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~ CONFERENCE 1997 ~

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British Columbia Historical News

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Volume 30, No. 3

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EDITORIAL

What is history? The dictionary offers; "A statement of what has happened" or "a systematic chronological account of important events" or "known past." Researchers who stick to written reports likely have a truer version of events but they may miss the fun of hearing anecdotes which frequently are sprinkled liberally through a senior's oral accounting. Local legends may embellish the truth and can well be classified as "folklore."

A prairie counterpart of our provincial Historical Federation designates itself as the "Saskatchewan Historical and Folklore Society." Those who originated that title gave writers a lot of leeway.

Your editor of the British Columbia Historical News, an unpaid volunteer, receives manuscripts from generous contributors who present tidbits of history they have discovered, using terminology that comes naturally, each in the type font of his or her machine. We delight in sharing memories and anecdotes with our readers. As far as possible we ascertain that the historic framework surrounding a piece of folklore is correct. We endeavor to present a variety of topics and writing styles in each issue. We occasionally receive a rebuke about some "incorrect" detail which has appeared but more frequently letter writers are appreciative, and some provide details which, if known earlier would have been included with a story. To all who wrote, whether you sent a 4000 word epistle or a friendly note, THANK YOU.

To all our readers - Have a good summer!

Naomi Miller

COVER CREDIT

Lady Elizabeth, bride of Robert Randolph Bruce, chose to be portrayed in domestic activity as she sat aboard their houseboat **Dorothy M.** on Windermere Lake at Invermere.

Picture courtesy of
Windermere District Historical Society - A546.

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Cedar Root Baskets: A Thompson Tradition

by Lloyd Bennett

When Franz Boas reviewed the art of the Thompson Indians (1900) he lamented on the meagerness of plastic design in their works. Boas' reference point was, of course, the coastal tribes on which he had done extensive research: totem poles, decorated house fronts, and carved canoes, so impressive on the coast, were artforms essentially missing in the interior. The one area which impressed Boas was basket making: "One of the elements of their culture that is most difficult to explain is the occurrence of the beautiful basketry made of cedar."¹ While the art of the Thompson region is certainly not as monumental as that of the coastal tribes, there is, as James Teit has recorded, an abundance of objects made. Still, it is not difficult to support Boas' comment that it is the baskets of the Lytton/Lillooet areas that stand out as the most accomplished artform.

In museums across North America, the

cedar root basket, more than any other object, has come to represent the art of the Thompson people. Distinct in style and superior in craftsmanship, the cedar root basket has become a classic object and continues to be made today.

Mandy Brown and Ada Jumbo, two elders of the Lytton area, continue the tradition of making baskets from the cedar root. Their baskets and trays, woven much like they were a hundred years ago, vary today only in design and decoration. Mandy learned the artform from her grandmother and continues many of the traditional shapes: the rectangular shaped berry basket and the conical vessel with a scalloped top are but two of her designs that can be traced back to the turn of the century.² Mandy's work has been recognized nationally in various museums including the Canadian Museum of Civilization in Hull, Quebec. Her workmanship is exquisite - there is a refinement to her pieces which links her work to the best of the past Thompson basket makers. With Ada Jumbo, basket making has been a family tradition, with each generation continuing to make established shapes. Ada's work shows considerable skill in sewing the pieces of cedar root to produce beautifully symmetric containers and trays.

From gathering of the roots, to the forming of the vessel, the process of producing fine baskets is remarkable considering that some pieces take up to three months and longer to complete. The basket maker is involved in the complete process as Lytton artist Freda Loring explains: *The roots are dug up in May and June, when the sap begins to flow. We usually take a day to collect the roots; since cedar is scarce in the Lytton area we travel to Boston Bar to get the needed roots.*

The roots dug up are about one inch in diameter or smaller; the straight ones are debarked and split and used to wrap around a core of some ten to eleven irregular pieces. The base is formed first followed by the sides of the vessel. Each level of the container is sewn to the previous layer. A bone awl is used to make a hole through which the cedar strap is threaded. If the material dries out it becomes too brittle and must be moistened for easier manipulation.³

The method of root gathering hasn't changed much since Teit observed women using wooden poles to lever up roots collected in large carrying baskets.⁴ Today metal rods or crowbars prove more durable digging tools and roots can be stored in plastic bags.

Originally, baskets were made for a specific utilitarian function such as storage or cooking: "one kind, which is rounded, or , as the Indians say, nut-shaped, was formerly used for holding water. Round, open baskets served as kettles, the food being boiled by throwing hot stones into the baskets."⁵ At some point, after contact with white settlers, the Thompson Indians began to produce pieces "in imitation of objects seen among the whites. The Lower Thompson have begun to make baskets in the shape of trays, pitchers, goblets etc."⁶ Many of these imitated objects are being produced today: Freda Loring specializes in cedar trays of various sizes while Mandy Brown produces a wide variety of contemporary objects from trays to baby cradles and will even take special orders for her cedar work. While all of the objects could be used, clearly the cedar root product has moved into the realm of art object. A retailer in Lytton observed that he has collectors from around the world coming to his shop to buy the unique Thompson basket.

One of the features that gives the Thompson basket its uniqueness is the



Freda Loring in her home in Lytton, 1996.
Photos courtesy of Terry Thompson.

method of applied decoration or imbrication. Imbrication is a method of tying in different materials/color to the cedar structure to create permanent patterns. Today, the most often used materials for this type of decoration are whitish cattails stems and wild cherry bark - the natural color of this material is red to brown but can be made almost black by being buried in damp soil up to a year. The imbrication material is cut to its desired width and then sewn into the rows of cedar root giving a bold pattern contrast.

Ethnographers have identified a comprehensive list of traditional designs which were usually based upon animal shapes or references in the landscape such as lakes or trails.⁷ The designs were always highly abstracted and often carried a whimsical charm in their simplification: a flying goose would be represented by a series of rectangles in a "V" pattern and a flock would be suggested by a group of these shapes. While today's basket makers continue to use traditional materials for imbrication their designs are usually of contemporary origin; Nature is not always the basis for a pattern as Ada Jumbo explains, "I make up my own designs and fit them onto the basket".⁸ As the basket maker became less dependant on Nature directly for subsistence her importance and influence would seem to have waned and like all art which is not tied directly to survival evolves into the realm of Art for Art's



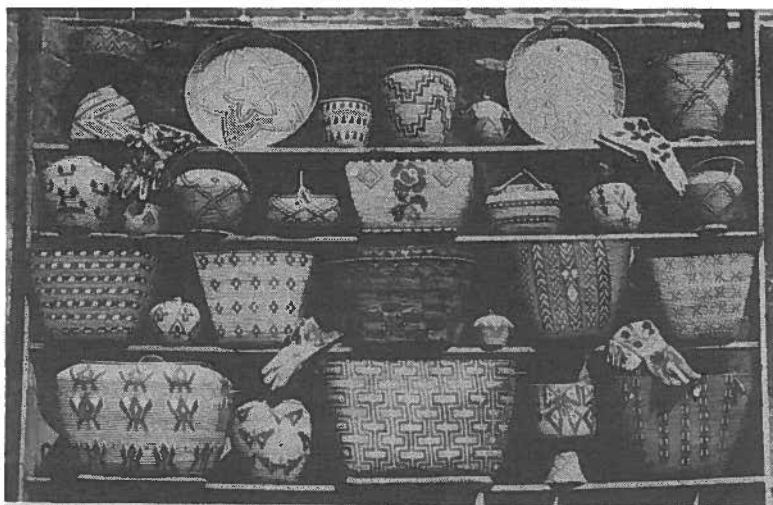
Mandy Brown in her home on the Two Mile Reserve, 1996.

Photos courtesy of Terry Thompson.

Sake. The effect of this personal freedom for imbrication has meant a wider vocabulary of designs and perhaps less universality in comprehending their meaning.

Imbrication design can be identified under two main types: the geometric pattern and the figurative design. The figurative design tends to focus on some element of the decoration - an animal or a plant and this design is given prominence in some way.

Mandy Brown will often use size and color to distinguish her "Indian Paintbrush" design on the belly of a vessel. The geometric pattern tends



A collection of Baskets.

Photo courtesy of Ashcroft Museum.

to be much more even in its distribution producing a more holistic design - bands or repeated motifs dominate this approach to decoration which is often favored by Lytton basket makers today. Yet within these dominant approaches to decorating baskets individual styles are recognizable; Mandy Brown, for example, favors imbrication of contrasting black and red patterns which has become a trademark of her work.

While decoration patterns may change it is the link with tradition - the basic method of coiling a cedar root basket and the innate love of Nature's materials that registers in the finished product that make the Thompson basket a true treasure of the interior of British Columbia.

The writer is an Art Historian teaching at the University College of the Cariboo.

FOOTNOTES

1. James Alexander Teit, *The Thompson Indians of British Columbia*, Memoirs of the American Museum of Natural History, Vol. II, The Jessup North Pacific Expedition, New York, 1900, p. 389.
2. Interview with Mandy Brown, Two Mile Reserve, British Columbia, June 3, 1996. An excellent example of the scalloped vessel can be seen in the Teit Gallery, Nicola Valley Museum, Merritt (M994-04-30).
3. Interview with Freda Loring, Lytton, British Columbia, May 25, 1996.
4. Teit, fig. 213. An enlarged copy of this photograph is in the Ashcroft Museum.
5. p. 200.
6. Teit.
7. Livingston Farrand, *Basketry Designs of the Salish Indians*, The Jessup North Pacific Expedition, Part V, New York, 1900, plates XXI, XXIII.
8. Interview with Ada Jumbo, Two Mile Reserve, British Columbia, June 22, 1996.

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The Tranquillian

by Glennis Zilm and Ethel Warbinek

The Tranquillian was a bright and lively small, monthly newspaper, referred to later as a magazine, started by patients at the tuberculosis sanatorium in Tranquille, B.C. (near Kamloops) in 1919. A successful publication, it ran for 18 years from August 1919 until December 1936, when its name was changed to *Your Health*. The magazine was a nationally known and delightful educational agent in the fight against the tuberculosis epidemic.

Tuberculosis (TB), a dreadful wasting disease that usually attacks the lungs, was also called *consumption* or *the white plague*. It had reached epidemic proportions in Canada and B.C. in the early years of the century and was a public health menace. Late in the 1800s, most places had made it a notifiable disease, meaning that patients with active cases had to be reported to the local medical health officer and had to be isolated to help prevent spread of the disease. Although some patients were cared for in their own homes, advanced cases usually required care in TB wards of local hospitals (which were often in isolation tents on the hospital grounds) or in sanatoriums.

The only treatment in the first quarter of this century was clean, fresh air, strictly enforced rest, good food (especially high protein diets rich in eggs, cream, milk, and cod liver oil), and education about the disease and its care and control. For example, patients had to be taught not to swallow their sputum and how to care for the discharge coughed up from infected lungs because this is highly contagious. Under ideal sanatorium conditions, if the disease was caught early enough, nature often would heal the infected lesion, and the patient could be released from isolation.

In the early 1900s, most patients with TB were treated in sanatoriums. The

daily regime was strict: bed rest, in the fresh air, between nourishing meals. Reading and writing were almost the only permitted activities. As the patient improved, short, carefully prescribed periods of restricted exercise would be allowed. Such exercise might involve a walk of specified duration in the gardens, or two hours of social activity in the billiard room or sanatorium social centre. Light craft activities, such as model ship building, might be attempted if a patient could tolerate this. If he or she was progressing well, a little light gardening might be allowed. Time, however, often passed slowly and medical and nursing staff sought ways to interest patients in light activities.

The Tranquillian was started, apparently at the instigation of patients, under H.R. Farmer, a former newspaperman for the Vancouver *Province* and a patient at Tranquille. He apparently conceived the idea of a journal that would provide educational articles on TB for patients and the general public, but one that would also be entertaining and interesting, filled with jokes and snippets of information. He became the paper's first editor. The idea was strongly supported by the medical staff, including Dr. Lester G. Houle, the medical superintendent.

Immediately below the title on the first edition was the line "Published at Tranquille Sanatorium in the Interest of Tuberculosis Work in British Columbia." The purpose, clearly stated in the editorial in the first issue ("We make our bow"), was "not merely for the residents of Tranquille; but primarily for the education and enlightenment of the general public, although we hope to become an additional bond of interest between the many patients of this institution."¹ According to a small report on the same page, the average number

of patients at Tranquille during June 1919 was 124.

Farmer produced a quality journal, with articles of wide ranging interest; he wanted something that was more than a local gossip sheet. Under his guidance the paper contained literary articles, biographies, and articles on TB by B.C.'s top physicians. For example, the lead story in the first issue was a tribute to Dr. Charles J. Fagan, written by Dr. A.P. Proctor; Dr. Fagan, shown in an excellent photograph, had been a leader in the fight against TB in B.C. and had died in 1915 after a long period of failing health.

The first issue was four pages, size 10 x 13.5 inches, on glossy stock, and was printed by the Kamloops Telegram Job Department. Listed on the masthead with Farmer as editors were J. Neil, A.S. Henderson, and Bertha Smith. Business managers were L. Chidley and W.T. Clarke. Subscription rates were "Canada \$1.00 per year and Other Countries \$1.25 per year." Individual issues, according to the front page, were 10 cents.

Among other articles in the first issue were: "The cause and cure of tuberculosis" by Dr. Proctor; "After work hours" (on the value of outdoor exercise and recreation) by Bertha E. Smith; and a literary column entitled "The Book Lover," probably by Farmer. A short section entitled "Military Jottings" noted there were 36 returned soldiers in the Sanatorium with seven of these confined to bed (advanced cases) but progressing favorably. Kamloops merchants strongly supported the new venture, with approximately 25% of the paper devoted to advertisements.

The first issue was a modest success, according to the editorial in the second issue. The first issue had generated many comments — "some kind, some the other kind," according to the editor —

although "the majority of the home readers apparently incline to the opinion that we are lacking in humor, raciness, and fun." Others complained that the pages were too few, but the financial success of the first issue led to an immediate increase to six pages. As well, there were more jokes and personal notes. In the next few issues, medical and health-related articles by physicians were predominant, with one main article commenting on the responsibility of government in TB, both in passing laws and in raising the funds to care for patients unable to afford care themselves. Another article on "Going Broke" discussed financial difficulties and offered some general advice. Bertha Smith again provided a column on nature, this time on bird migration.

Support from the "Anti-Tubs"

Although the magazine apparently made money with its first issue, it also needed some long-term organizational and financial backing. In 1922, it was taken under the wing of the Tranquille Tuberculosis Publicity Society, which was incorporated on November 25, 1922, to carry on a publicity and education campaign for the province from Tranquille and to publish *The Tranquillian*.

Such local anti-tuberculosis societies were common in the early years of this century. In fact, the small community of Tranquille was itself a product of the "anti-Tubs," as these societies were occasionally called. A Toronto society for prevention of tuberculosis was formed in early 1900, the first in Canada. Later that same year the Canadian Association for the Prevention of Consumption and Other Forms of Tuberculosis was founded in Ottawa at the instance of Governor-General Lord Minto.

A group of prominent citizens in Victoria, with support from that city's mayor and the province's premier, formed the first B.C. group. The first meeting of the B.C. Society for the Prevention and Treatment of Consumption and Other Forms of Tuberculosis was held in Victoria on

January 21, 1904. One of its prime movers was Dr. Fagan, who had been appointed B.C.'s first permanent provincial medical health officer in 1899. Control of all contagious diseases was the primary reason for his permanent appointment, but Dr. Fagan had a special desire to bring tuberculosis under control.

Vancouver and New Westminster also formed local anti-tuberculosis societies; the main purpose of the local groups was public education and fund-raising to help care for local families ravaged by the disease. Businesses and well-to-do citizens often made substantial donations, recognizing that control of TB was in their own interests as well as that of the community. All local groups in B.C. soon became united in their efforts to establish a provincial tuberculosis hospital. Aided by grants from the provincial and local municipal governments, the B.C. anti-TB society in Victoria led the way, augmented by representatives from the local societies.

Background on Tranquille

Although the group was not officially incorporated as a provincial society until 1907, Dr. Fagan and officers of the Victoria group began looking for a site for a provincial hospital about 1905. The site selected, despite opposition from Kamloops locals concerned about spread of TB in their community, was occupied by two ranching properties, one of which was for sale. These were located where the Tranquille River entered Kamloops Lake (a widening of the Thompson River) about 16 kilometres (10 miles) west of Kamloops on the north shore. In 1907, the Society was incorporated as a provincial body and it purchased 600 acres, plus buildings, from the family of early settler William Fortune for \$58,000. It also took over the lease for an additional 2,000 acres from the Dominion Government so the ranch could continue and, it was hoped, be self-supporting. The ranch became known as the Alexandra Ranch. The neighboring 700-acre property, with its fine nearby buildings, was eventually purchased by

the provincial government in 1922 from the estate of Charles Cooney.

Interestingly, both the Fortune and Cooney families had been taking in "consumptives" for care since the 1890s. Dry, mountainous climates had achieved a reputation as good areas in which patients with pulmonary TB could breathe more easily. The climate at Tranquille was considered excellent. Mary Cooney Norfolk, daughter of Charles Cooney, had taken in boarders and became well known as a lay nurse, apparently offering excellent care. Mrs. Fortune did the same. In both ranches, those paying "to take the cure" lived in tents, shacks, or small cabins near the ranch house; excellent home cooking, with plenty of meat, milk, cream, and eggs was provided.

Once the Fortune property was purchased, the ranch house itself was converted into a sanatorium for, at first, 10 patients. Dr. Robert W. Irving was medical superintendent and Miss Jean Matheson, who had been the nurse in charge at the Royal Inland Hospital in Kamloops, was matron. William W. Shaw was appointed manager to take care of the farm. Demand for beds was so great that new cottages for patients were almost continually under construction. About one-half the patients paid their own fees; local anti-TB societies provided funds for additional construction and paid for patients from their communities who could not afford to pay for themselves.

In 1910, the society put up a magnificent new main building, called the King Edward Sanatorium, with accommodation for 49 patients, 4 nurses, and 12 attendants. The old farm building and cottages became wards for advanced cases. The San at Tranquille was now one of the foremost in Canada. In 1914 and 1915, Dr. J. S. Burris of Kamloops began to do surgery at Tranquille, using the new technique of artificial pneumothorax, which causes a collapse of the diseased lung so that it can "rest."

Although the sanatorium was largely self-supporting between 1907 and 1919, money for expansion was always a

problem. The 1914-1918 World War meant that provincial government funding for TB control was limited. Despite the war, the "anti-tubs" were avid fund-raisers, and two new buildings - the West Pavilion and the East Pavilion - were constructed.

But the TB menace remained. In 1917, B.C. had Canada's highest per capita death rate from TB; one death of every ten was from TB. Sanatoriums opened in other B.C. cities and almost all large hospitals had TB wards for advanced cases. Tranquille remained, however, the best possible place for early treatment and cure. The War had created other problems; spread of TB among the Canadian troops was rampant, and many soldiers were sent back home with the disease. Further, it was expected that, once the war was over, there would be a flood of new cases identified in and possibly spread by the returning soldiers. More construction at Tranquille was a priority, although it was possible that federal government money would be available to assist because of the veterans' needs. The anti-TB societies were anxious for the provincial government to take over the operation and funding of Tranquille. *The Tranquillian* subtly assisted in this effort.

A Nationwide Paper

Early issues of *The Tranquillian* were sent to other sanatoriums in other parts of Canada in an effort to attract subscribers as well as to the other provincial anti-TB societies. In February 1920, the paper became the official organ of the "Tranquille Branch of the Invalided Tubercular Soldiers' Welfare League" (ITSWL). The ITSWL was formed at Tranquille in October 1918, the first branch in Canada, but other branches were soon formed in provinces across Canada. A short news column was instituted for news from the ITSWL for all future issues and the other branches across Canada were solicited - successfully - to back the paper through subscriptions.

Farmer remained as editor for the first 10 issues; he was then discharged from

Tranquille after a 12-month stay. (No doubt it had taken him the first two months to get the paper going and his influence is likely in the last two issues of volume one). His final issue (May 1, 1920) had 10 pages. He continued to submit an occasional article for later issues. A tribute to his work is contained in the June 1, 1920 issue. As a small editorial noted in a later issue, editors of other papers are sometimes obliged to give up their post because of loss of health, but editors of *The Tranquillian* resigned for the opposite reason - health regained!

Walter A. Hillam, a patient and another journalist, took over as editor when Farmer left; Bertha Smith remained as associate editor. The line under the title changed at this time to read "Published for the Education of the Well and in the Interest of the Sick." Hillam was editor from the June 1, 1920 issue until the March 1921 issue, when he, too, was discharged from the San. He left the paper in good financial shape. George Darling, who described himself in his first editorial as "an inexperienced amateur" took over. Bertha Smith remained as associate editor until the June 1921 issue, in which it was reported that she had been forced to resign "because of illness" but it was hoped that she would return as soon as her health allowed. H.R. Farmer, the original editor, is listed once again on the masthead of the September 1921 issues (Vol. 2, No. 3) as "editor-in-chief"; G.R. Etter is listed as "local editor." George Darling had been discharged from Tranquille and it apparently was difficult to find someone with experience among the patients so Farmer's assistance had been sought.

Circulation of the paper had grown so that there now were five times as many subscribers "outside" as inside the San. The Tranquille Tuberculosis Publicity Society recognized what a valuable educational publication this had become. Farmer remained only a few months, during which apparently the future of the "sanmag" was in question, but an editorial in the February 1922 issue proclaimed that it would remain. George

Darling is again on the masthead a few months later, part of the musical chairs of editorial staff. The "sanmag" had by this time become a respectable newspaper of 12 to 16 pages per issue, no small task, especially for patients.

The May 1922 issue announced that the publication was in a healthy financial position, but that expenses had increased enormously. As a result, subscription rates outside the San were doubled to \$2 a year, although rates for Tranquille residents remained at \$1 a year.

Meantime, the provincial government had taken over operation of the Sanatorium at Tranquille from the B.C. Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis; the hospital, all its property, and many of its supporting grants were turned over by the volunteer agency to the province. Although this had many positive aspects, one result was the folding of the provincial voluntary group. As Dr. A.S. Lamb, then provincial government's "Travelling Medical Health Officer," wrote in 1926 in *The Tranquillian*: "The inevitable result followed. Whenever a government takes over anything, the people lose interest. . . . All these voluntary organizations lapsed and with them all the propaganda that they had been carrying on, ceased also."

The Tranquille Tuberculosis Publicity Society was the one voluntary group that remained active; it had effectively taken over the function of the B.C. group, although the majority of its members were staff and former patients from Tranquille. The provincial health department continued to support its activities, however. Although it was still concerned with raising funds, its more important function was education and health promotion. The health department continued to assist, but raising funds for education and promotion was the foremost activity for volunteers.

The June 1922 issue announced that the editorial offices of *The Tranquillian* were moving to the Rotary Clinic in Vancouver and that the editor (George Darling) was to be paid a salary of \$125

a month. The role of the paper was changing; it became more of an educational medium in the prevention of TB and less of an entertainment and occupation for patients, although it continued to have local columns. It also remained financially viable throughout the boom years of the 1920s. At one time, it generated enough funds to purchase a radio receiver plus a head set for every patient in the institution.²

Throughout the 1920s, *The Tranquillian* continued to be an interesting newspaper. The literary columns continued. Because reading was the chief occupation for many of the patients during their periods of enforced rest, rest, rest, there were excellent book reviews, often recommending Canadian authors. Novels that had characters with TB were favored for review, and critical comments detailed the accuracy (or otherwise) of an author's descriptions of symptoms and treatment. Early on, there was a two-part series related to "The Nurses of Dickens" (Sairey Gamp and Mrs. Prig from *Martin Chuzzlewit* and women mentioned as "nurses" - Florence Dombey, Mrs. Chick, Toodles Richards, Mrs. Wickham - in *Dombey and Son*). Occasionally, there were reprints from literary works, including those of Hillaire Belloc.

Jessie Foreshaw, Inspector in B.C. for the Victorian Order of Nurses, wrote an excellent article for the September 1921 issue. This article concentrated on the social ills that lead to TB and on the importance of a public health role, especially for nurses.

In 1931, hospitals throughout the province began sending nursing students to Tranquille for periods of affiliation so they could learn ideal TB techniques. Issues of *The Tranquillian* listed the names of all these affiliate students. Nurses, especially student nurses, in general hospitals were prone to TB, partly because of the long, exhausting hours they worked and partly because they often cared for patients who suffered from undiagnosed TB. Nurses at Tranquille, who learned and understood the principles related to the contagious

aspects of the disease, rarely succumbed. However, according to small items in *The Tranquillian*, they sometimes succumbed to TB patients while they were working at the San; engagements and marriages between nurses and patients were frequently announced.

In 1925, the B.C. Society began considering sale of Christmas seals through the editor of *The Tranquillian*; members started getting prices on sources, costs, and colors. In March 1926, the Society ordered 100,000 seals and reported an encouraging sale.³ The idea for the Christmas Seal was conceived in Denmark in 1903 as a fund-raising effort and had been introduced in various parts of the United States in 1908. In 1927, the Christmas Seal campaign was introduced into Canada on a nation-wide basis by the Canadian Tuberculosis Association. The B.C. Society decided to cooperate in the Dominion-wide campaign sale of seals. Stamps were sold for one cent each. At first the money went into the general revenues in each province; later, the money from the B.C. stamps was earmarked for travelling expenses of the visiting nurse from Tranquille and still later for the travelling clinic.⁴

In the 1930s, during the Depression years, the newspaper began to lose money.⁵ The B.C. Society still saw the need for such an educational and promotional tool, but began to see that perhaps it should take a different approach. In addition to Tranquille, there were now several facilities dedicated to TB education, prevention, treatment, and control throughout the province, including the Rotary Clinic and the Preventorium (for children) in Vancouver, a TB Clinic at the Royal Jubilee Hospital in Victoria, and the travelling clinics that moved throughout the province. In 1935, Dr. W.H. Hatfield was appointed Director of TB Control for the province and a month later the Division of TB Control was set up under the provincial board of health. The Division directed all TB activities throughout the province from its "centre" at 10th Ave. and Willow St. in

Vancouver. Activities of the B.C. anti-TB society were more and more centred in Vancouver and the days of the Tranquille Tuberculosis Prevention Society were numbered.

In 1936, the Society decided to change the name of the "magazine" (by this time it had grown to a respectable 12 to 16 pages an issue) from *The Tranquillian* to *Your Health* and that it be described in the publication as the official organ of the B.C. Tuberculosis Society. The official name became *Your Health (Incorporating The Tranquillian)* with the December 1936 issue (Volume 18, Number 5). *Your Health* continued to look like *The Tranquillian* for a couple of years, but its focus slowly changed. With the advent of Streptomycin and other drugs in the late 1940s, tuberculosis became a treatable disease and was brought under control in the 1960s and 1970s.

The role of the "anti-tubs" changed, too. In 1978, the B.C. Tuberculosis/Christmas Seal Society changed its name to the B.C. Lung Association, and expanded its role to include other chest disorders such as asthma and cancer of the lung. The Association continues to publish *Your Health* as a quarterly magazine. And, as drug-resistant strains of tuberculosis are becoming prominent in the late 1990s, some of its articles once again are dealing with education and prevention of TB.

* * * * *

The two authors are retired members of the faculty of the UBC School of Nursing. As members of the B.C. History of Nursing Group they are hosting an international conference in June 1997 in Vancouver. They are also active in the Surrey Historical Society.

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Robert Randolph Bruce: 1861 - 1942

by Winnifred A. Weir

He was a man acclaimed as a promoter of the Upper Columbia Valley, praised for his outstanding generosity to his community and scathingly rebuked for falsely representing the valley he loved to entice settlers to the area. He became a Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia.

He was Robert Randolph Bruce, an esteemed pioneer of the Windermere area, for whom a mountain, a creek, a community hospital and the main street of Invermere have been named.

Born in St. Andrews, Scotland, in 1861, the son of a Presbyterian minister, Bruce had seven sisters and five brothers. He was educated in Aberdeen then graduated from the University of Glasgow in Civil Engineering, after which he served five years on the scientific staff of a Dumbarton firm.

He came to Canada in 1887 with \$40.00 in his pocket and a letter of introduction to Lord Mount Stephen of the CPR who gave him a job on the engineering staff. He worked for the CPR for ten years then became interested in mining so he went to Montreal to get his degree in mining at McGill.

There he met H.C. Hammond, a mining magnate, who asked him to look out for favorable prospects in the Purcells. Hammond put considerable money into two prospects which were disappointing and Bruce refused to take more funds. Hammond persuaded him to try once more and that was the Paradise, a silver, lead, and zinc mine which led to a fortune for both of them.

In 1899, Bruce was instrumental in starting the townsite of Peterborough (renamed Wilmer in 1909) for the miners and their families. He lived in that community until 1914.



R.R. Bruce in Scottish dress c.1911
Photos courtesy of Windermere District Historical Society c.786.

In 1904, Bruce had also become interested in agriculture and started a nursery to provide a hearty stock of fruit trees.

In 1912, Bruce left for Scotland to visit his mother but he, doubtless, had matrimony on his mind because he left detailed arrangements for extensive improvements to his land on the shore of Lake Windermere, including plans for the erection of a spacious house to be equipped with every modern convenience of the day, steam heat, plumbing, electric light, and domestic water supply. The house was to be completed in 1913.

There must have been considerable delay in construction because when Bruce returned in 1914 with a bride, the house was far from complete.

On January 6, 1914, Bruce married Elizabeth, the youngest daughter of the

Earl and Countess of Iddesleigh. The wedding took place in the church on the family estate at Upton Pynes, the seat of the Northcote family.

A detailed account of the nuptials took two full columns in the February 7 issue of the **Golden Star**, including a lengthy list of the wedding gifts, many from members of the lesser British nobility and including a large silver tray from "friends in the Windermere District".

After a honeymoon in Algiers, the couple arrived in Invermere on May 14, and finding their home far from finished lived on a houseboat, the *Isabella* in the bay offshore from their new home.

In September, 1915, Lady Elizabeth became ill. The only resident doctor had left to serve at the front in World War 1. As her illness worsened, a doctor was called from Cranbrook, too late to save her. She died September 27 from appendicitis, on the houseboat, a bride of twenty months, having never lived in the fine home under construction. It was called Pynelogs recalling the name of her childhood home in Upton Pynes, England.

The Lady Elizabeth was buried in the garden at Pynelogs in a mausoleum with pillars of red rock and a canopy. A plaque reads: "Here lies Lady Elizabeth, wife of Randolph Bruce, daughter of Walter (Stafford) second Earl Iddesleigh and of Lucy, his wife." And the dates, "born March 8, 1876 died September 15, 1915."

In 1911 there had been a surge of settlement in the Columbia Valley. The CPR made a wholehearted attempt to attract settlers through brochures circulated in railway coaches and hotels throughout Britain. Canada was pictured

as a land of promise, of milk and honey and the brochures about the Windermere Valley were among the most glowing and optimistic.

One was written by Robert Randolph Bruce in 1912. This colorful brochure described the valley as a land of fertility. It said, "strawberries luscious and plentiful pulled in the afternoon will be on the market in Calgary next morning." This was before the Banff-Windermere highway was built or the Kootenay Central railway completed. Such transportation would be something of a miracle.

According to the brochure apples grown in the valley were bigger and redder; hay was taller and richer, horses larger and stronger. Brochures were picked up by countless people and distributed by CPR travel agents.

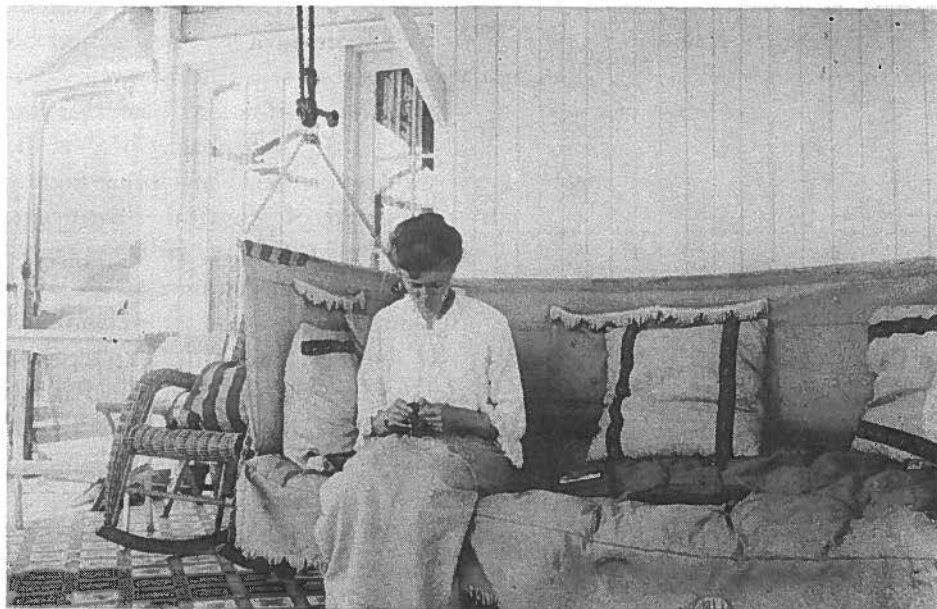
Numberless English and Scottish families were persuaded to leave their crowded cities, and their ancestral homes to come to the land of promise.

Their enquiries were answered with descriptions of houses and barns awaiting their arrival. In 1911 and 1912 many landowners in Britain sold their estates or their homes to settle on 40 acre tracts they had purchased sight unseen. They were encouraged by descriptions of land already fenced, irrigation systems ready for the magnificent crops of berries and apples they would market.

Disillusionment came fast. They found the valley a far cry from the Garden of Eden that they had pictured. The irrigation ditches were just being dug by hand. Houses were not yet built and there were no stores, churches or schools to help them adapt to the new life.

Men settlers faced a life of unaccustomed hard labour. Women accustomed to dusting the drawing room, arranging the flowers and giving orders to the cook with electric light and all the conveniences of the day, found themselves with coal oil lamps, outdoor privies, and having to do their own cooking. Cooks in the mining camps taught many how to bake bread.

It could be that Randolph Bruce, educated as engineer and geologist, lacked knowledge of farming potentials. In his



Lady Elizabeth Bruce shown on her temporary home, the houseboat Dorothy M. This vessel had earlier plied the Columbia River from Windermere to Golden under the name the Isabella.

Photos courtesy of Windermere District Historical Society A546.

eagerness to encourage settlement of his beloved valley, he overestimated the limitations of soil, time and human abilities.

His scant knowledge, acquired from books or farm pamphlets estimated so many bushels to the acre; so many boxes of apples from each tree without warning him of the quality of the soil, the irrigation problem, and the inexperience of would-be settlers. It is possible that his enthusiasm outweighed his practical sense of what the settlers expected and what they arrived to find.

There are descendants in the valley today of those early settlers, who sold their all to come to the promised land. They talk scoffingly of the "scam" that brought their ancestors to the valley to face unexpected hardships and disillusionment.

In 1912, Bruce was president and chief shareholder of the Columbia Valley Irrigated Fruit Lands Ltd. He encouraged miners and their families to grow large gardens of potatoes, carrots, cabbages etc. This growing concern for agriculture no doubt fanned his eagerness to bring settlers to farm the valley.

In 1917, he acquired exclusive ownership of the profitable Paradise Mine. He had worked there for 18 years but he was suffering from his labor. By doing his own assaying of the ore which was largely lead, his eyesight was failing.

After the death of his wife, Bruce's con-

cerns were the prospering Paradise mine and his interests in attracting settlers to the Columbia Valley, which he called "Happy Valley".

His generosity to the people of the valley was outstanding. He grub-staked scores of miners searching for the elusive gold. He donated the first Legion club house at Invermere which is now a part of the Pioneer Museum. He presented the bell to Christ Church and encouraged local sport and academic success with cups and plaques. In 1924, he donated a silver cup to be awarded for the best beaded costume created by a local Indian band member.

All these activities kept him in the valley except for trips to Scotland and England. In 1926, the University of Glasgow conferred on him an Honorary LLD degree.

Then in 1926, he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of B.C., a post held until 1931. During his tenure, he visited Pynelogs at intervals. In 1926 he was given a public reception by valley residents and that year was made an honorary chief of the Kootenay Band at a ceremony. He came again in 1930 and 1932 in spite of being almost totally blind.

His interests were widening in other fields. The valley was in need of a larger hospital and he was persuaded to donate



R.R. Bruce Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia 1926

Photos courtesy of Windermere District Historical Society c.81.

Pynelogs to the community as a hospital. He financed renovations to convert it and left funds for the upkeep of Lady Elizabeth's grave. The hospital was named the Lady Elizabeth Bruce Memorial Hospital. It was opened officially on Coronation Day, May 12, 1937.

In 1936, Bruce, long an ardent Liberal, ran for the British Columbia legislature as representative for the Columbia

Valley. It was felt that he was bitterly disappointed at his defeat despite his many years of generosity to valley people and organizations. Later that year he married Edith Bagley Molson the widow of R.B. Van Horne, railway magnate of Montreal. That event, which was followed by his appointment as Canada's minister to Japan must have given him some comfort.

His 1937 appointment received considerable opposition in Eastern Canada, ostensibly because of his failing health and declining eyesight, but his wide knowledge of the mining industry, Canadian economics and world affairs gave him prestige for the post.

He and Mrs. Bruce were in Japan until 1938 when he resigned for health reasons. They visited Invermere briefly on their return then went to live in Montreal.

In February 1942, Robert Randolph Bruce died in Montreal. Tributes were paid throughout Canada. In an editorial February 25, the **Nelson Daily News** said. "He was a pioneer of pioneers of the Windermere District. Successful in mining, active in public affairs.

"As Lieutenant-Governor of this province, he held the post with high dignity and a deep sense of responsibility. He was successful as Canadian Minister to Japan.

. . . though he suffered the handicap of poor eyesight, he never permitted the infirmity to arouse in him self-pity. Cheerfully and with a high degree of courtesy and consideration which distinguished his character, Randolph Bruce went through life, glad always to meet friends, hundreds of them delighting in meeting him".

The **Vancouver Province** editorialized, "In the death at Montreal of Robert Randolph Bruce, the province and the nation lost a notable citizen. He will be remembered for his public service but he will be remembered most of all in the beautiful Columbia Valley, . . . he, who was Bruce of Windermere.

"The record of the man, who came late in life to be Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia and later still Canadian Minister to Japan, was the romance of a self-made man".

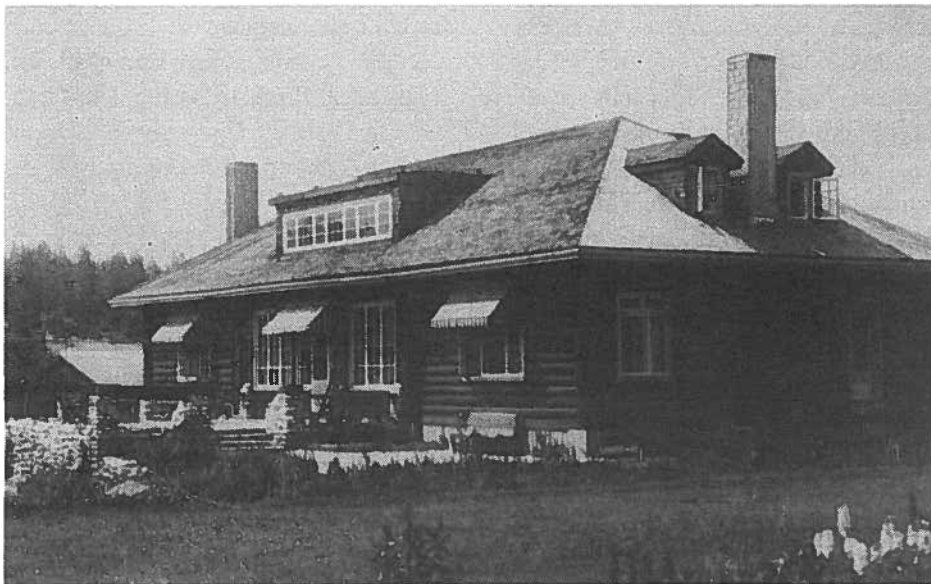
The **Victoria Times** in an editorial remarked. "Apart from his distinguished career as a servant of the Crown, the obligations which he discharged with a dignity and charm that endeared him to all who came in contact, Mr. Bruce was a man of many parts. Like others of his race he was endowed with a genius for achievement. He could rightly claim the name of pioneer . . . and it can be truthfully said that few knew British Columbia, its people or its potential better than Mr. Bruce."

The flag at the Canadian Legion club house at Invermere flew at half-mast.

Someone said "One of his outstanding characteristics was his ability to remember people; even when his eyesight failed, he appeared to remember voices and never failed to enquire about people's families and personal affairs.

It is probable that no man left a more indelible impression on the Columbia Valley than Robert Randolph Bruce. Someone said at his death, "The light failed for Mr. Bruce but the light that he lit for the Windermere Valley will never fail."

Mrs. Weir has been a recorder of Columbia Valley history for many years. She produced the local newspaper, many historical articles and Tales of the Windermere (1980).



Pynelogs - The home of Randolph Bruce served as the Lady Elizabeth Bruce Memorial Hospital 1937-1957. It is now the Columbia Valley Cultural Centre operated by the local Arts Council.

Photos courtesy of Windermere District Historical Society and Amor Larson, A527.

Vacancy — Bralorne

by Norma E. Ratch



The road to Bralorne from Lillooet.

In the 1950's, gold was selling for thirty-four dollars an ounce, and one of the richest mining areas in B.C. was booming. Known then as the Bridge River District (115 km. west of Lillooet) the area boasted a population of over 5,000 which included the settlements of Gold Bridge, Brexton, Ogden, Bradian and Bralorne - but the hub of activity centred around the bustling community of Bralorne.

Today, many of Bralorne's buildings stand vacant - waiting to once again become a useful part of the community. So too, are the rows of abandoned houses in Bradian, which stand on the hill overlooking Bralorne. It is hard to imagine this area as it once was, when the two

mines, the Pioneer and Bralorne, were running at peak production.

Taxis ran 24 hours a day transporting workers to and from the mines along a ribbon of road that connected the upper and lower townsites. Traffic jams were common in Bralorne as shoppers vied for parking in a town that offered shopping conveniences equal to that of any big city in the province - including the largest bakery this side of Vancouver.

Most of the store buildings along main street are gone now, and the few that remain, have undergone changes. The old drugstore is now a General Store, offering everything from groceries to video rentals, T-Shirts to gold pans. It is also the liquor store. The Assay Office has recently been converted

into a motel. A modern Neighbourhood Pub now replaces the Red Owl building which was destroyed by fire.

Two huge buildings still stand solidly side by side in the middle of town. One, an empty theatre house; the other, the Community Centre which continues to be used for town meetings; and dances are still held on its original hardwood floor.

In the upper townsite, the hospital, medical clinic, courthouse and jail are now private residences. The two schools, once credited with having the highest educational standards in B.C., were bulldozed to the ground eight years ago. The church was more fortunate and up until recently continued to hold nondenomi-

national services throughout the summer months.

Surrounded by these weather-worn buildings one cannot help but contemplate their days of glory. A time when washing flapped on clotheslines, whistles shrilled in the air, signalling shift changes at the mines, and each yard held a stockpile of split wood. A happy time, when the mines brought in top-rated boxers and wrestlers for entertainment, and sponsored curling, ice skating, tennis, basketball and baseball games. It is said that rivalry in hockey between the two mines was so keen, a miner was hired first for his skill with a hockey stick, and his skills as a labourer counted second - if at all.

These were prosperous years, even during the Great Depression no one lacked for employment in Bralorne. Decade after decade the town flourished, and the people believed the great underground wealth would last forever.

But in the 1960's, the Pioneer mine closed its shafts, and ten years later, the Bralorne mine followed suit. Families were transferred to a new mine site in Houston, and within three days, ninety-five percent of the houses in Bralorne were vacant.

As the years passed, it was obvious Bralorne was destined to become a ghost town. Then hope was rekindled when the Mines sold the entire town to Marmot Enterprises (with the exception of the church and community hall which were donated to the townspeople.)

The new owners hastily went to work. The main streets were paved and lined with street lights. Water and sewer systems were upgraded. Then they advertised the houses as vacation retreats. Since the ski hill was still in operation and the landing strip was clear for small planes, Marmot anticipated throngs of people coming to take advantage of the bargain

priced bungalows. But less than fifty houses were sold, and Marmot faced bankruptcy.

Perhaps people thought an old mining town would have nothing to offer. In actual fact - Bralorne has much to offer!

Most of the houses still have their original plumbing fixtures, (those great long bathtubs with claw feet), large porcelain sinks, and wood furnaces. Many houses have been rewired for electricity and although the interiors of some are quite rough, allow adequate shelter while renovations are continued. (Some have already been partially restored, many are in various stages of disrepair.)

A few of the houses are lived in full time, mostly by loggers and their families, several others are only inhabited during long weekends and summer months.

Every first of July, the town comes alive, as a Bralorne tradition continues. Baseball teams assemble from Whistler, Lillooet, Pemberton, Seton and Shalalth to take on the town's volunteers for the championship. Campers surround the fenced diamond. The smell of campfire smoke fills the air, along with cheers from the bleachers. Rain or shine, the games continue throughout the long weekend.

Visitors not interested in the games can wander through the museum packed with mementos of years gone by. Outside, sit two arks, well preserved with pitch and tar, far outlasting the builder who was convinced God would once again flood the earth.

Summer or winter, the area has something of interest for everyone. Skiers can take advantage of the finest powder snow in North America. Miles of endless roads lie waiting for trail-bikers and 4x4 explorers. Skidoo enthusiasts will find the terrain as breathless as it is limitless.

Numerous lakes will delight the fisherman, and those not interested in the abundance of pan-sized trout, can always try their luck at gold panning in the famous Cadwallader River.

Only a single day's backpacking away, in Noel Valley, hunters will find Big Horn Sheep, Mountain Goat, Moose, and



Bralorne Assay Office: recently converted into a motel.

Grizzly Bear.

Old prospector's cabins are dotted along the countryside, but for something more accessible to explore, just follow the winding dirt road that climbs above the town to discover the rows of abandoned houses in Bradian. A little way further, sits the shambled remains of the Pioneer Mine, and close by, the ruins of the Pioneer settlement and Shanty Town.

Slowly but surely, the people are coming - bringing hammer and nails, paint brushes and curtains - and buyers taking advantage of today's low prices may be

getting an even bigger investment than they realize.

The discovery of several high-grade veins north of the Bralorne Mine, plus the opening of the Peter vein means the rumours which have been circulating for years, may finally be coming true. If the mines swing into full production, Bralorne may once again become one of the richest gold mining areas in western Canada. The community will boom, and land prices will soar.

In the meantime, anyone looking for a recreational retreat will find there's a vacancy in Bralorne. In summer, take the



Telephone office: torn down this past spring.

short cut over the Hurley Road from Pemberton (it's rough, but scenic). In winter, take the well-maintained gravel road out of Lillooet and follow Carpenter Lake. When you reach Gold Bridge, you're only 10 km from your destination.

* * * * *

Mrs. Ratch has been associated with newspapers in Maple Ridge and Pitt Meadows, Manager of the Maple Ridge Chamber of Commerce and delights in painting, especially oils of events in B.C. history. She and her husband recently retired to Cache Creek. Her family owned one of the Bralorne homes and made it their vacation retreat for twelve years.

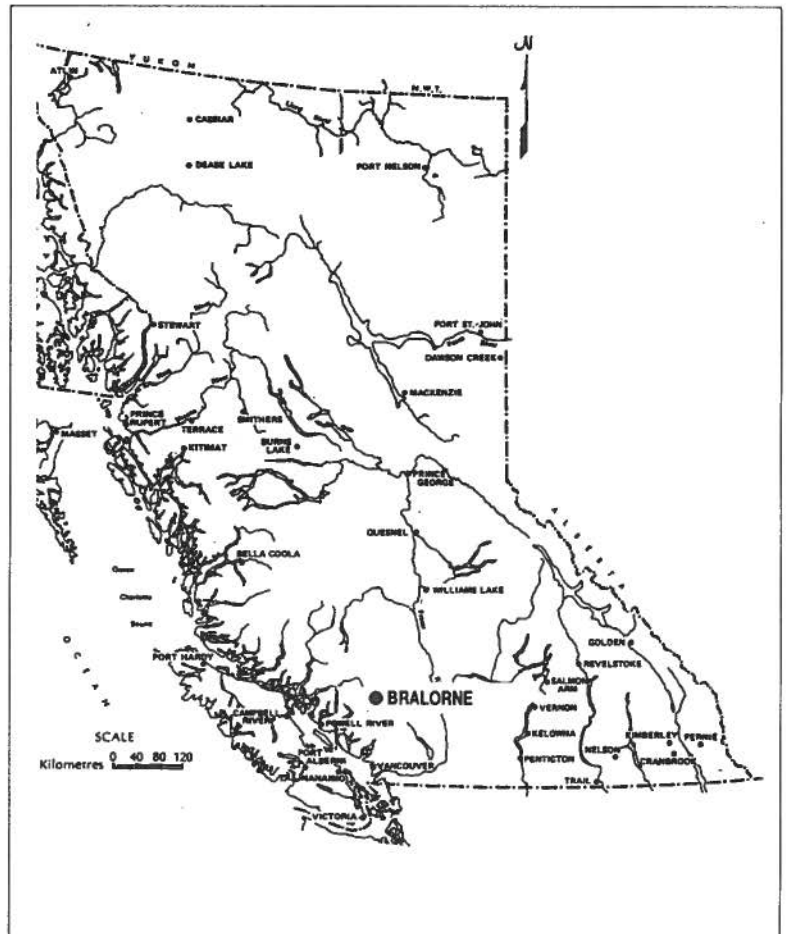


Bralorne: Row on row of vacant houses.

All Photos courtesy of the author



Remains of Pioneer Mine.



Phoenix: The City of Firsts

by Norma & Wayne Ratch

A city in British Columbia that produced more dollars from its "glory holes" than all the Klondike's gold, has gone down into a thankless pit of oblivion.

This great city that gave out in excess of \$65 million worth of ore, was first staked in 1891, and called Greenwood Camp. As the boom began, the town changed its name to Phoenix.

First came the rough-hewed log cabins, replaced shortly by frame cottages, then brick homes. Before long its fine Victorian houses made Phoenix the "showplace of the Boundary."

In 1899 smelters were erected at Boundary Falls, Greenwood, and Grand Forks, and the Granby Company began to ship ore while the Canadian Pacific and Great Northern Railways built lines in.

Phoenix was built at an elevation of 4,500 feet, making it the highest incorporated city in Canada. Phoenix was responsible for adding many "firsts" to the pages of B.C.'s history.

It was the first in B.C. to build a covered curling and separate skating rink, and formed B.C.'s first professional hockey team - a team that in 1911 competed in the Stanley Cup play-offs.

Thanks to the Norwegian immigrant miners who fashioned crude but serviceable foot slats, Phoenix was the first to introduce the sport of snow skiing to British Columbia - complete with motorized rope-tow.

When it came to sports, this city spared no energy. Whether as individual participants or enthusiastic spectators, there was keen interest shown by all.

Baseball and curling placed high on the list, but when it came to hockey, the town went wild. There was nothing uncommon about \$1,000 bets on the game's outcome, and many a small fortune was won or lost by the scoring of a goal. When Phoenix played against its arch-

rivals in Grand Forks, special trains had to be added for transporting the huge crowds, and the excitement generated was said to be enough to light the entire city.

Phoenix was a city of noise. Explosions from the mines, steam whistles, Shay locomotives blasting as they shunted along the tracks, straining to pull box cars full of ore, or screeching to a halt when they returned empty. There was clanking from the blacksmith's, rowdy saloons, and the clatter of horses hooves as they went about their deliveries.

It was also a city of bustling activity. For 20 years the railway ran night and day, hauling ore from 26 mining companies to the smelters. McKintye and Thompson's stage lines made two trips daily from Phoenix to Greenwood, loaded with mail, and travellers coming and going. It must have been as busy underground as it was above, since in a town of 1500 population, most of the males (miners) worked around the clock in the 50 miles of interconnecting tunnels that ran deep beneath the city's surface.

Phoenix was a "free and easy" city, with 28 saloons, 5 dance halls, 5 hotels, several gambling casinos, pool halls, and "cat houses" that were open 24 hours a day to ensure the hard-working miners of entertainment during their off-shift hours. (Married women were said to keep a close eye on the "Blue Goose" and similar bordellos.)

The business section housed an array of millinery and barber shops, banks, drygoods, bake shops, tobacconists, candy stores, and livery stables. Smack in the middle of town was Bob Lindsay's barber shop and close by was Mr. Mussatoe's shoe repair - whose daughter Mary, married none other than Herb Capozzi.

Former Cabinet Minister Pat McGeer

spent his younger days in Phoenix, and if anyone is bold enough, they can ask him about his nickname "Muggins".

Of the five hotels in Phoenix, it was the Brooklyn Hotel that enabled the city to truthfully boast the finest cuisine in Canada, said to being second only to San Francisco across North America. Their culinary excellence is shown by excerpts of their 1911 Christmas Day menu: Russian caviar, Blue Point Oyster on half shell, turtle soup, broiled salmon and trout with anchovy butter, turkey with chestnut dressing, and roast duck with apple stuffing. Dessert: English plum pudding with brandy sauce, assorted French pastry, cocktails, and Havana cigars on request.

The "Phoenix Pioneer" a newspaper edited by Thomas A. Love, provided news and advertisements. The "Granby News" was a monthly bulletin put out by the mines with everything from the price of beans, to gossip; prisoners' of war accounts, to jokes.

Every community has its own notable characters, and Phoenix was no exception. To write about this city without mentioning two of its most colourful characters would be leaving it incomplete: "Willie" Williams stood over six feet six inches tall and often boasted he was the "highest judge of the highest court in the highest city in Canada."

Like the famous Judge Begbie of the Cariboo, Williams' sentencing was often unorthodox - and so was his behaviour in the courtroom. He loved to gamble, and anyone fouling up his game would be sure to have his day in court - where the Judge would have the last word! Judge "Willie" rode everywhere on his horse, and on one occasion he was late for his nightly poker game and rode his horse up the front steps, through the swinging doors, directly to his chair inside the saloon.

Perhaps the most unique character in Phoenix was a one-armed Belgian, nicknamed "4-Paw". (His other arm had a hook on the end). For 20 years this man ran in every election for whatever office was on the ballot - and lost every time. When the mines closed and the residents abandoned their homes, 4-Paw remained. He moved all his belongings into city hall, and cutting a badge out of a tomato can, he deputized himself as Mayor; Chief of Police; City Custodian; and Fire Marshal.

Everyday, he made his rounds with a shotgun, discouraging any would-be trespassers. He also kept Memorial Day in honour of those men from Phoenix who lost their lives during the war.

One day some children rode their bikes into Phoenix from Greenwood, and 4-Paw sent them home scared to death. One of their parents complained to the Greenwood RCMP and two constables were sent out - but in short order, 4-Paw had both officers under arrest for refusing to check their guns at the city's entrance. He locked one officer in the jail, and the other one he locked safely away at the opposite end of town.

He then discharged his gun, telling each officer he had shot the other. He set both men free at different times, warning them to get out of town - if they came back, they too, would be shot.

The officers returned shortly with reinforcements, and the "chief-of-everything" was placed under duress to Greenwood. At the trial the Judge listened to the Belgian's case, and agreed that a live-in watchman at Phoenix was indeed a necessity to keep children and trespassers from serious injury, since the buildings were by now beginning to rot.

The officers received a scolding for acting in haste, and 4-Paw paid a \$2 fine for discharging a

firearm within the city.

"4-Paw" died in 1942, proudly wearing his home-made badge. His body was found beside his gun in the City Hall of Phoenix, some weeks after he had died peacefully in his sleep.

In 1919 the price of copper had dropped so low it was no longer profitable to mine - the mines closed - and residents of Phoenix were forced to move elsewhere for work. Believing they would return to their homes when prices rose again, they took only their personal belongings with them, leaving most of their furnishings behind. But they never returned.

Some of the stores and buildings were eventually dismantled and re-erected elsewhere. The rest of the buildings eroded with the elements of time, weather, visitor's seeking mementos and vandalism. Finally, for reasons of safety, the dilapidated ruins of this once grand city were bulldozed to the ground.

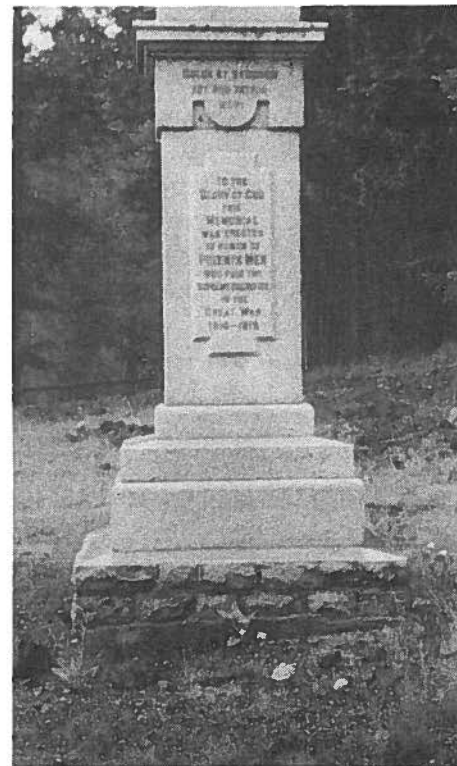
Today, all that remains of Phoenix, is a ski hill, the cenotaph that 4-Paw lovingly looked after, and a huge open pit mining site. Nearby, along the road to Greenwood can be found the old cemetery. Photos and memorabilia of Phoenix, the city of firsts, can be viewed in the museum at Greenwood.

* * * * *

Mrs. Ratch and her son Wayne enjoyed exploring and then researching this bit of Boundary history.

SOURCES

Information gathered from: editions of *The Granby News*; *Souvenir of the City of Phoenix 1899 - 1919*; prepared by the Grand Forks Centennial Committee; Greenwood Museum; and special thanks to Mary Hanam, former resident of Phoenix, whose memories made this article possible.



The Phoenix Cenotaph - one of the few pieces of evidence that once a booming city stood nearby.
Photo courtesy of the author.



This picture shows a panorama of Phoenix c. 1905.

Photo courtesy of J. Glanville private collection.

Surveying on the Skeena

by J. E. Roberts

Dick Septer's article "Highway 16: Prince Rupert - Terrace 1944-1994," in B.C. Historical News, Vol. 29, Winter 1995/1996, brought back a flood of memories of experiences in my younger days, working on what was then a wilderness piece of roadway.

The survey of the western portion of Highway 16, now a section of the Yellowhead Highway, followed, in large part, the Skeena River and the Canadian National Railway line from Jasper to Prince Rupert, and in its lower reaches had one of the best highway grades on the western coast of North America. Similarly, it also had the worst alignment as it twisted its way around the many rocky outcrops, as it was much cheaper to dodge around than to tunnel, or make a rock-cut through them.

The Preliminary survey line, or P-line, was originally under the control of the Provincial Highways Department. This was later transferred to the Federal Department of Mines and Resources who supervised the actual construction of the road and necessary bridges, etc. After the completion of the P-line, which tied in any missing stretches, a final location Line, or L-line, was surveyed by crews assigned to sections of highway, each about 11 miles in length.

Early in the Spring of 1943 I joined a survey party at Cedarvale working on a section of P-line and there received my indoctrination to physical labour as an axeman. I had come to visit my friend Bob Benson who lived in Hazelton and with whom I had spent many wonderful summers, camping and fishing. Bob was working on the survey and through him I got the job. Much as I enjoyed outdoor activities and was in

reasonable shape, I was ill-suited for this particular form of work, at the time weighing but 132 pounds on a 5'6" frame and being possessed of very small hands. However, by the end of that summer I could work all day and never raise a blister.

An axeman's job was to cut any bush, branch or tree that got in the line of sight of the "instrument man", and to remove snags or other impediments in the path of the "chainmen", so that they could make their careful measurements. In his spare time, the axeman had to make sure that the faces of the stakes were smoothly shaved, so that the station number, and/or other information could be inscribed in blue pencil. He also made "hubs", which were thicker stakes about 3" or 4" square, cut from any convenient tree, into the top of which a tack was driven to accurately mark the survey center line or other significant location. Hubs were very important reference points and care was taken to see that they were not disturbed.

On the L-line, whenever the line departed from the straight (Tangent) and formed a curve, it was necessary to mark its beginning and end, or Beginning of Curve (BC) or Point of Curve (PC). The tangent line was extended to form a semi-

tangent from which the actual curve was laid out, usually by offsets, from Points on Semi-Tangent, or POST. The reference point for the semi-tangent extending past the BC was a tack set in a blaze made on the face of a convenient tree in the line of sight. At the end of this semi-tangent, a point was chosen from which to lay out the tangent in the new direction and at this Point of Intersection, or PI, a hub was set.

Each of these points required a cedar stake, in addition to the stakes set at every 100-foot station, or wherever there was a significant change in the grade of the center line. When construction got underway more stakes were required to set the grade across the 24-foot width of the road on its 80-foot right-of-way. During the survey of our section we went through many thousands of stakes. Making stakes was a Sisyphean task and I still do it in my sleep over 50 years later.

Each engineer in charge of a section had his little idiosyncrasies and while we were blessed with a man who knew his job and was a good teacher, he did have one hang-up. He insisted that our stakes had to be handmade, with one end pointed and the other end carefully smoothed, both sides, where any data could be written. Other parties were allowed to buy slats from any

convenient local mill and all it took was to whack them to length, point them and you had a passable stake. Not so with Wilf Lambly. We had to go down to the river, find a suitable cedar driftwood log and cut it into two-foot long bolts which then had to be manhandled back to camp where we began the never-ending chore of cutting stakes.

In late April we were assigned the section with



Survey crew - 1943, Charlie Lambly, "George" and the author.

Shames, about 50 miles (83 km.) East of Prince Rupert, as its mid-point and moved all our gear courtesy of the CNR who provided a box car in which we could set up our cook stove to do until such time as the tents could be set up. The only residents at Shames were the station master and his wife and young children who were rudely awakened about one o'clock in the morning by a noisy bunch of surveyors, some of whom, somewhat inebriated, were looking for a place to sleep. We were given directions to an old cabin a short distance down the track, where we flopped down on the bare wooden floor to sleep off our journey. In the morning we went looking for the box car containing our stove and equipment, but the siding was bare and hunger was setting in with a vengeance. I will never forget seeing our cook starting to build a fire along the railway tracks, wondering what he was up to, and then watching him produce from his pack, a dozen of the thickest pork chops I had ever seen. Those chops made one of the most memorable breakfasts of my life.

Eventually, later that day, our box car arrived and we set up camp in a clearing alongside the railway right-of-way and prepared for our first night. Our tents had been set within ten feet of the tracks and when the first train went through in the middle of the night, it was almost as if it were coming into the tent, right on top of us. The next day we set up again, closer to the river bank and away from the tracks, where we dug a well and had good water at about six feet. We had three tents, one for the top brass, another for the junior members, and the cook tent to hold our stove and supplies when we relinquished the box car. A stove, made from a 5-gallon naphtha gas can with a pipe through the roof, heated our tent but it could burn only small pieces of wood. At night, especially when it rained, it was quite cold and the heat was never

enough to dry our wet clothing or damp sleeping bags.

We soon established a routine to lay out the survey line and in short order had extended the line eastward to a point where the highway turned away from the railway for a few miles, before coming close together again. We had the use of a railway handcar which gave us lots of exercise pumping our way to work. It was monotonous, but it beat walking and made packing all our gear a lot easier. One problem we experienced was having to traverse a stretch where a train had run over a skunk. When the alert was sounded, we stopped, backed up, had a bit of a rest, took a deep breath and started pumping like mad to clear the area, hopefully before having to take another breath.

The spot where the highway diverted was through an Indian grave site which extended to the river and it was here that we came across a poignant reminder of the natives' way of life. Close to where the Skeena River rushed past the rocky bank was a small pink marble tombstone, about two feet tall, inscribed to the memory of a chief's little daughter who had drowned at that spot, nearly fifty years before. The entire area was totally overgrown and the little marker leaned askew and it was impossible to tell when the site had last been visited. We cleared the area a bit and in the coming months would spend many hours fishing at that spot. When the railway had been put

through, special permission had been obtained from the natives and the same procedure was followed for the highway, but I doubt if many bureaucrats ever knew about that sacred spot though it is on the maps as Graveyard Point.

Usually, we all got along very well in our party but we did run into a bit of difficulty with George. He was an instrument man who came from Ontario and whose only previous surveying experience had been in laying out the Ottawa airport. Having to survey in thick bush was something new to him and he gave us a few problems, like the time we ran into a spruce about four feet in diameter and prepared to offset the line to get around it. George would have none of it and insisted that the tree be cut down. We had been going through some relatively light bush and had left our falling saw and axes back in camp and had only small stake axes on hand. This did not deter George, who, axe in hand, approached the trunk and began to flail against the bark which was about six inches thick. It was strange how our mutiny went off. No one said a word. We just quietly left everything and went back to camp, returning with our seven-foot falling saw and proper falling axes. George had given up and was waiting for us, for he knew we would be back because we had left all the lunches with him. We spent the afternoon bringing that giant down and when we got back to camp our boss tore a strip off George for wasting time. In spite of George, the P-line was finally finished and we were now ready for the arrival of the construction crews.

One morning the boss advised that we had to get our gear ready to finish off a section that we were certain had been completed, and wondering what was up, we set out fully laden. We were traversing an idyllic stretch of jack pine forest with a thick mossy under-carpet when the boss said that this was far enough. He found a shady spot under a tree and lay



Overlooking the mudslide west of Shames. One bunkhouse was covered and several men died.

down, breaking his sides laughing. He sure had fooled us, for this was to be a holiday to celebrate the end of our part of the survey. The cook had made up a special lunch box of sandwiches and extra fruit and we spent the afternoon resting in the shade, enjoying the smell of the pines and the sun glistening off drops of pitch on the tree trunks. There were no mosquitoes or flies to torment us and we luxuriated in one of the most memorable idle afternoons I have ever spent.

We had only a few more days of such relaxation, when the first members of the construction crew arrived to begin clearings for bunk houses, cook house, machine shop and commissary and accommodation for the supervisors and their wives. We were now provided with proper cabins, one for the boss and his engineer helpers and another for myself, my chum Bob and the boss's son Charlie, who now made up the survey crew. I was officially the "tail-end chainman" and later became "rodman" and eventually learned to use the level and to keep the necessary field books.

The first construction camp caterers from the East had no idea of what B.C. workers expected for food and, after a steady diet of beans in watery tomato sauce, there was a near riot and a new company had to take over. The change was dramatic. Breakfasts now had hot and cold cereal, with lots of bacon and eggs, hash-browns and chops, and pancakes and syrup. Suppers were the same, with at least three cuts of meat and steaks with vegetables, topped off with all kinds of fruit and pies. We always had great appetites, which increased as the weather grew colder, and I gained about twenty pounds during the time I spent on the survey.

We also managed to provide the camp with the finest salmon, taken from a spot near where we found the gravestone by the river. On one of our excursions to the point we noticed that

it appeared that a long riffle, extending a short distance out from the bank, nearly closed off all access up-river to any fish trying to make the passage and closer examination proved this to be true. All the fish were struggling through a narrow gap of rushing water and we realized that they could easily be taken with a gaff, or dip net. We immediately returned to camp on our handcar and surreptitiously acquired a length of rebar and a piece of chicken wire with which we formed a sturdy dip net. In short order we were back at the point and in a matter of minutes had filled two large grapefruit boxes with salmon, all averaging over 5 pounds. There was great excitement when we arrived back in camp and fresh salmon was on the menu that night.

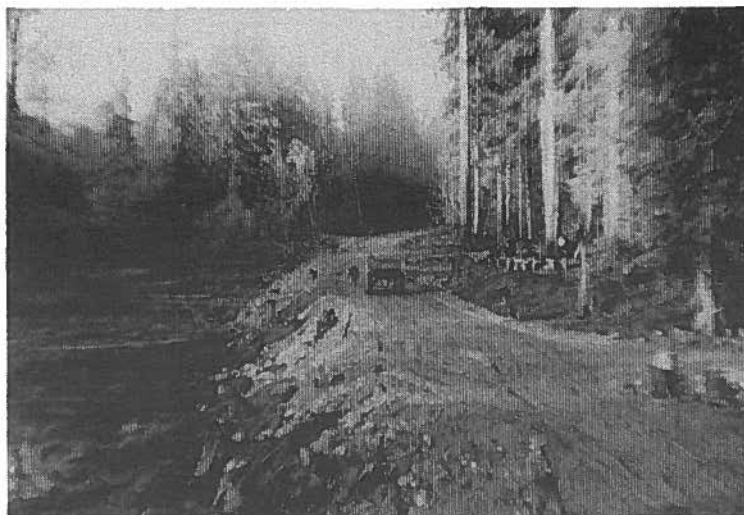
The land next to the Indian burial ground had been pre-empted by a couple of brothers named Wilson shortly after the arrival of the railway and they had cleared the brush and built a fine home. For years they moved their supplies from the railway station on a wooden wheelbarrow arrangement with flanged wooden wheels that they pushed along the tracks. The spacing of the rail ties meant that you took a long step, then a short step, to keep an even pace and long after the highway went through, old Wilson could be seen walking down its gravelled surface, short step, long step, short step, long step. The coming of the highway changed his way of life completely, but some things were just too

ingrained!

Progress on the building of the highway picked up and soon the right-of-way was cleared, making the job of getting on line a cinch, compared to the days of having to struggle over windfalls and wade through swamps. It was rather eerie to see our feeble little trail through the bush revealed and we relished the ease with which we could now cover the ground as we laid out grade stakes for the actual construction of the roadway. A sub-contract had been let to a company from Vancouver for the clearing of the right-of-way which was the first job that C_____ Contracting ever had. They had the idea that they could hire native help to do the work and were dismayed when they found that the Indians in the area did not take to steady work, day after day, but much preferred to do a bit of fishing and a bit of berry picking when the spirit moved them than punch a time card. The contractor was also short of equipment and had only one small 'Cat' and ended up borrowing equipment from the major contractor. They were able to obtain horses to cold-deck the trees as they were felled in the clearing, but had many problems with black bears who panicked the horses chained to their loads.

We had one disaster when the blasting crew managed to block the main line of the CNR by blowing a bank of thick, wet, blue clay clear across the highway and onto the rail line at the mouth of a cut. This sealed the rail line like putting a stopper into a bathtub drain and no vital war supplies were able to get through to Prince Rupert. Pandemonium followed, with the official brass trying to find out what went wrong and trying to get equipment on the spot to move that immovable material. There was room only for one shovel to work at a time from each end of the blockage and it took many days to clear the line.

There were few serious in-



A small section of road early in the building / clearing stage.

All photos courtesy of the author.

juries during the course of construction, often the result of some rather comical incident, but we did have one fatality that placed a pall over the life of the camp and we felt it most strongly, since it occurred at a spot where we had done some rather dangerous work. Just to the West of the camp was a steep rock face that we had to measure for a "borrow" and to lay out two connected tunnels for blasting. We had been provided with a long safety rope which we discarded after the first day as it was too heavy and there was more danger in dragging the thing around and trying to hang on to the rock face than working without it. We laid out the lines underground, which was a new experience and one that I have no desire to ever repeat. In due course the drilling of the tunnels was completed and prepared for a huge blast. One day, as one of the men was walking out of one of the tunnels, a massive slab of rock fell right over the spot where he stepped out, killing him instantly. It was one of those terrible inexplicable coincidences that make up life. The construction camp to the West of Shames had a more serious episode when a mud slide came down on one of their bunk houses and a number of men were killed.

Then there was the time we came across a moss-covered human skeleton lying alongside a fallen tree. It had obviously been there for many, many years and we carefully collected what we could and carried the bones back to the camp in a powder box. The find was reported to the authorities and in due course the police appeared, wanting to see the "body". We had taken the remains to the commissary building and when they were hauled out from under the counter we were all given a stern lecture about destroying evidence, etc. etc., but more I think to cover up the bluster of the officer who was disappointed that his "big case" turned out to be nothing of the sort.

As construction moved ahead the weather changed and we had our first frost which killed off the mosquitoes and flies. We could put away our Stay-Away and enjoy a bug-free environment both night and day. It was pleasant to work under those conditions, but before long the snow started and we soon had a couple of feet on the ground with the temperature below zero degrees Fahrenheit. One of the first things we had done when we set up camp was to scout the area for birch trees which we cut for fire wood and piled carefully all around our cabin. This wood would burn when green and we traded many armloads for bottles of beer or mickeys of rum or whiskey as the weather deteriorated and firewood ran short around camp.

I will always remember one hilarious incident involving Bob C_____, the right-of-way contractor who, with his brother, had a little cabin with a tent top, next to ours. They would light their fire in the morning by dousing the paper and kindling with gasoline and then throw in a match. The resulting blast would puff up the tent roof and blow away any accumulated snow and soon their airtight heater would be roaring away. One night when they were out partying, we stole into their cabin and replaced their bottle of gasoline with water. The next morning we watched as they went through the usual ritual, this time thoroughly hung over, and had a great laugh

at what followed as it dawned on them that their fire was not going and that they had no more dry paper or kindling. They came roaring out of their cabin, half dressed, into the below-freezing morning looking for the perpetrators. We professed total innocence but gave them a fresh supply of wood and paper. It was worth the price of admission!

Working in the deep snow was a problem but the work of surveying was complete and all we had to do now was to measure borrow pits and calculate the amounts of material put in place and record the culverts and bridges constructed. On the 23rd of November, when I was out on line, someone came out from the station with a telegram for me. It was from my dear mother, congratulating me on my 21st birthday. Shortly after that my chum Bob received his draft notice and made plans to leave the survey and return home to Hazelton and then report to Vancouver to join the Airforce. I decided to do the same and felt that with my surveying experience, I would have no trouble to get into the survey wing of the Artillery, but I was rejected for physical reasons and went to work at Boeing Aircraft at the Sea Island Plant.

One of the most interesting and challenging years of my life which was to have a profound effect on my future, was over. I had learned many things and had experiences that money could not buy and

on my return down the coast watched the shoreline go by with a new understanding of the work that those earlier "surveyors of the sea" had done nearly two hundred years before. This led me to learn more about George Vancouver and his ship and crew - and the rest, as they say, is history.

Mr. Roberts has contributed several book reviews and "The Camelford Controversy" - (Spring 1995, 28:2). These personal memories should make good summertime reading.



The main line CNR track was blocked by thick, wet blue clay brought down by blasting to widen the highway. The author stood on the slide to take this photo.

All photos courtesy of the author.

The Vancouver Lawn Tennis and Badminton Club Celebrates 100 Years

by Thelma Reid Lower

One of the long-lasting, cosy traditions of British life brought to Canada is the English social club. Since the Middle Ages London has been a city alive with clubs of every description. For the most part they centred about taverns and coffeehouses where beverages and dining played a large part. A convivial fraternity embraced intellectual discourse, gossip, foreign news from Europe, Asia, Africa and North America, and a pleasurable sense of importance in the status of the British Empire.

The English style of social club never took root in continental Europe. Clubs in France, Germany, Spain, and Italy had nasty reputations of violent revolution. The British of polite society shunned them altogether preferring leisurely pursuits such as parliamentary debate, music-making and sporting activities.

In Elizabethan times the most famous club was the Bread Street Club founded by Sir Walter Raleigh and meeting at the Mermaid Tavern on Bread Street. Will Shakespeare read his plays there profiting from outspoken criticisms.

At the Calves' Head Club members celebrated the beheading of King Charles I by dining on calves' heads. One club Le Court de Bonne Compagnie had a descendant in Canada at Annapolis Royal in Nova Scotia named The Order of Good Cheer. Its weekly banquets of wild Canadian game and fowl were served with elaborate ritual and ceremony. It was disbanded in 1607. Music-making clubs were common in London, Oxford and Cambridge. The Catch Club which included the musical King George III still regularly practices music to this date rehearsing and giving concerts. Some social clubs have inherited longevity. The Vancouver Lawn Tennis and Badminton Club, celebrating its 100th Anniversary

is true to this tradition.

After the Napoleonic Wars the need arose for recreational clubs to entice unruly throngs of exservicemen from lolling about the country and congregating on the streets of London. Clubs devoted to sports were strongly encouraged. Well known were the Jockey Club; Alpine Clubs, Kennel Clubs, The Turf, The Thames, The Royal Yacht Squadron and others. The Prince's Racquet and Tennis Club founded in 1833 included disbanded soldiers from India who were accustomed to playing Poona, a modified game of battledore and shuttlecock. When the Duke of Beaufort launched this colonial game at his country estate, "Badminton," the name stuck to the game. Rules remained similar to those of the game played in the outpost station of Poona, near Bombay in India.

The Vancouver Lawn Tennis and Badminton Club has been shaped by its inheritance from the British style club. Early arrivals in Vancouver sought to build a cultured, sports-minded residential community. Mayor J.S. Matthews in a letter to Alan Stevenson locates early badminton in the Drill Hall.

Sept. 16th 1963

Dear Mr. Stevenson,

I should like to copy these Drill Hall badminton games photos . . . Captain J. Reynolds Tite was one of the original officers, British Columbia Brigade of Garrison Artillery at the old wooden Drill Hall on Pender St. in January 1894. When he read about a game called Badminton - some game no one had ever heard of, he wrote to find out where the tools for it could be obtained. Anyway; he obtained the "tools" and the game started in the old deserted Imperial Opera House, afterwards the wooden

"Drill Hall." There is a tablet in the Shelly Bldg. by the elevator commemorating it.

*Most sincerely,
J.S. Matthews*

Only two years after the devastating fire of 1886, enthusiastic tennis players could boast of a court in CPR park at the corner of Georgia and Granville Streets. Their game on a wooden plank court was not much different from tennis on a lawn. On both surfaces the ball skids but more wantonly on grass. "One summer day in the 1890's a ship laden with tea from the Orient sank at the CPR wharf. Canvas was spread over the tennis courts and the tea was emptied from the chests and was raked out to dry; watched over by customs officers as the tea was "in bond" while it passed through Canada." (J.S. Matthews)

The CPR Park property at the city's core was soon needed for commercial development. Not to be deprived of their leisure sport, seventeen men prominent in the city's life gathered together at the original Hotel Vancouver on 2 October 1897 to formalize a Vancouver Lawn Tennis Club. R. Marpole was elected first president and A.P. Horne, first secretary. They set the entrance fee at \$2.50 with annual dues of \$10 for gentlemen and \$5 for ladies. The site chosen for play was four lots at Denman and Barclay Streets in the West End, a new burgeoning residential district.

The club remained at this site until 1914 by which time it had laid out nine grass courts, four cinder courts, and two croquet and bowling lawns. Even though croquet and lawn bowling were very much part of club life with competitions, prizes and teas they were discontinued in 1912 in favour of tennis. The tea party, however, will be revived graciously on



"C.P.R. Park", bounded by Granville, Georgia and Howe Streets, was across Georgia street from the first Hotel Vancouver, south west corner, Georgia & Granville St. Precise year has not been found, but not long after 1880. The Vancouver Tennis Club's wooden tennis courts have been covered with canvas and tea chests are being opened and the tea which had become wet in transit from Hong Kong, spread out to dry. The tea was "in bond" as it passed through Canada, and, under the watchful eyes of customs officers, is being turned over and over, by Chinese with rakes, to dry in the hot summer sun. The long black streaks near the fence are tea, and a Chinese man is raking. The building with the tower is the "Manor House", renamed "Badminton Hotel", south west corner Howe and Dunsmuir Sts.

Photo courtesy of Vancouver Archives P. g. N. 28, S.G.N. 1083.

Sunday afternoon, September 28, 1997, when the club celebrates its official 100th birthday.

The CPR which had encouraged the club to locate in the West End now favoured a new site at 16th Avenue and Fir Street where it was developing the residential district of Shaughnessy. The railway company, expanding operations into real estate, hoped to attract prosperous citizens from Eastern Canada to settle their families and wealth in their western terminal city.

On 14 November 1911 at a club meeting a proposal was launched to acquire twenty lots comprising three acres in the Shaughnessy area. Three years later, after the new club premises were completed the club was authorized to sell the Denman property expecting it to yield a

sizable profit. The outbreak of the Great War, however, combined with a downturn in real estate values prevented the sale and the club's recovery of its investment. The Denman property was foreclosed despite the anguished pleas of the club's directors. Had it not been for the absence of 90 members on active service in France the mortgage payments could have been kept up.

The property was retained by the Canadian Bank of Commerce until 1925 when it was sold to the City of Vancouver for construction of King George Secondary School.

The clubhouse in Shaughnessy, designed by the renowned architect Samuel McLure, acknowledged the club's historic ancestry back to Elizabethan Tudor times.

No sooner had the club moved into the Shaughnessy facilities than the Great War began its disastrous effects. All tournaments and all socials were suspended except for "patriotic tournaments" to raise money for the war effort. There was a gradual decline in memberships and intake from fees.

After the war and into the 1920's the directors sought new ways to entice racquet players. Because of the very nature of outdoor tennis the club was idle for most of the winter. The construction of a badminton hall seemed a logical solution. Tennis in the summer, badminton in the winter and year-round use of the clubhouse. On 17 November 1928 shuttles flew for the first time under the lofty green heights of Badminton Hall.

A gala ball celebrated the event but the



This photograph, circa 1914, shows the original clubhouse located where the badminton hall now stands. Since then most of the facilities have been rebuilt, and others added. There also have been noticeable changes in racquets, balls, court surfaces and clothing, although our "Whites Only" dress code has been maintained in honour of our early traditions. Today, we might wonder why the gentleman in the foreground of the photo was wearing black socks.

real christening came in January 1929 when the club staged the National Canadian Badminton Championships. In that inaugural tournament two remarkable club members Eileen George and Jack Underhill, formerly of the Hill Club, added stature to the club and enhanced the status of badminton on the west coast.

Badminton courts, once installed, require little maintenance whereas grass courts are a continuous drain on resources. This astute assessment persuaded the club to install tennis courts indoors and to cover outdoor courts with "bubbles".

The white code in dress was de rigueur. Men wore long flannel trousers and

women long skirts. In 1934 the directors grudgingly allowed shorts provided they were knee length almost reaching down to their high socks.

When the club's youthful female champions, Eleanor Young and Caroline Deacon were sent to Wimbledon in 1935, Eleanor made the London Press for her abbreviated shorts which scandalized the Wimbledon establishment, founded in 1877. In this, she anticipated Gussy Moran whose lace-trimmed panties caused an even greater uproar.

During the period 1930-1941 a gathering gloom permeated the club's activities as it struggled through the Depression and came face-to-face for a second time with war. In September

1941, a financial crisis was averted when the club was incorporated under the Societies Act of British Columbia.

New arrangements with the CPR and the Royal Bank allowed the club to move forward without "the financial shackles of the past." At an AGM held during a blackout on 9 December 1941, two days after the Japanese bombing of Pearl Harbor favorable changes were approved. Only three members were actually able to attend. R.D. Peers, vice-president, Harry Monk, secretary, and one unnamed shareholder. Despite the lack of a quorum the meeting proceeded according to the agenda on the due notice circulated beforehand.

Again the club had to face member-

ship loss; this time of both men and women.

Suspension of tournaments and socials, scrambles, sock hops, dances, fancy dress balls, bridge games, bingo - cast the club into such despondency that it was miraculous that it survived. But there was always that underlying Churchillian determination to keep going forward.

After the cessation of the war and the return of veterans, the club had to make a conscious effort first, to rebuild membership and second, to recoup its former stellar reputation in championship play. To do this family memberships were introduced in 1957 thus accomplishing at one stroke an increase in membership, but more importantly, the opportunity to put juniors (formerly almost a nuisance factor in the club) into the capable hands of experienced senior players and professional coaches.

As early as 1960 the club contracted a professional tennis coach. Paul Willey, who, in 1956 at Victoria had distinguished himself on Canada's Davis Cup team. His proteges included such champions as Bob Puddicombe, Bob Moffatt, Tony Bardsley and Mike Bolton. When Willey retired Abdul Shaikh, uniquely certified to teach all three racquet sports, became the club's "Professional", coaching youthful players to international levels. In addition he has been manager/coach of Provincial and Canadian badminton teams participating in Pan-American Games, European Tours, Commonwealth Games and World Championships. In 1996 he was on the coaching staff of Canada's Olympic Badminton Team.

The excellence of the club's coaching attracts family memberships. Today there are about 1500 memberships which extended to family members include nearly 3000 adults and children. The family names Bardsley, Nicolls, Milne, Jeffery, Underhill, Meredith, Desaulniers testify to several generations of champions.

In 1960 the club also gave the go-ahead for extensive building renovations which included two American-sized squash



John Samis - Canadian Junior Badminton Champion, 1937 and 1938.

courts. Later in 1970 a third singles court and a doubles court were added in the Link building. When the club hosted the Canadian Squash Championships Colin Adair of Montreal became the first Canadian to win both the Canadian and American singles title in the same year 1971.

Squash is potentially a dangerous game because of its speed and swinging racquets. Cautiously the club relaxed its "whites only" dress code permitting players to wear colored shirts thus helping players to distinguish partners from opponents. A tournament which tests the skills and stamina in all three racquet sports is the Racquets Triathlon, devel-

oped by a club member and first played in 1991.

On November 20th - 23rd 1997, a Tri-Club Invitational Racquets Triathlon will taper the club's centennial celebration to an exciting conclusion except of course for those delightful annual Christmas and New Year Festivities still to come.

* * * * *

Mrs. Lower's husband, Arthur, and two sons, Malcolm and Philip were very keen members of this club. Mr. Lower was a founder of the B.C. Badminton Association which promoted tournaments for junior and senior high school students.

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- Ker, Lois; *Match Point* "Vancouver Lawn - Celebrating 100 years" Chair Centennial Committee.
- Stevenson Alan R. *First Service - 100 Years of Tennis in B.C.*
- Monk Harry, Shellard, Doug; Centennial Committee: Triathlon
- Photos: Club Archives: Centennial Calendar
- Letter: Major J.S. Mathews

VLTCB Members in Halls of Fame

B.C. SPORTS HALL OF FAME AND MUSEUM

BADMINTON

- Claire Lovett ('75)
- Wayne Macdonnell ('93)
- John Samis ('72)
- Daryl Thompson ('84)
- Margaret (Taylor) Turner ('67)
- Eileen (George) Underhill ('70)
- John Underhill ('68)

TENNIS

- Edward Cardinall ('66)
- Marjorie Leeming ('77)
- Lorne Main ('75)
- Bernie Schwengers ('66)
- Jack Wright ('66)

SQUASH

- George Morfitt ('88)

CANADA HALL OF FAME AND MUSEUM

TENNIS

- Jim Skelton

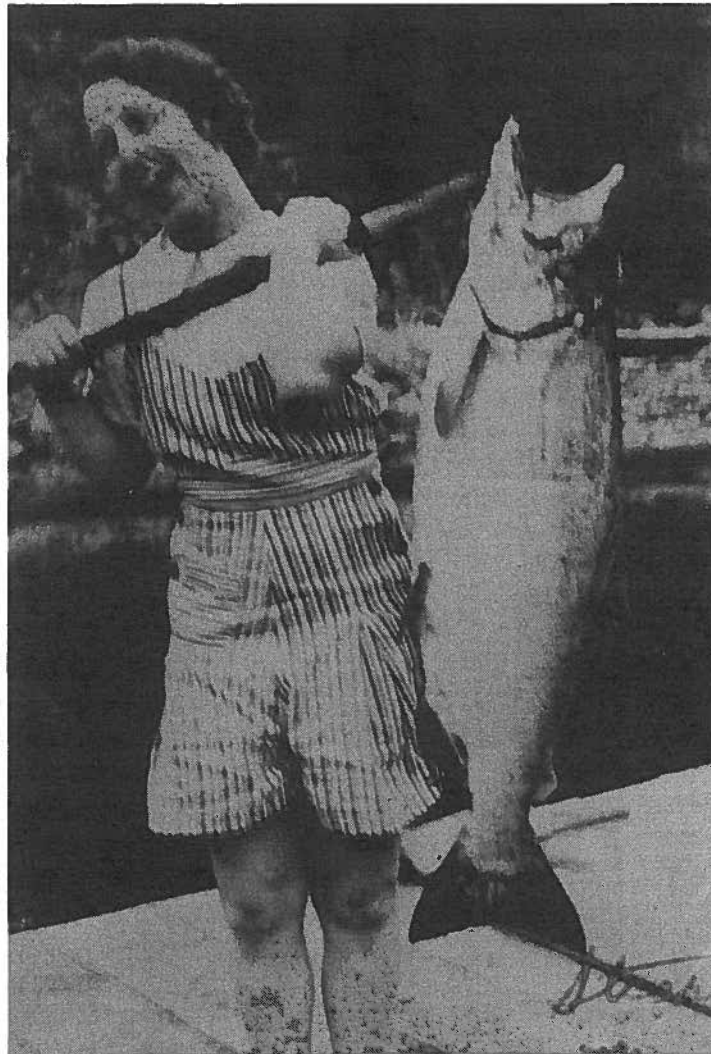
Summer Trip on \$2.00 a Day

by Frances Welwood

At 1:30 p.m. on Saturday, August 8, 1936 the delivery truck of A&C Company deposited boxes of groceries, fresh fruits and vegetables for a small, eager group of holidayers aboard the **Marlen**. The **Marlen** was berthed at the Vancouver Harbour Commission Wharf (commonly known as "the Government Fish Wharf") at the foot of Campbell Avenue in Burrard Inlet. This part of Vancouver's waterfront was very familiar to the seven members of Marlen's crew.

Mary and Margaret Devereux were the mid-20ish daughters of Nicholas Devereux, timber cruiser, recently retired after over 40 years cruising on Vancouver Island for B.C. Mills Timber and Trading Company. The Devereux family had lived on Union St. since 1907 and the busy Vancouver waterfront, B.C Mills Company office and the Hastings Mill Store¹ at the foot of Dunlevy Street were their territory.

First-generation City-dwellers, Mary and Margaret were not seasoned maritime, outdoor enthusiasts like their rugged and resourceful father. However Mary "was keeping company" with young Ed Clay, a Spencer's Department Store clerk who from childhood, had a yen for boats and the islands and inlets of the coast north and west of Vancouver. Ed was the experienced "Captain" of this nine day voyage to Desolation Sound, Redonda, Stuart and Thurlow Islands. Harold Clay (Ed's father and B.C. Electric machinist by trade) and Ray Coghlan made up the male complement. Two more single la-



City girl Mary Devereux hoists 38 lb. salmon caught off Stuart Island, August 1936.
Photo courtesy of the author.

dies of middling age and very limited nautical ability, Edie Horton and Constance Hignett, were along for "the cruise".

A bookkeeper and life insurance adjuster by trade, Mary was the voyage's supply officer. Her shopping lists, accounts and assignments of galley duties and menus have been found nearly 60 years later, tucked inside the personal diary and daily log she faithfully kept.

The total bill for A&C Company groceries delivered dockside was \$14.84. With other thrifty purchases made

nearby at Spencer's, Woodward's, the Hudson's Bay, Piggly-Wiggly and Blackburn's butchery, \$14.72 was added to the accounts payable ledger - costs to be divided 7 ways at a later date. Only the Liquor Store tally of \$4.40 was shared three ways. Forty cents worth of ice and a \$1.57 bag of groceries were taken on at Refuge Cove on West Redonda and were carefully entered.

Mary's proposed eight-day menu made no assumption that the crew would be successful fishermen (although this was, without doubt, the intent of the young males on board!) Happily, Wednesday's Vegetable Salad and Cold Meat meals were substituted with excellent freshly caught salmon and Friday's tinned Mushroom soup gave way to filets of cod. Breakfasts were combinations of the familiar routine of cereal, toast, eggs, pancakes, fruit and coffee. Pork n' beans, salads and sandwiches made satisfactory lunches. Dinners, although often eaten late at night due to fishing expeditions, were of the meat and potatoes variety with

lots of tinned vegetables and cakes. Mary's diary hints at "considerable difficulties" encountered with a "cantankerous stove" in frequent need of first aid, but generally she praised her companions' heroic efforts in preparing meals particularly after successful late-evening fishing expeditions.

Marlen was a 30 foot motor launch rented from a Mr. Allen (with a hefty \$5 deposit) for \$7 per day and capable of sleeping seven. The total charter was therefore \$63 for the nine day expedition. During this time she consumed

approximately 100 gallons or \$20.75 worth of gas. Repairs were made to the clutch in West Vancouver, 40 minutes after casting off from Vancouver's Fish Wharf, but this was not seen as a bad omen. **The Marlen** proved herself capable of bucking the Yuculta² Rapids between Sonora and Stuart Islands, the narrows west of Dent Island and the Seymour Narrows. Mary admits to a bit of apprehension as she records how the **Marlen** beat the furrows through Seymour Narrows and dealt with a westerly out of Desolation Sound. Her only complaint with the entire venture came three days into the journey as she reported, "There is a snoring trio aboard who hit their notes long and loudly."

In her final diary entry, Mary uses rather colourful prose to summarize the scenic delights she and her friends experienced on a holiday forever after referred to as "the Stuart Island Trip". "Stanley Park seems like a friendly giant on the starboard and hundreds of midgets line the roads and Vancouver's Mosquito craft is returning home, too!

The rays of the sinking sun strike the windows of the Marine Building like a fiery torch and then pass on to the CNR Hotel (sic CPR), the Customs Buildings and now (7:48 p.m.) [we've come to] the Vancouver Harbour Commission Dock at the ft. of Campbell Ave. - a most

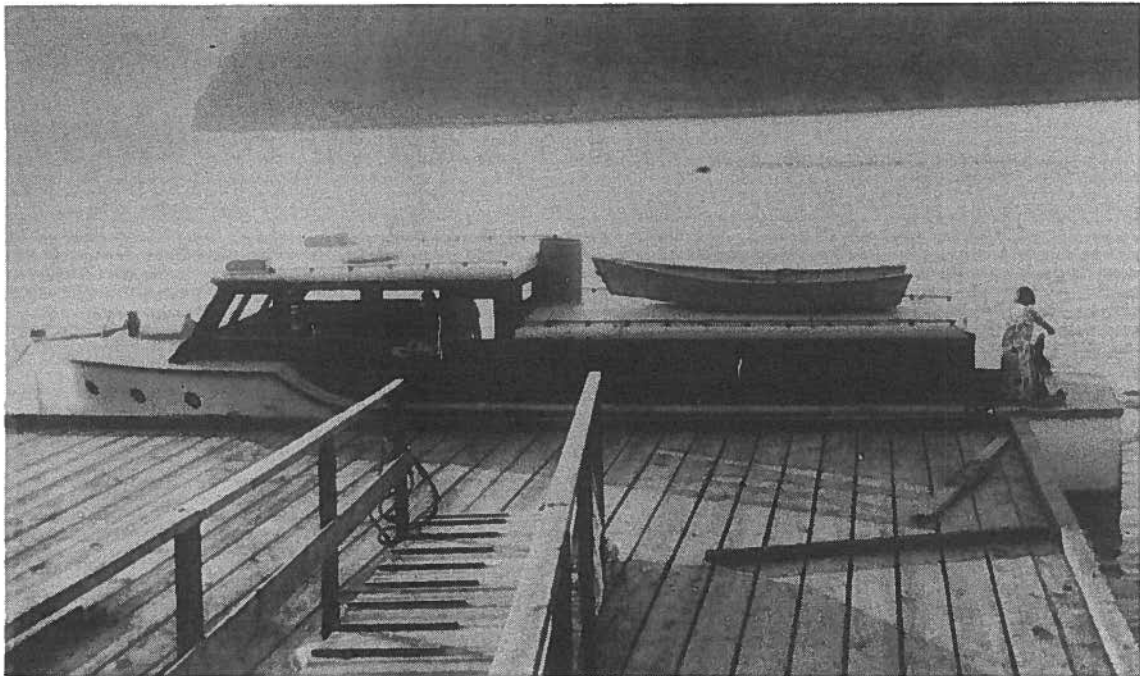
unromantic spot to be designated as the Alpha and Omega of our Venture aboard the 'Marlen'. All this for \$2.00 per day per person!

Frances Clay Welwood, now living in Nelson is the daughter of Mary Devereux Clay. Mrs. Clay

is a still resident of her native Vancouver. Frances is Nelson Courthouse Librarian and Welcome Wagon Hostess.

FOOTNOTES

1. Hastings Mill Store was relocated to the foot of Alma Road in 1931 to serve as a Museum.
2. spelling variations: Ucultra, Yucultaw



The 30 foot "Marlen", hired from Vancouver at \$7 per day, moored at Cole's Landing, Stuart Island, August 1936.

Photo courtesy of the author.



L. to R. Jack Tyndall (storekeeper, Refuge Cove, Redonda Island), Constance Hignett, Tyndall's dog "Flapper", Ed Clay, "Buster" (hidden), Margaret Devereux, Mary Devereux, Harold Clay, Ray Cogblan: Holidayers from Vancouver at Refuge Cove, August 1936.

Photo courtesy of the author.

Alexander Zuckerberg - From Dream to Reality

by John Charters



The Chapel House on Zuckerberg Island. This picture was taken in 1989 by G. Nelson Jr.

He was already 70 years old when I first met him, yet he looked both older and younger. His hair and beard, for example, were quite white, yet full and neatly trimmed. His back was bent and his legs bowed by a bout with osteomyelitis which had almost killed him years before, but he rode everywhere, up hill and down, on his ancient black English bicycle. There were wrinkles on his face but they were located only at the corners of his twinkling, intelligent eyes and they were wrinkles of laughter. He was a wise and practical man and his advice, when asked for, was full of humor and good solid common sense, yet he was an idealist and a dreamer, and it is of these dreams I wish to write.

As an emigre who had lost practically everything in Russia after the revolution he had come with his family to Canada with almost nothing, but when he died he was rich in works and friends and dreams.

His name was Alexander Feodorovitch Zuckerberg; 'Alexander Feodorovitch' to his Russian friends and pupils, 'Mr. Zuckerberg' to others and he was born in Estonia in 1880 of early German stock (Zuckerberg means 'sugar mountain' in German). When he was still young his family moved to an estate near St. Petersburg (now Leningrad). Here he took a degree in civil engineering but spent most of his life teaching children and adults, with or without pay.

He left Russia with his wife and family in 1920 under the terms of the Treaty of Versailles, and after considerable wandering built a home in Vancouver, where he worked as a cabinet maker. But the love of teaching was in his blood, so when in 1930 Peter Verigin II ('the Cleanser'), leader of the Doukhobors, invited him to come to teach the community children, as required by law, he moved to the then tiny community of Castlegar in south-central British Columbia. Here at

the confluence of the Kootenay and Columbia rivers he found a small island, to be known to later generations as Zuckerberg Island, and fell in love with it.

The island, well known to the local children as a special play place, had been used for hundreds, some say thousands of years as a fishing winter camp site by the Lakes Tribes of the Interior Salish Indian People until the early 1900's.

The first white man to discover it was explorer David Thompson who had camped near the mouth of the Kootenay River in 1811 and recorded it on his charts. Unfortunately, when the

C.P.R. surveyed the area for the Castlegar town site near the turn of the century, the island was omitted from the survey maps. Therefore, when Alexander Feodorovitch, to give him his usual Russian name, wrote to Victoria with an offer to buy it, he was told that since the island did not appear on the maps, it did not exist. On the other hand, the correspondence went on with impeccable bureaucratic logic, if the island did exist, then it must be crown and he couldn't buy it. He could lease it, though, at a nominal fee for 99 years.

As a philosophical opponent of all bureaucrats he refused the offer and after 20 years of dogged negotiation, and after having it surveyed at his own expense, (thereby bringing it back into legal existence), he bought it. In the interval, he had built two houses on the island. The first was a small high-peaked, one-man log cabin of unusual design in which he lived for the first several years. The sec-

ond, built in 1935, and now called the Chapel House, is constructed of mitred logs, and has a Russian style cupola, carvings, and a decorative exterior. It is reminiscent of the small, Russian Orthodox country chapels of Old Russia and is unique in B.C if not in Canada. It was and still is a point of greatest interest to visitors. It was of even greater symbolic importance to its creator, who, though a staunch Canadian, retained strong ties with his homeland and it is an intimate expression of the man himself.

He also cleared some of the land on the island for orchards, vegetable and flower gardens, and a rye field. Again, this latter has a certain symbolic or philosophical significance, for he had come under the influence of Count Leo Tolstoy, the great Russian novelist, reformer and religious philosopher, for whom self-sufficiency was essential to life. A true man, Tolstoy said, should be capable of doing everything needful for himself, right down to growing his own grain and making his own bread. This Alexander Feodorovitch did, and more.

Thus all his life, even to his last days, he wore the belted, high collared Russian shirt and baggy trousers, made on his own sewing machine, and tucked them into high boots, cobbled regularly on his own last. His self-barbered, crew-cut hair, was covered with a peaked Russian cap. His hands were work-hardened and calloused. He always wore a full moustache and the pointed beard of the Russian intellectual, even at a time when beards and moustaches were out of style. In his spare time, to satisfy his artistic bent, he carved several women out of stumps, one of which still remains. He was, in brief, a true eccentric in the best sense of the word.

When he had reached retirement age his back was bent with arthritis and he could no longer ride his black bicycle so he built a concrete causeway to the island for his electric car.

The only difficulty with this idea was the fact that the car would not climb the slopes at either end. Consequently he spent most of his time on his island, where friends drove or walked over to see him. Here he entertained, sculpted busts of his pupils and grandchildren, painted, studied, and continued to teach anyone who would be taught, and acted as a gentle, persistent gad-fly to local councils, boards and the provincial government on behalf of the arts, women, children and social unfortunates.

He had however one problem. Since there was no course called English for new Canadians when he arrived in Canada he had learned to speak English from books. This at times, produced some interesting results. The English articles 'the' and 'a' which are apparently absent in Russian would appear and disappear in his conversations with gay abandon and the pronunciation of the fiendish English 'ough' was for him a perennial booby trap. Thus, to take one example: 'Today I made dough for the rye bread, though it took a long time' would arrive as: 'Today I made the duff for the rye bread, then it take long time!'

Sometimes he would pretend to spit out these offending words and then his eyes would twinkle and his lips turn up

in an impish grin. For us who cherished him it never really mattered.

Zuckerberg Island has on the landward side, a deep permanent pond, one of several, which in flood time, over the years, has taken a number of lives. It is a popular swimming hole in summer and outdoor skating rink in winter, and as a regular and alert swimmer and skater there, the old man was able to save at least two children from drowning, for which he received a life-saving award.

His great dream, therefore, was to see his beloved island and pools developed as a park, particularly for the enjoyment of children and for teaching them to swim. When he offered it to the town council however, he was turned down with little consideration for his feelings. The old man was deeply hurt.

When his wife Alicia died in 1960, he built a monument for her in the style of a wayside country shrine - a large cross with a likeness of Alicia in the uniform of a 1st-World War Russian nurse, superimposed on it in high relief. He placed it beneath a peaked roof on the highest point of the island, overlooking the confluence of the Kootenay and Columbia rivers. When he in his turn died a year later at age 81 - his dream still unrealized - his ashes were placed at his request, next



Suspension Bridge, built as a field exercise project in 1984 by the 44th Field Engineer Squadron, to connect Zuckerberg Island Heritage Park to the mainland. The 474 foot bridge was erected with donated material and won the coveted Canadian Militia Hertzberg award.

Photograph by Dick Caunt

to hers, beneath a bronze plaque set level with the ground. It reads simply: Alexander Zuckerberg 1880-1961.

In the 20 years that followed the island became an overgrown jungle, the houses vandalized and decayed shells. Almost everyone forgot its existence. But not all.

In 1981 the city of Castlegar, at the urging of certain interested citizens, bought the island as a future park but lacked the funds to develop it. In the spring of 1983 however the Castlegar Rotary Club decided, as a community project, to revitalize the old dream and build a park. With a Rotary supervisor, a volunteer craftsman and four college students, two male and two female, and the Federal Summer Works program grant, the project was started in May, 1983; it was formally opened in the presence of a large crowd, as Zuckerberg Island Park. After a second summer's work, the team, in spite of floods, bad weather and poison ivy, continued the work and by August 1984 had cleared 1500 metres of wide, tree-shaded winding trails, hand-groomed 4 of the 5 1/2 acres of land, erected a dozen permanent directional signs, built a chain link fence (pedestrians only), and installed, at strategic spots about the island, 9 park-viewing benches and six picnic tables. As a consequence, no senior citizen today need walk more than 90 metres about the island before finding a place to rest and relax.

In the meantime the city had hired another college team to do a study-in-depth of the island and on the basis of its report, a Castlegar Heritage Advisory Committee was formed in September 1983. By December the committee had matching grants from the B.C. Heritage Branch and the city. Three months later architectural restoration drawings were completed and the work was begun, mostly with senior volunteers.

By this time however, there was another problem. The number of visitors - local families and people from out of town - had soared. Consequently the committee became greatly concerned over the increased danger of fire and the lack of access in flood time. A near

drowning, when two women attempted to wade across the flooded causeway heightened their anxiety. In the old days Alexander Feodorovitch, a skilled boatman, had rowed himself and visitors across the dangerous waters, but this was no answer now.

What to do? There was no money and no apparent way in which a year around link between island and mainland could be realized. Then, in late December, an officer of the 44th Field Engineer Squadron of Trail came to see the committee chairman. The popular commanding officer of the squadron, he said, was leaving. Under his command the unit had twice won the Hertzberg Trophy, the highest militia engineering project award in Canada. If the 44th could win it a third time it became theirs and they would therefore like to make him a going away present of the trophy. Their project, he went on, was to construct a pedestrian suspension bridge. There were 3 possible locations and he named two of them, Zuckerberg Island Park was the third.

What followed is a story in itself. Sufice to say that the island site for the suspension bridge was approved and with a \$2000.00 grant from the Castlegar Rotary Club for the purchase of concrete for the 20 tonne bridge anchors the army engineers got to work in early March.

With the donation of towers, cables, timbers, flooring hardware, heavy equipment and engineering consulting skills from Westar Lumber Mill, Cominco, West Kootenay Power, Emco Engineering Consultants and other firms as well as private citizens, the army engineers completed the project in three months - mostly on weekends.

On Mayday, 1983, the 300 foot span, 474 foot suspension bridge was formally opened by Brigadier-General M.E. Heppell of Pacific Command and Audrey Moore, Mayor of the City of Castlegar.

That bridge won the Hertzberg Award for the engineers. It provides vital year-around access to the park for hundreds of visitors local, national and international, every week. It is a major step in the old dream.

Zuckerberg Island Heritage Park has

now become a favorite route for early morning joggers, and an outdoor classroom for schools from kindergarten to College, and the Chapel House a visit stop for everyone.

The anthropology class of Selkirk College has built a full scale kukuli (an Indian winter pit house) close to the original pit house sites, and the city has installed a fire pipeline and a nearby washroom. The volunteer Heritage Advisory Committee workers, whose average age is 70, have just completed the first and most difficult phase of the restoration on the Chapel House as they complain half-jokingly that the island is a seductress, drawing one on to more and more effort. But the sense of pride in achievement is tremendous.

The next step will be the development of the island's pit-house sites, so carefully protected by Mr. Zuckerberg during his life time. Now the Committee sees them properly developed by skilled architects and local volunteers, as a window to our past and a link in the future to our extensive pre-history of this valley, a consciousness of our heritage. The dream is becoming reality.

Alexander Feodorovitch Zuckerberg, emigre, teacher, artist, romantic and dreamer will make the history books. Apparently he was a small, slight, crippled old man who spoke a sometimes strange English with a heavy accent. He was, in reality, a giant who wore the cloak of his humanity with dignity, whose concern for his fellow citizens and students and whose courage is a local legend. He left us with more in 30 years than most men leave in a lifetime.

When he died his dream died too - or so it seemed, but he had tilled and sown his ideas and dreams well. Now, 25 years later, with the overwhelming success of the Zuckerberg Island Heritage Park assured, his ashes still lie quietly on the high point above the rivers, and his spirit moves free over the island and the Kootenays - a reminder that dreams can reach beyond the grave.

John Charters is a retired teacher and heritage activist in Castlegar.

The Prostitution of Native Women of the North Coast of British Columbia

by Jennifer Windecker

Prostitution has for the most part been ignored as a topic of research in history. It has not been until recently, with the rise of gender and women's history, that prostitution has been considered an important aspect of the social and economic history of Canada. Most research has generally focused on contemporary political aspects of prostitution, and little on the history of prostitution. Historical studies during the colonial period are few, particularly in regards to Native women. In this paper I wish to uncover some of this hidden history. I will try to historically examine the participation of Native Women of the Northwest Coast in prostitution during the period of the fur trade and during the period of European settlement. I will show that Native women's exchange of sexual services for payment, which was already inherent in Aboriginal social structure prior to contact with Whites, was further utilized by Natives during the time of trade and settlement as a means of adapting to and profiting from the emerging European capitalist economy. In doing so, I will also try to contextualize the meaning of prostitution during the time of cultural contact between Natives and Whites.

In order to examine the participation of Native women in prostitution during the time of contact and settlement, it is necessary to have an understanding of the status of Native women amongst the people of the West Coast. One area that must be considered is the treatment of women's sexuality within the Native cultures along the Coast of British Columbia. Did Native women have sexual autonomy prior to cultural contact? Did men have any form of control over women's sexuality? Was women's sexuality used as a form of economic and social interaction between Natives prior to European contact? As there are no written accounts by

Native women themselves, I will draw on the written accounts about Native life and social organization of European explorers and early fur traders to analyze and examine these questions. I will also draw on some articles written by female historians which focus on the social, economic and political role of Native women during the time of pre-contact, and settlement.

In **Native Women of the North Pacific Coast: An historical Perspective, 1830-1900**, Carol Cooper explains that the Nishga and Tsimshian enjoyed a position of economic and social strength prior to contact during the time of the land-based fur trade. Tsimshian and Nishga women's continuing contribution to the economic welfare of their households and lineages was the important factor in the women's position of economic and social equality.¹ According to Cooper, there was little evidence of prostitution, as defined by European standards, in these aboriginal societies prior to contact with Whites. However, the sexuality of some Native women was utilized as a form of social and economic transaction. Within these two Native societies, a social structure based on class was present. This structure served to divide women into different social positions. There were the slaves, the lower rank, and the upper rank. Within this social ranking, higher rank women's sexuality was something that was valued and sought after. Cooper explains:

There were always certain women of high rank who were considered "lucky" or able to impart luck and power to those with whom they had intercourse . . . The oral traditions of the Tsimshian related that Chiefs sometimes offered valuable presents for the privilege of engaging in sex with these women even though they

might be the wife of another chief.²

Sexual relations such as the one mentioned above was a form of accepted social interaction between tribes and tribal members. Payment for the sexual services of women seemed to be accepted forms of behavior among these Native cultures. This was part of the economic and social structure of their society. Cooper also notes that this form of social and economic structure in regards to women's sexuality did not imply loose moral standards contrary to the beliefs of the European traders and settlers. Within Tsimshian society, just as in the Nootka culture, Natives were especially concerned about such matters as guarding the chastity of young, unmarried women.³ In the same vein, Gilbert Malcolm Sproat, an ethnographer who lived amongst the Nootka prior to settlement, stated that guarding women's chastity was extremely important within the Nootka culture. He observes that a girl who was known to have lost her virtue, lost with it one of her chances of a favorable marriage: and a chief, or man of high rank in a tribe, would have his daughter put to death for such a lapse.⁴

Exchange of sex for payment and goods was also found between Natives within Kwakiutl culture. Clellan Ford's book **Smoke From Their Fires** recounts the life of a traditional Kwakiutl Chief. During adolescence boys usually issued money to girls in exchange for sexual services. Contrary to the social ranking within Tsimshian society where higher ranked women are paid for their services, within Kwakiutl society women of lower rank were the women who were paid for and performed these services. The Kwakiutl Chief states:

When I first talk with one of these girls I just talk at first and then maybe we kiss. Maybe for a month

I just talk to her, and then we hug each other, and then we kiss. That is the first thing we do. When I get the money she wants, I tells her I am going to come and see her that night. She wouldn't let me bring the money when I come, for fear I wouldn't bring it. She wouldn't think of backing out - not after she has the money. This is only the girls that you are fooling around with. It's not usually the girl you are going to get married with.⁵

Exchanging the sexual services of Native women (lower-rank and higher rank women) for payment seemed an integral part of Native culture among the peoples of the Northwest Coast of British Columbia. All of the Native cultures discussed above had some social structure that supported and encouraged the exchange of women's sex for payment prior to contact with Whites. There were no social stigmas attached to these practices and in many cases they were encouraged by many Native men. Scott writes in his book **The History of Prostitution** that among some tribes it was customary for Native men to cause their wives or daughters to have intercourse with strangers, usually in return for a reward, though in certain cases the practice has all the hallmarks of a religious rite.⁶ In some of these exchanges Native women profited, and in others Native men profited from women's participation in sex for payment. In all cases we see that women's sexuality was seen as a means of social and economic transaction amongst these Native tribes.

Many explorers also wrote about the structure of marriage within these societies in relation to women's sexuality. Francis Poole, an early explorer in the Queen Charlotte Islands writes about the gender relations among the Haida in his journal **Queen Charlotte Islands: A narrative of Discovery and Adventure in the North Pacific**. He states

They view a woman purely as a thing of purchase, to be had connubially for a month's trial, and then, if not satisfactory, to be returned to her parents, who are thereupon bound to give back whatever she

fetches in blankets, trinkets, or the rest.⁷

In reading this account of gender relations we get the sense that women in the Haida culture were in an inferior position economically and socially than the Native men. If a man found that he was not satisfied with his wife then he had the right to "return" her just as you could return any other object of purchase. Sanger, the author of the book **The History of Prostitution** also describes to us the most common form of courtship and marriage ceremony found generally in Native cultures prior to European contact and settlement. He explains;

The predominant custom is for a man to procure a wife by purchase from her father, thus acquiring a property over which he has absolute control, and which he can barter away or dispose of in any manner he pleases. The example of Pawhattan, who was the Chief ruler over thirty tribes in Virginia at the time of English colonization, is a case in point. It is said that he always had a multitude of wives about him, and when he wearied of any would distribute them as presents among his principal warriors. In most cases the woman is not consulted at all, the whole transaction being a mercantile one.⁸

This practice, which also occurred amongst the Natives of the Northwest Coast, is known as wife-lending. Sprout states that among tribes of the Coast of British Columbia the temporary present of a wife is one of the greatest honours that can be shown to a guest.⁹ This age old practice was a form of hospitality which carried with it certain expectations for reciprocal return. In reading these accounts of wife-lending we get the sense that women's sexuality was something that men could purchase, share and exploit. These economic transactions paint a position of inferiority and subservience on the part of Native women. Were some Native women just objects of economic exploitation for men within Native society? Some early accounts written about this subject claim that Native women

found nothing wrong with this form of social structure, in fact some explorers claim that women were revered for participating in these practices. Francis Poole noted that Haida women cohabit almost promiscuously with their own tribe. He states that not only does no dishonour attach to this degrading practice, but, if successful in making money, it is highly honoured.¹⁰

In analyzing the position of women within the Native cultures of the Northwest coast we can conclude that prostitution, if defined solely as engaging in sex for payment, did exist in Native societies along the coast of British Columbia. Prior to European contact, Native women's sexuality was utilized as a form of economic and social interaction within Native society. Prostitution as defined by Europeans, with its negative moral connotations, was not evident in these Native cultures. The exchange of sex for goods or payment was part of their accepted social structure. Native women and men within these cultures probably did not find these practices demoralizing nor did they term it "prostitution". In addition Native women probably did not view what they were doing as a form of prostitution, nor did they consider themselves "prostitutes". However, the Europeans who first came into contact with Natives and witnessed these forms of social relations, concluded that the Native women who participated in the practice of exchanging sex for payment were in a position of economic, social and sexual inequality.

Cultural contact and the fur trade brought many changes to aboriginal cultures along the Northwest coast. The introduction of a capitalist economy was welcomed by Natives as it allowed them to acquire new goods for use in potlatches. Early changes in Native economies resulting from the fur trade also led to an increase in the already existing slave trade between Natives. Slave trade was established between Native tribes prior to European contact for means of economic purposes. For natives, slaves were an important source of labour and a major commodity in trade with

other tribes. According to Cooper slaves were highly valued as potlatch gifts, bearing a cash value of two hundred to two thousand dollars.¹¹ As contact with Europeans continued, Natives learned the economic value in trading and selling the sexual services of female slaves. By the 1850's the Native slave trade for purposes of labour was becoming secondary to the profits from selling Native slave women to Whites for purposes of prostitution. This form of sex-trade was the first form of economic exploitation of Native women's sexuality during the fur trade. As Europeans began to settle in the region of Coastal British Columbia, particularly during the time of the gold rush, the sexual slave trade became more institutionalized. The majority of what early sailors and traders viewed as prostitution was the selling of slave women's sexual services to White Europeans. John Lutz writes in his thesis **Work, Wages and Welfare in Aboriginal-non-Aboriginal Relations, British Columbia, 1849-1970** that

It seems certain that a portion of what the Europeans called prostitution was the coerced 'rental' of women slaves. Slaves, according to the social relations of aboriginal society, could be prostituted by their owners. From the first appearance of Europeans on the coast, the hiring out of women slaves to the fur traders/sailors had been a sideline venture. With the gold rush, slave prostitution became an industry.¹²

Native males and high-ranking Native women were most frequently selling these slave women into prostitution. Natives along the Coast of British Columbia learned quickly that the selling of slave women's sexual services to White Europeans was a very profitable industry. By 1855, the Hudson's Bay Company officials at Fort Simpson remarked that the northern Kaigani Haida and Tsimshian were taking south as many as sixty women at a time for purposes of prostitution.¹³

The majority of the slave-trade was from the north and the coast of British Columbia. Victoria seems to have been

the slave-trade capital during the colonial period. Nations from up and down the coast of British Columbia came to Victoria to participate in the slave-trade. The larger population of Europeans in this region during the colonial period and settlement provided an enthusiastic market, actively seeking out and purchasing the sexual services of Native female slaves.¹⁴ The absence of white women, and the significant number of Native women, was probably the most significant reason for the popularity and prevalence of the slave-trade prostitution during the time of the fur trade and early settlement. Matthew Macfie, an English explorer, writes about the prevalence of the slave-trade in Victoria during the 1860's in his book **Vancouver Island and British Columbia**. He mentions how White Europeans actively sought out and supported the sexual slave-trade of Native women. He writes;

Even now one cannot walk from the ferry up the Esquimalt road by day or night without encountering the sight of these Indian Slaves squatting in considerable numbers in the bush, for what purpose it is not difficult to imagine, and the extent to which the nefarious practices referred to are encouraged by the crews of Her Majesty's ships is a disgrace to the service they represent, and a scandal to this country . . . Hundreds of dissipated white men, moreover, live in open concubinage with these wretched creatures. So unblushingly is the traffic carried on, that I have seen the husband and wife of a Native family canvassing from one miner's shanty to another, with view of making assignation for the cloutchmen (squaws) in their possession.¹⁵

The prostitution of Native women slaves during the slave trade remained to be a very profitable form of interaction between Natives and Whites until around the 1860's. At the same time as the slave trade, many White European men were also forming longer lasting relationships with Native women. Prior to European settlement Native women were

considered positive advantages to fur traders as they represented the link between Native culture and European culture. European traders had both social and economic reasons for taking Indian mates. Not only did they fill the sexual void created by the absence of White women, but they performed many valuable economic tasks.¹⁶ During the time of trade, liaisons with White men were encouraged in aboriginal society as it was a way of drawing Europeans into their circle of trade. However, as the European population grew and spread along the Pacific Northwest, this relationship of dependency faded. Europeans no longer needed Aboriginal women for purposes of economic trade alliances. However, Native women were still seen as essential to Europeans for sexual purposes. Thus, during the time of early settlement, the prostitution of Native women emerged as a major industry.

Native women themselves initiated participation in prostitution during the time of early settlement. By engaging in sex for payment with White settlers, Native women were able to gain access to European goods for use in trade and potlatches. Hudson's Bay officials at Fort Simpson maintained that large numbers of women who engaged in sex for payment at Victoria, and on the ships that regularly plied the coast, did so in order to obtain whisky and rum.¹⁷ Settlement of European males brought many opportunities for women to acquire goods by means of prostitution. By the time of the goldrush, opportunities for Native women to earn large sums of money by means of prostitution was at an all time high.¹⁸

Native men and Native women seemed to profit from Native women's sexual alliances with European settlers. For women, acquiring new trade goods seemed to elevate their status within their social organization. Acquiring goods by these means was not looked down upon at all, in fact the more goods you could acquire in this way, the more admiration the women received from other tribe members. Native men in the tribe did not oppose these forms of transactions

and more often than not sanctioned them. Fisher points out in his book **Contact and Conflict** that large numbers of Indian women from the North came to Victoria to earn money by prostitution. Native women were able to raise their husband's social position with the wealth that they acquired in this way.¹⁹ Similarly, Niblack writes about the prevalence of Native women going to Victoria to earn money by means of prostitution in order to elevate social status within Native society in his book **The Coast Indians of Southern Alaska and Northern British Columbia**. He states

Money earned in summer months by these adventurous spirits is squandered in the most reckless dissipation about the various settlements in the winter months. Jealousy being unknown amongst the Indians, and sanctioned prostitution a common evil, the woman who can earn the greatest number of blankets or the largest sums of money wins the admiration of others for herself, and a high position for her husband by reason of her wealth.²⁰

As Europeans settled along the coast of British Columbia, prostitution became more important as a means of enhancing individual prestige and wealth.²¹ During this time, prostitution was a means of Native women to acquire wealth independently from men for trade and potlatch. It also seems that the wealth obtained by Native women also helped to raise the status and prestige of their husbands within Aboriginal society. The exchange of women's sex for money was seen as a valid and admirable way to acquire goods in order to elevate status within Native society.

These sexual contracts between Whites and Indians did have a significant impact on Native societies during the time of settlement. One of the most disastrous consequences of the increase in sexual relations between Native women and Whites during the time of the fur trade and early settlement was the rise in the incidence of venereal disease. By the 1860's, many Native women were ill or dying from diseases contracted at Victo-

ria and on the European naval ships.²² Another consequence of these relations was the introduction of alcohol and alcoholism within Native society.

During the late 1850's and 1860's there was the appearance of missionaries in many areas along the Coast of British Columbia. Missionaries during this time felt that their newly established Christian villages and Christian teachings would lead to the termination of the prostitution of Native women. In the eyes of the colonists social ills such as prostitution were associated with the presence of the Indians rather than with the sudden influx of a large and unstable European population.²³ Prostitution, in the eyes of the White missionaries, was simply the result of Native women's loose moral being and low ethical standards. Europeans viewed Natives as being overtly promiscuous and ill mannered. Native women in particular were viewed as degraded and inclined to prostitution. Missionaries in their efforts to suppress the prostitution of Native women began working to change the traditional belief systems of the Natives. One of the main areas of change was the imposition of Victorian Standards of domesticity and sexuality upon Native women. In addition to missionary work, the federal government also participated in the regulation of Native women's prostitution during the late nineteenth century. The Canadian Advisory on the Status of Women states in their report **Prostitution in Canada** that in 1880, an act to amend and consolidate the laws respecting Indians prohibited the keepers of houses from allowing Indian women prostitutes on premises.²⁴ This law was soon repealed. In 1887 a new provision meant only to apply to Indian women was introduced. This law took all legal responsibility away from male brothel owners and placed it on Native women prostitutes. This law remained unchanged until 1892. In 1892, keeping a house of ill-fame was an indictable offence subject to one year's imprisonment.²⁵

Prostitution, or the exchange of sexual services for money, was not seen as prob-

lematic within Native society. Practices such as wife-lending and the selling of slaves for sexual purposes, which were part of Native social structure prior to European contact, were seen as a means of social and economic profit during the time of the fur trade. The initiation of Native women into the exchange of sex for payment or goods during the time of early settlement was a way for Native societies to adapt to and profit from the emerging European capitalist economy. There is no evidence that Natives found these forms of transactions degrading or demoralizing nor did these practices lower the status of women within their societies along the Coast of British Columbia. In many cases it actually elevated women's position within the culture. As we have seen in the European accounts of prostitution along the Pacific Coast, White Europeans found these practices primitive and barbarous. Drawing from their own set of Christian morals and beliefs, European colonists were determined to civilize Aboriginal peoples by changing sexual relations between Native women and men.

Researching the prostitution of Native women during the time of cultural contact and early settlement is very challenging as there are few written sources pertaining to the subject. The sources that are available are written by the European sailors, fur traders, and settlers who were in contact with Natives during this time. The extent to which these observations represent an accurate reflection of the reality of Native women's lives along the Coast of British Columbia will perhaps never be known. The cultural and class biases of these traders and settlers are obvious. Most of these early accounts concerning the existence of prostitution and the treatment of women's sexuality within Native society are written by White European men who draw on their own ideas and values concerning gender relations and notions of women's "proper" sexuality.

In this paper I have attempted to uncover some of the hidden history of Native women during the time of contact and settlement. Although I do not be-

lieve that it is possible to truly reconstruct this history using only the written accounts of European traders and settlers, I do believe these writings are very important historical tools that allow us to gain a deeper understanding of the subject. In order to truly contextualize the meaning of the prostitution of Native women we would need to hear from the Native women involved. It is these voices that are missing throughout this paper.

* * * * *

The writer, from Nanaimo, is a student at the University of Victoria.

FOOTNOTES

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2. Cooper, *Journal of Canadian Studies*, p. 59.
3. Cooper, *Journal of Canadian Studies*, p. 61.
4. Gilbert Sproat, *The Nootka: Scenes and Studies of Savage Life* (Victoria: Sono Nis Press, 1987), p. 68.
5. Clellan Ford, *Smoke From Their Fires* (Archan Books, 1968), p. 128.
6. George Scott, *A History of Prostitution From Antiquity to the Present Day* (London: Torchstream Books, 1954), p. 51.
7. Francis Poole, *Queen Charlotte Islands: A Narrative of Discovery and Adventure in the North Pacific* (London: Hurst and Backett Publishers, 1872), p. 312-13.
8. William Sanger, *The History of Prostitution: Its Extent, Causes and Effects Throughout the World* (New York: Eugenics Publishing Company, 1939), p. 374.
9. Sproat, *The Nootka*, p. 69.

10. Poole, *Queen Charlotte Islands: A Narrative of Discovery and Adventure in the North Pacific*, p. 312-13.
11. Cooper, *Journal of Canadian Studies*, p. 58.
12. John Lutz, "Work, Wages and Welfare in Aboriginal-non-Aboriginal Relations, British Columbia, 1849-1970" (University of Ottawa, Unpub. PH.D, 1994), p. 193.
13. Cooper, *Journal of Canadian Studies*, p. 58.
14. Lutz, *Work, Wages and Welfare in Aboriginal-non-Aboriginal Relations, British Columbia, 1849-1970*. p. 193.
15. Mathew Macfie, *Vancouver Island and British Columbia* (London: Longmen Roberts, 1865), p. 471.
16. Silvia Van Kirk, "Women in Between: Indian Women in Fur Trade Society in Western Canada" *Pre-Industrial Canada, 1760-1849* (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1982), p. 193.
17. Cooper, *Journal of Canadian Studies*, p. 59.
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22. Cooper, *Journal of Canadian Studies*, p. 61.
23. Fisher, *Contact and Conflict*, p. 113.
24. Canadian Advisory on the Status of Women, *Prostitution in Canada* (Ottawa: Canadian Advisory on the Status of Women, 1984), p. 16.
25. C.L. Hanson-Brett, "Ladies in Scarlet: An Historical Overview of Prostitution in Victoria, British Columbia 1870-1939" *British Columbia Historical News*, p. 21, vol. 19-2

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CONFERENCE 1997



Gavin Halkett of Nanaimo recreated the character of a telegrapher. He is shown here with his wife Dorothy.



Past President Alice Glanville chats with guest speaker Bill Barlee at head table. Nelson May 3, 1997.



"Her Majesty" reading her address from a balcony in the Capitol Theatre.

Pioneer Doctor, Richard Herald of 150 Mile House

by Eldon Lee

The first physician to practice at 150 Mile House was Dr. Hugh Watt of Barkerville fame. He arrived in the spring of 1894 from the gold mines of the upper Cariboo, and by the end of 1894 was established to the extent of receiving a \$500.00 annual grant from the public purse - a financial incentive to attract practitioners to the Cariboo. This was renewed to 1896 at which time Dr. Richard Herald took over the Cariboo practice and Dr. Watt moved to Fort Steele.

It is hard to imagine the 150 Mile House as a medical centre for the Cariboo, yet during the years 1894 to 1918 it occupied that position. The doctors were fully qualified, registered in B.C. and some had advanced degrees in surgery and medicine from highly respected teaching centers in the British Isles. These adventurous men commanded respect and affection for their readiness to make house calls to the most isolated ranches, often one to two days travelling distance from the 150 Mile House.

In 1896 there were no more than 200 inhabitants in the 150 Mile, scattered in homes along the Cariboo wagon road. A Russell fence along either side of the highway kept wandering horses and cows out of gardens and yards.

Along the road came wagons, democrat buggies and saddle horses. Four-horse teams dragged dusty, heavy laden dead X wagons over tortuous roads to Quesnel and Barkerville. From the 150 Mile House a road went west to the Onward Ranch and on to the Fraser river and Chilcotin. Another road led east to Horsefly and Likely.

It was to this community that Dr. R.T.W. Herald arrived in 1896. He was a handsome, suave, thirty-five year old



Dr. Richard T.W. Herald c. 1896.
Photo courtesy of Dr. John Roberts.

graduate of Queen's University in Kingston, Ontario. His victorian style full moustache set off handsome features and trim athletic build.

The College of Physicians and Surgeons of British Columbia confirm his graduation from Queen's in 1890 and registration in B.C. in 1891. Initial practice was in Vancouver and the lower mainland.

He was thus an experienced practitioner when he set up office at 150 Mile House. Local people were seen in the office or at home but a rented team and buggy were used for distant house calls which sometimes meant travel of up to 40 miles.

At the turn of the century there were less than a dozen medicines effective by modern day standards. These were morphine and heroin for pain, digitalis for heart failure, phenobarbital and bromides as sleeping potions, ether and chloroform as anaesthetics and iodine and

carbolic acid as antiseptic agents. Aspirin, a very useful drug in modern day medicine was known but not widely used.

Most basic common surgical instruments were available. These included pearl handled scalpels, haemostats, retractors, bone saws, and improvised splints. Some practitioners had forceps made for difficult obstetrical cases.

The late Laura Moxan tells of an emergency appendectomy performed by Dr. Herald on her father. Dr. Herald was notified of John Moore's illness and travelled the 20 miles from 150 Mile House to Alkali Lake on a "Howler" (a 2 wheel cart with ungreased wooden axles.) On arrival Dr. Herald confirmed the diagnosis and operated on a table in the Moores' ranch home. Mrs. Moore gave the ether anaesthetic. Following the operation the doctor remained with the family for several days until recovery was assured. Laura mentions that all the Moore children were scared stiff.

Over the four years of Dr. Herald's residence at 150 Mile, babies were delivered, illnesses treated and operations performed, most in the patient's own home. There was no hospital nearer than Barkerville over a hundred miles away.

There is an amusing anecdote attributed to Dr. Herald. It seems a Mrs. Flett of the 141 Mile House, a maid working for the Murphys, was grossly overweight. Finally after failures with diet and exercise programs, the doctor put her on the second floor of the store at 150 Mile House and locked her in with a small portion of feed to last each day. Weeks went by without a pound of weight loss.

One evening the suspicious medical practitioner quietly walked around the building. He found his patient lustily hauling a pail of food from ground to second story with a lasso rope tied to the

bucket, her husband the co-conspirator. The treatment was ended forthwith and obesity stymies doctors to this day.

In 1901 an assistant came in the person of Dr. Mostyn Hoops (pronounced Mosty Oops) a graduate of the famous Rotunda Hospital in Dublin.

Dr. Herald then took a three year leave

of absence from the British Columbia College registry only to appear in 1906 in Cloverdale. In 1914 he moved to Vancouver and in 1921 to Kelowna.

Mrs. Moxan states his descendants are still to be found in Vancouver with a son graduating from Dalhousie University in Medicine in 1936. Dr. Herald, of 150

Mile House was well regarded in his profession and esteemed by the ranchers and miners for his medical skill and devotion to his patients.

* * * * *

The author is a retired physician who has researched many of B.C.'s pioneer medical practitioners. Dr. Lee makes his home in Prince George.

Memorial Window in Chemainus



Pete Pearson (left) after unveiling the stained glass window dedicated to his wife's memory. Brian Donald, artist who created the window stands in front of a wall in the Chemainus Museum where minatures of the famous murals are on display.

Photo courtesy of Bertha George.

A memorial window designed by a Chemainus artist, depicting the grandfather of the late Marnie Pearson, was unveiled at the Chemainus Valley Museum on December 15, 1996. The window will be set in the wall by the stairs leading to the upper room in the museum which Marnie Pearson worked tirelessly to launch and support.

Marnie was born in Chemainus in 1932 but her roots go back to the arrival of her grandparents in 1899. She was daughter of Earl and Hallie (Cathey) English. She married Pete Pearson in 1948; they had two daughters, Julie and Cathey. She worked for Canada Post, delivering mail to Thetis Island for well over 18 years. She worked hard fund raising, enjoyed quilting and other handicrafts, and was the editor/illustrator of the Chemainus Museum cook-book **When Food Was Food**. Marnie also frequently worked with Doreen Millard preparing and serving goodies at Chemainus Historical socials. Marnie passed away on October 19, 1994.

Shirley Gunderson researched the Cathey history and planned the dedication ceremony. Marnie's grandmother, Mary Jane Hargrove came from North Carolina with her father to settle in Toston, Montana (south of Helena). Here Mary Jane met Charles Burton Cathey who at that time was working as a wrangler for Mr. Hargrove. They fell in love and wanted to marry, but Mary Jane's father did not approve. To separate Mary Jane from her swain, she was sent to college in California. This, however, was a case of true love. Charles worked hard, saved his money then followed Mary Jane to California. They were married in 1899 and left immediately for Vancouver Island.

When they arrived at Chemainus housing was at a premium. At first they lived in a local hotel then were able to obtain a small cabin. Next they moved to a company house on Maple Street in Chemainus, their home for about ten years. Charles worked for the Victoria Lumber Company (which later became the forest giant McMillan-Blodel.) Charles

porch each ran the length of the house. The ground floor housed the kitchen, pantry, dining room, front room and one bedroom. The upstairs held three bedrooms. Plumbing was the outdoor variety. Heating was by wood and kitchen stoves. It was not known what rent the Catheys paid, but the house rented for \$15.00 per month in 1944 and was purchased for \$1,500 in 1948.

The window depicts the mill house but has Charles Cathey walking the road to their second home on River Road. This road is what most residents living in Chemainus between the 1930s and 1950 remember. They watched Mr. Cathey walking home from work, over the Company Store hill, over the railroad tracks, past the old recreation hall behind the Catholic Church. Near there he stopped to cut grass, growing between lumber piles, for his cows.

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This article was taken from the notes compiled by Shirley Gunderson for the December Memorial service for Marnie Pearson.

Else Kennedy edited this submission for our magazine. We regret to announce that Shirley Gunderson passed away on April 19, 1997 while we prepared this to go to press.



Shirley Gunderson, Secretary of the Chemainus Valley Historical Society is shown here reading the history of the Cathey family just before the unveiling of the memorial window.

~ Conference 1997 ~

Over 120 history buffs attended the annual B.C. Historical Federation Conference in Nelson. An interesting variety of programs was offered and beautifully executed. Those who travelled on Wednesday, April 30, experienced glorious sunshine enroute. Those who travelled later faced rain and hail and even snow. The weather played tricks during the walking tour of heritage buildings, the cemetery tour, and the heritage home tour, alternating dazzling brilliance with dastardly downpours. The all-day tour, happily, proceeded without the need for umbrellas.

The opening gambit was the Oral History workshop by Vera Rosenbluth. This skilled professional punctuated her playful instructional material with humorous and heartwarming accounts of some of the interviewing she had done in the past. Several exercises involved the participants who worked in small groups exchanging ideas and experiences, or conducting a mini-interview of a 'classmate' who was usually from another community.

The afternoon workshop, moderated by Helen Akrigg, featured Terry Reksten of Victoria who did a fantastic job on short notice. She combined the assignment on "Researching" with "Writing Local History" as Linda Hale had a major business commitment and author Charles Lillard passed away suddenly. Terry, who has produced several wonderfully vibrant books since her first **Rattenbury** in 1978, spoke with enthusiasm imparting her experience and expertise.

Byron Johnson of Friesen Printers noted that the Manitoba based press puts out books at a rate of

more than 300 titles per week. The writer or local committee becomes the **Publisher**. Johnson presented examples of how some local committees had moved successfully through the stages of preparing a book with good organization, coordination and mechanics. He also warned about the pitfalls prevalent and gave listeners hints on how to do-it-right, using all volunteers with their respective talents channelled into jobs which capitalized on strengths, sharing the work load and reaching results by realistic deadlines. He noted that the average book requires 3 to 4 years from initial



Mr. & Mrs. Canning proudly wear the Lieutenant - Governor's Medals won by their sons Richard & Sydney. Alice Glanville (left) and Len McCann (Hon. President) made the presentation of this Writing Competition award.



Two of our Host Committee, Frances & Ron Welwood, pose in front of Queen Victoria - May 3, 1997



Writing Competition Chair Pixie McGeachie shown here at the Awards Ceremony.

research stage to the final edit. He explained the technological changes which have altered the latter stages of preparing a book to go to press. A computer disc prepared by the author is translated into the desired type size, formatted with spaces for accompanying pictures and quickly divided into pages from which the Index may be prepared. Pictures are increasingly important to hold the attention of the upcoming generations. The new inexpensive LASER PRODUCTION of photos is NOT recommended. Glossy prints are better than mat. All would-be writers went away armed with practical advice, planning outlines, technical tips, and enthusiastic



Rosemarie and Milton Parent of Nakusp appeared in vintage dress at the Saturday banquet.

encouragement. Our thanks to Canada's National History Society for financing this day of free workshops and to Melva Dwyer for making all arrangements.

Thursday evening the Hume Room was abuzz with delegates greeting old friends and welcoming newcomers. Old timers stood tall, smiled brightly, and thanked the name tag maker for using bold print.

Friday morning two buses headed off in opposite directions taking 82 visitors on the Silvery Slocan Loop. Bus 1 moved through the Slocan to Silverton, New Denver, Sandon then to Kaslo. Bus 2 followed the West Arm to Balfour, Highway 31 to Kaslo, on past Rettalack, Zincton, and Three Forks to Sandon where both busloads were

served lunch. The highlighted stops were the **S.S. Moyie**, Sandon's Powerhouse and Museum, the Nikkei Internment Memorial Centre and Silvery Slocan Museum in New Denver, and the Silverton Lookout. Both buses held tour guides who prepared travellers for each spot of interest to be glimpsed, told thumbnail histories, and gave personal memories of events in the locale. It was a full day which gave delight to all participants. The Old Nelson Opera Company performed in the restored Capital Theatre on Friday, May 2 at 7:30 pm. The plot took episodes from Nelson's beginning, through early settlement, orchard planting years, to WWI, the 30's, to a rousing finale with a speech from 'Her Majesty Elizabeth II', thanking Nelson's City Council for special dispensation to walk her corgis on dog-free Baker Street. Good music, tidbits of history, costumes for each era invited the audience to absorb the

atmosphere of the 100th Anniversary.

Saturday morning the Annual General Meeting chaired by President Alice Glanville proceeded efficiently. There were a heartening number of voting delegates (63) and the Society reports were interspersed with traditional topics. Those reports of local societies drew considerable attention and comments such as "We should try that activity in our community." Details of the AGM and these society reports will appear in the Fall 1997 issue. New officers are listed on the inside back cover of this issue.

The luncheon guest speaker was John Pollack with a slide show on Kootenay Underwater Archaeology. Pollack was envied for the clear waters in his research area by other executive members of the Underwater Archaeological Society who came from Vancouver to attend this presentation.

Saturday afternoon was umbrella tour time. Many managed to enjoy the Heritage Walking Tour of downtown buildings. Nelson is justifiably proud of its Heritage Buildings and about a dozen local enthusiasts each led a group of ten sightseers. The Rattenbury Courthouse stands across from the conference hotel and kitty-corner from the City Hall. The Bank of Montreal, also by Rattenbury, was considered one of the finest commercial buildings in the interior of B.C.. Baker Street boasts seventeen old landmarks (which makes for a very pleasant streetscape.) Others trudged between the tombstones while Ron Welwood



A little comic relief - Audrey Ward of Penticton came decked out in CPR togs of her father's era.



One of next years hostesses, Kathleen Moore of Surrey is shown here giving her report.



Shawn Lamb at the Book Sales table; she is a very busy lady. Thanks for major contribution to conference planning.

regaled them with the stories about a few prominent persons with rather special markers. The Awards Banquet on the evening of May 3 was a gala affair with many in period costume. Shawn Lamb, curator of Nelson's Museum was MC for the evening. Alderman Dave Elliot delivered good wishes from City Council, Announcements of awards included appointing Pamela Mar of Nanaimo Honorary Life Member, and Leonard McCann as Honorary President.



Editor Naomi Miller - poses with Lorna Barnhardt of Chase and Frances Gundry of Victoria. The Hume Room at the Conference hotel has enlargements of scenes of early Nelson along the walls.

Four volunteer workers were given the new Award for Service: Nancy Peter of Burnaby, Tony Farr of Salt Spring Island, Melva Dwyer of Vancouver and Margaret Matovich of Burnaby. Retiring President Alice Glanville was presented with a specially minted centennial-of-Nelson coin. Shirlee Anne Smith of Winnipeg was thanked for representing Canada's National History Society at our conference. Frances Gundry reported on the 1996 winner of the BCHF Scholarship and Essay Contest. (The 1997 applications are due by the May 15, 1997 deadline.) Pixie McGeachie announced the winners of the 1996 Writing Competition. Lieutenant-Governor's Medals were presented to Mr. & Mrs. Canning of Summerland who

attended in lieu of their twin sons, Richard and Sydney, authors of **British Columbia: A Natural History**. Robert McDonald (for **Making Vancouver 1863-1913**) and Betty Keller and Rosella Leslie (for **Bright Seas, Pioneer Spirits**) were honored in absentia. Leo Rutledge of Hudson Hope gained a Certificate for Best Article in 1996 in the **B.C. Historical News**. Leo sent a message to those assembled that he was donating his prize money to the Writing Competition Fund. George Thomson of Qualicum Beach made a surprise presentation to the Kootenay Museum Society. Mr. & Mrs. Dill made their home for many years in the

beached hull of the tug **Valhalla** across the lake from Nelson. Later the Dills moved to Qualicum Beach and upon their death their estate was divided among several museums. One item they had treasured was the wheel from the **Valhalla**. This is to be repatriated to Nelson as soon as transportation can be arranged.

Guest speaker Bill Barlee (looking years younger than when he sat in the B.C. Legislature) gave a lively talk on 'Ghost Towns in the Kootenays'. He showed some of his prized collection of artifacts and left the audience truly appreciative of our collective legacy of B.C. History.

Dozens of delegates plus numerous townspeople moved through Nelson inspecting many restored homes. The former C.P.R. Superintendent's home was a tea time destination in the afternoon. A truly old fashioned Sunday afternoon was enhanced with music by a violinist, tea and tasty treats. Nelson deserves three hearty (Victorian) cheers for their multifaceted welcome to the Visiting BCHFers.

All photos by Art Joyce of the Nelson Daily News for Kootenay Museum Society.



Retiring Subscription Secretary Margaret Matovich.

Royston Waterfront Signs

Two interpretive panels were placed on Marine Drive at Royston (just south of Courtenay and Comox on Vancouver Island.) These signs overlook a piece of historic industrial architecture, the Comox Logging and Railway Company's Breakwater. The company began collecting scrapped vessels in the 1930s to create a protection for their booming grounds. By 1960 the site contained the remains of four Royal Canadian Navy ships, two westcoast whalers, two CPR steam tugs, a deep-sea rescue tug (a veteran of the D-Day invasion) and a wooden five-masted barquentine, an auxiliary schooner and three Cape Horn windjammers. (See the **Laurel Whalen** p. 17, Vol. 29:4)

The first panel acknowledges the significant role that Comox Logging and Railway played in what claimed to be the largest timber enterprise in the British Empire: the Canadian Western Lumber Company. The second panel outlines the individual histories of the fifteen ships that the logging company utilized for their hulk breakwater. This also recognizes the important contribution of the four RCN vessels to the Battle of the Atlantic.

Field Sawmills Ltd. Partnership assisted the Royston Community Club and Recreation Commission with building materials for the project. B.C. Heritage Trust provided financial assistance. A dedication ceremony was held April 20, 1997.

Submitted by Rick James

Marriage & Death Registration in Archives

The British Columbia Archives (BCA) and British Columbia Vital Statistics Agency (BCVSA) are pleased to announce, effective 13 January 1997, the release of indexes to B.C. marriage (1872-1921) and death (1872-1976) registrations on the B.C. Archives website

(<http://www.bcarchives.gov.bc.ca>)

This project is the result of close cooperation between the BCVSA and the BCA, in partnership with the Genealogical Society of Utah which has provided the staff to microfilm the original registration documents. Volunteers from the Family Histories Society of British Columbia and the Victoria Genealogical Society provided an invaluable service by indexing the pre-1900 marriage and death registrations.

Microfilm copies of original marriage registration documents (1872 to 1921) and death registration documents (1872 to 1976) are available for viewing in the BCA reading room in Victoria. Negotiations are currently



John A. Charters and his wife Bernice are shown here receiving the Third Annual Minister's Heritage Award from the Hon. Jan Pullinger. They are posed in front of pictures showing Zuckerberg Island and other Castlegar sites that were preserved under Mr. Charter's leadership. This picture was taken February 14, 1997 at the Interchange gathering at the Vancouver Maritime Museum.

Photo courtesy J. Charters

underway between BCVSA and genealogical societies, family history societies, and public, university and college libraries to have the microfilms available across the province by 1 April 1997. The complete set of marriage and death registration documents on microfilm (322 reels) may be obtained from BCVSA for \$2500 plus tax and the COMfiche index (42 fiche) for \$20 plus tax. Prices are effective 20 January 1997 and are subject to change. For details on how to place your order, please contact BCVSA at:

genealog@bcsc02.gov.bc.ca
or at the mailing address below.

Marriage registrations are released 75 years after the date of marriage, death registrations are released 20 years after the date of death. In 1997, birth registrations will be released 100 years after the date of birth. These time frames are consistent with the protection of privacy provisions in the Freedom of Information and Protection of Privacy Act (section 36) governing disclosure of personal information for historical or archival purposes.

BCA staff cannot provide photocopies of marriage or death registration documents, nor do research in the on-line databases or registrations on behalf of remote users. BCA will refer all requests for genealogical services, including photocopies, received by phone, email, FAX or mail, to the British Columbia Vital Statistics Agency, 818 Fort Street, Victoria, B.C. Canada V8W 1H8. Phone: (250) 952-2681 or toll-free (800) 663-8328.

Information re Architects?

A book on architects practising in B.C. up to 1929 is currently being compiled by well known heritage advocates Don Luxton and Stuart Stark. Anyone with any information or wishing to contribute to the Early Architects of B.C. Project, please call Don at 604-688-1216 or Stuart at 250-592-1282 or write to Don Luxton and Assoc. #800 - 626 W. Pender St. Vancouver, V6B 1V9.

Heritage Seeds

Sharon Rempel, who came to our attention in 1988 when she was able to reintroduce the zucca melon at the Keremeos Grist Mill, now works for the research department at the University of Alberta. She has travelled the world studying old gardens and seeking older seed sources. Her current project is on Heritage Wheat. Each batch of internationally acquired seed is carefully screened for possible disease spores; the Department of Agriculture in Ottawa does a microscopic inspection before releasing the "clean seed" to her.

Anyone wishing detail of the Heritage Seed program in Canada should contact:

Seeds of Diversity Canada, Box 36, Station Q, Toronto, On. M4T 2L7.

If you have an old strain of fruit, flowers or vegetable, especially if you collect your own seed, Sharon would love to hear from you. The address is: Sharon Rempel, Box 1406, #194, 3803 Calgary Trail, Edmonton, Alberta,

T&J 5M8 Phone (403) 430-0538 Fax (403) 434-7413 or Email: rempel@gpu.srv.ualberta.ca

Conservation & Museum Studies

The University of Victoria (Division of Continuing Studies) offers courses summer and winter on topics ranging from "Preserving Masonry Structures" to "Museum Information Management". For details phone (250) 721-8462, Fax (250) 721-8774 or Email: joydavis@uvcs.uvic.ca

Desktop Publishing Studio 7.96

I. J. Wightman has just moved from Ocean Falls to Telkwa, near Smithers. She is offering a Writers' Service like editing or proofreading, especially community histories or biographies. Contact her at: Studio 7.96, RR#1 S8 C20, Telkwa, B.C. V0J 2X0 Phone (250) 846-9190

University of Northern B.C. Endowment

Judge William Ferry of Quesnel was known for his thoughtful disposition and practical sentences handed down in Cariboo court-rooms. He presided at many Citizenship Court Ceremonies with warmth and diplomacy. He died and has left \$1 million to the UNBC to establish new bursaries, and make library acquisitions.

Wardner Reunion

Wardner is a once busy sawmill town on the Kootenay River, a town that was served by riverboats running from Jennings, Montana to Fort Steele. It was an important stop on the Crowsnest to Kootenay Lake Rail line. Now it is celebrating its Centennial. On August 1, 2 & 3 former residents are invited to return. Registration packages available from *Wardner Reunion Committee, Box 113, Wardner, B.C. V0B 2J0* or by phoning *Avis (250) 429-3160* or *Erica (250) 489-1877*. **Deadline for registration June 30, 1997.**

Heritage Canada's Annual Conference

The Heritage Canada Foundation announced that its 1997 annual conference will focus on the fiscal and regulatory framework of heritage preservation. Entitled **Lightening the Burden: taxation, regulation and heritage property**, the conference will feature experts from Canada and abroad who will speak on the dynamics and shortcomings of the regulatory system affecting built and natural heritage property.

Heritage Canada's Executive Director, Brian

Anthony, stressed the pivotal importance of the conference theme, saying "During the current era of deep cuts and the outright dismantling of support programs at all levels of government, there is an urgent need for all those involved in heritage preservation to look at tax policy and heritage regulation systems. For instance, the federal tax treatment of revenue-producing heritage property is the number one national public policy issue affecting heritage in Canada today."

Mr. Anthony added, "On the eve of Heritage Canada's 25th anniversary, the 1997 annual conference will provide a national forum for significant debate on what governments need to do, in cooperation with the private and voluntary sectors, to improve this climate."

Lightening the Burden will be an important forum for those involved with the regulatory, legal and financial aspects of heritage preservation. The conference content will appeal to public officials, property developers and members of heritage advisory committees, as well as builders, accountants and lawyers with particular interest in heritage preservation.

In addition to the conference sessions, delegates may enjoy a number of social activities, including an opening reception, dinners in historic homes, and a gala awards presentation ceremony.

Lightening the Burden: Taxation, Regulation, and Heritage Property

The Heritage Canada Foundation

October 16 - 18, 1997, Conference Centre, Ottawa, Canada

For further information: 613-237-1066

Fax: 613-237-5987

Email: hercanot@sympatico.ca

The Heritage Canada Foundation is a national registered charity, membership based, dedicated to the preservation and promotion of Canada's built and natural heritage. Established in 1973, the organization is funded through an endowment and other revenue sources.

Mystery Monument

Researchers are detectives, particularly historical researchers. Mysteries abound in archives and libraries. Often there is never a solution, many times a few years will pass before you find the final piece to the puzzle. My riddle started many years ago when I began investigating the background to Vancouver sculptures.

The story of commissioning the David Oppenheimer memorial on Beach Avenue was fascinating. That story appeared in newspapers. Oppenheimer had been second mayor of Vancouver and served four one-

year terms. He and his brothers were prominent business men from 1858 when, shortly after arriving in British Columbia, they founded Oppenheimer Bros. in Victoria. (Today one of the province's oldest businesses.) The company quickly established, either a warehouse or store in major towns or distribution centres. In 1880, Yale became the focus for the CPR to build the railway through the Fraser Canyon.

David Oppenheimer, and his first wife Sara, moved to Yale to be near the centre of activity and contracts. Sara, age 46, became ill and died October 15, 1880. Her death, funeral service and procession to the Yale cemetery received extensive coverage in the town's *Inland Sentinel*.

Oppenheimer remarried, January 3, 1883 to Julia Walters. While on a tour of Victoria cemeteries, a few years ago, we were taken to the Jewish Cemetery. One of the prominent monuments had the name Sara Oppenheimer and correct date of her death.

This provided me with a mystery. The Oppenheimer businesses were well established in Victoria. How could her monument be in Victoria when the newspaper gave accounts of her funeral in Yale? Did the family have the monument erected in a more well known and prestigious cemetery?

Recently while looking at the *Inland Sentinel* for June 14, 1883, I found a news item: "Marcus Wolfe, a nephew of Mrs. David Oppenheimer, removed her remains to the family cemetery in Victoria."

That item solved my "Mystery Monument".

Peggy Imredy



Doing the Charleston - Nelson Opera Company. (Conference 1997)

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

High Slack: Waddington's Gold Road and the Bute Inlet Massacre.

Judy Williams. Vancouver, B.C., New Star Books, 1996. 119 p. illus.

\$16.00.

High Slack is an account of an historic event which occurred in the colony of British Columbia in 1864. It is also a commentary on the treatment of the native population by the explorers and first white settlers to the colony. The author refers to the smallpox epidemics, the violation of native women and the expropriation of the land without much thought of the consequences to the resident population.

An intimate knowledge of the west coast's terrain and the tides gave the author the idea for selecting the title **High Slack**: the time when the tide crests and pauses briefly before receding. It is a time to look back and reflect, also to look to the future, which the author does.

The past is represented by the story of the proposed Waddington gold rush to the interior by way of Bute Inlet, the future tells of the results of the massacre to the Chilcotin natives. Williams brings the events even closer to the present by visiting and describing Bute Inlet today where these events took place.

Throughout the work the newly accepted native terminology and spelling is used for places and people. There are a number of illustrations which have been taken from both personal and archival sources. The book concludes with a fairly complete index, although a few references seem to be missing. There is also a list of acknowledgements.

This is an excellent introduction to a subject in British Columbia's history which has not been explored to any extent up to now. It gives us a new perspective on events which occurred in the northwest coastal area of the colony when gold was the driving force in its development.

Melva J. Dwyer
Fine Arts Librarian Emerita
University of British Columbia.

Go Ahead or Go Home: The Trethewey Story. \$24.95 Daphne Sleigh, Abbotsford; Vicarro Publishing, 1994. Hard Cover, illus.

The Trethewey story is a family history. Samuel Trethewey, father of James, who came to British Columbia in the 1880's was a Cornish engineer associated with mines in Cornwall and Derbyshire. Late in life he followed two of his sons from Cornwall to Ontario. They lived in various parts of the province before they pre-empted land in Muskoka, where part of their operation consisted of a lumber mill.

This mining and logging background remained a focus for the Trethewey family and is the core of the individual histories told in this book.

James was the one to be attracted to British Columbia. He had been fascinated with the idea of gold, came out in 1875, and was convinced of the tremendous opportunities that would exist when the railway arrived. James Trethewey is associated with several of the early grist mills in British Columbia, and spent some time prospecting in the interior when he could. Although he returned to Ontario, in 1881 he came to British Columbia to stay. He established his family in the new and growing settlement at Mission as the CPR came toward the valley. The other thread that runs through the stories is that of recognition of opportunity and the entrepreneurial spirit expressed in the later family saying "Go Ahead or Go home".

The Tretheweys embedded themselves in the early development of business (from grocery stores to real estate), logging and sawmills (also in the Fraser Valley), ranching (in the Chilcotin), mining (in British Columbia and back in Ontario), and eventually engaging in huge clearing projects for B.C. Hydro in the 1960's. Over the years, the family experienced serious setbacks from sawmill fires to depression-era closures, but for

the most part, they prospered and one or two made modest or great fortunes.

One of James' sons, Will, went back to Ontario in 1904, and made one of the great discoveries in what was to be Cobalt. This event established Will's fortune, but other members of the family also benefitted, and it with other mining investments that James' other son Joseph made, purchased the Chilco ranch. It is this association with development in the province that will make this book valuable to historians.

Although it has a narrow focus, Daphne Sleigh has given us a useful, well-researched book. Family history is extremely hard to fit into a historian's overview of history. It is necessarily awkward as each individual story overlaps the others and the Trethewey story seems to start over with each member. There are enlightening references to character and family relationships which help bring it to life, without relaying gossip. There is a nineteenth century flavour in the attitudes toward "progress", and toward logging and mining which we need to understand better as our historical context. However, the writer has not only dealt fairly with each person, but has given readers a good index and complete footnotes so that it can be used as a reference . . . which it should be, as it helps clarify developments in the history of the Fraser Valley. It broadens our conception of the Fraser Valley as a farming community, and gives detail that adds depth to understanding the changes that have taken place there. Although it covers many locations in the province, the central Fraser Valley is the core region for the Trethewey family.

Shirley Cuthbertson, Curator,
History (recently retired) Royal
B.C. Museum

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA HISTORICAL FEDERATION - Organized October 31, 1922

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

ADDRESS LABEL HERE



**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
c/o P. McGeachie
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