The Tilt family in front of their home in New Westminster in 1907. Nelly Tilt wrote in her diary: “I was quite charmed with my little wooden house, with wild raspberries growing outside the front, and bracken and bulrushes.” Nelly Tilt was an amateur photographer and produced her own prints, but this time she must have asked someone else to release the shutter.

We thank Gavin Halkett, past president of the Nanaimo Historical Society, for submitting Nelly Tilt’s lively account of her trip from England to New Westminster, starting on page 22.
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Historians rely on written and spoken words. The collection and preservation of primary documents concerns everyone interested in history. Archival records are not simply "artifacts," or "heritage items." They are above all messengers from the past. BC Historical News intends to present under the direction of Fran Gundry a regular feature called "Archives & Archivists," providing insight in the "archival" world, the first of which appears in this issue.

Melva Dwyer, prepared, with her usual tenacity and skill, the index for 1998, which is included in this issue.

Read Ron Greene's first contribution of a series of histories about tokens from his collection.

Articles published in this issue called for an unusual number of maps. A chance (?) encounter with her husband, Patrick, introduced us to Cathy Chapin of the Geography Department of Lakehead University in Thunder Bay and we are very fortunate that she volunteered to do maps for us. Readers will recognize her name from maps published in The Beaver.

Manuscripts keep coming in and we look forward to more. Don't be shy and share your slice of BC history with us, as the contributors to this issue did.

With this issue I have completed my first year as editor. Many volunteers—named or not named—have contributed to the success of our journal. A warm "thank you" to all.

the editor

Any country worthy of a future should be interested in its past.
W. Kaye Lamb, 1937
Steamboating arrived late on the Upper Peace River and was soon overtaken by the frenetic settlement and railway development which took place prior to and during World War I. The topography of the Peace River country militated against the development of a chain of neat little communities nesting on the riverside. In these days of magnificent industrial highways sweeping over the plateau in the Peace River country, providing a speedy link with Prince George and other British Columbia centres, the era of meandering steamboats seems far removed as that of the York boat.

Steamboating on the Peace River
by Edward L. Affleck

The history of freshwater steamboating in British Columbia involves navigation on at least 20 different stretches of water. Many of these stretches have a similar history dating from the second half of the nineteenth century. Prospectors discovered gold on the banks of hitherto uncharted creeks and rivers and hordes of adventurers followed in on foot. Then the white man's inimitable invasion craft, the sternwheeler, steamed up the Pacific Coast to enter the mouth of major rivers and proceeded to work heavy cargo up white water to service the mushrooming mining camps on or near the river. This is true of watercourses which rise west of the continental divide and discharge into the waters of the Pacific Ocean such as the Stikine, the Skeena, the Fraser, and the Columbia. It is however, not true at all for the Peace River, which pierces the continental divide to join the vast Slave-Mackenzie drainage system to the Arctic.

Between 1794 and 1823 the Upper Peace River area was the scene of active fur trading and also of intense rivalry between the North West Company and the Hudson's Bay Company. The massacre of five HBC men by natives at St. Johns in 1823, combined with a depletion of fur and food resources in the area, ended the Upper Peace River trade for four and one-half decades. Fort Dunvegan became the western outpost in the area for the Hudson's Bay Company.

In the 1860s and 1870s prospectors, fanning out from the Cariboo and Omineca diggings, scoured the Finlay and Parsnip, headwaters of the Peace, for gold, but no findings were sufficiently enticing to prompt a major rush to the area. In any event, had discoveries of gold triggered a rush to the Finlay and Parsnip the Peace River would not have permitted a sternwheeler invasion from the Pacific Coast. As said, the Peace River pierces the continental divide from the west to discharge its waters far from the Pacific Coast. The mighty waters of the Peace, flowing eastward, drain the southern part of the vast northeast corner of British Columbia. The huge body of water now backed up by the Peace River power development today masks the turbulent water, which formerly poured through a wild canyon gouged through the Rocky Mountains. A few miles east of the canyon, at Hudson's Hope, the velocity of the huge volume of water slackened sufficiently to permit navigation. Over 100 miles into Northwestern Alberta, the River takes a broad sweep north, then east again to describe a wide arc through the vast northern plateau of the prairie province. Throughout the centuries, the relentless erosive force of the mighty waters of the Peace scoured out a huge trough, so that the upper part of the navigable reaches of the river lie several hundred feet below the level of the surrounding plateau. More than five hundred miles downstream, in the far north of Alberta, the River approaches basaltic formations near Fort Vermilion. Here the scoured trough becomes decidedly more shallow and the River more swift, until several miles further east it tumbles over the Vermilion Chutes. Below the Chutes, the River flows on serenely north and east to its confluence with the Great Slave River.

The Peace River thus has two navigable stretches; both mind boggling in their length when compared to the typical reach of most of British Columbia's other navigable rivers. The upper navigable stretch extends almost 600 miles from Hudson's Hope, BC to Fort Vermilion, far to the north and east in Alberta. The lower stretch, below Vermilion Chutes, forms part of the vast Athabasca-Slave River system which begins at Athabasca Landing. About 90 miles north of Edmonton the river tumbles over a series of rapids on its way northeast to calmer water at Fort McMurray, then extends well over 1,000 miles in northeastern Alberta as it meanders its way north to drain into the Mackenzie River system. The navigable stretches are long, but the naviga-
tion seasons short in the vast subarctic plateau of Northern Alberta.

Steamboating around Peace River Crossing, a settlement on the Peace River almost midway between Hudson's Hope and Vermilion Chutes, was essentially a May-to-September operation. To avoid being crushed by the massive movement of ice during spring breakup, vessels had to be pulled out of the water over the winter, then the winter-dried wooden hulls made watertight each spring before being launched for the coming season. This annual start-up procedure, common to steamboating in all freshwater areas of Canada experiencing long and rigorous winters, added greatly to the cost.

During the 1860s and 1870s, when the sternwheeler was invading the navigable reaches of the Fraser, the Columbia, the Skeena and the Stikine river systems, the Peace River remained serene. First Nations people in the Peace had long-developed trails, which skirted the southern shore of Lesser Slave Lake south to the Edmonton area. Traditionally the Hudson's Bay Company during the short navigation season worked vessels propelled by large sweep oars, York boats, to ship goods to its forts located throughout the Athabasca, Slave, Peace, and Mackenzie river system and to bring out furs. Over the winter of 1882-1883, however, the Bay took a giant navigation stride by constructing at Fort Chipewyan, near the foot of Lake Athabasca, a small stout sternwheeler called the Grahame. In succeeding navigation seasons the Grahame, stuffed with cargo, steamed hundreds of miles up and down the Athabasca and Great Slave systems, including the 200-mile run up the Peace from its mouth to the foot of the Vermilion Chutes. Above the portage around the Chutes, York boats and canoes continued to move goods up the Peace as far as Hudson's Hope. To the eyes of the white man, the Upper Peace River area was gradually awakening again after decades of fur trade inactivity.

In the 1880s, the early years of settlement in what was then the Athabasca District of the Northwest Territories, the Grahame gave the Hudson's Bay Company a relatively free hand in setting transportation rates and conditions. By the 1890s, however, the black-robed missionaries of the Oblate Order of Mary Immaculate were encouraged by the doughty Catholic bishop, Emile Grouard, to establish a rival steamer service to afford themselves and some struggling settlers some defence against the HBC monopoly. The.G

brothers built a fleet of small primitive steamers, extending by 1903 to the waters of the Peace above the Vermilion Chutes. In that year the pint-sized sternwheeler St. Charles began to work the 526 mile stretch from Fort Vermilion to Hudson's Hope, carrying lumber and supplies for the Mission at Fort St. John in British Columbia, as well as goods for the Northwest Mounted Police. One trip per season usually sufficed for the 60-mile stretch between Fort St. John and Hudson's Hope, but on one such trip the St. Charles could match the efforts of a whole fleet of York boats. The brothers worked the St. Charles until 1910, selling her to other interests in the face of increasing competition on the river.

In 1905, government took steps to open the Peace River area to settlement. The prospect of expanded settlement plus the competition of the Grouard fleet spurred the Hudson's Bay Company to expand its fleet on the vast Athabasca-Great Slave system. In 1905, the Company carried out an act of faith by calling up shipbuilder Alexander Watson, Jr. from Victoria to superin-

Sources:
tend the construction of a 110-foot sternwheeler, the Peace River at Fort Vermilion. Pint-sized by comparison with vessels in the Skeena River fleet of the HBC, the Peace River nonetheless was stoutly constructed of spruce lumber and possessed top class interior fittings which included linen sheets for stateroom bunks, and linen table cloths and sterling silverware for the elegant little dining room. Freight and passengers destined for Fort St. John would now set out from Edmonton on the wagon road to Athabasca Landing. Freight would likely continue on by water down the rapids of the Athabasca River to Fort McMurray, then embark on the meandering Athabasca-Great Slave waterway, and would eventually end up at the foot of the Vermilion Chutes. A portage of some twenty miles would permit transfer of cargo to the main deck of the steamer Peace River. Passengers, however, electing a shorter route involving a series of wagon road portages and short steamboat hauls, would make their way up the Athabasca into the Lesser Slave Lake and Slave River system, thence into the Peace River area. At Peace River Crossing the traveller would thankfully abandon wagon road travel for the comforts of the steamer Peace River for a run of about 150 miles upstream to Fort St. John.

The little Peace River reigned supreme for a few years, but the pace of immigration to the rich plateau lands west of Lesser Slave Lake was ever quickening. Alberta, in company with its neighbouring Prairie provinces, was now in the grip of the mad pre-World War I frenzy of railway building which was to criss-cross the expansive lands of the prairies. Mackenzie & Mann built a railway between Edmonton and Athabasca Landing in 1911. In the following year McLennan's Edmonton, Dunvegan & British Columbia line began to finger its way north-west from Edmonton towards the south shore of Lesser Slave Lake and the Peace River Country beyond. Early in 1915 this line was completed to McLennan, less than 50 miles by wagon road south of Peace River Crossing. In 1916, the last wartime year in which railway building was carried on, the rail reached Peace River Crossing. The establishment of a railhead at Peace River Crossing, now dignified by the streamlined name of "Peace River," altered radically the steamboating situation on the Upper Peace River. The long steaming stretch down to Fort Vermilion, the portage down the Chutes and the even longer steaming stretch up to Fort McMurray was no longer involved. Steamboating on the Upper Peace during the navigation season was now a matter of making shorter, more frequent runs upstream from the railhead at Peace River to Hudson's Hope and downstream from Peace River to Fort Vermilion. It was the upstream run from Peace River which belongs in British Co-
lumbia’s steamboating annals.

On the freighting front steamboat competition really began to nibble at the Hudson’s Bay Company’s trade in 1912. The Peace River Trading & Land Co., one of a series of lofty promotions organized to develop the wealth of the Peace River country, launched the spunky little sternwheeler Grenfell at West Peace River. The Grenfell possessed few of the amenities of the Peace River but she proved a ruthless rival on the freighting front until, in September 1914, she grounded on a sandbar 15 miles above Fort St. John, caught fire, and burned to the waterline. In the winter of 1914–1915, the HBC, losing ground to the railways in other parts of the Athabasca–Great Slave system, retired the Peace River. The HBC winched its larger sternwheeler Athabasca River up over the ice-covered Vermilion Chutes. The steamer was built in 1912 for the Upper Athabasca trade between Mirror Landing and Grand Rapids. The Peace River maintained HBC standards of service on the Peace, but even in that area, she was shortly to be outclassed. In the meantime, in 1915, she had to fight competition on the freighting front from two screw–propelled diesel-powered vessels, the Peace River Boy and the Pine Pass. Potentially more irksome to the HBC was the action of J. K. Cornwall, a rival on the Athabasca River front, who organized the Peace River Navigation Company in 1915 and had the pint-sized 30-foot sternwheeler, the Northland Call, constructed at West Peace River. The Northland Call, however, proved to be a jinxed vessel, causing her owners a variety of griefs.

The really formidable rival to the HBC, David Alfred Thomas, Lord Rhondda, a Welsh coal millionaire, made his hand felt in 1916. Thomas was a man of sound vision, but his early death and the post–World War I recession frustrated his efforts. Thomas envisioned a railway from Prince Albert, SK through the heart of the Peace River Country and Pine Pass to the waters of the Pacific Ocean on Kitimat Arm. Such a railway would open up oil exploration in the Peace River and tap immense coal deposits in the Sukunka Valley. Thomas’s company, the Peace River Development Company Ltd., launched two vessels at West Peace River in 1916: the substantial 162-foot sternwheeler D.A. Thomas, which approached the Canadian Pacific Railway’s Okanagan and Kootenay District sternwheelers in class, and the 60-foot tunnel-screw–propelled motor vessel Lady Macworth, named after Thomas’s daughter Margaret, built on the lines of vessels beginning to work on the Stikine River. At the time of the building of the D.A. Thomas, the powerful engines and fittings of the retired Kootenay Lake sternwheeler Kaslo were seeking a market, but for some reason similarly powerful engines were ordered from Polson Iron Works of Toronto for
In 1930 the Hudson’s Bay Company made a decision to withdraw her from service. Two sternwheelers were so high, that HBC couldn’t handle by the BC Government. In the same year, under the command of Captain Myers, she failed to complete even one trip. On her way downstream from Hudson’s Hope her pilot put her on the rocks in mid-channel while Myers was asleep. Despite the strenuous efforts of the frantic crew to plug the gaping hole with a tarpaulin, Myers was unable to beach her in time and she sank in deep water only 50 feet from the shore. By the time she came to rest she was submerged up to her main deck. A cargo of cattle was forced to swim to shore although her passengers left in style in her lifeboats...."

1 Nigel Hannaford, in his article entitled “The D.A. Thomas” published in Canada West Magazine, Vol. 6, No. 2, Spring, 1976, provides the following graphic description of the vessel’s 1927 mishap: "...The following year, under the command of Captain Myers, she failed to complete even one trip. On her way downstream from Hudson’s Hope her pilot put her on the rocks in mid-channel while Myers was asleep. Despite the strenuous efforts of the frantic crew to plug the gaping hole with a tarpaulin, Myers was unable to beach her in time and she sank in deep water only 50 feet from the shore. By the time she came to rest she was submerged up to her main deck. A cargo of cattle was forced to swim to shore although her passengers left in style in her lifeboats...."
List of steam-powered sternwheelers and other vessels worked on the Peace River above Vermilion Chutes


D.A. THOMAS #138429 wood sternwheel 1916 Peace River, Alta. by George Askew for Peace River Development Co. Ltd. 161.9 x 37.0 x 6.3 1.11445 Gr. 798.10 Reg. Engines: 1915 Polson two hor. h.p. cyl. 18" x 84" 21.6 NHP 1921 sold to Alberta & Arctic Transportation Co. Ltd. Acquired 1924 by HBC. Foundered 1927 but raised. 1930 hauled successfully over Vermilion Rapids, but stranded and abandoned at the approach to Fort Fitzgerald.

GRENFELL #? wood sternwheel 1912 West Peace River by George Magar for Peace River Trading & Land Co. 139 Gr. 81 Reg. Engines: 2.7 NHP Destroyed by fire September 1914 15 miles above Fort St. John.

Hudson's Hope #138024 (ex Northland Call) wood sternwheel 1915 West Peace River for West Peace River Navigation Co.99.5 x 18.0 x 4. 192.04 Gr. 111 Reg. Engines: 3 NHP Engines, boiler and fittings from retired Athabaska River steamer Northland Call #134312. Sold 1919–1920 to Peace River Development Corporation, who substantially rebuilt and reengined her and renamed her Hudson's Hope.

PEACE RIVER #121777 wood sternwheel 1905 Fort Vermilion, Alta. by Alex Watson, Jr. for HBC 110.0 x 24.0 x 4.5. 282.02 Gr. 183.98 Reg. Engines: 1905 Marine Engine Works, Chicago two hor. h.p. cyl 10" x 48" 6.7 NHP Abandoned 1916 at Fort Vermilion.

PEACE RIVER BOY #134604 (motor vessel) wood screw tug 1915 Prudence Crossing, Alta. by and for Clifford Smith. 68.6 x 14.0 x 2.5. 16.49 Gr. 11.21 Reg. Engines: 1913 Brook Motor Works, Lowestoft, U.K. 6.6 N.H.P. Wrecked, 1917.

PINE PASS #134606 (motor vessel, ex Beaver) wood screw tug, 1915 Prudence Crossing by James Cooley for the Smoky & Peace River Boat Company Ltd. 74.0 x 15.1 x 2.5. 42.20 Gr. 29.70 Reg. Engines: one 4-cycle gas engine, 1914 Sterling Engines Works, Buffalo, N.Y. 6.05 N.H.P. Certificate issued in 1918. Destroyed by fire, Peace River, Alta., 1920.

ST. CHARLES #? wood sternwheel 1903 Dunvegan for Bishop Emile Grouard, Vicar Apostolic of Athabasca. 67 x 12 x __. 28.79 Gr. 19.5 Reg. Sold 1911 to Ford & Lawrence. Peace River Record, Apr 29, 1915: “Grounded on a bar in the river during freeze-up, was thrown high and dry on the bank when the ice went out and is undamaged." Dismantled 1916-17.

WATSON LAKE #175563 (motor vessel) steel(?) screw 1946 Edmonton 55 x 12 x 2.9 26. Gr. 21 Reg. Engines: 220 IHP

WEENUSK #138630 wood screw 1921 Vancouver for Hudson's Bay Company. 59.9 x 11.1 x 4.2 29 Gr. 18 Reg.
Three Tough Men:
Surviving the 1969 Balmer South Flood and Cave-in
by Michael Saad

Michael Saad was born in Michel and grew up in Sparwood. He teaches in Lethbridge, Alberta.

Interest in the history of the south-eastern British Columbia region is steadily increasing and forgotten stories about the trials and tribulations of the men who worked the underground coal mines of the Elk Valley are remembered, this time to be shared with an audience larger than the immediate families of the courageous miners involved. This piece presents one such story, perhaps one of the most dramatic in the 100 years of coal mining in the Elk River Valley.

The author would like to thank the following individuals whose assistance and generosity made this article possible:
Frank and Larry Kutcher, Joe Tuza, Harvey Travis, Patsy Chatterston (daughter of Don Evans), Ethel & Beagen Krall, John Kinnear, Arnold Webster, Arlene Gaal, and the staff at the British Columbia Department of Mines in Fernie, BC.

1 I have provided a far more detailed account of the causes and consequences of these particular disasters in my article “Mining Disasters and Rescue Operations at Michel Before World War II,” in The Forgotten Side of the Border: British Columbia’s Elk Valley and Crowsnest Pass, Plateau Press, 1998 Wayne Norton and Naomi Miller, eds.
2 ibid. An excellent explanation of the Balmer North explosion is presented in John Kinnear’s article “The Balmer Mine Disaster of 1967.”

Explosions caused by excessive build-ups of methane gas plagued the mines of the Michel-Natal region in the twentieth century. Three such disasters—in 1904, 1916, and 1938—were believed to be caused by pockets of gas that, once ignited, flared up suspended packages of coal dust which literally blew apart the interior of the Michel Colliery.1 The most devastating explosion to strike Michel-Natal’s mines was the Balmer North Explosion in 1967, which killed 15 miners and was believed to be caused by gas ignited by a spark from a rock fall.2 With coal mining constituting the economic backbone throughout their 70-year existence, the twin communities of Michel and Natal lost 147 men to mining accidents, many of them in small, isolated incidents. The common, unfortunate feature of these accidents is that they all ended sadly, with the death of one or more men, tragically cutting short the lives of fathers, sons, and husbands. Indeed, a “disaster” cannot be classified as such without the untimely loss of life. However, the last major underground mining disaster to afflict the Elk Valley’s mines was to end so extraordinarily that many old-timers of the area still hold back smiles when relating the story.

Only two years after the Balmer North catastrophe, the Michel-Natal mines were once again the scene of another traumatic accident, this time at Balmer South, approximately one kilometre across the narrow Michel Valley from the site of the 1967 explosion. Balmer South was newly owned by the California-based Kaiser Industries, which purchased the entire Michel mining operation from Crowsnest Industries in 1968.

For the day crew assigned to Balmer South on that Thursday, 19 June 1969, the morning began like any other. Led by veteran foreman John Krall, age 55 at the time, the ten-man crew was assigned to collect coal from a pillared working which sat diagonally underneath a 45-foot thick coal seam, the last workable seam that that section of the mine offered. Although the mine was notorious for being unusually wet from such causes as surface water seepage, underground streams, and moisture condensation there was no sign of danger as the men worked through an uneventful morning.3 Stationed approximately 1,700 feet beneath the mountain, seven of the miners were to drill 200 feet into the pillared working, creating a “room” held up only by the timber pillars. Gradually withdrawing from their “room,” the men were to drill and blast the coal in front and above them while carefully pulling out the pillars, a common practice to incite small cave-ins, after which time the miners would load the coal with a continuous miner machine. The other three men remained along the diesel rail-line leading out of the mine to load up the shuttle cars and haul them to the surface.

At about 11 o’clock the miners working at the seam prepared to blast the rooftop of their newly drilled room. The only mechanic of the crew, Frank Kutcher, 53, was assigned to replace a jack on the continuous miner, not far from where foreman Krall and his second, Donald Evans, were setting the charge. The blast was detonated at 11:30 and shook the mountain slightly. Taking the first lunch of the shift, Krall and Kutcher plopped into a slightly inclined tunnel around the corner from the seam—a spot chosen by the two men because it was the only section in the immediate area that was dry.4 The other five men—Evans, Joe Tuza, Steve Tkachuk, Jerry Heath, and Robert Dancoisne—began working with the continuous miner that had just been repaired by Kutcher.

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At approximately 12 o'clock, not long into their lunch, Krall and Kutcher felt the beginnings of what appeared to be a minor "bump"—a regular settling of the earth's crust, quite common in underground mines. However, as the five men at the seam began to feel the rumblings, they realized that this bump was far more severe than usual. As the rooftop above them shook violently, the five miners at the working face were hit with a sudden blast of coal dust. Then, without warning, a powerful gush of water and mud exploded downward through the face, catching all five men off guard.

Situated 54 feet above the working face where the five men were labouring was a mined-out gob, another pillared area that had been completely mined of its coal and closed off four years earlier. During that time, however, a large accumulation of water, believed to have formed from percolation and condensation, built up inside the gob, filling over three-quarters of it. The vibrations from the bump shook loose the gob floor and created a major opening for the water to pour through—directly onto the unfortunate men underneath.

Driving a string of coal cars back towards the surface, motorman Matt Sadlish was approaching Balmer South's entrance, when he suddenly felt a large, silent "gust of wind" hitting his back. He immediately knew that something was wrong. Hank Joinson and Mac Masluk, the final two men of the crew, were outside the mine at the time, and together with Sadlish, quickly summoned help. Rescue crews arrived on the scene within minutes, and saw the grim sight of water gushing out of the main entrance. Walking a few feet into the portal, the rescuers determined that a flood had occurred, and with it, a substantial cave-in.

Miner Joe Tuza, one of the five men at the face when the flood occurred, was working with the continuous miner when he saw the water hit. He instantly sprinted down the mineshaft and then, with a rush of water about to engulf him, made a quick detour into an inclining side shaft and waited until the water subsided. When it was at about ankle level, he managed to make his way out of the rubble as timbers and rocks behind him collapsed. Once at the surface, Tuza informed rescuers of the devastation inside the mine, and claimed that the washout occurred "all too fast" and that "all anybody had time to do was run."

More than ready to assist in the rescue effort any way possible, a frustrated Tuza was rebuffed by Kaiser officials.

As rescue crews began assessing the best way to enter the mine, the possibility that Tuza might be the only man to walk out of Balmer South seemed a very disheartening reality. Failing to penetrate the rubble along the main supply road where the seven miners were working, the crew chose to blast through the shaft adjacent to it. At approximately 1:30 p.m., rescuers found the body of 26-year-old Robert Dancoisne, along the mine floor. Two hours later the bodies of Steve Tkachuk, 55, and Jerry Heath, 28, were also recovered. The cause of death for all three men was announced as suffocation by drowning. By late evening, there was little hope of saving any of the seven remaining miners. Miner Joe Tuza, one of the five men at the face when the flood occurred, was working with the continuous miner when he saw the water hit. He instantly sprinted down the mineshaft and then, with a rush of water about to engulf him, made a quick detour into an inclining side shaft and waited until the water subsided. When it was at about ankle level, he managed to make his way out of the rubble as timbers and rocks behind him collapsed. Once at the surface, Tuza informed rescuers of the devastation inside the mine, and claimed that the washout occurred "all too fast" and that "all anybody had time to do was run."

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was still no sign of their three co-workers, as horrified families were forced to wait in anxiety. The three men were officially designated as “lost”, and as one day solemnly turned into two and then three, newspapers like the *The Lethbridge Herald* began reporting sombre and disheartening headlines like “Search Continues For Bodies of Missing Miners.”

When suddenly engulfed by over ten feet of moving water, not much else entered the mind of 54-year-old Donald Evans, than staying alive. When the water hit, Dancoisne leaped across the shaft to Evans’s side, and the two grabbed onto a coal wagon. Unable to see the fate of their fellow workers, Evans and Dancoisne were within three feet of one another when Dancoisne lost his grip and was instantly carried away. Helplessly pinned against the side of the wagon by the crushing weight of the water, Evans could only watch as Dancoisne was swept down an accessory shaft. Desperately trying to fight the cold, harsh gush, Evans gripped the edge of the wagon as hard as he could, but the water proved too much and it swung him down the main supply road. Forced to struggle for his life, Evans swam to the top, where there existed about one foot of air between the rooftop and certain death. His nose aching from all the water he had taken in, Evans managed to keep his head up by partially swimming, and by pulling himself along ceiling pipes normally used for compression drilling. He was carried nearly 300 feet by the current until he was swept into a jam of fallen timbers. Shouting out loud that he would not allow the jam to drag him under, Evans wrestled and clawed his way around the mess of broken wood, and eventually climbed onto the top of it. With the frigid water still biting at his back, Evans wedged a one-foot airspace between the roof and the top of the jam, and waited for the flow to subside.

Krall and Kutch were the two other men still unaccounted for. The water luckily could not climb the incline of the side tunnel where the two were eating their lunch. Unfortunately, the tunnel led to a dead end, leaving the men to face the torrent in front of them. As the water receded to about neck-level, Krall and Kutch headed out of their tunnel towards a higher spot in the mine. Fighting the icy flow, the two men made their way to yet another inclining shaft. As the water running down the supply road dwindled to about ankle level, the men walked down the main road, where they met a disorientated Donald Evans. The three men quickly tried to find a way out of the mine but, after attempting five different routes, were discouraged to discover each path blocked by washed out timbers or collapsed tunnels. They knew they were trapped.

Frightened, though they would not admit it to each other, the three miners realized it was up to them to survive, and their first task was to find a dry, secure living environment. When they searched for a way out, the three men remembered a 12-x-12-foot chamber, originally cut into the coal to hold a compressor. Fortunately, the compressor had been pulled out of the chamber, giving them a wet and narrow, but more importantly a sturdy, bungalow to set up what Krall would later call “our own little Hotel Windsor.” Using dirty pieces of plywood as mattresses and a leftover set of sack cloths as blankets, they set up beds along the inside walls of the chamber. To keep leaking water from the rooftop from dripping directly onto them, the three men held a scrap piece of long, pliable sheet-iron over their heads. Miraculously, all three men, though losing their lunches and hard hats, retained their safety lamps which, even after being submerged, still functioned properly. However, to conserve energy, the men used only Krall’s safety lamp, nor-
mally used by foremen to test for gas, and kept it on its lowest setting.

By working together, Evans, Krall, and Kutcher not only kept themselves alive, but they maintained each other's sanity as well. Familiar with one another only as colleagues on the job, the three rugged men developed closeness as they waited to be rescued. Krall and Evans had drunk together before in Michel—Natal, but had never been to each other's houses. Kutcher was from Coleman, Alberta, and commuted 35 kilometres each day to work in Michel; therefore, he knew very little about his crew mates. In the first day of their captivity, the men recovered from their shock and could only make small talk. However, they soon opened up to one another, and chatted about their pasts, the women in their lives, their families, and their hopes of being rescued. With their clothes and underpants still thoroughly soaked from the water, Kutcher and Evans even agreed to huddle together to keep themselves warm while Krall, the only bachelor of the group, stubbornly refused.

On the second day of captivity, the water level in the mine fully receded as the gob emptied. Krall, Evans, and Kutcher occasionally wandered around, trying to assist rescue workers by banging on the railway tracks and ceiling pipes that led to the main entrance. None of the men could sleep very much, only getting an hour or two at best. To kill time the three men scrounged about the desolate shafts, looking for anything that would help them to combat the cold and the dampness. Kutcher found plastic sheeting, which the three men layered over their wet plywood beds. During their resting periods, Kutcher and Evans huddled together uncomfortably and warned each other whenever one had to shift a leg or an arm, much to Krall's amusement.

As the hours grew longer, the men, who remained cold and wet throughout their ordeal, would sporadically see imaginary lights flashing before their eyes, a common symptom of shock, hunger, and insomnia. All three men had doubts about their survival, but refused to say them aloud. When they spoke, the three continued to express faith in their comrades on the surface, and reaffirmed to one another that they were going to be rescued. Though the conspicuous lack of sound from the outside world suggested that the rescuers were well off the mark, the three men continued to tap on the tracks, the pipes, and even the rock around them in the hope that the outside crews would know that they were still alive.

While Evans, Krall, and Kutcher were busy trying to adapt to their "little Hotel Windsor," rescue teams continued to work around the clock, refusing to quit until the three men were found, dead or alive. The crews were indeed frustrated about their misfortune and lack of progress. The rescue effort was even suspended for a short period of time when two workers were injured when caught between a tunnel wall and a continuous miner. However, the efforts of Krall, Evans, and Kutcher to attract the attention of the rescuers finally paid off. At 5:15 A.M. Sunday morning, draggerman Henry Eberts heard a faint tapping sound coming from an unknown distance within the mountain. As a result, rescuers for the next fifteen hours maintained a rigorous pace of drilling, blasting, and removing rock with the hopes of finding at least one of the missing miners alive. Several of the crewmen worked hours after their shift ended, determined to get at whoever was making the tapping noise at the other end of the rock.

Working at a feverish pace, the crews blasted through nearly 70 feet of solid rock, normally 2 1/2 days work, in 15 hours. Following the detonation of the final six feet of coal, mine manager Irv Morgan crawled through a four-foot square

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13 See note 12.  
14 See note 12.  
15 See note 12.  
16 See note 12.
Right: from left to right: John "Tolsin" Krall, Frank Kutcher, and Donald Evans meet the media outside Michel Hospital one day after being rescued.


opening in the rubble and was elated to find the three men alive and leaning against the far wall to avoid being hit by debris from the final blast.

Suffering from sleep deprivation and mild shock, but amidst cheers and praises from the audience outside the mine entrance, the three men were in good spirits as they emerged from their three-day prison. Leaving the mine, Kutcher asked his two partners "wouldn't a beer taste good?" to which Krall replied, "if you're going to the Kootenay, get me one." The men were taken to Michel Hospital for observation and to get cleaned up. Krall, in appropriate style for a rugged coal miner, refused to be washed by the nurses and demanded to be taken to the washhouse, where he showered alone.

After a hectic week of press conferences and interviews, the three men moved on with their lives, finding different ways to put the harrowing incident behind them. John Krall suffered from recurring nightmares of the ordeal, and though he did leave the mine for a short period of time, returned as a fire boss less than a year later. When he finally retired in 1977, he was the longest serving underground coal miner of the Michel Mines. He died in 1980 after a brief respiratory illness. Donald Evans would also return underground but refused to admit that the ordeal changed him in any way; unfortunately, one year later he was seriously injured when a lump of coal fell on his back, breaking several vertebrae. Unable to walk or lift, Evans had to go on Workers' Compensation and was eventually forced to retire. He passed away in 1990, after a valiant battle with cancer. Kutcher, at the insistence of his wife and children, never returned to the underground mine.

He later found employment working as a popular custodian for the Crowsnest School Division in the 1970s and 1980s, and has since retired, living peacefully at the Crowsnest Pass.

"They are three tough men," said an amazed Irv Morgan, describing the courage of Krall, Evans, and Kutcher. In August 1969, the section where the three men had been trapped was sealed off permanently by Kaiser executives, who subsequently announced that no more coal would be mined in its Balmer mines using conventional mining methods. Instead, a much safer hydraulic system was to be put in place in both mines by the early 1970s. In light of the two Balmer disasters of the late 1960s, the procedures of underground mining changed forever in the Michel mines. Balmer South was finally forced to close due to fire in 1985, and its boarded entranceway remains an ominous reminder of the other "three tough men," Dancoisne, Tkachuk, and Heath, who sacrificed their lives in the pursuit of coal in the Elk Valley.
Strait of Anian: In Search of the Northwest Passage in British Columbia
by Paul G. Chamberlain

A glance at a map of the coastline of British Columbia today yields the names of a plethora of English, Spanish, and French explorers, but the name of the mythical Strait of Anian is conspicuously absent.\(^1\) An important reminder of this geographical legacy, however, is captured on a stone monument overlooking the Strait of Juan de Fuca in Walbran Park in Victoria. The plaque tells us that the first maritime explorers to visit British Columbia came for a variety of reasons. Among them were the lure of commerce and the desire for territorial expansion, but of perhaps greater importance to some nations was the prospect of finding an entrance to the long-sought-after Northwest Passage.

The search for this mythical strait, linking Europe with the Orient, had fired the imagination of European explorers since the end of the Middle Ages, and by the eighteenth century mounting evidence suggested that a western entrance to this elusive passage might exist along the coastline of what is now the Province of British Columbia. Motivated primarily by scientific curiosity, national pride, and a hunger for adventure, Britain, Spain, and France converged on the Pacific Northwest to investigate this possibility. Speculative geographers encouraged these voyages by concocting all kinds of reasons why such a passage should exist.\(^2\) Indeed, the belief in the existence of the Strait of Anian was so deeply rooted in some scientific circles that it had been elevated to the status of a Law of Nature, and the colourful accounts of several legendary voyages provided some tantalizing empirical evidence to support such an hypothesis.

The first report was by a Spanish explorer named Lorenzo Ferrer Maldonado, who claimed to have discovered the entrance to this passage on a voyage up the West Coast in 1588. The second account was that of an English merchant in Venice, named Michael Lok, who was informed by a Greek pilot, Apostolos Valeriano, also known as Juan de Fuca, that he had actually sailed through this legendary strait, between a latitude of 47 and 48 degrees North, while in the service of Spain in 1592. By far the most colourful account, however, was the supposed voyage of a Spanish Admiral of New Spain and Peru named Bartholomew de Fonte, which first appeared in a letter in an obscure English magazine in 1707 entitled *The Monthly Miscellany or Memoirs for the Curious*. According to this letter, de Fonte left Callao, Peru, in 1640, and sailed up the coast of North America, entering a passage at a latitude of 53 degrees North, which led into a series of lakes that took him so far to the east that he eventually encountered a Boston merchantman. Fonte implied that he had actually sailed through the Northwest Passage.\(^3\) To further compound international intrigue, cartographers persisted in depicting their own versions of this mythical strait with an imagination that only served to intensify the speculation of those nations vying to locate it first.\(^4\)

The British were anxious to verify these accounts. In 1745 the House of Commons offered a reward of twenty thousand pounds to anyone who could find the fabled strait, and a decision by the Northwest Committee of Parliament to extend this offer to the Royal Navy met with an immediate response. The Admiralty chose James Cook, a veteran of two highly successful circumnavigations of the globe. Focusing his search exclusively in the Pacific Northwest, his instructions were:

...to proceed northward along the coast as far as the latitude of 65 degrees North... [and] very carefully to search for and to explore such rivers or inlets as may appear to be of a considerable extent and pointing towards Hudson's Bay or Baffin's Bay.\(^5\)

Cook made his landfall at Nootka on the West Coast of Vancouver Island in the spring of 1778. After refurbishing his ships, replenishing necessary victuals, and bartering for furs, he continued his voyage northwards towards the Arctic Ocean. Cook carefully observed the coastline, but became increasingly sceptical about finding an entrance to the mythical strait. He shrewdly concluded that any passage that did exist would certainly be much farther north than previously anticipated. Despite this temporary setback, how-

\(^1\) The first reference to "Anian" is found in *The Travels of Marco Polo*, where Anian is identified as a province of China, possibly "Anan." See Book III, Chapter V. An unnamed arctic strait appears on a globe of Gemma Phrysius in 1537, as *Fretum articum sive Fretum trian trium*. The globe is purported to be based on the travels of Marco Polo, the voyage of Gaspar Cortereal, the Cantino Chart, and some Spanish and Portuguese sources. The Strait of Anian is named, specifically, on a map by Mercator in 1569. By this time the term was in common usage in Europe. See E.G.R. Taylor, *Tudor Geography 1485-1583* (London: Methuen & Co. Ltd., 1930), pp. 80-1 and pp. 274-5.

\(^2\) Evidence of a passage had long been suspected because of the high tidal range in Hudson Bay, indicating there might be a navigable river to the west. Barrington was convinced that an ice-free strait ex-
Above: A tracing of Thomas Jeffery's map of 1768 imaginatively depicting the Strait of Juan de Fuca as the western entrance to the Northwest Passage.

seen by Juan de Fuca, only compounded international intrigue further. Explorers were convinced that this strait, later named the Strait of Juan de Fuca, was the entrance to the long-sought-after passage, a part of the coast ironically passed by unnoticed during Cook's earlier voyage in 1778.

Spain had been increasingly concerned about the growing frequency of traffic in the Pacific Northwest since the voyage of Juan Perez in 1774. In the spring of 1789, her worst fears were confirmed when Esteban Martinez was dispatched from Mexico to Nootka, and discovered the presence of three foreign ships in the area. The signing of the Nootka Convention the following year temporarily ameliorated these difficulties. In the spring of that year Manuel Quimper visited Nootka, penetrating the Strait of Juan de Fuca as far as the present-day site of Victoria. A year later Francisco de Eliza returned to this strait, extending Spanish exploration north into what is today the Strait of Georgia, still optimistic about finding the elusive passage. This optimism was given a further boost in 1791 when the legendary account of Maldonado's purported voyage of 1588 came to the attention of Spain. Alejandro Malaspina was immediately diverted from surveying the coast of South America to conduct a more detailed investigation, but still no passage was found. Nevertheless, Malaspina recommended that further explorations be conducted, and he dispatched two more vessels to continue with this search under the command of Alcalá Galiano and Cayetano Valdés. By this time, however, the Spanish were seriously beginning to doubt the veracity of these legendary voyages; Jacinto Caamaño cynically noted in his journal that such accounts:

...seem to have no other foundation than the madness or ignorance of some one devoid of all knowledge of either navigation or geography....

The apogee of Spanish involvement in the Pacific Northwest was reached in 1792 with the arrival of Juan Francisco de la Bodega y Quadra, who was instructed to settle some outstanding issues of sovereignty with the British at Nootka. This having been done, the Spanish soon departed the Pacific Northwest permanently.

Unaware of the extent of Spanish exploration, due to the inherent secrecy of Spanish naval activity, Britain was still hopeful of the possibility of finding the entrance to the fabled Strait of Anian. In 1792 Captain George Vancouver un-
...Anyone entering to survey these channels will be surprised, and perhaps will think he has found the desired communication with the other sea...but all his hopes will fade, where...he will find on turning a bend that the mountains have closed up on both sides...."

Vancouver returned to England in 1795, after one of the longest voyages in maritime history. His scepticism over the existence of the mythical strait had, like that of his predecessor, James Cook, been well founded, and speculation among European explorers over the existence of a practical sea route linking Europe with the Orient was silenced forever.

Vancouver was instructed to conduct a definitive search for the entrance to the Northwest Passage, paying particular attention to the Strait of Juan de Fuca and Cook Inlet. There were still some reasons for optimism. Vancouver was already aware of the rumour that Barkley had actually found the entrance to the long-sought-after passage after he entered the Strait of Juan de Fuca in 1787; even more startling was the news about an American fur trader named Robert Gray, who had also entered these waters in 1789 in his sloop Washington. Commander John Meares, R.N. (Retired), anxious to solicit British help over a claim of damages inflicted on his ships by the Spanish at Nootka, circulated reports that Gray had actually sailed through the legendary passage into an immense inland sea. This information proved to be false. Vancouver accidentally met Gray in 1792, and the latter vehemently denied Meares' allegations. Despite being disappointed, Vancouver began a systematic exploration of the adjacent waters, including Puget Sound, the Strait of Georgia, and Vancouver Island, but the British soon experienced the pessimism of the Spanish explorers who had preceded them:

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EXPLOSION OF THE STRAIT OF JUAN DE FUCA —Charles Barkley in 1787 discovered the entrance to a strait which he identified with the legendary transcontinental passage of Juan de Fuca. Within two years the British (Meares), Americans (Gray), and Spaniards (Martinez), had all entered the strait, and in 1790 Manuel Quimper explored it to this point. He was followed in 1791 by another Spaniard, Francisco Eliza, who reached the Strait of Georgia, and the next year exploration of these waters was completed by George Vancouver, who discovered Puget Sound, then circumnavigated the island, closely followed by the Spaniards, Galiano and Valdez. —Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada. Government of Canada—1925

A few meters along the trail is another, larger bronze plaque telling the story of early exploration in more detail. The view from Walbran Park of the islands and the channels is reportedly fantastic and for our agile readers well worth the effort. Mr. Roberts is recovering nicely.
The Road to Tofino
by Walter Guppy

Walter Guppy of Tofino is the author of Clayoquot Soundings, the only comprehensive history of the Clayoquot Sound area, and two previous books: Westcoast Ventures, a history of mining on Vancouver Island, and Wilderness Wandering on Vancouver Island, which covers some of his own experiences with prospecting and cross-country treks.

EARLY in the morning of 22 August 1959, every driveable motor vehicle of the village of Tofino—perhaps about a dozen in all—was driven to the junction of the road to the neighbouring village of Ucluelet and the new road branching off to Port Alberni and the outside world. There the cars joined a cavalcade consisting of just about every other driveable vehicle in this section of the West Coast of Vancouver Island to be escorted by logging company vehicles out over the newly constructed road to Port Alberni.

There were a total of 74 vehicles filled with eager passengers in the convoy. It was a gala event. Many of these people had waited all their lives to see a road constructed to the outside world and some were descendants of homesteaders who had settled on the stretch of coastal plain between Tofino Inlet and Long Beach and on the peninsula at the southern entrance to Clayoquot Sound where the village of Tofino is now situated.

To start with there was no village of Tofino and there were no roads. All transportation was by water and the main centre of trade and commerce for Clayoquot Sound was the trading post of Clayoquot on nearby Stubbs Island. Wrigley’s British Columbia Directory for 1898 lists the population of Clayoquot as 60 people, consisting of 52 adult white males with 8 wives and daughters. Few of these, however, actually lived at Clayoquot; they just came there from their scattered homesteads to pick up their mail and supplies. Unless they obtained transportation on the steamer owned and operated by the management of the trading post, which also had a salmon cannery up the inlet, they came in boats powered by oars and sail. There was also a hotel at Clayoquot which was the only social centre for the area, and the only tourist accommodation in a later period.

Cayoquot was a busy place around the turn of the century. Sealing schooners came there for supplies and to pick up Native hunters from the nearby villages of Opitsaht and Ahousaht. There was a budding mining boom as well which is illustrated by the diary kept by Mrs. C.A. Rolston, the wife of a doctor who came up to Clayoquot on the steamer Willapa in 1898. It reads as follows:

There is plenty on all sides. By and by no doubt there will be men and means to make this a Western port of great importance. It seems strange that so little is known of this part of the Island, a part that can easily be reached for many miles beyond this. No doubt this ignorance will not last long. Every day brings fresh miners and prospectors who with feverish desire to get gold and other precious metals will push their way through mountains of difficulty, and the country soon will be opened up. However, this euphoria faded. The mining boom petered out and, although there was some seasonal fishing activity, the difficulties involved in eking out an existence by growing produce and raising livestock on isolated homesteads without markets being available became more evident as time went on. The homesteaders had anticipated that a road being constructed as far as Alberni would be continued right out to this outer coast. There was even talk of a railway. But the years went by and there was still no indication that this hoped-for link with the outside world would materialize.

In 1906 there was a development which raised
high expectations. An American company which had purchased the timber holdings of the Sutton Lumber and Trading Company of Ucluelet started construction of a large sawmill at Mosquito Harbour on Meares Island in Clayoquot Sound. This was to be an operation that would employ a large workforce and might even have made Mrs. Rolston's expectations of "a western port of great importance" become a reality. However, after getting into production and shipping 4 ½ million board feet of lumber and shingles around Cape Horn to New York—there was no Panama Canal then—the operation was deemed to be uneconomical and was abandoned.

Water transportation, however, improved considerably as time went by. Locally power boats started to come into use and, in 1912, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company took over the coastal steamship service and replaced the small freighters, such as the already mentioned Willapa, and its successor, the Queen City, with the Princess Maquinna, a much larger vessel, built especially for the West Coast Vancouver Island service. This ship had day accommodation for 400 passengers and sleeping berths for 100 as well as dining facilities comparable with a first class restaurant, and a spacious recreational lounge.

The townsite of Tofino was surveyed in 1912 and, when the First World War broke out two years later, most of the remote homesteads were abandoned in favour of acquiring building sites in this centralized community. Before long, there were a general store near at hand, a government telephone and telegraph service, a community hall, a church, and a school, all within easy walking distance over a track through the bush. The outbreak of war was the catalyst that caused the homesteaders to face reality: to realize that the hope of a road connection to the outside world was a futile dream and to give up maintaining the isolated homesteads in the face of a lack of markets for local produce and a continuous struggle against the elements. Some of the young men left for the war and some people left the area to seek less arduous living conditions elsewhere.

Most of the remaining people were Norwegians who adapted well to conditions in this isolated outpost, as being not much different to what they had been used to in their mother country. The Japanese fishermen, who with their families became established here during the 1920s, were also content to make their living from the sea using their own boats for travel and communication to and from other points. However, the sons and daughters of the pioneers, perhaps some of the wives, and many of the newcomers who had arrived since the war, desired better access to the outside world, and agitation for the road was revived. A local Board of Trade (later Chamber of Commerce) was organized to make representations to the two senior levels of government and, in 1926, Tofino was officially designated as the Pacific Terminus of the Trans Canada Highway. Of course, at the time, there was little prospect of a highway to the Pacific Coast actually being built.

The 1920s were a time of expansion and prosperity for the fishing industry on the Coast. Tourism also flourished in this period and, although there was not much in the way of tourist facilities at up-coast points, the Princess Maquinna on its bi-monthly trips was popular with vacationers from Victoria and Lower Mainland points. To cater to this trade, the CPR had a second ship built for this West Coast service, more commodious than the Princess Maquinna. The Princess Norah was similar to the Princess Maquinna in hull dimensions—about 75 metres long with a beam in proportion—but with more superstructure and pas-
transportation on the upper West Coast of Vancouver Island and was an indication of the prosperity of that period. With two vessels having the semblance of floating hotels alternately making trips up and down the coast every ten days—one would be calling at Tofino, either going up-coast or returning every two or three days—the lack of a road was not of such great concern.

During the Depression period following the economic collapse of 1929, canneries and pilchard processing plants along the coast closed, tourism declined and the Princess Norah was diverted to service elsewhere. The people of Tofino reverted to dependence on the monthly trips of the Princess Maquinna.

At the same time, however, an overland link to the outside world was gradually developing. There were annual allocations of government funds for road work as a means of alleviating local hardship and a road construction camp was established at Long Beach to provide employment for refugees from the breadlines and soup kitchens of the cities. A serviceable gravel track was constructed linking Ucluelet with Long Beach. The beach could be used as a somewhat precarious roadway, and a muddy track was hacked and blasted through the rain forest to Tofino.

At the Tofino end, the track leading up from the government wharf through the cluster of buildings that comprised the village had also evolved into the semblance of a road. Two or three Model-T Fords or vehicles of similar vintage had at various times been transported to Tofino on the deck of the Princess Maquinna and were able to negotiate this track over a distance of a mile or two. A plank sidewalk facilitated the use of wheelbarrows and allowed pedestrians to avoid the ruts and mudholes.

Between 1936 and the outbreak of World War II in 1939, a gold-mining boom developed further up the coast at Zeballos. This activity spread to other points, such as Bedwell River and other sections of Clayoquot Sound, creating considerable employment and stimulating local business opportunities. For a time, this mining activity was also of benefit to the coastal steamship service, and resulted also in the extensive use of aircraft for transportation to points along the coast. The subsequent National Defence activity and the further development of overland road routes ultimately put an end to steamship transportation on the coast.

In the post-war period, there was a fresh influx of newcomers to Tofino and Ucluelet and some of the war-time establishment remained so that there was renewed agitation for "the road." The local Chamber of Commerce was revived, a joint road committee formed with the Ucluelet Chamber, and a concerted effort made to get this overland link with the outside world completed.

When the Trans Canada Highway was finally constructed to the Pacific Coast, hopes that Tofino would be made the terminus were dashed when Victoria was chosen instead. The provincial government surveyed the route through the mountains from Alberni and concluded that the cost would not be justified to serve two small communities. Tofino and Ucluelet might still be dependent on air and water transportation had it not been for the demand for the timber resources of the surrounding area. Two major companies and a number of small operators wanted this timber and the people of the coastal communities wanted the road. The outcome was that the government negotiated an agreement with the logging companies whereby they would construct sections of the road in exchange for timber and this resulted in the road being pushed through as a limited access road in 1959 giving rise to the celebrations on that August day in 1959 and the cavalcade of cars heading for Port Alberni. The road was completed as a public highway by 1964.

However, there is a downside to everything. Completion of the overland transportation link made the coastal steamship service uneconomical and, when the old Princess Maquinna's boilers gave out, she was taken out of service and not replaced. The influx of newcomers also changed the sociological make-up of the communities. It was great to be able to drive, or take the bus to town at any time, but fewer were the social events where everyone knew everyone else, and gone was the anticipation of what the next trip of the steamer would bring, as well as the gatherings on the wharf to greet its arrival. "
Bowen Island’s Howe Sound Hotel
by Robert J. Cathro

The Howe Sound Hotel, which operated from 1901 to 1908, was the first hotel on Bowen Island and only the second built on Howe Sound. The first was built at Squamish about 1892 and was operated in connection with a post office and general store by William Mashiter. The first pre-emption on Bowen occurred in 1874 but settlement proceeded very slowly on the island. In 1900 the population, most of whom lived near Snug Cove, was probably between 80 and 100, including children.

The register from the Howe Sound Hotel, one of the oldest records in existence from the early commercial life on the island, is preserved at the City of Vancouver Archives (CVA). This hotel register was acquired by the CVA in 1941 through the initiative of Major J. S. Matthews, the archivist, who was a friend of several men who owned summer homes near the former hotel. A note attached to the register by the major states that Captain W.J. Twiss, who owned the former hotel property, was the donor. Twiss was a former Vancouver alderman (1933-34) who, according to Matthews, was largely responsible for the establishment of the archives. Another note inserted in the register in 1990 states that the donor was not Twiss, but rather his neighbour W. Howard Wilson, who found it inside the old hotel when he purchased it in 1931.

The Howe Sound Hotel, built by Arthur Newland was located at Hood Point, at the north-east end of the island. Hood Point was an odd location for a pioneer hotel because it was only accessible by boat from the other settlements on Bowen and population centers such as Vancouver, Squamish and Gibson’s Landing, or the Britannia Mine and the numerous logging camps. The hotel was situated on a prime waterfront site leased from James C. Keith, a pioneer Vancouver banker and land developer. The Keith family purchased the 355 acre property in 1891 from the original owners, the Simpson brothers, who had built a small cabin and put in a vegetable garden. Newland leased the Keith property from 1895 until about 1910, when he ran into financial difficulties.

The hotel was built of sawn lumber barged over from Vancouver, according to William Grafton, a member of a pioneer Bowen family. It was a two-story house painted black with a white trim. It sat in the middle of a three or four acre clearing and there was a boat shed on the beach by the wharf. A small bar and a dining room were run by Newland and his wife, with a handyman to do the chores.

Arthur Newland was born in England on 8 May 1855 and arrived in British Columbia just before the turn of the century. He had bought or leased the Central Hotel at 42-44 West Cordova Street in Vancouver. After he left Bowen Island, Newland managed the Australasian Club in 1908. In 1910 he was a partner in the real estate and timber brokerage firm of Croot, Newland & Stewart. When he died in Vancouver on 15 April 1927, his death certificate gave his occupation as a fishery officer.

The formal opening of the Howe Sound Hotel was held on 8 July 1901, when a number of well-known citizens accompanied James Keith and Captain John A. Cates on the steamer Defiance, with stops at the cannery near Point Atkinson lighthouse and Mr. Caulfeild’s summer resort on the shore of West Vancouver. Among those on board were City Clerk McGuigan and Alderman Foreman.
The register for the Howe Sound Hotel kept by the City of Vancouver Archives was a register from the Central Hotel in which Newland’s name was spelled Newlands. According to the register Keith visited nine times. His last entry is on 13 September 1908. Many of those who visited the hotel were yachtsmen from the city and loggers headed for the camps in small boats, who stopped in only for a meal and a drink or to use the outhouse. Although some of those who signed the register stayed in the hotel, many anchored and slept on their boats.  

While searching the register for the names of island pioneers, the writer noticed that one of the signatures, dated 6 September 1904, belonged to the governor-general of Canada, Lord Minto. The register was signed by Lord Minto on his farewell visit to British Columbia. It is the only known viceregal visit to Bowen Island. The stop on Bowen has not been previously documented in either island history or contemporary newspaper accounts. His Excellency’s trip to Howe Sound, while enroute from Victoria to Vancouver, was made on the Royal Navy’s HMS Grafton. 

Major Matthews didn’t notice Lord Minto’s signature, which was almost obliterated by later entries, but he did recognize several names in the register, including those of Premier W.J. Bowser, Vancouver Treasurer H.J. Painter, Vancouver Alderman George Buscombe, and City Assessor A.T. Dalton.  

Dalton, George Martin and Atwell D. King were dropped off at the hotel on 10 June 1903 by Captain Cates. The next day, a hotel worker rowed them across Howe Sound so they could make the first ascent of the western peak of the Lions. Several of the guests had an island connection, such as Norah Mannion, the daughter of Bowen Island pioneer Joseph Mannion, who signed the register in September 1902. 

Benjamin T. Rogers, the founder of British Columbia Sugar Refinery Ltd., was certainly the best customer. He signed the register 21 times, starting on 30 August 1901, accompanied on that occasion by his wife, Mary Isabella (Bella), her relative A.N. Angus, and Osborne Plunkett. They were travelling on the 64-foot family yacht Mou Ping, an 8-horsepower steam launch of 33 gross tons (22 net) built in Hong Kong in May 1899. Ben, as his wife called him, was a frequent visitor to the Orient to purchase raw sugar for the refinery and often used these short cruises up Howe Sound to entertain visiting business associates. 

Bella Rogers was prone to seasickness and didn’t go on many of these trips. According to her, Ben gradually adopted a costume of “full yachting rig” over the years and she began to refer to him as “the Commodore” after he was elected to that position at the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club. Seven years after his death in June 1918, Bella purchased a large property at Point Cowan on the south shore of Bowen Island and named it “Fairweather Bay” after her mother’s maiden name. The Rogers name is still quite prominent on Bowen today. 

Osborne “Plunk” Plunkett accompanied Ben Rogers on at least seven of the visits to the hotel...
on the Mou Ping. The two men were business associates as well as close friends. Described as six and a half feet tall, "Plunk" was a promising lawyer from Nova Scotia. He died suddenly from pneumonia on 23 November 1910, at the age of 39. He was president of the Vancouver Conservative Club and had just returned from Nelson, where he had been elected second vice-president of the Conservative Association of British Columbia. His wife, Harriett Amelia Beatrice, was the daughter of Harry B. Abbott, retired general superintendent of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and one of the leaders of the Vancouver establishment. The railway was a strong supporter of the federal Conservative Party and several CPR directors were large financial backers of B.C. Sugar.

In 1910, when Newland was forced to abandon the hotel, the property reverted to the Keith family. Their daughter, Mary Isabella, recalled that "somehow the land came back into father’s hands and then we used it as a summer house and called it 'Inver craig,' between the rocks." The Keiths started to build retaining walls and lay out tennis courts and a golf course but this work ended after James died in 1914. In 1924, his widow Anne sold the property to Captain Cates, the retired head of Terminal Steamships. Captain Cates sold it in 1927 to Hood Point Estates, which subdivided it a few years later. It is ironic that the fine bay on which the hotel was built is named after Cates, even though he made such a small contribution to the local history.

The Howe Sound Hotel was, in modern terminology, a destination resort which anticipated the tourist potential that would be developed years later at Snug Cove by the Union Steamship Company. Unfortunately for Arthur Newland his hotel was far ahead of its time. Today, what remains of the old hotel is hidden inside a modern home in an upscale waterfront neighborhood.

The author wishes to acknowledge the help and encouragement of the Bowen Island Historians and their archives. Special thanks are due to the City of Vancouver Archives and the Special Collections Division of the Vancouver Public Library.

Notes continued.

Herald, 18 August 1942. Twiss sold the cabin to R. E. Standfield, manager of the Hudson’s Bay Company store in Vancouver, in 1942. Vancouver Sun, 17 July 1950. Howard, 1973, ibid., p.169. After 1908 the hotel appears to have been looked after by a watchman. In 1910 that position was held by Frank M. Brown, according to Henderson’s British Columbia Gazetteer & Directory (1910). Howard stated that John Lister was the watchman in 1911.

CVA, Major Matthews Collection, Memo of conversation with William A. Grafton, City Hall Employee, 15 September 1942.

19 Death Certificate.

20 Kluckner, 1987, ibid., p.56. The register was signed by several other men who were involved in mineral claim staking and development on the island and were also important Vancouver pioneers, such as Benjamin Springer, Lewis G. McPhillips, Percy Evans, R.H.H. Alexander, Dr. Alfred Poole, and surveyor W.A. Bauer, as well as pioneer island prospector and miner J.J. Moore.

21 The Daily Province, 24 November 1910.

22 Vancouver Votes, 1886, British Columbia Genealogical Society, Vancouver, 1944, 399.


Nelly Tilt’s Journey to New Westminster

I shall not forget the 5th of July [1907] very soon. We had been up nearly all night, merry making and getting ready for a long journey to Vancouver. The train left New St. [Birmingham] station at 9:20 and we managed to get a comfortable seat, for all it was so crowded. There was only one thing that upset me. My mother got her foot hurt with one of the trolleys. It was a hard fight to keep up before our friends, but one comfort, Mother came to Liverpool to see us off, and she stayed in Liverpool until the steamer started. When we were some distance out I came on deck again, to have another glance at dear mother. It was some time before I could see where she was. I waved my handkerchief to her but I do not know if she could see me. May God be with her till we meet again.

When I went below deck every one [was] ready for tea. I was glad when it was over, and I put the little ones in bed. Then I went to try and find my baggage. I went all round, lot's of times, and sorted the baggage over. Miné was nowhere to be seen. I began to think it had gone. One or two of the steward's had been looking for it too, but could not find it. It was 9:30 before it was found at the foreigner's end of the ship.

Then, I retired. It was not long before I went to sleep, but oh, what an awakening! Seasickness had begun. The poor children were the same. Sometimes we were all at it together. There were very few [that] made an appearance at the table that day 6th. I felt so sorry for the steward who had to come with the mop and bucket. He was not used to the job. He was an electrical engineer, by trade from Liverpool. His trade was short, so he thought he would do a trip to Canada and back. He was suffering with seasickness, yet had to look after others. Such is life.

7th Sunday, although it was hard to believe it. I struggled to the table, with the children at dinnertime, but neither of us could eat, we had to come away. Then I took them on deck. It was dreadfully cold, and I had to come down and get some more wraps. We found a seat, and there we stayed, until tea. After tea, I brought them on deck again, then Mr. Timms came and found us. His little boy had been very poorly, and this was the first time that I had seen them since he helped look for my baggage. He did not stay long. He and I soon went and put the children to bed.

[8?] We had all got used to the ship by Monday, except Harry, and he was still on the sick list. Although it was cold, the weather was fine and we were going at such a rate. If we had been able to keep that speed up it would have been a record voyage. The young men and girls seemed to enjoy themselves. There was plenty of singing in the music room and skipping on deck, and all kinds of games. At night, danc-
ing and flirting. The children who were big enough could swing and spend a fortune on sweets and oranges. The only ones, who did not have much pleasure, were those with little mites, who had their work set out for them.

9th Tuesday was wet and we had to stop below, all day. It seemed endless and such a din of children, playing and crying. Mr. Timms came and had a chat. I must say he was devoted to his boy, trying to get him well and brightening him up. After he put him to bed, he did not leave him, to go on deck like some men would have done.

10th More rain and at night, we went into fog. All who were on deck were ordered below and we were going very slowly, at last we were at a stand still. And the same nearly all the next day and night. It was awful hearing the fog signals all the time. We were then near Belle Isles. When the fog had cleared it was a pretty sight to see, and we were glad to see land once again. Although not very near we had passed by four big icebergs. I only saw one and someone looked to the children while I went to look at it. They told me the one we had been waiting to pass in the fog was such a size—half as big as the ship—and it was a grand sight. It was near New Foundland where I saw one. We saw land for a good distance then and had we been able to go straight on, should have landed on Friday. But better to be delayed for a short time than to have met with an accident. The Ionía had run into the iceberg and I heard 23 lives were lost. I heard they were signalling to us. That is why we were delayed. We went very slowly through the straits, and we were glad when Sunday came and we were to land. The heat that day was overpowering.

On Saturday night Mr. Timms had strapped my baggage up and on Sunday morning he strapped the wraps up and some food I had bought of the ship steward for our train journey. Then we all went on deck to stay there till we landed, at 2:30. We were not dressed for hot weather and we felt fit to drop. I want to keep a diary, but I could not. I had my hands full. But I am trying to remember all that I can to send word to you. Now I will wait till tea is over before I write more.

How glad we were to find ourselves, on the landing stage. We went straight to the railway to get our tickets. Then we went back to the goods shed, to try to find my baggage and have a hunt for the packing cases. I should have been met by someone from the Trav-Aid and I did not see any one. So Mr. T[imms] helped all he could. I found my cabin baggage, but I could not get anyone for money to take them to the station. So we put them safe and went in search of my luggage. We were getting pretty done up by then.

I had left Harry in care of a gentleman belonging to the YMCA I believe and I had to carry Elsie all of the time. I was looking for my things. Mr. T[imms]'s little boy felt bad, and he had to take him to get something. So I was left on my own. At last to my relief, I saw lids by letters come up and I hurried up to claim the baggage and have it checked off and the bedding, but I had to wait till about 10 minutes to six before I got to the other.

Mr. T[imms] was back again. He was anxious to see me right before he went. He was to travel by the Grand Trunk Railway at 6:30. He got someone to help carry my baggage on. Oh, how thankful I was and just as he was going they found me from Trav-Aid. He had gone when I went to wish them goodbye and thank him. So I have heard no more of Mr. Timms I wish that he and his little son had been travelling on the same line as we. During this time I had left Harry to mind Elsie in this General waiting room. When I returned he had forev—[?] himself so I had a nice treat. This was 6:30 and I was dying for a cup of tea. After I had seen it off, I fairly collapsed on a seat.

The Lady from Trav-Aid had helped me change my money, and introduced me to a young woman who had landed the day before. She was staying there because her boy had broken his leg the last day on the ship and he was in hospital. I felt so sorry for her. She went and got me a cup of tea and some cake and then I was told that the train would not start before 11 o'clock.

I saw some children that were being sent from the waifs and strays homes being put comfortable night on the train, before the crush came.

Above: An example of the original text: the initial page of the diary. The original calendar pad is 9 x 6 inches.
I asked someone and we were put in as comfortable a part as there was. I took the children's things off and put them to sleep and washed off knickers before anyone got in. And I sat down not caring if it snowed.

A motherly sort of person came and roused me up and pulled the seat out so that I could rest. She could see that I was done-up. The seats were not upholstered, and I had put all wraps for the comfort of the chicks. I do not know or care how the time went. I got the meals when we felt hungry and put them to sleep when tired. The rocking of the train was worse than the ship. It took one all their time to keep on their feet. The seats could be pulled out and met. This answered for a bed. Over these seats was a rack, on which to put our baggage. But those who had not been able to find seats and those with big children used them for sleeping as well. It was so hot and close all of the time.

Just when you were dozing in the middle of the night you were woke up with someone shouting, "tickets please." The scenery was prime. The railway riding upset the children. Elsie could not eat.

We had to change trains at Winnipeg. On the Wednesday it was [_____] there. (The girls and children[?]) I took Elsie into a chemist, and he said he could do nothing for her. It was the journey. Most of the people went and had a good meal, and a look round. But I only went just outside the station. I could not manage the little ones. They charged 5 p for a cup of tea in the station and I bought some dainties to try to tempt my poor[?] baby. But she wanted nothing but something to drink. I found some friends to help me into the nicest train and get me a comfortable seat.

We had a much happier time the last part of our journey. This gentleman and his wife and son were good singers and I got them to sing. They sang in parts and one night we played cards. They did not mind looking to the children for a few minutes. The scenery was grand after Calgary. We had passed miles of Prairie and I did not like that. But after Calgary the scenery got more and more beautiful. I could not describe the grandeur of the place.

Golden was lovely and near the great divide of Alberta and British Columbia; Banff and Revelstoke and the Rockies. As I came through, it was worth the money to just see that sight. How can I tell you of its beauty? I felt like it says in that old song: enraptured, charmed, and amazed. I was. My inmost soul was stirred. I could not take my eyes off, yet some parts were so terrifyingly dangerous. Some of the Ladies dared not look. I was fascinated and, as I look[ed] out of the windows, I could only see the carriage we were in [as] our train went through the mountains, some covered with snow. Sometimes the train was in the shape of an SS as we bent round and in and out of those wonderful mountains. First the carriage would be all on slope the one side and almost instantly it would slope the other side. We were travelling along the middle of the mountain in some parts, and it seemed so dangerously lovely to look into the depths beneath. The madly rushing falls were a sight to see as we passed by and over them. And I thank God that we got through safe and sound. We changed at Western Junction and came to New W[estminster].

Sam had lost time every time a train was expected, to see if we had arrived. Our ship was 60 hours late, so he did not know when to expect us. We had not waited long in the station when he came, and his house was only five minutes off the station.

I was quite charmed with my little wooden house, with wild raspberries growing outside the front, and bracken and bulrushes. And rats, also under the wood shed. I am getting as used to them now as to the flies and mosquitoes, and the Chinks for neighbours.

God Bless you one and all. I trust to see you again someday. Your loving Nell.∽
This article about a well-known and respected BCHF family, Jim and Alice Glanville, starts a series of histories of tokens in Ronald Greene’s collection.

William Bedford Glanville was born at Mallahide, Elgin County, Ontario in 1880. At an early age he accompanied his parents when they moved to England. He returned to Canada before the age of twenty, first stopping at Montreal and then moving to Winnipeg where he lived and worked for a year on the small dairy farm of an uncle, John Newby. Newby had two brothers living in the Grand Forks area and early in 1900 they wrote stating the opportunities they believed were opening up. In the company of his uncle John, Glanville arrived in Grand Forks in February 1900 where he was to spend the rest of his life. From another uncle, Len Newby, he bought a piece of land which was located up the North Fork of the Kettle River, at the top end of Smelter Lake. This purchase took all his money so he found a job with George W Floyd of Rose Hill Dairy. Later he worked at the Granby Smelter. He also hauled powder up to the old Union Mine at Franklin Camp and cut wood at the Denver Fraction and had several other jobs over the next few years.

Bill Glanville married Caroline Utas in 1907 and went to live on his land. He started operating the dairy from that time. Until he acquired a horse Bill Glanville carried two cans of milk to make his deliveries. In 1921 he was able to obtain a Model T Ford and in 1923 another one. His son, Jim, can remember his father coming home from the milk route, butchering a steer from 10:30 until 11:00 am and then delivering the meat in the afternoon.

About 1913 the Glanvilles’ house caught fire. They were visiting the Forresters, another dairy family, who lived at the other end of Smelter Lake and saw the flames from there. They were burnt out and until the new house was ready in 1915 the family lived in the chicken house. The Glanvilles had five children, Ranulph, Laura, Jim, Jean, and William, of whom the latter three were born after the fire.

When William Glanville retired in 1941, Jim and the youngest brother, Bill, took over the farm. Glanville passed away in 1966 and his wife in 1978. Jim and Bill ran the farm for a year or two until Jim bought his brother out. Bill subsequently moved to François Lake and cleared Ootsa Lake. During the war the Glanvilles also planted some onion seed. The dairy herd was largely composed of Holstein and some Shorthorn cross. Jim Glanville milked approximately 20 cows.

Jim Glanville introduced the tokens after he was married to Alice Clark in 1943 and used them until he gave up delivering in 1951. The routes were sold to Sunshine Valley Dairy. He continued to produce milk for two or three years after he stopped retailing. The milk was shipped to Sunshine Valley Dairy and also to the United Dairy of Trail.

In the winters they would put up forty tons of ice cut from Smelter Lake. The ice on the lake was up to 26 inches thick. Smelter Lake was drained in 1948 and the Glanvilles were able to purchase 300 acres of the lake bottom in 1953. Previously they had sixty acres, twenty in farmland and forty in sidehill or bush. In the 1930s William Glanville had lost the timber land to taxes.

The Glanvilles switched to beef cattle about the time they added to the farm and ran beef cattle until 1961, also having 100 acres in alfalfa towards the end. They sold the farm and moved closer to Grand Forks where they built their present home in 1963. Today Jim and Alice Glanville are enjoying a very busy retirement. Both have been active in the Boundary Historical Society and Alice is the past-president of the British Columbia Historical Federation.


In the days of door-to-door delivery there were several advantages for a dairy to use tokens. The first was that the dairy could get their money up-front, which always helped the cashflow. Secondly, tokens were less likely to be stolen from the milk bottles than cash was. Paper tickets were also used, but printing was a recurring expense and the tickets tended to stick inside the bottle.
Book Reviews

Books for review and book reviews should be sent to:
Anne Yandle, Book Review Editor BC Historical News, 3450 West 20th Avenue, Vancouver BC V6S 1E4

Charles Kahn
Salt Spring: the Story of an Island.
Reviewed by Rachel Grant

E.A. Heaman
The Inglorious Arts of Peace: Exhibitions in Canadian Society During the Nineteenth Century.
Reviewed by Jim Rainer

Hugh Haliday
Wreck! Canada's Worst Railway Accidents.
Reviewed by Bill McKee

Robert Swanson
Whistle Punks & Widow Makers: Tales of the B.C. Woods.
Reviewed by Bill McKee

Terry Reksten
Rattenbury.
Reviewed by Jana Tyner

Betty O'Keefe and Ian Macdonald
The Final Voyage of the Princess Sophia. Did they have to die?
Reviewed by Gord Miller

Andrea Laforet and Annie York
Spuzzum: Fraser Canyon Histories, 1808–1939.
Reviewed by Phyllis Reeve

Also Noted
Hudson's Bay to Hanoi Stmit; books on Western Canada and the Pacific Northwest; a collector's guide.

A masterful description and price guide to approximately 1,800 of the most important and collectible books on Western Canada, the Arctic, and the North Pacific. Includes extensive information on Indians, the fur trade, gold rushes and early voyages and settlement. Also includes a history of the Hudson's Bay Record Society and its books, and the Geological Survey of Canada Guidebooks. Compiled by Victoria bookseller Kim Whale, based on over 40 years of browsing in used book shops. Available from Rockland Books, 1706 Rockland Ave., Victoria, BC V8S 1W9.

Salt Spring: the Story of an Island.

To capture the nature of a place and bring forth its unique character is an accomplishment. Charles Kahn has done this in Salt Spring: The Story of an Island. The book traces the history and development of Salt Spring from its earliest known settlement by aboriginal peoples all the way to its status in 1998. As explained in the acknowledgements, beginning in the late 1980s, a group from the Salt Spring Island Historical Society conducted a considerable amount of historical research on the island’s history, with the idea to have it published. Material gathered from an array of printed primary and secondary sources, along with many taped interviews with locals formed the basis of essays written on various subjects such as farming or logging, or on identifiable groups of immigrants such as the Black or the Hawaiian communities. In 1996, Kahn was offered the job of structuring this research into a publishable narrative of the island’s history. The result is this fast-paced chronicle of probably the most popular of the Gulf Islands.

After describing the pre-existing aboriginal presence by Coast Salish and other peoples, Kahn provides the historical and political atmosphere in the Pacific Northwest during the mid-nineteenth century. The tensions between Washington and the British Government over colonial expansion are well explained, as is the role of the Hudson’s Bay Company as it established itself as the dominant fur trading company. In this tumultuous atmosphere the first settlers enter. The story of Salt Spring’s settlement begins in 1859, when the government on Vancouver Island, under the direction of Governor James Douglas, pre-empted land to prospective settlers for 5 shillings ($1) an acre. The hardships the first settlers endured as they tried to establish their homes are described in detail. Kahn presents a bleak scenario for these mainly single men who were forced to contend with the problems of moving to a relative wilderness, many with little farming experience, let alone equipment or money, and with next to no means of transportation or communication. A community had to be literally carved out of the forest and mountains.

The book chronicles the early difficulties not only of linking the island to the mainland (the first roads were not built until 1872), but linking communities. This isolation forced communities to develop quite independently of each other, a factor which Kahn contends is still evident today. Differences between the northern and southern residents over issues such as the Island’s incorporation in 1873, have always been a factor. According to Kahn, “this difference is a constant banter.”

The various agricultural and resource-based industries Salt Spring has supported are quite amazing, with everything from coal mining to cheese production. Kahn appears to touch on all of them, including the well-known sheep farms. As the story moves further into the twentieth century and especially to the period after World War II, Kahn describes the island’s growing pains as it is forced to accommodate more people, while coping with slow economic growth.

During the 1960s, the economy began picking up with the influx of new arrivals. Various people, including American draft dodgers and gays and lesbians, made their way to Salt Spring for different reasons. Squatters and hippies seemed to infuse the Island with an idyllic sense and the advent of “Alternative Communities” was born. This idea of leaving the city to live in a more natural environment is very well presented and seems to hold true. Although by now, well-heeled mainlanders are able to build large homes and life is less staid, Kahn believes that the Island’s beauty still remains. It is pleasant to think that there are still no traffic lights on Salt Spring in 1998. The book is rife with colourful and driven individuals who constitute the foundation of this community. Some of these personalities include Winnie Wattmough, who drove logging trucks and had “arms on her like Popeye;” Harry Bullock, “The Squire” to
whom an entire chapter is devoted; and Kimiko Murakami, who returned to Salt Spring after being interned during World War II.

Each chapter is prefaced with a concise timeline of key dates and events covered. Interpersed through the narrative are text boxes varying in length, which read like small vignettes and give additional insights into a particular theme in the chapter. Photographs, which are plentiful, have detailed captions and credits which impress this reader greatly. Endnotes are informative and link well with an extensive bibliography. The bibliography itself is a valuable resource for anyone who may wish to delve deeper into the history not only of Salt Spring, but British Columbia. The index is lengthy and well organized, which is another very positive factor, and one that other potential local historians would be wise to take into consideration.

Though there is a basic map of Salt Spring Island and its geographic location within the province on the book’s lining papers, I would have preferred to find the detailed map, located on page 292 of the penultimate chapter, at the book’s outset.

Reviewer Rachel Grant is librarian at the Vancouver Maritime Museum.

The Inglorious Arts of Peace: Exhibitions in Canadian Society During the Nineteenth Century

Imagine a single cheese, dubbed the “Canadian Mite,” weighing 22,000 pounds, standing six feet high and measuring 28 feet in circumference. This was one of Canada’s exhibits in the 1893 Chicago World’s Fair! So big it was, that a Canadian Pacific Railway train was fitted out to carry it through the country with much fanfare. In Chicago, when it was installed, the floor collapsed under its weight. Although heat affected the outside of the cheese, judges bored two feet into it and found it of “remarkably good” flavour and “extraordinarily fine” body. Canada’s great triumph at this exhibition was cheese.

The government-sponsored “Mite,” and the many fine cheeses exhibited by private producers created a mental association between Canada and cheese which persists today. This nugget is one of many humorous, successful, or inglorious stories in the book which enrich our understanding of the history of Canada.

The exhibition was one of the great nineteenth-century projects for improving the world. Combining the Victorian virtues of communication, co-operation and competition, it promised to advertise the choice products of civilization to a receptive public. The Inglorious Arts of Peace is the first comprehensive look at the history of these cultural extravaganzas in Canada and on the world scene.


The curious title of the book is taken from a verse from “A Horatian Ode upon Cromwell’s Return from Ireland,” written in 1650 by Andrew Marvell.

Early in the nineteenth century, provincial governments began to sponsor exhibitions that advertised highly-bred livestock, and modern techniques of rotation and manuring to farmers. Hundreds of agricultural and industrial exhibitions sprang up across central Canada until, by the end of the century, exhibiting was an enormous industry attracting a mass audience. Part one covers this history with the western and eastern provinces deliberately not covered to keep the project to a manageable size. As a matter of interest, British Columbia held its first industrial exhibition in 1861 to select goods for display in the 1862 Great Exhibition in London.

Part two examines the ways in which British North America was advertised at home and abroad in the pursuit of productivity, markets, capital, and immigrants, and evaluates the exhibitions’ impact on private industry, the government, and Canadian identity. A colourful display at the Great Exhibition of the Works of All Nations in London in 1851 was Canada’s first entry on the world stage. Minerals, timber, vegetables, a gigantic canoe, fur-laden sleighs, fire engines and furniture were featured. Praise was warm, although one reviewer carped, “We like the beavers carved around the edge of the table but we cannot approve of the same animals crawling like rats on the crossbars of the legs.”

Other exhibitions in New York, Paris, Philadelphia, Dublin, Chicago, and Vienna showed off the country’s pervasive grains, minerals, timber, and cheese along with farm equipment, wine, pianos, and other manufactured products. British Columbia participated in exhibitions in London (1862) with minerals, fish, grains, Indian manufactures, and an enormous Douglas fir; in Paris (1878) winning 29 awards; in Philadelphia (1878) winning 3 awards; and in Chicago (1893) with coal, silver, and other minerals, as well as fruit.

The role of women and aboriginals in Canadian and international exhibitions, limited though it was, is traced in part three. Most women exhibited for fun, and profit, and a chance to express themselves. Aboriginal artifacts were a prominent part of displays sent by Canada to London, Paris and Chicago, and individual bands sent in vegetables, grains, and fruits.

The book’s author, B. A. Heaman, thoroughly researched her subject while on a doctoral fellowship at the University of Toronto. She has shed light on a facet of Canadian history that is both interesting and filled with fascinating details on the people, politics and products that went into Canada’s exhibitions at home and abroad.

Jim Rainer is chairman of the Alouin Society, a society of book lovers.

Wreck! Canada’s Worst Railway Accidents


I found it a pleasure to read both these books. Hugh Halliday’s volume, Wreck!, reminded me of the various accounts of train accidents I had read during my past research for several museum exhibitions on the history of the CPR. Halliday’s short, readable accounts of some of Canada’s most appalling rail accidents go a long way in bringing a more realistic image of the history of the railways of this country. The book offers some useful insights into the reasons for some key accidents, ranging from unsafe operations (tolerated, or encouraged, by older railway firms), to employee errors, procedural shortcomings and various mechanical faults. The introduction gives a useful overview of some of the most important hazards that trains and railway workers have encountered, and how the causes of some common types of accidents have been addressed. As someone interested
in the history of rail, mainly in British Columbia, I was particularly interested in Halliday's accounts of two accidents in Vancouver and New Westminster, as well as two others which occurred at Albert Canyon and Canoe River. Early on 10 November 1909, a CPR flatcar loaded with probably 27 tons of 12 inch by 12 inch timbers, broke loose on the BC Electric Railway mainline near Nanaimo Street, Vancouver, and rammed into a tram loaded with 24 people, killing 15. Eighteen days later, another rail tragedy happened near New Westminster. During a major rain storm, a work train travelling along the Great Northern line, adjacent to KIly Creek, plunged into a hole caused by the torrential storm. Over twenty Japanese workers were killed, in what was one of British Columbia's worst rail disasters. Halliday mentions the minimal attention that this terrible accident attracted among the news media and public, presumably due to the prevailing tendency to undervalue the lives of many of our Asian pioneers.

I had only one nit-picking criticism. At the start of the item on the Albert Canyon accident, Halliday states: "Railwaymen who worked in the Rocky Mountains." I almost choked, like any good British Columbian, because I realized that this piece was about an accident that did not occur in the Rockies. While later in the text it was clear, that the author knew that this accident occurred in a canyon in another mountain range, far to the west of the Rockies, I definitely think that it would have been more appropriate at the start of this piece to replace "Rocky Mountains" with "mountain west," or something similar — and not reinforce the old error, for any uninstructed reader, that all mountains in BC are the Rockies. Other than that, Week! is a good, very readable book, in my view.

I was captivated by the late Robert Swanson's book, Whistle Punks & Widow-Makers, with its graphic accounts of life in the logging industry, based on his conversations with some of the old timers he met while working in that field. Swanson's articles, based on those interviews, had appeared long ago in the press of the industry. This is the first paperback edition of this popular volume published in book-form in the early 1990s.

I had first met Swanson about 12 years ago, while I was working on an exhibit on the history of the CPR. "Princesses" and "Empresses" on this coast. When I located some silent film footage that showed several of those ships, in Victoria or Vancouver harbour, or moving along the BC and Alaska coasts, I concluded I needed to have some appropriate sound effects, to bring more life to the films. Either Len McCann or Robert Turner directed me to Bob Swanson, the man who had fabricated and furnished the whistles for many of the CPR vessels. When I approached Swanson, he confirmed that he actually had recordings of many of the CPR whistles, and that he would be pleased to let me hear them. It was an amazing evening, when Swanson welcomed me into his home and took me to a room to listen to the recordings of his ship and train whistles, as well as his "O Canada," then heard from the roof of the former BC Hydro building every day at noon (and still broadcast daily from the top of Granville Square). While all the CPR vessels broadcast the distinctive CPR whistle sounds that Swanson had created for them, he was actually able to listen in that basement room and then tell me which ship's whistle we had just heard! Robert Swanson then generously provided me with duplicate tapes of his CPR ships' whistles. As a result, when in the late 1980s, the exhibit on CPR ships opened at the Maritime Museum of British Columbia, visitors often heard the sounds of various CPR ships blowing their whistles, adding a welcome dimension to the exhibition.

As Ken Drushka mentions in his informative, and humorous, introduction and overview of Robert Swanson, the tales in this book were not always historically accurate. As story telling was a key element of life in the woods, and exaggerated stories were welcome if they added colour and more drama, Swanson was more interested in saving, and even enhancing the tales he heard — in keeping with the tradition of that culture — rather than strictly demanding historical accuracy. He felt that to preserve the oral heritage of that society was more important.

While we value more academic volumes which address the wider history of the industry and its leaders, Swanson has provided a very useful window on the lives, work, and even the deaths, of some of the most colourful characters who actually worked in the British Columbia woods in the late 1800s and the earlier part of this century. While some of his accounts are clearly semi-fictional, as mentioned above, the book still provides us with rich detailed views of the personal experiences of loggers, as well as some other individuals in related work, such as a camp minister and a timber cruiser. As Drushka notes, this is an especially important accomplishment, since much of the surviving record of the lives, thoughts, work, recreation and humour of British Columbia's working people has been lost. In creating this book, Robert Swanson helped us preserve some of that under-represented part of our heritage. The historical photographs accompanying this volume add a valuable dimension to the stories Swanson has saved for us. ~

Review by Janatyner.

Rattenbury (2nd ed.).
Reviewed by Jana Tyner.

The story of Francis Mawson Rattenbury reads like a television drama — great successes, dismal failures, divorce, murder, suicide, and even a connection to the sinking of the Titanic. In Rattenbury, Terry Reksten offers a narrative biography documenting British-trained architect Francis Rattenbury's life in early-twentieth-century Victoria, British Columbia. This second edition of Reksten's 1978 book (the first edition itself in its tenth printing) incorporates few revisions to the original. Reksten includes an afterword, noting three changes regarding key figures in Rattenbury's life. In addition, passages from privately-held letters written by Rattenbury to his family, and from Rattenbury's correspondence held by the Canadian Pacific Railway Archives, both undiscovered sources at the time of the 1978 edition, have been incorporated into the new edition.

While Rattenbury is most famous as the architect of the British Columbia Legislative Buildings (1893—97) and the CPR Empress Hotel (1904—08), the degree to which he participated as an entrepreneur and speculative developer in Victoria is perhaps more significant than his architectural offerings. Of particular note was his involvement with the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway (GTP). Rattenbury worked unceasingly to promote the Railway and its terminus city of Prince Rupert, in which he stood to gain personally through land holdings running through the proposed route of the GTP. The story of how Rattenbury travelled across Canada and to England to convince investors of the potential success of the GTP and Prince Rupert is phenomenal, as was his unyielding belief in the success of the Railway. In the end, of
course, the GTP never reached the heights aspired to by Rattenbury and his partners, and he lost considerably, both financially and, more significantly, morally. Although Rattenbury lacked the knowledge of hindsight in the GTPendeavour, he was poignantly and accurately recognized the importance of tourism to Victoria’s economic and social future as a world-class city. His Crystal Garden Amusement Centre (1923–25) is an intriguing lesser-known work which encapsulates his vision of Victoria as a leisure and tourist centre.

Reksten orders the book around Rattenbury’s architectural commissions and entrepreneurial endeavours, yet avoids a detailed examination of the architecture itself. She boldly sets out her reasons in the introduction:

I have avoided a detailed critical analysis of Rattenbury’s buildings for two reasons. As someone with a general, rather than a specialized, interest I find the vocabulary of architectural criticism confounding and the subject both technical and complex. Even so, such an omission might be unforgivable were it not for the fact that Rattenbury simply wasn’t a particularly original architect. (p. xii)

This seems an odd disclaimer. Why write a biography of an individual and not consider the reasons for his celebrity? Reksten’s first justification is difficult to counter, except that as his biographer, it is her responsibility to become fluent in the background of her subject. Her second excuse is, in fact, one of the reasons Rattenbury is so compelling. As Reksten describes through a compilation of his competition entries and successful bids, Rattenbury’s influence on Victoria’s architectural and social community was indeed considerable at the time, yet his influence today is nominal. Rattenbury was clearly skilled in designing fluently within the commonly accepted forms of expression and architectural vocabulary of the time, but with little originality or innovation. That Rattenbury was chosen as architect for such high profile buildings as the BC Legislative Buildings and the CPR’s Empress Hotel attests to his ability to encapsulate the goals of the political powers, financiers, and speculative interest groups; that is, durability, permanence, and grandiosity. Put in these terms, who will be today’s Rattenbury? Are there architects practising now, heralded as the spirit of the 1990s, who will fall out of favour within ten years because of their derivative, unoriginal designs?

Reksten also avoids an examination of Rattenbury’s contemporaries, apart from cursory mention of his adversaries, including Thomas Hooper and A. Maxwell Muir. These references revolve around personal bitterness between the three rather than any discussion of their architecture. In not seriously considering Rattenbury’s architecture, or examining that of his contemporaries, Reksten fails to establish the degree to which Rattenbury was typical of his time, and in what ways he was different. An analysis of his peers to compare how others were affected by similar societal influences would have demonstrated how Rattenbury was typical or particular of an era.

Putting aside these shortcomings, Reksten’s biography of Rattenbury remains a well-researched, vivid and easily-readable account of an architect—entrepreneur during early twentieth century Victoria. Perhaps the value of Rattenbury lies in its pointing out that while Rattenbury undoubtedly displayed a certain degree of personal creativity in design, it is the prevailing political, economic, and social climate that played the larger role in shaping his career as Victoria’s premier architect at the turn of the century.©

Review by Jana Tyner is an architectural historian.

The Final Voyage of the Princess Sophia. Did they have to die?
Reviewed by Gord Miller.

Shortly after 10 P.M. on Wednesday, 23 October 1918, the CPR coastal steamer Princess Sophia left Skagway, Alaska Territory, and headed down the Lynn Canal on its way to Vancouver. Four hours later, in the midst of a blinding snowstorm, the Princess Sophia slammed into the Vanderbilt Reef. For the next 40 hours the Princess Sophia survived. Then about six o’clock in the afternoon of Friday, 25 October, the high tide and a gale forced her off the reef and the Princess Sophia went to the bottom. None of the more than 350 passengers and crew survived.

At first light on Saturday morning, observers realized that the Princess Sophia had sunk during the dark hours of Friday evening. A search for survivors was organized quickly, but only bodies and a dog were found. Efforts to recover and identify the bodies continued under the direct supervision of the territorial governor. The authorities encountered a variety of difficulties including the weather and a shortage of trained medical personnel. Once recovered, the bodies were prepared for burial. Many were sent by ship to next-of-kin in the South. One such “ship of sorrow”, the Princess Alice, arrived in Vancouver on Armistice Day, 11 November 1918.

A Canadian government inquiry was called almost immediately, and held sessions in Vancouver, Victoria and Juneau. Among the evidence presented were suggestions that many or all of the passengers could have been rescued. Some critics charged that Canadian Pacific Railway had instructed the Princess Sophia’s captain, Leonard Locke, to delay rescue attempts until another of the company’s ships, the Princess Alice, was available to remove the passengers. The inquiry found no fault with either the company or Captain Locke. Many of the families of the victims were not satisfied with these conclusions and legal battles over compensation were launched in both the Canadian and American courts. The last of these cases continued in the appeal courts into the 1930s.

The authors, both former journalists, have given us an entertaining and well written account of the life and death of the Princess Sophia and of the attempts by the authorities to determine the events surrounding the wreck and sinking of the Princess Sophia. In addition, they provide background information and descriptions of the place and times in which the disaster took place.

The book begins with an outline of the Canadian Pacific Railway’s Pacific shipping interests, and the activities of its BC Coast Service and its vigorous manager, James Trout. The construction and early career of the Princess Sophia are described. The authors also give a brief treatment of the conditions and perils of navigating the Inside Passage and the Lynn Canal during the first decades of the twentieth century. The authors also introduce us to some of the miners, entrepreneurs, businessmen, riverboat crew and others from the gold fields and mines of Alaska, the Yukon and Northwest British Columbia who were awaiting passage “down south” on the Princess Sophia or other coastal steamers. We learn about the lives and character of some of the passengers and crew who sailed on the Princess Sophia by reading their letters and diary entries. A later chapter outlines the way in which the North American press treated the disaster. These sections providing background
and context are the most interesting and informative portions of the book.

However, there also are some shortcomings. In particular, the authors fail to describe or explain, in a chronological fashion, the events that occurred on board and around the *Princess Sophia* during the 40 hours the ship was captured on Vanderbilt Reef. Many of these events can be found elsewhere in the book. A timeline is presented in the first pages of the book, but is not expanded upon during the description of the wreck and sinking. We only get hints of the changing weather conditions and stages of the tide that concerned the passengers and crew of the *Princess Sophia*. In the chapters describing evidence presented to the Canadian government inquiry, we learn that there were a number of rescue vessels located nearby to which the *Princess Sophia*’s passengers might have been transferred during breaks in the stormy weather. We also learn that the *Princess Sophia* was in radio contact with at least one of these vessels. What did Captain Locke tell these vessels about rescue attempts? After the sinking, some of the recovered bodies were wearing lifejackets, while other bodies were recovered from cabins within the sunken ship. What plans did the captain and crew make for the rescue of the passengers that would lead some passengers to wear lifejackets at the moment when the *Princess Sophia* sank while others were in their cabins? Finally, the authors do not answer the question raised by the title of the book. “Did they have to die?”

In conclusion, this is a good book, well written, on an interesting topic. But it could have been better! ≈

Reviewer Cord Miller is librarian at the Pacific Biological Station in Nanaimo.

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**Spuzzum: Fraser Canyon Histories, 1868-1939.**


Reviewed by Phyllis Reeve.

The village of “Spuzzum”, meaning “a little flat”, has existed for generations deep in the Fraser Canyon, between Yale and Boston Bar. Its history has provided the material for a sensitive and helpful account of the meeting of Aboriginal and European peoples.

The key to this singularly human work of scholarship lies in the characters of the two authors. Andrea Laforet began learning about the Fraser Canyon as a young graduate student in the early 1970s. She arrived in Spuzzum laden with the anthropologist’s baggage of conceptual constraints and prescribed discourse. Looking for “subjects”, Laforet found friends, especially Annie York, who was born in Spuzzum in 1904 and lived there most of her adult life. Annie and Andrea struck up a conversation which lasted for twenty years, until Annie’s death in 1991. Andrea’s career took her first to Victoria, then to Ottawa, where she became Director of the Canadian Ethnology Service at the Canadian Museum of Civilization. She continued to visit Spuzzum several times a year, sometimes for work, other times just for talk, and in the long run, the talk became the work. As she intended, Laforet has written anthropology and history, but overriding these, she writes about communication.

Dialogue between Aboriginal and non-Aboriginal Canadians poses a challenge more complicated than that between two solitudes with a shared European origin. Annie spoke fluent English. Andrea persisted haltingly in the Nlaka’pamux language. The difficult part came as they each wrestled with an alien way of perceiving and discussing time, space, and nature. Of the two, Annie had the less difficulty; she assimilated without worry differing, overlapping, and perhaps contradictory concepts. A devout Christian, she nevertheless lived in a world where certain places were charged with spiritual power, and one prayed to both “God and the creek”. Her people found nothing essentially alien in the missionaries’ teaching about the supernatural, prayers or ritual, and Aboriginal healers incorporated Christian beliefs into the traditional practice of herbal medicine.

Spuzzum people greeted Simon Fraser as a traveller and visitor; their narratives remembered him as a transformer, like the trickster Coyote with whom he shared some characteristics. There was always the possibility that a stranger, even though human, might have supernatural capacity to harm others. Fraser’s difficult trail through the canyon took him past whirlpools and cliffs and at the same time through a complex political, social and metaphysical space. His hosts fed him salmon, berries, oil and onions; and sang a song made in his honour and for his protection as he continued down river. This song, given in the original and in two English translations, and another song, to Mount Baker, are among the book’s unexpected treasures.

We are familiar with the Fraser River narratives of bishops Hills and Sillitoe, and priests Small, Ditcham, and Good. In this book we have the same events related by the other participants, with much less difference than we might have expected. Generally, these people and the visiting priests liked each other. And yet...

In discussion of the church residential schools, Annie, and the others with whom she and Andrea talked, do not blame or accuse, but they do elucidate the nature and depth of the loss. Time and space attacked the children first; suddenly they had not time enough to learn both the new information and the traditional. And they could not be in two places at once; if they were away at school, they could not be present at the continuing learning process of life with their people. They no longer had time or space to go into the mountains for their intense and often solitary spiritual “training.” Education was no longer part of everyday life.

In the late nineteenth century the village of Spuzzum “consolidated itself on the south side of the creek near the Cariboo Road, built in the 1860s, and the CPR track, completed in 1885.” Before then, such consolidation could not have happened; there had been no roads or boundaries, and yet, as Laforet points out, “there was no wilderness.” The Fraser Canyon had been “settled” for thousands of years: “every peak, every lake, every clearing was known to someone.” A sustainable economy drew on the resources of the mountain hinterland, with no concept of, need for, or sense to the ownership of plots of land by individuals. The imposition of a European agricultural system on the Nlaka’pamux would be comic if it were not so tragic, and so complicated by the staking of mining claims and the regulation of fishing.

The imposition and regulations came from no human voice, but from some unimaginable distant office. The Spuzzum chiefs sought white chiefs with whom to discuss the disposition of the land, and found no chiefs, only bureaucrats. Even a century ago Canadian government bureaucracy had become so dense as to be penetrable only through the legal system, which was also dense but marginally more rational. So the Nlaka’pamux learned to speak the language of law courts, Royal Commissions, and parliamentary committees. Laforet quotes from some of their presentations made between 1910 and 1927, when amendment of the Indian Act effectively put an end to their political action for
a whole generation. She adds: “The insistence, by Spuzzum chiefs and others, on the need to resolve land claims and to guarantee access to traditional lands and resources was both a protest against their dispossession and an affirmation of the enduring value of the old economy.”

Acknowledging the work of her predecessors in the field, especially James Teit at the turn of the last century, Lafoeret admits her own advantage in being subject to a less restrictive anthropological discourse. Her parameters permit her to enrich with personal the accounts of her conversations with Annie and her friends and relations, and Annie’s memories of conversations with earlier generations. We hear personal histories, family histories, stories of coming and going and returning, local history, and “History” viewed and shaped in differing ways.

Andrea Lafoeret urges us to move beyond the habit of searching for historical truth “in a shifting nexus of written documents”, and she calls for new genres which would apply culturally diverse methodologies to the validation of knowledge. Annie York never ceased to maintain that the proper repository for memories of the past is the human brain, not written notes or recorded tapes. Yet, Annie’s parting gift to Andrea was a blank notebook. Both participants in this conversation spoke, both listened, and both worked hard at making the conversation work.

The conversation concludes with a warning: “Unless there emerges a common intellectual ground on which Aboriginal and non-Aboriginal histories in Canada can speak to each other, the early resolution of their differences may be left to the quasi-oral tradition of the system of legal precedents.” Annie York and Andrea Lafoeret worked with mutual respect and shared will to prove the existence of that common intellectual, and human, ground. ~

Reviewer Phyllis Reeve resides on Gabriola Island.

ALSO NOTED

The Social Life of Stories: narrative and knowledge in the Yukon Territory.

Cruikshank’s analysis reveals the many powerful ways in which the artistry and structure of storytelling mediate between social action and local knowledge in indigenous northern communities.

Archives & Archivists

We welcome Provincial Archivist Gary A. Mitchell, CRM as the first contributor of a regular feature under this heading, directed by Frances Gundry.

As British Columbia’s Ninth Provincial Archivist, I have the primary responsibility to ensure that the government’s archives are preserved, maintained, and made accessible to our citizenry. However, I am also charged with the major responsibilities of documenting our provincial experience through the acquisition of private archives and manuscripts, and supporting an emerging network of community archives.

If I could draw upon one word to illustrate my sense of direction for the BC Archives and our provincial network, it would be “community”—a community of archives working together to document the richness and diversity of our history; a community of heritage organizations, i.e., archives, historical societies, museums, galleries, etc., working with a concentrated focus along a common front to enliven and expand our heritage opportunities; community in the sense that we need each other to survive and grow to meet the ever-increasing demand of British Columbians to know and experience our past.

Over the next few years, my energies will be focused on the following goals:

Establishing a firm mandate for the BC Archives. Through legislation, define the mandate of the Archives; acknowledge the acquisition of personal and private papers of provincial significance; set out the responsibilities and accountabilities for provincial government officials and all local government bodies in keeping, preserving, and accessing archival records. Consultations with the heritage community will be a fundamental aspect of getting this process kick-started.

Expanding the “community” aspect in the Community Archives Program. We will review and revamp the current program to ensure that it continues to meet the needs of our community archives and community archivists. The key to a successful archives program is a commitment to giving the “community” more profile in our community archives program and archives network. Our community archives network is the foundation stone for an entire provincial heritage structure. It is my wish that the Provincial Archivist visit more community archives and heritage organizations so as to provide support and assistance to local groups striving to improve their conditions. The Canadian Archival Information Network (CAIN) initiative is a major step forward in this regard, and one which I firmly and strongly endorse.

Raising the profile of archives and promoting accessibility. Archives are a public place where the public can seek out historical information and enjoy the wealth and breadth of our heritage. We, at the Archives, will continue to encourage our public to visit; we will continue to reduce our “jargon” and speak and act in plain English. We will strive to find new ways to encourage, assist and support younger members of our society to use and share in the wonders of archives. Our recent Open House attracted over 1,200 people during the six-hour event. The overwhelming public response to our website (e.g., the Amazing Time Machine, the Vital Event indices, and our historical photographs) shows that there is a strong societal interest in finding and using our documentary heritage. To be successful in the coming decades, archives must tap into this interest.

Working for a New BC Archives Facility. Our tired building has served us fairly well for 30 years. But a 21st Century archives requires better public space, better access and, most certainly, better storage. The millennium is a great opener to get the discussion rolling. Cross your fingers.

Historians of Discovery visit Nootka

by Michael Layland, Victoria

The Society for the History of Discoveries is an international group of academics, map librarians and knowledgeable enthusiasts who share a common interest in early navigation, exploration and cartography. Last November, they held their AGM for 1998 hosted by the Vancouver Maritime Museum.

As co-hosts for the meeting, the Map Society of BC organized a post-conference excursion to Nootka. Before the party left Victoria, we paid due homage to Teniente de Fragata Juan Francisco de la Bodega y Quadra by assembling for a group photo at his Belleville Street monument.

The party included several names familiar in BC historical circles: John Crosse, John Spittle, Bruce Ward, Nick Doe, Eileen Akridge and Donna Cook, as well as several American visitors and a Spanish couple from Seville. Two distinguished participants were Ed Dahl, recently retired as Curator of Early Maps at the National Archives in Ottawa, and Commander Andrew David, editor of the mammoth and splendid Charts and Coastal Views of Cook’s Third Voyage recently published by the Hakluyt Society.

En route up-island, we visited the “Rio de las Grullas” recorded on the Spanish chart of 1791 “Carta que Comprehende” by Francisco de Eliza and José Maria Narvaez—it was at the mouth of Englishman River, Parksville. Although the name in Spanish means “river of the cranes,” it probably refers to the great blue herons that flock there in winter. We also toured the Kwakiutl museum at Cape Mudge on the southern tip of Quadra Island, and stayed the night at Strathcona Park Lodge, who kindly extended their season to accommodate us.

The MV Uchuck III makes a trip every Tuesday, year round, from Gold River to Tahsis. For the SHD group, the Captain diverted to Friendly Cove to drop us off and pick us up again on the return. This allowed us four hours to explore Nootka. We were accompanied to Yuquot (Friendly Cove) by Margarita James, the cultural and heritage coordinator for the Mowachaht Band at Gold River. She represented Chief Mike Maquinna, who sent his formal greeting and regrets that he was unable to welcome us to Yuquot in person.

But Chief Maquinna, or his contacts on high, did provide us with remarkable weather for early November—calm, warm and cloudless for the entire day. Most of us spent the morning top-side, enjoying the spectacular scenery of Muchalat Inlet. At Bligh Island (yes, that Bligh!), the Uchuck nosed into Cook’s “Ship Cove”, now called Resolution Cove—where the explorer had refitted Resolution’s top fore- and mizzen masts. We were close enough to read the plaque commemorating the 1788 bicentennial of James Cook’s visit. Nick Doe pointed out Astronomers’ Rock, recorded in watercolour by expedition artists John Webber and William Ellis while they had waited for the masts to be cut and rigged.

After disembarking at the lighthouse jetty, we assembled in the nearby Yuquot church. Margarita James, flanked by totems stored inside the church, gave a summary of the history of Nootka from the Nuu-chah-nulth perspective. She outlined the Band’s plans to convert the lighthouse buildings into an interpretive centre, once it is no longer manned.

We then dispersed to explore. Some went in search of John Meares’ 1788 house; some to the sacred lagoon mentioned by John Jewitt, enslaved by an earlier Maquinna. Others went looking for traces of the kitchen of San Miguel, the Spanish fort. Still others were more interested in chatting with one of the few remaining lighthouse keepers in BC.

The Uchuck, a working vessel, was an hour or so behind schedule for picking us up. Steaming bowls of rich chowder from the galley soon restored any lost internal warmth.

The next night, a frontal system roared in from the Pacific, dumping 150 mm of rain onto Nootka Sound in 24 hours. Fortunately, by then we were home, or well on our way.

Above: Members of the SHD expedition to Nootka assembled at Quadra’s monument in Victoria. Flanking Quadra are Robert Highberger (left) and Andrew David (right). In front of the monument from left to right are Michael Layland, Francis Herbert, Diane Cook, Ginny Highberger, Emily Mills, Ian Jackson, Kathy Judi, and Helen Akridge.
Malaspina Research Centre opening in Nanaimo

by Nick Doe, Gabriola Island

There are interesting parallels between the round-the-world expeditions of Alexandro Malaspina and his counterpart James Cook. Both the Spanish and British 18th-century expeditions were made toward the end of the Age of Enlightenment, that period of history when scientists and artists alike went forth into the world, notebooks at the ready, "...unfettered from the notion that ancient authority alone was sufficient to describe or explain the natural world." But while Cook's journals and discoveries were widely published at the time, the work of the Spanish was consigned to the archives, some of it to remain there until well into this century. Even Malaspina's journal was not published until 1885, and a good English translation is still not to be had.

Both Malaspina in August 1791, and Cook in April 1778, visited Nootka for only a few weeks, yet their visits made an invaluable contribution to the history of the BC coast, isolated as it then was from the rest of the world. Cook's visit was to be followed by that of George Vancouver, and Malaspina's by that of Galiano and Valdes, both expeditions completing a circumnavigation of Vancouver Island in 1792, leaving detailed accounts of their experiences.

Interest in Malaspina, now that his works are increasingly available, is growing. John Kendrick, the BC author, has recently published the book Alejandro Malaspina—Portrait of a Visionary, and there have been several symposia in recent years on the Spanish visits. The most recent of these was the Inaugural Symposium of the Alexandro Malaspina Research Centre, Alexandro Malaspina—Enlightenment Thinker, held at the Malaspina University College in Nanaimo on 22 October 1999. The symposium was hosted by the new Research Centre, the Vancouver Spanish Pacific Historical Society, and the Office of Cultural and Scientific Relations of the Ministry of External Affairs in Madrid. In addition, there was at the Nanaimo Art Gallery an exhibition of photographs of some of the work of Malaspina's artists and cartographers (Nootka: Return to a Forgotten History). These are a gift from the Spanish government to the Mowachaht First Nation, and to the delight of all present, members of both Chief Maquinna and Alexandro Malaspina's family were at the opening.

Several books were presented to the Research Centre by the Spanish government to start what promises to be a valuable resource for BC historians with links to a similar centre in Italy, the birthplace of Malaspina, and to the museums and archives in Spain. Papers presented at the symposium were by Donald Cutter (Malaspina: The Man and the Voyage) and Eric Beerman (The Queen and the Fall of an Enlightenment Thinker). Regrettably, Ana Maria Donat (The Politics of 18th-Century Spain) was unable to present her contribution, but Patrick Dunae entertained, particularly us locals, with his sad story of the wonderful murals that once adorned the walls of the Malaspina Hotel in Nanaimo.

The Inaugural Symposium was followed by a Research Centre planning meeting the next day and a visit for some participants to Nootka Sound. John Black at Malaspina College, together with others, have done much to get the centre up and running and are to be congratulated on their efforts. We look forward to hearing much more about Malaspina in the coming years.<

Below: Alejandro Malaspina (1754–1810)
Anderson’s Brigade Trail
Students Produce a Video to Help Save Anderson’s Brigade Trail

The students and staff of the Burnaby South Secondary School would like to help save Anderson’s Brigade Trail for future generations and invite you to join them in their efforts. Following is a report by history teacher Charles Hou.

In 1847 A.C. Anderson opened up a fur brigade trail from Merritt to Spuzzum. Anderson was trying to find a route through British controlled territory to the coast motivated by the 1846 Oregon Treaty which effectively shut down the old Hudson’s Bay Company route via the Okanagan Valley and the Columbia River. Furs were taken from Spuzzum to Yale by this trail and down the Fraser River to Fort Langley. The route was used by the HBC brigades for three years before a better route was found from Merritt to Hope. The route was also used intensively during the gold rush.

For the last fifteen years anywhere from 40 to 80 Burnaby students have been using this trail for an overnight history hiking trip. The trail is important historically and it also offers spectacular views of the Fraser Canyon. The steepness of the trail up the ridge between the Fraser and Anderson rivers suggests why the HBC sought an easier route and why the gold miners preferred another trail, also explored by A.C. Anderson, to Spuzzum to Yale by this trail.

In the spring we learned that J.S. Jones Timber Ltd. had applied to log in the area of Anderson’s Brigade Trail. Students and staff immediately wrote letters to the government and sought the support of BC historical societies. Excellent articles supporting the idea of a park in the area have appeared in the Georgia Straight and the BC Heritage Trust newsletter. So far the response has not been encouraging. The logging companies still plan to cut a logging road just to the north of the fur brigade trail. This road and the logging activity will severely affect the views from the trail.

In October a small group hiked the Brigade Trail, the ridge trail, and the trail to Gate Mountain—a mountain immediately north of the Brigade Trail. Our hike up Gate Mountain gave us a 360 degree view of the entire region from north of Boston Bar to the mountains south of Yale, the mountains west of the Fraser River, and the mountains surrounding the Anderson River. We were impressed by the vast area of land that is being logged. We are asking to preserve a tiny portion of land with immense historical and recreational potential. We would like Anderson’s Brigade Trail to be declared a heritage trail immediately and to encourage the government to preserve for a park the land from Spuzzum to Hell’s Gate on the east side of the Fraser River and to the watershed between the Fraser and Anderson rivers.

We have produced a short videotape of the students’ most recent hike up Anderson’s Brigade Trail and a longer tape showing our hike along the Harrison–Lillooet Gold Rush Trail. On 26 October we presented the video to students and parents. We are making the videotapes available to historical societies and outdoor clubs and will provide the tapes and/or speakers to interested groups. We hope that we will have an opportunity to educate politicians about the huge historic, educational, recreational and tourist potential of the trails opened up by A.C. Anderson. We have initiated talks with Joan Sawicki, Minister of Environment, Lands and Parks. We plan to ask more individuals to write to Joan Sawicki, Dave Zirnhelt and Murray Coell to seek the immediate protection afforded by Heritage Trail status for the trail and the portion of the Fraser River Canyon visible from the ridge trail. We encourage all people interested in the education of young people and the future of our province to write letters encouraging politicians to take appropriate action. (Joan Sawicki, Minister of the Environment, Lands and Parks, Parliament Buildings, Victoria, BC, V8V 1X4; Dave Zirnhelt, Minister of Forests, and Murray Coell, opposite critic of the Ministry of the Environment can be reached at the same address.)

To call attention to Anderson’s Trail the students and staff at Burnaby South Secondary School have produced an attractive colour calendar which they are selling at cost. Anyone interested in purchasing one or more calendars should send a cheque made out to Burnaby South Secondary School for $16.00 each to Pat Thaw, c/o Burnaby South Secondary School, 5455 Rumble Street, Burnaby, BC, V5J 2B7.
News and Notes

News items concerning Member and Affiliated Societies and the British Columbia Historical Federation should be sent to: Naomi Miller, Contributing Editor BC Historical News, PO Box 105, Wasa BC V0B 2K0

ALBERNI BOOK FAIR 2000

ALBERNI DISTRICT HISTORICAL SOCIETY plans to present a book fair in conjunction with the meeting in Port Alberni 4-6 May. Publishers, writers, book sellers and others interested in targeting a market of historians from around the province should contact the co-ordinator, Meg Scoffield.

Phone or fax (250) 724-4855.
Email: gascosfield@mail.sd70.bc.ca.

FROM THE BRANCHES

VICTORIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Members have been visiting places of worship with significant history in Victoria. They recently toured The Victoria Friends’ Quaker Meetinghouse. A group called Friends of Hatley Park is organizing an archives in the lower basement of Royal Roads University, as Hatley House is now known. A replica of Captain James Cook’s Endeavour was in the Inner Harbour for several days, during which time hundreds of citizens toured the vessel.

GULF ISLANDS BRANCH BCHF

On 15 September the Gulf Islands Branch held their annual general meeting. The board was re-elected by acclamation, however the acting treasurer moved that the board be enabled to co-opt a new director.

Kathy Banger and Andrew Loveridge spoke about Regatta Races at Galiano. Black Pioneers on Salt Spring Island will be the subject of a future program.

NORTH SHORE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

This North Vancouver society reaches out to citizens of all ages. Their energetic president, Roy Pallant, has led heritage walks for school children, and he has given slide presentations at seniors’ meetings and the Kiwanis Club. He even gave presentations at a day-care centre: a great example! We are all challenged to reach children so they will enjoy history and heritage resources now and in the future.

LANTZVILLE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

This small but active group enjoys meetings and outings, and is supporting a history student with a view to publishing a history of Lantzville. The annual Lantzville Mine-town Day is great fun. The members come in costume and there is a “Best Costume” competition for non-members. A table of items from the past creates fun as viewers guess about such things as a cow restrainer, a snuffbox, or a rug beater.

OTHER NEWS

WESTERN WOMEN’S HISTORY PRIZE

Dr. Jean Barman recently won the 9th annual Joan Jensen-Darlis Miller Prize for best article published in 1998 on the history of women in the trans-Mississippi West from the Coalition of Western Women’s History for “Taming Aboriginal Sexuality: Gender, Power, and Race in British Columbia, 1850-1900” (BC Studies 115/16: 237-66).

Dr. Barman received the prize at the Western History Association Conference in Portland in October, and was told that it is only the second time that a Canadian has received the prize. The prize included not just a cash prize and a certificate but also a Kachina pottery doll of a woman storyteller.

PAMELA MAR HONOURED

The Nanaimo Chamber of Commerce declared Mrs. Pamela Mar citizen of the year. Pamela Mar devotes many hours as a volunteer at the museum, conducts walking tours, organizes much of the Princess Royal Day program, lobbies for cemetery preservation, street names, etc. She has written many articles and books on Nanaimo history. Pamela Mar is an Honorary Life Member of the British Columbia Historical Federation.

DUNCAN HISTORY BOOK LAUNCHED

The city of Duncan is one square mile in area but Tom Henry has discovered many fascinating facts which appear in A Small City in a Large Valley (Harbour Publishing). Myrtle Haslam led a small group which mastered the project and did the fundraising. The book launch was held 22 October at the Cowichan Valley Museum with our former BCHF President beaming happily.

BRIDGET MORAN 1923-1999

Mrs. Moran passed away in Prince George on 25 August 1999. The author and social activist will be best remembered for her 1988 book Stoney Creek Woman, which won the Lieutenant-Governor’s Medal, presented by the Honourable David Lam at the 1989 BCHF Conference in Victoria. Bridget Moran later received honorary degrees from two universities for her lifetime commitment to social justice.

ALLAN WOOD HUNTER 1901-1999

Al Hunter could be called a telephone pioneer, starting with Bell Telephone as a teenager and with BC Tel in 1924. He was moved to Cranbrook in 1951 to convert the system to direct dialling and there he became a leading figure in the East Kootenay Historical Association. In 1959 he bought the Windsor Hotel at Fort Steele to save it from an eager collector of heritage buildings. With Fort Steele resident Dinty Moore he lobbied Victoria to have Fort Steele declared a Heritage Park. That designation was achieved in 1961. Hunter worked as a volunteer in the early years. His ashes were placed in Fort Steele Cemetery on 30 October 1999.

HEDLEY HERITAGE NEWS

The Mascot Mine buildings were stabilized under MLA Bill Barlee but have yet to be opened to the public. The BC Government has advertised for a private contractor to open them as a tourist attraction. The Upper Similkameen Band tabled a proposal which has tentative approval. It meets Department of Mines’ safety requirements as well as acceptable standards for crowd control and visitor entry.

NIMSICK SCRAPBOOKS IN ARCHIVES

Leo Nimsick was MLA for the Cranbrook-East Kootenay riding from 1949 to 1975. He won nine elections, starting as a member of the CCF and finishing as Minister of Mines and Petroleum Resources in the NDP government of former BC premier Dave Barrett. His wife Marie, who died in 1980, had kept scrapbooks documenting Leo’s political career. Nimsick—who had a reputation for helping people regardless of their politics—died in February 1999. His daughter presented 27 scrapbooks to the archives in Fort Steele Heritage Town where curator Derryll White anticipates they will become a popular reference.
MEG SCOFFIELD REPORTS: These days Port Alberni is putting its heart into recreating its industrial heritage.

Where a few years ago people in the Alberni Valley saw an old, decaying lumber mill, rusting logging equipment and trucks, they now see the future. Where they watched sadly as the old Two Spot logging shay sat disintegrating by the roadside, they now anticipate regular rail passenger service from downtown to the restored mill site.

In past years, when the busy deep-sea port and large fishing fleet generated huge economic benefits, public access to the waterfront was limited. Now the Harbour Quay is a gathering place where people enjoy a scene likened to Vancouver's Granville Island with a mix of industry, history, and retail activity.

As the calendar moves into a new century and a new millennium, the Alberni District Historical Society, host for the British Columbia Historical Federation's Year 2000 Conference, is focusing on connections and transition at the community level and provincially. The theme of the conference is Reflection and Renewal of the Heritage Vision. Organizers hope to meet the challenge of putting the Alberni Valley and its history firmly into the spotlight, while giving a tip of the hat to the new millennium. In partnership with the Alberni Valley Museum, the society is planning a program that will look ahead, as well as to the past.

Of special interest to those attending the conference (set for 4–6 May) will be a visit to the McLean Mill National Historic Site. After more than a decade of work and struggle to secure financing, the steam sawmill will be opened with great fanfare on 1 July 2000. Delegates will spend an afternoon at the site, seeing logs processed in the old way and hearing from some of the people who were employed by the R.B. McLean Lumber Co., operators of the mill from 1927 until it closed in 1965.

Now only a 15-minute drive from Port Alberni, the sawmill complex was once a small community with houses, school, blacksmith shop, and other service facilities. The attractive site has a dam, millpond, and a fish ladder on a salmon-spawning stream. The surrounding 13 hectares of land, donated by MacMillan Bloedel in 1994, provide a good example of coastal rainforest.

Hard-working members of the Western Vancouver Island Industrial Heritage Society are now assured that their dream of running a steam train from the 1911-era station at the foot of Argyle Street to McLean Mill will be realized. The No. 7 steam engine and diesel locomotive are already part of the summer scene in Port Alberni, providing short rides along the waterfront and industrial area of the city.

Also on the agenda for the conference is a woods tour which will stop at several active logging sites. Another choice will be a less arduous tour including the harbour (home of the working vessels Lady Rose and Frances Barkley that connect Port Alberni with Bamfield and Ucluelet). This group will also visit the Somass Mill (now operated by MacMillan Bloedel), donated by Robertson and Calf in 1910, which has become a cyclists' destination.

As service to users of this section of the Trans Canada Trail Paul has built a rest stop which has been used by over 1,000 cyclists this year.

FRASER RIVER HISTORY CONFERENCE

Blake Mackenzie and a few of those who participated in past conferences are planning to go ahead with a conference for next year.

The preliminary plan is to host the event in October 2000 in Lillooet since that was the site for the cancelled 1999 conference.

Blake would appreciate to hear from potential volunteers and speakers, and from anyone else interested in keeping this important yearly (or should it become biennial?) event going. Would any organization be interested in sponsoring the event?

Contact: Blake Mackenzie
Fraser River History Conference
570 Whiteside Street
Victoria BC V8Z 1Y6
Telephone: (250) 479-6430
Fax: (250) 479-6458
Email: prospect@octonet.com
URL: dustytrails.com

Welcome to Port Alberni

An Industrious Community Prepares for the Year 2000 Conference

KOOTENAY MUSEUM ASSOCIATION

The Nelson Daily News, founded in 1902, donated a large body of records to the local museum and archives. Two summer students sorted through the material to enable researchers to zero in on specific topics.

LIVING LANDSCAPES IN THE KOOTENAYS

The Royal BC Museum teamed up with Columbia Basin Trust to enable researchers to complete a great variety of projects in the East and West Kootenay. Researchers spoke on their projects in Nelson and Fort Steele on weekends in September and October. The topics ranged from Doukhobor children to leopard frogs; wild grasses to archaeology; ospreys on the West Arm to "Roots of Racism." Before the weekends there were accompanying school programs and a travelling display was open to the public in Nelson, Fort Steele and Revelstoke.

This is the second phase of Living Landscapes. Phase 1 was in the Thompson-Okanagan. The third program will start shortly in the Peace River District.

KETTLE VALLEY & TRANS CANADA TRAIL

Members of the Boundary Historical Society met for their annual general meeting on 17 October in Rock Creek. Guest speaker Paul Lautard spoke about the Rhone section of the Kettle Valley Railway. This abandoned rail route runs through Lautard's property and has become a cyclists' destination. As a service to users of this section of the Trans Canada Trail Paul has built a rest stop which has been used by over 1,000 cyclists this year.

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MARITIME DISCOVERY CENTRE

The Port Alberni Maritime Heritage Society, in cooperation with the Port Alberni Harbour Commission and the Alberni Valley Museum, has undertaken to develop a Maritime Discovery Centre as part of the new marina complex being built by the Harbour Commission.

Targeting March 2001 as the completion date of the Maritime Discovery Centre, the heritage group behind this project will be inviting BCHF conference visitors to see their work in progress. The building exterior and interpretative signage along the pier should be in place.
Federation News

BCHF Council meeting Nanaimo 25 September 1999

Following are some of the highlights from the meeting’s minutes:

On behalf of the British Columbia Historical Federation a two-person delegation will attend the Canada National History Conference to be held in Toronto from 18 to 20 February 2000.

The British Columbia Historical Federation will add $150 to the $100 contributed by David Mattison for the History Web site prize, bringing the total to $250. A panel of judges for this year’s prize has meanwhile been nominated.

The Federation is considering the creation of an endowment fund for members interested in making a bequest, to be used for such purposes as promoting and teaching history. A subcommittee has been set up to look into this proposal.

The selection of books on BC history and heritage in ferry giftshops remains poor. Readers are invited to write to the Pattison Group (Vancouver Magazine Service) voicing their concern. Letters from individuals seem to receive more attention than petitions.

The subscription secretary has been instructed to remove, without exception, delinquent subscribers from the mailing list prior to the mailing of each issue of BC Historical News. A cancellation notice mailed instead of the next issue will include an invitation to renew a lapsed subscription. The subscription secretary will give due notice to subscribers and/or their member association at the time the last paid-for issue is mailed.

The 5-year indexes available at a fee will not be continued. The BC Historical News will provide an annual index to all subscribers free of charge by adding pages to the Winter (No. 1) issues.

Judges have been nominated for the “Best Articles” award. Both experienced and first-time writers will have the opportunity to receive the award.

Seven books (copyright 1999) for the Writing Competition were reported received and it is hoped that most books will be submitted well before the 31 December deadline.

The British Columbia Historical Federation counts 36 member societies and 8 affiliates. There was a discussion how to increase membership.

Upcoming British Columbia Historical Federation conferences are scheduled for Port Alberni (2000), Richmond (2001), and (unconfirmed) Revelstoke (2002). A fine overview of the plans for the 4-6 May Port Alberni Conference was presented at the Nanaimo meeting by Meg Scoffield and Simo Nurme.

A contest prize of $500 was agreed upon for the design of a logo for the BC Historical Federation at an arts college.

Past recording secretary George Thompson, present at the meeting, was thanked for serving on the executive. Barbara and Terry Simpson were thanked for hosting the meeting and the Nanaimo Museum Society for providing their board room and allowing participants to visit the museum.

Next council meeting is scheduled for 4 March 2000 at the Richmond Cultural Centre.

1999 History Web Site Prize

Nominations for the 1999 Historical Web site prize must be made prior to 31 December 1999.

The British Columbia Historical Federation and David Mattison are jointly sponsoring the first adjudicated cash award honouring individual initiatives in the design and content of a Web site devoted to British Columbia’s history. The yearly $250 award recognizes Web sites of more than a single page that contribute to an understanding and appreciation of British Columbia’s past.

Judgement will be based on historical content, layout, design, and ease of use. Web site creators and authors may nominate their own sites.

Additional information, including price rules, as well as an online nomination form are available on David Mattison’s BC History Internet/Web site:

http://www.victoria.bc.ca/Resources/bchistory.htm.

Captain George Vancouver Day

John E. (Ted) Roberts received news from the Ministry of the Attorney General that 12 May will henceforth be Captain George Vancouver Day. This shows again that individual initiative can make a difference!

Manuscripts for publication should be sent to the Editor, BC Historical News, PO Box 130, Whonnock BC V2W 1V9.

Submissions should not be more than 3,500 words. Illustrations are welcome and should be accompanied by captions, source information, registration numbers where applicable, and permission for publication. Photographs are preferred over laser copies. They will be returned uncut and unmarked. Please include a diskette with a digital copy of the manuscript if possible.

Authors publishing for the first time in BC Historical News will receive a one-year complimentary subscription to the journal. If they wish, this complimentary subscription may be assigned to another person of their choice as a one-year gift subscription.

There is a yearly award for the Best Article published in BC Historical News.

British Columbia Historical Federation
1999–2000 Scholarship

Applications should be submitted before 15 May 2000

The British Columbia Historical Federation annually awards a $500 scholarship to a student completing third or fourth year at a British Columbia college or university.

To apply for the scholarship, candidates must submit:
1. A letter of application.
2. An essay of 1500-3000 words on a topic relating to the history of British Columbia.
3. A professor’s letter of recommendation.

Send submissions to:
Scholarship Committee,
British Columbia Historical Federation
PO Box 5254, Station B
Victoria BC V8R 1N4

The winning essay and other selected submissions may be published in British Columbia Historical News.
Melva Dwyer has compiled this index covering volume 31 of BC Historical News for the year 1998. The index will henceforth be published on a yearly rather than a five-yearly basis. To catch up a year lost somewhere in the past we plan to publish the 1999 index (volume 32) in the coming summer edition. The index for the year 2000 (volume 33) is scheduled for the first issue for 2002, next winter. Thank you, Melva Dwyer, for your continuing dedication and hard work for BC Historical News and the Federation.

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The information included in each entry is as follows: 31:4 (1998): 15-16.* This may be interpreted as meaning volume 31, issue number 4, year 1998, page 15-16, an article with illustrations.

Melva J. Dwyer, Librarian Emerita
University of British Columbia

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The British Columbia Historical Federation is an umbrella organization embracing regional societies.  
Questions about membership and affiliation of societies should be directed to Terry Simpson, Membership Secretary, BC Historical Federation, 193 Bird Sanctuary, Nanaimo BC V9R 6G8  

Members and Affiliated Groups are invited to write to the Editor, BC Historical News for any changes to be made to this list.
BC HISTORICAL NEWS welcomes manuscripts dealing with the history of British Columbia and British Columbians.

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The British Columbia Historical Federation invites submissions of books for the seventeenth annual Competition for Writers of BC History.
Any book presenting any facet of BC history, published in 1999, 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.” Note that reprints or revisions of books are not eligible.

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