which almost certainly refers to an interview "of brief duration" which McGowan had with "his Excellency" about this time:

A blustering Yankee went to the Governor apparently with the notion of bullying him, and began by asking permission for a number of citizens of the United States to settle on some particular spots of land. They would be required, he was informed, to take the oaths of allegiance.

"Well," said he, "but suppose we came there and squatted?"

"You would be turned off."

"But if several hundred came prepared to resist, what would you do?"

"We should cut them to mince-meat, Mr. -----; we should cut them to mince-meat."[22]

Although McGowan, after stirring up a great deal of trouble, was shortly requested by the Authorities to leave, departing Britannia's shores for Whatcom on July 19, the stage

had now been set for the dramatic events which followed. And although Governor Douglas spoke and acted as if he had forces to rival those of Xerxes at his instant command, the only bulwark now standing between the Lion and the aggressive American Eagle was the slight handful of bluejackets and marines stationed aboard the warships **Satellite** and **Plumper**, and without whose presence at the advent of the stampede the territorial claims of the British would have been unsupportable. Despite the fact that the purpose behind the attendance of the Royal Navy at this time was to commence work on the International Boundary Survey, Douglas knew that he could call on their support to uphold the civil power in the event of an emergency. A further accession of strength was gained by the timely arrival of HMS **Havannah** on July 12, conveying a small detachment of Royal Engineers assigned to survey the exact location of the 49th parallel—a matter which had gained sudden prominence in consequence of the gold discoveries. (The **Havannah** itself did not remain long in port, for fear that crewmembers might desert to the goldfields.)

The diary of Lieutenant Charles Wilson, Secretary to the newly arrived Boundary Commission, furnishes a picturesque description of this lively period in Victoria's history, when for a brief period the usual stringency with which British Law ruled was "turned quite upside down," as the quiet metropolis of the fur trade was suddenly transformed into "a regular San Francisco in '49." "The bowie knife and revolver which every man wears are in constant requisition," Wilson records during his first few days in port. "You are hardly safe without arms and even with them, when you have to walk along paths, across which gentlemen with a brace of revolvers each, are settling their differences; the whiz of revolver bullets round you goes on all day and if any one gets shot of course it's his own fault."[23]

"In all directions were canvas tents," recounts Wilson's colleague, naturalist John Keast Lord, portraying the Capital City at this time. "The rattle of the dice-box, the droning invitation of the keepers of the monte-tables, the discordant sounds of badly played instruments, angry words, oaths too terrible to name, roystering songs with noisy refrains, were all signs significant of the golden talisman that met me on every side, as I elbowed my way amidst the unkempt throng, that were waiting means of conveyance to take them to the auriferous bars of the far-famed Fraser River."[24]

Quite naturally, as Victoria had thus suddenly become the main gateway to the goldfields, the "City of Canvas" now experienced a crime wave the magnitude of which the civil authorities were totally unprepared to deal with. "The number of burglaries and robberies of all descriptions committed in this town, is becoming very considerable," laments the **Victoria Gazette** of July 10, 1858. "Doubtless, many of the old San Francisco professional thieves have taken the 'Fraser river fever', and are now here, practising their old tricks."

Prior to the arrival of the stampeders the community had been policed by a single officer—Sheriff Muir. Subsequently, immediately upon the advent of the rush in the spring of 1858, Governor Douglas had attempted to seek out a number of loyal British subjects from amongst the ranks of the immigrants, with which to form a constabulary. It appears that the best that he could do at this time, however, was to swear in "a number of special constables... to keep the peace," for as Thomas Seward recollects, "none of the miners wished to be appointed policemen.... Our sole ambition was to prospect the Fraser in the hope of... making our fortunes and returning to California."[25]

Consequently the Governor, who was himself reputedly a mulatto, hit upon the novel idea of forming a permanent constabulary composed of "gentlemen of color" - British subjects of Jamaican origin, who were part of the recent immigration of Negro colonists that had come from California "to enjoy that liberty under the 'British Lion' denied beneath the pinions of the American Eagle."[26] Needless to say, Douglas's action in this matter was a slap in the face to the lawless spirits of California, virulent discrimination against Blacks forming a prominent part of the cultural baggage that the gold-seekers brought with them to the English Colony.

Equipped with blue coats, batons, high hats and red sashes, the dozen or so stalwart young men recruited to form this pioneer police force soon began to assist Sheriff Muir in the challenging task of attempting to uphold the law presumably on or about July 17, the date on which the **Gazette** notes: "Mr. Augustus Pemberton has been appointed Commissioner of Police."

Fortunately, the better element amongst the foreign population were quite willing to submit themselves to the British system of law and order, finding it a refreshing change to the scenes of riot and bloodshed which characterized the mining frontier south of the border—where all too often the six-gun was law, and "Judge Lynch" the final arbitrator. Commenting upon a new law to the effect that, as of the following day, it would be illegal to carry "Firearms or other dangerous weapons.. in the streets of Victoria,"[27] the American-owned **Victoria Gazette** of July 28, 1858, remarks: "We are glad to see this action on the part of the authorities, as the practice of each man carrying a six-shooter slung to his side in a peaceful community like this is entirely unnecessary, and liable to serious abuse."

Under the same date, the local tabloid observes: "There are very stringent laws here for the suppression and punishment of gambling, and we learn that Sheriff Muir is determined to enforce the statute in all cases. A day or two ago, several persons were arrested accused with this offence, but were discharged in consequence of the mixed character of the evidence, and the fact that this was the first case. Hereafter there will be no mercy shown the gentlemanly black-legs who have done so much to bring disgrace upon some of the towns which have sprung into existence within the last few months, but who have, so far, given Victoria a pretty wide berth.""

Again on July 30, under the heading GAMBLERS, PROSTITUTES HAD BETTER 'VAMOOSE,' the **Gazette** reports: "Sheriff Muir is after the gamblers and loose women, giving them little peace, and it is altogether probable that they will find Victoria too hot a place for them. A whole house full of cyprians were arrested the other day and only set free upon condition to quit the country immediately. Others have been quietly notified to leave, and are preparing to take the first steamer back to San Francisco, behaving themselves in the meantime."

If, as Mayne asserts, Governor Douglas had been looking for an opportunity to "'make an exhibition of force. . .that should effectually tame the more unruly of the strange, heterogenous population that had placed themselves under his rule,"[28] one can imagine that the annexationists and criminal elements were equally eager to force a confrontation that might result in the overthrow of the government, before the further accession of troops from the Home Country. The showdown came on the evening of Friday, July 30, when an outrage occurred which the **Gazette** describes as "the first major challenge to British law and order."[29]

The trouble began about 8 p.m., when the

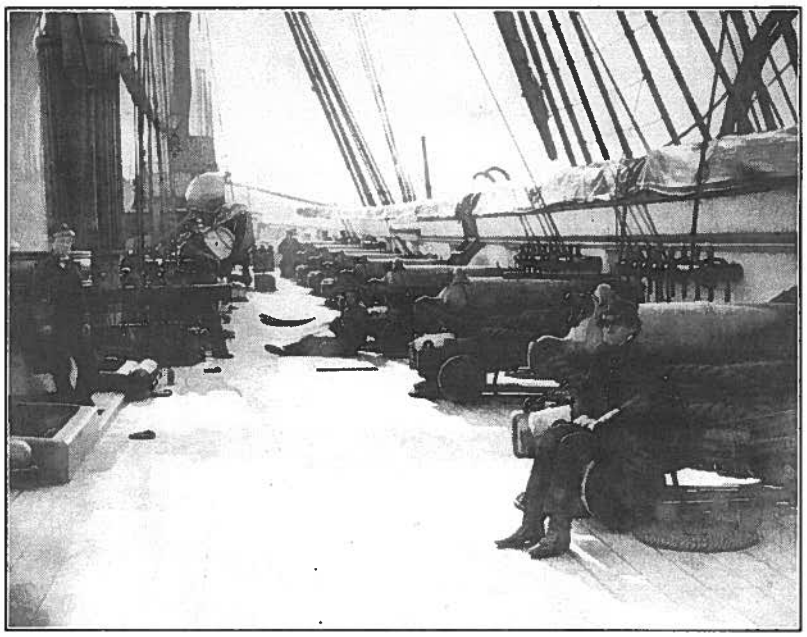
police attempted to restrain a man named John Robinson, after being called to a house on Johnson Street where the American sailor "had become so intoxicated as to damage the property of the owner."[30] Robinson, resenting the interference of "a nigger policeman,"[31] responded by "knocking down" one of the coloured officers "for his insolence," an action which "led to the arrest of the sailor"[32] by Sheriff Muir.

"The fellow resisted," notes the **Gazette** of the following day, "and on the officer's attempting to drag him along towards the fort, he cried out to the crowd who had by this time collected round, to rescue him. A party of his friends came to his assistance, and by means of pushing and shoving... succeeded in taking him from the custody of the officers... We understand that Sheriff Muir was pretty roughly handled, being knocked down in the scuffle."'

The **Vancouver Island Gazette**, a newly founded government organ, reports that the endeavours of the police to carry Robinson to the Station House "were at first retarded by the outrageous conduct of a mob of persons, composed of at least 2500 individuals."[33]

"Forming in a procession four abreast and about 1,000 strong," recalls pioneer Victoria resident Frank Sylvester, "they carried Robinson down through the town, put him in a small boat, and sent him out to a sloop called the **Wild Pigeon**, to get him away from town, as they feared it would go hard with him. The wind was unfavorable and she was delayed near the mouth of the harbor..."[34]

Evidently about the same time, a lone constable had run into a difficulty with comic overtones on the Johnson Street Bridge. After noting that the miners "at once declared war'" on the coloured policemen, a pioneer historian states that they carried their enmity so far "as to threaten to throw one of the objectionable officers into the harbor" when Police Chief Pemberton "entered between the ranks of the rioters and by his quiet determination compelled them to release the prisoner."[35] Probably alluding to this same incident, a contemporary writer says the rowdies "deprived the constable of his baton, stripped off his uniform, and sent him to police headquarters in his drawers!"[36]



*HMS Satellite: 21 gun ultra-modern screw frigate, 1,462 tons, compliment of 325 men, Captain James Charles Prevost.*

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Events took a much more serious turn when, in the excitement of the moment, the crowd "proposed to hoist the American flag over the old Hudson Bay Company's fort"[37] and take Victoria. "Discovering the volcanic embers by which the affair was beset,"[38] at about 9 p.m. Governor Douglas despatched a rider to the barracks at Esquimalt, with a requisition to send an armed force to his assistance. As the main body of Royal Engineers - some 50 men - prepared to march round by land, steam was with all haste got up aboard the survey ship **Plumper**. As luck would have it, the small man-of-war (484 tons) had but recently returned from Point Roberts, whence she had been employed in the service of the Boundary Commission. "The men were soon turned out and got on board," Charles Wilson records in his diary. "It was very exciting when we came in sight of the town and the order was given to load and the ship's guns run out and cleared for action."[39]

"Upon the quarter-deck," recounts Lieutenant Mayne, "small arm companies were having ammunition served out to them; forward, the ship's blacksmith was casting bullets by the score; while our doctor was spreading out his cold, shining instruments upon the ward-room table, and making arrangements for the most painful surgical operations with that grave, business sangfroid, which is no doubt caused by a benevolent desire to show the fighting men what is in the opposite scale to honour and glory."[40]

Arriving at the mouth of Victoria Harbour shortly after dark, the **Plumper** dropped anchor as her four ship's boats were lowered over the sides "manned by some fifty marines and forty blue jackets,"[41] armed and prepared for battle. Recalling the trepidation with which the rescue force approached shore under a bright moon, Lieutenant Wilson states "if there had been any resistance there would have been very few of us not knocked over. Luckily, however, we found that... the mob had dispersed."[42] Evidently alarmed at the prospect of being "cut to mince-meat," the unruly rabble had swiftly dispersed upon learning that a gunboat had been summoned from Esquimalt to quell the riot.

Having been informed of the whereabouts of Robinson, Police Chief Pemberton together with Sheriff Muir and three constables now made their way to the sloop **Wild Pigeon** aboard a hired vessel, escorted by a small military detachment in one of the **Plumper's** boats, who stood by to assist "in case any resistance was made to the civil authority." In short order the schooner (of which Robinson was mate) was boarded, the sleepy, drunken sailor dragged out of the hold, and recaptured "by the same officers from whom he had been rescued,"[43] together with some other ringleaders in the affair. After seeing that the prisoners were securely conveyed to the bastion, the British forces celebrated their bloodless victory with a collation at the fort, hosted by the Governor. As for the **Plumper**, she was hauled up close to the stockade and temporarily stationed there as a security measure against further uprisings.

On the following day "the prisoners were brought before... Police Commissioner Pemberton, who in appropriate language condemned the lawlessness of their acts, and declared the determination of Her Majesty's Officers to enforce obedience to the authorities at all risks, even if it were necessary to proclaim martial law. The government here had the power and intention of maintaining the supremacy of the law, and were determined to visit all those with the strictest se-

verity who endeavored to subvert the authority of the governing powers."[44] Paradoxically, the prisoners received remarkably lenient penalties - "Robinson was fined $10, his 2 friends $50 each plus costs."[45]

Commenting upon the successful outcome of the affair, the **Vancouver Island Gazette** remarks: "It is to be hoped that this exhibition of civil and naval forces will for the future check all attempts at insubordination, and create the wholesome impression in the minds of the visitors that no infraction of the laws, however slight, will be considered or treated as a joke, when it is known that this wanton irruption upon the good order of our Town might have plunged us into evils which all good men would most seriously deplore."[46]

One minor victory that the foreign population did gain in consequence of the incident was that, in view of their dissatisfaction with the hue of the constabulary, Douglas abruptly decided to dispense with the services of the coloured police force, and replace them with White officers.

Shortly after, word reached the Colony that the English Government had formally apologized to the United States for the aggressive action of the British squadron in the Gulf of Mexico, thus undermining the aspiration of some immigrants that an unprovoked assault upon "British Oregon" would meet with the official sanction of Washington. "By the last news from New York you will learn that John Bull has backed down from the right of search," declares the California correspondent of the **Victoria Gazette** in their August 10, 1858, edition - "So you will have to 'wait a little longer' before you can be annexed to Uncle Sam's dominions."

Fortunately for the future Dominion of Canada, at that very moment the Imperial Government was instituting vigorous measures to ensure that the new gold district would remain under the British flag. Accordingly, on August 2, 1858, Parliament endorsed an Act calling for the establishment of British Columbia. In a Speech from the Throne delivered that same day, Queen Victoria expressed her desire that the new Colony on the Pacific would be "but one step in the career of steady progress by which Her Majesty's dominions in North America may ultimately be peopled in one unbroken chain, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, by a loyal and industrious population of subjects of the British Crown."[47]

In recognition of his unique ability in handling a potentially volatile set of circumstances, James Douglas was invited to formally extend his authority over the new Mainland Colony on condition that he sever his ties with the HBC, which was then under fire for perpetuating an archaic monopoly that was thought to be retarding the development of the country. Although Douglas accepted the position without hesitation, he expressed open disdain for those Members of Parliament "who ought to remember that England owes her possessions on the North West Coast entirely to the enterprising exertions of the Hudson's Bay Company, who wrested them from the grasp of foreign merchants, and have held them ever since at their own expense, a circumstance entirely overlooked by the gentlemen who appear so anxious to terminate the Company's rule."[48]

Despite the tendency of certain historians in recent years to belittle the role that Douglas himself played in these epic events, there can be but little doubt that Canada as we now know it simply would not exist were it not for the opportune guidance provided by this strong-willed British Lion. "Wise and sagacious was the projector of British commerce and supremacy in these seas,"' said one of his foremost opponents, the American annexationist Elwood Evans.

"He merited the compliment he received—the commission as first governor of British Columbia, and the honors of knighthood.'"

No two ways about it—Sir James Douglas had saved the day!

***Bio Note: The author spends his summers prospecting near Telegraph Creek and winters researching in the archives in Victoria to prepare articles like this.***

Footnotes: References to a number of newspaper quotations, wherever the dates form an integral part of the story, are self-evident within the text. Wherever the **Gazette** is cited without further clarification, the reference is to the **Victoria Gazette** of 1858.

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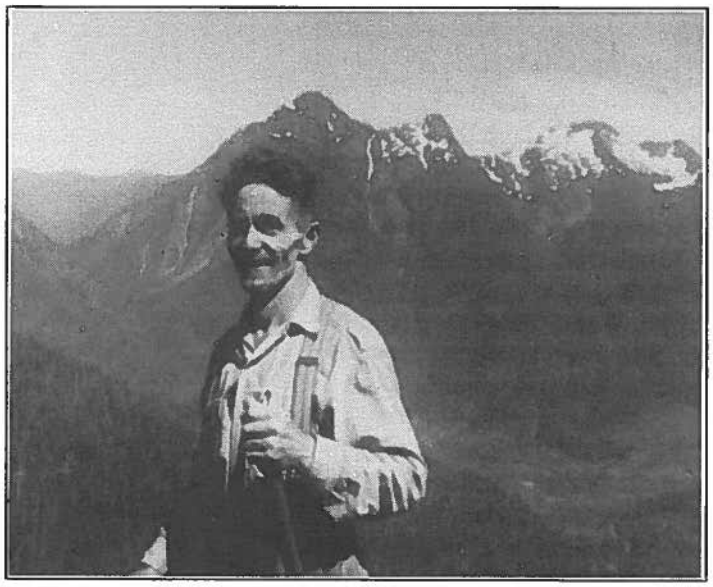
# *Nootka Sound's Andy Morod: Trapper, Prospector, Environmentalist*

## *by Eleanor Witton Hancock*

In 1932 a Swiss man arrived in Nootka Sound on the west coast of Vancouver Island. He was 31 years old. The life he chose proved demanding, the climate was harsh, he suffered tremendous disappointment. Yet Andy Morod became Nootka Sound's greatest environmentalist. His mining claims at Zeballos eventually became his home. He died at Zeballos in 1983, age 82.

Andy Morod [pron. Mo-ROD] was born in Switzerland in 1901 and grew up, speaking French, on farms in the Alps. He was small and wiry, with dark brown hair and clear brown eyes. He served his stint in the citizen army and, an excellent skier, won a medal for ski patrol. He emigrated to Canada in 1922. The population of Canada was then some nine million.



*1961 - Andy Morod on the Barnacle claims with Rugged Mountain in background, N.W. of Zeballos.*

It was another 10 years before he reached Nootka Sound. He had become a commercial fisherman, but the Great Depression hit resource industries severely and in 1932 he was employed by Nelson Bros. Fisheries Ltd. as a deckhand aboard a fishpacker. Thirty seven per cent of the work force at Port Alberni was unemployed, 17 per cent in Vancouver and 47 per cent in Fernie. There was no unemployment insurance.

In November 1932 Andy Morod was settling in for the winter at the fishing village of Bamfield on the southern west coast when a trapper offered him a job on a newly-acquired trapline at Muchalat Lake, near the present town of Gold River. The man's partner had quit on him.

Andy Morod, 1982:

"I was living in a shack in Bamfield and here come a guy with a boat loaded with equipment, stranger to me, and he was looking for partner to go with him. He had that big trapline in Muchalat Lake.

"So I wasn't doing nothing, I didn't know the guy but he had everything, all the traps and food and boat, so I decided to hop in!

"So we left Bamfield, and it was late in November, it was big sea, it was bad weather. And it was only 29-foot boat, little gillnet boat.

"Anyway, he was green as grass, he didn't know any about the sea or boats, so I took him up. We went first to Refuge Cove, now they call it Hot Springs Cove, and we had a soak in that hot spring.

"And, oh gosh, there was a big, big sea! And then we pulled around Estevan Point - I call it The Horn - that's a bad place, they're great big seas. And then we got to Nootka Cannery, to the store."[1]

From Nootka, Andy Morod and the trapper headed to the mouth of the Gold River, 26 miles away. Here, they anchored near the present day pulp mill, near an Indian Reserve of several families. The trapper's sketch map indicated a cabin three miles upriver at the junction of the Gold and Ucona rivers. They would make a reconnaissance trip. Taking the trapper's Mauser rifle, they rowed up the Gold River one-quarter mile, as far as possible to row, hauled the skiff out on a gravel bar and tied it to a log. A trail followed the Gold River.

There was no cabin at the fork of the Ucona River. Perhaps the map was wrong, suggested Andy. The cabin was probably at the second fork, Heber Creek, another five miles. At Heber Creek, where the village of Gold River now stands, they found a cabin built of alder logs with a freshly shot deer hanging outside but no-one was home. Soon, though, two native Indian men arrived who were also preparing for the trapping season. Andy and the trapper overnighted with them on the dirt floor of the cabin.

During the night a storm blew up and the Gold River rose rapidly, flooding its banks. In the morning, worried about the gillnetter, Andy and the trapper left the Mauser with the Indians and started back in a hurry.

It was impossible to make time. Creeks they had crossed the previous day were in flood and new ones had appeared. A ravine they had crossed high on a log now revealed a waterfall pounding the log; there was a drop of 30 feet to the boulder-strewn rushing creek. Wearing not caulk boots but gumboots, they crept across the log. Not surprisingly, when they reached the gravel bar the skiff was gone.

They found an Indian's canoe kept upriver for fishing. There were no paddles and Andy cut a pole. But the river was treacherous, there were new channels and exposed boulders. Carried downriver in the canoe, the men were unable to clear a sidewall of water rushing over a boulder and they overturned. Hanging onto the canoe, they were swept along. Both wore heavy horsehair leather jackets. Morod could not swim.

Carried into an eddy, canoe and men were sucked under, five feet, ten feet. When Morod surfaced, still holding the canoe, the trapper was 50 feet ahead, on his back, unable to speak. Abruptly the man went under and was not seen again.

Morod was carried into the mouth of the river, where he managed to right the canoe and climb in. Shaking with cold, he was paddling, using his hands, across the tidal flats to the gillnetter when he was seen by an Indian who was hunting ducks from a rowboat. The man took him in tow. The man had found the trapper's skiff.

The following day he started back to Nootka to wire the provincial police. He had never travelled in a boat alone. The weather proved deceiving; gusts of wind reached 70 m.p.h., whipping up the seas. En route the gillnetter's motor flooded twice and stalled. It was dark when he reached Nootka. When he returned eventually to Bamfield, people told him he looked 10 years older.

*Andy Morod, left, prepares to leave Muchalat Lake with pelts at the end of the trapping season. Queen Charlotte Airlines.*

He assessed the chances of going it alone. He lacked trapping skills and knew nothing about survival in the rainforest. He had arthritis in the left hip. But, challenged, he applied for the Muchalat Lake trapline, obtained it and in the spring hitchhiked back to Nootka. He purchased a dugout canoe. Using oars in oarlocks, he rowed the 26 miles to the mouth of the Gold River. He packed his gear in in relays, over the 20-mile game trail to Muchalat Lake.

The lake on a fine day was a jewel in the forest, four and one-half miles long, a mile at its widest and fed by numerous streams.

Today it is a popular recreation spot. Andy Morod would call Muchalat Lake home for the next 21 winters.

The Indians, who preferred to have company in the bush, were surprised to see him return alone: "And you camped in that cave?" In the canyon of the Gold River was an old Indian burial cave, a dry spot for camping although there were bones.

"Sure! White men aren't superstitious! It's not the dead one I'm scared of, it's the live one!"

He spent the summer looking the country over, rowing along the inlets, prospecting. Apart from workers at seasonal fish plants, the population was small. The area was served tri-monthly by the CPR steamer **Princess Maquinna** from Victoria.

At Nootka he made friends with Arthur Park, fisheries officer and owner of the hotel. Park was a remittance man from Scotland. Andy Morod cruised with Arthur Park for one month on fisheries patrol. Gradually he became familiar with Nootka Sound.

The cannery on Nootka Island land was located near the native Indian village of Yuquot at picturesque Friendly Cove. In 1778, near Friendly Cove, James Cook spent nearly four weeks repairing his ships and making observations. James Cook at Nootka Sound was the first European to set foot on the northwest coast. Islands and inlets abounded with British and Spanish names. The area was known as British Columbia's birthplace.

On August 13 Andy Morod took part in the first government survey of Nootka Sound. It began as a side trip. He was rowing along Muchalat Inlet when he encountered the 100-foot Dominion hydrographic survey scow, **Pender**, anchored at the mouth of the Houston River. This year surveyors were charting the waters of the Sound and doing geodetic work under Commander J.H. Knight, RNR (Royal Navy Reserve) aboard the scow, and M.D. Parizeau, Chief Surveyor, Pacific Coast, on the survey ship **William J. Stewart** at sea.

Planning to ignore the scow, Andy continued rowing. But he was seen by a woman on deck and the woman waved her handkerchief, inviting him aboard. She kept waving until he turned the canoe.

He was annoyed at the interruption but felt that in this forlorn country it would appear strange if he were not sociable; people might think he had broken the law and was hiding out.

Aboard the **Pender** men were preparing to leave to climb a 4845-foot mountain, Conuma Peak, to erect a flag visible to surveyors aboard the **William J. Stewart** at sea. But the peak looked formidable.

The surveyors questioned whether it could be climbed. Unlike the heavily-timbered tops of the neighbouring mountains, Conuma has a conical, rocky peak.

Learning that Andy Morod had scaled peaks in the Alps, Commander Knight asked his opinion. Andy assured the commander there was no mountain in British Columbia that could not be climbed. The commander then suggested he might like to act as guide. He was challenged. He afterwards considered the climbing of Conuma one of the important accomplishments of his life.

An advance party left to make camp at the base of the Peak and Andy prepared to leave with a surveyor and two seamen the next day. During the preparations he noted that the climb was going to be hard on the seamen who would serve as packhorses; the seamen had no caulk boots and no packboards. The surveyor planned to get up and back in one day.

An aerial photo showed there were no trees on top of Conuma, there was only broken rock. Trees would have to be felled and dragged up for the 20-foot mast. The mast had to be braced and counter-braced to withstand wind. Drinking water would have to be packed up, there were no streams on the peak. The next morning they left by launch, towing Andy's canoe, to join the others at Conuma River, 20 miles away.

Conuma River flows into Moutcha Bay in Tlupana Inlet, a bay named for the early Indian village, Mooacha. Aboard the launch, the men were in fact re-tracing the route taken in 1794 by George Vancouver on his visit to Chief Clewpaneloo whose village was located at Conuma's base, and after whom Tlupana Inlet is named. A comment on Vancouver's own trip is found in **British Co-**

**lumbia Coast Names, 1592-1906** by Captain John T. Walbran.

"The newly arrived governor of Nootka (the successor of Quadra), Brigadier General Don Jose Manuel Alava, accompanied Vancouver on this visit, and as the boats rowed up the inhospitable looking inlets with their stupendous precipices and gloomy ravines, against wind and stream, Alava frequently expressed his astonishment that such a country could ever have been an object of contention between the respective sovereigns of Great Britain and Spain."

*1961 - Andy Morod, right and Jim Witton, left, at Morod's cabin on the Barnacle claims N.W. of Zeballos.*

Describing Conuma, Walbran says:

"...the Indian name from time immemorial. A remarkable steepleshaped mountain, and a most conspicuous feature in the scenery of Nootka sound. In commander Galiano's chart, 1792, the mountain is called Pico de Tasis, evidently after Maquinna's principal and neighbouring village of that name. In Galiano's later and larger chart, 1795, the name is altered to Conuma, which, as appears from his journal in 1792, was its proper Indian name. (Viage, p. 133.) In this journal he states in reference to Conuma, 'the corpses of the chiefs are borne up in pomp by the common people, with continuous lamentations to the slopes or brow of the very high mountain of that name, and are wrapped up in splendid robes of sea otter, placed in wooden boxes in a sitting posture, and hung up in the branches of trees...

Andy Morod and the seamen began to ascend Conuma. From the start the packers were thrown off balance by the improvised backpacks. Tempers were not improved when it began to rain. Below the summit the men were confronted by a great expanse of soft snow which appeared impossible to traverse. Upon inspection, the snow proved hollow underneath. Morod went ahead, demonstrating how they could climb up beneath the snow.

Near the summit, he took a 15-fathom line from his pack, secured the line to a rock and threw the other end to the men below. Using the rope they hauled themselves up through the clefts and cracks of the great peak. On the smooth, steep roof of Conuma, Morod removed his boots and socks and finished the climb in bare feet. From this wonderful vantage point he looked down on the islands and inlets that formed the birthplace of British Columbia, his new home. He had met the challenge and the job for which he came was an anticlimax.

On the peak the men considered themselves seasoned mountaineers but, descending, they started down the wrong way. Then the surveyor had his own ideas. It was impossible to reach base camp by nightfall. A campfire was built on the mountain but there was no food or water. The men huddled about the fire while Andy took a single blanket from his pack, bedded down on boughs and slept soundly.

Conuma Peak most certainly had never been climbed by a white man. He never again climbed Conuma although he built a prospector's cabin nine miles up Conuma River. Eventually he flew past the peak in an airplane and took a photo; the little snapshot was a treasure in his collection.

The government survey resulted in the first chart of Nootka Sound, covering the area from Sydney Inlet to Tahsis Inlet.
Conuma received the label "conspicuous". Few changes have been made since 1933. Today the road from Tahsis to Gold River skirts the site of Chief Clewpaneloo's village.

Morod became a successful trapper. He averaged 35 marten per season, some raccoon and mink and five or six otter. Beaver were a protected species but once when the beaver population was high he obtained a special permit; in spring he proudly came out with 19 skins. Marten sold for $20 during the Depression and eventually rose to $50. Otter fetched between $20 and $25; otter, although plentiful, were difficult to trap. Encompassing 160 square miles, the trapline was the largest on Vancouver Island.

His licence was renewed each year until he relinquished the trapline in 1955. Gamewarden Adam Monk had never seen animals better skinned nor a camp as clean. Morod burned his garbage, including tin cans. He buried the cans or sank them in the lake. No smell of food remained and although his cabin on Muchalat Lake was near the bears' trail linking the Gold and Nimpkish rivers, bears were not a concern until logging started; other people were not as careful with their garbage.

One fall after logging began, he arrived at Muchalat Lake to find a bear had torn a hole in the roof of the cabin. Once inside the animal proceeded to feast on tinned food, puncturing one tin after another. The bear unscrewed the top from a jar of raisins, ate the raisins, and sampled some deer tallow candles. Fortunately for Mr. Bear, he did not touch the little metal box of blasting caps. The droppings on the trail revealed that the candles did not agree with him.

A wolverine once raided his traps, biting the animals off by the leg. To Andy's relief, the animal did not return; trappers had had to abandon traplines for wolverines. Although he hated the animal he admired its cunning.

The natural environment enthralled him, the birds and the animals he trapped. Living in pristine conditions sharpened his own senses. He said that he could smell cougar, for example, in the forest.

In 1934 at the east end of Muchalat Lake he built a 10' x 16' cabin of fir and hemlock logs, with a stone fireplace. But still a greenhorn, he forgot to check the high water mark and built too close to the lake. The result

was devastating. He was flooded out several times that winter. He then had to move the cabin.

Snow fell heavily that winter and he was unable to leave until late. His deer eaten, he lived for the last few weeks on trout, boiled or smoked; he was nearly out of lard. At the end he was thoroughly sick of trout.

In spite of the difficulties, trapping was good. He hiked out in spring with a pack of skins, travelling on snowshoes for a distance and having to remove the snowshoes at every creek. The trek to the beach took four days. Then the weather was unsettled and it took two days to reach Nootka, rowing by night when the inlets were calm. The police and gamewarden had given him up for dead and Arthur Park tried to conceal his concern as he greeted him.

"Humph! I thought for sure you were dead"

"We don't die as easy as that!"

"One of these days there's going to be a search party for you!"

"I don't want no search party. If I don't come back, forget about me!"

There had been an astonishing three feet of snow at Friendly Cove and six feet at Port Alberni.

Andy Morod, like a number of solitary trappers and prospectors, contemplated the meaning of life. First he was a Christian Scientist. But Christian Scientists believed in self-healing, and after he injured his back packing a deer carcass for several miles, and after his back continued troublesome in spite of six months of chiropractic treatment, he turned to Swedenborg. Swedenborg was a prestigious 18th century Swedish scientist who undertook the study of theology. Morod began a lifelong study of the writings of Swedenborg.

He formed partnerships with other prospectors, learning from old-timers. He obtained textbooks on geology and subscribed to mining magazines; he planned one day to strike it rich. Alternately trapping in winter and prospecting in summer, his mining career was eventually devoted to the Barnacle claims near Zeballos which he staked in 1938 during the Zeballos gold boom. He never lost faith in the Barnacle, working the claims until he was 75 and could no longer hike up the trail.

During the gold boom 1200 people lived in the Zeballos area. Four mines operated with mills, others shipped ore to the smelter at Tacoma, Washington. The Privateer became known as B.C.'s "wonder" mine.

Zeballos was too rowdy for Morod who did not drink liquor. Zeballos had three hotels, a bank, several stores and restaurants, two taxi companies and two airline offices. There was a sawmill, a Chinese laundry and bakery, a Catholic church, a steambath and numerous bootlegging establishments. A whorehouse operated by a French madam was located between the town and the mines.

The rainfall at Zeballos was measured by the manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce. The 1939 precipitation amounted to 223.74 inches.

Andy Morod's Barnacle claims were located some seven miles northwest of the village, on the steep mountainside above the Zeballos River. Here, at the 2280-foot elevation, on the west side of Lime Creek, he built a cabin in the timber. He was very proud of his spectacular view of the multiple peaks of Rugged Mountain.

He discovered several gold quartz veins on the Barnacle and in 1938 prepared a shipment for the Tacoma Smelter. The terrain was so steep that he tied himself to a tree to begin stripping. When one and one-half tons of ore was ready, he hired a fellow prospector to help pack it out.

He had met Jack Crosson, a seaman and sounder aboard the hydrographic survey scow **Pender**, in 1933, while preparing to climb Conuma Peak; the men became lifelong friends. Morod and Jack Crosson backpacked the ore down Lime Creek to a packhorse trail which led to the Zeballos River. Horses then carried the ore across a suspension bridge to the road which followed the river five miles to Zeballos. The men carried the ore in 90-pound packs for a distance of about one and three-quarter miles, climbing down a ladder at one point. There was no trail, it was raining, yet each man made two trips per day; Andy suggested a third but Jack refused.

The shipment averaged 3.13 ounces of gold per ton. A happy Andy resumed work and attempted to sell the claims. But the Second World War was advancing; there were no buyers. Disappointed, he continued to hand-drill adits and to prospect.

During the gold boom he became friendly with a couple, Doug and Helen Gordon at Zeballos. The Gordons had a photography business and Doug was also employed as a miner. The Gordon marriage was coming to an end and Andy fell in love with Helen. Helen had other admirers and did not encourage him, but undaunted he made a gift for her with gold from the Barnacle.

With a knife he scratched out a heart-shaped mold in a chunk of calcite. He melted gold in a crucible in his forge and poured the gold into the heart-mold. After the gold cooled he removed it and filed and sanded and rubbed it. The result was a little heart which Helen could wear as a necklace. Pleased, he presented it to her.

"Now, remember, you'll never get another one like this! Because the guy found the gold, he mine it, then he goldsmith it. There's only one pair of hands touch that gold!"

Helen and Doug Gordon separated during the War and Andy wrote to her asking her to marry him. She refused. She confessed she'd lost her necklace, left it in a hotel room. When she returned for it, it was gone.

Selling the Barnacle claims proved impossible. Gold was pegged at $35 per ounce after the War. The Barnacle was small and inaccessible. Andy continued to mine but made no further shipments. There were other disappointments. The Lucky Strike, located up Lime Creek, did not live up to its name. Pioneer Gold Mines Ltd. optioned the property, undertook surface work and dropped the option.

He was inexperienced in optioning claims and dealing with lawyers and more than once came out second best. The biggest disappointment of his life involved not gold but iron. Bodies of magnetite, among the world's most pure, lay exposed on the Barnacle and surrounding area. Anyox Metals Ltd. wished to purchase the claims. Two claim-holding groups were involved: Morod and partners and Alan Ford and partners. Alan Ford of Parksville was a construction contractor at Zeballos.

While Morod was trapping at Muchalat Lake in 1938, his two partners signed an agreement with Anyox Metals Ltd. When he returned to Zeballos they urged him to sign. Unrepresented by a lawyer, he signed. The enormity of the mistake was not realized until later. Alan Ford's lawyer earned his client a small fortune while Andy received less than $5000. The magnetite claims became a full-fledged mine in the 1960s.

It was enough to take a trip to Europe and South America, though, and to bring back gifts for his friends; this was his only trip home to Switzerland. While in Italy he took mud bath treatments for arthritis.

His friends worried about his health. Four times he trekked into the rugged backbone

*1961 - Jim Witton, left, pulverizes a chunk of gold-bearing mineral with mortar & pestle while Andy Morod waits to pan it out. At the Barnacle claims N.W. of Zeballos.*

of Vancouver Island, divulging neither his destination nor his date of return. On one trek he was away for two weeks without a tent or sleeping bag. On cold nights he dug a coffin-sized trench in a gravel bar and built a fire in the trench. When the fire burned down, he removed the coals and placed a layer of boughs in the bottom. He crawled in and slept, chest and throat covered with his jacket. A damp bed and not recommended for one with arthritis. Unfortunately he had an "image" to maintain. He scorned men who would not venture out without a tent and heavy packs. When he suffered an accident he treated himself, not trusting doctors.

Mining stopped during the Second World War and Zeballos faded. The Privateer reopened in 1945 for three years. Logging began and Nootka Sound hummed to the tune of the chain saw; some miners returned and became loggers. As Andy Morod's reputation spread, strangers on the street would greet him as a friend. The shy man talked easily with youngsters; eventually most children at Zeballos considered him a friend.

It was a rare treat to be invited to visit Andy Morod at the Barnacle and to overnight with him. Gradually, his influence on a new generation was evident: one boy became a geologist, another a part-time trapper. Most began to use Morod's habits when camping and hiking.

After the War Morod used air transportation, chartering in and out of Muchalat Lake until he relinquished the trapline in 1955. That final spring, two friends from Zeballos accompanied the pilot to collect him and his skins, airlines agent Dorothy Sutton and Lars Omenas, a logger. After 21 seasons it was a momentous occasion. One might say it called for a drink. Although Andy Morod did not drink alcohol, he had a bottle of Australian rum under his bunk. After several years there was still an ounce or two.

"I would mix it with peanut butter," he explained to the pilot. "And then I would smear the tree, and that scent drawed the animal to my trap, because a strange scent." The pilot laughed heartily, then he and Lars Omenas polished off the rum.

As the years passed, he adopted by mail a Korean orphan, sending money to Korea. He began wintering on the drier east coast of the Island. In 1970 logging roads linked Zeballos to the outside and he bought a pickup truck. When away from home, though, he could hardly drink the water.

After Helen Gordon turned him down he always professed to be a woman-hater. Ironically, some of his greatest friends were women. We listened as he railed against government policies, decried the rape of natural resources and warned of the decline of civilization. By age 75 he was so incensed with government that he refused to vote.

Towards the end, he reflected on his life. There were incidents he would have preferred to miss, there were unfortunate mistakes. But on the whole he was content. In Nootka Sound he was an authority on wilderness survival; his trapping and prospecting methods were followed by others. Most important, the need to protect the environment was recognized and he, Andy Morod, had furthered this recognition in Nootka Sound. He said that he cherished his experiences. He was proud to have been "different".

He became immobilized by arthritis. He began to suffer dizzy spells and feared a stroke was imminent. On November 22, 1983, age 82, he ended his life, shooting himself cleanly with his rifle at his cabin below the Barnacle. We, his friends, were not surprised.

In his will he left exquisite gold samples to the Royal British Columbia Museum. At his request he was cremated and his ashes scattered by airplane along Rugged Mountain at a specified elevation, an elevation from which the Barnacle could be seen forever.

***Bio Note: Eleanor Witton Hancock grew up at Zeballos where her parents owned a general store. She is a substitute teacher and a writer in Kamloops, also editor of the Kamloops Museum newsletter.***

Sources: Interview with Andy Morod, 1982.
Zeballos Miner Newspapers, 1940.
Walbran, Captain John T. **British Columbia Coast Names 1592 - 1906 Their Origin & History.** J.J. Douglas Ltd., Vancouver, 1971.

# Conference 1996

Pack your saddlebags and head up the Gold-rush Trails to Caesar's Inn in Williams Lake for the BC Historical Federation's annual conference April 25-28, 1996. Highlights of this northern adventure include a bus trip to Likely and historic Quesnelle Forks, a unique Cariboo program featuring a slide show about Barkerville and the Cariboo by noted author Bronwen Patenaude and a lecture on the history of ranching from rancher Tim Bayliff and much, much more.

The festivities begin on Thursday, April 25 with a steak dinner at the Seniors' Activity Centre. Tickets for this dinner, that includes a sirloin steak, baked potato, salad, vegetables and dessert are $10.00. An evening reception at the nearby Museum of the Cariboo-Chilcotin beginning at 7:00 pm will offer delegates the opportunity to sample more Cariboo history and hospitality. Several authors of local histories will be in attendance to sign books and discuss their works.

The following day, Friday, is a busy one with the workshops on acquisition and processing artifacts as well as researching, writing and publishing local histories. Both workshops will be led by noted professionals in their field. Information about these workshops may be obtained by contacting Melva Dwyer at (604) 535-3041 fax or phone. For those wanting an optional activity on Friday, a walking tour of downtown Williams Lake and the Station House Art Gallery will be offered.

Saturday's agenda includes the unique Cariboo program mentioned above, the Annual General Meeting and an Awards Banquet. We will be entertained by Richard Wright as well as the Patenaude Family Singers.

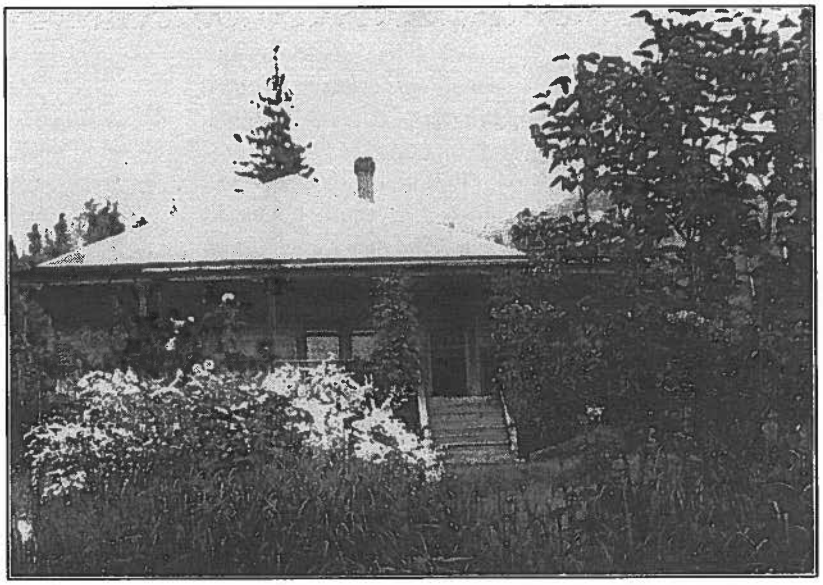
Sunday will begin bright and early with the bus tour to Likely and Quesnelle Forks that will return to Williams Lake by 4:30 pm. It promises to be an exciting and busy three days. Bring your camera, warm clothing and walking shoes. Conference packages will be mailed out by March 1.

All history buffs are welcome. For more information, contact Lori Hudson-Fish at (604) 398-5825 or write to 589 Ninth Ave., Williams Lake, BC V2G 2K5.

# *Hydro Electric Power in Gray Creek*

## *by C.W.M. Burge*

A veteran of both the South African and the First World War, my father James McKay Burge sought post war tranquillity and prosperity when in 1920 he forsook city life and moved the family up to a partially developed orchard property in the remote Kootenay Lake settlement of Gray Creek. Throughout the 1920's, however, tranquillity and prosperity remained elusive as my father struggled to wrest a living out of the fruit growing business. By 1929 he was well grounded in the school of necessity being the mother of invention. Accordingly, when he decided to ameliorate living conditions by installing hydro-electric power, he did not consult an engineering supply catalogue, but rather looked about to see what might be picked up locally to bring about electrification.



*The Burge family home on Caribou Ranch at Gray Creek c. 1930.*

Photo courtesy the author

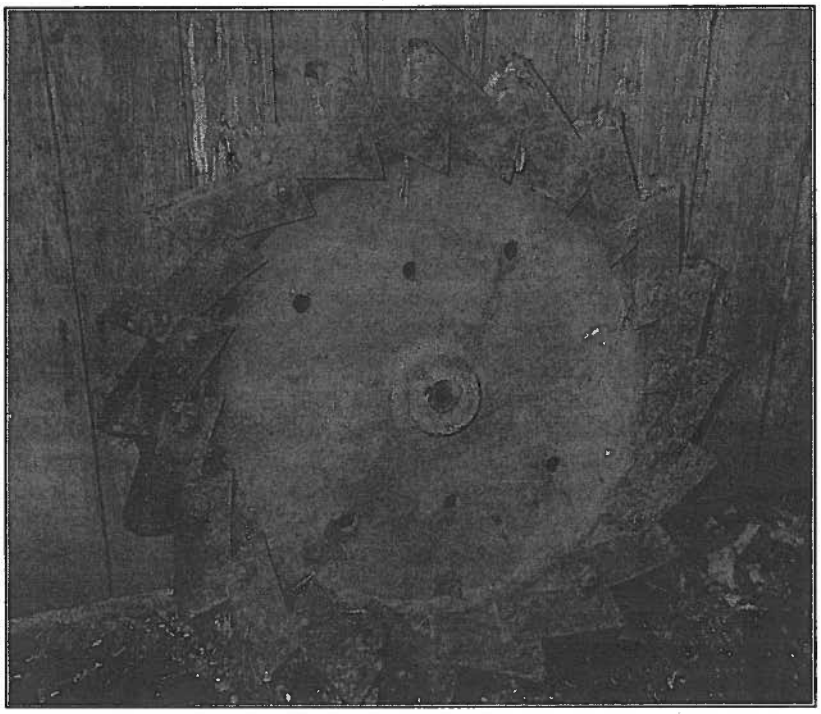
The 1929 stock market crash may have assisted my father in his quest, since many of the mines on the north shore of Kootenay Lake had shut down in the face of financial panic, leaving a copious miscellany of mining equipment idle. Father teamed up with a partner, Roy MacGregor, to obtain some two to three thousand feet of six inch steel pipe which had probably been used to supply air to a mine located near Ainsworth or Kaslo. The pipe was stowed on the main deck of the C.P.R. sternwheeler **Moyie** for delivery to the Gray Creek wharf. My first memory of the winter arrival of the pipe at our home "Caribou Ranch" was of the trips back and forth to the wharf made by bob sleigh drawn by our team of horses, Donald and Mab.

Much of the preparatory work for the hydro-electric project had already been carried out. The water source, Croasdaile Creek, flowed in a deep ravine in its higher reaches. A dam was built at a high enough elevation to supply the head for the pipe line. With great difficulty a ditch was constructed to allow the water to flow with very little loss of elevation, out to the lip of the ravine where it entered an improvised tank, a wood stave barrel, at the base of which was fitted the top end of the pipe line. This is where the water started its journey under pressure down some seven to eight hundred feet with a vertical drop of some two hundred and twenty five feet. The pipe had to be bent to follow the contours of the ground. With no sophisticated bending equipment at hand, improvisation was the only solution. Where the pipe projected over the brow of a hill a fire was lit under the pipe at the point of the required bend. When heated to a cherry red, weight was put on the projected end of the pipe forcing the malleable heated section to bend to fit the ground. In a similar way where the pipe crossed a dip in the ground a fire was built at the position of the required bend. With sufficient heat the pipe would sag to fit the contour of the ground. These procedures were dramatic enough to become etched in the memory of my six year old mind.

At the business end of this pipeline, the product, a relatively small volume of water under approximately one hundred and ten pounds per square inch of static pressure, was converted into useful power by forcing the water through a nozzle aimed at cups mounted on the perimeter of a pelton wheel. The pelton wheel was mounted on a shaft fitted on each side of the wheel with bearings. These bearings were also hand made by placing each half of the shaft in turn within an iron shell some five or six inches long. Each of these half shells was then filled with molten babbitt. These two halves were brought together and after some preparation became the bearing within which the shaft turned. Each of these bearings in turn were mounted on cedar logs approximately eighteen inches in diameter, firmly placed in the ground to form a secure foundation for the installation. The logs were shaped to receive the mountings of the bearings and also to facilitate the construction of a box over the pelton wheel. The whole family was present for the occasion of the start up of the pelton wheel. The six inch pipe had been reduced first to a two inch diameter pipe for some four feet and then down to a three quarter inch pipe some one inch long that formed the nozzle which just cleared, and was aimed at the spinning cups of the pelton wheel. This series of reducing pipes was an improvised alternative to a properly designed nozzle which reduces the large pipe an evenly tapered reduction down to the desired size of nozzle. The water had been directed into the intake - the pipeline had been filled - the pressure gauge registered one hundred and ten pounds. The valve positioned in the section of the two inch pipe was opened and the water hit the cups of the pelton wheel spinning it to make a watery pin wheel of centrifugal water - it was spectacular!

The pelton wheel was framed in a wooden box open underneath to allow the spent water, the tail race, to flow away. Rotating power was transferred by way of a belt driven by a pulley mounted on the shaft of the pelton wheel to the pulley mounted on the shaft of a dynamo. The dynamo, also obtained from some mining venture that had fallen idle in the faltering 1929 economy, was a patent

antique, even by the standards of the 1930s. The word dynamo is short for "dynamo-electric-machine", a machine designed to convert rotating mechanical power into electric energy. Ours stood some two feet high and was outstanding for its two coils wound with insulated copper wire around the two arms of its soft iron core, the base of which was formed to create a tunnel. These two coils created the magnetic field in the tunnel where the armature, itself consisting of further coils of copper wire, rotated to create an electric current by forcing the copper coils across the magnetic field. The electric current was drawn off from the armature by way of the commutator. The commutator allowed the electricity to be transferred from the rotating armature on to static carbon brushes connected to the wires that carried the constant flow of direct current.



*The Pelton Wheel used for creating electricity for the Burge home during the 1930's.*
Photo courtesy the author

Power lines were then built to carry the electricity to the house and to the barn. The copper wire used was of a gauge large enough to supply a small town.

It, like the pipe, had been obtained at distress prices; the fact that it was very much oversize was of a minor consideration. The wire was safely strung on poles twenty feet above the ground. The house was wired in the standard of the time- called "knob and tube" - parallel holes were drilled through studs and joists and a porcelain tube inserted - the positive wire through one tube and the negative wire through the adjacent tube. Within the house there were two unshaded light bulbs on drop cords in the living room and two in the kitchen. There were no switches, once the dynamo was started and the water flow increased until the voltage meter reached one hundred and ten volts, there was light throughout the house. The load was constant. If, however, one light burned out, the dynamo increased speed with the lightened load and the voltage climbed. In the event the voltage went up high enough the remaining lights would burn out and the dynamo would race at hectic speed, causing a mad dash to the plant to shut down the flow of water to the pelton wheel. Needless to say the old naphtha filled gas light that hung in the centre of the dining room remained in place. The kerosene wick lamps, chimneys polished, wicks trimmed, were kept filled. The beginning of hydro electric power brought many outages. On occasions the light bulbs would slowly dim and finally go right out. We recognized the cause: there was no water in the pipeline. When I was a little older this became my problem. Flashlight in hand I would climb the pipeline trail to the intake, the cause usually being debris that had completely choked the screen at the entrance to the wood stave tank. This was easily cleared and the lights would be burning by the time I returned to the house. When the system first went into service the ditch carrying the water along the bank of the ravine had not stabilized, so the occasional washout would occur, allowing all of the water to escape back to Croasdaile Creek. These washouts involved major repair jobs and a protracted return to the gas mantle lamp.

Our system was versatile. It had the capability of charging six-volt lead storage batteries, thus enabling us to change the way our radios were powered. The early radios were powered by three dry type "C" batteries each of forty-five volts output. When positioned in series they powered the grids of the vacuum tubes at one hundred and thirty-five volts. The filaments were powered with a six-volt dry "A" battery. Powered by a single lead storage battery, charged by an electric current from our system, the new radio, by way of transformers and converters resulted in significant savings for our household.

Water power also enabled us to deal more efficiently with the cutting of fire wood, the fuel required to feed the insatiable cooking and heating stoves in our house.

Prior to the installation of the pipeline, the sawing of wood was done by a crosscut saw mounted on an "A" frame. The "A" frame was designed to swing from the top of the "A" similar to the action of a pendulum. The length of the pendulum was the diameter of the circle of which the teeth of the saw, the arc, formed the segment. As the "A" frame swung back and forth the saw could be lowered so that the teeth of the saw maintained a steady cutting action on the log being sawed. This device was originally driven by a gas engine with one horizontal cylinder that was encased in a water jacket designed to cool the engine. The gas engine would operate at about one hundred revolutions per minute which were reduced by a system of pulleys and a belt to drive a crank shaft that provided some fifty strokes a minute for the saw. The engine was replaced by a pelton wheel which gave a quiet satisfactory power to the saw. My job was to operate the valve that supplied the water to the pelton wheel. As the saw was lowered into the cut I opened the valve to full flow as the cut was in progress. It took two or three minutes, depending on the size of the log, to finish the cut. Occasionally my mind would wander and as the saw finished cutting I'd forget to close the valve. As with the dynamo without the load of the light bulbs, the saw would run wild, nearly shaking itself to pieces as my father shouted his instructions to SHUT-DOWN.

After my father's death in a motor vehicle accident in 1934, my mother's youngest brother, Charles Jones came from England to help manage the fruit ranch. Uncle Charlie was a tool maker, and he brought with him many innovative ideas. The first was to bal-

ance the number of kilowatts to light the home with the kilowatt capacity of a heating element for the hot water tank. Hot water was then available in the summer time without the sweltering heat of the fire in the kitchen range. In the evening when the lights were required the hot water element was switched off and the lights switched on. My troubling job of coordinating the water flow for cutting wood was eliminated by a remote control device to enable the saw operator to turn on the water as he lowered the saw into the log and to stop it when the cut was finished.

The next innovation was carried out while I was away during the war. The pipeline was extended to give greater water pressure and therefore more power. The objective was to install a shingle mill. A larger diameter pelton wheel was required. Uncle Charlie's tool making experience gave him the experience to come up with a plan and then to execute it. The old circular saw used to cut fire wood had a fly wheel about twenty-four inches in diameter. This fly wheel was to be converted into a pelton wheel. The cups of the pelton wheel were fabricated by splitting two-inch lengths of an inch and one half galvanized water pipe in half. These were joined to form a double cap with angle iron closing the ends. The cups were attached to the fly wheel by two pieces of angle iron and each braced against the impact of the water by two thin strips of steel cut from barrel hoops. The inertial energy of the fly wheel in tangent with the power of the water jet carried the saw through a cut necessary to produce a shingle. The trimmer saw operated at high speed with only its teeth above the table created an invisible danger. My brother Jim was the first and only victim when he carelessly put his hand on the table and looked down to see the top joint of his little finger disappear. This power source was later used to operate a lumber mill, but the power was not sufficient to carry the saw cut through the length of a saw log. The cut proceeded through the log in starts and stops. Nevertheless a good quantity of lumber was sawn, as speed of production did not become a factor until after World War II when an industrial gasoline powered engine was coupled to a more sophisticated saw mill capable of producing six or seven thousand board feet in a day. The same crew logged the trees and operated the saw mill; the venture never became an integrated operation. There was an aversion to building up a work force when the market was still precarious.

Our hydro-electric plant might have worked on forever, but in the 1950s with the need for more power at Cominco's Sullivan Mine at Kimberley, a mighty hydro-electric power grid was built connecting the generating plants on the lower Kootenay River to the East Kootenay power system at Kimberley. The power line ran north along the west shore of Kootenay Lake to a point immediately north of Coffee Creek, with a span across the main lake to supply power to the Bluebell Mine at Riondel. The line then travelled south along the east shore of the lake and up the valley of Gray Creek to the divide and down Redding Creek and so to Kimberley. The power was also extended south to complete electrification of the whole east shore of Kootenay Lake. Our dynamo was retired in favour of the standard alternating current that operates most appliances. We decided nevertheless to proceed with our plans to construct a walk-in deep freeze refrigerator. I now had a hand in helping to build this useful convenience. A wood frame building was constructed some fourteen feet square and ten feet high with a shake roof (the shingle mill had long since departed). The inside walls of this building were made vapour proof by applying several layers of waterproof paper glued in place with tar. Inside this building a box was constructed some six feet square and six and one half feet high to the end that there was an eighteen inch space all around this box. This space was filled with wood shavings from a planer mill mixed with some lime to discourage any unwanted growth. A passage and double doors were constructed to insulate the inside from any outside heat. Cooling coils installed and a compressor coupled to a small pelton wheel compressed and thus heated the refrigerant gas which was then cooled in the tail race of the pelton wheel. The cooled compressed gas was fed into coils in the freezer where it expanded and reduced the temperature well below zero Fahrenheit. We had a working deep freezer which may well be in use today.

***Bio Note: "Bill" Burge grew up in Gray Creek, served in the RCAF in WWII, studied at U. of Alberta and UBC. He practiced law until recently and now enjoys retirement in North Vancouver.***

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*An example of early advertising with a humorous twist. This ad appeared in the Cranbrook and Southeast Directory of 1911.*

# *When It Was Easy To Go Teaching*

## *by Bernard C. Gillie*

June 1926 was a "banner year" for me - I had completed my "teacher training" at Victoria Normal School during that year and also one year at Victoria College toward my degree. My wings were ready to start the long journey toward retirement in about 50 years. Armed with a first class teaching certificate and an "Honors Standing" from Normal School, how could I miss! If you'll stay with me for ten or twenty pages I'll tell you how easy it was!


*Route taken to my first school.*

Let's go back a bit first. I was a farm boy born and brought up on a dairy farm outside Victoria. My good luck was that I had a mother and father who supported and encouraged me from a one roomed school - Strawberry Vale - to June 1926 as noted above. They were angels to me because they were always there when I wanted to quit which I threatened occasionally. From Dad's Scottish background they really believed an education made men - or women - as the case might be. I had a brother who graduated as an Engineer from UBC and a sister who completed a business programme. My sister was my favourite person and my brother was my tireless example or maybe "tiresome". After four years overseas in the First World War and now a Master's Degree in Engineering "he" stood for everything I felt I could do without. All that on top of my Dad's blindness, and his terrible struggle to keep us fed and clothed, was rather daunting, for a farm boy who didn't know where he was going. At least I had some superb examples of what a young man should be.

So, to begin, I decided to apply for a teaching position in BC. Fifty-seven applications later, without even one reply didn't provide much encouragement. Someone suggested I pay a visit to Mr. Watson at the Department of Education who seemed to be worshipped by every teacher I knew. Off I went to the "Buildings" and asked if I could talk to Mr. Watson, the Teacher's Registrar. His opening words were a wonder to my ears, "Good morning, Mr. Gillie, I've been waiting to see you! I notice that you have an "Honors Standing" from the Normal School. Have you found a job yet?" Those words and the manner that went with them turned me into a teacher on the spot. For better or worse, I vowed then and there to become a "real" teacher no matter what. Looking back now after a lifetime in Education I realize that I simply couldn't ever fail Mr. Watson. All I can say is that I never stopped trying because here was a man who believed in me, almost without knowing me.

We talked - man to man - something that I found erased my fears of failure. If my work as a teacher and principal for half a century has made any contribution to my profession, then Mr. Watson should be thanked! He told me that there was a school at Hutton Mills which needed a teacher. That if I would send them my 58th application, he would put in a word for me. I did and lo! back came an offer of the job. The whole world took on a rosy glow - my feet were on the bottom rung.

Needless to say there were difficulties to overcome but for some reason they didn't seem very important. One of the first was the fact that Hutton Mills was a long way from Victoria and I had no money at all and I couldn't possibly ask Mother and Dad for help since I knew they had even less. Dad reminded me that he hauled wood for a neighbour who was in the business of supplying firewood for our community. "Perhaps", Dad said, "you could get a job splitting fresh cut fir for this chap." Off I went to the wood lot, talked to the "chap" and was delighted to get the job of splitting the wood that he cut from a fine stand of fir. After a long period on a farm, I was on excellent terms with an axe and the techniques of splitting firewood. At least I thought I was. I reported for work the next day along with my axe. "What's that for?" says the Boss. "Nobody with any sense uses one for splitting freshly cut fir - What you need is a splitting 'maul'. Here's one you can use!" In case you are as ignorant of such matters as I was - a splitting maul is like a sledge hammer except one side is sharpened like an axe. There the similarity ends. It weighs 8-10 lbs. and splitting large blocks is really quite easy after the first couple of days. He showed me the technique and, believe me, it is that easy. I was surrounded by a large stack of fresh cut fir, that was to be split into large sections that

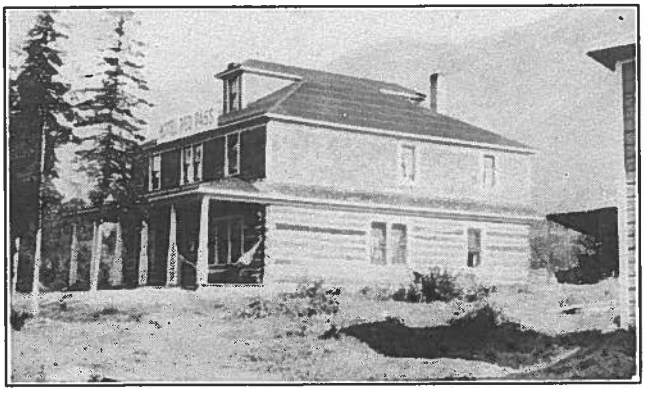
*Bernard C. Gillie, 1926. Hutton Mills staff house.*
All photos courtesy the author

had to be split into smaller pieces for the stoves in most houses. I was glad I knew how to handle the maul after a few experiments and found it really was quite easy. Incidentally, I was to be paid $1.10 per cord stacked as I worked. It was really a very pleasant experience and that kind of money was really pretty generous. One day, I split and stacked six cords, pocketed my $6.60 and arrived home feeling like the luckiest worker in the place. I could just feel the $250 I needed to get to Hutton. After about six weeks I had my money and felt strong enough to lick my weight in wildcats. Further to that, Mother and Dad were proud of me and said so!

So where was Hutton Mills and how could I get there? A little geographical research provided an answer to both questions. The Canadian National Railway office found it on their northern BC line from Jasper to Prince Rupert, about half way between Jasper and Prince George. To get there I should take the C.N. train from Vancouver to Red Pass Junction in Jasper National Park, transfer there to the train from Edmonton to Prince Rupert. That way I could get off at Hutton Mills about 75 miles east of Prince George. There was a train once a day and I would have to wait at Red Pass for several hours for the Rupert train to pick me up. So far so good but what is there at Hutton Mills? About 900 people - a large lumber mill owned and operated by the United Grain Growers and six feet of snow in January. You're wondering why the Grain Growers had a lumber mill about 1,000 miles from the grain fields of the Prairies. Join the club! So did I; and even a year later I wasn't at all sure. As a farm boy, even I knew, that wheat didn't need a sawmill to harvest it. Something to do with supplying the farmers of Saskatchewan with lumber to build elevators, sounded reasonable.

My wood splitting wages covered the cost of trains, meals and one night's sleep. I'm sure the C.N. travel agent went to bed chuckling that night; I was so green, I'm sure he felt that they could use me in a lumber mill - green lumber!

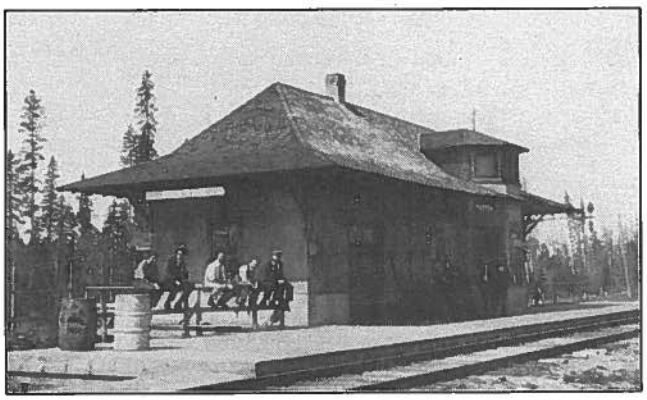
Mother, bless her heart, made a list of what I'd need for the coming year, even including a large leather trunk. Time proved her about 100% right. She wanted to know, what I would wear to school, where I would sleep, how would I get my meals, who would do my washing, and what would I do in the evenings. She drew a blank on the answers, so we tried using our imaginations and common sense in that order. Frankly, I was terrified and lay awake a few nights in a total panic. Time went by as it has a habit of doing and when the last day at home came I was past worrying. When the last day at "home" came, it finally dawned on me that life as I'd known it for 19 years was at an end. Everything I knew so well on the farm suddenly had a value that was unfamiliar. So this is growing up - nothing will ever be quite the same again. Fortunately Mother and Dad were not the "panicky" types. They understood, I guess, what I was going through, and treated the whole affair as natural as breathing, or I'm sure I'd never have boarded the Vancouver boat. The trip over was such a new experience. I forgot to be lonely and arrived with things under control. "Take a taxi to the C.N. Station" they said. Sure enough, there was a taxi at the door of the C.P.R. dock so I walked over to it; the driver opened the door, and off we went. "Where to, Sir", he asked and I managed to remember "The C.N. Station, please." I'd never been in a city as large as Vancouver so that everything I saw was a new experience. When we got to the station, I even remembered to ask the driver "how much" and to include an extra 25¢ for a tip. Dad had managed to get it into my head that such was essential.



*Red Pass Junction Hotel, where I had breakfast.*

The railway station looked enormous, and in a state of total confusion. Somehow I found a ticket counter, showed my slip only to be told that I'd have to wait three hours before the train left. At last a chance to sit down and watch the real world go by and to figure out where I'd find a train by following the crowd to the platform. I had a ticket for an upper berth so a porter showed me the right car and the right berth. My wits were beginning to settle down so I sat and watched what everyone else did. Finally "All aboard" was announced and I could really join the world going by.

Going to bed in an upper berth on a train has to be experienced to be believed. I crawled up the little ladder and found myself in a space adequate for a small dog but not a 6' 19 year old. Taking off your clothes while sitting on them presents certain difficulties I won't go into here - I even found the little net for my clothes! Who was in the berth below me, I knew not - except that he



*Hutton Mills C.N. Station.*

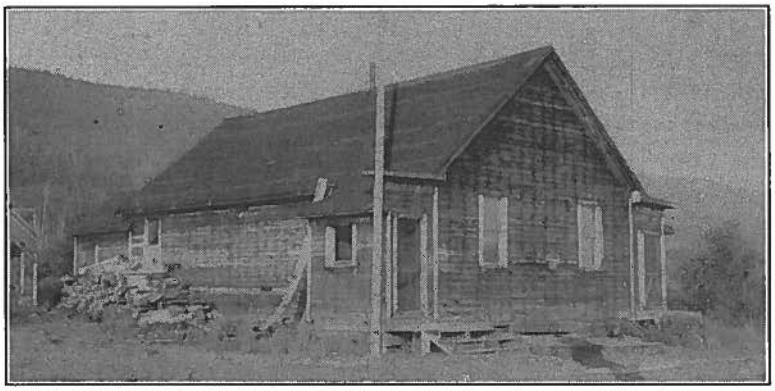
*Hutton Mills School - my first "Beginners" class.*

snored till I fell asleep and probably much longer.

Somewhere along the way I woke up to find there was enough daylight to see the mountains. I'd never seen real snowcapped mountains so close before, and for once I was amazed at their beauty. Pictures I'd seen didn't exaggerate a bit so I lay there and marvelled at the magnificence. Soon who should give me a shake but the porter who told me in no uncertain tones that I had twenty minutes to get dressed and prepare to leave the train. I'll leave you to imagine what I went through trying to find what I needed and stuff the rest in my valise. He who snored mumbled a few "pleasantries" about people who made such a disturbance at 5:30 am. I know now how he felt!

Somehow, I got things together, only to feel the brakes begin to scrape and finally bring things to a stop. As I made my way to the exit, the porter - bless his soul - pulled my arm and said, "This is Red Pass Junction. The hotel won't open till 7:00 so you'll have to amuse yourself for an hour or so before breakfast." I stepped off and found myself alone - all alone - on the station platform. The office was closed so all I could do was watch the last car disappear around a curve. For the first time I realized what being alone was really like and I decided right there that if this was teaching school in B.C., I'd try plumbing next year.

As I stood on the Red Pass Station platform and watched my train disappear, I suddenly realized I was surrounded by some of the finest mountain scenery on the continent. I'd seen pictures of it, of course, but do what we will with cameras, they somehow fail to move you like the real thing. I could feel the massive surroundings; trying to realize that here I was a young farm lad, all alone and trying to make myself realize this had really happened. There in front of me a magnificent lake with a background of snow, ice, peaks and forests such as I had never seen before. Suddenly I remembered one of our teachers at Normal School telling about that very lake - its name - Moose Lake. There must be dozens of them with that name across Canada but it stuck in my mind that this was one of the sources of the Fraser System. I've seen it many times since but it never fails to make the prickles stand up on my neck. It makes me proud of being a Canadian. Sounds silly I guess but there it is! I walked down the railroad track for half a mile or so - caught a glimpse of Mt. Robson and stood in wonder. If this is going teaching in B.C. - I'll withdraw my thought of trying plumbing.



*Hutton Mills - my first school.*

I found the hotel close to the station and read the notice saying that breakfast was served at 7:00 am. Come 7:00 and there I was on the doorstep trying the door which opened to a neat and inviting dining room. Someone showed me to a table and there I was the sole occupant. I enjoyed a good breakfast with one eye on my watch since the train for Prince Rupert was due shortly. Made my way back to the station complete with valise and still wondering if my trunk which I had shipped from Victoria would actually find its way to Hutton Mills. A train whistle in the distance and along with a few other passengers I climbed aboard. Luck was with me, for there was an empty seat alongside an attractive young lady who looked as lost as I was. We soon got into conversation and it turned out that the lady was also a teacher - a beginner - going to a place called Aleza Lake which turned out to be two stations past Hutton. She, too, was from Victoria so we had much in common and time flew by as the train headed west along the Upper Fraser River. Aleza Lake was another lumber town only larger than Hutton and I made several visits there during the winter. No - no romance - just a very pleasant friend in a land where friends for me were rare.

The trip along the Upper Fraser River was really pleasant - beautiful country-side some animal life - moose and deer - and a few humans at each station that looked like normal samples that would be easy to like. As we got close to Hutton I gathered my things together, said good-bye to my companion and stood at the coach door waiting for the first glimpse of Hutton.

To be quite honest, I was feeling weak in the knees as the train ground to a halt. Off I got to find an almost deserted platform - a large building - obviously the "mill" - and one of the largest lumber yards I'd ever seen. There was a station agent waiting to get a look at the new teacher and the company storekeeper whose job it was to take me to the "Staff House". They were both very pleasant and seemed anxious to make me welcome. I was delighted to see my teacher trunk standing nearby and was told it had come the day before. The storekeeper picked up my bag and said he'd show me my room. Now that made me feel greatly relieved. I was a member of the "staff" and my room was already assigned! We walked along the track about 100 yards to a building which had never seen a paint brush - let alone paint. In fact as I walked along I noticed that not one building in the whole place had ever been painted. I decided that the United Grain Growers didn't believe in wasting money on fancy frills like paint. The mill was running and there seemed to be plenty of activity - even to workmen running around on the logs floating in the mill pond. I asked about the huge piles of lumber and found that the saw mill had burned down a year ago and only

the planer mill was still operating. My companion told me that they had cut almost all their timber limits so were busy running the cut lumber about 15 million board feet - through the planer and when that was done the whole place would be closed. Obviously my teaching job was not going to last very long. I just hoped it would keep the place busy for another ten months. The storeman assured me it would, so at least I'd get a year of teaching and salary before they folded.

The "staff house" was anything but impressive but I kept my mouth shut. Inside it turned out to be two storeys and while far from fancy was very clean and tidy. We walked down a corridor on the ground floor, came to a closed door and my guide opened it saying, "This is your room." Furnishings were sparse - one cot, one small table and one chair. Bed neat and clean, three hooks on the wall, period. This was to be home for at least 10 months.

As a parting shot, the chap who was showing me around said, "By the way, some of the fellows who sleep in this staff house, claim there are bed-bugs at large!" I'd often heard about such things but hadn't given it much thought. What does a bed bug look like? Do they bite? Are they poisonous? What do you use to get rid of them? etc, etc. I could never tell my mother of this development. She would order me home at once, and take the whole matter up with the Minister of Education - and presto - guess who would be out of a job? Discretion was better than valour, I was sure, and my escort had only said that "'Some people say there are bed-bugs in the Staff House." Maybe it was just gossip! I'll see what happens when I go to bed. Maybe they don't like people from Victoria and will leave me alone.

It was getting on toward supper time and here comes my escort. He tells me that I'm to get all my meals in the Company Cook House, with the rest of the workmen; that the meals are excellent and it will cost me thirty-five dollars a month. Maybe this is just another rumour like you know what. As we talked someone came out of the Cook House and started to beat a big heavy triangle with a steel bar. "That's the call for supper", I'm told, "I'll take you over and introduce you to the cook and tell him you are the new teacher for the school." Off we went to the open door that said, "Cook House". On looking in I could see very little, except two or three very dim light bulbs and a sea of bodies at every long table. My friend pointed to a very small space and said, "That's where you are to sit." The only thing to do was to force my way between the two bodies in the space. Lo and behold - they shifted a bit and I was able to find room to sit down. I realized there was a buzz of conversation, but not in English. I tried that and all I got was a smile and an empty plate. I expected someone to put something on the plate, but it didn't happen. I realized that all the food was on a raised shelf down the middle of the table. If you wanted something and had a long reach, you were lucky. So I waded in, found some meat dish that looked really good and loaded my plate. Presto! It was good and I decided that my luck was improving. I found that no one - but no one - passed anything. If you couldn't reach it you went without. But everything looked excellent even in the dim light and I soon found my appetite.

I tried making conversation but all I got was a blank stare and I realized that no one within hearing understood English. In fact no one was even talking, so I kept my mouth shut except to load in the food and wonder how I'd feel after 10 months of this three times a day.

However, my guardian angel was waiting at the door as I left - if men are ever angels! A young man well dressed and, I discovered, well spoken, was waiting. He introduced himself - said his name was "Smitty" - worked in the Company office. I detected an English (old country) accent and couldn't help but warm to his smile. He asked how I liked the cookhouse meal, and I said the food was excellent but the company was short on communication. He laughed and said he knew I was the teacher and was probably feeling lost. He said that three of the office staff had their meals in a private home and wondered if I might like to join them - the cost was the same as the "cook house" and the home surroundings were very pleasant. It took me about 5 seconds to say I'd like the idea. So Smitty invited me to go with him to meet the family - a husband and wife and two small children - and if they were agreeable, I could start with breakfast next morning. I was delighted. The family name was Grogan, the husband a lineman for the telegraph company and their home was in Pittsburg. From there on life took on a different appearance and I spent the next 10 months as a boarder at "The Grogans". The house was about 30 yards from the school and they had a gramophone with a fine collection of Red Seal Recordings which I came to admire. As someone said long ago - "You can't lose them all". I knew my Mother would be relieved to know I had a good home and a family to look after me.

That night - my first in the staff house - kept me in a "stew" expecting to be bitten by you know what! Spent a restful time once I was sure the "creepy crawlies" didn't attack me. In the morning - a Sunday before Labour Day and two days to get ready for the first day in my first school.

Some young lads, about age 12 or so, came looking for me - they'd heard the new teacher had arrived - and offered to show me the school. Like everything else in Hutton Mills, it wasn't far away. There it was - weather stained, no paint - and door unlocked. In we went, and this time, I was sure I'd made a horrible mistake. The boys explained that the school was also the village hall - there had been a dance on Friday night and the janitor hadn't got around to it yet. If you know what a dance was like in a saw mill town in the B.C. Bush, I don't need to explain it. If you don't you wouldn't believe it and I really can't describe it. I knew it was a school because there were some desks among the chaos. At this point my young friends won my heart - even they were a bit dismayed - but not daunted.

"We'll help you clean up, Mr. Gillie" they said; and with the courage of desperation we set to. About 30 hours later - 3:00 o'clock on Labour Day to be exact - we had turned the place into a classroom with desks, books, supplies and a heavy deposit of dust to make it look real. Without going into the depressing details, somehow on Tuesday morning at 9:00 am, I rang the hand bell and 28 youngsters crowded through the doors and I was able to start my first school. As was always the case, every classroom in B.C. had a teacher - every teacher asked the youngsters to stand - and we all recited the Lord's Prayer. He must have heard us, for from that moment on, I was a "teacher" - something I really didn't believe was possible. And further more, I've never regretted it over all these years.

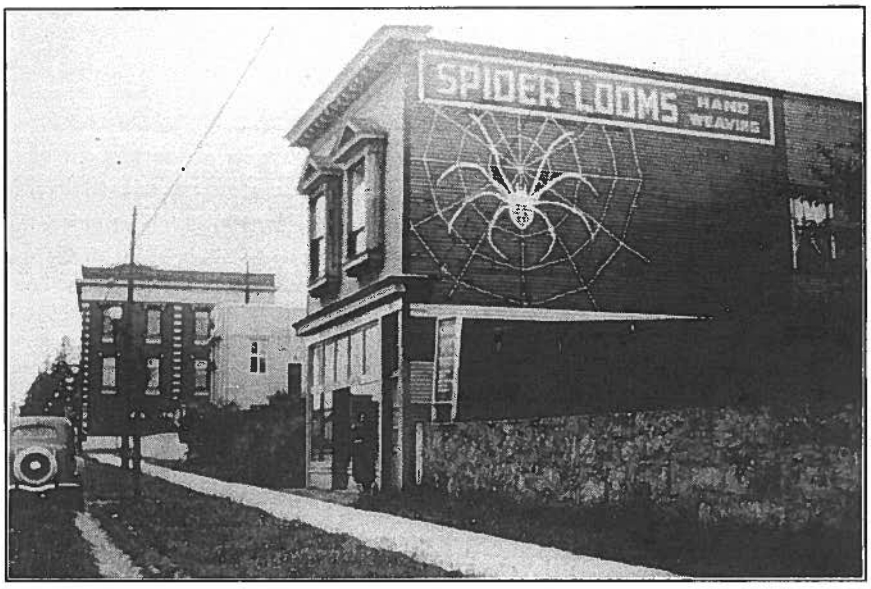
P.S. Yes there were many "bugs" referred to above, but never once did I find one in my room - which says something - though I'm not sure what!

***Bio Note: Bernard Gillie taught in several schools, then returned to university, was very active in teachers organizations becoming President of the B.C. Teachers Federation in 1944-45. From 1962 to '72 he worked in the Northwest Territories, first as a Superintendent of schools then Director of Education. He is now happily retired in Victoria.***

# *Spider Loom Ties*

## *by W.J. Spat*

No history of the necktie in Canada would be complete without mention of Spider Loom Ties. Once the standard of necktie elegance for all of Western Canada, Spider Looms was begun in 1935 by Edgar Bollerup, a Danish immigrant who spun a part-time passion for weaving into successful manufacturing business.




*Spider Looms workshop on Kingsway in Vancouver 1937 - 1952.*

All pictures courtesy the Bollerup family.

Having finished his schooling at a Copenhagen agricultural college, Bollerup emigrated to Canada at the age of 22. He first worked at Montreal General Hospital, studying on his days off with the well-known Montreal hand weaver Karen Bulöw. At that time, Bulöw was weaving curtains for the fledgling airline company Trans Canada Airlines (later to become Air Canada). Bollerup learned what he could from Bulöw, then returned to Denmark to take a few supplementary courses in hand weaving at Copenhagen.

In 1935, equipped with a pair of hand looms given to him by his parents, Ed Bollerup came back to set up his looms in rented premises at Stamford and Kingsway, on Vancouver's eastern fringe. For the next two years, under the name 'Spider Looms,' Edgar Bollerup wove scarves, curtains, place mats, table cloths, and anything else he could get an order for.

Soon the webs of Spider Looms became well enough known that Birks Jewellers placed an order for twelve knotted table cloths. "Now I had to get those table cloths pressed and embroidered with numerals once they were woven," explains Edgar Bollerup.

"For that, I went around the corner to a Joyce Road dressmaking shop to see if they could help me with the work. They could, they did, and that's how I met my wife."

Dressmaker Dorothy Tuplin not only embroidered and pressed the Birks table cloths, she cut and sewed a sample of cloth that Edgar wove into eight neckties. Spider Loom Ties were born.

With the success of the Birks contract, Edgar Bollerup was not only able to take Dorothy out, he had enough money to move into new premises at 3618 Kingsway. The long-standing Kingsway structure had been home to many businesses before Spider Looms, but it was best known as 30-30 from the days when it served as a road house to travellers making the two-day journey between Vancouver and New Westminster.

30-30 proved to be the perfect location for Spider Loom Ties, with the sides of the building being painted in enormous spider's webs visible to all travellers up and down Kingsway. In the window, a sizable cloth spider hung upside down in its web. The Bollerups lived above the shop on the second floor.

"It was a busy place," recalls Dorothy Bollerup. "Each of the girls we had sewing the ties had to take a 2 week apprenticeship in the front room with me. It got so that when Edgar and I had children, the babies wouldn't sleep unless the sewing machines were running. People even wanted us to make spider pin-cushions, like the big spider in the window."

"Skjold 'Sid' Andersen really got the tie sales going," recalls Edgar Bollerup. "Sid was an accountant and the Secretary at the Danish Consulate. He set up our books, and organized the sales. So it was like a three department business, with me doing the cloth manufacturing and finishing, Dorothy and her girls doing the tie production, and Sid doing the books and sales."

"The yarn came from Newland Harding of Guelph, Ontario. We would sign a contract for say 3000 Ibs, and they would just make up a bunch of 232 yarn at 16 twist and leave it undyed. We would phone in an order of so many pounds of whatever colours we wanted, depending what was in fashion at that time. They would dye it, and three weeks later, we would have the yarn. It was up to whoever was on the loom to make up the pattern. The finished cloth was then washed in hot water, shrunk in cold, and put on stretchers to dry," explains Ed Bollerup.

"Cutting the cloth into ties was a finicky thing because if you didn't get the cloth exactly on the bias, the ties wouldn't hang properly. And if you didn't cut straight, there was hell to pay from the girls in the sewing room," recalls Clive Bollerup, son of Spider Loom founder Edgar Bollerup.

The finished ties were distributed to menswear shops all over British Columbia, and to the Eaton's, Hudson's Bay, Simpson's, and Woodward's department-store chains which sold the ties across the country. "Consumption was not as sophisticated then as it is today," observes Dorothy Bollerup. "People bought what was there in the stores - supply was short." Advertising was mostly by word of mouth, with the occasional in-store display.

"I remember a demonstration that we had in the Hudson's Bay Company in 1939," continues Dorothy Bollerup. "Ed was in the store weaving, and they had one of my father's ties - which was one of the original eight

*Edgar Bollerup carefully cutting 20 layers of cloth to make ties. The cloth was woven with 31 threads per inch warp and 31 threads per inch weft. The cut must be on the bias (45°) so that the finished tie would not curl. The cutter was new in 1942. Prior to that the cutting was done with scissors - six layers at one time.*

- on display to show how Spider Loom Ties could be worn day in day out, and washed in between. Well, it turned out that while Ed wasn't looking, they even sold that tie - the one my father had worn for years as motorman number thirty-nine on the streetcars. My father was so annoyed!"

Compared to today, a good tie was inexpensive - Spider Loom ties sold for $1.50 apiece in 1939. And Edgar Bollerup insisted that the ties always sold for the same price across town, to the point that he once bought out the stock of a mens-wear store that was periodically selling the ties for two bits less than everyone else. He never sold Spider Loom ties to that store again.

"The only way you could get a Spider Loom tie for less than the going rate was to come into 30-30 and say the words rødgrod med flode. If you could pronounce that, it showed that you were Danish, and you could get a tie at the wholesale price. Otherwise, everyone bought their Spider Loom ties for the same amount," recounts Edgar Bollerup.

For the longest time, the Hudson's Bay Company kept asking 'Mr Bollerup, we're selling so many of your ties - why don't you give us a discount?' So we talked it over. I think that we finally ended up giving all the department stores - those that made the big orders - a 2% discount if they paid us within 10 days."

Shortly after the outbreak of the Second World War, Spider Looms bought its first power loom - a British-made Compton & Knowles. "When the new loom came, we had to get rid of our first label," remembers Dorothy Bollerup. "One of the girls who was quite religious refused to sew the original 'Hand woven by Spider Looms' labels onto cloth woven with a power loom. Technically, she was right, I suppose, but it shows you how times have changed."

The new machinery allowed Spider Looms to double its business in two successive years. "We even did some advertising," recollects Ed Bollerup. "One Sunday in 1942 we set up four signs on the Petersen Hill approaching the Pattullo Bridge: 'Said the boy to the girl...' 'What catches your eye?' 'Said the girl to the boy...' 'It's your Spider Loom Tie.' We didn't ask anybody's permission. We just went ahead and put the signs up. In those days you could do that sort of thing."

Two further power looms were bought in 1942, but the wartime rationing of yarn cut Spider Looms back to a quarter of its previous consumption. It was necessary to diversify in order to keep the business afloat. With Sid Andersen, the Bollerups bought a Granville Street carpet and linoleum business. For three years, until the end of the war, Edgar Bollerup put aside his shuttle and laid linoleum, devoting only a fraction of his time to weaving what wool could be had.

*The "girls" at the sewing machines in the upstairs workroom of 3618 Kingway.*

With the end of the war came the end of rationing, and a resumption of necktie business as usual. Styles were changing, and Spider Loom began block printing silk taffeta with gaudy designs in addition to producing their regular line of woven ties. The hand-printed silk ties were supplied to the Restaurant Association, the Rotary Club, and even the 1951 Co-operative Commonwealth Federation (CCF) convention.

A special green, scarlet, and yellow totem-pole pattern was printed on silk taffeta for Harry 'Totem' Duker, the colourful Vancouver philanthropist. "Any important person who visited Vancouver would get a custom Spider Loom Tie from Harry," explained Ed Bollerup. "The phone would ring, and I'd answer 'Spider Looms.' A voice at the other end would say: 'Harry Duker. Five Dozen,' and then the line would go dead. That's how he ordered his supply." Thanks to Totem Duker, Spider Loom Ties made their way into the collections of such figures as American President Harry Truman and Prince Philip.

With the improving overall business climate, there came to be more than enough work between Spider Looms and the linoleum business. Sid Andersen took over the lino, and Ed Bollerup concentrated on Spider Looms. Salesmen were brought in, and through the 1950's Spider Looms saw strong growth in the necktie business.

"In those days, nearly all the men wore ties, from the high schools to the penitentiaries. In the high schools, the boys wanted the narrowest of black ties. In the penitentiaries, the guards wanted the clip-ons, so that the inmates couldn't get hold of them by grabbing their ties through the bars," reminisces Clive Bollerup, who took the business over from his father in 1967. "We were making ties for the teachers, the liquor control board, the forestry service, the police, the private schools, the post office, the bridge authority - even the patients at the Essondale Mental Hospital."

Edgar Bollerup kept the Vancouver sales area just to stay in touch with the merchants. "Relations were very friendly, and people co-operated. I would buy all my clothing from the storekeepers, and at Christmas-time they would return the favour with hootch and candy. We even had a lot of help with our Ivy League designs from one of the department-store buyers - a fellow with Eaton's by the name of Norm Vesak. Norm was a very talented fellow who started the first music and dance academy in West Van. He later became a ballet choreographer working in Winnipeg and San Francisco."

"Times were like that then," adds Clive Bollerup. "People were less hurried, and weren't always so concerned about the bot-

*Two Spider Loom workers are shown here inserting a frame inside each tie. Then twelve ties at a time were laid in the big steam press at left rear, for the finishing touch.*

tom line. If you could do something, then you counted for something. It wasn't so important to ask how much you made or what you owned."

"Spider Loom Ties got to be well enough known that people came to us" remembers Ed Bollerup. "There was a sea captain who came into port, and had us make bow ties for his entire crew. And then there was Suzanne Sportswear on West Fourth, which wanted us to weave some cloth that looked like our Rainbow ties so that they could make pleated skirts out of it. It was a complicated pattern, one that would have the effect of changing colours from white to grey as the woman wearing the skirt walked. Well, after weaving some cloth for them, I told them that they would have to have somebody else look after the regular production, since my looms were too busy making cloth for ties. So they sent a sample to their Scottish mills. The Scots took a day and a half to understand the design, and another day and a half to make the warp. They wrote back that it was one of the most complicated and difficult designs that they had seen for many years. 'An extraordinary type of design to come from America,' they wrote. I was very proud of that."

The tie business was not always boom, however. February and July were the slow months, and then there were the fashion downturns. "When Trudeau started wearing turtlenecks, sales dropped off overnight," remembers Clive Bollerup.

"But then small business is like that," explains Ed Bollerup. "You have to have perseverance when times are tough in order to be around when things pick up. What really put us under were the changes in zoning. By that time we had moved down the hill to 5560 Lincoln Street. There the City kept changing the zoning: from industrial to light industrial to single family dwelling. Finally, we could only sell to another weaving business. No one wanted to be in that area."

In 1972, the company was wound down. Except for the two hand looms brought from Denmark thirty-seven years before, all of Spider Loom's weaving, warping, and winding equipment was sold off, either for scrap, or to West Coast Woolen Mills. "Every improvement to those looms was blood and sweat," says Edgar Bollerup with sadness. Local hand-weavers bought up the remaining yarn.

"Its hard to talk about the end," sighs Dorothy Bollerup. "We had so many good years. Even today, Edgar won't kill a spider. He picks them up, and puts them outside in our garden."

***Dr. Spat is a near-native Vancouverite who holds degrees in philosophy from the Universities of Edinburgh and British Columbia. Currently he is president of Ioto International Corporation. He wears Spider Loom Ties whenever the occasion permits.***

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# *Gulf Islands Branch B.C. Historical Federation*

The members of this branch of our federation have the timing of their meeting dictated by ferry schedules. Attendance at events proves that programs are appealing and enthusiasm remains high. Several Gulf Islanders attended the Fraser River History Conference in Yale in October. (See News & Notes.) Galiano Island writer Ralph Brine attended and was lauded for his book **Canada's Forgotten Highway**. (It is also reported that fellow delegates purchased copies of this new book.)

Mayne Island, which used to be the centre of the outer islands, hosted the November meeting. Visitors gathered in St. Mary Magdalene church where they admired the carved wooden furniture, the font and beautiful interior. This church was built in 1897 on land donated by Warburton Pike (whose home was on Saturna Island.) The font is a chunk of natural sandstone found on Saturna, whose indentations hold the water perfectly for baptism. Some of the carving was done by Galiano's William Cain. The exterior is sheathed with wooden shingles.

David and Andrea Burchell, owners of the lovely Bellhouse Inn on Galiano Island, hosted the December meeting. This building has an interesting history. The land on which the inn stands was first owned and cleared by Gastown's "Portugese Joe" Silva, who sold it to the Grubb family before the turn of the century. It was the Grubbs who built and then established a farm on the property. About 1908 they moved to Victoria, selling their Galiano holding to the Bellhouse family, English immigrants who had resided in Winnipeg for a time before coming west.

Mr. & Mrs. Bellhouse continued to farm the land as their family grew up. Following the cessation of war in 1918 they turned the now greatly enlarged farmhouse into an inn where visitors came from the mainland or Vancouver Island to holiday. In 1925 the building burned to the ground and was rebuilt by the oldest son, Thorny Bellhouse, and his wife Jessie. The couple ran the inn successfully for many years. After Thorny's death, Jessie sold the property in 1965. She kept an inland portion of the farm where she had a new home built, a home she occupies today.

From 1965 to 1995 the inn was a private home, first occupied by Reg and Nan Day and then by Dr. John Hales and family. In the spring of 1995 the Burchells began the building's conversion back to its former use, this time as a bed and breakfast establishment. Its superb position beside the beach in Bellhouse Bay (next to Sturdies Bay), surrounded by sweeping lawns, creates a perfect setting for the old building with its spacious rooms and handsome appointments. It is worthy of heritage designation.

The January 1996 meeting of Gulf Islands' Historical group was held in the Payne Residence, the oldest house on Saturna Island. Farmer-politician Jim Campbell regaled the visitors with his memories of life on Saturna.

The former president is Charles Ilsley of Pender Island. We thank the new president, Andrew Loveridge of Galiano Island for sharing these reports with us.

# *Liquor and the Indian Post WWII*

## *by Megan Schlase*

The two decades following World War II have generally been regarded as a period of transition in Native-White relations in Canada. Attitudes of paternalism and policies aimed at wardship and assimilation for Native Canadians were widely challenged by an emerging social conscience reflected in the discourse of equality, democracy, and social justice. British Columbia was no exception to this trend. Calls for legislative amendments to address the inequities prevalent in the status quo were voiced conspicuously by Natives and whites alike in B.C. during these years. However, while legislative amendments were enacted in many policy areas, policy changes often did not keep pace with the evolving social consciousness of either Natives or main-stream society. Many such revisions were either too little or too late to capitalize on the changing climate of opinion.

Through an investigation into the prevailing social attitudes during the post-war period and changes to one specific area of Indian legislation - that dealing with liquor distribution in B.C. - this paper will argue that the policy changes enacted during this period did much to quell, or at least minimize, the spirit of optimism for Native-White relations that prevailed in the first few years following the war. The paper will begin by presenting a brief outline of the history of legislation regarding liquor distribution amongst Natives in B.C. It will then identify a number of factors that contributed to the increasing liberalization of attitudes in general, and liquor laws for Natives in particular, and will move on to consider the effects of the laws for those to whom they applied. The discussion will proceed to identify and assess the issues around which the debate over alcohol and the Indian revolved, including both Native and White perceptions of the issues.

### *History of Liquor Legislation*

The prohibition of alcohol for Native peoples has had a long history in Canada. At confederation, control of Indian matters, including the distribution of alcohol, was given to the federal government and responsibility was delegated to the Department of the Secretary of State for the Provinces. The first Indian Act, passed in 1876, consolidated and revised all previous legislation dealing with Indians in all existing provinces and territories.[1] The original sections of the Act concerning intoxicants listed a remarkable array of offences ranging from supplying liquor to natives; manufacturing, possessing, bartering and consuming intoxicants; to being found in a state of intoxication. It was also illegal to fail to provide authorities with the names of suppliers or other details regarding transactions involving alcohol. Penalties for offenses were also defined. The Act was amended at frequent intervals, becoming increasingly more detailed with each revision. Penalties were likewise adjusted frequently. By the time of the Great Depression of the 1930's, federal legislation regulating and interfering in the affairs of Native peoples in Canada had reached its pinnacle. The Indian Act was again consolidated in 1927 and major changes were not made again until after World War II.[2] At this point the Department of Indian Affairs changed the direction of its policies; assimilation as a goal was discarded in favor of directives that sought to help Natives retain and develop their Native characteristics while simultaneously taking on the full rights of Canadian citizens.[3]

The Indian Act as amended in 1951 allowed Natives, for the first time since the existence of the Act, to consume alcohol in public drinking establishments but did not allow for any other purchase, sale, possession, or consumption of intoxicants either on or off reserves. The act was amended again in 1956 to allow provinces to implement full drinking rights to Natives, providing that each band first hold a referendum to determine whether the majority of residents on a reserve were in favor of allowing for possession and consumption of alcohol on the reserve.[4] As will be discussed later, this policy proved unworkable, since it was impossible for authorities to distinguish members of one band from another, and the provincial government consequently stopped prosecuting cases involving alcohol on reserves in 1956. However, full rights to buy and possess alcohol outside of reserve boundaries were not granted to British Columbia's Native population until July 2, 1962.

### *Impetus to Change*

In 1946 thousands of Native veterans were returning home after serving in the armed forces overseas and a growing number of Whites were acknowledging the flagrant inconsistencies between the aspirations of freedom and democracy and the manner in which Canada was treating its own Native peoples. In a contemporary novel depicting Native life in the Skeena Valley, author Hubert Evans in **Mist of the River** describes the liberalizing attitudes of the times:

> *Lo, the poor Indian. Normandy, Holland, all the way. Good comrades, good soldiers. Fine body of men. Best in the world. The tumult and the shouting dies. What happens? The captains and the kings depart, anybody knows that. But to hell with them. My friend and my brother, here's what happens. They give their precious blood for Canada, the last full measure of devotion and all that crap. In Flanders fields the poppies gorge upon their blood. Heroes and gentlemen, every one. ... What does it get them? Does a grateful nation stop treating their sorrowing mothers and fathers like second-class citizens? It does not.*[5]

Liberal white folks, however, were not alone in recognizing such inherent inequities. Native political organization in British Columbia had developed to a mature and forceful stage by this time; the native Brotherhood of B.C., founded in 1930, began publishing the first ever Native-run newspaper, **The Native Voice**, in 1946. In its first edition, the Native perspective clearly reveals the level of dissatisfaction with the status quo:

> *We suffer as a minority race and as wards, or minors without a voice in regard to our own welfare. We are prisoners of a controlling power in our own country - a country which has stood up under the chaos of two world wars, beneath the guise of democracy and freedom, yet keeping enslaved a Native people in their own home land...*
>
> *...our Dominion is not in a position to point a finger of scorn at the treatment meted out by the countries toward their people, until she liberates her own original and subjected race.*[6]

More specifically, the protests of returning Indian veterans underscored the duplicity of the liquor laws as they pertained to Natives. In her reminiscences of life spent on Stoney Creek Reserve in North Central British Columbia, Mary John relates the change in perceptions:

*The big change came after the Second World War. So many men from Stoney Creek and reserves all across Canada had served overseas in the armed forces, in England, Scotland, France, Italy, and Germany. They drank in canteens, as they called the beer parlors, just like white soldiers. When those who survived the war returned to Canada, the Native ex-servicemen found that under the Indian Act they were still forbidden to drink alcohol anywhere in their own country... People say that it was the returned soldiers who brought about a change in the Indian Act...*[7]

Expressions of the need for reform were reinforced in part by the growing civil rights movement in the United States, and the general climate advocating change was enhanced by the increasing influence of television media upon society.[8] Popular magazines in print in Canada published increasing numbers of articles during the post-war period, often calling for "a New Deal" for the Native, while generally acknowledging that they had had an unfair one in the past.[9]

The government of Canada responded in 1946 by undertaking a federal Joint Commission of the Senate and House of Commons to investigate the state of Indian affairs in Canada. The amended Indian Act of 1951 represented the outcome of the study. The Native Brotherhood of B.C. had played an important and effective role in establishing the special concerns of Natives in British Columbia. It was largely the role that the NBBC played in the Joint Commission that resulted in a federal government decision to sponsor an indepth study into the status of Native people in B.C.[10] Under the direction of Dr. H.B. Hawthorne, professor of Anthropology at the University of British Columbia, the study, when completed in 1956 endorsed, among other things, equal liquor rights for B.C.'s Natives.[11]

***Effects of Liquor Distribution Legislation***

Natives have had access to alcohol since first contact with whites. Official prohibition did not stop Indians from acquiring and consuming liquor, although it did make it somewhat more difficult or inconvenient for them to obtain it. White and mixed-blood bootleggers were generally available in most areas to supply Natives who wished to drink, and home brew was produced through a variety of methods on many reserves. While prohibition did not eliminate the use of alcohol amongst Natives, it did have significant social consequences. The most obvious, perhaps, is that it turned otherwise law-abiding individuals into criminals. The Indian Act prescribed penalties of fines, jail terms, or a combination of both, for natives convicted of liquor offenses which did not represent infractions for whites.

The 1951 amendment to the Indian Act allowing Natives to drink in beer parlors and licensed establishments serving meals was in part an attempt to address the inequality and discrimination so obvious within total prohibition. But, as Hawthorne pointed out in his report, such arguments "were not carried to their logical conclusion":[12]

*For, if Indians were permitted to drink in the open, their drinking was, in law, concentrated in a small number of beer parlours of limited facilities with limited hours of access; and Indians were still discriminated against, for they were not permitted to drink anywhere else or purchase liquor in the liquor stores or take liquor on the reserves.*[13]

In studying the effects of the legislation on Indian drinking behavior, Hawthorne noted some disturbing trends.

*Since they cannot drink legally anywhere but in the beer parlour, their object is to consume as much as possible in the time available to them; in this sense the limitations of the law are a direct support of immoderate drinking.*[14]

Mary John's recollections of alcohol consumption amongst Natives at Stoney Creek Reserve reinforce Hawthorne's observations:

*How often I watched the results of this policy! People would drink as much as they could before closing time, because they knew that once they left the beer parlour, the only place they could drink was in some back alley or beside the railway tracks.*[15]

While the law encouraged immoderate public drinking and illicit secretive drinking, it also discouraged a more socially controlled pattern of alcohol use. Hawthorne described this phenomenon in his report:

*The other patterns of White drinking - the occasional glass of beer with a meal at home, or the social occasion where the guests take liquor as a refreshment - are observed by a very small minority of Indians, and, even if they wish to copy them they cannot afford to do so. For, paradoxically, the wild and secretive drinking is safer, because precautions are taken, and there is a certain anonymity in a crowd. Moderate drinking at home is not only illegal, but in this context it appears senseless - the danger of arrest increases as time draws out, the possibility of informing increases because acquaintances are excluded, and anxiety over possible interruption and arrest is felt more keenly because the drinkers are more sober - and who would risk arrest anyway for just one or two glasses of beer? Once again, the law has contributed directly to immoderate drinking.*[16]

The concentration of Native alcohol consumption within beer parlors also meant that Natives who drank tended to be much more in the public eye than those who did not. When combined with the consequent pattern of intensified drinking in bars, the results could have detrimental effects upon the public's perception of the Native population. Hawthorne reported his findings on these consequences as follows:

*One result of present drinking patterns is the way in which a stereotype of Indian behaviour receives supporting evidence. We have heard of Whites visiting certain rural beer parlours for no other reason than to watch the antics of intoxicated Indians. If this were the only harmful effect of Indian drinking patterns, it would be a sufficient argument for remedial measures; for no adequate programme of cultural adjustment can take place without a greater possibility of mutual respect than this allows.*[17]

From the Native perspective, the discrimination embodied in the law served to reinforce a collective political grudge, which was often exacerbated by the effects of alcohol consumption. In 1954 Edwin M. Lemert of the University of California reported his findings of a study of alcohol use among British Columbia's Northwest Coast Indians:

*Drinking the forbidden liquor thus became for the Indian an act of aggression against white authority and at the same time a protest against imputations of inferiority explicit in the Indian Act and implicit in daily social interaction between whites and Indians.*[18]

Lemert emphasized the tendency for Natives to lash out in verbal anti-white aggression when intoxicated:

*Many taxi drivers who frequently transport drunken Indians back to their reserves from near-by towns comment upon the ever present tendency of their passengers to break*

*into bitter condemnation and even cursing of the white man. An individual example of this kind of behaviour is that of a Salish Indian who, when sober, is a very quiet, shy, and even timid person. Yet when he gets drunk he flexes his muscles and shouts at his employer, a clam buyer: "Look at me! I am strong - as good as you are!"*[19]

***The Prominent Issues***

A number of recurring themes regarding the issue of Natives and alcohol can be identified in the contemporary sources. Many of these themes can reveal insights into the dynamics of Native-White relations during this period. Among those commonly discussed, the issue of the Indian's perceived ability to "handle" liquor is quite instructive. This issue was addressed often by both Natives and Whites. Speaking at a Native Brotherhood convention in Hazelton in April 1953, 74 year old Chief Arthur McDame's address was reported as follows in the **Vancouver Sun**:

*"When white men first came they gave us beans and we boiled them all day and still couldn't eat them," he said. "Later we found out they were coffee beans. Today I notice when white men go into beer parlours, they don't come out falling over the ground. It's the same as the coffee bean story," he told his people. "You don't know how to handle it yet."*[20]

At the same meeting in Hazelton, a second Native spokesperson addressed the issue two days later:

*We will not be able to accustom ourselves to liquor which is part of the white man's civilization, unless we can obtain it in a more normal manner.*[21]

Hawthorne explained that the public perception of Natives' inability to handle alcohol was partly the result of Natives' different association with the state of drunkenness:

*...intoxication in itself is a deliberate objective. Little prestige is associated with "holding liquor"; more is associated with getting drunk.*[21]

An editorial in the **Victoria Daily Times** in December 1958 addressed the issue in quite different terms:

*The anomaly lies in the attitude our legal institutions take when the Indian is enfranchised. Unenfranchised, the Indian's access to spirits is restricted. Once he becomes enfranchised, exactly the same individual may buy and drink liquor like any adult citizen. How does enfranchisement enable him to handle it better?*[23]

A more liberal airing of the question was printed in the **Vancouver Sun** in July, 1962, under the headline "Experts Say Indian Can Hold Liquor as Well as White Man."[24] In the story, several experts concurred with the findings expressed by Dr. James M. Mather, assistant dean of the University of B.C.'s Faculty of Medicine:

*There is absolutely no evidence of physiological difference between the Indian or members of any other race, whether white, yellow or black. It is equally true that there is no justification for the belief, held by many white people, that the Indian is more physically susceptible to the effects of alcohol.*[25]

Thus, while the debate encompassed a wide range of opinions and emphases over the years, it seems quite clear that the issue of Native consumption of alcohol was a going concern. As Hawthorne noted, "...there is probably no issue affecting Indians which is so much in the public eye."[26]

A second theme that recurs fairly consistently in the public debate involves the institution of bootlegging. Here, however, it could be argued quite easily that opinion represented a consensus in its censure of the practice. In advocating equal liquor laws for B.C.'s Natives, Hawthorne described the effect such a measure would have in this regard:

*It would remove at one blow the special hold of the bootlegger on the Indian. Insofar as it did this it would reduce the associations of Indians with criminals in the White population and minimize the temptation for Indians to engage in crime to obtain liquor.*[27]

An editorial in the **Victoria Times** in 1958 condemned the practice in the following terms:

*...a citizen's right to liquor, were it extended to Natives, would help to eliminate one festering sore in our society... The festering sore is the bootlegger who victimizes the Indian. Any Native with a will to drink and the money to pay black-market prices can, and does, acquire liquor. Laws do not stop that traffic.*[28]

In 1962, when Natives in B.C. were finally granted equal liquor rights, Attorney General Bonner was quoted in the **Victoria Daily Times** professing that...

*The only people injured by this will be that shadowy band of people who over the years have been supplying liquor to Indians clandestinely.*[29]

Natives, understandably, favored liquor law changes because they would "reduce the present patronage of bootleggers by Indians."[30] Many other references of a similar nature can be found in the contemporary debates; in general the tone of the arguments seems genuinely humanitarian or utilitarian as opposed to paternalistic, although there are, of course, some exceptions.

A protracted debate resulted from the Indian Act amendments in 1956, allowing provincial governments to initiate full liquor rights to Natives within provincial jurisdictions. The amendment stipulated that provincial governments could authorize, through order-in-council, the application of provincial laws to Natives on a band-by-band basis, providing that a majority of members from each band voted for the change in a referendum. The provincial government proved reluctant to implement the plan, citing the confusion that would result in trying to determine which Natives were purchasing liquor legally and which were not. Thus, while enforcement of the law was loosened, it remained technically illegal for Natives to drink anywhere but in beer parlors. Both the B.C. Government and Natives sought an amendment to the Indian Act to clarify the situation. In 1959, after three years of federal-provincial bureaucratic jostling, the province was still holding out for changes to the Act that would allow for the application of changes on a province-wide basis "without all the ifs and buts that are in the Act now."[31] By May 1962 about one-third of the bands in B.C. had voted for liquor, following an active campaign by Skeena New Democratic Party MP Frank Howard. Faced with the impracticality of enforcing the laws as indicated above, the province responded by lifting the ban on liquor for all B.C.'s Natives in July, 1962.

The move was widely hailed in very positive terms in the province's major newspapers. Among comments published in the papers, those of Attorney-General Bonner and Magistrate Roderick Haig-Brown were what most widely quoted. Bonner explained the province's reasons for not implementing the policy sooner and outlined the governments attempts to have the federal Act amended. He emphasized that the government was in no way averse to having Natives enjoy the same rights as other citizens.[32] Magistrate Haig-Brown delivered a scathing denunciation of the discriminatory liquor laws, repeating a statement to the press that he had made on the issue in 1958:

*Many Indians appear in my court every year. They are rarely charged with anything more serious than having bought or drunk liquor. But an Indian case is never trivial. Indians come to court on these charges with a*

*sense of injustice and discrimination. They are right... It is not simply a question of liquor, but of freedom and human dignity that belongs with freedom. I am ashamed every time it is the duty of my court to punish Indians for something that is a crime only for them.*[33]

A dissenting view expressed by Magistrate Beevor-Potts, that "99% of trouble with Indians was attributable to liquor, and less, not more, should be made available to them,"[34] received conspicuously less attention in the majority of reports. John Albany of the Songhees band commented that "The old law keeping liquor away from Indians did more harm than good. It created ill feelings between Indians and whites."[35] Guy Williams, president of the Native Brotherhood of B.C., told reporters that his organization had been trying for twenty-five years to get equal rights for Indians and remarked that they were "first class citizens now."[36]

### *Conclusion*

It could well be argued that the significance of the liquor distribution question in understanding Native-White relations at mid-century was that it symbolized an obvious gap between the prevalent, post-war liberal ideology and social reality as it was expressed by public policy. Whether or not an earlier application of equal drinking rights would have substantially reduced ill feelings between Natives and Whites is speculative. What is clear is that the post-war climate of opinion seemed ready for changes in the liquor laws that were not forthcoming until 1962. In the meantime, the laws encouraged the development of abhorrent drinking patterns amongst natives or required them to pay more for black market booze. The white population's preoccupation with the Native's ability to "handle" alcohol reflected a perception that was related to the development of abhorrent drinking patterns. And lastly, the blatant discrimination inherent in the liquor laws embittered many Natives towards Whites, a process that was merely enhanced by the drinking habits the law encouraged.

***Bio Note: Megan Schlase, a Vancouver mother of three, has just completed her B.A. in History at the University of British Columbia. She is now working towards a Masters in Archival Studies.***

**Footnotes:**

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7. Bridget Moran, *Stoney Creek Woman*, Vancouver, Tillicum Library, 1988, p. 106-107.
8. James Wilson, *Canada's Indians*, Minority Rights Group, 1974, p.23.
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# *The Cache Creek Provincial Boarding School 1874 - 1890*

## *by Wayne Norton*

John Jessop, British Columbia's first superintendent of education, was proud of his extensive tour of the interior of the province in the fall of 1872. He had travelled hundreds of kilometres over difficult trails in attempting to assess the educational needs of children living outside the more settled regions of Vancouver Island and the lower mainland. The report he subsequently submitted to the newly-appointed Provincial Board of Education stated that nearly three hundred children of school age were scattered throughout the interior without access to schooling. Another hundred children under five years of age were also living well beyond the reach of the province's few existing schools. To remedy the situation, he proposed the creation of nine additional day schools throughout the province and the establishment of "a large central educational establishment where pupils (could) be lodged and boarded, as well as educated."[1]

The Board of Education welcomed the report and gave serious consideration to building two boarding schools, one near Soda Creek and the other in the vicinity of Kamloops. It was decided, however, that only one such experimental school should be initially constructed, and both the board and the superintendent "unhesitatingly indicated Kamloops as presenting the proper site."[2] Premier de Cosmos stated in the legislature that Kamloops was the preferred location, and on 20 February 1873, the government unofficially advised the Board of Education "that the erection of a boarding school at Kamloops has already been decided upon."[3] By mid April, the residents of Kamloops were a little impatient that no official announcement had been made, but had no doubts at all that the school would be located there soon.[4]

It came as a considerable shock when, just two weeks later, the announcement was made that the province was to locate its experimental boarding school at Cache Creek. The Victoria **British Colonist** a vocal critic of the de Cosmos government, later insisted that the reason for locating the school at Cache Creek "must have been more strong than good" and declared that there was "an unsightly skeleton covered up somewhere in this question."[5]

***Eleanor and Archibald Irwin, matron and teacher at the Provincial Boarding School 1876-77.***
Courtesy Brian Bonenfant

There was in fact, no skeleton and little evidence of a cover-up. Charles Augustus Semlin, elected as one of the MLAs for the Yale district in 1871 and a Cache Creek resident, had simply been lobbying members of the rather unstable government of Premier Amor de Cosmos. Whether or not he made his continued support conditional on the location of the boarding school at Cache Creek is unknown. However, it was Semlin who formally introduced the Act Respecting the Management of Public Boarding Schools, and who successfully guided the bill through the legislature in January 1874.[6]

With the passage of the Act, the way was clear to begin the construction of the school. The building contract was awarded jointly to Dan Adams of Victoria and David Withrow of New Westminster at an anticipated cost of $5,500.[7] The site of the school was to be at the point where Cache Creek meets the Bonaparte River, on eight hectares donated specifically for school purposes by two of Semlin's previous business associates. Phillip Parke and Semlin had jointly operated the Bonaparte House Hotel at Cache Creek from 1866 until 1868, when Semlin traded his interest in the hotel to James Campbell for the Dominion Ranch. The fact that Parke and Campbell were willing to donate land for school purposes would certainly have provided Semlin with a considerable advantage in his attempt to convince the government to locate the boarding school at Cache Creek. It is perhaps not surprising that, in addition to Senator C.F. Cornwall, the government appointed C.A. Semlin, Phillip Parke and James Campbell as the first trustees of the Cache Creek Boarding School. (Cornwall's appointment appears to have been purely an honorary one. He played no role in the administration of the school, and his nominal trusteeship lasted for only one year.)

Work on the school building and the dormitory proceeded rapidly in the late spring of 1874, and the first students arrived in May. Superintendent Jessop travelled to Cache Creek, and officially opened the school on 2 June 1874 with eighteen students on the register. By July, the number of students had risen to thirty-six, which Jessop declared to be "about as many as the building can accommodate." In his annual report, he went on to say:

"The success of the Boarding School experiment is now placed beyond a doubt. It is the settled conviction of almost every person in the upper country who has given the subject any consideration, that there is no other feasible method of bringing educational facilities within reach of the widely scattered families in the interior;... boarding school (students) have the advantage over day pupils in enjoying greater facilities for study, and are, moreover, under constant surveillance as

to their conduct and demeanour."[8]

The first teacher to be employed at the school was Joseph Jones, who previously had taught in Victoria. Jones was an English immigrant and, as such, was typical of the province's teachers in the 1870s. Of the thirty-two teachers employed by the Provincial Board of Education in 1874, twenty-two were from Great Britain. At a salary of $75 per month, Jones was required to teach the basic provincial curriculum: Reading, Arithmetic, Writing and Dictation, Grammar, Geography, and History. His responsibilities also included general supervision and, based on fees of $8 per month per student, he was to provide room and board for the students. To assist in this, with particular regard to the female students and to supervise the cooking and laundry, Jones' wife was employed as matron at a salary of $50 per month.

If the provincial government hoped that the political controversies would fade once the school became operational, it was soon disappointed. As an experiment in education, the boarding school found itself under steady public scrutiny, and critics of the school found a ready forum in the pages of the **British Colonist**. An anonymous parent wrote to the **Colonist** in August, stating that some of the trustees had not yet found time to visit the school and claiming that "the culpable indifference of the trustees (was) a matter of serious complaint with the public." He reiterated his views in another letter a month later.[9] An anonymous (and perhaps unemployed) teacher noted that, though Jones had only a temporary certificate, the Cache Creek establishment was the "best paid school in the province."[10]

Superintendent Jessop, however, spoke very highly of the school after he administered the first examinations there on 31 May 1875. He found the exam results "eminently satisfactory" and advised the **Colonist** that "the proficiency of the pupils in the several branches taught reflects the greatest credit on the teacher, while the pleasant and tidy appearance of the pupils speaks equally to the credit of the matron."[11]

Just four months later, in his annual report, Jessop was much less satisfied with the performance of the teacher. Jones had failed to submit a required financial statement, simply advising Jessop that "harvest and politics must be held answerable for the delay," a reference no doubt to the unsuccessful re-election campaign of C.A. Semlin. The superintendent was much happier to note that the school was being substantially enlarged. At a cost of $5,000, Withrow of New Westminster was constructing a new schoolroom with a boy's dormitory on the second floor. The old schoolroom was to be converted to serve as the dining room, and the girls were to occupy all of the original building's dormitory space.[12] The separation of the sexes was a serious concern, both for parents and for education authorities. In January 1876, the government was advised by the Select Committee investigating the province's public schools that it was not "advisable" to educate boys and girls in the same establishment. Completely separate facilities were recommended.[13]

Relations between the Board of Education and Jones deteriorated rapidly. As the months went by with financial reports still not submitted, rumours of other improprieties reached the office of Superintendent Jessop. Abruptly, in April 1876, Jones resigned his position, thus avoiding an expected investigation by the education authorities. He moved to Grande Prairie (modern day Westwold) and promptly sued the Board of Education for $308.14. a sum which he claimed was due to him but which the board refused to pay until his accounts had been submitted and verified.[14] At the same time, James Campbell, who had resigned as trustee a year earlier, was reported to be claiming ownership of the land upon which the boarding school stood. The **Colonist** did not miss the opportunity to lambast the former government for failing to establish clear title before proceeding to build the school.[15]

On his tour of the interior schools in May, Jessop was appalled at what he found at Cache Creek. Neither Jessop nor the school trustees could persuade Jones to submit financial statements. The accounts were in a chaotic condition, and several of the school's suppliers were threatening legal action if their accounts were not quickly settled. At the same time, many of the boarders' parents were months behind in their payment of fees. The building, just two years old, had a "dilapidated and neglected appearance" due to broken doors and smashed window panes. There was little kitchen or dining room furniture remaining, much breakage of crockery and lamps, and both large cooking stoves were "much damaged." Most seriously, the attendance which had stood at forty-four in June 1875 had fallen to just fifteen students by May 1876.

Jessop attributed the sorry state of affairs to inattentive trustees, a negligent secretary-treasurer, and a teacher too pre-occupied with a combination of administrative duty and "private business" to be able to devote sufficient time to fulfil his teaching obligations. In a special report on the situation to the provincial secretary in July, Jessop admitted the obvious: the reputation of the school was nearly ruined, while at the same time, it was on the verge of bankruptcy. He urged the government to appoint a deputy superintendent of schools to be resident at Cache Creek until the school had been placed on a satisfactory footing. He requested an immediate advance of at least $2,000 to avert legal actions by creditors. He asked that furniture be provided immediately to replace the losses of the previous two years. Finally, he suggested that an acre of land "be enclosed as a tight board fence as a playground for the girls to which the boys would have no access whatsoever." This, he argued, would remove what was evidently one of the greatest causes of complaint about the school by enabling the teacher and matron to keep the sexes separate at all times, except of course during class time.[16]

The new teacher, hired in May 1876, inherited an extremely difficult situation. Archibald Irwin had earned his teaching certificate at Perth in Ontario, and taught at the Lower Nicola school prior to taking up his duties at Cache Creek. In early July, he returned to the Nicola Valley to marry Eleanor Woodward. His new bride returned with him to Cache Creek to assume the role of matron at the boarding school. Each would have been well aware that the school trustees (Semlin, Parke, W.H. Sandford, J.C. Barnes and W. Walker) could be expected to watch their performance closely to avoid further criticism by John Jessop.

By late October, all the recommendations made by Jessop had been acted upon with the exception of the segregated playground, which at an estimated cost of $400 was simply too expensive given the school's financial circumstances. Creditors had been paid from the $ 1,800 advanced by the government, new furniture had arrived, and Deputy Superintendent of Schools Robert Midgeley Clemitson had taken up residence at the boarding school to supervise the rehabilitation of the institution's tarnished reputation. Clemitson was instructed to act as secretary-treasurer to the trustees, to assume responsibility for all financial arrangements at the school, and to promote the school amongst parents in the interior. He was also to inspect a number of interior schools, thus relieving the superintendent of the necessity of a

month's travel annually.

Despite having to pay for repairs caused by a small fire, Clemitson was able to report less than a year after his arrival that the school was operating at a small profit. The average monthly attendance had risen to twenty-five by Christmas, precisely the number believed to be necessary to enable the school to be self-supporting. Though he suggested further costcutting measures (such as firing the Chinese cook and requiring the matron to instruct female students in culinary skills), Clemitson was optimistic that the success of the school was assured at last.

By the middle of March, however, he found himself embroiled in a scandal far greater than any the school had yet experienced. In attempting to mediate a quarrel amongst some of the girls, matron Eleanor Irwin was shocked to learn that a number of the older girls were leaving their dormitory during the night, unlocking the dining-room door downstairs, and either entering the boys' dormitory or permitting the boys access to their own. She advised her husband who dispensed punishment and prepared to inform the trustees at their scheduled meeting two days later. Unfortunately, the trustees failed to meet as planned. Instead they heard rumours of the improprieties and summoned a number of the students and Mr. Irwin to account for their actions.

Perhaps because they were still smarting from Jessop's criticisms of the previous year or because they were determined never again to be accused of lack of control, the majority of trustees made a quick and irrevocable decision. They insisted that the girls should have been locked in their dormitory each night, that Irwin should have known this without having to be so advised, and that his consideration of their safety in the event of fire provided no excuse for leaving the door unlocked. Though Parke and Walker strongly disagreed and stated their intention to resign. Trustees Semlin, Sandford and Barnes demanded and received the immediate resignations of Archibald and Eleanor Irwin. Secretary-Treasurer Semlin was particularly critical, advising Jessop that the Irwins and Clemitson had been "sleeping all winter serenely oblivious to the scandalous conduct on the part of the larger pupils." He further alleged that the three had attempted to conceal the facts from the trustees.[17]

Clemitson was furious with the trustees for taking this course of action. He wrote an impassioned and lengthy letter to Jessop on 20 March defending Irwin against all charges

***Robert Clemitson, teacher 1883-87.***
Courtesy Kamloops Museum & Archives

of negligence. He accused the trustees of acting from mere expediency, stating that they lacked "sufficient independence of thought... to discharge successfully the duties of their position." He insisted that he was at least as responsible as Irwin because his bedroom, too, was located between the dormitories, and offered his resignation. He noted with obvious regret, that the number of students had fallen sharply from twenty-six, when the news started to become known, to just fifteen once more. His resignation was not accepted. On 21 March he wrote once more to Jessop, this time at the instruction of the trustees, advising that he would assume the duties of teacher himself until a replacement could be found, and stating that Catherine Schubert, a Lillooet resident, had agreed temporarily to move to Cache Creek at once to act as matron at a rate of $30 per month.[18] Mrs. Schubert began her work on the first of April.

The initial three years of its existence had been disastrous for the Cache Creek Boarding School, and the proponents of the boarding school system cannot have been optimistic as the search began for a new teacher. The school's reputation was so tarnished that the Catholic Bishop of Victoria used it as the basis for a wide-ranging attack on public secular education in April 1877. Arguing that "mixed schools are an unmixed evil," Bishop Segher referred to the Cache Creek school as "a house of ill-fame," from which some parents would receive back their children "corrupted, debased, (and) depraved, perhaps for life."[19] This was too strong even for the **Colonist**. The newspaper did, however, urge that this "petted and pampered institution" should be permanently closed.[20]

The school was not closed, nor was it converted to become entirely either a boys' school or a girls' school as some critics were suggesting. The powers of the trustees were substantially reduced in April by the provincial government, and as late as August trustees were yet to be appointed under the new terms. Reluctantly, the government granted $400 to build a segregated playground. It proved impossible to find a married couple able to take up residence at Cache Creek at such short notice. As a result, it was decided to retain more formally the services as matron of Catherine Schubert ("the old lady" as Semlin referred to her) at the established rate of $50 per month, and to hire an unmarried man as teacher.

Forty-three-year-old Thomas LeDuc possessed a first class "B" teaching certificate from Toronto, and had been teaching for the previous eighteen months at the small day school at Lillooet. He was highly regarded by Superintendent Jessop, and began his new job on 1 May 1877. Having to replace the personally popular Archibald Irwin and, at the same time, inheriting the school's unfortunate reputation cannot have been easy for LeDuc. Just a few weeks later, however, Jessop paid a formal visit and was much impressed with the order and tone of the school.[21] The curriculum offered remained the same, except for a course in Anatomy, Physiology and Hygiene taken by two students, how willingly one can only wonder. Assistant Superintendent Clemitson, too, quickly formed a favourable impression of LeDuc. In July, he wrote to Jessop:

"Since Mr. LeDuc's arrival the school has certainly been well managed. That gentleman is a thoroughly capable and painstaking teacher, and the children have advanced rapidly under his tuition, Out of the schoolroom his management is excellent; he takes a hearty interest in the welfare of the scholars, and, while enforcing the regulations of the school with a firm hand, has secured the affectionate regard of the pupils."[22]

Though he considered Mrs. Schubert not to possess "all the qualifications desirable in a person holding her position," he praised her for the "greatest interest" she showed in her duties and in the children, and expressed the hope that her personal local popularity

would have a favourable effect on the attendance figures.

For the next six years, LeDuc and Mrs. Schubert brought a stability that enabled the school to remove itself completely from the political quarrels and scandals that had plagued its early years. The **Colonist** moved on to other issues, and the provincial annual reports on the public schools contained little detail about either the school itself or the people involved with it. One student later recalled that their pleasures were simple and their activities tightly structured. She noted that they had "regular hours for everything-music, study, getting up, meals and going to bed." Each evening they sang in the dining room, and every Saturday they went climbing in the hills.[23]

Two trustees were finally appointed in 1878: C.A. Semlin and Charles Pennie would retain their positions, alone but without controversy, for the next nine years. John Jessop retired as Superintendent of Schools in 1878, and Clemitson left Cache Creek late in the same year to ranch at Grande Prairie. Also in 1878, three girls were the first Cache Creek students to sit High School entrance exams, two of them successfully. One of the successful candidates was Mrs. Schubert's daughter Rose. Less than a year later, in a move that may have raised some local eyebrows, Thomas LeDuc married his star pupil at Cache Creek. Not quite seventeen years of age, Mrs. Rose LeDuc was not considered for the position of matron.

In the early summer of 1883, Mrs. Schubert made the decision to join her husband at Round Prairie (just north of modern-day Armstrong) where he had been ranching since 1879, and resigned as matron in June. Thomas and Rose LeDuc also decided to leave. At Grande Prairie, Clemitson (who, incidentally, had married the daughter of the boarding school's first teacher, Joseph Jones, in May 1879) was persuaded to renew his teaching certificate and to return to Cache Creek. Robert and Lucy Clemitson began their duties as teacher and matron at the boarding school in August. If there was any awkwardness or bitterness remaining between Clemitson and Semlin over their quarrel about Irwin's dismissal, evidence of it has not survived.

The four years during which R.M. Clemitson presided over the school were, like those of his immediate predecessor, quiet and uneventful. When the Superintendent of Schools arrived on a tour of inspection in 1886, he reported that the "school has been doing and is doing good work." Perhaps mindful of past circumstances, he noted the instruction of "social and moral virtues is not neglected."[24]

The provincial election of 1886 generated substantial interest in the vicinity of Cache Creek as former boarding school teacher Archibald Irwin challenged Semlin for one of the seats in the Yale constituency. Semlin had been returned to the legislature in 1882, and though he topped the poll in 1886, he could have been denied his seat due to an irregularity in his nomination. However, Irwin declined to press the point, stating that if he could not claim a seat as a result of election he would not do so on a point of law.[25] Semlin would represent the constituency until the turn of the century, serving briefly as premier from 1898 to 1900.

Examination day was traditionally held in early June, and 1887 provided no exception. Observed by the two trustees and many of the residents of Cache Creek, Clemitson conducted the classes and the exams. Between the exercises, vocal performances were accompanied by Mrs. Clemitson on the organ, and some poetry selections were recited. When the exercises were completed, trustee Semlin rose slowly to give the closing address. He noted that during the four years since the arrival of the Clemitsons, not one unfavourable criticism of the school had been heard. How it must have pleased him to be able to say that. But this was to be Clemitson's last examination day. Due to ill health, he had submitted his resignation. Semlin expressed his regret about the approaching departure, and many in the audience were moved to tears.[26]

The days were clearly numbered for the Cache Creek Boarding school. Though the monthly attendance had reached a respectable average of twenty-five students during 1883-86, the numbers declined steadily thereafter, partly due to the opening of day schools in the neighbouring communities of Ashcroft and Kamloops. The building itself was in need of repairs which the government seemed reluctant to sanction. Ironically, the teacher hired to oversee the final years of the school was the younger brother of Archibald Irwin. Joseph Irwin had also earned his first teaching certificate at Perth and brought with him, as his wife, the younger sister of Eleanor Irwin. The number of trustees was expanded to five, Vocal Music and Temperance were added as areas of study, but the decline in numbers of students was irreversible. In 1889, the government reduced its operating grant to the school, and on 30 September 1890, the Cache Creek school was closed. British Columbia's boarding school experiment was over.

Within less than two years, the small rural school district of Cache Creek was created. By 1893, beginning long tenures as trustees for the new school district, were Charles Augustus Semlin, James Campbell, and Phillip Parke.

***Bio Note: Wayne Norton is a Kamloops teacher with a growing interest in local history. This article first appeared in Reflections: Thompson Valley Histories, Plateau Press, 1994 and is reprinted here courtesy of the publisher.***

Footnotes: Information and assistance provided by Brian Bonenfant, Trevor Schubert, Helen Forster at the Ashcroft Museum, and the staff at the Kamloops Museum were much appreciated.

1. *British Colonist*, 10 January 1873, p. 2.
2. *British Colonist*, 29 April 1873, p. 2.
3. *British Colonist*, 16 January 1874, p. 2.
4. *British Colonist*, 20 April 1873, p. 3.
5. *British Colonist*, 10 January 1874, p. 2.
6. Mary Balf, "Cache Creek School," Kamloops Museum and Archives article #96.
7. M.S. Wade, "Blazing a Trail," *Vancouver Daily Province*, 29 January 1921; *British Colonist*, 15 January 1874, p.3.
8. British Columbia, *Journals of the Legislative Assembly* (38 Vic) Third Annual Report on the Public Schools of British Columbia 1873-74, pp. 22-3.
9. *British Colonist*, 18 August 1874, p. 2 and 30 September 1874, p. 3.
10. *British Colonist*, 19 February 1875, p. 3.
11. *British Colonist*, 8 June 1875, p.3.
12. British Columbia, *Sessional Papers* (39 Vic). Fourth Annual Report on the Public Schools of British Columbia 1874-75, pp. 97-8.
13. *British Colonist*, 26 January 1876, p. 3.
14. The civil suit was settled in County Court the following year with Jones receiving $276.65.
15. *British Colonist*, 12 April 1876, p. 3.
16. British Columbia, *Sessional Papers* (40 Vic). Fifth Annual Report on the Public Schools of British Columbia 1875-76, pp. 95-99.
17. C.A. Semlin to John Jessop, 17 March 1877. See the *British Colonist*, 15 April 1877, p. 3.
18. R.M. Clemitson to John Jessop, 20 and 21 March 1877. See the *British Colonist*, 15 April 1877, p. 3. Catherine Schubert had been the only woman to accompany the well-known Overlander party from Manitoba. She gave birth to her daughter Rose, the first child of European descent to be born in the interior of British Columbia, soon after the party arrived at Kamloops in late October 1862. Rose Schubert and her sister, Catherine Hernora, moved from Lillooet with their mother to take up residence and become students at the Cache Creek Boarding School in April 1877.
19. *British Colonist*, 25 April 1877, p. 2, and 26 April 1877, p. 2.
20. *British Colonist*, 15 April 1877, p. 2, and 17 April 1877, p. 2.
21. British Columbia. *Sessional Papers* (41 Vic). Sixth Annual Report on the Public Schools of British Columbia 1876-77, p. 24.
22. R.M. Clemitson to John Jessop, 24 July 1877. *Sessional Papers* (41 Vic). Sixth Annual Report on Public Schools of British Columbia 1876-77, p. 65.
23. Mrs. H.A. Fraser (nee Catherine Hernora Schubert), "Reminiscences of the Old Days," *Okanagan Historical Journal* 1950, p. 131.
24. British Columbia. *Sessional Papers* (50 Vic). Fifteenth Annual Report on the Public Schools of British Columbia 1885-86, p. 160.
25. *Inland Sentinel*, 15 July 1886, p. 2.
26. *Inland Sentinel*, 2 July 1887, p. 3.

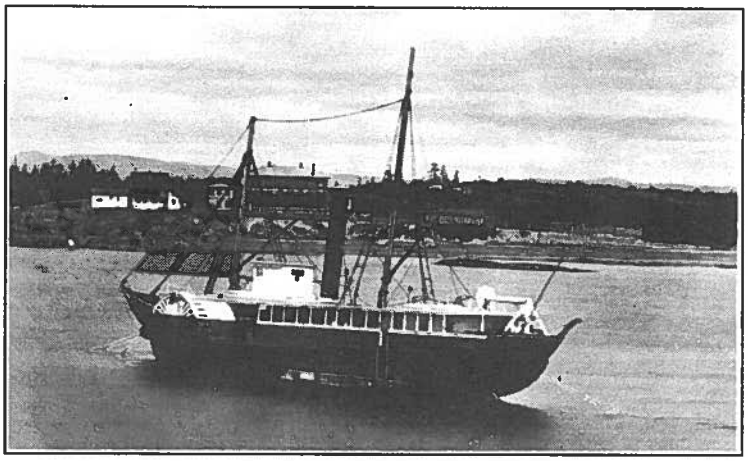
***See extra pictures on page 40.***

# *A Bit of the Beaver*

## *by Terry Julian*

While reading the late Derek Pethick's comprehensive book entitled, **S.S. Beaver: The Ship That Saved The West**, I came to realize just how important that vessel was in B.C.'s early history.

This famous paddle-wheel steamer arrived here in 1836 from England. It was the first of its type to be seen in the Pacific north of San Francisco and it had a clear navigational advantage over sailing vessels. In addition, according to the then Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, George Simpson, the **Beaver** exerted, "an almost superstitious influence over the savages... she was the terror, whether present or absent, of every tribe on the coast."



***The steamer Beaver in Victoria harbour in 1870 after eight years under Admiralty charter. Her superstructure was greatly enlarged for this spell of survey and hydrographic work.***

Courtesy Vancouver Public Library #4208

That British Columbia joined Canada and not the United States is due in part to the **Beaver**. By assisting the Hudson's Bay Company to triumph over American competition, this vessel helped to sustain Britain's political control.

The **Beaver** was also involved in a number of historic events:

In 1837 James Douglas landed from the steamboat at Clover Point near the site of Victoria to explore the area as a possible trading post. Douglas returned in the **Beaver** to build Fort Victoria in 1843.

The proclamation by Governor Douglas on November 19, 1858, at Fort Langley, creating the colony of British Columbia involved the **Beaver** as Douglas arrived and left on that ship.

In 1863 the historic vessel was converted to a survey boat and new charts of parts of the Pacific Coast were created. Seymour Inlet was explored and named after Governor Frederick Seymour.

Coal was discovered by men from the **Beaver** at Beaver Harbour located at the north end of Vancouver Island. Pender Island was named after Captain Pender of the **Beaver**. This survey work lasted until 1870 when the ship was sold and became a tow-boat and cargo vessel.

In 1888 the **S.S. Beaver** was wrecked on rocks near Prospect Point. It remained there for four years until the steamer **Yosemite** passed by at high tide, dislodged the **Beaver**, and the latter went to the bottom of the narrows.

Pethick's book shows pictures of parts of the **Beaver**, which were removed before the hulk sunk or were brought up by divers later. As I perused these photographs, I wondered if any pieces were around today, other than in museums. Subsequently, I placed four-day classified ads in the **Vancouver Sun** and **Province** under the "Antiques" category. They read, "Wanted to purchase, any item from the historic **S.S. Beaver**. Please phone 521-0378."

A lady phoned to say she had the bell of the **Beaver** which I knew to be suspect. The dining room bell hangs in the Merchants' Exchange in Vancouver. The engine room bell is in the Provincial Archives and the wheelhouse bell was stolen and never recovered.

The ads terminated and I was resigned to failure.

About a week later a man phoned from Gibsons and stated he had a cuff link made of metal from the **Beaver**. Remembering a photograph of one of these in Pethick's book, I said I was very interested. These small objects or medals were made by Charles McCain, a Vancouver book-seller, who had made repeated trips to the wreck of the **Beaver** to remove pieces of copper. In 1894 he published a slim book on the **Beaver** in which he describes how the medals were made. To prove authenticity each was numbered sequentially.

My caller had mentioned that he had to visit a friend in Vancouver and that he would bring the souvenir to my house.

When he arrived I examined the cuff link carefully. It had an inscription on one side: "This copper was taken from the wreck of H.B. Co's **S.S. Beaver**, the first steamer on the Pacific." The other side contained a picture of the shipwreck with, "Built 1835" underneath and "Wreck of the H.B.Co's **S.S. Beaver**, Vancouver, B.C.," around the outside. On the edge was a stamped number "840."

I asked how he had obtained it. The story was that his wife had been to a flea market in Gibsons and purchased a tin full of buttons for fifty cents. Among the buttons was the **Beaver** cuff link.

What are you asking for it? I queried.

"I haven't the foggiest notion," he replied. "But as I am from Saskatchewan I am not very interested in it."

Hesitatingly I ventured. "Is twenty-five dollars ok?"

"Fine," he answered and the purchase was made.

And that is how I came to be the proud possessor of, "a bit of the **Beaver.**"

***Bio Note: Terry Julian is a historian living in New Westminster. His book, A CAPITAL CONTROVERSY, is an amusing account of why the capital was moved from New Westminster to Victoria.***

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# NEWS & NOTES

## Fraser River History Conference - October 1995

Registration and a wine and cheese social took place at the Yale Museum on October 13. Lectures were given in the historic St. John the Divine church in downtown Yale. John Adams of the Heritage Branch opened with an "Overview of Yale History." John Green of Agassiz related mind-boggling "Sasquatch Stories of the Fraser Canyon." Ken Favrholt of Kamloops, who is currently doing his Masters at UBC on Fur Brigade Routes, spoke on "The Fur Trade and the Fraser Canyon." After an outdoor luncheon Richard Mackie of Courtenay spoke on "The HBCo in Transition" followed by his colleague Dan Marshall of Cobble Hill who presented "The 1858 Fraser River Gold Rush." Cemeteries specialist John Adams conducted a tour of the Pioneer Cemetery. An excellent banquet included entertainment by musicians and a talk by T.W. Paterson. The delegates drove to Spuzzum Band Conference Hall on Sunday morning to learn the history of the Spuzzum Band, and hear archaeologist Robin Hooper present information on "The Early Chinese in Yale." Kathryn Bridge told of "Sarah Crease's 1880 trip up the Fraser River." There was a guided walk through downtown Yale then many of the participants geared up for an exciting ride on one of three river rafts. They stopped at Hill's Bar and Emory Bar, tried panning for gold and disembarked at Hope. The conference was subscribed to the limit by history buffs from far and wide; every motel room in Yale, Spuzzum and even some motels in Hope were taken for this weekend. Organizers are contemplating offering a similar event in the future.

~

## Elsie Grant Turnbull 1903-1996

Elsie Turnbull passed away on January 7, 1996 at Crofton Manor, Vancouver, a few days after her 92nd birthday. Elsie was a founder of the Trail Historical Society and served on the Council of the B.C. Historical Asociation / Federation for many years serving as President in 1955-56. She wrote many books and articles on B.C. history, almost all describing the West Kootenay area. Her files of research for these presentations are now housed in the library at Selkirk college in Castlegar. She lived most of her married life in Trail, B.C. where her husband worked as a senior engineer for Cominco, and sat as an MLA in Victoria from 1949-1952. Both Mr. & Mrs. Turnbull became active in the Victoria Historical Society from the time they moved to Victoria until Doug's death in 1993. Her last book, **Ghost Towns and Drowned Towns of West Kootenay**, Heritage House 1988 is still a best seller.

~

## John Woodworth Honored

A retired architect from Kelowna received the Gabrielle Leger Award from Heritage Canada at the Annual Conference in St. Boniface, Manitoba, on October 14, 1995. John Woodworth has served as Chairman of the Nature Conservancy of Canada, and is in his twenty-third year as a Founding Director of the Nature Trust of British Columbia. He also helped found the Okanagan Similkameen Parks Society, and promoted the creation of Cathedral Park, Okanagan Mountain Park and Kalamalka Lake Park. He is most recently profiled as the driving force to have the Alexander Mackenzie Voyageur Route (old Quebec City to the Pacific, 8600 km) declared a National Legacy by the federal government. He has been the executive secretary and newsletter editor for the Alexander Mackenzie Trail Association. (Read his article in the B.C. Historical News Vol. 26:2, 1993.) Woodworth kept us posted on the canoe trek of Lakehead University students tracing Mackenzie's explorations to Bella Coola where the 200th Anniversary was celebrated on July 22, 1993. Woodworth earned recognition for his lifetime dedication to these local and national heritage projects, first with the Order of Canada in 1990 and now with the medal inspired by Mme Leger, wife of a Governor-General. The first Gabrielle Leger Award went to a former British Columbian, Pierre Burton.

We add our congratulations to Mr. Woodworth for "his genuine and lifelong commitment to heritage... as a dedicated volunteer."

*John Woodworth receiving Gabrielle Leger Award from Chairman Sheldon Godfrey at Heritage Canada's 1995 AGM, St. Boniface College, Winnipeg (St. Boniface).*

## Canadian Museum of Flight Relocated

Not exactly a phoenix but nonetheless figuratively reborn is the Canadian Museum of Flight which was evicted by Surrey Council from its Crescent Road site. (See the plaintive story in the B.C. Historical News 27:4 Fall 1994 p. 15).

The enormous job of relocation was successfully achieved by the devoted efforts of a small number of volunteer members. The museum has now reopened at its new home, Hangar 3 at Langley Airport. This building is easily seen from the Fraser Highway; it is at 5333 - 216th Street, Langley.

Now firmly established after ten years of uncertainty members are seeking ongoing sponsorships to help ensure a flourishing future. Most of the museum's historic aircraft are on display. Ten of the more precious ones are safely under cover. This includes the Lysander which has not been seen since Expo '86. Those indoors are displayed with more supporting artifacts than before, plus there is a gift shop with more room and variety of souvenirs. This museum is open every day from 10 am to 4 pm. We invite our old friends to examine our new home and urge all to encourage new visitors.I

*Submitted by Jack Meadows of White Rock.*

~

## Cranbrook's Citizen of the Year

Marvin "Skip" Fennessy may be remembered as head of the East Kootenay Historical Associations's team which hosted the 1981 BCHF Conference. Fennessy has been involved in the collection and preservation of local history for many years PLUS being a Scouter, a volunteer ambulance driver, a coach and / or referee for hockey and baseball, and sitting at the telephone in the Cancer Society's office. "Skip" is currently the president of the East Kootenay Historical Association. A history book of Cranbrook is being readied for publication.

Fennessy was honored at the Chamber of Commerce luncheon on January 24, 1996. In his acceptance speech he urged those in the audience to take care of what will be history tomorrow; "Always write names, date and place on the back of your pictures and store them in a safe place." GOOD ADVICE!

~

## Thord "Slim" Fougberg

Mr. Fougberg was active in heritage preservation in Pemberton and more recently with the Bowen Island Historians. He passed away on November 27, 1995.

# BOOKSHELF

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

***Prince Ships of Northern B.C. Ships of the Grand Trunk Pacific and Canadian National Railways.*** By Norman Hacking, Surrey, Heritage House Publishing, 1995. 72 p., illus., index. $11.95

This short but important book fills a gap in the history of B.C. coastal shipping. The part played in it by G.T.P. and C.N. ships has been strangely overlooked.

It is in great part a tale of two presidents - Charles Melville Hayes, the driving force behind the construction of the Grand Trunk, and Sir Henry Thornton, who rejuvenated the Canadian National in the nineteen-twenties. Both were anxious to take the measure of the C.P.R., and the weapons they chose included ships and hotels. Hayes hoped to see Prince Rupert a city of 50,000 in short order, and he envisaged its fine harbour filled with ships, both ocean and coastal.

The C.P.R. had its **Princess** fleet; he would have a rival fleet of **Princes**. For his first top-line ships - **Prince Rupert** and **Prince George** - he went to the Newcastle yard that had built the C.P.R.'s famous **Princess Victoria**. One innovative feature set them apart - they were the first passenger ships of any size to have cruiser sterns. Entering service in 1910, they would sail the coast with notable success for a generation and more.

Hayes was a victim of the **Titanic** disaster in 1912, but ten years and a war later Thornton became president of the Canadian National, which had absorbed the Grand Trunk. Like Hayes, he was prepared to challenge the C.P.R. on the two key services - the Vancouver - Victoria - Seattle triangle route, and the northern run to Prince Rupert and Alaska. Three new top-line **Princes** were built (but royalty was forgotten - the **Prince Henry** was named after Thornton himself and the **Prince David** and **Prince Robert** honoured two C.N.R. vice-presidents). Unfortunately they were the wrong ships at the wrong time. Clumsy in appearance, expensive to run, and hard to handle in narrow waters, their chief attraction was luxurious accommodation. They entered service in 1929, just in time to be caught in the depression and the Second World War added to their difficulties. They were soon stripped of their fine fittings and reconstructed as armed merchant cruisers for the Canadian Navy. None of them returned to C.N. ownership.

All this time the elderly **Prince Rupert** and **Prince George** had carried on, but in 1945 the **Prince George** was destroyed by fire. The **Prince Rupert** was withdrawn at age 40 in 1950, but she still managed to cross the Pacific to a Japanese shipbreaker under her own steam. Meanwhile, in 1948, she had been replaced by a new **Prince George**, built at Esquimalt - an attractive ship that sailed successfully until 1975, when some fire damage to her accommodation forced her retirement. Sold by the C.N., she entered upon a second 20-year career that included a variety of odd jobs up and down the coast. Her last years were spent tied up at Britannia Beach, where she was about to serve as a floating restaurant and hotel. There, as recently as October 1995, she was swept by fire (the enemy of both **Prince Georges**) and the history of top-line Canadian National coastal ships came to an end.

The book also deals with the lesser units of the fleet, notably the **Prince John** and the yacht-like **Prince Charles**, which served the Queen Charlottes for twenty years. Fifty illustrations add to the book's attractiveness, and the precision with which developments are dated makes it an invaluable work of reference.

***W. Kaye Lamb***

*Dr. Lamb, an ex-Dominion Archivist and Librarian, is former Honorary President of the B.C. Historical Federation.*

**Operating on the Frontier; Memoirs of a Pioneer Neurosurgeon.** Frank A. Turnbull. Madeira Park, Capilano Publishing, 1995. 307., illus. $29.95 cloth; $18.95 paper. (Box 219, Madeira Park, B.C. V0N 2H0).

Good medical biographies are rare; autobiographies even more so. But the memoirs of Dr. Frank Turnbull will go a long way to modifying the stereotyped opinion that they are dull. The title itself is a mild pun, for his career in neurosurgery began not long after that of Harvey Cushing and of Wilder Penfield, and extended right up till he was 80 years of age.

Coming to Vancouver with his family from Bruce County, Ontario, at the age of four, Frank Turnbull grew up in the Mount Pleasant area of Vancouver where his father was a hard working and respected medical practitioner. He writes of his embarrassment at having to wear home-made clothes during the depression of 1911-12, of going to North Vancouver with his brother to get the family Christmas tree, and bringing it home via the old North Van Ferry and B.C. Electric street car, and at the age of fourteen of chauffeuring his father on house calls during the Spanish Flu pandemic in 1918.

He attended UBC when it was still located in the Fairview shacks at the site of the Vancouver General Hospital. For the first two summers as a university student he was employed by the Hydrographic Survey near Bella Bella, and soon made himself indispensable by mastering the technique of drying out the temperamental magnetos of the primitive outboard motors. In his spare time he did a little exploring on his own, and discovered a hitherto uncharted inlet now named after him, at the northwest corner of Calvert Island, off the mouth of Rivers Inlet.

Following graduation he literally stowed away on a tramp steamer in Vancouver harbour, and signed on as a crewman after the ship reached U.S. waters. On arrival in the U.K. he was arrested because his seaman's papers, (the equivalent of a passport for a sailor) stated incorrectly that he was a resident of Vancouver, Washington. On the return voyage he was placed in the ship's brig, but on arrival back in New York he unexpectedly found his cell unlocked, so he just walked out and made his way up to Toronto where a place was waiting for him in the medical school.

The University of Toronto medical school at this time had suddenly been propelled onto the world scene by the discovery and development of insulin by Banting, Best, McLeod and Collip. Hart House had been built as a male bastion of culture by the Massey family in memory of their brother who had died in World War I, and Connaught Laboratories were under way as the world leader in the production not only of insulin, but of sera and antisera for various communicable diseases. The Sick Children's Hospital had been built and become the fountainhead for much of the scientific paediatrics in Canada.

Dr. Turnbull graduated from the University of Toronto in 1928, and went to England for a year in neurology, an interest fostered by his physician father in Vancouver with whom he had spent a couple of summers as an assistant. On return to Toronto for further studies he became caught in the crossfire between the medical neurologists, and the neurosurgeons. He was taken on as the first resident in neurosurgery by Professor K.G. McKenzie (1893-1964), Canada's first neurosurgeon, completing his training in 1931.

On attempting to set up a specialist neurosurgical service in Vancouver Dr. Turnbull was stonewalled by the surgical establishment in the Vancouver General Hospital, for fear the better trained man would take over their "head cases" in the hospital, (not necessarily an act of professional jealousy, for these were depression days, and a number of Vancouver doctors were on social welfare).

Prior to World War II Dr. Turnbull had joined the militia, and on the outbreak of hostilities he was mobilized but detained in Vancouver for a couple of years until another neurosurgeon arrived, when he was posted to the Canadian army neurosurgical hospital in Basingstoke. However, his wartime career, while technically that of a consultant, is related more in terms of an observer on the battlefields of Europe, the non-medical aspects of which constitute an interesting story in itself.

On return to civilian life, Dr. Turnbull became an important arbiter in sorting out some of the many problems in organized medicine at the time. His lifelong interest in books led him to become a member of the Vancouver Library Board for several years, and its chairman for two. As one of the more articulate members of the civic Save our Parklands Association, he was directly involved in preventing many of our

green spaces from falling prey to developers.

Dr. Turnbull has accomplished far more in his lifetime than the average professional person would dream of. We are fortunate indeed that he has left a very readable record of more than narrow medical interest.

***Adam C. Waldie, M.D.***

*Adam Waldie is a member of the Vancouver Historical Society and a retired medical practitioner.*

**Canada Dry: Temperance Crusades before Confederation.** By Jan Noel. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1995. 310 pp. illus., index, bibliography. $50.00 cloth; $19.95 paper.

My mother used to warn me that someday a Sunday School teacher would urge me to sign a temperance pledge. I should not sign it, she insisted, because I would almost certainly not keep it. I did have several opportunities to take the pledge, but under pressure much less severe than she experienced in her youth. As far as my children were concerned, I do not recall the question ever coming up. So the temperance pledge is history, and surprisingly fascinating history at that.

Early nineteenth century society was unimaginably soggy. Workers, from fishermen to housebuilders were routinely paid in raw rum, and drinking on the job was common, even encouraged. Families, including small children, drank spirits at every meal, and used them to treat every ailment. Because of its time frame, Jan Noel's book says little about British Columbia, but makes readers with an interest in forestry cringe at the picture of New Brunswick lumbermen felling trees after a liquid breakfast.

Noel focuses less on the reformed than on the reformers: lower Canadian farm folk and born-again businessmen, American-born Presbyterian merchants influenced by millennialist theology; middle-class reformers and radical mechanics embracing a self-help philosophy. The movement was both class-based and religious; the "conjunction of a vigorous evangelical movement with the growth of a class whose prospects were threatened by widespread drunkenness." At mid-century the centre of the movement shifted from Montreal, where the Temperance Society's uncompromising evangelism was alienating even some Methodist clergy, to Toronto, which would soon become "the Good", with an emphasis on community progress rather than religion. In French Canada the movement became an important part of a Catholic revival: "The triumph of temperance was not expected (as some Protestants believed) to usher in the end of the world but, rather, the birth of a mighty Catholic nation." In the light of current events in Quebec, it is important to be reminded that the leaders in the 1830s were radical reformist politicians; that only in the next decade did the compelling influence move to the ultramontane clergy.

This is a lively book, full of characters and camp meetings, glimpses of a society on the move. My favourite character, in a chapter entitled "Mothers of the Millennium", is Mrs. Forbes of Russelltown, Lower Canada, whose energy and achievements are extolled in a letter written by a Presbyterian missionary in 1822: "Soon would the millennium come, were each Christian in his place as efficient as this devoted female."

The impact of the temperance movement was weak in western garrison towns and frontier areas such as early Winnipeg and Victoria, with their "overwhelmingly male populations and rudimentary institutional development." But western historians will find much of interest in the chapters "The Bottle and the Hudson's Bay Company" and "Red River Crusades". Bibliography, notes and index are excellent.

***Phyllis Reeve***

*Phyllis Reeve is the great-great-great niece of Mrs. Forbes of Russelltown, Lower Canada.*

Loo, Tina., **Making Law, Order & Authority in British Columbia 1821-1871.** Toronto, University of Toronto Press, 1994. 239 p. $45.00 cloth, $18.95 paper.

This well-researched book presents the thesis that the discourse of liberalism was central to the development of law, order and authority in nineteenth century British Columbia. In seven chapters, Ms. Loo gives the reader the details important in the maturation of British Columbia's legal structure. Each is a story complete in itself, but transitions are made easily and her accounts of individual incidents merge smoothly into a unified whole.

Ms. Loo commences her book with a long and somewhat pedantic introduction which may prove intimidating to some readers. Once past that, however, her work gains color and vitality, and she proves a fine historian whose research is immaculate and whose choice of quotations from varied contemporary sources is both apt and enlightening.

In the beginning, a rudimentary system of laws was created by fur traders. The "Club Law" of the Hudson's Bay Company suppressed any activities threatening to the company's welfare. In this hierarchical system, the company's chief officers had complete authority over the territory. After Vancouver Island's promotion to colony in 1845, independent immigrants refused to submit to the laws proposed by these private interests. Petitions for the revocation of many of these laws were sent to the British Colonial Office, and years of legal wrangling ensued.

The 1858 gold rush diverted the attention of the colonial government as newcomers poured into the Fraser Valley seeking their fortunes. A series of inferior courts were set up, conducted by resident stipendiary magistrates who were often totally without legal training. Ms. Loo traces the development of these courts (which dealt with a multitude of civil suits over land ownership and mining claims), and the eventual creation of small debts courts and of a Supreme Court of Civil Justice before the colonies of British Columbia and Vancouver Island were joined in 1866.

A dramatic chapter of the book is devoted to the significant Cranford vs. Wright lawsuit over an unpaid debt in 1862. In this controversial case and in the ensuing appeal, Judge Matthew Baillie Begbie is seen as a stubborn autocrat who considered his judgment superior to the law, ignoring evidence and refusing to accept the majority verdict of the jury. This unfairness was widely discussed, and public opinion in the end reinforced reliance upon written law and upon lawyers to decipher it. In the author's words it "revealed that the ethical basis on which British Columbians measured the legitimacy of the law's authority was one constructed by laissez faire liberalism and reinforced by the economic and social realities of life in a new colony".

By 1866, Judge Begbie had not changed his personal interpretation of justice, reversing his earlier decision made in the Grouse Creek War, before his appointment to the Chancery Court. Great indignation at his arbitrary rulings showed that community sentiment could not be ignored, however, as British Columbians now demanded equality of treatment before the law.

In her last chapter, Ms. Loo argues that this liberal notion of law was central to the thinking of British Columbian settlers. This was demonstrated in the "Bute Island Massacre" of 1864. A road from Bute Inlet near Bella Bella to the Cariboo gold mines was being built by an entrepreneur named Waddington. Eighteen white workmen were murdered by members of the Chilcotin tribe, who had been packing supplies for them. There is much ambiguity about the circumstances of the Chilcotins' surrender and subsequent execution by hanging. One newspaper, the **British Columbian**, stated that the affair "has afforded the Government an excellent opportunity of most forcibly illustrating to the Indians the great superiority of English law." Ms. Loo points out that this illustration, leading to a clash between two different conceptions of justice in liberal societies, has yet to be resolved in British Columbia.

In the book's concluding sentences, Ms. Loo says we must "come to understand how change comes about and the terms under which it is possible, but also keep historical agents - people - in the foreground of making it". In her book, the author has done precisely that.

***John S. Keenlyside***

*John Keenlyside is a Vancouver Investment Counsellor, interested in the legal history of B.C.*

**Just East of Sundown; the Queen Charlotte Islands.** Charles Lillard. Victoria, Horsdal & Schubart, 1995. 180 p., illus. map. $14.95

In the 1989 anthology of writings on the Queen Charlotte Islands, **The Ghostland People**, editor Charles Lillard noted the absence of a short, readable history of the

Islands. Six years later he had ably filled this gap with **Just East of Sundown.**

To write about the history of the Queen Charlottes is to write about the Haida, and Lillard's book appropriately devotes significant space to their origins and pre-European settlement history. It is not until page 101 of the 158 pages of text that the 1863 smallpox epidemic is discussed. The book concludes appropriately with the declaration of the South Moresby/Gwaii Haanas National Park and the return of the sea otter to Island waters.

Lillard notes that as the sea otter is returning, so Island development is following a circular path. Non-Haida settlement has always been tenuous on the Islands and this is still very much the case with shrinking employment opportunities due to less logging, the reduced military presence, and declining salmon stocks jeopardizing the sports fisher. The potential damage to the fragile ecosystem, combined with the Islands' remoteness, ensures that tourism is unlikely to ever maintain, let alone increase population levels. The Haida remain and "soon some Island areas will be as wild as they were 100 years ago."

**Just East of Sundown** is a readable and useful primer, including a seven page bibliography, a listing of selected place names, and 24 small black and white photographs.

I read **Just East of Sundown** while visiting the Islands. A well-read Islander described the book to me as "written in a library, but none the worse for it." We should be thankful that Charles Lillard logged all those library hours.

***Paul Whitney***

*Paul Whitney is Director of the Burnaby Public Library*

**Silver, Lead & Hell: the story of Sandon.** Veronika Pellovski, Sandon, B.C., Prospectors' Pick Publishing, 1992. 144 p., illus. $16.95 (Available from publisher, Box 369, New Denver, B.C. V0G 1S0)

In September 1891, Eli Carpenter and Jack Seaton accidentally discovered an outcrop of high grade galena ore high in the mountains above the future site of Sandon. Within a short time it seemed that almost the entire region was staked with mineral claims and land settlements in what became known as the Silvery Slocan. Before the beginning of the twentieth century, Sandon had become its unofficial capital with a population of around 5,000 inhabitants.

The title of this book is extracted from a quotation by the colourful and prolific newspaperman, "Colonel" Robert Thornton Lowery ("Silver, lead and hell are raised in the Slocan and unless you can take a hand in producing these articles your services are not required.") In fact, Lowery's **Paystreak** along with Sandon's three other newspapers, **The Mining Review, The Mining Standard** and **The Standard** were great sources of information for the author.

**Silver, Lead and Hell** is an excellent social history of Sandon. It is divided into twenty-two thematic chapters which deal with such topics as businesses (including 28 hotels), sports, schools, churches, medical services, mines, miners (strike to establish the eight hour workday), mills, transportation (horses, railways and tramways), hydro-electric power, Japanese internment (1942-44). The fire of 1900, reconstruction and the difficulties with the main street flume for Carpenter and Sandon Creeks are well described. Historic photographs and various illustrations appear on almost every page - they are well selected and complement the text. The 21.5 x 28 cm. (8.5 x11 in.) format, use of off-white paper and reproduction of the photos in sepia tone are additional ingredients that make this a superb publication.

Veronika Pellowski, a native of Glasgow, Scotland, and a lawyer by profession, after living in a variety of countries, eventually found a less stressful way of life in Sandon. It is obvious from this book that she has become a dedicated Sandon resident and a keen promoter of its future tourist potential. In fact, her enthusiasm is evidenced in her frequent use of the exclamation mark (this reviewer tallied at least 115!).

A series of current photographs (1992) and descriptions of these Sandon landmarks, a "Chronological History in a Nutshell" and an index are useful additions to the main story. However, the bibliography is a bit weak and lacks complete imprint information (place of publication, publisher and date) which could be frustrating for someone wishing to do further reading. Nevertheless, this book is very good value for the money and it is recommended to those who are interested in the history of one of the province's more colourful mining communities.

***Ron Welwood***

*Ron Welwood, a resident of Nelson, is First Vice-President of the B.C. Historical Federation.*

**Winifred Grey: A Gentlewoman's Remembrances of Life in England and the Gulf Islands of British Columbia 1871-1910.** Edited by Marie Elliott, Gulf Islands Press, Friesen Printers, 216 p., $14.95.

This book is based on a handwritten manuscript prepared by Winifred (Higgs) Grey for the benefit of her own family. Marie Elliott has conducted extensive research to ascertain the details pertaining to the schools, businesses, church and homes of the Spalding and Higgs families in England. She steeped herself in studies of etiquette and dress in the Victorian era to be able to interpret Winifred's notes where necessary. Winifred's daughter on South Pender Island has been a close family friend to the editor/author and several of her cousins shared their memories and family archives.

The story of a girl growing up in England in the 1880s and '90s is well told, recording several moves by her family and of education given in fits and starts in private schools which were struggling to become established.

This book has very readable footnotes. An example: "Private schools were a secondary industry on the south coast of England after 1850. Directories for the 1880s and 1890s listed 125 private schools at Brighton, 70 at Hastings, 67 at Eastbourne, and 50 at Bournemouth. See **The English Seaside Resort.** p.97"

Winifred's brother and a young uncle came to Pender Island to establish homes. Leonard's wife followed as soon as a log cabin was ready to receive her. An invitation, accompanied by sketches and photographs, enticed Winifred and her sister Mabel to the Gulf Islands in 1896. What these young ladies experienced during that visit inspired them to tidy up affairs in England and return as immigrants in 1897.

Descriptions of life on the Gulf Islands from 1897-1920 introduce the reader to other pioneers. Among those described are three who have been profiled in Peter Murray's recent book **Home from the Hill**; Warburton Pike, Clive Phillips Wolley, and Martin Grainger. There are episodes telling of travel by a small boat in fair weather and foul, caring for a cow and chickens, social gatherings, church beginnings, and a friendly look at life in those early years. Elliott's book does not drop you where Winifred's original writing ceases; she has a short postscript which summarizes what happened to the principal figures later. All in all, this book is certainly a Good Read.

***Naomi Miller***

**Scoundrels, Dreamers and Second Sons.** Mark Zuehlke. Victoria, Whitecap Books, 1994. 211 p., illus. $14.95

What a welcome change this book is from the oft dreary tales of hardship and inconsequential details that clog the pages of "history books".

For the title, **"Scoundrels, Dreamers and Second Sons"** tells all. This informative and entertaining book of the British remittance men in the Canadian West is a first, but could well not be the last, for most Canadians past forty or fifty are curious about them, a curiosity brought about by personal memories or by stories told by older relatives.

The book begins with a revealing explanation of what led to the coming of these individuals: Up to the Crimean War there was an iron-clad acceptance of the 'aristocratic monopoly of power and place in both the military and civil service' in class-conscious Britain. The wealthy were able to purchase commissions in the military for sons, regardless of qualifications or ability, but this doorway was closed formally in 1871. Similarly, by the early 1870's, "...most civil-service openings were filled by open competition..." The other acceptable careers for upper-crust men, church, law, and medicine, were similarly cut off, as the schools were for the first time being made available to anyone who had ability and the financial resources.

Why did the 'upper class' not adapt to these changing conditions? - The ingrained class sys-

tem meant that this possibility was not considered. Young men who were products of the public school system, taught from birth they were superior beings, were unable or unwilling to accept that change had come. And those public schools taught little or nothing that was of practical value.

The two things all of these men appear to have had in common, other than privileged birth, was a consummate belief in their own superiority, a belief that remained unshaken even after almost unbelievable episodes showing their inadequacy, and their ability to pursue a life of constant enjoyment. Because of the public school training they had an obsession with games, and drinking, hunting, and other leisure pursuits were a lifestyle. Cricket, polo, tennis, and the other sports played in Britain were played here with boundless enthusiasm.

Perhaps one of the greatest accomplishments of these men was the amount of hilarity they caused wherever they went. For the lives of many of the lesser mortals the remittance men regarded as 'Colonials' were much enriched and made more bearable by the oft-repeated stories, the many laughs, brought about by 'remittance' antics. Small wonder, for they arrived complete with monocles, tweeds, breeches, tennis rackets, polo mallets, straw hats, tuxedoes... Who could not laugh at stories of men buying farms, planting orchards, living on ranches, when they had neither the knowledge to run them, nor the desire to do so?

The book ranges over Western Canada, with accounts of Cannington Manor in Saskatchewan, Walhachin here in B.C., ranches in Alberta, and many others. In our own Okanagan, the communities founded and peopled by remittance types often resulted in lasting towns; in other cases, as that of Cannington Manor nothing survived and all ended up as a farmer's wheatfield.

Any Canadian (or 'Colonial' in the remittance men's view) who has ever wondered about these men should read this book. The answers to the many questions these **"Scoundrels, Dreamers and Second Sons"** raised are all here.

***Kelsey McLeod***

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

**The S.S. Moyie - Memories of the Oldest Sternwheeler.** Robert D. Turner, Victoria, Sono Nis Press, 1991. 60 p., illus. $11.95.

The Kootenay Lake settlement of Kaslo enjoys one of the most spectacular settings in the whole of beautiful British Columbia. The sternwheel steamboat **Moyie**, which worked diligently on Kootenay Lake for the Canadian Pacific Railway from 1898 to 1957, has since her retirement been beached as a museum on Kaslo's enticing waterfront. Local initiative and government funding have combined in recent years to preserve the vessel from the ravages of time. She is gradually being restored to a state representative of that which obtained in 1929, midway in her long and varied career.

A reception centre has been built adjacent to the beached **Moyie** and laudable attempts are made through lectures and video presentations to provide visitors with an interpretation of steamboating days before they proceed to tour the boat. Robert Turner's **The S.S. Moyie** is prominently featured among the literature for sale at the reception centre and one presumes that the primary purpose of the book is to reinforce the impressions gained by visitors to the vessel.

The author of a brief interpretative book of this nature has to exert considerable discrimination in selecting his material. Sufficient background on the working life of the vessel has to be provided without embroiling the reader in a full-fledged treatise on the history of steam transportation in the Kootenay District. Sufficient detail on the design of the hull and machinery has to be provided for steamboat enthusiasts without immersing the more casual reader in a bath of technical jargon. Within the confines of this type of book Turner examines the different roles played by the versatile **Moyie** over nearly six decades of service life. She served as a passenger/express steamer, an excursion boat, a tramp freighter and a tug barging railway cars and highway vehicles. The book is liberally illustrated and the vessel is shown at work in her various capacities throughout her career.

Should a second edition of this book be contemplated, I would urge the author to jettison some of the copious pictures of excursion crowds and to make the following use of the space thereby provided:

(a) include a photograph of the Arrow Lakes sternwheeler **Lytton** taken in the early days of Kootenay steamboating. The prow of the **Lytton** is nosed up on the shore amid a welter of cordwood, sacked ore and pack horses. Such an illustration goes far in telling the story of how dependent the burgeoning mining economy of the Kootenay District was on the sternwheeler in the days before railways, highways and internal combustion vehicles were part of the picture.

(b) include accounts of the two narrow escapes from foundering experienced by the **Moyie**. The first occurred early in her career when she wandered off course in the heavy wind and sleet of a November night and grounded on the remote, unfriendly southwest shore of Kootenay Lake. The second occurred late in her career when she broke her sternwheel shaft and wallowed helplessly in a storm with no other suitable vessel nearby to come to her rescue. It seems ironic that a vessel which had come so often to the assistance of other members of the Kootenay Lake fleet in distress should be left in the lurch in this fashion. Such accounts would provide a missing flavour of the hazards of steamboating on Kootenay Lake's treacherous waters.

***E.L. Affleck***

**The Sicamous & the Naramata - Steamboat Days in the Okanagan.** Robert D. Turner. Victoria, Sono Nis Press, 1995. 72 p., illus. $13.95.

In 1984, Victoria's Sono Nis press published Robert Turner's **Sternwheelers and Steam Tugs**, a profusely illustrated account of the major steamboat fleets which plied the Columbia River Waterways in B.C.'s Okanagan and West Kootenay Districts. Over the ensuing decade, heritage efforts to restore and preserve existing remnants of those fleets have prompted Turner to publish smaller scale works focusing on specific vessels undergoing restoration and preservation.

Increasing awareness of heritage values spurred the formation in 1988 of the **S.S. Sicamous Restoration Society**, centred in Penticton, B.C. The retired C.P.R. Okanagan Lake sternwheeler **Sicamous** had been a feature of Penticton's waterfront since 1951, but had in retirement been subjected to considerable dismantling and alteration to suit various retirement uses and abuses. Notwithstanding her steel hull, she was in a sad state of deterioration by 1988. Since that time a combination of local initiative and government funding has resulted not only in steps being taken to restore the **Sicamous** to her trim 1937 condition but also to bring the retired C.P.R. tug **Naramata**, rusting away at her berth in Okanagan Landing, down to Penticton to join the **Sicamous** as part of a Penticton waterfront museum complex. Restoration continues on both vessels, so that renewed visits to observe developments are warranted from time to time.

Robert Turner's **The Sicamous & The Naramata** appears to have been written primarily to assist with the interpretation of the museum's exhibits, but the work also deals in lucid fashion with eight decades of Canadian Pacific Railway steamboating on Okanagan Lake in sufficient detail to satisfy all but the most fanatic steamboat enthusiast. Services on the Lake embraced passenger and express, mixed passenger and way freight, and barging of railcar barges to and from railway transfer points. Those unable to visit the Penticton exhibits will find considerable solace in perusing Turner's amply illustrated book. The passages dealing with the indignities visited upon the **Sicamous** over her years of retirement are particularly engrossing as they illuminate shifting attitudes towards B.C.'s heritage. Turner, as ever, is assiduous in providing the steamboat lovers with technical details on the hull construction and propulsive equipment of the **Naramata** and the **Sicamous**.

The Canadian Pacific Railway seems to have been relatively niggardly in providing steamboat service on Okanagan Lake at the turn of the century. The 1898 collapse of the project to build a railway from the head of navigation on the Stikine River through the Cassiar to the Teslin headwaters of the Yukon waterway left the C.P.R. with a staggering dozen sternwheelers in various stages of construction

for service on the Stikine. Frames for two of these vessels were diverted to the Kootenay District for assembly. Burgeoning traffic at this time on the wagon roads out of Penticton to the mining camps in South Okanagan and Similkameen would seem to have merited shipping frames from another of these vessels to Okanagan Landing to ease the burden on the company's sternwheeler **Aberdeen**, which was then the major carrier between the railhead at Okanagan Landing and Penticton, but no such steps were undertaken. On the other hand the C.P.R. continued to provide first class passenger and express service on Okanagan Lake throughout the early years of the Great Depression long after highway development had drastically reduced demand for it. The barging of railway cars to railhead at Kelowna and Penticton, particularly during the fruit season, remained active in post World War II years, long after one would have suspected that the trucking industry would have brought it to a halt. These are but a few of many conundrums in 20th century railway and steamboat transportation policy in Southern British Columbia which await scholarly rumination. In the meantime we shall be grateful for the generous amount of information which Turner has provided us in **The Sicamous & The Naramata**. A gift of the book to anyone who has left a part of his heart in the Okanagan Valley is bound to evoke nostalgia from the recipient.

***E.L. Affleck***

*Affleck is author of Sternwheelers, Sandbars and Switchbacks (1973) and other shorter works involving pioneer vessels plying B.C. waterways.*

**Also Noted:**

**The Valencia Tragedy**. Michael C. Neitzel. Surrey, Heritage House, 1995. 112 p., illus., map. $11.95. "On Vancouver Island's west coast in 1906 unfolded a story of cowardice and betrayal that remains the 'most shameful incident in Canadian Maritime History'".

**Okanagan Irrigation: the early years**. Wayne Wilson. Kelowna, Kelowna Centennial Museum Association, 470 Queensway Avenue, Kelowna BC V1Y 6S7. Kelowna Museum Series 1. 13 p., illus. $2.95.

**British Columbia Crate Labels**. Wayne Wilson. Kelowna, Kelowna Centennial Museum Association. Kelowna Museum Series 2. 14 p., illus. $2.95.

**Carl F. Gould; a life in architecture and the arts**. T. William Booth and William H. Wilson. Seattle, Univ. of Washington Press, 1995. 227 p., illus. $40. (Gould was one of the major shapers of modern Seattle.)

**The New Loyalist Index**. Vol. II. Paul J. Bunnell. Collection of over 2000 names of colonists who sided with the British during the War for Independence. $20. Heritage Books, Inc. 1540-E Pointer Ridge Pl., Ste 301, Bowie, MD 20716.

***Cache Creek Boarding School. The first section was built in 1873/74 and enlarged in 1875. The school closed September 30, 1890.***

Courtesy Kamloops Museum & Archives #2547a

***Catherine Schubert, matron of the Cache Creek Provincial Boarding School from 1877 to 1883.***

Courtesy Kamloops Museum and Archives

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