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GRAND FORKS - GOLDEN HEIGHTS

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EDITORIAL

DEADLINES

Registration for the 1997 B.C. Historical Federation Conference in Nelson is April 4. See page 9 for details.

* * * * *

To attend the workshops on Oral History and / or Researching, Writing and Publishing Local History on May 1st in Nelson you must have your application in the Melva Dwyer by April 11. See page 34 for complete information.

* * * * *

Margaret Matovich has been Treasurer for our magazine since 1989. In 1994 she added the duties of Subscription Secretary. BCHF purchased a computer with specialized software and she undertook the production of mailing labels. She has done the work of three people but recent changes in circumstances forced her to resign. We Need Help! Can we find a team (2 or 3 people) anywhere in B.C. willing to share these duties? These officers will join the friendly "family" of BCHF Councillors. Phone the Editor at (250) 422-3594 to discuss the possibilities.

Naomi Miller

COVER CREDIT

The beautiful mansion shown on the cover depicts the result of one of the most extravagant building projects in the interior of British Columbia. Read the story of its builders in "Grand Forks: Golden Heights."

Picture courtesy
Boundary Museum #986

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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).

The Old Stone Cottage At Narvaez Bay

by Phillipa Woodcock

Nestled on a cliff above the water, among the cedar, maple and alder near the head of Narvaez Bay on Saturna Island, the old stone cottage sits isolated from the winds. There is a magnificent view of Mount Baker, the majestic mountain with its plume of steam, multi-colored sunrises, paler shades of sunset and shadows at full moon. The dwellers in this cottage must have oft exclaimed over its awesome, yet comforting presence. This cottage was built for Harry Georgeson in 1921 and has witnessed the settlement of Saturna since that day. I have been very lucky in being able to talk to people who had relatives living here and share their reminiscences in this story.

Prior to the Spaniards discovering Georgia Strait and therefore some of the Gulf Islands, in 1792, there was a native presence in this area. Evidence has been found at Lyall Harbour of middens and artifacts over 2000 years old. Artifacts have also been found at other places on the Island. It is felt that there was not permanent habitation, but that local tribes would camp while hunting, clamming or fishing. At Narvaez Bay a shell midden has been dated at over 500 years old by the tree stump found on top of it. The local Indian tribes would have enjoyed the shelter the bay offers, the shellfish of the beach, deer on the land around and fresh water from the stream running from a spring about 100 yards up the bank. Peter Frasier in 1869 became the first documented landowner, reflecting a European presence on Saturna Island. Charles Trueworthy was the first permanent resident (1873) and in 1901 Andrew Robertson took up land in Deep Bay.

The original survey of Saturna was made in the 1880s. A "bearing tree" at the head of the bay was chosen; a broken Lee and Perrins Sauce bottle buried to confirm this marker. A bearing tree,

usually a long-lived one, is a tree chosen by the surveyors, to be used as the triangulation point for their survey shots. When the property was re-surveyed in 1987 the surveyor was able to uncover the benchmark cut into the tree in 1921 and this mark was probably over the original mark. The top was taken out of this Douglas fir by the natives: the topless tree was a landmark to show travelers in boats that there was fresh water at the head of the bay. The tree top has grown again, reaching 60 feet above the rocky hillside.

In 1912 the Tye Copper company conducted surveys of Saturna and neighbouring islands for coal or oil. R.G. Mullin of this company purchased a tract of land including Narvaez Bay. When exploration found none of the wanted minerals taxes were left unpaid and the land reverted to the Crown in 1919.

Henry William Georgeson (Harry) bought the west half of Section 1 on Saturna and the southeast quarter of Sec-

tion 2 with financing by the Soldier Settlement Board which assisted returning veterans of WWI. Harry was a Fisheries Officer in Prince Rupert. While there he married Victoria May Wright, niece of Bill Trueworthy. The two had gone to school together on Mayne Island; family legend says that as a child Harry threw rocks at May. Harry and his brother-in-law, Arthur Ralph built a home on Echo Bay for his parents James and Joan Georgeson. Next the two constructed the home for Harry's family. This is the house which later became the stone cottage. The building was about 800 square feet of 2x4 frame, covered with 1x10 cedar shiplap inside and out (with no visible form of insulation) topped with a cedar shake roof. There was a kitchen, pantry, living room with wood stove, and two bedrooms. A stream running close to the porch provided fresh water and the out-house was at a distance on the opposite side. Harry earned a few dollars as Road Foreman until 1939 when he became



Old Stone Cottage, Saturna Island.

Photos courtesy of the author.

lighthouse keeper at East Point for a year. Because her mother had died in childbirth, May Georgeson took the precaution of going to "civilization" for the birth of their three children. Roberta was born in Prince Rupert in 1923, while Florence and Margaret were born in Vancouver in 1930 and 1933 respectively. Harry's later postings took him to Prevost Island lighthouse and Port Washington on Pender Island. Harry sold his property on Saturna in 1949.

Margaret, the youngest daughter, was only seven when they left Saturna but she had some memories of living in the cottage. They had cats, dogs, sheep, chickens and a cow. They ate deer meat, fish, had a large garden and she remembers yellow raspberries. The beach seemed to her to be very sandy and there was sand on top of the water as the tide came in. There was a structure made of large timbers to pull the boat up; and there was a house on logs, owned by the Pockocks, which was later used as a school. In 1929 there were quite a number of children on this side of the island so it was decided to build a school. The site was chosen by pupils walking from Narvaez Bay at one end and Breezy Bay on the other; where they met was where the school was built - about a 3 mile walk - situated at the present grave-yard. The first teacher was Mrs. Page, followed by Mrs. Almquist and then Mrs. Narraway. When the school closed the Georgeson girls had a governess - Mrs. Kidd. When the family moved to East Point Mrs. Kidd went too and oversaw schoolwork done by correspondence.

About a quarter mile east of the cottage Jim Herrington built a dwelling. This was abandoned, as were many properties after WWII. But when the island was humming there was a good social life. Visits between the Georgesons, Will Copeland and Frank Copeland families, Petfords and others. Transportation was by boat or foot (there was no road between Breezy Bay and Narvaez Bay until 1960). Memories of these gatherings include bonfires and wonderful singing, with Roderick McLeod as leading singer. The store, run by the Jacksons, was at

the ferry dock. This was a gathering point on Mondays and Thursdays, Ferry days. There would be shopping, visiting and even a card game as the ferry was not always punctual.

In 1949 Albert Vetterly, a retired Swiss landscape gardener, became guardian of the cottage. People recall that he was a man who was very in tune with nature and life around him. He was a delightful old man who was very willing to share his knowledge with others and in no way wanted to diminish the land around him. He logged the land slowly and respectfully and always replanted. He was responsible for the cottage becoming the stone cottage. As he cleared the meadow of large rocks he would collect them then use an ancient method of splitting them. This meant piling brush over each rock, setting fire to get the rock very hot, then throwing cold water over it. Behold! The rock would split. Gradually the split rocks were carted to the cottage where they were built up as facing on the south side, then the north wall of the cottage. This tedious work was done over a period of about 15 years. There are still many signs of his tenure in the mature fruit trees, Rocky Mountain Juniper, and Hawthorns. He perfected the trail down the side of the hill with the entrance marked by a Japanese-style wooden arch

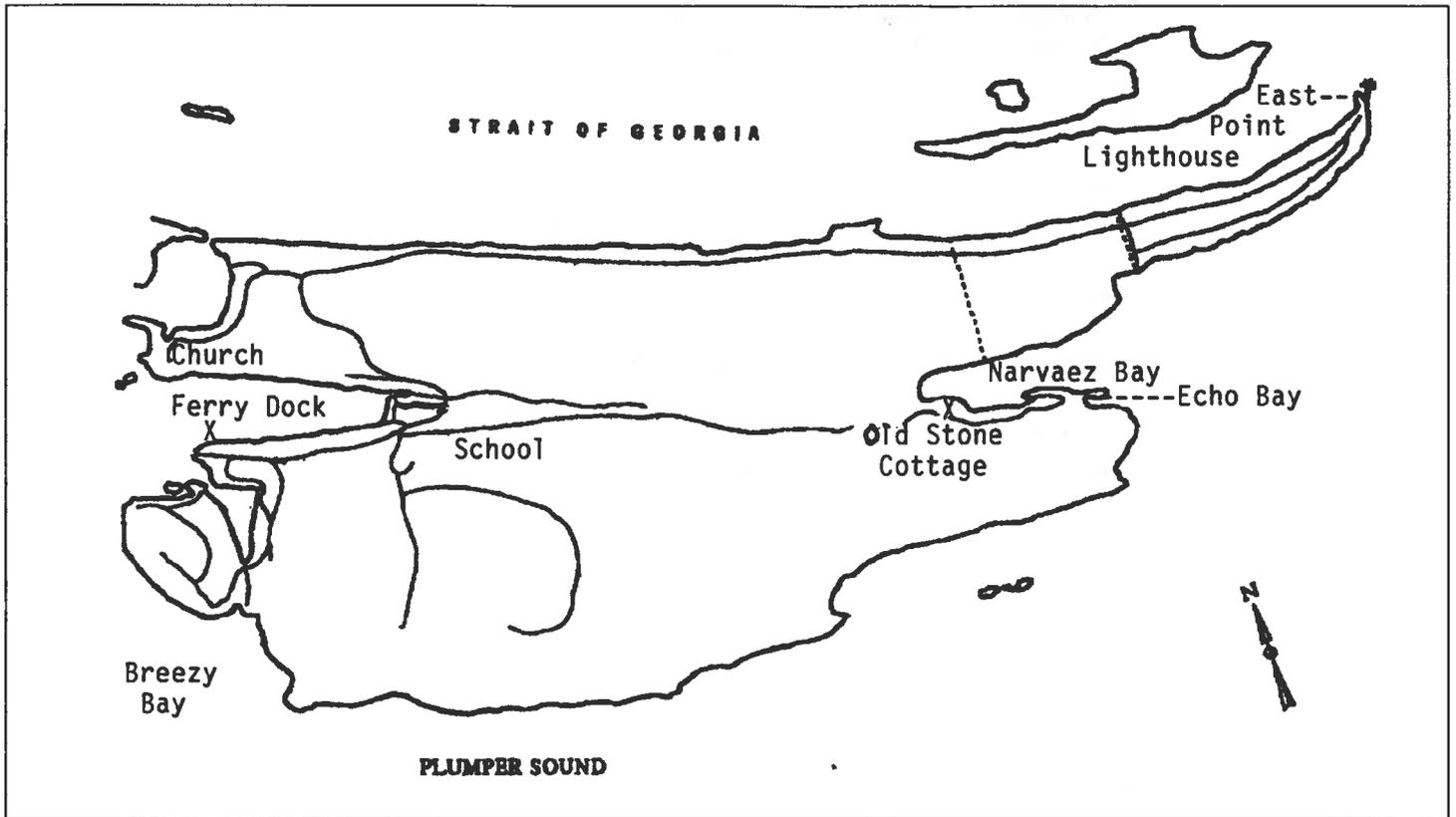
and a resting bench under the cedar tree at the base of the steepest part. In the basement there are shelves that he used for plant pots and gardening supplies. Wonderful large snowdrops still blooming in gardens around Saturna are his main legacy. They make a fitting memorial to this wonderful man. He cultivated these bulbs, then would pack some in a suitcase, walk to the ferry (which now ran on Tuesday and Saturday) and go over to Victoria to sell them. In 1962 he made the decision to move to Saanich so that he could be nearer his bulb market. Once he left the nurturing peace of Saturna his health deteriorated rapidly; it was not long before he died.

Northern Forest Products bought the property and billeted loggers in the stone cottage. There are marks of loggers' calked boots on the floor. In 1965, this property, along with much more of the island, was bought by Furst Freidrich von Hohenzollern (through F. Williams Logging) and was managed by Henry Rothell. His sister and her nuclear physicist husband moved in. They had "gone back to the land", gardening and making jam etc. They lived in the stone cottage for about two summers then moved down to the Arthur Ralph house at the mouth of the bay.

The stone cottage began to fall into dis-



Roof Timbers of the Stone Cottage.



Saturna Island showing places mentioned in article.

Maps courtesy of the author.

repair through neglect. When Jon Guy moved in in 1978 the roof needed replacing. On inspection of the underside of the roof he found a jumble of rafters and pole beams which told tales of an earlier re-roofing process. So, with the \$3000 F. Williams allowed him he purchased #3 shingles which he applied over the existing shakes.

Priscilla Ewbank joined Jon and his two daughters, Michelle and Genni, in 1979. She tells of the wonderful feeling that the stone cottage had. Although the sun would be absent for two months in the winter they always felt warm, cosy and well protected from the winter winds. The morning sun would stream through the bedroom window. (This window had to be kept closed at certain times because a pair of swallows once decided that the lamp in the room was an excellent anchor for their nest.) Beside the large cedar tree outside the kitchen was an idyllic spot to milk the cow and to watch the happenings in the bay. Priscilla was delighted when she moved there as the stone cottage had all conveniences; the pantry had been converted to a bathroom so the biffy up the

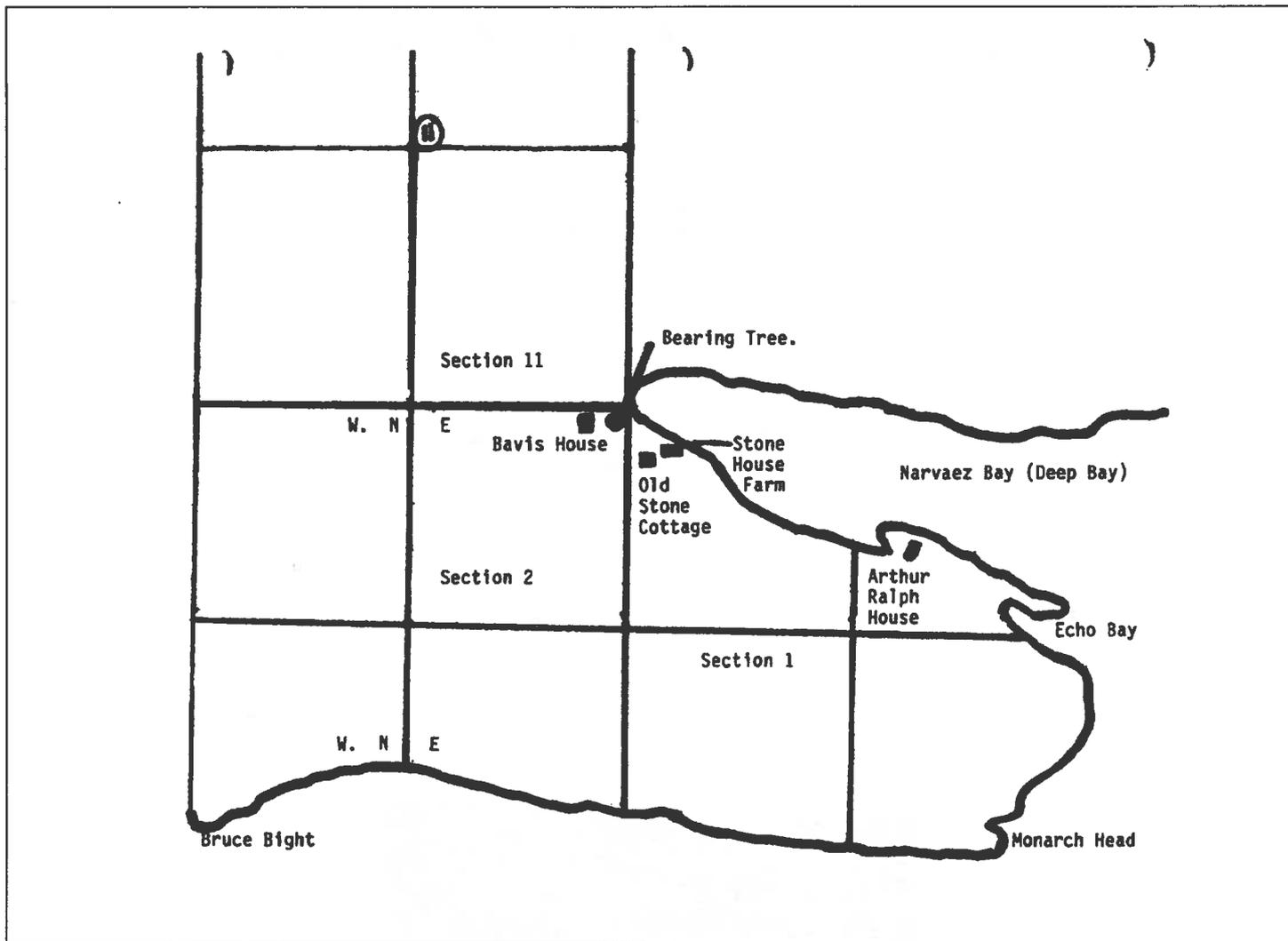
hill did not need to be used. Jon had built a woodshed near the south door. Excellent water came from two wells behind the stone cottage.

Jon and Priscilla's daughter, Jesse, was nearly born there. Priscilla, however, summoned up enough energy to climb the trail to the road, then travelling by car and missing the 6:30 am ferry. Barry Crooks was working at the garage. He volunteered to take them over by boat. A quick decision not to disembark at Pender Island was made and Priscilla was taken to Saanich where the new baby was born on June 16th, 1982 in the Saanich Peninsula Hospital. Jesse was the first child delivered in the new birthing room. Next day mother and daughter came home and the cow, Arlen, was pleased to be milked again under the cedar tree by Priscilla. The Guy family were the last people to live there and they have left their mark. We know, for example, that Genni was 4'8" on 25th July 1982 from marks on a wall. They left at Halloween in 1982.

In February 1986 part of the Chuck Bavis property (N.E. 1/4 Section 2) was sold to my husband and me, Derrick and

Philippa Woodcock. We came over on weekends to slowly integrate ourselves into Saturna life. People would ask us where our property was. "At Narvaez Bay" was our reply and their faces would look blank. "Near to the old stone cottage," we added and an understanding smile would spread across their features. This indicated to us that the old stone cottage was a much loved part of the island. Later that year we started negotiations to exchange 5.6 acres of land with the F. Williams Logging Co. Access to Sections 11 and 12 for logging their land had been difficult so we exchanged some of our land remote from the house for some in Section 1. The 5.6 acres along the S. W. side of Narvaez Bay included the old stone cottage. Our reason for obtaining this property was to start a Bed and Breakfast so that we could live on the island and not just be weekenders.

We took a long hard look, in fact several looks at the cottage. Unfortunately there was no way it could be adapted for our purpose. The stone walls were beginning to crack and move. The roof was in good condition but the interior had been trashed. The bedrooms were col-



Sections 1 & 2, Saturna Island showing various areas mentioned in this article.

lapsing as there was no foundation under them. We decided to build a new stone house 200 feet away. The old stone cottage is used as a storage place for hay and feed for the animals. One bedroom is used if an animal is sick and the other for shearing the sheep. The old garden fence had really deteriorated so was removed. The small stream meandering through the cherry and apple trees is bordered by daffodils in spring. We enjoy Mr. Vetterly's snowdrops and crocuses, and the white and pink blooms on the hawthorn tree. There is a strong perfume of woolly mint, and a Highland cow and Romney sheep enhance the vista.

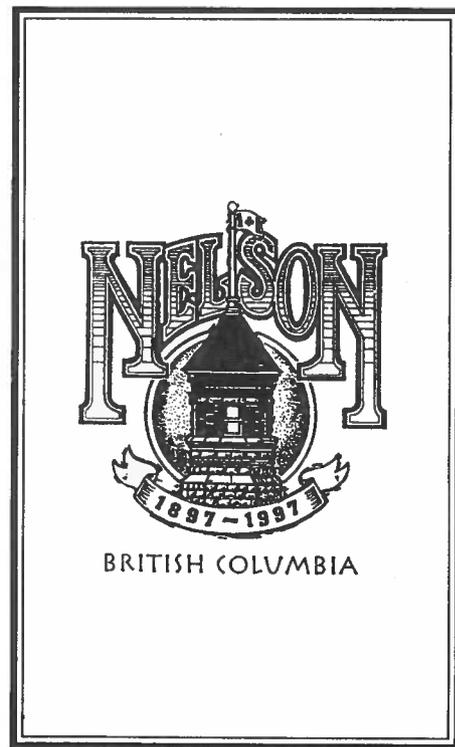
What is the future of this building that has been in the centre, then on the edge, of Saturna Island history? Hopefully it will not be allowed to deteriorate any

more and people will be able to stop on the road above and gaze down over the meadow and the cottage to the dark green water of Narvaez Bay and feel a sense of history.

Anyone wishing to visit the lovely large Bed and Breakfast near the Old Stone Cottage can phone the Woodcocks at (250) 539-2683.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Thanks for contributions and help from Lorraine Campbell, Marie Elliot, Priscilla Ewbank, Margaret Grimmer, Jennifer Catchpole, Jon Guy and Derrick Woodcock.



Three Men On A Mountain

Dave Taylor Remembers

by Edna Dignan Slater

Sixty five years ago, in July of 1931, three men met on Three Brothers Mountain, in an area later to be known as Manning Park. There was Dave Taylor, the young, fast talking editor of the *Princeton Star* and Bert Thomas, a weather-beaten forest ranger and rancher. The third man was Martin Grainger, lanky, soft-spoken lumber tycoon, ex-chief forester of British Columbia, and author of the 1908 novel, *Woodsmen of the West*¹. Dave Taylor and Bert Thomas were old Princeton friends; Martin Grainger and Bert had often worked together; but Dave was meeting Grainger for the first time and he was impressed to the point of awe.

But it was not until thirty years later, after Bert had given Dave a copy of the 1964 re-issue of *Woodsmen*, that Dave sat down to his cranky old typewriter, where the esses and ees were mere blobs, and dashed off his memories of the Grainger who became his friend.

We know this because ten years later still, those papers came to me through my connection with the Dignan family² who were among Dave's Princeton friends during the thirties. Here are Dave's words as he told of that first meeting on Three Brothers Mountain so many years before:

"Early in July 1931, consequent on an approach by the Princeton Board of Trade to preserve the Three Brothers area from sheep grazing, a reconnaissance survey was made, the party including provincial forestry officials and

local advocates. On Friday the 17th, we made our main encampment at Fido Camp atop Three Brothers, altitude about 7500 feet.

"We had earlier noticed a queer lone character across our trail. Grainger was on the same reconnaissance mission but typically on his own. When we arrived at Fido Camp his pup tent was already pitched some yards aloof, and he was already cooking his supper at his own little fire. In the evening aftermath he crept over to join our campfire confab -

to listen, not to speak.

"Next day he went with a volunteer few of us to scout Blackwall and beyond. Bert saddled me on a bumpy black mare with abscessed teeth and bruised behind . . . me, not the mare . . . and Nemesis starved him of his precious pipe. Now we know that they (Grainger and Thomas) had made a similar trip in 1916, heritage of which is the Hamilton Laing collection of photos³."

Later, Dave drops another hint about these photos when he writes: "It was during his term as Chief Forester that he fell in love with the Hope Mountains and met Bert Thomas. These photos and this yarn are the aftermath." Some of the photos by Hamilton Mack Laing, the well-known Comox nature writer, are housed in the British Columbia Archives and some have been reproduced in Richard Mackie's *Hamilton Mack Laing: Hunter and Naturalist*. It is tempting to hope that more Laing photos, along with more of Dave's writings, are in hiding somewhere and will surface some day.

Bert Thomas' ranch was in the One Mile Valley, a few miles north of Princeton. Here Martin Grainger kept a small cabin and a string of horses. Whenever he could get away from his Vancouver office he would take the Kettle Valley train to Belfort station on a bunchgrass slope above the One Mile. To his niece, Eve Gray⁴, he wrote: ". . . we sat in front of the little shed and looked over the beautiful rolling country below us with the Three Brothers, still spotted with



David Taylor: 1904 - 1986. Owner and Editor of the Princeton Star, 1929 - 1937. He went to the Far East as a journalist until the fall of Singapore. He returned to Princeton about 1947 to resume printing and publishing and continued to work as a printer until his death.

Photo in possession of George Taylor, Nanaimo.

snow, in the far distance. Everything is green after the summer rains and indescribably beautiful . . . you are constantly getting little shocks from the beauty of the flowers, the contours of the hills, the little creeks, the deer . . .”

From Belfort he would walk down to the ranch, collect Bert and the horses, and head for the high country and freedom. (Ann Thomas, Bert's widowed daughter-in-law, told me rather crossly that he also collected her young husband, Bill, to do the hard camp chores and look after the horses, while 'the big shots got the credit!').

We Dignan sisters attended Princeton High School in those days and my sister, Penny Dignan Thornley, reminds me that our English teachers warned us against using the *Star* as a model. Duncan's June Taylor, Dave's niece, now retired from many years as an English teacher, recalls: "I had to rewrite all my essays as a student because I had learned my punctuation from Uncle Dave. It was all dots and dashes."

Dave was a smallish man with bright dark eyes and an eager, fast-talking style which his writing echoed. His headlong paragraphs might offend an English teacher, but their drive and vigour are unmistakable. As he says of Grainger, after reading *Woodsmen*, "The style is typical of the man —" and then the furious dots and dashes resume at full flood.

"The man . . . shy, frugal . . . ruggedly wistful . . . lonely in writing and logging . . . in another man's world . . . fearful that, as less skilled cheechako, he give the impression of superiority in birth, intellect and education . . . a peculiar charm, the charm of Old Man Grainger. You always had the feeling . . . that he felt himself the inadequate intruder, totally offset by the respect . . . almost awe . . . together with a sort of distant intimacy . . . that he

showed with cabinet ministers as with page boys in the Legislature . . . or waiters in the Empress Hotel . . . a strange remarkable man. Shy, humble . . . yet strong and sure . . . capable of framing forest policy . . . yet ashamed he could not compete with the illiterate workman's skill or quite attain to his world . . . chopping firewood rather than be idle and refusing pay for it . . . at which the muscled drunks gaped . . ."

In explaining his embarrassment at being less than expert with an axe, Grainger had written in *Woodsmen*: "Then logging gentlemen, between drinks, would wander up the hill to see that extraordinary person who liked work and who worked for nothing. I used to throw my coat over a saw-cut that was not straight enough for the professional eye, and possibly seat myself, blushing, over unfinished axe-work that I wished



Martin Allerdale Grainger: 1874 - 1941. A notable British Columbian, he was scholar, author, framer of early forest policy, for several years Chief Forester of B.C. and later, a business man in the Timber industry. He was an early and active promoter of a mountain park and a highway between Hope and Princeton.

Photo credit BCARS 68739.

to keep private . . . I remain, in spite of bitter effort, a mere butcher of wood".

After the Three Brothers expedition, Dave experiences another example of Grainger's 'distant intimacy'. "Some weeks later Mr. Grainger was a surprise visitor to my print shop, now a well-dressed businessman . . . but somewhat mousey. He wanted to get acquainted and made no bones about it. Sometime later the mail brought a blown-up photograph taken by Leonard Frank."

This hasty screed leaves exasperating gaps. Leonard Frank we know as a noted photographer of the time whose pictures are now of historic as well as artistic importance. But what was this photo and where is it now?

"It was typical that Grainger hunted it up," Dave writes cryptically, and typically, drops the subject.

And now the memories of the public relations man take over: "We launched a province-wide campaign to bridge the twelve-mile gap . . . of Hope-Princeton Highway which had dallied since 1860. We had to win support throughout the Southern part of the province and get government permission. Mr. Grainger always accompanied me . . . made the openings, paid the bills . . . and left the rest to me. His authority in approach was amazing, and from tough politician Nels Lougheed we won ultimate blessing. (Nels Lougheed was Minister of Public Works in the Tolmie cabinet of 1928. From 1930 to 1933 he was Minister of Lands. The Lougheed Highway was named for him in 1931). Work on the Hope-Princeton Road, where Bert Thomas was employed as foreman, went on during the Lougheed tenure. In the meantime, we find Martin Grainger, in June of 1930, writing to F.P. Burdon⁵, who had immediately preceded Lougheed as Minister of Lands, with an eloquent plea for the establishment of a park in the

Three Brothers country.

“Recent trips along the route of the projected highway, on which work is now busily in progress, have shown me very clearly the great attraction that region will have for our city people as well as tourists from across the line. Four or five hours drive from Vancouver will take people into charming mountain surroundings. The Hope-Princeton route will give access to the Skagit and the Cambie-Roche River Valleys⁶ where there is open country with most attractive little rivers and wooded flats . . . I have recently made a number of trips into the Roche River region and have been greatly struck by the obvious possibilities it will have for tourists. It is a gracious, pretty region, backed by magnificent mountain country. There is a petition to you being prepared in Princeton urging that steps be taken to save this Cascade region. The essential thing is to safeguard the wildlife . . . the flowers, the feed . . . the deer . . . I know the Department has many applications for park reserves, and some have been created. But here is park unequalled in accessibility and size, that will be, in itself, a big justification for the expense of the Hope-Princeton

Highway.”

During their public relations foray to Victoria, Dave found himself having long conversations with his previously silent friend, but tells of them in only a few brief paragraphs:

“Returning on the ferry, Old Man Grainger turned mellow, still shy and half apologetic . . . but with a burning eagerness for expression. He loved the country of his adoption . . . its rugged vastness and its wilderness heritage of history. . . He hated distortion . . . for himself self-effacement even to deception . . . but a wish to serve the truth as he knew it. It was his Klondike story he wanted me to write. Of the rackets, the agonies . . . the true story must be told . . . he could afford it. I was to come down (to Vancouver) and we would get together on it. Grainger . . . who wanted a hack to tell the Klondike story . . .”

From Scheider’s introduction to the 1964 **Woodsmen of the West**, Dave finally realized that Grainger had never reached the Klondike, but had run out of supplies in the Cassiar country — “So the story was never told.”

“Instead,” says Dave, “as fates conspire, I went off on a tramp ship to the Orient,

got caught in the web of war, and Grainger died in 1941, and war forced the grandiose completion of the Highway.”

It was also in 1941, four months before Grainger’s death, that the mountain park was dedicated to Ernest C. Manning, as Dave sadly recalls: “. . . His greatest love was our Hope Hills. He was at Fido Camp before us on the reconnaissance that created a game reserve, now a luxury tourist attraction. Our ‘Three Brothers Park’ is now Manning Park with a monument to a much later chief forester, killed in a plane crash nowhere near. With all due respect ‘Manning Park’ is a travesty.” Many years later Peter Murray⁷ is to write: “. . . his contribution to Manning Park is all but forgotten. Grainger Creek, and a trail bearing his name beside it, are the only reminders today.”

People now drive to the top of Blackwall Mountain when the flower meadows are spectacular and the marmots whistle beside the August snow banks. Harry Allison⁸ used to tell of traveling those meadows through blue lakes of monkshood, where the tall blossoms brushed his stirrups as he rode. And I remember families of Similkameen Indians, all on horseback down to the littlest, leading loaded packhorses to summer hunting and berry picking in the high country. Grainger called it his Arcadia.

As Dave writes and re-tells every incident of **Woodsmen**, his admiration for its author explodes in dots and dashes of vast sincerity. At the same time, his editorial eye demands a critic’s detachment: “. . . his book is no masterpiece, despite its charm . . . it is doubtful if the thousand copies ever sold, or that the revival will have more than academic interest. His art is much like his axemanship . . . he rather tries to sit on it.” Condescended to by teachers who knew how to punctuate, Dave now condescends to this first class writer whose book, he says, “. . . is short, obviously hastily written to make a few bucks.”

Talk of Grainger’s book brings Dave



Herbert Heald (Bert) Thomas: He was born in 1874, the same year as Grainger, and died in 1975, just short of his 100th year. He reached Princeton at the age of 16 and spent a lifetime there as rancher, forest ranger and mountain guide. He married Grace Allison of the pioneer settler family. He was among the first to promote the completion of the Hope Princeton Road, and became a foreman in its construction.

Photo credit BCARS 7339.

to talk of Bert Thomas: "This evening I went out to see Bert Thomas. The bumpy black mare and the recovery of the lost pipe cemented another quiet friendship of the hills where men stand clear. Bert left his native Gloucestershire when a lad . . . He got off the train nearest to these parts when his money ran out . . . and later married a daughter of pioneer settler John Fall Allison. When I recalled this to a mildly appreciative grandson, Bert waxed mildly indignant. His money did not run out. He had \$2.50. He never spent a day in hospital in his life. But Grainger went in 1941. It was tonight Bert acquainted me with the revival of Grainger's book of 1908."

As he thinks again of its author, he writes: "Old Man Grainger's intense individuality made him the reluctant nucleus for the crystallization of legend in the coast camps, the economic empires. His energy, idealism, generosity and . . . freedom from convention, the independence that bordered on eccentricity . . ."

Princeton's Ken Thomas, Bert's grandson, prizes a file of Grainger-Thomas letters. Among them is a Grainger letter that illustrates both his generosity and his idealism. Marked, 'Please keep this strictly confidential', it reads in part: "You asked me one time about cost of equipment, etc., and Miss Browning⁹ has just handed me expenditure statements from last summer. The item of publicity I regard as 'cultus potlatch'¹⁰ and not chargeable to the business but as a matter of sentiment and public spirit on my part to get things started in Hope country. You folks have kept alive the old Western love of the mountains, and love for horses in a way that commands the respect of those who, like myself love these things too, and I want this little expenditure in publicity to be my contribution to go along with what you folks have done in the past . . . You made some deductions on my last trip account which seemed to punish yourself too much . . . I know it is embarrassing for you that I should be unbusinesslike so we can talk things over (on the weekend) just the way you want

and plan things for next year."

'Independence that bordered on eccentricity' was a phrase that many an old Princeton hand might have applied to Dave himself, as his quixotic zest for small town newspapering became legendary over the years. In 1977 Lorna Dignan McCarville, visiting our old town after many years, stopped to see Dave. She found him alone in his grimy, deteriorating old print shop, once the home of a lively and often controversial weekly. He spoke of the many who, he believed, were out to do him wrong and of the few he still trusted. Because the Dignan family were among the latter, he gave her these pages of memory, saying "It might be of interest to the family."

Dave Taylor died in Princeton in 1986. As a small boy he came with his family from Scotland to Vancouver Island. He came to Princeton in 1927 to work as a reporter on the *Star*. He sometimes told the story that he soon had an argument with the owners, and was fired; he then won the argument by buying the paper. He was both musical and athletic and often hiked the mountain trails. He and his paper eagerly supported both the Hope-Princeton Highway and the proposed mountain park.

About his war experiences he said: ". . . your reporter was in the Far East as a working journalist in the critical period from April 1939 to the fall of Singapore, successively as associate editor of the *Manchuria Daily News*, Reuter's correspondent for Manchuria, chief reporter, *Shanghai Times*, and News editor, *Singapore Herald*."

When Margaret Stoneberg, Princeton's archivist, wrote his obituary for the *Similkameen Spotlight*, she called him "One of Princeton's most interesting people."

* * * * *

The author, as stated, lived many years in Princeton. She now lives on Vancouver Island at Crofton, B.C.

FOOTNOTES

1. M. Allerdale Grainger, *Woodsmen of the West*. Edwin Arnold Pub. 1908. Reissued, McClelland and Stewart, 1964, with introduction by Rupert Scheider. Reissued, Horsdal and Schubart, 1994, with afterword by Peter Murray.

2. William J. and Edna Dignan and their large family lived in the Princeton area from 1924 to 1939.
3. See Richard Mackie, *Hamilton Mack Laing: Hunter and Naturalist*, Sono Nis Press, 1985. He corrects the 1916 date to 1919.
4. Eve Gray letter quoted in M.A. Grainger, *Riding the Skyline*, Peter Murray Ed., Horsdal and Schubart Pub., 1994.
5. Grainger letter in the possession of Kenneth Thomas of Princeton, grandson of H.H. (Bert) Thomas.
6. These streams form the headwaters of the Similkameen River, in the area where the Manning Park Lodge stands today.
7. See Peter Murray's Afterword to *Woodsmen of the West*, Horsdal and Schubart, 1994.
8. Harry Allison, Similkameen rancher, son of pioneer settler, John Fall Allison.
9. Dorothy W. Browning, Grainger's capable secretary.
10. cultus potlatch - a term borrowed from the Chinook jargon, meaning gift, according to B.J. Spalding's *Dictionary of the Chinook Jargon*. Bea Freeman (nee Spalding) was Mrs. Grainger's cousin.

1997 BCHF CONFERENCE



Nelson's host committee subtitles their program *Silver, Settlements and Sites*. Thursday, May 1st opens with workshops and a buffet luncheon, followed by a wine and cheese party in the evening. Friday — 8:30 am to 5:30 pm. The day is filled with a guided bus tour on the loop with stops at Kaslo, Sandon and New Denver. An evening at Nelson's Opera House takes the audience back to earlier years.

Saturday features the Annual General Meeting, guest speakers, in town tours, and the Awards Banquet.

On Sunday the Nelson Heritage Preservation Society offers guided tours of a dozen restored private heritage homes. All history buffs are welcome.

Contact the secretary of your local society for registration forms or call Shawn Lamb at the Nelson Museum (days) at (250) 352-9813 or Ron Welwood (evenings) at (250) 825-4743.

Deadline for registration is April 4, 1997.



The Story of the West Coast Trail: From Telegraph Line to World Renowned Recreation Destination

by Nick Klassen

Ideal for a four-day camping trip, the West Coast Trail winds through forest and beside the ocean, where gray whales can be seen.¹

This reference in *Time* magazine in 1975 demonstrated that British Columbia's West Coast Trail on the southwest coast of Vancouver Island had truly become a world famous camping destination. This was especially interesting considering the history of the trail. From its origins as a telegraph line, to its development as a Life saving Trail for shipwrecked mariners, to its present form as a 70 kilometre world-class hike enjoyed by thousands of adventurers each summer, the trail has seen a lot of change. This change, while specific to the West Coast Trail, can serve as an indicator of a development that occurred in British Columbia society in the second half of the 20th century: that of outdoor recreation becoming an extremely popular phenomenon. While this phenomenon is by no means unique to British Columbia, the following paper will argue that one can use the history of the West Coast Trail to demonstrate that outdoor recreation has developed to the point where it is "becoming a 'cultural trademark' of the province, a defining feature highly valued by both resident and visitor alike."²

Before discussing the history of the trail, it is important to discuss the concept of outdoor recreation. Brian Goodall defines outdoor recreation as "any type of human behaviour that falls within the definition of recreation and takes place out of doors," where recreation is "any pursuit or activity undertaken voluntarily, primarily for pleasure and satisfaction during leisure time."³ Although concepts of natural beauty have changed over time,



*Nick Klassen
Winner of BCHF Scholarship in 1996.*

certain sectors of society have always enjoyed the physical beauty that the out-of-doors has to offer. Even in Mesopotamia, often regarded as the earliest of civilizations, gardens were set aside for hunting, feasts, assemblies and royal gatherings. This practice continued throughout the following centuries, but nature appreciation became prominent in western society in the 19th century with romanticism. Romantics saw nature as "a strange, remote, solitary and mysterious place for contemplation and escape from society,"⁴ and as a result of this movement natural areas began to be protected.

British Columbia felt the effects of this movement too. In 1876 an act was passed to provide for public parks, and in 1911 Strathcona Park on Vancouver Island became B.C.'s first provincial park. Numerous parks have been established in the twentieth century, and especially in the second half of the century people have pursued a more active relationship with nature. The development of outdoor rec-

reation has resulted, and Robert E. Manning explains:

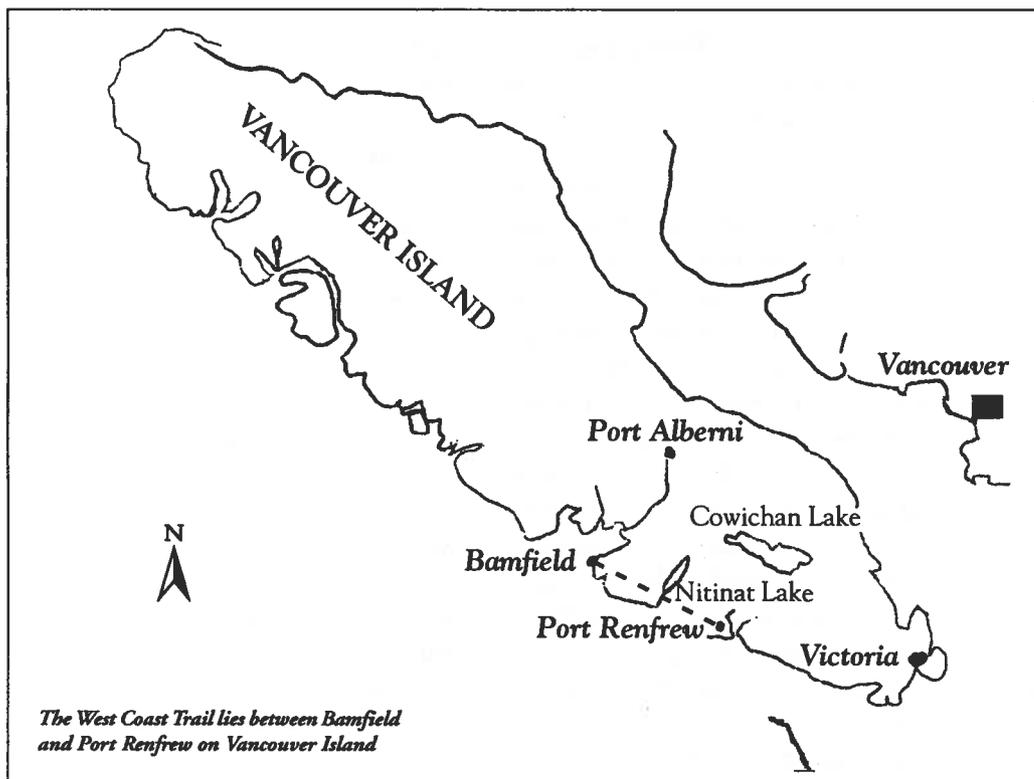
During the 1950s rapid gains in economic prosperity, ease of transportation, leisure time, and other social forces conspired to produce dramatic and sustained increases in the use of outdoor recreation areas.⁵

For hiking and backpacking, the activities associated with the West Coast Trail, the increase was the greatest in the 1960s and 1970s. From 1960 to 1977, American nationwide participation in hiking or backpacking jumped from 6% to 28%.⁶

Canadian attitudes towards outdoor recreation were developing at a similar rate to those in the U.S. Arlin Hackman remarks that, in Canada, *the impact of technological change on human perception and language in outdoor recreation, as produced by dramatic increases in personal mobility and the range of possible behaviours, has a social as well as a physical dimension — the development of a modern camping culture.⁷*

The story of the evolution of the West Coast Trail is an excellent model of this development. To show how much the area has developed, one must start by describing its original condition.

The land around the West Coast Trail has long been inhabited by the Nitinat, or Ditidaht, tribe of the Nuu-chah-nulth group. The Nitinat were expert whalers, but they were best known as fighters and conquered much land along the coast. Joshua Edgar, a long time resident of the area and himself a Nitinat, explained the conquest by saying simply, "they liked war."⁸ Robert Brown, a Scotsman who headed the Vancouver Island Exploring Expedition in 1864, had been made aware of the Nitinats' infamy and wrote



in his journal,

As the Nitinats bear a very bad name I thought it only prudent for the first time, to use the necessary precaution against theft or treachery . . . They are still great bullies — it being impossible to take their village.⁹

That village was Whyac and was situated near the mouth of Nitinat Lake at the Nitinat Narrows. There were other small villages and fishing stations throughout the area, and the main whaling and fishing centre was Klahus, now Clo-oose, to the southwest of Whyac. In 1882 most of the village sites became Reserves. Nowadays, however, only one family lives in Whyac, and Clo-oose is uninhabited. Although members of the tribe often come down to the Nitinat Narrows, most of the Nitinat people have either moved to the more accessible Reserve at the head of Nitinat Lake, or simply out of the area. To the north and south of the trail, are the Ohiats and the Pacheenahts respectively, but their role in the area has been overshadowed by the Nitinat, most likely because of the Nitinat's war-like nature. For the most part the white settlers and the natives got along peacefully although they did not mix much. Early white Clo-oose resident

Tina Chisholm says of the natives, "they were good,"¹⁰ and that there was never any conflict.

White settlement in the area of the West Coast Trail began probably with the arrival in 1862 of William Bamfield, a trader and amateur ethnographer, in what is now Bamfield. Over the years the pronunciation of the name became adulterated and the 'n' became an 'm.' In 1889, a telegraph line was constructed from tree to tree with way-stations along the path from Victoria to Bamfield as a part of the British Empire communication system called the "Red Route." The system was an undersea cable that connected Great Britain to its colonies, and went from Bamfield underwater to India via Fiji. As the terminus for the trans-Pacific cable, Bamfield became an important town and its population increased. Since the cable on land went from tree to tree with the ceramic insulators bolted directly into the trunks, it was susceptible to the elements and so was maintained by rugged linemen who had to deal with the numerous wind-falls that knocked down the cable. To the delight of historically inclined present-day hikers, there are still some parts of the trail where one can see old telegraph wire strung from those insulators which

remain. Maintaining the line was one of the most prominent professions in Bamfield, along with fishing, logging, and farming.

Along the trail the major white settlement was at Clo-oose. The first permanent white settlers in Clo-oose were David and Susan Logan who came in 1894. The Logans' daughter Tina Chisholm describes the early years:

(my father) tried farming up the Cheewhat River for two years and then gave it up as a bad job and came down to Clo-oose and worked around there. He took the store over from somebody. I think the man's name was Horner. He also worked on the telegraph line on a temporary basis until the job became steady.¹¹

In the second half of the 19th century, cheap land and a promise of a road link to Victoria attracted some settlers and by 1910 there was a trading post, a Methodist missionary, a post office, and a school.

1910 was a significant year for Clo-oose as a result of the creation of the West Coast Development Company. The company bought 1000 city size lots with the intention of creating "Canada's Greatest Pleasure Resort."¹² This development marked the beginnings of the area's attraction as a recreation destination. There was to be a magnificent 300 room hotel with a 1000 acre park, a golf course, tennis courts, and large family houses on the beach. The Carmanah River would provide the power, and a road in and a Canadian National Railway spur line from Lake Cowichan were promised. The project was designed after the English resorts of the day and attracted buyers from all over the world, many of whom bought plots after having only seen brochures.

Most of the buyers never came to Clo-oose, however, as the roads in that were promised never materialized. Those who did build on their plots formed a nucleus of forty to fifty in the pre-World War I period and had great difficulty enduring the hardships of life in the isolated village. Angela Newitt grew up in Clo-oose

at this time and says that her parents *were not at all prepared for the total lack of amenities, and the rough Indian trails which were the only means of communication. Like many of the newcomers, my parents had been taken in by the company's scheme to develop a summer resort in this forbidding area.*¹³

A further problem of living in Clo-oose was that there were limited employment opportunities. Most of the few jobs were for linemen and government surveyors, and later at the cannery on Nitinat Lake.

Clo-oose was entirely dependent on ships coming to drop off supplies, so when there was a landing, it was a huge event. R.E. Wells describes it as

*a big day — it was boat day! There would be mail, something ordered from town, perhaps a loved one returning, and everyone turned out down on the beach where the landing was made.*¹⁴

Not only was it a major event, but it was made extremely difficult by the fact that there was no pier or dock at Clo-oose. The cargo ship would sit off shore and the villagers would approach it in canoes. As the canoes rose and fell in the swells, the freight would be passed down from the ship. This was of course extremely difficult in rough weather, and so cargo ships would rarely call in the winter. As a result the villagers had to stock up on non-perishable goods and rely on the land for sustenance by hunting, fishing, cultivating gardens, and picking wild berries.

The feeling of isolation and solitude intensified when the cargo ships did not visit for extended periods of time.

*The boat rarely called in winter and Mother said that we didn't know there was a war on till the first boat arrived in the spring of 1915. As soon as they heard, most of the men, the government employees, and the fishermen, left to join up. My father was one of them.*¹⁵

Clo-oose, like many other small communities, contributed a disproportionate amount of men for World War I and with the loss of so many inhabitants life became even tougher and many, includ-

ing the remaining members of the Newitt family, left Clo-oose. Their expectations of what a resort community should be were not met and Clo-oose's isolation was a big reason for that. Fifty years later, its isolation would be seen as a positive quality by hikers exploring the West Coast Trail for the first time, and the difference in the expectations of 1960s hikers and 1910s resorters shows the development of outdoor recreation. The war did cause many to leave Clo-oose, but was merely the proverbial straw that broke the camel's back. The main reason behind the exodus was that life was too hard in the rugged backcountry of southwestern Vancouver Island. Today, the rugged backcountry is the area's biggest draw.

The war also meant that the railway never came to fruition. Alec Chisholm recalls,

*we moved up to the head of Nitinat Lake and were going to work on the railroad. We had a contract to clear so much right-of-way on the Canadian National Railway that went through there, but the war came along and everything closed down. They even left the horses in there. They left everything!*¹⁶

After the war, a cannery operated by Lummi Bay Packing Company was built in what became Cannery Bay on Nitinat Lake close to Clo-oose. This provided work for locals, and over 100 Chinese were brought up from Victoria each season. Nitinat Lake boasted one of the best chum salmon fisheries on the west coast, but overzealous fishermen soon put that to an end and by the time the Department of Fisheries intervened in 1921, it was too late and the cannery had to close due to a lack of fish. Various attempts to reopen the cannery under different names failed, and it closed permanently in the 1930s. Nowadays, hikers waiting to be ferried across Nitinat Narrows can see the stilts that remain from the cannery. The plight of the Nitinat fishery raises an interesting point. It demonstrates that most people did not care about conservation at that time and so it wasn't until 1952 that the lake was closed to commercial fishing. Furthermore, it took a complete depletion of the stocks

for the Department of Fisheries to recognize the need to prohibit fishing. The area would have to wait until outdoor recreation and environmentalism became strong forces for there to be any push for preventive conservation, as opposed to the reactionary conservation that led to the closing of the Nitinat fishery.

A small sawmill also operated in the cannery but logging did not play a major role in the development of the area. There were some logging camps along the Lake but the logging companies began folding around World War II and job opportunities in that field became non-existent. Further south near Port Renfrew there was also some logging and today hikers can see old donkey engines along the trail as well as the cables that were used to haul logs to the ocean. Port Renfrew marks the southern terminus of the West Coast Trail and by-and-large it has been a logging and farming town, although there was some gold and iron mining in the area.

Along the trail, mining played even less of a role than logging in the area's early history. Brown noted at the time of his expedition that there was a place just past Carmanah where "a little brook flows in where the Indians say there is a 'hyou claystone' (plenty coal!) a short way up."¹⁷ Over the years, attempts at mining the coal proved to be unsuccessful for the most part, although in 1910 the Carmanah Coal Company was established to exploit coal seams along the shore around Carmanah Point. The company lasted for a year and employed about forty men, but ceased operating because the seams were thin and getting the coal to Victoria was an extremely arduous task. Due to the ruggedness of the area's coastline, there was nowhere to land ships and bad weather could make loading impossible.

The unfavourable weather that imposes itself on the southwest coast of Vancouver Island, combined with the uninviting shoreline and coastal reefs, has been the downfall of many a ship over the decades. Around 60 boats have been wrecked along the shoreline since 1854. This caused the area to be nicknamed the "Graveyard of the Pacific". All along the

West Coast Trail there are remnants of ships that have perished there. This includes boilers, overturned hulls and anchors along with other small, unrecognizable things. Probably the most famous wreck was that of the **S.S. Valencia** which took 126 lives just north of the Klanawa River in 1906 and was British Columbia's worst maritime accident.

The wreck was a major disaster and since it was an American ship, the U.S. government held an inquest into the incident. Part of its findings were that the Canadian government's maritime protection abilities were thoroughly inadequate and that it should do something. The report made a number of conclusions, but states:

*Reserving the most important conclusion for the last, the commission desires to emphasize, as the primary and greatest cause of the loss of life, the defective state of light-houses, fog signals, life-saving equipment, and means of communication in the vicinity of the wreck.*¹⁸

Since it was an American commission, it did not refer to Canada specifically, but because the wreck happened in Canadian territory, it is inconceivable that the report was not criticizing Canada for its lack of life-saving apparatus. Part of Canada's response was to install lifeboat stations at Bamfield and Clo-oose, and to build a lighthouse at Pachena Point to compliment lighthouses already in existence at Cape Beale near Bamfield, and at Carmanah Point.

The thrust of its efforts to improve Canada's ability to deal with shipwrecks was to establish the "Lifesaving Trail" or "Shipwrecked Mariner's Trail." This involved improving the old telegraph path to a walkable trail with food-stocked telephone cabins along the way, and for some stretches, it was moved closer to the shore. Sign boards and mileage posts were also positioned along the trail. Originally, the trail was to be made four meters wide, but the rugged terrain made that possible only between Bamfield and Pachena Point. From Pachena to Carmanah Point, the trail was one and a half meters wide but from Carmanah to Port Renfrew only the primitive telegraph

trail existed. Improvements to the trail were costly and often ineffective. In the following years the trail was constantly being improved upon.

Maintenance of the trail was discontinued due to fiscal constraints during World War I and its condition became suitable only for pack horses. Work recommenced in 1924 when Alec Chisholm and a full-time crew began rebuilding the trail. After they were finished, patrolmen were set up at Bamfield and Pachena and Carmanah lighthouses. Their responsibilities were as follows:

1. Patrolling of the coast and assistance in time of wrecks.
2. Doing the work needed to keep the Trail in good order.
3. Keeping side trails to the beach open.
4. Making more side trails as necessary.¹⁹

At the same time there were linemen maintaining the telegraph service and they cooperated in some capacity with the patrolmen.

With the coming of modern technology in search and rescue techniques such as the use of radio and helicopters, the Lifesaving Trail became obsolete. Maintenance on the trail for the section between Carmanah and Port Renfrew ended in 1954, and by 1967 all but the trail between Pachena Point and Bamfield was abandoned, and even it was soon invaded by shrubbery and growth.

With the closing of the Lifesaving Trail, the area offered little to the few residents still there. The major source of employment was gone and no developments emerged in other job sectors. Clo-oose had been continually shrinking since World War I and in 1966 the **Tahsis Prince**, the last boat calling at Clo-oose, ended its run, and the post office closed. That year marked the official abandonment of the town site and all that remained were a few seasonal inhabitants. Now that the area is a national park, no non-natives are allowed to live in the area, and Clo-oose is a ghost town.

Around the same time that Clo-oose was becoming a thing of the past, the push to establish the area as a recreation destination began gaining momentum.

In response to lobbying from environmentally conscious locals and the Sierra Club, the British Columbia Provincial Parks Branch began giving serious consideration to creating a park in the area. To allow itself time to make the decision, in June 1964 the Parks Branch officially placed the trail under Park Reserve status, which meant no development permits would be granted. This act clearly demonstrated the shifting attitude in B.C. towards outdoor recreation. In the early part of the century the area had been recognized for its natural beauty value and it was proposed as a park, but the provincial government refused to give up its mineral rights so the plan died on the drawing board. By the 1960s though, the attitudes of British Columbians had changed and resources were no longer deemed more valuable than recreation opportunities. Of course parks had been established in the province prior to the 1960s, but "in the early decades, large parks were established to encourage tourism and small parks were created to serve nearby communities."²⁰ The West Coast Trail was too inaccessible to be considered for tourism value, and there was not enough population to justify the creation of a park only to serve the regional interests. In the 1960s and more so in the 1970s though, a new attitude developed and environmental quality and wilderness recreation were given credibility as reasons to create a park.

In 1969 the provincial government began promoting the trail as a recreation destination by making trails and aid available for hikers. The Province also paid four university students to repair and reconstruct the route. Despite this, the trail was still in an extremely dilapidated state and those who used it did so out of a desire to experience unspoiled beauty and accepted the severe conditions that went along with that experience. The people who went to the West Coast Trail in the 1960s and 1970s were seeking something different than what those who had gone in the first half of the century had sought. The people who bought from the West Coast Development Company sought recreation, but they wanted the area to be an extension of society, with all the

amenities that that entails. When hikers started coming, they were there to be in the outdoors, not to reproduce the urban environment that they were leaving behind.

The trail was being used by growing numbers and the provincial and federal governments promised to include it in the newly proposed West Coast National Park, later known as Pacific Rim National Park. While the outdoor recreationists now had a strong voice, the facts of the British Columbian economy dictate that the logging industry will most likely always have tremendous influence, and they certainly did at the time of the creation of the park. Immediately after the Minister of Indian Affairs and Northern Development Jean Chrétien signed a formal agreement with Provincial Recreation Minister Kenneth Kiernan on April 21, 1970 reserving the coastal strip from Bamfield to Port Renfrew for public recreation, there was tremendous debate between conservationists and logging companies. The original boundaries of the park were set in a parsimonious kilometre-wide strip along the shore line except for enlargements at Cape Beale and Clo-oose. Conservationists were outraged at how small the park would be and they demanded it go deeper into the interior of Vancouver Island. Naturally the logging companies objected to any calls for an enlargement of the park, and this was the beginning of a twenty-year conflict.

The logging companies had tremendous leverage in the conflict because of the way that timber rights allocation practices of British Columbia had been established in the 1950s, when there was no consideration of future recreation or preservation needs. To fund forestry management, the provincial government had leased out Tree Farm Licences to logging companies. Since it was assumed that the land would only be used for logging, the plan made sense, but when opinions began shifting in favour of recreational land use, the Tree Farm Licences were a huge hurdle. If the government wanted to create a park, it would have to regain the timber rights from the holder of the licence.

Because of the increasing popularity of outdoor recreation though, governments began to recognize that logging and mining interests were not the only constituencies that counted. Chrétien demonstrated the influence that the new conservation movement had in protecting the West Coast Trail when he told the Sierra Club and their supporters, "I am sure that without your pressure on me and the provincial government that agreement might not have been reached."²¹ The agreement allowed for the southeastern shore of Nitinat Lake around Clo-oose to be protected, but the conservationists, led by the Sierra Club and area locals Jim Hamilton and Bruce Scott argued for the inclusion of the western side of the lake as well as other, smaller lakes. Hamilton argued, "It is annoying to see only one large lake included in the whole park. This is lake country! It seems that in the campaign for the coastal trail, all else was forgotten."²²

The federal government announced its intentions of broadening the boundaries of the park to include the so-called Nitinat triangle (the western side of Nitinat Lake as well as Tsusiat, Squalicum, and Hobiton Lakes) but the two logging companies with timber rights in the area, MacMillan Bloedel and B.C. Forest Products, opposed the plan and were supported by the B.C. Forest Service. Not only did the B.C. Forest Service support the logging companies, but B.C. Parks did too. Robert Ahrens, then provincial parks director, remarked that, "A deep park would be nice but the land use does not allow it."²³

This was not the attitude of the federal government though, and so aside from the conflict between loggers and environmentalists, there was also a conflict between the federal and provincial governments. Ken Farquharson, president of the Sierra Club, observed that, "The federal people are very strong on this Nitinat Triangle and the park, but when it comes down to the final day it is the provincial government that will say what goes in there."²⁴ So the rights to the land technically remained in the hands of the logging companies and although they could

not log the area, there was nothing to guarantee that they never would. The provincial and federal governments had agreed to reimburse MacMillan Bloedel and B.C. Forest Products with each government paying fifty percent of the cost, but they could not agree on the boundaries and so the amount of reimbursement could not be decided. As a result of the provincial-federal dispute, there was no authority on the West Coast Trail. Ottawa gave responsibility to Victoria because it was still officially provincial land, but Victoria felt that since it was going to be a national park, Ottawa should maintain it. The result was that no one maintained it.

The lack of maintenance meant that the trail remained in poor shape and hikers who attempted it often came away exhausted and injured. Inexperience was often to blame for accidents and hardships, but the deficient condition of the trail was one of the most significant factors. One hiker wrote: "But we have marks of battle to prove that we have been on the rugged hike and on occasion have come within inches of losing our lives."²⁵ The poor condition of the trail did not deter prospective hikers though, and in 1971 more than 2000 people hiked the entirety of the trail. The federal government realized that people were going to come to the trail in more substantial number, and if it did not want to have to deal with numbers, and if it did not want to have to deal with numerous injuries and even fatalities that would arise from extensive use of what was little better than an animal path, it would have to improve the trail. By the spring of 1972 Ottawa was ready to begin trail reconstruction as the third phase of Pacific Rim National Park, pending approval from Victoria. Park superintendent George Trachuk explained, "We are not thinking in terms of building a trail for hardy hikers. The trail will be constructed so that any person can walk it without difficulty."²⁶

In August of 1972 the provincial government finally agreed to include the Nitinat triangle, but the negotiations to compensate the logging industry ended up taking almost twenty years to con-

clude. The governments simply would not come up with the money that McMillan Bloedel and B.C. Forest Products were asking for. The concern over the fact that the negotiations were not moving along swiftly became so great that there was doubt that not only would the lakes not be protected, but also the trail itself. This sentiment was voiced by the superintendent of the park in 1978, Frank Camp, who speculated that "inclusion of the trail is even doubtful. The longer the delay in designating the boundaries of the trail, the higher the land values."²⁷

Despite all the uncertainty surrounding the boundary questions, the federal government went ahead with its trail reconstruction plans and by 1978 all but 15 miles of the route had been refurbished with boardwalk over marshy sections, wood and suspension bridges, and cable cars. Since trail reconstruction had begun in 1973, to 1978, 50,000 people had walked or camped along the trail. This justified the fact that the government had spent millions of dollars improving a trail that it had no legal jurisdiction to manage. Despite all the improvements and significant number of hikers who were flocking to the trail from all over the world, there continued to be unease about the boundary issue. Many of those in the environmental camp were still expressing concern that logging companies would start infringing on the tentative boundaries despite their earlier promises not to. Again it was the park superintendent who spoke for the conservationists when Mac Elder warned that the logging companies "are moving closer to the proposed park boundary and maybe they're hoping to get the provincial government to move faster."²⁸

This all meant that a hugely popular, world renowned recreation destination was receiving minimal protection because it was not officially a park and as such had tremendous difficulty in securing staff and trail management. By 1982 though, it seemed as though Parks Canada was close to obtaining full authority over the West Coast Trail. In that year, 70 percent of privately owned land

within the proposed boundaries had been secured by the two governments. This was still not enough to please logging interests, and Jack Munro, western president of the International Woodworkers of America, lobbied the government to allow logging in the park because "there is far too much mature timber in there that is starting to fall down and be wasted."²⁹ Munro's observation was echoed by MacMillan Bloedel and B.C. Forest Products and demonstrates that despite the newly developed interest in nature as a recreation destination, the resource extractive mentality of B.C. was still at the forefront of the debate.

Ultimately, though, in March of 1988 the governments finalized the compensation package for the logging companies and by September an amending agreement was signed establishing the boundaries that had been agreed upon in 1972. In 1992 the West Coast Trail and Nitinat Triangle received official national park reserve status as part of Pacific Rim National Park. With the newly held authority, the park began mandatory registration for all hikers so as to control who and how many used the trail. Today, prospective hikers must pay \$85 each and reserve a spot well in advance if they want assured access to the trail. This new, highly regulated system only lets 7500 people use the trail each summer and was set up to protect the ecosystem from the damage that comes with heavy use. This is less than the peak of 10,000 hikers a year in the early 1990s. It demonstrates how far the West Coast Trail has come since the 1960s when it was attempted only by a few adventurous locals and members of the Sierra Club.

More significant than the developments from the 1960s to the 1990s though, is the overall development of the trail from its beginnings as a telegraph line and then Life Saving Trail, to a world class, tremendously popular outdoor recreation destination.

While it is true that many of the trail's users come from around the world, its development and use has been dictated by Canadians, and more specifically British Columbians. As such, the West Coast

Trail can be seen as an example of the evolution of outdoors recreation in B.C.

J. Douglas Wellman writes of a "shift from viewing wildlands as 'worthless obstacles' to seeing them as 'national treasures.'"³⁰ It is likely that the whites who first came to the area recognized its natural beauty, but most of the hiking they did was as part of their jobs as linemen or hunters, or if they had the misfortune of being shipwrecked. The area was, like most of early B.C., seen for its resources and so the land use consisted of logging, fishing, and mining. British Columbians assumed that value could come only from resource extraction, but gradually they realized that simply enjoying the environment for its natural beauty was valuable. Furthermore, outdoor recreation is a money generator, and the argument has been made that the preservation of wildlands makes more economic sense than logging them. The Sierra Club contends that the thousands of hikers drawn to the West Coast Trail each year

*contribute heavily to the economy of Port Renfrew, Port Alberni, and Bamfield, among other areas, with various spinoff effects on the rest of southern Vancouver Island. ...it is clear that over the long term, preservation of the forests is much more economically viable than clear-cutting.*³¹

Although many British Columbians would question such an extreme statement, there can be no dispute that outdoor recreation is economically beneficial. For this reason, it will continue to grow in B.C. and "Outdoor recreation will undoubtedly become more central to B.C.'s lifestyle and to B.C.'s economy."³²

The attempts to develop the coastal stretch for recreation purposes, beginning with the West Coast Development Company in 1910, demonstrate that the recognition of the physical beauty of nature is not a new phenomenon, but the fact that the plan failed shows that the concept of recreation has developed dramatically for British Columbians over the past century. The West Coast Development

Company failed because people did not see labouring in an isolated forest as recreation. In the 1960s and 1970s, however, this gained wide popularity as a recreation activity and people began coming in droves to experience this ruggedness. Thus, the West Coast Trail is a perfect example of how outdoor recreation in B.C. has gone from being a non-entirety to the point where it can be argued that it is a "cultural trademark" of B.C. society.

* * * * *

The author is the 1996 winner of the B.C. Historical Federation Scholarship. Klassen attends UBC and is beginning his fourth year with a double major in history and political science. He researched this history after hiking the trail three times.

FOOTNOTES

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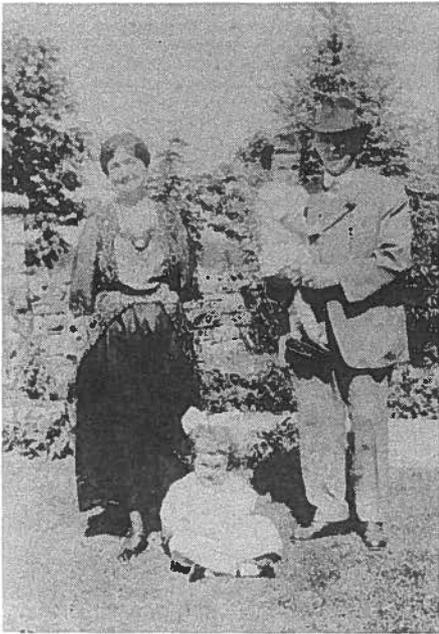
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Mary Ellen Smith

by Kelsey McLeod



Mary Ellen Smith with her family c. 1919. She wears a swallowtail coat of figured silk over a lace bodice. This was the year that skirts started being made shorter than ankle length.

Photo courtesy of the Vancouver Public Library No. 49988.

Mary Ellen Smith was a champion of women's and children's rights of the calibre that could challenge any of today's feminists. Her accomplishments in the early days of this province are numerous.

She was the first woman elected to the British Columbia Legislature, the first woman to hold cabinet rank in any government in the British Empire, the first female Speaker in our Legislature.

She was closely associated with the legislation of old age pensions, minimum wages, the appointment of women as juvenile court judges, mothers' allowances, maintenance of deserted wives, abolition of illegitimacy, widows' inheritance, the protection of neglected and delinquent children.

Born Mary Ellen Spear in Devonshire, England, she came to British Columbia with her husband in 1892. She was first elected to the Legislature as an Independent from Vancouver in 1918, re-elected as a Liberal in 1920, 1924 and again in 1930, three years before her death.

The list of organizations to which she

belonged encompasses every one important in her time: The National Council of Women in Canada, the Suffrage League of Canada; she was Regent of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, was founder of the Laurier Liberal Club. She was a Canadian delegate to the League of Nations in 1929; she toured Europe on behalf of the Federal Government to encourage emigration to Canada.

She was a beautiful woman, who raised a family and could have spent her time hosting her husband's friends. She chose a wider sphere.

I attended a political meeting she hosted in Powell River in the late Twenties, when I was a child. Such charisma! Perfectly groomed, with a marvellous complexion, tastefully dressed, she was like a being from another world. Her

message I have never forgotten: (This was not that long after women had been given the vote here.) "Inform yourself on the issues, listen, read, talk to the politicians. Then think over what you have learned, make your own decision as to who to chose, and **Vote**. Never forget to **Vote**."

Some quotes from the words of this remarkable woman: "... there is no such thing as an illegitimate child; there are illegitimate parents." From a letter to the Premier: "... I am ... primarily interested in women and children ... as long as I can serve the people whom I represent ... I shall have the greatest happiness that public life gives. ..."

Kelsey McLeod is an active member of the Vancouver Historical Society.

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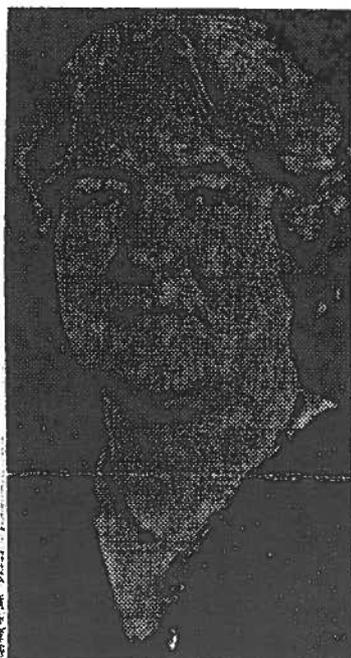
MRS. M.E. SMITH

In April, 1942, residing at 646 West 11th.

President, and one of the founders, of the successful "HAPPIER OLD AGE CLUB", unique organization of Vancouver, and said to be the only one in the British Empire (see that file)

A photograph of Mrs. Smith appears in a framed group of the executive at the time of incorporation, 1939, in the City Archives. It was presented in April 1942.

Mrs. Smith has been president since its institution about, approx., 1938; it is hard to establish an exact date, as it 'grew like Topsy, and now has a membership, (1942) of about 400. They meet, April 1942, in the auditorium of Woodward's Dept. Stores, usually 2 p.m. in the afternoon, and have entertainment, speeches, etc. It is - and Mrs. Smith is particular about this, non-political, and non-sectarian.



Grand Forks: Golden Heights

by Maisie G. Ferguson

A Canadian city turns 100 this year because an American doctor left his practice in Colville, Washington State, to attend a Canadian pioneer. It was ironic that the American doctor and the Canadian patient would be the genesis for remarkable results when neither was personally involved. Interesting, too, that four younger brothers of the doctor, along with a rainbow-chasing dentist from Butte, Montana, would see a city quite literally spring-up in a secluded wilderness.

Early in the summer of 1895 Dr. Sherry Manly was called to the almost virgin Kettle Valley from his practice in Colville, Washington, USA. Horses were saddled for the doctor and his younger brother Joseph who was visiting from Great Falls, Montana. No official record remains but the two would have travelled north about twelve miles then west about ten miles. Their destination was a wilderness valley where only four or five Canadian pioneers were settled.

While Dr. Manly attended his patient, Joseph rode off to explore. What he found was about twenty miles of virgin terrain in a beautiful setting. A dramatic backdrop of humpy hills and mountains contained the northern stretch, while three or four miles south was the eastward flowing Kettle River. Closing off the east end of the valley was the North Fork River tumbling down from the mountains, backed by Rattlesnake Mountain guiding it to converge with the Kettle River to flow on south and join the powerful Columbia River. Knowing that the Canadian government was offering generous land grants to attract immigrants Joseph chose a site to stake out his pre-emption.

Joseph, who had to return to Montana, called on his brother John to attend to his interests. John invited his younger brother Lloyd to accompany him. These two were impressed by the vistas and



Golden Heights - Queen Anne Revival architecture style, built in 1896 for Dr. & Mrs. Averill. It stands just east of Grand Forks.

prospects in the valley. Lloyd (nicknamed Al) agreed to stay working on the homestead until Joseph returned.

Thirty year old John A. Manly was a well established entrepreneur and successful businessman, free to give attention to whatever caught his fancy at the time. John envisioned far more than the homestead. Where the two rivers converged were acres and acres of level land, an ideal place to develop a townsite. The timing was right. He knew of the rich copper find at nearby Phoenix and that a search was on for a smelter site to be built by Granby Consolidated of Spokane. He scouted the area thoroughly then hurried off to Spokane to talk to Granby officials. To this group he described the advantage of building the smelter beside the North Fork River about two or three miles from where the rivers converged and close by his visualized town. There would be an easy downhill run for a rail line from the mine

at Phoenix and settlers nearby who would flock to where employment was available. It was probably no surprise to John that his presentation had met with favor and the smelter would be constructed where he had suggested.

Considerable cash would be needed to secure the large acreage. Speed was of the essence — before the location of the smelter became public. John travelled to Butte, Montana to locate a dentist whose name frequently appeared in the news. Dr. G. Warren Averill practiced the new "Painless Dentistry" method. He was also touted as the only dentist west of Chicago to use diamond inserts to add sparkle to the teeth of well-to-do patients. But the stories that attracted John Manly were of successful sales of two mining claims; A syndicate in Boston had paid \$70,000 for his **York** claim and Guggenheim Syndicate \$80,000 for his **Golden Cloud** claim. Here, indeed, was an ideal prospect — a man with money



Dr. G. Warren Averill, dentist from Butte, Montana, who built Golden Heights mansion and invested in financing many buildings to create the City of Grand Forks.

Photo courtesy of H. Sutherland.

and a penchant for speculation!

John met Averill and his young wife, Flora. He again outlined his project with its valid potential. When the Averills learned of the smelter they agreed that time was short, for they too could imagine the veritable stampede that would result of buyers, builders, realtors and speculators. They were ready to leave immediately to see this wonderful valley.

When they reached the site, the partnership was established. The couple not only made sizeable investments in the proposed townsite but also an exciting personal investment. Across North Fork River, at the foot of Rattlesnake Mountain, there was a long strip of benchland, some thirty acres or more, overlooking the valley. The Averills pre-empted this, aware that it could be rezoned for building lots. They would retain about two acres at the east end, directly across from the town, and build a mansion.

Socially ambitious Flora, who was twenty years younger than her husband, was full of ideas. Her immediate dream of a mansion, to attract others to also build on that delightful spot, sounded practical. It would be a special residence with no concern about cost. They agreed

that it should be named Golden Heights and that Los Angeles was the best place to find the most talented architects, builders, and decorators. Flora loved to entertain and was wholly supported by the dentist. By the time it was ready to occupy, the dental practices at Helena and Butte, Montana, could be disposed of and they, with their small son Harold, could move in and start a new way of life.

John A. Manly was now free to proceed with his own dream. With adequate acreage pre-empted it was time to set out perimeters for the business section, to lay out streets, plan for community buildings such as a town hall, school, hospital and churches. Key people must be found and committees set up. It was an immense undertaking. Several years later when at a large public meeting, John A. Manly was referred to as "Father of the town."

As anticipated, when the word was out, the rush was on. Within a year the population jumped from 32 to 430, with 70 children of school age. There were 200 buildings at or near completion. A school was ready. A hospital (a 20 by 30 foot two-storey building) was provided by Dr. Averill for Dr. R.B. Stanley Smith. Even the eager Manly brothers, now joined by the fourth and youngest family member, William Carson (Carse), could hardly have anticipated such growth.

Work on Golden Heights was also progressing, but with long delays. As only rough timbering was available locally everything else came from Spokane by wagon-freight to Marcus, some 40 miles south of the International Boundary. Everything had to be reloaded onto horse-drawn drays for the long trip north over rutted roads and finally for the last 13 miles over the recently widened Dewdney Trail. There were many loads of finished timber and highly ornate millwork for interiors, ornate doors with personalized bronze doorknobs, seven stained glass windows (some of these curved and leaded to fit a rounded turret) as well as other ordered luxury fittings.

An editorial in a local newspaper of



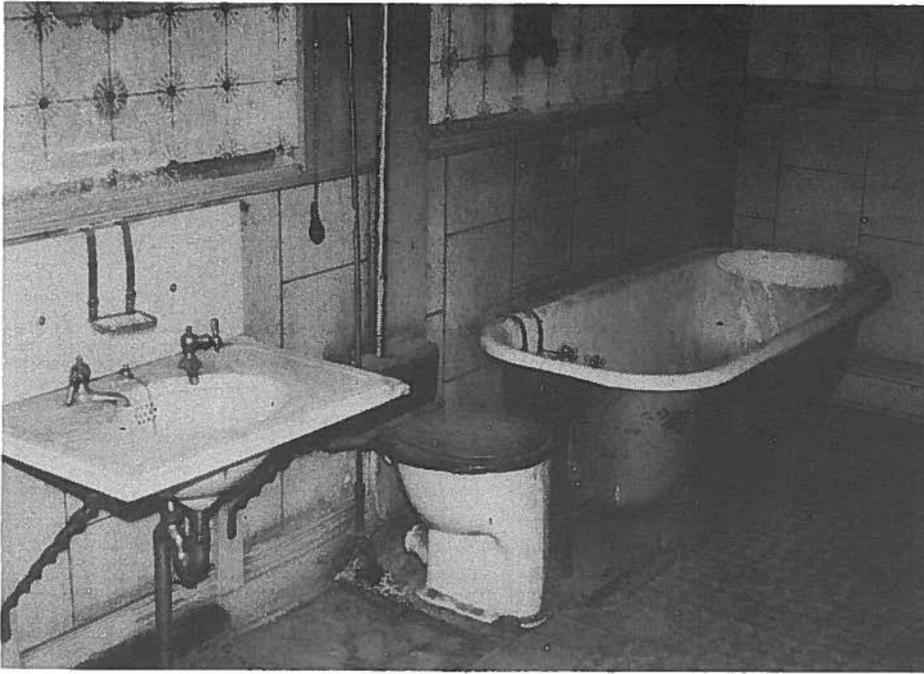
Flora Annette (Banghart) Averill, fun loving wife who was socially ambitious to the point of ruin.

Photo courtesy of H. Sutherland.

1896 described a "massive mountain of mineral standing like a sentinel of wealth leaning on the hyperborean bosom of British Columbia . . . see an embryo city the size of Grand Forks build up in less than 18 months." Buildings continued to be raised in increasing numbers. One, which in later years was converted to a school, was a partnership venture of Manly and Averill. It was a generous sized log construction called the Mercantile Store which offered everything from farm equipment to hardware, from groceries to stoves. Next door to an operating barbershop foundations were being laid for a rather unique business. A lady, recently arrived from Ohio, was planning to open an Oyster Parlour.

Dr. Averill had two more buildings being built; these were a law office for two lawyers and a drug store for Dr. Hepworth. Both would be revenue generating sources.

The **Grand Forks Miner** newspaper enthused, "New businesses are starting up weekly in town, and as spring appears our burg will have assumed quite pretentious dimensions. To show the necessity of establishing a mining record office at Grand Forks, we will give a few figures that speak for themselves." A long



Bathroom with chain-operated toilet and claw-foot bath, Golden Height (1897).

Photo courtesy of H. Sutherland.

list included such items as 758 mining claims, 190 miner claims, 175 certificates for work, 70 bills of sale and 15 traders' licences. This was capped with the observation that when all were totalled "they would sum up to about 700 mineral claims recorded in the past summer."

Then came truly exciting news! A statute was issued by the Provincial Government introduced by Attorney General Eberts entitled, "An Act to Accelerate the Incorporation of Towns or Cities." Towns wishing to apply were requested to send a petition with signatures of real estate owners representing more than half of the actual owners.

Meetings were hastily called and were well attended. Some opposed the idea, foreseeing land tax increases. Others opposed on general principles. Despite these voices, a majority voted approval. Carefully complying with all details of the Municipal Act, the petition was sent.

On April 15, 1897 the "City of Grand Forks" was incorporated. It was a day of jubilation. Excitement ran high. Elections in May of 1897 saw John A. Manly chosen as the first Mayor of Grand Forks. Also elected were William Carson (Carse) Manly and Lloyd (Al) Manly to serve on the seven man city council.

Even Golden Heights was an impressive sight, though not quite ready for

occupancy. Talented interior decorators were still creating ceiling and wall etchings for the six mainfloor rooms and four bedrooms on the second floor. The bathroom was an extra challenge for it had a graceful swan painted over the blue,



Leaded Stained glass window to alcove on curve of main stairs to second floor of Golden Heights. 1956 picture.

Photo courtesy of H. Sutherland.

claw-footed bathtub, hand basin, and high tank chain-operated toilet (reportedly still functional.)

In 1898 Golden Heights was finished, along with a nearby house for housekeeper Liza T. Coffe from North Carolina. The handyman had his own quarters and was in charge of grounds, ice house and stable for both work and saddle horses. Guests were soon arriving and high spirited Flora was in her element.

By 1900 Grand Forks was truly booming. The Granby Smelter earned the unchallenged title of the largest copper smelter in the British Empire with 400 or more employees. And the North Fork River was renamed the Granby River.

Dr. George Warren Averill leaves no record in city politics. What was recorded shows generous financial investment in buildings to speed the town's growth. By 1910 he was suffering financially. Too much had been spent on the couple's luxurious way of life. In addition he was paying taxes on unsold pieces of land.

One of the most extravagant additions to Golden Heights was the construction of a ballroom for Flora and their wealthy visitors. This "Coach House" was an imposing 40 by 40 foot two storey building. The ground floor housed quarters for a footman, mangers for seventeen horses, a carriage room, tack room, and at the rear a hay storage area. Entrance to the ballroom was a covered outdoor flight of stairs which opened onto a cloakroom and facilities. A large dance floor was of hardwood and teak. This had been ordered when Golden Heights was under construction but was so long delayed that carpeting had been used, and when the special flooring finally arrived it was stored away. At either side of the ballroom was an exterior balcony providing a place for dancers to get a fresh breath of air. The bandstand stood at one end and a large view window at the other. Sadly, this elaborate structure was destroyed by fire in 1932.

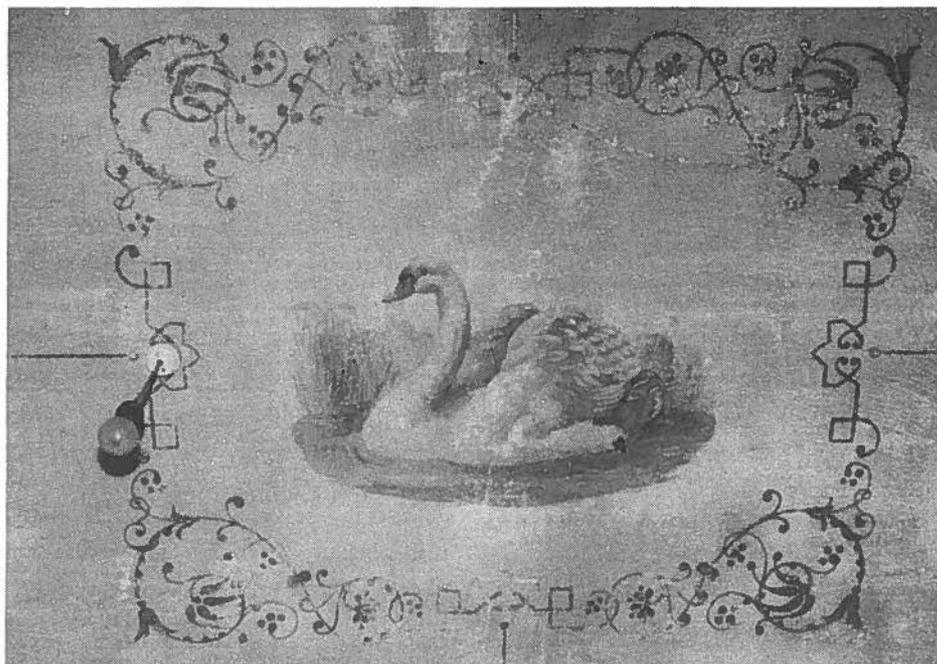
When, in 1910, it was realized how low the coffers had become, Dr. Averill proposed an exciting adventure to his son Harold who was now in his twenties. He suggested that they could reap a fortune

by taking a bushwhacking trip to Alaska, well supplied with such necessities as a dental drill, foot-operated flywheel, plus a gold press and roller to provide a gold tooth or filling if desired.

On the route they had chosen dentists were seldom seen. The trip proved as successful as they had hoped. They were busy both going and returning. After almost three years away they returned in triumph.

Triumph was displaced by dismay when they reached Grand Forks. The year after they had gone a fire had destroyed a large part of the downtown section of Grand Forks, including the buildings that had provided monthly income to Dr. Averill. He also discovered that the insurance premiums had not been paid in his absence. That was a shocker, but nothing to compare with what was in store at Golden Heights.

Flora, lively, dance-loving Flora, was permanently disabled. Just after the fire she had suffered a severe stroke. Paralyzed and bedridden, it was the devotion of her housekeeper Liza Coffe that saw her through. Day after day Liza massaged, exercised and encouraged the unhappy, stricken woman until she was finally able to try walking again with the use of canes.



Printed swan still beautiful after 60 years on ceiling of Golden Heights bathroom, with hand-etched border and "ball and tube" light fixture.

Photo courtesy of H. Sutherland.

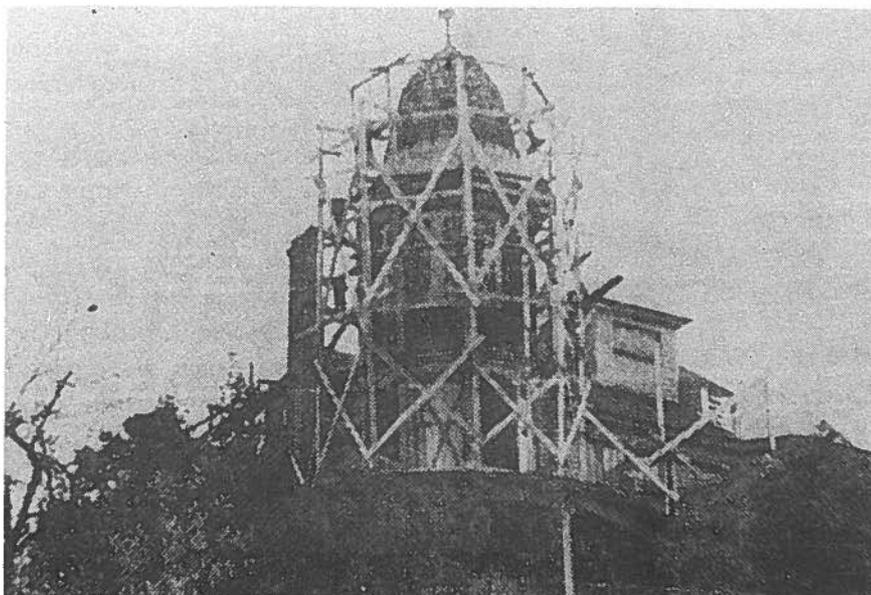
She improved, but would never dance again or walk without support.

Stunned and grief stricken, Warren cleared off the accumulated debts and taxes. He released the weary Liza to return to North Carolina with her brother. He hired a Doukhobor couple to replace her and the handyman (who had already gone). Horses were sold and a dental of-

fice set up in the conservatory off the dining room. As there was now another dentist practising in the city most of his patients were from the Doukhobor community.

Then Harold married and moved to Seattle. This must have been devastating for the lonely, depressed couple. They stayed in their mansion until 1918 when they moved to Seattle to be with family. There the aging dentist set about building a new practice. He found space in a building at Third and Marion Streets, hired a carpenter, electrician and plumber to construct his floor plan and install equipment. The work finished, he was ready to start his career all over again. BUT the Averill rainbow had vanished. The doors were never opened to the public. He was stopped by authorities who found his old California licence was not valid in Seattle.

How the determined dentist would have dealt with such a blow will never be known. He fell victim to the influenza epidemic and within a short time he was dead. He was 70 years old when he died in January 1919. Crippled Flora, not yet in her fifties, bereft of practically all she held dear, stayed in Seattle until Golden Heights was sold in 1920. She then moved to California to be near her sib-



Expensive restoration of tower and roof, 1960's.

Photo courtesy of H. Sutherland.

lings.

The Manly-Averill partnership had proven an outstanding success. Ironically it was an undertaking that brought wealth and recognition to one, wealth with tragedy to the other. According to a biography written by his daughter-in-law, Ivy Averill Lidsey for **Boundary Historical Society's Reports 1970**, George Warren Averill was an only child born on a farm in Pennsylvania, who lost his father when he was just four years old. When he was twelve his mother remarried. Family legend has it that two years later he ran away, joined the Buffalo Bill Cody Road Show, crossed the plains and landed in California. Perhaps the 14 year old Warren did run away, perhaps disenchanting with his step-father or jealous of his infant half-brother. Or perhaps his leaving was a beneficial move arranged by his mother to better the boy's future by sending him to relatives in Los Angeles. He was successful in a four year dental training program which earned him the title of Doctor. It has also been recorded that he married and suffered the

agony of losing both wife and baby daughter in childbirth. There is a gap of about twenty years in his history then in the 1880s he met a young lady named Flora Annette Ranghart at Halfmoon Bay, San Francisco. Their acquaintance developed into a romance strongly opposed by her parents. They eloped, first residing at Redding before becoming established at Butte, Montana. Flora enjoyed their growing social status and gave birth to their only child. Perhaps such a background gives credence to his devotion and lifestyle.

World War I ended in 1918; copper prices began to tumble. The Michel coke plant, supplier of coke for the Grand Forks smelter, went on strike. Layoffs began, followed by the unbelievable. In 1919 the great smelter was shut down. Investors in the East decided to move the equipment to Anyox, B.C. to provide a smelter for their new mine there. Grand Forks' main source of city and family income was gone. Families moved away, business blocks closed. The hustle and bustle of a thriving community gave way

to vacant houses and silent streets. Beyond the valley, boom towns were becoming ghost towns. A truly discouraging time but Grand Forks dug in to survive.

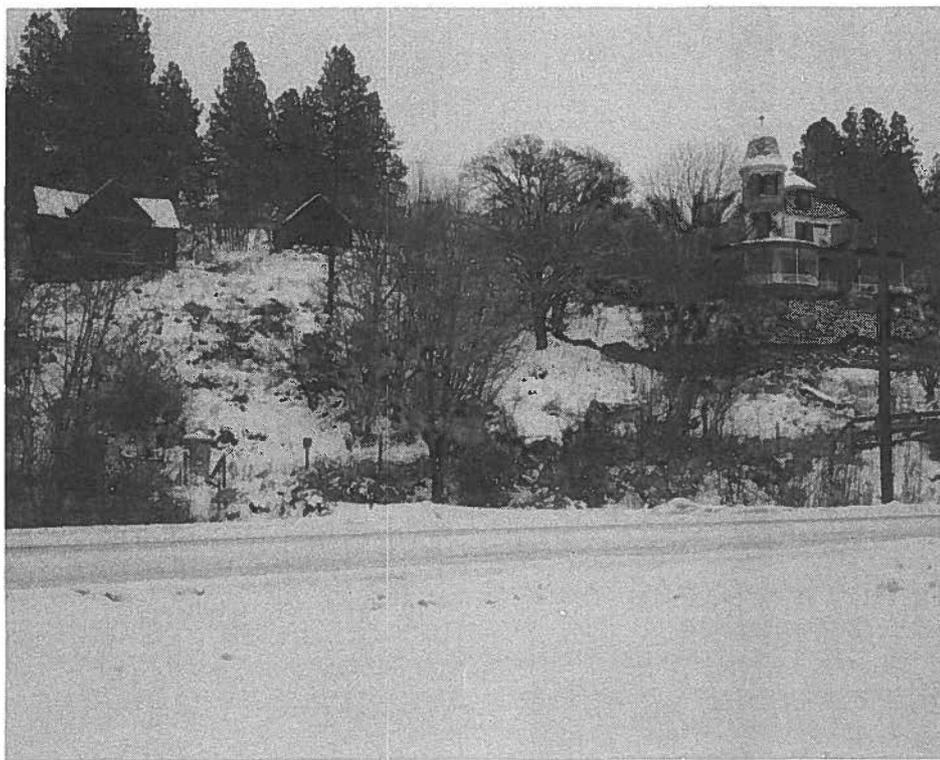
More fortunate than most small cities dependent upon mining resources there were natural advantages to make recovery possible. One was forestry, still a basic industry today. Another was a fertile valley with excellent growing conditions. The beleaguered population pitched in; the large Doukhobor community used their skills; soon fruits and vegetables of fine quality were offered at markets. Determined citizens weathered the stressful years and even grew with the changing circumstances.

For forty years the slag piles at the Granby smelter site were unchanging landmarks. A representative from a company called Pacific Abrasives came to talk business. The granular material in those ugly black reminders of better days proved ideal for use by sand blasters. Pacific Abrasives contracted for a long term option on all thirteen million tons of slag.

Another valuable development followed. A scientist named Dave Spencer, working at the sand-blasting project, discovered an additional use for slag. He perfected a technique that produced an excellent insulation fibre. Pacific Enercon was formed and gave 40 locals jobs for several years, shutting down on May 18, 1992.

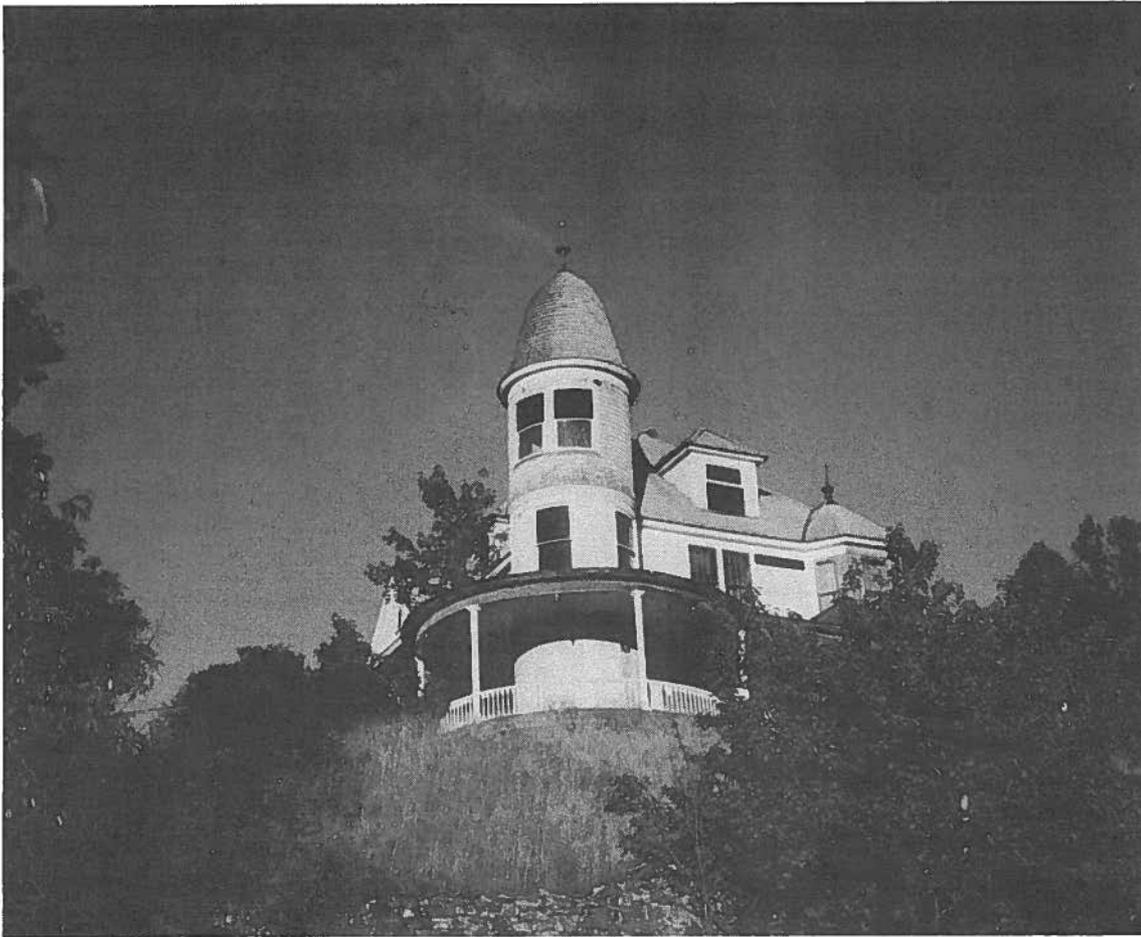
Grand Forks has a city population of over 4000 with 362 licenced businesses: the trading area's population is 11,000. The Manly brothers would undoubtedly be proud. Two Manly brothers and a descendant have been Mayor. All four brothers were councillors for at least one term. All are gone now. The first to die was the youngest, William Carson (Carse), a man highly respected for the time and effort spent during years of struggle. His final attempt to obtain improvement for the valley was in 1919. He was returning from lobbying in Victoria for an irrigation system when he became ill on the boat; he died shortly after. He was sixty years of age.

John A. Manly, the acknowledged "Fa-



Part of Golden Heights estate, Dec. 1990, left to right, Liza T. Coffee Residence, stable, mansion. Ice house handyman's accomodation hidden behind trees left of Golden Heights.

Photo courtesy of M. Ferguson.



1990 - an August early evening. This house I fell in love with. Did much research, wrote its history, expecting it to become restored as a historical treasure.
Photo courtesy of the author.

ther of Grand Forks” was 86 when he died in 1936.

Two years later, Lloyd (Al) passed on in his early eighties. At his own request his ashes were scattered over the Kettle River.

Joseph outlived all his brothers. He was 94 at the time of his death in 1944.

Golden Heights now is an Inn and Restaurant. Mr. Hugh Sutherland commenced renovations then sold to William Varro, who in turn sold to a family determined to re-establish the wonderful old house and surrounding estate to some of its former glory. Family members Katherine Berg, Sonia Willson, Mark Stevens and Graeme Willson have prepared for overnight guests with luxurious sleeping units, sauna, hot tub, and gourmet dining. Groups may arrange weddings, concerts in an outdoor theatre, and English teas. The gardens have a water garden, herb and heritage garden, a pond with turtles and goldfish, and a

picnic area. Golden Heights has been accorded Heritage status as befits a glorious old mansion.

* * * * *

At press time we have learned that the gala opening of Golden Heights has been postponed again. The Willson family are seeking further loans, but have indicated they are willing to sell if a buyer can be found.

The author and her husband paused in Grand Forks when travelling along Highway 3 in 1990. They spotted Golden Heights, made enquiries, were introduced to then owner Hugh Sutherland. Considerable research followed but the manuscript went unnoticed until the summer of 1996. We are proud to present this story with its final paragraph updated just prior to press time. (Information courtesy the Grand Forks Chamber of Commerce.)

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Ginger Goodwin: Union Organizer

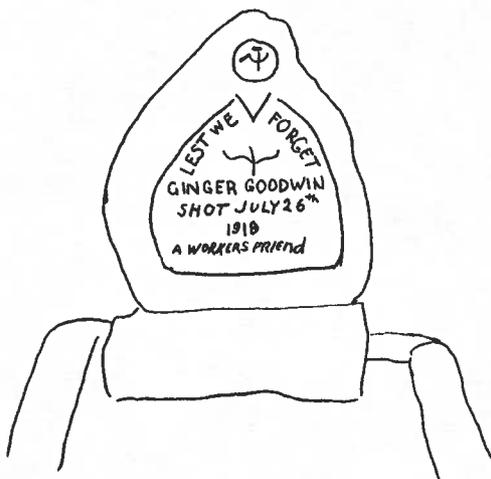
by Keith A. Parker

Editor's Note: Various versions of Goodwin's life and death are told by history buffs. The following presentation is one we can neither confirm nor deny.

Ginger Goodwin has become something of a folk hero and almost a mythical legend in the mid-island region of Vancouver Island over the past seventy years. His is not a familiar name to the student of Canadian national history, nor is he much more than a footnote to the labor historian. He is, however, a controversial character in the Island's local history.

This writer first became aware of reference to the existence of this colorful figure of the past in a strangely personal and unusual way. During the Christmas holidays in 1988 I found myself visiting friends on the Island. Academic thoughts were furthest from my mind. As a stocking-stuffer I was given a copy of Derek Hanesbury's novella based on Goodwin's death and funeral in the coal mining community of Cumberland. This slim volume is a highly entertaining but imaginative recreation of events taking place in the Fall of 1918 by a creative writer.¹

After the usual gluttonous meal, we decided to walk it off with a visit to the area and the long disused coal mines that give it a ghost town quality. A small display now commemorates what was once a flourishing fief in the wilderness producing some of the best coal in western North America. In the days before oil, they fueled railroads as far away as southern California. The capitalists of the day were able to make fortunes from the largesse of nature, the policies of government, and the unrestrained exploitation of labor. Whether it was the use of cheap Oriental workers, the ignoring of safety regulations, the imposition of intolerable working and living conditions, or simply low wages, the miners were soon driven to try unionization as a protection of their interests. Collective action



This marker in the Cumberland cemetery is an uncut stone engraved by friends who respected his memory. This sketch was prepared from a poor quality photograph.

such as this was anathema to the mine owners and this development had to be resisted at all costs. The idea that they could not do exactly what they pleased with what they considered to be their own was repugnant to men of property in the early twentieth century Canadian West.

Goaded into action, the men embarked on a series of unsuccessful work stoppages. Perhaps the longest and best known of these involved the mines in the Cumberland and Nanaimo districts starting in 1912. These strikes were bitterly contested, involving the use of strike-breakers, violence, riots, troops and finally the intervention of government on the side of the owners. This was seen as a surrender of the people's interest to the monied class. Finally, after two years of hardship and bitterness, the men were forced to return to the pits having gained nothing.²

Union organizers were especially the target of the civil authority. Ginger Goodwin had been one of the more identifiable, later to be an official of the B.C. Federation of Labour and later still a leader of the Trail Smelter strike. A conjunction of events led to his demise in

unusual circumstances. His death was the occasion of a massive funeral procession in Cumberland, followed by a general strike being called in Vancouver. This latter was the first experienced in Canada.

An unusual sight greets the visitor to this isolated cemetery in the mid-island. A crude chiselled stone marker guards the gravesite of one whom it terms "a worker's friend." Adorned by the likeness of the Hammer and Sickle, it seems out of place in the present day commercially oriented Comox Valley. Indeed, some contemporaries seem rather embarrassed by reminders of the region's radical past.

Most of Ginger Goodwin's life can only be guessed at. He was not an "important man" hence no extensive records of him exist. There are no boxes of personal papers or files of correspondence. On the contrary, union workers in those days were usually itinerant and secretive. Only fragmentary references pop up, often in the most unlikely places, and give some substance to what has become a legendary and heroic figure. Often romanticized versions of a colorful history confuses reality. The selective memories of old men participating in oral history projects illustrate the limitations of these. Local pride often tends to inflate the importance or degree of impact that participants have had. Yet in spite of all of this, Ginger deserves to be more than a historical curiosity and justifies the attention of at least this researcher.

Albert "Ginger" Goodwin first came to public attention in British Columbia in 1911. He had come from a coal mining area of Yorkshire in England at the age of 33, and already suffered from an advanced case of tuberculosis caused in part from an inadequate diet resulting from his rotten teeth not being able to masticate anything but bread, tea, or mashed potatoes. He was, by common agreement, a dapper, well mannered man with a charming appearance that masked

a burning concern for the well being of his fellow workers.

He could be seen at the Tunnel Hotel in Cumberland talking about the necessity of unionization to counter the horrendous conditions that the local miners had to put up with in the surrounding pits. They were run as fiefdoms, the company town being run with only one object in mind. That was the maximization of profit with the least expenditure. Wages, safety precautions, working conditions, etc. were all subordinated to that end. Or he might be encountered passing out union literature at a Sunday picnic at nearby Comox Lake.

Goodwin was, by then, well known to the mine management and had become a prime menace to the tranquillity of orderly society as seen by the local establishment.

Even as I speak, evil drags its rough belly towards you. And just like Satan, he comes to sow the seeds of discontent. He will become a voice in your ear, saying this is not enough — and you deserve more. And should you listen — you shall be lost — as the sheep divided from the flock — hidden from the Shepherd. The serpent comes in a coat of many colours. Then how shall we know him? — by his name — Arthur Goodwin. And how should we know of his evil? — the beast whispered more, and whereas miners once knew the joy of fruitful labour with steady work, food and homes — now they go as frightened sheep among the wolves — you must be wary and content with what you have been given. Rejoice in the work that you have — rejoice in the strength of your body and the luxury of hard labour. Rejoice in the coal the good lord has planted in His garden. As the Good Book says “He who asks all, shall have nothing.” Please turn to Hymn #62, “O Lord! We are Grateful.”³

This was a sermon preached by the local Presbyterian minister. Earlier he had tried to convince Ginger that if he would only spend as much time thinking about God as he did about the union, then he would be a far happier man. Goodwin responded quietly with a recitation of the 39 men who had recently been killed in the latest mine explosion that had oc-

curred as a result of neglected safety procedures by the mine owners. The Reverend Menzies was embarking on a personal odyssey that would have unexpected results. Not long afterwards when a long and bitter strike had highlighted those conditions, he preached another sermon, asking

—how can we as Christians turn a blind eye to injustice — when Jesus saw the money lenders in the temple, did He walk away? When He stood before the Roman guard, did He turn His back on what God had destined Him for? No, He did not. And when Ginger Goodwin saw the cream of our country being skimmed off and killed, did he walk away? No, he did not.

The good reverend — the God fearing Presbyterian who believed that politics were only a part of Satan's conspiracy to thwart what He had planned for us — was to become leader of the People's Party of British Columbia. By 1921, his sermons would be followed by such hymns as #57, “Rise Up All Ye That Are Weary.”⁵

Lieutenant Arthur W. Currie, later to command the Canadian army in France during WWI, was then in charge of a detachment of militia as strikes broke out at several pits on the Island in 1912. Like most supporters of the civil establishment at that time, he maintained that for years the men had been content with steady jobs and living a free and decent life. Then the scourge of Bolshevism had spread among the people like a disease imported by such as Goodwin. He felt that men of their talent, determination, and bent (he compared them to a messianic cult), must be dealt with swiftly and effectively before they had a chance to infect the populace. Goodwin was finally tracked down and shot as, Currie insisted, any traitor should be.⁶

This leader would later, as Chief of Staff for the Department of National Defence, author the plans for creating the Single Unemployed Relief Camps during the Depressed Thirties. These were camps located in the interior and run by the military. Here single unemployed men from urban areas were sent to remove them from centers of potential

radical activity. They were given room and board but not paid for manual work on roads and forests. It was claimed that this provided a wholesome alternative to the dole, but not surprisingly they were interpreted by some as being a fascist system of concentration camps.

On the island, Currie had many occasions to personally encounter Ginger. Following one tense confrontation the officer suggested that everyone loses in a strike. His protagonist promptly rebuffed him by venturing that it was not really a matter of win or lose — it's more a case of give and take and that these men had been taken from all of their lives.⁷ When, during a trial of pickets for illegal behavior, a woman led the crowded courtroom in a song disparaging the militia, he again leaves us with a vivid, if partisan, picture.

When she began the chorus, a single male voice started up behind me and I immediately recognized the Yorkshire accent of Ginger Goodwin. Slowly the other spectators joined in until the entire courthouse resounded to the foul propaganda — A short time later the government managed to outlaw picketing altogether, which made my job much easier. Before long we found ourselves embroiled in the war and the miners agreed to give up their petty demands in favour of the good fight — Goodwin's subsequent death, no doubt, came as a great relief to all those who treasure the rights and freedoms we take for granted in this magnificent country we call Canada.⁸

After 1914, the industrial scene became entwined with the European conflict. For thousands of unemployed men enlistment in the army became the alternative to the relief rolls. Lay-off slips read “Your King and Country need you - but we don't.” The war, however, did revive certain industries. This was paralleled by a revived interest in union activity together with attempts at direct political action. Greater levels of employment were also a mixed blessing as prices began to rise.

Inflation, which rose to 12% in 1916, was 18% in the following year. If war-time mobilization affected the balance of power in Dominion/Provincial relations,

it also saw a growing split in East/West labor unity. Western workers were increasingly annoyed by the use of patriotic rhetoric by the eastern and international unions that tended to cloud the real issues as they saw them.

Ginger Goodwin was now an organizer for the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers (formerly the Western Federation of Miners), a vice-president of the B.C. Federation of Labour, and a member of the Socialist Party of Canada. In convention, the B.C. Federation meeting at Revelstoke in early 1917, voted that the Socialist Party of Canada was no longer a political factor in the life of British Columbia. They then formed the Federated Labour Party with still an essentially Socialist program. They went on to denounce the A.F. of L. dominated Alliance of Labour and Democracy, calling Samuel Gompers, its leader, "the biggest humbug of the age and the most indecent reactionary that the world had ever known." Further, "the labour movement of the east is reactionary and servile to the core. Its vision has never reached beyond the matter of work and wages, the gospel and philosophy of slavery." Rather "the Federated Labour Party is organized for the purpose of securing industrial legislation for the collective ownership and democratic operation of the means of production."⁹

Behind this lay the real fears of the working class that they were being asked to carry more than their fair share of the war effort. In 1916, the Federal Government had passed an order-in-council under the War Measures Act calling for an inventory of the labor force. This seemed to be only a prelude to conscription. Western labor now insisted that the material wealth of Canada must be conscripted before manpower.

The results of the general election that year can't have given much comfort to the labour leaders. Their candidates ran well behind in the polls, receiving only about 8.5% of the vote. Some would blame the enfranchisement of women with relatives on active service for the dismal showing, but in fact, anti-conscriptionism simply did not have a

wide base of support before the wave of patriotism that was sweeping the country.

On the other hand, organized labour recorded an 83% increase in membership throughout the province that year and it was particularly strong in the mining industry. Under the pressure of military events in Europe, the Prime Minister finally introduced conscription. At the same time further orders-in-council were issued regarding censorship and seditious activity. It became illegal to express opinions contrary to the war effort or to weaken it (through strikes).

This was the backdrop for Goodwin's next flirtation with notoriety in the Trail/Rosland area of central southern British Columbia. The B.C. Copper Co., the B.C. Smelting and Refining Co., and the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Co. took out untold amounts of lead, zinc and copper from the Hill and processed them in typical company towns. "Toxins from the zinc plant sickened the entire district — no dogs or cats were to be seen in burnt-over Trail — all having been killed by the smoke and fumes. "Downwind from the smokestacks the ethnic community suffered dreadfully. Few jobs were far removed from the blistering heat (160 degrees) of the lead furnaces. Huge 12 ton pots had to be tapped by hand and the molten ore ladled out. Numerous workers literally caught fire while performing these tasks.

If someone got hurt, his friends took care of him. Lead poisoning affected many. First-aid did not exist, the company didn't have anything to do with it. A big strong friend would load the injured man on his back and take him to the hospital. Naturally, the friend lost wages, if not his job because the trip taken to the hospital was on company time.¹⁰

Smeltermen worked 365 days a year. The duration of the workday varied. Even though B.C. had adopted the eight hour day, it was not enforced and the men could be required to put in up to twelve hours. Overtime pay was unheard of since payment was simply by the day regardless of the hours worked. Racism was used to divide the labour force as well

as to keep wages low.

In all the lower grades of labour, especially in smelter labour, it is necessary to have a mixture of races which includes a number of illiterates who are first class workmen. They are the strength of an employer and the weakness of the union. How to lead off a strike of muckers or labourers for higher wages without the aid of Italian labour I do not know.¹¹

Since more than 600 of the 1000 smeltermen at Trail were Italian, unionization of the plant was slow to develop. By 1915, however, the idea of a union in the smelter was becoming more and more attractive to the men. When Goodwin, then an organizer for the WFM, arrived he began to make substantial progress and by the winter of 1916 the majority of the workers voted to become Local 105 of the Mine, Mill and Smelter workers union. In the middle of November, 1917, the Trail Trades and Labour Council called a strike over the issue of an eight-hour day at the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Co. It was because so many different trades were involved that the Council had called the strike instead of the Union. The company declared the strike illegal because it supposedly had a no-strike agreement with the Union (this was vehemently disputed). Several weeks into the stoppage, with feelings running quite high, the international executive decided that the local council had no jurisdiction, agreed that the strike was unlawful, and ordered the men back to work. To have failed so abjectly with no apparent gains, and to have seemingly been betrayed by their own leadership was so demoralizing that the Hill was not to have an effective organization again until 1938.¹²

During the strike Goodwin lived in a boarding house on Cedar Avenue where fellow residents noted his ill-health and rotten teeth "like little pieces of rusted barbed wire, he didn't have one decent tooth in his mouth and didn't eat one decent meal all the time he was there."¹³ Also during the strike conscription into the armed forces was introduced. All men of military age were required to present themselves for medical examinations. A

Dr. Morrison examined Ginger in Trail. He remembered the gaunt rack of bones that was the reality of the little, slim, wiry individual that stood undressed before him. A harsh cough tried to clear the tubercles that blocked his right lung. He claimed that his ulcers were bearable if he watched what he ate. A scratched cornea from an old mine blast ran diagonally across his right eye rendering it practically useless. His teeth dictated a diet of bread soaked in tea (he said he could get anything down if it didn't require a lot of chewing) and soup. He was registered as class D (unfit for military service) or as the doctor put it — "D is for death warmed over — he wouldn't last a week in the trenches."¹⁴

After the strike was over, many of the men were blacklisted by the Company. Dr. Morrison was prevailed upon to claim that his reports had gotten mixed up and that in fact Goodwin was quite fit. Most sources agree that this was done by a Mr. Blaylock, the smelter manager, as punishment for having led the strike. In any case, Goodwin was reclassified and ordered to report for active duty. As many Socialists were, Goodwin was also a pacifist, especially in a war that for him had all the overtones of a capitalist/imperialist conflict. This, and his obvious personal ill-health, caused him to join the growing number of evaders from all across the country who were hiding out to avoid the draft. In response to this, the government formed a special police force to search out and apprehend fugitives.

Goodwin returned to Cumberland to hide out in the nearby hills. He took refuge in an old hunting cabin on the Forbidden Plateau along with five other evaders. In the past, whenever in the Cumberland area, Ginger had stayed at the home of Sam Clark, an old friend and unionist. There is no proof, but stories persist that, in seeking revenge for him having impregnated their daughter, Sam's wife told the authorities where the fugitive could be found. They existed on supplies smuggled up to them by local sympathizers and supplemented these with the plentiful fish that were to be

caught in the nearby streams and lakes and small game that could be brought down with the single .22 calibre rifle that they had. For some time they had been hunted by the special police but had easily avoided detection in the trackless wilderness. On July 26, 1918 however, a posse went directly to the site of the cabin — no searching was necessary. They found the other men but virtually ignored them and Constable Dan Campbell took off after Ginger who was out fishing. The stories now become conflicting but end up in either death or murder.

Later in court, Campbell would claim that he had to shoot in self defense. Goodwin's apologists insisted that the Constable was really in no danger from a .22 rifle and that the claim he was shot in the back while running away to avoid capture was at variance with the evidence.

In any case, Goodwin could not aim the rifle because of his sightless eye. He would have to have fired from the left side. This led to the claim that the track of the bullet into a left-handed shooter that purportedly ricocheted off the left wrist before entering the left side of the neck and then exiting the right side must have followed a boomerang trajectory.¹⁴ This was derisively laughed off with the wry comment that none of those Australian bullets were available in Canada at that time! Not only was this story implausible but the tremendous amount of blood in evidence revealed that a hollow nose shell (one that spreads out on impact) had been used. This raised a further question. Why, if the object of the exercise was simply to apprehend the fugitive, was such weaponry being used? Labor felt that the conclusion was inescapable. The authorities, wanting to rid society of what they considered to be a cancer, had deliberately tracked Ginger down and murdered him.

Instead of bringing the body back with them, the police asked the local undertaker to go up into the bush and bury the corpse. Knowing that this would be very unpopular, if not downright dangerous, he refused. Next the Cumberland coroner, Mort Longwork, was asked to

go and retrieve the body and he also refused. After removing the rifle from the position in which it had fallen — indicating that the fugitive was running away and not firing at the constable — the police proceeded to burn over the site, thus destroying any other evidence. The body was finally brought down by friends and a funeral was held on Aug. 2nd, 1918.

This was Sunday so the men wouldn't miss a day's work and possibly lose their jobs. The Comox Valley had never seen such a turnout since their soccer team had won the provincial championship. The main street was shoulder to shoulder with townspeople from one end to the other. The cortege was a mile long. The coffin, carried by six pallbearers, was covered in red, white, and blue bunting, preceded by the town band playing "The Old Rugged Cross" and "Rock of Ages." They carried him to the town cemetery where the grave was later marked with the strange stone that stands today.

A coroner's court ruled that Campbell had acted in self-defense and therefore his action was justifiable homicide. Nonetheless an investigation was held in Victoria by local Justices of the Peace who in turn referred the case to an Assize Court for a jury trial. Campbell was given a complete discharge and that was the end of any legal proceedings.¹⁵

It was a decision that many found hard to accept. A one day general strike was called by the Vancouver Trades and Labour Council — the first general strike to be called in Canada. This was honored by most member unions. The only discernable results of this was a violent clash with returned war veterans. While the strikers might have considered Ginger a martyr to the labor movement, others, encouraged by the local establishment, saw the matter as a betrayal of Canadian ideals and patriotism.

But Ginger underground, whether down the pit or in his grave, simply would not go away. His friends in labour kept the legend alive in folklore and in memory and his ghost remains to haunt the Comox Valley. But as time passes the fire is quenched. Susan Mayse, the latest

to attempt a biography, writes that hers is more of a contextual compilation of fragments rather than an extended narrative. She adds that of the 50-odd researchers that have attempted books on Goodwin, few have survived chapter one because there is literally no more than the sketchiest details available.¹⁶ Her experience speaks to the paucity and contradictory evidentiary sources.

Not surprisingly the controversy surrounding the principal actor has also become something of a political issue. The character of the community has changed. Reminders of a socialist background are not necessarily acceptable to many citizens today who may be troubled by Goodwin's leftish associations. In 1989 when a New Democratic Party dominated local council wanted to officially designate the hill overlooking Cumberland as Mount Goodwin, officials in Victoria demurred, ostensibly because of the problems associated with amending official maps. They might have added that local supporters might not want to be reminded of the past in this way. The Provincial government at this time was a Social Credit one.

Nonetheless the objections were overcome and a stone cairn at the summit now bears a brass plaque commemorating where this "worker's friend" was shot.¹⁷

* * * * *

The author is an associate professor in the department of history at the University of South Florida in Tampa, Florida.

FOOTNOTES

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10. Solski and Smaller, *Mine Mill*, Steel Rail Publishing, Ottawa, 1985. p. 33.
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16. Mayse to Parker, 12 February 1990.
17. *Comox District Free Press*. June 23, 1989.

The B.C. Historical Federation Writing Competition

Entries in 1996

(Listed in the order received)

I Carried A Key - by Agnes McKinnon
Pub.: self published
ISBN 0-9680498-0-X
186 pp., pbk, \$16.95

No Better Land - edited by Roberta L. Bagshaw
Pub.: Sono Nis Press
ISBN 1-55039-067-8
308 pp., pbk, \$21.95

In The Context Of It's Time -
(Woodlands School) - by Val Adolph
Pub.: Gov't of B.C. Ministry of Social Services
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Affleck's Thoughts ~

In this world of the internet, pundits have been forecasting the inevitable demise of the book as a medium of information. As a current panellist for the B.C. Historical Federation Writing Competition, I have yet to detect signs that the days of the book are numbered. 1983, the first year of the Competition, witnessed 14 entries. By 1987, the number had risen to 30. The 1996 competition has broken through the 40-entries barrier. Each increment demands from the panellists an incremental amount of time devoted to diligent reading in order that competent judging for the Competition may take place. A poorly written book perhaps makes the most formidable demands on the reading time of a judge. Fortunately, the poorly written, indifferently produced book now represents but a modest minority of the books submitted; the quality of most entries is impressive indeed. One can scarcely overemphasize the truism that the touchstone of the superior book tends to lie in rigorous editing and imaginative formatting.

The sheer diversity of meritorious book submissions presents a formidable challenge to the Competition's panel of judges. Does the superlatively edited, highly informative, well written 500-page book with its series of breathtaking colour illustrations so overwhelm the panellist that the virtues of the competently edited, highly informative well written 200-page book produced on a more modest scale for a smaller market tend to go unrewarded?

While the number of pages within the covers may seem to be a somewhat crude means of distinguishing such a diverse number of books with B.C. historical content now appearing annually, the awarding of prizes for separate "201 +" and "up to 200-pages" categories would certainly simplify the task of the judges.

In the meantime let us be thankful for the work which enterprising publishers are carrying out in bringing to the market so many worthwhile books of interest to lovers of B.C. history. Such a cornucopia for books may weigh heavily on the Writing Competition judges but it should otherwise be a cause for rejoicing.

by Edward L. Affleck

“Mr. Greatheart”: Rev. Andrew Roddan

by Helen Borrell

“Onward Christian Soldiers, Marching as to war” — against the multiple evils spawned by the Great Depression. His favorite hymn aptly described Rev. Andrew Roddan, Minister of Vancouver’s First United Church from December, 1929 until his death on April 25, 1948.

Late one December evening in 1929, he recorded, he arrived at “a fine, solid, practical-looking building with its own dignity and grace”, First United Church, at the corner of Hastings Street and Gore Avenue. He noted that it had a generously large auditorium. A church “where cross the crowded ways of life.” In his words:¹

“First Church is wedged between some of the most densely populated and cosmopolitan groups in any Canadian city. Off our front steps, to the north, eight thousand Japanese live in a very confined area, and to the south at our back door eight thousand Chinese are packed in and around Pender Street. East and West there are thirty-one different nationalities, and our records show assistance given to such widely separate peoples as Poles and Greeks, Russians and Italians. Our whole parish is pockmarked with beer saloons, bootleg joints and gambling dens”. In 1945 the parish was the same, except that the Japanese had been unjustly and needlessly evicted from B.C.’s coast and sent to internment camps, despite the protests of many Christians.

Sam Roddan, one of Andrew Roddan’s seven children, wrote: “Dad was a muscular Christian who believed in good deeds and good works.”² The Home Mission Board’s new frontiers, Andrew Roddan stated, were the congested, depressed areas of Canada’s large cities.³ For over 18 years, Rev. Andrew Roddan and his teams of church employees and volunteers devoted their often literally life-saving ministry to those submerged in Vancouver’s “other side of the tracks”.

“First United Church: 100 Years,



Rev. Andrew Roddan, Superintendent of First United Church. The United Church of Canada, “The Church of the Open Door”.

Photo courtesy of Sam Roddan

1885-1985”. This was the centennial history of the church in the city’s oldest and poorest district. Vancouver, born in 1886 as a mill hamlet by Burrard Inlet, soon outgrew its first site. The Downtown’s cheap rooming houses and ill-kept hotels housed “marginal folk” — victims of alcohol, drug abuse or chronic disability; lonely pensioners, abused women, the unskilled jobless. First United Church had always been their welcoming haven.

Andrew Roddan was born on July 6, 1882, in Hawick, Scotland. He became a sailor; realizing his vocation, he was for six years a lay missionary with the British navy and the Y.M.C.A. stationed at Gibraltar. In 1910 he came to Canada and studied for the ministry at the University of Manitoba. His first mission field was the three-point charge of Niverville, southern Manitoba. In May, 1913, he married Jennie May Harrison, and they had a large family. For nine years he was the minister of Winnipeg’s Home Street Presbyterian Church. After church union, he served for three years at St. Paul’s United, in Port Arthur; then he

was called to Vancouver.

Since 1917, the Home Mission Board has maintained First United Church, built in 1892 as First Presbyterian, - the substantial building from whose plain, graceful tower the spire tapered heavenward over the dirt-grey, multi-problem inner city for 73 years. (The present church was built on the same site in 1965.)⁴ Andrew Roddan inherited the social services established by Rev. Richmond Craig, minister from 1921 to 1929. Welfare Industries provided needy families and singles with household furniture, stoves, kitchen wares, shoes and clothes. It also provided useful jobs for a number of handicapped persons, who collected the donated goods and staffed the supply depot.

Rev. Craig had founded the church’s holiday Camp Fircom on Gambier Island in Howe Sound. Adjacent to West Vancouver, Howe Sound is sheltered by awesome, forest-clad mountains. Ever since, this rustic camp, in an outdoor cathedral of centuries-old Douglas Firs, has given a ten-day holiday every year to mothers and children cramped in dingy rooms in Vancouver’s Downtown.

The invention of radio meant that, literally, the heavens could open Christian outreach to isolated listeners; and Richmond Craig broadcast First United Church’s Sunday worship to a wider congregation, lonely for Christian friendship. He also set up his daily “Minister’s clinic” of sympathetic counselling. “During 1929, nearly three thousand people came with their problems,” wrote Rev. Roddan.⁵ The charismatic, many-talented Scotch minister was well equipped for his long mission, first to the casualties of years of wrecked economy, and then to those on the home front of a second World War.

In early 1930, the average steady worker never thought that he might, one day, be forced to join the longer and shab-

bier queues at the kitchens of the Salvation Army and other missions. But Canada had no national unemployment insurance, and only a shameful pittance for aged indigents. "During the year 1930-31," Roddan wrote, "thousands of single men engaged in public works and varied projects were dismissed, and no provision made for their future welfare."⁶ Federal bureaucrats insisted: let Provincial and Municipal authorities worry about the local jobless. Politicians couldn't be blamed for years of drought which burned Prairie wheat lands into deserts, and forced homeless single men to stowaway in empty boxcars of trains, enroute to Vancouver. To quote Sam Roddan: "One observer counted over 250 men arriving from the East on one train. In the late months of 1930 Vancouver had more than 7,000 men on relief."⁷

These unwanted refugees camped under the Georgia Viaduct and along the flats at the foot of Campbell Avenue and Prior Street. Vancouver's "Jungles" were shanty towns made of abandoned automobiles, furniture cartons, tar paper walls, and whatever scrap metals the men could find. When he first visited them, Rev. Roddan felt: "mental and moral re-

volt that in this young country of Canada this situation was possible. I felt like crying out to high Heaven against this condition, and I will continue to do so until Church and State recognize their mutual responsibility towards these thousands of homeless men."⁸ And he crusaded, even protesting to the Federal Minister of Labor, until the Jungles were razed.

But immediate help was demanded from Vancouver's United Church Presbytery; and Rev. Roddan and other ministers recruited their Ladies Aids for daily service in church kitchens. "I can still see those good church ladies stirring the great cauldrons full of potatoes and turnips," recalled Mrs. Jeannie McDuff, director of First United's volunteer cooks.⁹ Penniless men, sometimes a thousand-plus in a line-up, had hot meals every day for many months at First Church, and also at St. Andrew's Wesley United in the middle class West End. One November morning in 1930, 1,252 hungry men were guests of Rev. Roddan, Jeannie McDuff, and their team. They showed each man that the Christian Church cared about him as a person. He was given a pair of socks, a piece of soap, a handkerchief and a razor; a despairing tramp or skid road drifter needed self-

respect. Roddan also gave him a pencil and paper, and suggest that he write a letter to his family.

Roddan knew different classes of Men Without Homes. "I take my hat off to the hobo," he wrote. The Hobo was the migratory worker, (in the 1930's a "Knight of the Rods"), whose strong muscles had been vital in pioneer days. Hobos always speeded to the location of any advertised construction jobs. To quote Rev. Roddan:¹⁰ "As a rule they are a good class of men, rough and uncouth on the outside, but, when you know them, very human, generous and responsive to a touch of sincere kindness . . . But their work is irregular. . . . While in the vigor of manhood the hobo can stand the racket, advancing years tell on him."¹¹ "There is a turning point in the lives of these homeless men when they will either maintain their self-respect or go down the course of least resistance." At that moment the rootless man needed "a real friend to stand by him and steady him in the crisis."¹² He had a sincere, caring friend, Rev. Andrew Roddan.

"Mr. Greatheart", as some called him, also befriended the Tramp — the wanderer who dodged work if he could freeload. "After dealing with this class," Roddan wrote, "one instinctively sums up a man by his conversation, his answers to your question, if and where he has worked, his hesitancy to register at the Government Employment Office, his clothes. However, I have found it is always better to give a man the benefit of the doubt."¹³ The Depression's dead hand cursed all economic classes.

"The most hopeless of homeless men are the Bums, including alcoholics and drug addicts. Old and unemployable, they are wholly or partially dependent, and frequently delinquent as well."¹⁴ Some old-style Mission preachers to the homeless and the anti-social derelicts, Roddan wrote, had no real empathy with them. The homeless came to escape the freezing winter night, and dozed through three hours of verbal blasts at sin - thinking only of getting coffee and doughnuts later. Called to "Repent and come forward for Jesus!" some were "converted"



Distribution of food to the unemployed. First United Church, Rev. Andrew Roddan - 1931.

Photo courtesy of Vancouver Public Library, No. 12749.

after every sermon.¹⁵

Andrew Roddan knew the healing for spiritual and bodily wants: the Gospel and example of Jesus Christ in action. Roddan's practice of this is shown below:

One day a regular dead-beat, his repulsive face battered from a fall on the pavement, stumbled into First United Church. Rev. Roddan "remembered the words of the Master" "The son of Man has come to seek and save that which is lost.' I asked myself, 'Does God love this poor wretch in front of me?' The answer came, 'Yes, while He hates the sin, He loves the sinner.'"¹⁶

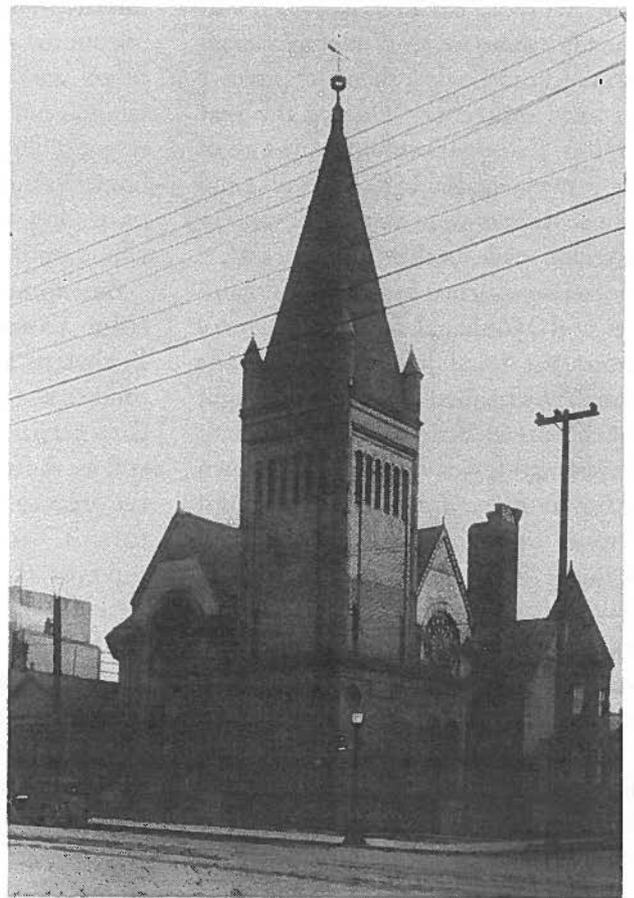
Roddan knew Jesus as a young man full of energy who taught, loved and cared for humanity, especially outcasts; who told dogmatic and self-righteous folk unwelcome home truths, and who scourged the money-changers and livestock sellers out of the house of prayer. "The abundant life of which Jesus spoke," Roddan wrote, "included not only spiritual, but social, cultural, and economic life as well."¹⁷ - Alas, economic death plagued most of Canada in the 1930's.

The wanderers' second mother, Jeannie McDuff, and her life-saving soups and stews were famed in the makeshift shantytowns of other cities' Depression victims. Grateful letters came from as far as Toronto, and lonely men asked for her photo. So Andrew Roddan gave her the well-earned title: Pin-Up-Girl of the Hungry and Homeless.¹⁸ Roddan also despatched the church's trucks to Vancouver's camps of the jobless, and, he recorded, "food was distributed to thousands of them there, every day for seven months." His book, **Christ of the Wireless Way**, tells of his radio appeals on behalf of his proteges. "Literally tons of meat, fish, fruit, vegetables and thousands of loaves of bread were sent in."¹⁹ The enterprising Roddan alerted everyone who could help. One butcher volunteered to donate all the sheep's heads in his store. "Many thanks," Roddan said, "and send the tails; we'll make both ends meat." Once, hearing of an imminent strike at a local bakery, he asked the owner about the batch of loaves that the

strikers had left. "It's all yours," the baker gladly told him; and First United's drivers collected 15,000 loaves for the thick meat sandwiches given to hungry refugees at "the church of the open door."

Each day they crowded into the Welfare Department and sorted through the second-hand clothes and blankets heaped on its tables and shelves. Saddest to behold were not the shuffling, skid road oldtimers. It was worse, more alarming, to see the young men; many were polite, well-bred, silently apologetic. In clothes of good quality, little worn, one might have a chance of getting a job. What of those who had lost hope?

"Not fit for animals!" was Mrs. McDuff's verdict on the tramps' shantytowns. Sometimes Rev. Roddan had to deliver barrels of water there. Adequate shelter was imperative for the rain-drenched squatters in the Jungles, which, in plain words, were a public health hazard. Roddan aroused the consciences of Vancouver citizens with his book, **God in the Jungles**. To quote him: "The proceeds of the thousands of copies which we sold were used to assist many of these men back to their feet. As the result of pressure brought to bear on the proper authorities, that phase of the problem was passed."²⁰ The Jungles were razed; some of the tramps were given temporary shelter in the Central City Mission and the Salvation Army. Church members took a few of these men into their homes. But, unfortunately, some put up new camps, or disappeared. Some died. "They were somebody's boys," Roddan said at the funeral of two unidentified tramps.



First United Church, Hastings Street and Gore Avenue. 1928.
Photo courtesy of Vancouver Public Library, No. 12749.

The authorities lacked Rev. Roddan's initiative. They did little except to reiterate, "Prosperity is just round the corner." It liked that corner; it stayed there, out of reach, for nearly ten years. Even people of the once secure middle class, their job prospects gone, were forced onto "relief" — "the dole" was the more accurate British term.

To quote Sam Roddan: "In the early '30's the head of a family on relief received \$9.00 per month for food and \$2.50 for each dependent child."²¹ Despite the low prices of that time, a family on the Government pittance subsisted on rations which caused deficiency diseases. The First Church staff came to the rescue with generously stocked food hampers. The beggarly "relief" issue of \$3.75 per month for fuel didn't save tenants of the East End's broken-down, ill-furnished suites and rooming houses from pneumonia, if winter brought a long freeze-up or days of rain. In one winter "cold snap", Rev. Roddan had to baptise

a baby dying because his father couldn't buy fuel. In his next Sunday broadcast, Roddan appealed for five hundred sacks of coal for destitute families. As always, his listeners responded wholeheartedly. Hester Johnson, who capably managed the busy church office for over sixteen years, and her stenographer, happily thanked all the donors and mailed receipts for gifts which totalled three thousand sacks of coal. "For weeks afterwards," Roddan recalled, "many fires were lighted in cold, damp rooms."²²

A Province-wide congregation was won to Christ and his mission to their neighbors by Rev. Roddan's Sunday evening broadcasts. To cynics battered by poverty, to roisterers in logging camps, to lonely folk in Indian villages and hamlets scattered along the B.C. coast, the ringing Scotch voice preached, not "high falutin' stuff" but good news of Christians guidance that anyone could follow. Thousands of listeners, some who'd "had no use for religion", wrote that they'd received Jesus as a practical Savior; and they were glad to send money or the requested gifts for those cared for by the staff of First United Church.

The Home Mission Board's grant paid the salaries of Rev. Roddan and the church employees. Funds for First Church's social services were given by the congregation, many of whom shared the little they had; by other, more fortunate Church groups; and sometimes by friends who donated legacies. But the largest group of supporters were First United parish's thousands of radio listeners.

Their donations also paid for the radio ministry.

In well-off districts, many parish visits bring guests to the church's friendship clubs. But First United's outreach meant "climbing dark, insecure stairs, groping along evil-smelling corridors in cheap rooming houses and often stumbling over trunks and broken furniture. The doors of the city jail, Oakalla, and also the penitentiary are open to our workers."²³ And, Roddan wrote, his church's doorstep was worn thin by daily crowds. For many with immediate needs, he usu-

ally appealed to his radio congregation.

He once visited a very poor, bare home, and saw twin babies, clean and evidently cherished, sleeping in two cartons. The mother was on relief and couldn't buy cribs or prams. That Sunday, Roddan asked on the wireless for a baby buggy, and by next weekend a dozen buggies were lined up in the church hall. They soon had homes and lively tenants!

A nurse in a mission hospital once wrote to ask for a wheel chair. The radioed request brought three wheel chairs to First Church; in time, Roddan knew, the extra two would be needed.

Radio appeals brought radios for blind and shut-in folk. Listeners sent family Bibles for mission churches.

And Rev. Roddan made time to write **Christ of the Wireless Way**, in his schedule of weekly sermons, visits, contacts with interested friends of the Welfare Department, weddings, baptisms, and funerals. And his "clinic" four mornings each week — personal counselling.

The secretary and her assistant recorded welfare applicants and checked with other social services. They also received the minister's callers, getting their names, addresses and other data if necessary. Anyone who'd been drowning his sorrows was kindly but firmly told to sober up; he could then tell Mr. Roddan his troubles. Admitted, visitors were directed to the minister's study.

From experience and intuition, Rev. Roddan quickly noted any caller with a groundless complaint, and politely dismissed him or her. His sympathy and sound judgment were needed by so many persons in genuine distress. Deserted and penniless mothers of small children; women who had fled from abusive husbands. For them, the minister sought secure homes and financial aid. One pretty teenage girl bemoaned that her family had kicked her out; so she walked the streets. A church worker called on her parents. The girl had been difficult; but the parents could neither love nor provide for their swarm of children. The First United Team placed the girl in a home where she was welcome.

There was that unwanted man — the

ex-convict discharged after a long sentence, and friendless. Who would trust him? What work could he find? Rev. Roddan let him talk, gave him temporary help, and invited him to keep in touch with First Church. Their workers would try to find a job for him.

Chronic, and often tragic, was the problem of broken marriages. Roddan listened to all that both man and the woman told him, to assess if their troubles could be solved. Roddan applied common sense — separation was necessary if the man despised help for his repeated violence or drinking bouts, or the woman's tongue was a whip and her children were neglected. But Roddan knew "the power of prayer and the guidance of God." He never lectured or condemned; but he saw the healing of couples who realized their faults and turned to Christian guidance.

Only supportive care was possible for many of the alcoholics and drug addicts who staggered dazedly along the grimy streets of Vancouver's "down under". They poisoned themselves with bootleg liquor, canned heat, and vanilla extract. Lonely sailors, loggers, miners and others on leave from hazardous jobs in B.C.'s outposts celebrated in the East End's dingy beer parlors — and were rolled, and often infected with V.D. "Hard times we gotta live," was the prostitutes' excuse.

Men who had drunk up their relief allowances banged at First United's door and demanded food and clothes, in vain. If they yelled or threatened to fight, Roddan shoved them outdoors.²⁴ His warm heart was always open to anyone who sincerely tried to reform; but in the pulpit and on the radio, he verbally blasted the Devil and all his works. "Roddan spoke out loud and clear on every conceivable social problem."²⁵ However, he denounced the Communists' deceptive lures. Rule by the Sermon on the Mount, he boomed, during his most famous fight against callous politicians.

First United Church's Golden Jubilee Year, 1935, was a hungry and desperate year for Vancouver's long-time unemployed. They rebelled against being ban-

ished to misnamed "relief camps"; they paraded and organized sit-ins at the Post Office — and the police drove them out with clubs and tear gas. Vancouver's Mayor, the eloquent and aggressive Gerry McGeer, did nothing more constructive than to read the Riot Act.

Andrew Roddan felt challenged to Show and Tell the pressing needs of the jobless; and, for one evening, he invited Mayor McGeer to address his congregation. It was swelled by a crowd of angry men, thin and ill-clad, some with bandaged heads. These, who had been clubbed by the police, focused sullen looks on the uneasy Mayor.

"Onward Christian Soldiers", which voiced Roddan's mandate, was sung. From the pulpit Rev. Roddan, fired by righteous wrath, demanded justice for the unemployed. B.C.'s natural wealth could abundantly supply what the men wanted: productive work. "Not next month or next year, — now! The police must fashion their clubs and night sticks into shovels, rakes and pitchforks!"

The minister and his church elders had hoped that this appeal to reason and humanity would win the Mayor. McGeer began his speech with his usual impressive clichés about his city's beautiful backdrop of mountains, her people's heritage from the labors of pioneers — The descendants of the pioneers, forced to live on handouts while the land needed farmers, didn't let the Mayor hold forth. The crowd roared and surged towards him, singing "The Red Flag". To control a riot — the men risked being beaten or jailed — Roddan commanded, "In God's house, keep to the Right!" Meaning the right path to their goals. Literally, the crowd swarmed through the right-hand exit and surrounded an official-looking Cadillac, a decoy planted by the police chief. Just how the Mayor got away safely was not known; but afterwards he never spoke to meetings of the unemployed, nor to their champion, Andrew Roddan.²⁶

The elite who manage Canada's economy — in Ottawa, or as directors of her largest industries — evidently ruled by a variable of the Roman policy:

"To ensure prosperity, arm for war." During World War II men who had been Hunger Marchers in Depression years marched in handsome uniforms of the Armed Forces. Girls who, as domestics, had worked twelve or fourteen hours a day for pocket money, donned kerchiefs and overalls and did men's jobs, for undreamt-of wages, in Vancouver's aircraft factories and shipbuilding yards. Thence, also, thronged once-homeless men, now "essential for the war effort." War plants were magnets for thousands of newcomers to Vancouver; subdivisions of look-alike small bungalows were hastily built.

Andrew Roddan's Scotch burr rang as loudly as ever against Strong Drink; he attacked a new enemy, wartime profiteering. He was not a suave diplomat. He harangued both the B.C. Government for increasing the number of liquor stores, and bootleggers who cashed in when the hours for liquor sales were curtailed.²⁷ He was alert to the situation of teen-aged war workers, free from Mum's and Dad's rules and dazzled by "big money". "It does not seem fair," he wrote, "that my boys and your boys, University graduates, should have to hazard their lives for \$1.35 a day" (Armed Services pay) "and rivet passers should threaten to strike for \$1.00 an hour."²⁸ For boys, First United had the leadership of "Andy" Turner, Clerk of Session from 1912 to 1947. He was also Sunday School Superintendent, and volunteer Boys' Worker for over twenty-five years.

Jennie C. Pentland, as stated on her memorial plaque, was "a faithful Mothers' Worker for thirteen years in First United". Sometimes Rev. Roddan received a letter from that victim of loneliness in the impersonal city: the sales clerk, or the office girl who mechanically typed or added and checked figures for eight boring hours each workday. "The other girls", her only acquaintances, asked her to join their evenings of fun in the public dance hall, or the local beer parlor. But this was just as boring. She could form true friendships in the Girls' Department of First United, which was blessed with capable leaders: Eveline Freethy, B.H.Sc., then Marjorie

Stedman, B.A., followed by Ruby Horton, B.A. Indispensable for the church's all-purpose ministry were the secretary and her assistant. They had a kind greeting for the raggedest and worst-mannered derelict. Always ready and able to fix anything and keep the church comfortable and bright with flowers, was the caretaker.

So much of First Church's mission was sustained by her volunteers. The Ladies Aid supplied essential funds from their Bake Sales and the Christmas Bazaar. On that festive day, the church hall was flowery with color. There were crafts, embroidered and knitted items for everyone's Christmas gift needs; each lady's special recipe was on sale; cedar boughs and holly decorated the walls. After the sale, came the waiting until the returns were tallied. Hurrah — the Ladies Aid had Gone Over the Top!

Though he ministered daily to those with tragic needs, Andrew Roddan always praised that innate richness with which some people are gifted: an artistic sense of beauty wherever it appears — for instance, "the jet black sheen of the blackbird's wing, the flaming color of the ruby-throated humming bird, the flowers in the garden."²⁹ He liked to think of Jesus as a great lover of the out-of-doors. First United's Camp Fircom was beside the rampart of coastal mountains, evidently created by a cosmic sculptor. In the church's Golden Jubilee year, Rev. Roddan built the camp's dining and community hall; he had canvassed for donations. One lumber company executive, presented with this worthy project, gave 80,000 feet of lumber; another patron equipped the dining hall. In holidays, children on relief rations feasted on Jeannie McDuff's delicious meals.

Roddan commissioned three employed artists to paint, in First United's auditorium, murals of famous scenes in the life of Jesus. Many people, he wrote, who came from ugly streets into the sanctuary - rightly named — gazed up at these murals for long, quiet moments. Andrew Roddan himself was a talented painter, and a friend of Emily Carr. "Our house always smelled of turpentine as he

worked incessantly at his easel," Sam Roddan recalled. The Vancouver Art Gallery displayed two exhibits of Andrew Roddan's paintings of sailing ships, and the unique scenery of B.C.'s coast.

The tireless minister must have fitted twenty-five hours of activity into each day. Service clubs competed for his lectures; he served as President of the Vancouver Ministerial Association, and as chaplain of the Free Masons' Grand Lodge. In December, 1942, he was awarded the Doctor of Divinity Degree at B.C.'s Union College (now the Vancouver School of Theology).³⁰

His Heavenly Lord may have decided that Andrew Roddan would not have been content to retire. At the age of 65, after a brief illness, he died on April 25, 1948. Twelve hundred parishioners and friends filled First United Church for the funeral service, broadcast to his radio congregation. Outside the church an overflow crowd waited quietly. "Onward Christian Soldiers" and "Safe in the Arms of Jesus", Dr. Roddan's favorite hymns, came from everyone's heart. They would greatly miss Roddan in person, but he would live on in the ministry he had built.

In later years, First United's Social Housing Society named the subsidized housing its directors built for low-income and disabled tenants after First Church's leaders: the Roddan Lodge, Jennie Pentland Place, Bill Hennessy Place and Ledingham Place. The Church's ministers and workers have adapted its services to the changing needs of the inner city. They accept the fact that their parish is the poorest in Vancouver. "Marginal people" will always be dependent on First United Church. But idealists in its team, frustrated by the deep-rooted causes of the Downtown's endemic problems, find inspiration in the bronze wall plaque by the entrance. Under a relief carving of the rising sun is written: "Dedicated to the Enduring Memory of Reverend Andrew Roddan, D.D. Minister of this church from December 29, 1929 to April 25, 1948. 'By reason of him, many went away and believed on Jesus.'"

* * * * *

Miss Borrell lived through the Dirty 30s and remembers the helpful efforts of those people behind Dr. Roddan. We appreciate the considerable research she has done to share these documented memories with our readers.

FOOTNOTES

1. **The Church in Action: Story of Ten Years Active Service in First United Church**, by Rev. Andrew Roddan. Page 4. Written for the tenth anniversary of the United Church of Canada, in 1935.
2. Letter from Sam Roddan - August 22, 1994.
3. Preface to **The Church in the Modern City: Story of Three Score Years of Practical Christian Service, 1885 - 1945**, by Rev. Andrew Roddan.
4. **First United Church, Historical Sketch**, Archives, Vancouver School of Theology, 6000 Iona Drive, Vancouver, B.C.
5. "The Minister's Clinic," by Andrew Roddan. **The New Outlook**, July 9, 1930.
6. **The Church in Action: Ten Years Active Service in First United Church**, by Rev. Andrew Roddan. Page 8.
7. "The Wanderer's last stop in the Dirty Thirties", by Sam Roddan. **Vancouver Sun**, page 6. Sept. 14, 1971.
8. **Canada's Untouchables: Story of the Man Without a Home**, by Andrew Roddan. Page 20.
9. Quoted in **Batter my Heart** by Sam Roddan, page 76. Published by: United Church of Canada, B.C. Conference, 505 Dunsmuir Street, Vancouver, B.C., in 1975.
10. **Canada's Untouchables**, by Andrew Roddan. Page 27.
11. **Canada's Untouchables**, page 27.
12. **God in the Jungles**, page 35.
13. **Canada's Untouchables**, page 29.
14. **Canada's Untouchables**, page 33.
15. **God in the Jungles**, page 37.
16. **Canada's Untouchables**, page 31.
17. **The Church in the Modern City**, by Andrew Roddan. Page 26.
18. **Batter My Heart**, by Sam Roddan. Page 77.
19. **The Church in the Modern City**, by Andrew Roddan. Page 34.
20. **The Church in Action**, by Andrew Roddan. Page 11.
21. "The wanderer's last stop . . ." by Sam Roddan, **Vancouver Sun**.
22. **The Church in the Modern City**, by Andrew Roddan. Page 38.
23. **The Church in the Modern City**, by Andrew Roddan. Page 30.
24. **The Church in the Modern City**, page 41.
25. "Rev. Roddan's Crusades caused Fireworks", **Vancouver Sun**, July 24, 1965.

26. "The wanderer's last stop . . ." by Sam Roddan. **Vancouver Sun**.
27. "Rev. Roddan's Crusades caused Fireworks", **Vancouver Sun**, July 24, 1965.
28. **The Church in the Modern City**, page 25.
29. **The Church in the Modern City**, page 50.
30. "Death Calls Dr. Roddan, Veteran City Clergyman", **Vancouver Province**, April 26, 1948.

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- First United Church: 100 Years, 1885 - 1985**. Centennial History, published by First United Church, 320 East Hastings Street, Vancouver, B.C.

NEWSPAPER ARTICLES

- "The Minister's Clinic", by Andrew Roddan. **The New Outlook**, July 9, 1930.
- "A Day in Another Man's Shoes", by A. R. Evans. **Vancouver Province**, October 24, 1931.
- "Death Calls Dr. Roddan, Veteran City Clergyman", **Vancouver Province**, April 26, 1948.
- "Beloved Pastor Laid to Rest", **Vancouver Province**, April 29, 1948.
- "The Wanderer's Last Stop in the Dirty Thirties", by Sam Roddan. Page 6, **Vancouver Sun**, September 14, 1971.
- "Rev. Roddan's Crusades Caused Fireworks", **Vancouver Sun**, July 24, 1965.

Letters from Sam Roddan, dated August 22 and November 3, 1994.

"FIRST UNITED CHURCH (INSTITUTIONAL MISSION), VANCOUVER" - United Church Archives, Vancouver School of Theology, 6000 Iona Drive, Vancouver, B.C.

Warm thanks to Bob Stewart and Grant Bracewell, United Church Archivists, at Vancouver School of Theology, for their time and assistance. Also, thanks to Mr. Sam Roddan, Rev. Roddan's son, for his helpful information and reading of the manuscript.

Writing Competition Fund

Let's make the Writing Competition even better. Those involved (see page 29) would very much like to enlarge the Capital Reserve - Donations are tax deductible. (BCHF is a registered Charitable Society.) Readers are invited to make a contribution to this increasingly important method of acknowledging and encouraging writers of British Columbia history.

The first prize winner of our Annual Competition receives the Lieutenant-Governor's Medal, plus a certificate and a modest cheque. Honorable mentions receive a certificate, complimentary banquet tickets at the Conference, and a smaller cheque.

We thank the volunteers who have guided the Competition through its first fourteen years. It has been a most interesting experience. Please consider making a contribution.

[Send your cheque to: The B.C. Historical Federation, c/o Treasurer Doris May, 2943 Shelbourne Street, Victoria, B.C. V8R 4M7].

History of Nursing Conference

The British Columbia History of Nursing Professional Practice Group is hosting the 10th Annual International History of Nursing Conference at historic St. Paul's Hospital in Vancouver June 12-15, 1997. The address by keynote speaker the Honorable Monique Begin, former Minister of National Health and Welfare, is open to the public. Any nurse or history buff wishing further information should contact: Nina Rumen, #110 - 1720 West 12th Avenue, Vancouver, B.C. V6J 2E6 or Phone (604) 733-7529.

Ian Paterson 1930-1996

The jovial president of the Nanaimo Historical Society passed away suddenly in December 1996. Dr. Paterson came from England, first working in Winnipeg then in Nanaimo. He was a director of the B.C. Medical Association, and had served as president of the B.C. Anaesthetists Society and the Nanaimo North Rotary Club. Our thoughts go out to his wife, Daphne, who is a leading figure with the Nanaimo Community Archives Society.

Nikkei Memories

The Japanese Canadian National Museum & Archives Society is researching the sewing and dressmaking classes given to girls and women prior to and including the years in internment camps in the interior of British Columbia. If any of our readers have information about these classes, or memory of having a Japanese dressmaker sew for you or a family member, please send this to the Editor at Box 105, Wasa, B.C. V0B 2K0 or to Naomi Sawada, Japanese Canadian Museum and Archives Society, 511 East Broadway, Vancouver, B.C. V5T 1X4 or Phone (604) 874-8090 (Fax (604) 874-8164

CAA Air Canada Award

Nominations are sought for writers under the age of 30. Nominators are asked to submit the writer's current CV accompanied by a brief introductory letter and samples of the writer's work (with reviews if available.) Full length works need not be sent; copies of a few pages are sufficient. Please note the date of birth of the writer on submitted samples. Entries are not returned.

Nominations for the 1997 award must be postmarked no later than March 31, 1997. Mail your nomination to: Canadian Authors Association, P.O. Box 419, Campbellford, Ontario, K0L 1L0. Note: Self nominations are not accepted.

Chinese Treasures: Vancouver Museum

From February 15 to May 18, 1997 more than 300 artifacts will be displayed at the Vancouver Museum, 1100 Chestnut Street, Vancouver.

This dynamic exhibition is sponsored by the Hongkong Bank of Canada. Included in the show are paintings, ceramic, jade, bronze, lacquer, bamboo, cloisonne, ivory and textile artifacts dating from 3000 BC to AD 1950. This show is advertised as "Treasures from China's Imperial Dynasties."

Free Conference Workshops

In Nelson on Thursday May 1st, two workshops will be presented prior to the B.C. Historical Federation Conference program. The presenters are Linda Hale, on researching, Charles Lillard on Writing, and Byron Johnson from Friesen Printers for publishing. Helen Akrigg will act as moderator. The other workshop is on "Oral History - How, Why, and Where" with Vera Rosenbluth doing the presenting. Vera has written a book on oral history **Keeping Family Stories Alive; A Creative Guide To Taping your Family Life and Lore.**

Registration for these workshops must be made prior to April 11, 1997. Contact Melva Dwyer at 2976 McBride Avenue, Surrey, B.C. V4A 3G6 or by Phone (Fax) at (604) 535-3041.

Castlegar Man Honored

John A. Charters of Castlegar was winner of the 1997 Minister's Heritage Award. The presentation was made by Minister Jan Pullinger in Vancouver on February 14. Charters has been active with presenting district history, preserving the Castlegar train station and creating Zuckerberg Island as a heritage park. Mr. & Mrs. Charters donated the \$10,000 prize money to the restoration of the old Brilliant bridge. Our sincere congratulations to this heritage worker and his wife.

1880s Fashion Workshop

The Canadiana Costume Museum and Archives is offering a seminar by Gwen Spearman on Saturday, April 5, 1997 at Goldstream Neighbourhood House, 255 Goldstream Avenue, Langford near Victoria. To register call Cathie Thomas at (250) 598-8418. The charge for non-members is \$25.00; the program runs from 9 am to 4 pm. Slides and actual garments will be in display.

H.H.Publishing Co. Wins Award

A Heritage Award to Heritage House on Heritage Day. Publisher Rodger Touchie, co-authors Fred Thirkell and Bob Scullion, were presented with the City of Vancouver Heritage Award by Mayor Phillip Owen at a reception in the Hotel Vancouver on February 17, 1997. Their book **Postcards from the Past: Edwardian Images of Greater Vancouver and the Fraser Valley** was chosen for its depiction of Vancouver and area 1901-1910. They acknowledge many of our BCHF members who assisted with information and expertise. Given credit are Peggy Imredy, Brian Kelly, Sue Baptie, Donna Jean MacKinnon, Robin Inglis, June Thompson, Valerie Francis, Val Billesberger, Kris Foulds and many others. Congratulations to all those who contributed to this book full of delightful tidbits of history.

Manson Creek Historical

Members of the Manson Creek Historical Society have undertaken to preserve the Hudson's Bay Company Post and the cairn to the government agent, Fitzgerald. Manson

Creek is 120 miles north of Fort St. James (where most of the society's members reside.) A grant from B.C. Heritage Trust assisted with the cost of materials. The restoration began in the summer of 1996. Rural historians often go a long way to do volunteer work . . .but 120 miles must be a bit of a record!!

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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

Mr. Chemainus: a Milltown Daughter recalls Noel Frederick Lang. Joy Lang Anderson, as told to Pattie Whitehouse. Duncan, Fir Grove Publishing, 1995. 100 p., illus.

For forty-two years, from 1910 to 1952, Noel Lang was agent of the E & N Railway station at Chemainus. He served the community as fire chief, hospital director, school trustee, church warden, notary public and justice of the peace; and was part of a whole range of activities from baseball team to choral society.

His daughter Joy draws on her own memories, as well as on her mother's written account, for details of their daily life. Guarded with her parents' secrets but generous with her own, she gives us less the biography of 'Mr. Chemainus' than the autobiography of 'Miss Chemainus', a girl growing up in small town Vancouver Island between the wars. That in itself is a story worth telling.

Phyllis Reeve.

Victor Odlum; as I saw him and knew him and some of his letters; a memoir.

Roger Odlum. Petrokile-Tor Publications, 825 Taylor Way, West Vancouver, B.C. V7T 2J9. 1995. 196 p., illus.

Victor Odlum's name appears in most histories of Vancouver and Canada, and in accounts of Canada's part in the two World Wars. That it does not dominate whole chapters might be attributed to his own integrity and persistent loyalty to those who outranked him, whether or not they deserved such loyalty. His career "encompassed three wars in which he rose from private to major-general, four newspapers, where he progressed from reporter to publisher and owner, and three diplomatic appointments, first as High Commissioner to Australia and subsequently as Canadian Ambassador to China and then to Turkey. At home in Vancouver he built a financial and insurance business, ventured into politics, participated in numerous services, and developed Rockwoods, the West Vancouver estate which he donated to the University of British Columbia.

Odlum filled a dozen four-drawer filing cabinets with notes and manuscripts, and talked about the book he would write after the War, when he could write without doing harm. Ten years after World War II, he had still not written his book. He told his brother, "I had so much inside and secret information, as well as confidential knowledge of leading figures, that I have so far hesitated to put into print the material at my command. I have been a little bit afraid of being guilty of breaches of faith. This fear attaches not only to the first World War, but to many of the things in which I have taken part since the time I returned to Canada in 1919. Since I left Canada, in January 1940, I have frequently taken part in discussions, negotiations and actions which have been placed on the secret list. I must not misuse the knowledge I have."

In his last years, he consigned many of his pa-

pers to the incinerator and sent others to the National Archives. The book was left, to be written after his death by his son Roger. Inheriting his father's scruples, Roger Odlum worries about "unfairly and improperly invading" his privacy and hesitates to include "views and opinions which he himself may have been reluctant to put in print."

A loyal Liberal, Victor Odlum did not allow himself to be quoted in criticism of Mackenzie King or 'Mike' Pearson, although it is evident that both must have been instrumental in his removal from command on the eve of Dieppe. His son speculates that some plotting may have been afoot: "It would seem that scheming by some appears to have resulted in the introduction of the indefensible rule about retirement of General officers at age 61 . . . In retiring General Odlum the Canadian Army lost one of its most able commanders, and one who still had more energy and drive than most . . . I am quite sure that the Dieppe job would not have happened that way had General Odlum still commanded the Second Division."

Nevertheless, General Odlum erred in thinking himself unsuited to a diplomatic career. The accounts of his work in Australia during the war and in China and Turkey immediately afterwards are more candid, and provide eye-witness insights into the shaping of our times.

"It would certainly have been better and much more interesting," writes Roger Odlum, "if he had told his story himself . . . But he did not and his picture is fading fast." Future biographers and historians can be grateful to General Odlum's son for preserving and sharing that picture.

Phyllis Reeve.

Phyllis Reeve is a resident of Gabriola Island.

Essays in the History of Canadian Law: British Columbia and the Yukon, E.D.

Hamar, Foster and John McLaren. The Osgoode Society for Canadian Legal History, (1995) University of Toronto Press, Toronto, Ontario. 583 p. \$45.00.

The Osgoode Society for Canadian Legal History have published a series "Essays in the History of Canadian Law," which is a work long overdue. Volume 6 in the series deals with British Columbia and the Yukon. Ably edited by Hamar, Foster and John McLaren the work examines different phases of legal development through analysis of particular legal events and milestones in our history that reflect the interaction between "law, legal institutions and legal ideology on the one hand and external social forces and modes of thought on the other."

The essays pay particular attention to the tensions of British Columbia society throughout the period of colonial rule to the present between aristocrats and elected representatives; between the white mainstream and ethnic minorities, particularly Orientals and Natives; and between the legal profession itself and minorities, including

women attempting to enter and prosper in the legal profession.

In their overview of the work, "Legal History of British Columbia and the Yukon," the editors quite rightly conclude that "the struggle to decide what sort of diversity the law should tolerate and what it should suppress goes on, whether the issue is Doukhobor education, legalized prostitution, or equal access to the professions and the unionized workplace." In this vein, it is noted that there is no consensus yet in our society as to whether we should have "equality of citizenship" or "special" aboriginal rights.

The book is divided into five sections: Aboriginal People and the Law; Vice, Crime and Policing; Religion and Education; Labour and Social Welfare; and the Legal Profession. Of particular noteworthiness are essays recounting the legal history of British Columbia and the Yukon, the role of natives in the implementation of British law, and Joan Brockman's essay on the History of Women and Visible Minorities in the Legal Profession in British Columbia.

As a critical work, these essays shed new light on recurring historical problems, but best of all, highlight the social and political tensions at play throughout British Columbia's colourful and tempestuous history. Perhaps in a succeeding work the editors might focus on three issues: firstly, how equality before the law has fared in British Columbia and Yukon history; secondly, how more activist Courts and a Human Rights Commission have "redeemed" historical discrimination against visible minorities. In other words, the editors should bring us up-to-date as to progressive anti-discriminatory legal developments in British Columbia. Thirdly, how do modern Courts reflect the will and mosaic of British Columbia and Yukon society. For while one theme of the book is that the majority Anglo-Saxon views and prejudices consistently prevailed in judicial decision-making, it is clear that the Bench of the 1990's is clearly out of step with majority "Anglo-Saxon" views on, for example, criminal sentencing matters.

It is always dangerous to invoke an ideological position in an academic study such as this where the theme struck - righting and redressing historical bias and discrimination - is beginning to sound hollow in view of the exceedingly progressive reforms of the late 20th century. Having said that, certainly the hypocrisy attendant to law enforcement in various areas - drugs and prostitution come to mind - is still very much with us.

John A. Cherrington
John Cherrington, a lawyer in Fort Langley, is the author of The Fraser Valley - a History, 1992.

Tonto's Due: Law, Culture and Colonization in British Columbia. Tina Loo in Essays in the History of Canadian Law, 1995. (see previous review)

This thoughtful essay typifies the intellectual tone of this Osgoode Society publication. Tina

BOOKSHELF

Loo illuminates the role of natives in facilitating European hegemony in British Columbia. "For all their dash, we need to shift our attention . . . away from the Lone Rangers of western legal history - the heroic European figures - and give Tonto his due, for Tonto-like individuals were very important in establishing European dominion in the west. Just as they were crucial to and implicated in the European fur trade, some native peoples also brokered the extension of European state power in the form of law well into the twentieth century." Loo contends that by facilitating the imposition of British law the native brokers contributed to the ease with which the native peoples were subdued and dominated.

One of the most visible ways in which natives assisted legal enforcement was the institution of native police on reserves who were extremely loyal to the authorities and the volunteering by many natives to help track down and arrest native fugitives from justice. Finally, key natives on reserves acted as agents of the Roman Catholic Church in whipping recalcitrant or backsliding natives into line regarding moral issues.

This is a valuable exposition as to the role of key natives in carrying out the often shared agenda of both church and state. Loo contends that like many Catholic nations today in the Spanish tradition, natives readily accepted the unity of purpose between church and state and did not share the British and American obsession with church and state separation.

As to why so many natives assisted in the facilitation of implementation of the British legal system, Loo discounts coercion as a principal factor. She agrees that natives "used the law strategically and instrumentally as a means of furthering their own material interests and that of the communities in which they lived." But this self-interest extended beyond mere financial rewards. Upholding the Queen's law, she writes, allowed natives to "rid their communities of people they considered troublemakers."

Just as Judge Begbie had once used American legal texts and terminology to relate to Yankee miners, so he and his successor judges encouraged native principles of sentencing to apply in appropriate cases, so as to gain the confidence of native leaders in the legal process. "Native law-ways were both recognized and taken into account by at least some of British Columbia's trial judges in determining whether a homicide was provoked by the actions of the victim - whether that victim was native or white."

In conclusion, Loo therefore cautions that it is too simplistic an analysis to merely observe the hegemonic advancement of European law over the natives in oppressive terms. If the law became oppressive to natives and their culture, then it was actively facilitated by native leaders and other key reserve members who gained their own personal hegemony and benefits from the prevailing system.

John Cherrington

The Story of the Voyage: Sea-narratives in Eighteenth Century England. Philip Edwards. Port Chester, N.Y., Cambridge

University Press, 1994. x, 244 p., illus. \$60.00.

It was a century in which narratives of voyages were "immensely popular across a very wide social range." Edwards suggests that "perhaps two thousand works would be a reasonable estimate" of voyage-narratives published in the hundred years. The reason is not far to seek: "During the entire century British ships were all over the globe, creating, developing and maintaining an overseas empire . . . At home the reading public could not get enough in the way of accounts of all the maritime activity involved." As a result, publishing voyage-narratives became highly profitable. The long procession of titles began with Dampier's *New Voyage Round the World*, first issued in 1697, which had run through five editions by 1705, and ended with Vancouver's *Voyage of Discovery*, published in 1798.

Edwards makes it clear that his purpose is "not to retell the story of their voyages, but to examine writings about their voyages." Two problems appear immediately - those of authorship and authenticity. Who actually wrote the book, and how authentic were the data upon which it was based? These texts are first applied in detail to Dampier's *New Voyage*, and sufficient contemporary notes and journals have survived to make the research revealing. Questions arose in Dampier's own time, and in a "fighting preface" to the 1703 edition of the *New Voyage* he defended his authorship vigorously. He did not deny that he had been assisted when writing the book, but in view of his limited education he saw no "diminution" in having "what I wrote Revised and Corrected by Friends."

The second and largest part of the book is devoted to the Pacific voyages. Its centrepiece is an excellent retelling of the famous rewriting of Cook's journal of his first voyage by Dr. John Hawkesworth, a frequent contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Hawkesworth not only rewrote the text freely, but added to it data from other sources, notably the journal of Joseph Banks, who had accompanied Cook on his voyage. As a crowning indignity he published the result in a three-volume set that included similar versions of the journals of three earlier Pacific explorers, Byron, Wallis and Carteret. Cook never saw Hawkesworth's version of his journal until he called at the Cape of Good Hope when home-bound from his second great voyage. Hawkesworth had received the unprecedented sum of £6000 for his butchery, but Cook may have felt some satisfaction from the fact that the outcry that greeted its appearance was so great that it shattered Hawkesworth's health; he died only five months after it was published. Incredibly, Edwards notes, it was "never withdrawn or replaced. For over a hundred years his laundering of the remorseless advance into the Pacific, was all that was available."

Edwards has a very low opinion of Vancouver's *Voyage of Discovery*, based not only upon its authorship or authenticity, both of which are beyond dispute, but on its pedestrian style. In an early reference he dismisses Vancouver "whose narrative could not have been intended to entertain anyone" and later returns to the point at

greater length: "However important the voyage, the history of it, written laboriously by Vancouver himself in the two years before he died, was described by Robert Barrie, one of his midshipmen in the *Discovery*, as 'one of the most tedious books I ever read.' It is hard not to agree; Vancouver's style is stilted, pompous, periphrastic, ponderous, and above all humourless. It is not always the case that the seaman is best left to tell his own tale."

Part III of the book gathers together the stories of a variety of individuals who travelled under widely different circumstances. It begins with the slave trade. "The slavers had little motive for writing, the slaves had no means," but Edwards has ferreted out narratives by individuals who came in contact with the trade, some as crew members and others as passengers. They include the journal of one slave ship captain, John Newton, who later took holy orders and ended his career as vicar of a London parish.

Narratives by passengers are grouped in another section. They include a journal kept by Henry Fielding, the novelist, on his voyage to Lisbon in 1754. It was a trying experience; owing to the vagaries of wind and weather it lasted 47 days, and Fielding - a very sick man - only survived it by two months. But, true to the practice of his day, he had kept a journal, which was published the year following his death.

This is a difficult book to review because it consists of comments upon a large number of narratives differing greatly in competence and character (the excellent bibliography extends to nine closely printed pages). But it is much more than a sampler, even though it may be very useful as such. Edward's comments are enlightening and discerning, and the extent of the research its preparation must have involved is evident. One gathers that he may well have examined personally a majority of the two thousand travel-narratives that he estimates were published in the century.

W. Kaye Lamb

Dr. Kaye Lamb is a former Honorary President of the B.C. Historical Federation.

Atlin, The Story of British Columbia's Last Gold Rush. Christine Frances Dickinson and Diane Solie Smith. Atlin, B.C., Atlin Historical Society, 1995. 379 p., illus. \$25.00.

Christine Dickinson and Diane Smith have produced a history of Atlin that is charming - a word seldom used by reviewers of local histories - but in addition to its charm it has substance. The organization and the fast-paced language produce the charm; the amount and density of the material covered reveal the substance, and allusions both forward and backward help knit the whole together. What is more, the authors keep to history as much as possible, generally sticking to a time between 1898 and 1947, and seldom wandering into the field of current events.

The two-page introduction locates the town as sitting "in solitary stubbornness a few miles south of the Yukon border on a lake of haunting beauty." These two pages also inform the reader that the reasons for writing are to present the

important stories of the past hundred years, and to prevent "such exciting tales" from vanishing. And the authors wisely do not demand that readers believe all the tales and legends included. Did Murphy's wandering sheep unearth the nuggets which led to the rush? And did the man-and-moose story on Tagish Lake with the S.S. Nora really happen?

The book develops that idea of "solitary stubbornness", of pioneers over the years adapting to the realities of life. The first chapter, "Before Gold" lays the social background of the native peoples - Tlingits - and indicates that they had already met the Russian Orthodox Church at Juneau; and it thereby suggests an already started connection with an outside world, though a world itself far, far from civilization. The next chapters "Discovery on Pine Creek" and "The Trails to Atlin Lake" follow a natural progression to Chapter four, "1899: The Boom Year". The town begins that year, and every chapter following, subject by subject, grows as naturally out of chapter four as the 1899 chapter has grown out of the earlier ones.

The settlement itself begins with the "ubiquitous tent", and readers quickly catch the building fever as the wooden settlement develops rapidly after the arrival of sawmills, and just as rapidly becomes a community of amenities: saloons, dance halls, schools; hotels and newspapers and billiard parlours; a carpenter, a barber, and a mattress factory; theatres and churches and skating rinks. By 1902, in spite of government bungling, Atlin was taking on all the characteristics of a permanent British Columbia community, including the anti-Oriental attitudes found in the Fraser Valley.

One of the best examples of the knitting of diversified subjects is in the chapter on "Three Men of God and Their Churches" who worked in their respective fields of religion but worked together on every other need of the community: John Pringle, a Presbyterian with help from Eastern Canada, in spite of unbelievable hardships worked to bring his message to anyone who cared to listen whether on the creeks, in the saloons and, finally, in his tent church; Frederick L. Stephenson, an Anglican with support from The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, really built the first church which Bishop Bompas himself dedicated; and Father Joseph Allard, a French Roman Catholic whose attention centred on the native population, was interested in educating the native people.

A few chapters are somewhat less successful. Though necessary and though fitting into the general theme but not into the general style, the long chapter on the placer creeks is broken up by subheadings that act as barriers to reading. The one on Gold Camp Society shows the early period to be a world for rough and ready young men taking their entertainment in such manly activities as wrestling, boxing, shooting and horseracing, but with the arrival of women on the creeks the toughness waned and gave way to Sunday Schools, dances, grand balls, footraces, baseball, tug of war, basketball competitions and

the Atlin Operatic Society. But filled with such a diversity of information this chapter possibly cannot be so unified as some of the others. Nor is, sad to say, the chapter on Women in Atlin. Interesting women they were too, those who came to teach or nurse, or those like Amelia Greenslate who, with her husband, came to escape the notorious Soapy Smith, and Janet Owen whose husband the Police Chief shackled prisoners to her kitchen floor when the cell big enough for one person had to accommodate two. True Pioneers indeed these women were and added much to Atlin but the chapter somehow becomes a list of women and their occupations which though united with the earlier material fails to excite because it has no internal unity.

Atlin is an example of how well local history can be written. A few more maps would have been a help, and the rejection of the current punctuation fad which omits commas where they should not be omitted would perhaps have added bliss to the charm and substance. But one must constantly thank the authors for their smooth writing, for their glossary of mining terms, and for numbering their footnotes consecutively from 1 to 1376: the latter innovation removes the usual need for engrossed readers to keep a finger in the section called "Notes".

Gordon Elliott

Gordon Elliot is author of Quesnel; Commercial Centre of the Cariboo Gold Rush, 1958.

In the Context of its Time: A History of Woodlands. Val Adolph, Victoria, The Government of British Columbia Ministry of Social Services, 1996. 149 p., illus., paper. \$10.00

This book documents the early story of psychiatric services in the province of British Columbia. It is remarkable to realize that in 150 years we have seen the opening and now the closure of an institution like Woodlands that has been both a psychiatric institution and a centre of care for children with mental handicaps.

In 1850, little distinction was made between mental illness and what used to be called mental retardation. Settlers afflicted with mental illness were sent home to their mother countries. Just as well. The local jails or lock-ups would be the natural depository for "lunatics" whose irrational behaviour could not be managed within the immigrant society.

Institutional care for psychiatric patients in British Columbia began when the mentally ill from the Victoria jail were moved to new quarters in a renovated quarantine hospital located on the Indian reserve across the harbour from Victoria in 1872. On the lower mainland, the Public Hospital for the Insane (PHI) opened in 1878 in Sapperton, New Westminster. The site chosen originally had been a cricket pitch cleared by one hundred Royal Engineers and subsequently used for May Day celebrations organized by the Hyack Fire Brigade. It was here that the history of Woodlands begins. In 1906, Dr. Henry Esson Young became Provincial Secretary responsible for both

PHI and the new construction in Coquitlam named Essondale in his honour. Gradually, Woodlands became the centre for mentally handicapped children in the province.

Adolph writes an interesting narrative of the evolution of psychiatric services for both the mentally ill and the mentally retarded. A short bibliography is included. Ample documentation from government publications and newspaper reports gives a historical flavour and shows the mood of the times. We learn how the original focus on custodial care has changed to an active involvement of mentally handicapped children in regular childhood activities as well as necessary life-learning skills. The influence of medical and nursing administrators, teachers, staff and volunteers is shown through diary entries, reminiscences and photographs. The last part of the book depicts the changing philosophy of care of the mentally challenged that now calls for the closing of residential care at Woodlands and the integration of former residents into the community. Thus, this book makes an important contribution to the history of British Columbia. It tells the story of a whole era in psychiatric services showing how society has cared for its mentally ill and challenged - from a time when there were no institutions to the present time when institutions have turned into family and group homes.

Helen Shore

Helen Shore is Associate Professor Emerita, Faculty of Nursing, U.B.C.

Memories of Woodlands. Collected and edited by Val Adolph. Victoria, The Government of British Columbia Ministry of Social Services, 1996. 149 p. \$10.00

Val Adolph has compiled a companion book to *In the Context of Its Time: A History of Woodlands* that provides personal staff reminiscences of their work at Woodlands. Her purposes were twofold: "to create a book that would remind staff of their time at Woodlands and second, to give others (the general public) a glimpse behind the scenes (literally behind the fence)" of this important aspect of British Columbia history.

Adolph reminds her readers of changes in the name of Woodlands - from the Public Hospital for the Insane (PHI for short), The Woodlands School, and Number Nine which was the telephone number at one time as well as the street address.

The willingness and special ability of Woodlands to care for the mentally ill, the elderly, and children once called "feeble minded", as well as other physically or mentally handicapped people made it the place "where people were sent because there was nowhere else to go." Now, staff reminiscences show the special caring, the love and the advocacy this committed staff showed to British Columbia's most vulnerable citizens. The stories are funny, sad, heart warming and in the end make today's reader aware of the unsung contributions made by the men and women who nursed, taught, doctored and volunteered, cleaned and ran the place that was Woodlands. They made themselves into an ex-

BOOKSHELF

tended family for the children in this facility and for each other. The stories are drawn from a period from the 30s to the present day. Photographs help illustrate the stories. I think Adolph has wonderfully achieved her goal of preserving a record of staff's day-to-day experiences for their own trips down memory lane, in addition, she has given those of us "outside the fence" a privileged glimpse into the hospital lives of staff and residents alike.

Helen Shore

I Carried a Key. Three Years in a Mental Hospital: A Nurse's Story. Agnes MacKinnon. 1996. 186 p. \$16.95

This book is a fictional account of the author's experiences while training as a psychiatric nurse at the British Columbia Provincial Mental Hospital at Essondale, now known as Riverview Hospital.

Agnes MacKinnon entered training as a 16 year old on April 8, 1933. Knowing that she was too young to be accepted from among the 200 other applicants, she added two years to her actual age. Agnes Lehman had been raised on a farm in the Fraser Valley and unable to go to university because of the economic times, she chose psychiatric nursing. The book outlines her friendships with other young women who were her classmates and her ward experiences. Certain medical and senior nursing staff are mentioned using their real names. Glimpses of other departments in the hospital, eg. laundry, are given.

Active treatment of the mentally ill began after Agnes Lehman had given up her work as psychiatric nurse so the book accounts for an earlier time of primarily custodial care in a large psychiatric institution. For anyone interested in knowing what those days were like, this book presents a first-hand account.

Helen Shore

ALSO NOTED:

The Geology of Southern Vancouver Island; a Field Guide. C.J. Yorath & H.W. Nasmith. Victoria, Orca, 1995. \$14.95

Cactus in Your Shorts. George Matheson. Kettle Valley Publishing, RR2, Site 2. Comp. 19, Lumby, BC V0E 2G0 1996. \$22.00 (Stories of Osoyoos and its residents - cattle kings, one legged cowboys, rum-runners, sodbusters, fruit-leggers, gold feverists and mischievous missionaries.)

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BRITISH COLUMBIA HISTORICAL FEDERATION

QUARTERLY COUNCIL MEETING

Vancouver Maritime Museum, Sunday 16th February, 1997

REPORT OF HISTORIC TRAILS AND MARKERS COMMITTEE

I have three items to bring to your attention today —

1. **THE BABINE TRAIL** — Shortly before Christmas I received a telephone call from Ken Rabnett at Suskwa River (North of Hazelton) requesting the support of the BCHF in an application made by the Suskwa Community Association for funding under the Forest Recreation Program to upgrade the 70 km historic trail between Hazelton and Fort Babine. Since I am only familiar with the Collins Overland Telegraph route in this part of the province I asked him to send me more details. Last month I received from him a copy of the very well presented proposal which I have circulated. It is an ambitious project which I feel is worthy of our support and which I will be following with interest. I therefore make a motion: -
"That the British Columbia Historical Federation at the Council Meeting on 16th February, 1997 unanimously supports the Suskwa Community Association in its proposed project to upgrade the historical trail between Hazelton and Fort Babine."
2. **"MYSTERY" INDIAN VILLAGE ON THE LOWER FRASER RIVER** — Ms. Barbara Rogers of Vancouver has been seeking some assistance in identifying the site of a "mystery" Indian Village described by Simon Fraser in his journal - "... a huge plank house 640 ft. long ... several tombs ... the people painted themselves white and had a distinctive dance ..." - possibly in the vicinity of Langley, Matsqui or Haney. She felt that John Stuart's astronomical observations would enable me to locate it. Unfortunately, Stuart was only able to observe for Latitude. Above Hope this might have been adequate. When the Fraser flows due East-West such observations are of no help. Does anyone have any knowledge of the village to which she is referring?
3. **ARCHAEOLOGICAL SITES IN THE SQUAMISH FOREST DISTRICT** — Millenium Research of Victoria has been contracted to assemble an inventory of archaeological sites in the Squamish Forest District. Ms. Tanya Hoffman recently visited me seeking information on trails in the area. Much of this area is mountainous and fairly inhospitable. Most settlement seems to have been on Howe Sound and along Squamish & Lillooet rivers and their tributaries. I suggested she study the journals of 19th century explorers such as Mayne, Downey and McKay, each of whom relied heavily on Indian guides, and documented. Charles Hou/or myself will gladly take her over the route.

Respectfully submitted,

John Spittle,

Chairman, Historic Trails & Markers Committee

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA HISTORICAL FEDERATION - Organized October 31, 1922

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(NOTE: Area code prefixes are effective from October 19, 1996 onward).

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**BC HISTORICAL
FEDERATION**
WRITING COMPETITION

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

Any book presenting any facet of B.C. history, published in 1997, is eligible. This may be a community history, biography, record of a project or an organization, or personal recollections giving a glimpse of the past. Names, dates and places, with relevant maps or pictures, turn a story into "history."

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

NOTE: Reprints or revisions of books are not eligible.

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

All entries receive considerable publicity. Winners will receive a Certificate of Merit, a monetary award and an invitation to the BCHF annual conference to be held in Surrey in May 1998.

SUBMISSION REQUIREMENTS: All books must have been published in 1997 and should be submitted as soon as possible after publication. **Two copies** of each book should be submitted. Books entered become property of the B.C. Historical Federation. Please state name, address and telephone number of sender, the selling price of all editions of the book, and the address from which it may be purchased, if the reader has to shop by mail. If by mail, please include shipping and handling costs if applicable.

SEND TO: B.C. Historical Writing Competition
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7953 Rosewood Street, Burnaby, B.C. V5E 2H4

DEADLINE: December 31, 1997.

There is also an award for the Best Article published each year in the *B.C. Historical News* magazine. This is directed to amateur historians or students. Articles should be no more than 3,000 words, typed double spaced, accompanied by photographs if available, and substantiated with footnotes where applicable. (Photographs should be accompanied with information re: the source, permission to publish, archival number if applicable, and a brief caption. Photos will be returned to the writer.)

Please send articles directly to: The Editor, B.C. Historical News, P.O. Box 105, Wasa, B.C. V0B 2K0