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Courtesy Sheila Nickols

Hessay, Mary, and Doris Graves in their garden on Stanley Ave., Victoria, c. 1908. In "Up with the Petticoats! Down with the Trousers" Sheila Nickols writes about the life of her remarkable grandmother and her part in the struggle for women to be equal partners with men in public affairs and political matters.

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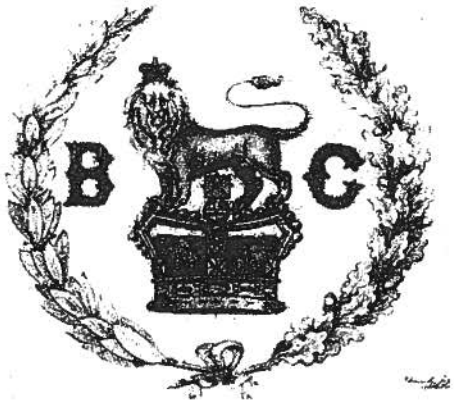
Any country worthy of a future should be interested in its past.
W. Kaye Lamb, 1937



THE COAT-OF-ARMS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA in use until the year 1896 was merely a crest or a badge. It had no specific references to the province. It was an emblem of the Royal Family of England. After the replacement by a new Arms, the Native Sons of British Columbia used an image of the old crest as their insignia, as did the Royal Jubilee Hospital. So did others.

The British Columbia Historical Federation has no crest of its own and many of us would welcome an emblem identifying the Federation, if only we could find the right one. At a recent Council meeting a proposal was heard to adopt the old provincial badge as our own—not without Royal consent of course. A few of those present at the meeting felt that the badge would put too much emphasis on the monarchy and that it did not reflect the multi-facetted and multi-cultural past of our province. However, the majority of those present looked at the badge solely as a symbol of the pioneer days of the province and did not share those concerns.

We wonder how you feel about identifying the Federation with the old provincial badge. You may also have other suggestions for a suitable emblem. Please write, phone, or e-mail!

Looking forward to hearing from you.
the editor

Up with the Petticoats! Down With the Trousers!

From Suffragist to Political Candidate: Mary Graves of Victoria, BC

by Sheila Nickols

Sheila Nickols is involved in local history since editing *Maple Ridge: a History of Settlement* in 1972.

WHERE does a woman find the inner strength and motivation to go beyond her personal sphere of influence to put her name into the public realm and run for political office? Even today, according to women politicians I have spoken to, there is a great personal sacrifice entailed in campaigning for office and serving effectively once elected. Imagine how much greater the difficulties of political life were for the first women to put themselves forward to serve as the pioneers in this previously masculine field. In British Columbia, this pioneering effort took place in 1919 when women had newly won the right to vote.

People need high ideals to put themselves through the rigours of a political campaign, and a conviction that they can make a positive difference in the world. They must have self-respect, built up by real accomplishments in the world. For women especially, there must be family support, both moral and financial. Native intelligence, good health, energy, speaking ability, and an adventurous, pioneering spirit are all essential. And it doesn't hurt to be red-haired and Irish!

In am speaking of my maternal grandmother, Mary Graves, who was among the first women in Victoria to run for public office in 1919, when she put her name forward for nomination in the civic election. She tried again in 1920, then went on to run in the 1924 provincial election. All three attempts at office were unsuccessful, but her example and that of other courageous women began making women fully part of the political process.

My grandmother died in 1929 before my mother married, so I never had the privilege of knowing her, but must make do with stories, newspaper clippings, photographs, archival references, and some guesses about the reality of her life. My mother, Doris Belle Graves Carstens, left me with a strong sense of Mary Graves' vivid personality, which had a lasting effect on her family, friends, and contemporaries. She often spoke with pride of her accomplished mother Mary Graves, but not about her political aspiration. It was not until Lyn Gough, author of *As Wise As Serpents*, made me aware of Mary Graves's political career at a Women's History Conference in 1995 that I began my formal research.

My grandmother was born Mary Helen Gertrude Flynn in New York City on 11 July 1868, to Daniel and Helen Mary Flynn, immigrants from Dublin. Daniel J. Flynn was the owner of a livery stable in New York, where he also served as a volunteer fireman. The Irish Catholic Flynn family had a total of eight children, five of whom lived to adulthood. First came Lizzie, (13 July 1852 to 26 August 1855), then Carrie, (19 September 1854 to 1 September 1855.) Apparently the two sisters died in the same epidemic.

By the time Mary was born on 11 July 1868, she had four older siblings: Daniel J. Jr. (1857), twin boys John H. and William F. (1859), and Louise (1865). In October of 1872 the last child of the family was born, Lizzie, named for her dead sister. All of this information was recorded in the Flynn family Bible.

Two family stories come down to us from this time. Mary had beautiful auburn hair, thick and springy, but her older brothers used to tease her by holding their hands over her head and saying. "Hot! My hands are burning!" The other event which had long lasting effects was an accident. Mary, aged about two, fell out the door of one of her father's carriages and injured her leg seriously. Unable to tell the doctor where she hurt aside from her head, the injury was untreated, so she went through the rest of her life with a dislocated hip, requiring her to wear one built up boot and causing her to limp.

Mary Flynn must have had a good basic education, judging from her later handwriting, fluent composition and well-written public speeches. She also learned the skills of sewing, embroidery, cooking, and advanced piano playing, as she performed all of these accomplish-

ments at an expert level as an adult.

Tragedy and loss came early into Mary's life. In 1876 her father Daniel died. Then on 14 September 1883 the youngest child of the family Lizzie died, quickly followed by her mother, Helen, on 25 October 1883. Mary Flynn was fifteen years old at this time of great personal loss.

It is not clear when Mary moved to San Francisco, but she no doubt joined her brother John there. John must have established himself in California by 1885, when he married Margaret Eleanor Harrington in San Francisco. The next recorded event in Mary's life was her marriage to Harrison Courtney in 1890 in Eureka, California. Mary was then twenty-two years old, while her husband, Harrison, was forty-three.

Left: *Mary Graves ca. 1924*

Mary's obituary states that she had lived in Victoria since 1888, but I can find no verification of this in city directories. The family story was that Mary and Harrison Courtney stopped in Victoria on their way to emigrate to Australia, but this must be a simplification of the facts. In 1889, a year before their marriage, the Victoria Directory lists Courtney & Dalby as owners of a livery stable at 20 and 22 Pandora Street, which is just east of Wharf Street. H. Courtney is recorded as a resident of the Clarence Hotel.

Then in 1890, H. Courtney is listed as living at the livery stable at 20 Pandora Street, "between a Chinese dwelling and City Hall." Perhaps Harrison Courtney had by now bought out his partner, Dalby. The 1893 Directory calls it the Eureka Livery Stable, possibly named for Harrison's place of birth or residence in California. A BC Archives photograph shows what looks very much like a brick livery stable with large doors and second-storey windows next to the 1877–built city hall, before it was enlarged. (F-01296)

My Mother told the story that when Harrison first brought Mary to Victoria, she fell in love with the beauty of the small city, with its wild roses still growing beside many of its streets. She was also curious about what had happened to all the buildings because they were so short, only one or two stories high, compared to those she knew in New York and San Francisco.

In the 1890s, Victoria was a busy, cosmopolitan place, with a large Chinese population next to Pandora Street where the Courtneys lived. Several nearby premises are listed as Chinese importers of opium, a legal business in those days. At this time Victoria had one hundred saloons to serve the local and transient population, and twice as many men as women lived there.

Harrison Courtney was a handsome, active man, deeply devoted to his wife. We have two letters that he wrote to Mary when she had gone away by ship to visit her brother in San Francisco in April of 1894. After scolding her gently about not writing sooner, he tells about Jim and Miss T., perhaps residents of their boarding house, then adds details about their garden with pansies in bloom, a fishing trip to Shawnigan Lake where he caught forty trout, and plans to go out prospecting when the snow has melted in the mountains. He ends, "I will close by bid[d]ing you good by[e] with love as ever."

Then, in November of 1896, Harrison Courtney took ill with a fatal pneumonia. A handwritten will, dated 11 November 1896, bequeaths "to my darling wife Mary Helen Gertrude Courtney all my real and personal property." He died on 26 November at the age of forty-nine after only six years of marriage to Mary. Family lore has it that their baby son died at this time also, but no records are yet found to support this. Perhaps there was a miscarriage.

This double tragedy had a harrowing effect on Mary. She later told my mother that she had lost her faith in God at this crucial time in her life, and stopped attending the Catholic church in Victoria. An unwanted effect of this change left her even more alone in the world, because women who had been her friends through church now shunned her.

I would like to acknowledge the help my late sister, Patricia Jean Carstens Koster, in researching the first draft of this research project. Her memories of talks with our mother added to the archival research to give a more fully rounded idea of the life and career of Mary Graves.

—Sheila Nickols

Left alone at the age of twenty-eight to support herself, Mary, an accomplished seamstress, sewed for people. She also gave piano lessons, using the upright grand piano that her husband had given her as a wedding present. She was an expert pianist, leaving to her daughter a large collection of piano music, much of it by Chopin. Her piano has been presented to the Victoria Academy of Music, where today students use it.

Friends Mary and Michael King, who had lived in Victoria since 1892, now became very important to Mary for personal support and practical help. Mike King, a larger-than-life timber cruiser, prospector, entrepreneur, and teller of tall tales about a Wild Man of the Woods, came to her rescue financially. He proposed that she set herself up as a public stenographer.

Whether Mary already knew how to type or she taught herself is not known, but with the help and encouragement of Mike King she rented ground floor premises with a window overlooking the street in the Driard Hotel on the corner of Broad and View Streets. This was opposite Spencer's Arcade, later the site of Spencer's Department Store, and now the Eaton Centre. Michael King apparently encouraged his business acquaintances to make use of her new services. Victoria businessmen began to bring their confidential correspondence to Mary to type, especially when they were dealing with sensitive information they did not want revealed to their regular office staff.

One concrete reminder of this era in Mary's life is a letter of recommendation, no doubt typed by Mary herself, and signed by Charles Tupper. The family has always assumed that this was the Sir Charles Tupper who was one of the fathers of confederation in 1867, but it was more probably his son, Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, (1855-1927). The son had business and government dealings in British Columbia; in fact he was knighted in 1892 for his work for Great Britain in the Bering Sea arbitration. In 1904 he retired from Nova Scotia politics to practice law in Vancouver. The letter reads:

> Victoria, B.C. Nov. 5, 1897. To Whom it may concern:—I have much pleasure in giving a cordial recommendation to Mrs. M.G. Courtney as an accomplished typewriter from dictation. She is also a stenographer, but I find she can write from dictation as accurately and as rapidly as most persons write shorthand. All the work that I have entrusted to her has been performed in the most satisfactory manner. Your faithfully, (signed) Charles Tupper.

Michael King's wife Mary was a remarkable woman who was a good friend to Mary for many years, and to her descendants. She was also a moving spirit in the Victoria Theosophical Society, which Mary Courtney now began to attend. It was here that she met her second husband, Hessay Wilkinson Graves. He had emigrated to Victoria from York, England in 1887, when he began work at the Canada Customs House on Wharf Street in Victoria. By all accounts he was a gentle, scholarly man, well educated and widely read, who collected a large library of spiritual, religious, and speculative books. By 1904, he was the president of the Theosophical Society of Victoria, the "New Age" movement of the time.

According to Vivian Bales, daughter of Margaret Bales, Mary Courtney was "keeping company" with Hessay Graves for some time. He would leave work at the Customs House and escort her home from her office in the Driard Hotel. She was the one who accelerated the courtship by proposing marriage, or so she later told her friend Margaret. In any case, they were married on 12 February 1899 by Methodist minister, the Rev. W. Barraclough. Witnesses were friends William Stewart and Renate Chandler.

Early in their marriage, the government transferred Hessay Graves to Ottawa. Here their only child, Doris Belle Graves, was born on 28 March 1902. At the insistence of Mary, who disliked the Ottawa climate and longed to return to Victoria, they moved back while Doris was still an infant. The family story goes that Mary solved the diaper problem on the trip by making up a set of inexpensive flannelette diapers and discarding them off the back of the CPR train as they journeyed across the country: disposables before their time.

Daughter Doris, my mother, told us, her two children, many stories about her parents and their life in a home on Stanley Avenue in Victoria, still looking much as it did then. Mary kept house with great efficiency, baking delicious cakes and preparing meals. Her practice was to have Doris watch out for her father, who walked home from work, turning the corner onto Stanley Avenue. Then Mary would drain the cooked vegetables so supper could be hot on the table when he entered the back door. She looked after all the money matters for the family, a far from com-

Left: *Mary Graves with her daughter Doris Belle Graves, 1902.*

mon practice at the time, and she sewed most of their clothing, including her husband's suits.

During the early years of Doris' life, her mother Mary would spend the morning on her housework, then go to the piano to play her favourite Chopin in the afternoon. She regularly entertained groups of women friends at afternoon tea. A devoted parent, she took great pleasure in raising her daughter Doris, keeping a periodic diary about the stages of her life and education. It is very frustrating to a biographer to read very little in this diary about Mary's own life or inner thoughts, only the repeated entry that she had been "very busy."

A few years before my mother's death in 1982 she told me that it was Mary King who encouraged Mary Graves to become active in public life and committee work at the time when daughter Doris was in elementary school. The campaign for votes for women had been going on for some time when Mary Graves joined it. According to Lyn Gough's book *As Wise As Serpents*, the women who belonged to the Women's Temperance Union, which lobbied for the prohibition of alcohol sales, also worked for women's suffrage, a refuge home for women, a curfew to control youth crime, and many other community issues. Most of these women were also members of the Methodist or Presbyterian churches.

From various contemporary newspaper references, we know that Mary Graves belonged to the Women's Independent Political Association, the Local Council of Women, and the Board of Library Commissioners. She took a keen interest in welfare work, in the establishment of playgrounds in Victoria, and the educational affairs of the city. She was also part of the long campaign to give votes to women, often speaking publicly on the topic. Apparently she was a witty and effective speaker, who also occasionally preached the sermon at the Unitarian Church when there was no minister available.

According to Doris, Mary's signature ending for her votes-for-women speech was the line: "Up with the petticoats! Down with the trousers!" Mary may have been helped in her speech preparation by her literary husband, who would look up pertinent quotations for her to deliver with her own style and panache. In the *Victoria Times* of 19 October 1921 she is quoted as having presented a bouquet to Margaret Jenkins on behalf of the Local Council of Women, on the occasion of Mrs. Jenkins' retirement from the presidency of the Women's Canadian Club. The bouquet contained roses and snapdragons, roses signifying love in the language of flowers. Mary stated that she hoped the snapdragons would be taken to mean that the recipient might "long be filled with the snap of life to fight the dragon of ignorance."

By 1919, daughter Doris had begun her successful career as a teacher in a one-room school in Sooke district. She had skipped several grades in school, and had completed her education at Victoria High School and the one year Normal School requirement for teachers by the age of seventeen, so she needed special permission from the beetle-browed Minister of Education, Alexander Robinson, to begin teaching before the legal age of eighteen. He fixed her with a stern look and asked, "Can't your father support you?" but did grant her the necessary permission to teach.

That same year 1919 Mary Graves joined two other women to run for City Council in Victoria. The decades long struggle for votes for women had finally been won. Now women in several BC communities, filled with the highest ideals of service and dazzled by the possibility of transforming the political scene by their very presence, planned to run for office. In the December 1918 *Victoria Daily Times*, on the "Women's Domain" pages of the paper, was a report of the Women's Independent Political Association committee formed to find two women "of suitable character" to run in the upcoming January 1919 civic election. Miss Crease is quoted as saying it was women's duty to learn everything possible about government and their responsibility in voting. They must be accurate, knowledgeable, and ready to put country before self. They would need the character and ability first shown at home, and should "keep up their heads and establish themselves as a purifying element in the community."

Christina Williscroft and Kate Palmer ran along with Mary Graves against thirteen men for ten council positions, but none of the women were elected. Mary was the only woman to run the following year, 1920, where she increased her number of votes to 1685, still not enough to gain a seat. This year one of her nominators was Susan Crease.

These political defeats certainly did not slow down Mary's participation in public life. In June of 1919, between the two civic elections, she was one of several prominent speakers at a mass meeting in the Victoria High School auditorium deploring the high cost of living. Some of the recommendations of the speakers were public ownership of packing plants, price controls on food, the reduction of taxes on food and clothing, and a review of freight rates.

The *Victoria Times*, less staunchly conservative than the *Colonist* newspaper, quotes Mary Graves as saying:

> In the new day that I hope is now dawning, the person who accumulates vast wealth will be looked down upon and despised. No millionaire has given the world the equivalent of what he has received. Not what I can get out of my country, but what can I give to my fellow man should be our ideal.... What we need is a new sense of responsibility and a new conscience in the interest of public service.

Aside from reports given by Mary Graves as vice-president of the Local Council of Women regarding the Parks and Playgrounds committee, the next important public event in her life was the 1924 provincial election. In 1922, husband Hessay had retired from his position as Port Accountant at the Victoria Customs House. The building where he spent his working life still stands, a well-restored and attractive feature of the waterfront on Wharf Street.

Mary Graves was Chairman of the Canadian Labour Party in May of 1924 when they met and decided, against the advice of the Labour Council, to make a bid for office in the upcoming provincial election. Arch-conservative Victoria was far from a hotbed of Labour sentiment, as is shown by the fact that only thirty-six people, several of them women, attended the nomination meeting for the Canadian Labour Party. Mary Graves at first refused to stand for election, but was persuaded to run for the nomination, and led the poll with thirty-two of the thirty-six people present voting for her. So she ran in the election, along with two men, James Hawthornthwaite and William Pierce. All three went down to predictable defeat, but Mary gained more votes than either of the two male Labour candidates.

In this more leisurely age, without the benefit of television coverage, newspapers tended to report speeches at length. An article in the *Victoria Colonist* of 10 June 1924 covered one of Mary Graves's campaign speeches at a Chamber of Commerce election forum. It quotes her as saying:

> Victoria, one of the most beautiful cities in the Northwest, with a climate unexcelled in the world, good paved streets, clean bill of health, but becoming a deserted village, sons and daughters leaving for California, father or mother trying to hold the fort alone here, hoping against hope, year after year, that things will pick up so the children can come back to the old home to live, or that mother might be able to sell the house for something near its value and go to the children. Something is wrong. Why are we losing to another country our chiefest asset, our young people, trained and equipped for the battle of life, the completed product of a high civilization gone to enrich another nation, lost to Canada, lost to citizenship, lost to enterprise? Have we juggled with the unmeasured resources that Nature has laid at our feet? Has the birthright of the people been betrayed? Are our politics without vision? Is national conscience dead? In high places is there also high aim?

At the same election forum, the *Victoria Times* reported that Mrs. H.W. Graves was well received, describing her as a "well-known public spirited citizen" who had pioneered at municipal elections and been narrowly defeated, and had served the Local Council of Women with "much common sense and business acumen." It mentioned her advocacy of supervised playgrounds for children, including an excellent original scheme for an Oak Bay park-playground drawn to scale, her own handiwork. She was also described as a "close student of economics" in her position as secretary to the Victoria Library Board.

The *Times* article went on to quote her exten-

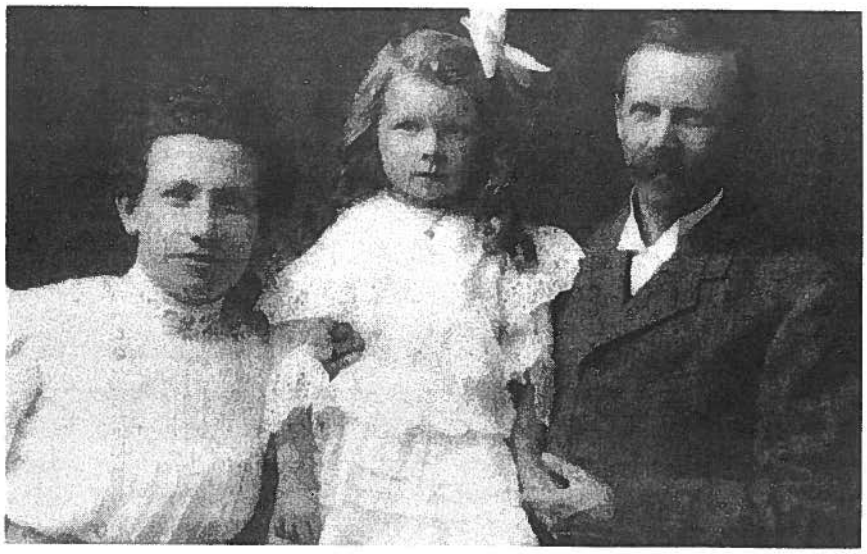
sively. Mary Graves's opening remarks were characteristic:

> I have been told I have gotten into very bad company" (presumably the Labour Party, or perhaps politicians in general). "If that is so, some of the politicians are in worse company." The *Times* also paraphrased some of her remarks.
> She alluded to the duties of the city women to their fellow women in the back settlements to make motherhood easier. She spoke of the necessity of a medical board in every city to assist the sick. Women particularly were aggrieved at the extravagant expenditure of the Government, resulting in financial depression. She turned to discuss the serious situation of unemployment. She said the fear of losing their jobs had made the people cowards. (Hear, hear). She attacked the export of logs from the Province, and the failure to develop the hinterland of the West Coast. British Columbia was spending $24,000,000 a year for liquor, too much for a province of half a million people. (*Victoria Times*, 10 June 1924)

Mary Graves saved her best shots for the conclusion of her speech. The 1924 election also included a referendum on the sale of beer by the glass, with a full-page advertisement in the same edition of the *Times* extolling votes for beer—"Secure good, wholesome beer at 10 cents a glass." To counter the argument that beer sales would be good for business, Mary stated, "No individual ever drank himself into wealth, no country can drink itself into prosperity."

Defeat in the 1924 provincial election ended Mary Graves's political aspirations, but not her involvement in public issues and community work. In 1926, Hessay Graves died at the age of sixty-eight, after only four years of retirement. Mary sold the Stanley Street house, and moved into an apartment on Cook Street with her daughter Doris, who was by now teaching in the Victoria school system. Possibly at this time she had the capital resources to buy, sell, and rent out a series of houses in Victoria, the last one of which I have knowledge on Pandora Street near the Christian Science church.

The Graves family photograph album contains several images of Mary riding in the side car of Doris' motorcycle, and later in their automobile. For the rest of the 1920s, they made yearly summer camping trips on Vancouver Island, to the interior of BC, and the western United States, by car and tent, with Mary and Doris travelling with friends. One photo shows Mary with Mrs. Spofford of Victoria votes for women fame at the Palo Alto University campus.



Above: *Mary, Dorris, and Hessay Graves.*

Mary Graves died untimely of pancreatic cancer at the age of sixty-one, on 23 February 1929. Her obituary reads in part: "One of this city's most public-spirited women Mrs. M.G. Graves, has been a resident of Victoria since 1888. The possessor of many friends, who will miss her cheerful personality and ready helpfulness, Mrs. Graves was Victoria's first public stenographer, and Sir Charles Tupper's confidential secretary." It goes on to outline her involvement with the Local Council of Women, her interest in welfare work and her work establishing many of Victoria's playgrounds. It also mentions her candidacy for civic election, and her nine years on the Board of Library Commissioners. Mary Graves rests in Ross Bay Cemetery, her headstone lying between those of her first and second husbands.

The life and public career of Mary Graves has a surprisingly modern ring to it, perhaps only possible on the west coast of a young country where individual merit and new ideas are allowed to flourish. She never won public office, but she did participate fully in Victoria's civic life through her committee work, community involvement, and her own business dealings. Through all this, she maintained her private life as a devoted wife, mother, and friend.

Today we are closer to the ideal that women of Mary Graves's era espoused, that women should be equal partners with men in the public affairs and political process of the community, province, and nation. Women like her showed it was possible for us to use our native ability, energy and social conscience to be effective beyond the confines of home and family.

The Oolichan Fishery of Northern British Columbia

By Ron Sutherland

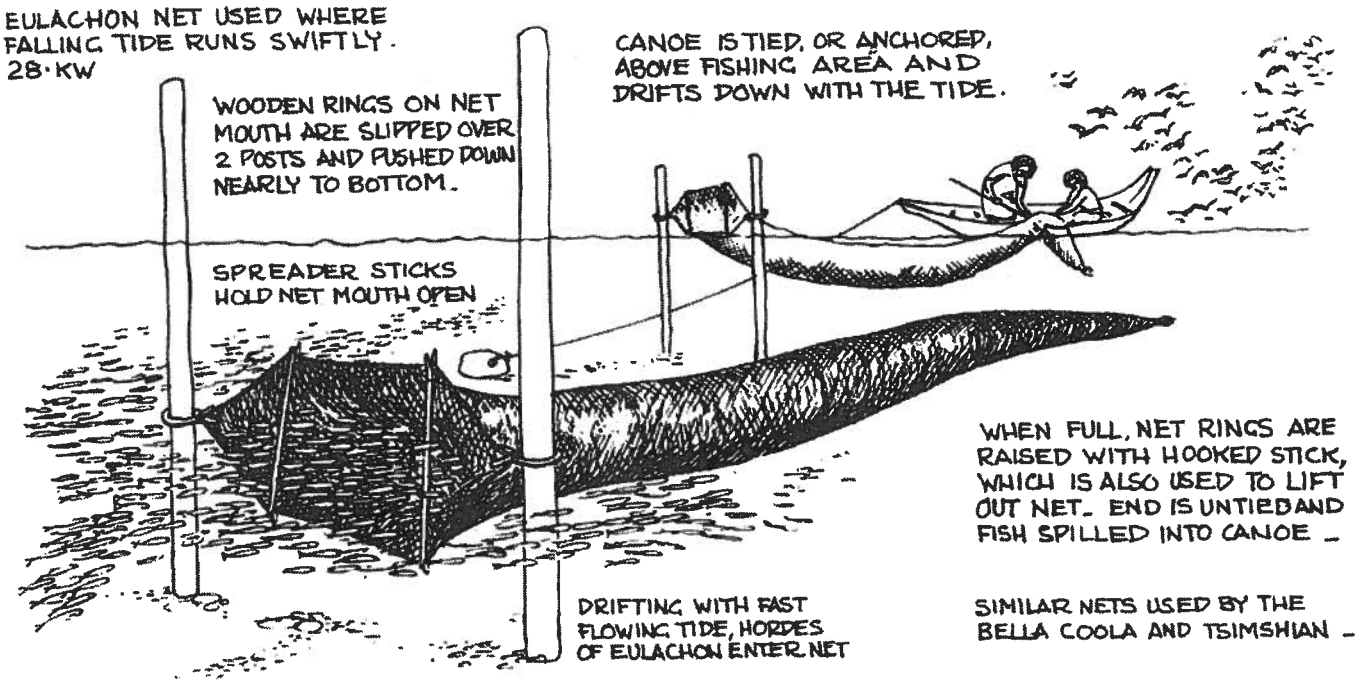
Ron Sutherland, a retired Vancouver shipping executive. Over the last few years he has taken courses in history at Simon Fraser University. This article is based on a term paper he recently wrote.
He is also interested in Scottish heritage.

THE oolichan[1] is a small, smelt-like, anadromous fish that occurs from the southern Bering Sea to northern California. It spawns only in a few dozen rivers, of which about half are in British Columbia. All spawning rivers have distinct spring freshets and most, if not all, drain glaciers.[2]

The oolichan fishery on the Nass River is the most significant in British Columbia, historically, culturally, and economically. For hundreds of years, it greatly influenced the Native communities and their cultures, and affected trade not only between Native bands, as the historical "grease trails" attest, but also with non-Native traders. Even today the oolichan fishery is an important part of the life of the Native communities in the Nass River area.

Since I will focus on the Nass River and the Nisga'a people, a comment on the origin of their names may be appropriate. The term Nass signifies "food depot," which indicates the richness of the marine environment of the area of which the oolichan fishery is only part. Nisga'a means "people of the Nass." For over a hundred years the Nisga'a people have used these names, although the words are Tlingit and not from the Nisga'a language, which is a dialect of Tsimshian and has no affinity with Tlingit. The early navigators, Vancouver and Meares, both anchored near Tongass, a Tlingit village in southern Alaska, and obtained the information on the surrounding area from these people.[3] This demonstrates the power of the British Admiralty charts—once a name was printed there it became a known fact, and the Nass and Nisga'a became the names used.

Oolichan grease had many different uses in the Native culture of the Pacific Northwest. It served as nourishment and condiment, had practical applications, and was used in ceremonial activities. It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of the oolichan fishery to the Nisga'a people who held a virtual monopoly, and by trading the grease they obtained wealth, prestige, and power.



Drawing by Hilary Stewart from *Indian Fishing*.

In the following, I will first describe the harvesting, processing, and use of the oolichan, and will then explore some of the effects the oolichan fishery had on the Nisga'a people.

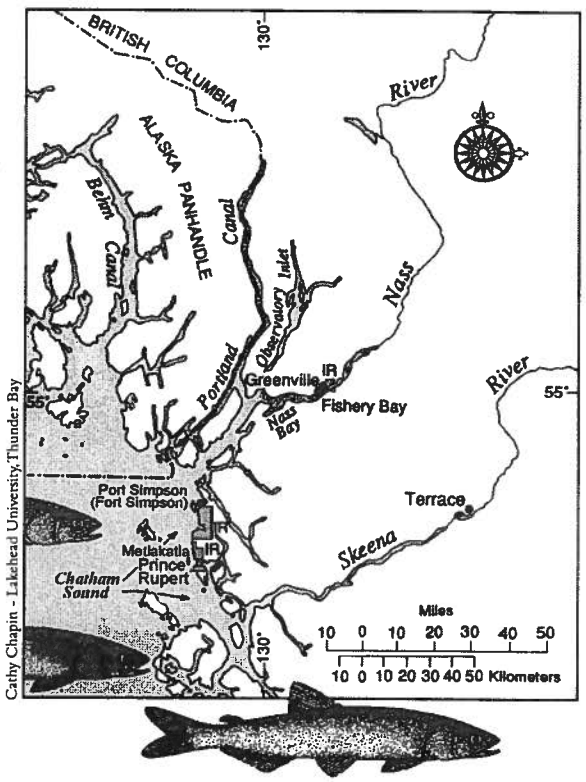
Cooking and Culture

As in everything else, the Native people made use of their natural environment to fish for oolichan. Canoeing through a school of oolichan, the fishermen used the oolichan or herring rake, a long slender stick with sharp bone points set in one edge, in a paddling motion. The fish would become impaled and then be shaken into the canoe.[4] A skilled fisherman could fill a canoe very quickly by this rake method. Oolichan were also caught by the Nisga'a with a *bana'a*—a large dip net made from dried nettle stems and human hair.[5] The nets used for catching large quantities of oolichan were manufactured out of nettle fibre, the twine made by women and the nets constructed by men.[6]

The catch was taken to shore and some of it was fried immediately so people could feast on the first fresh fish of the season; some fish were salted and smoked, others air-dried and ultimately stored for future use, especially throughout the winter months. To paraphrase eminent social anthropologist Claude Lévi-Strauss, cooking is universally a means by which Nature is transformed into Culture.[7] There could not be a more appropriate example of this notion than the rendering of these fish to create oolichan grease, which became an integral part of the culture of the Indians of the North Pacific coast, and to a lesser degree of the Indian bands of the Interior.

The oolichans were usually dumped into large storage bins or pits to allow them to "ripen" for up to three weeks, depending on the weather conditions, which helped to release the oil when rendered.[8] The ripening of the fish to various stages of decomposition, "until the disgusting smell has penetrated for miles, proving that putrefaction is well advanced,"[9] is commented on by the various historians and anthropologists writing on the subject. Recently one of the Nisga'a workers on the Nass fishery, asked about the stench, replied, "You get used to it—just like the white man's polluted cities."[10] Sometimes the oil is extracted from fresh fish, but the Bella Coola for example consider this grease tasteless, and presumably so do the Nisga'a as to this day they continue to render the ripened fish.

Before contact, the rendering process was carried out by placing hot stones into large waterproof wooden boxes of oolichans and water until a simmer was reached. The literature also tells of canoes, half buried in the sand, being used for this purpose, and as the oil rose to the surface it was pushed to the forward end of the canoe. In both cases the oil was then ladled into large square storage boxes, also made of wood.[11]



Oolichan grease was an integral part of the preserving of foods. Berries were dried over fires or blanched, then coated with oolichan grease and packed firmly into wooden food-storage boxes fitted with tight lids.[12] Today, however, metal cans are most commonly used instead of the watertight boxes of the past. Herring spawn and seaweed were boiled and mixed with oolichan grease; even the berries, crabapples, and cranberries, after cooking, were mixed freely with the grease and stored for winter use.[13] These and other techniques of preserving a wide variety of foods allowed the Native bands the leisure necessary to create rich and complex art forms and perform ceremonies such as their winter dances.

In some of these ceremonial dances, even the large rendering boxes found their use: they were built into the staging, and in the "drowning dance," for example, the boxes allowed the dancers to disappear and later to miraculously reappear. A similar effect was created in the "burning dance."[14]

Oolichan grease was an integral part of many aspects of the ceremonies. Whenever a great feast or potlatch was held, large quantities of food were required, and an indispensable item to act as a condiment for the food was oolichan grease. The grease, highly prized by all of the northern bands, was used whenever eating salmon, halibut, clams, and fish spawn, in fact, much of their dried and smoked fish could hardly be swallowed without the help of the grease.[15] Oolichan grease, among

[1] The literature provides a number of spellings for this fish, sometimes referred to only as candlefish; another time as *thaleichthys pacificus,* and in some of the recent literature as eulachon. I will use the Nisga'a spelling of oolichan.

[2] *Pacific Region Eulachon Report* (Nanaimo: Pacific Biological Station). Undated.

[3] William Henry Collison, *In the Wake of the War Canoe,* Charles Lillard, ed. (Victoria: Sono Nis Press, 1981), 38.

[4] Philip Drucker, *Indians of the Northwest Coast* (Garden City: The Natural History Press, 1955), 73; Ralph W. Andrews, *Indian Primitive* (New York: Bonanza Books, 1960), 41.

[5] Thomas Boston, ed., *From Time Before Memory* (New Aiyansh: School District No. 92 (Nisga'a), 1996), 85.

[6] T.F. McIlwraith, *The Bella Coola Indians, Vol. 2* (Toronto: Univeristy of Toronto Press, 1948) 535.

[7] Edmund Leach, *Lévi-*

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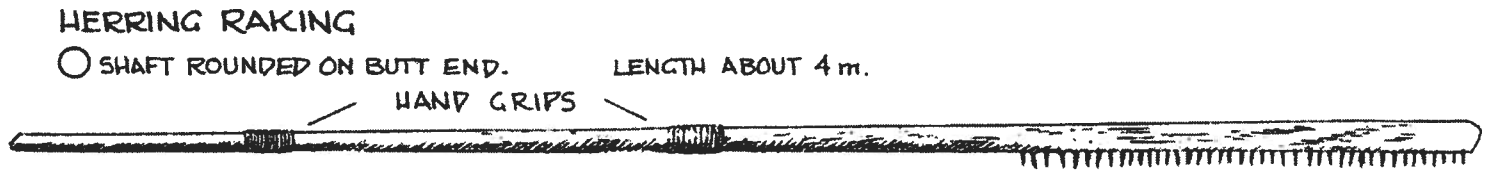


Above: The Nisga'a used a similar rake to fish for oolichan. Drawing by Hilary Stewart from her book Indian Fishing.

other luxuries, was always part of initiation ceremonies and other important rituals of the Bella Coola people. A shaman, before conducting important rituals, would dip his hands in oolichan grease.[16] At special ceremonies the Nisga'a burned a small portion of food as thanks to Kamligihahlhaahl—the creator—before anyone ate anything. Only valuable or sacred things were ever offered as gifts to the creator, and oolichan grease was one of the items often offered. Those dressing for a special ceremony would smear oolichan grease along the parting of their hair, and then put ochre and birds' down in this part of their hair.[17]

To this day, folklore and special functions of all types invariably involve oolichan grease in some way. For example, at a Nisga'a wedding the groom's family hosting the feast present gifts of small cedar boxes or chests filled with oolichan grease to members of the extended family who have been supplying, preparing, and cooking the feast.[18] Bella Coola songs of mourning call on the spirits to provide oolichans to the newly departed, and many of their songs and dances tell of the spirit or supreme being placing a large number of oolichans into the Bella Coola River.[19] Nisga'a traditional stories often make reference to fresh oolichan or grease in the great feasts featured in the story. There is a Nisga'a traditional myth that tells of the gulls moving away to a distant mountain to boil the oolichans they have caught that day to extract the grease—their explanation of why the gulls fly out towards the sea in the evening and return the next morning during the oolichan runs.[20]

The oolichan arrives at the time of year when in the past the supply of dried fish, seaweed, roots, and berries was coming to an end; therefore the people referred to them as the Saviour Fish.[21] There have been other religious aspects to the fishery as well, going back to the Nisga'a cosmology, which links the creation of daylight to the oolichan run. The Nisga'a oral tradition tells the story of how their legendary hero, Trickster, and miracle worker Wiigat, in a contest with the ghost people for access to the Nass oolichans, released light into the world.[22]

The rituals in honour of the salmon or oolichan became so complex that a priesthood developed. Prayers to the salmon or oolichan spirits were so important to the general welfare of the people that it was deemed necessary for the lengthy prayers to be conducted by a specialist.[23]

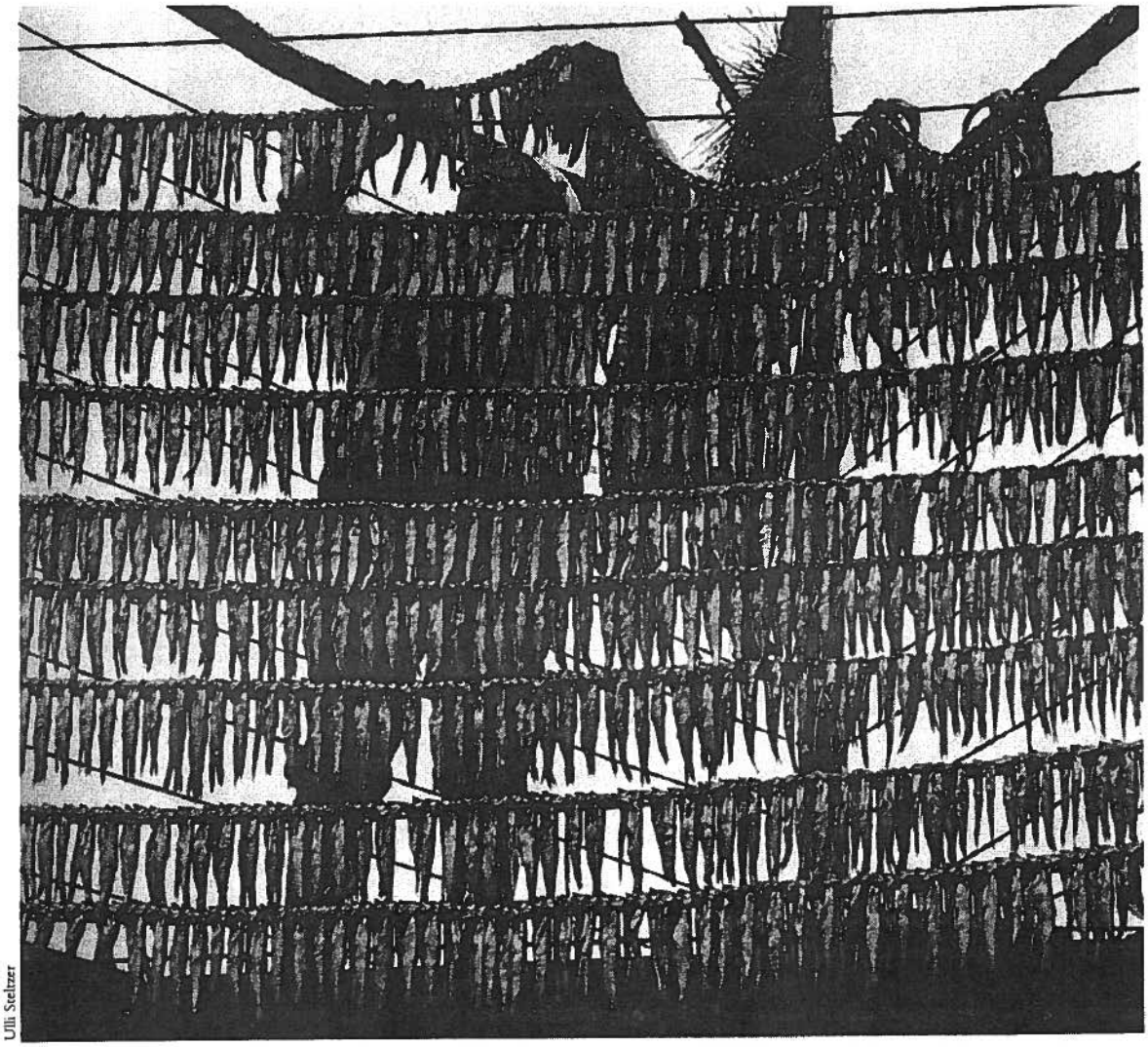
But even today, the opening of the oolichan fishery each year commences with the chief taking some oolichans in a hand-held net and addressing a prayer to the fish for a bountiful harvest, and each fisherman offers a similar prayer to his first netful of fish.[24] The harvesting of the oolichan run is generally referred to as a time of happiness with much feasting and a spirit of celebration. The fact that the fishery was (and still is) dictated by tidal action created times of great activity followed by leisure time allowing for fellowship and feasting.

A USEFUL FISH

Thus far I have concentrated on economic, cultural, and ceremonial values given to the oolichan and oolichan grease; however, there are other values, including the mundane, which should be noted. The Bella Coola used warmed oolichan grease to restore the health of the ailing.[25] The Nisga'a traditionally protected their skin from the hot summer sun, wind, and biting insects, such as black flies and mosquitoes, by mixing the grease with soot and rubbing it onto their skin,[26] which explains why early photographs often show the native people with black faces. To this day, the Nisga'a still use oolichan grease as a laxative as well as for burns, chapped hands, and colds.[27] On overland trips, the Bella Coola and the Tlingit carried dried oolichans and grease as a source of lightweight nourishment, much as the Plains Indians and fur traders used pemmican.[28] Sometimes the dried oolichans were grilled over an open fire, not to cook them, but to release any oil left in the dried fish, which made it taste better.[29]

The Nisga'a people used slabs of polished black slate as mirrors; a thin coat of oolichan oil applied to the surface of the stone created the sheen necessary to reflect the image of the viewer.[30]

Strauss (London: Wm. Collins & Co. Ltd., 1970), 34.
[8] Tom Koppel, "Catching the Saviour Fish," *The Beaver Vol 78:6* (December 1998/January 1999), 22.
[9] McIlwraith, 537.
[10] Koppel, 24.
[11] Aurel Krause, *The Tlingit Indians: Results of a Trip to the Northwest Coast of America and the Bering Straits,* transl. by Erna Gunther (Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1956), 122.
[12] Boston, 86.
[13] Collison, 39.
[14] McIlwraith, 155 ff.
[15] Koppel, 22.
[16] McIlwraith, 84.
[17] Boston, 128, 146.
[18] Boston, 199, 237.
[19] MacIlwraith, 63.
[20] Collison, 42.
[21] Koppel, 21.
[22] Koppel, 21.
[23] Drucker, 157.
[24] Koppel, 21.
[25] McIlwraith, 506.
[26] Boston, 107.
[27] Koppel, 22.
[28] McIlwraith, 505; Krause, 135.
[29] Boston, 91.
[30] Boston, 117.
[31] Boston, 127.



Ulli Steltzer

Above: *At the mouth of the Nass River. Fishery Bay: Eunice Moore hanging strings of Oolichan to dry. Photo by Ulli Steltzer from* Coast of Many Faces.

They also made a glue beating together fungus and rotten oolichans; this glue apparently was very strong and long lasting.[31] When needing to waterproof leather, the Nisga'a would rub it with oolichan grease as an alternative to mountain goat or bear fat. In the tanning of animal skins, the rubbing of oolichan grease into the skin was common to a number of native bands, the Nisga'a and the Ulkatcho to name but two.[32] The Ulkatcho, who obtained oolichan grease by trade, would use it, in part, to tan buckskin, which they traded back to the Bella Coola. The present-day Ulkatcho people acknowledge that they have mostly lost their appetite for the strong tasting oil, but still consider oolichan oil the finest oil for making buckskin.[33]

The Grease Trails

Not only the coastal bands used oolichan grease. Over snow-covered mountain passes, Native people came from the interior with sleighs pulled by dogs carrying the furs they would trade to the Nisga'a for the right to fish for oolichan on the Nass. The coastal Indians from far up in Alaska and from the south arrived in large fleets of canoes to catch the oolichan or barter for the extracted oil.[34] The Haida traded their superior canoes to the Nisga'a, the Tlingit to the north came with sea otter skins and copper, the Kwakiutl to the south had slaves and dentalia shells,[35] and the Ulkatcho people of the Carrier Nation offered obsidian from Anahim Peak in return for the coveted grease.[36]

The whole province was covered by trails going in every direction, but the trails leading inland from the coast had special significance, as these were the "grease trails," on which oolichan grease was carried from the coast to the interior. The Nisga'a village of Greenville was named in honour of Alfred Eli Green (1850-1912), a Methodist missionary who is said to have been the first white person to have walked the grease trail into the Nass Valley.[37] Sir Alexander Mackenzie of course had walked a different grease trail years earlier en route to the Pacific Ocean in the Bella

[32] Boston, 110, 114.
[33] Sage Birchwater, *Ulkatcho Stories of the Grease Trail Anahim Lake – Bella Coola – Quesnel* (Quesnel: Spartan Printers, 1993), 10.
[34] Collison, 38 f.
[35] Ralph W. Andrews, *Indian Primitive,* (New York: Bonanza Books, 1960), 86.
[36] Birchwater, 11.
[37] Collison, 239n.

[38] Birchwater, 9.
[39] Robin Fisher, *Contact and Conflict: Indian-European Relations in British Columbia 1774-1890*, 2nd ed. (Vancouver, UBC Press, 1992), 12.
[40] Fisher, xxviii.
[41] Maureen Cassidy, *The Gathering Place: a History of the Wet'suwet'en Village of Tse-kya* (Hagwilget: Hagwilget Band Council, 1987), 19.
[42] Fisher, 30.
[43] Fisher, 30.
[44] G.V.P. Akrigg and Helen B. Akrigg, *British Columbia Chronicle 1778-1846: Adventurers by Sea and Land*, 2nd ed. (Vancouver: Discovery Press, 1975), 289.
[45] Fisher, 31.
[46] Cassidy, 19.
[47] Koppel, 23.
[48] Koppel, 20 f.
[49] Koppel, 25.
[50] Koppel, 23.
[51] Collison, 244.

Coola region in 1793. The centuries-old major trade route Mackenzie followed, extending 320 km from Quesnel to Bella Coola, has become a designated and protected historical trail corridor to commemorate his journey as an event in Canada's history.

There were five grease trails coming out of the Bella Coola valley, and two coming out of Kimsquit. Many of the trails crossing the Coast Mountains were steep, and the grease had to be backpacked in cedar boxes. On the rocky terrain the grease would often leak or spill, staining the rocks along the way.[38]

However, the grease trails were not only used for transporting oolichan grease and by the occasional explorer or adventurous missionary. Many Native and non-Native people, the latter usually accompanied by Indian guides, used them as the only existing routes of travel at the time.

Trade on the Coast

Earlier I referred briefly to inter-tribal trade and I will now try to shed light on the grand scale of the trading units and the coordination the Natives used. The literature indicates that the Indians of the Northwest Coast did not feel they were being exploited by the non-Native traders, and were generally annoyed whenever they lost trade opportunities.[39] Robin Fisher contends that the Indians and the European fur-traders shared a mutually beneficial economic system.[40] While that may be true, it appears that the native bands were often the ones who were dictating the terms, or at least were trying to do so. This is reflected in the events of the early 1830s.

At that time, the Gitksan, Carrier, Sekani, Beaver, and Chilcotin tribes all traded with the coastal Tsimshian and Bella Coola tribes, who in turn traded with the English, Russian, and American sailing ships. In the upper Skeena, before the founding of a Native village at Tse-kya about 1821, the Wet'suwet'en had participated in a yearly trading fair downriver across from the present town of Hazelton, and these fairs continued until the late nineteenth century. Haida, Tlingit, Nisga'a, Tsetaut, Kitamaat, Babine, and Wet'suwet'en traders met every summer to deal in copper, oolichan grease, kelp, and herring eggs, and from 1812, guns, cloth, blankets, axes, and iron pots were traded up the Skeena as well.[41] It seems logical to assume the coastal tribes would have used the opportunity to discuss their respective trading policies for trading with the Hudson's Bay Company (HBC) or other non-Native traders, and possibly established a floor price for trading the various interior furs, etc.

The HBC had become aware of a drain of furs to the coast and established Fort Simpson near the mouth of the Nass River in 1831, where, as mentioned earlier, the Nisga'a were conducting large volumes of trade in oolichan grease. However, a few years later, in 1834, the HBC fort was moved to what became known as Port Simpson, some 30 kilometres in a northerly direction from where Prince Rupert now stands. It seems that the HBC did not fully understand the Native bands' attitude towards territory when it came to trade, otherwise they would not have moved the fort from Nisga'a territory to what had been a temporary camping place of the Tsimshian. The Nisga'a became extremely annoyed and threatening, and the HBC traders made "a rather undignified retreat."[42]

The temporary Tsimshian camping place at Port Simpson quickly became a winter village, and the Tsimshian endeavoured to control the trade by establishing themselves as the middlemen between other Indians and the HBC traders. The traders at the fort found 1834 to be a poor year as the Tsimshian withheld their furs and convinced others to do the same.[43] Probably the Nisga'a did not need any convincing to withhold their furs as they were likely still annoyed about the moving of the fort. Captain McNeil aboard the HBC *Llama* arrived at the mouth of the Nass in mid-May 1835 to find an American vessel already trading for furs—the Nisga'a continued to teach the HBC a lesson.[44]

The feisty Haida could not be prevented from trading at the fort, but the Tsimshian undertook trading trips to the upper Skeena to trade with the Gitksan for furs and returned to the fort to realize a handsome profit. They would not allow the Gitksan to come to the fort and trade directly.[45] The Wet'suwet'en records on the other hand indicate that they thought they were better off trading with the Tsimshian than trying to deal directly,[46] which suggests that the Tsimshian were good salesmen as well as good traders.

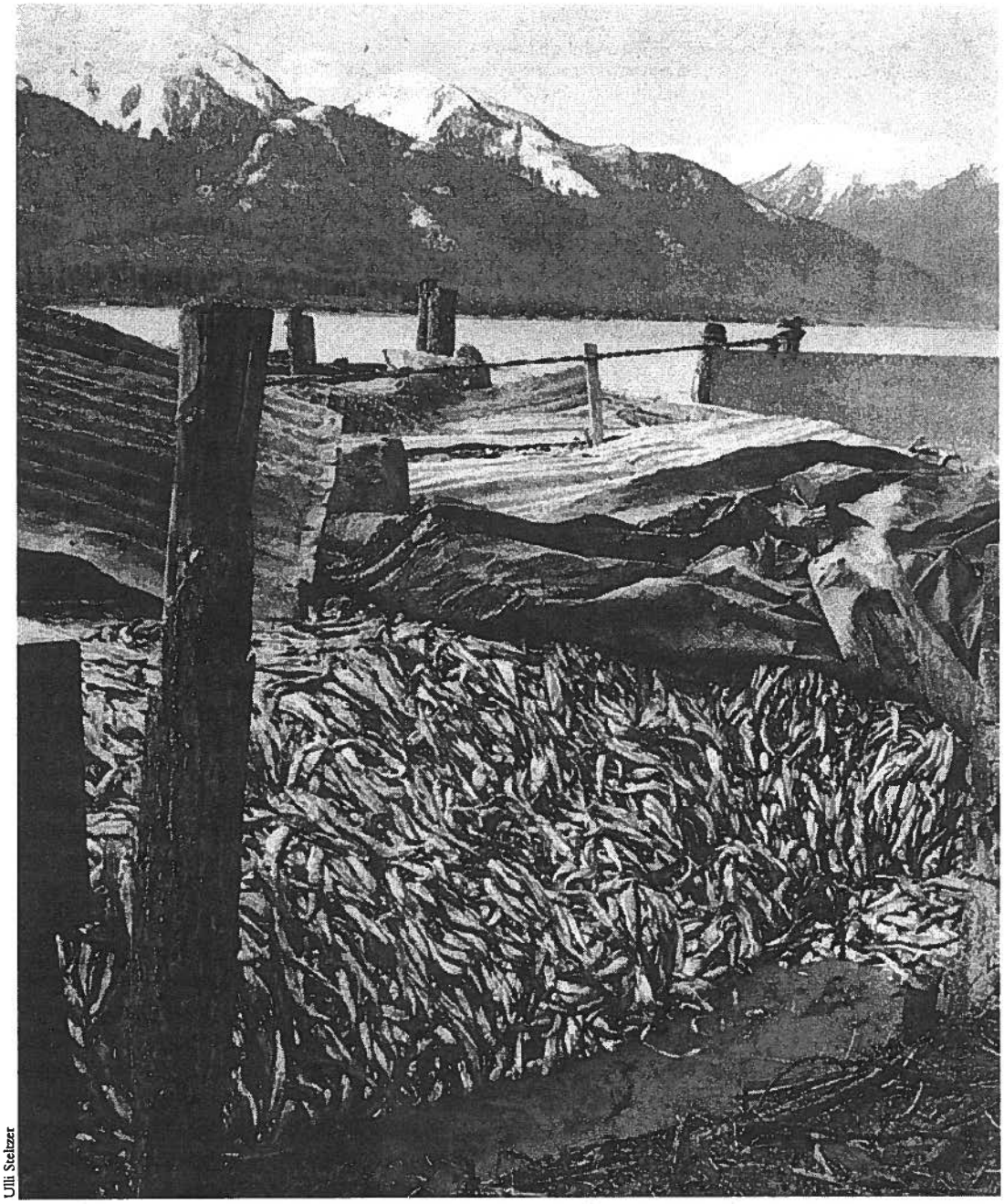
The Oolichan Fishery Today

Late in the nineteenth century, non-Native entrepreneurs built factories to exploit the oolichan fishery; however, the business failed as the oolichan was not suited to canning, and the grease never became a source of food outside the Native communities.[47] Today, while in decline in the southern rivers, the oolichan fishery is still

abundant on the Nass. In the spring of 1998, the Nisga'a took approximately two hundred tons of fish, enough for each family to feast on fresh oolichan and have a supply of rendered grease—still their favourite condiment. A century ago each family took five to ten tons for their own use fresh, then smoked, dried, and rendered the majority.[48]

The Nisga'a have kept their fishery alive, and the oolichan run continues to be a defining event in their way of life. The Nass Valley School District coordinates spring break with the oolichan fishery so the children can experience this part of their heritage for a week.[49]

Fishery Bay, 22 kilometres above the mouth of the Nass, is a seasonal village accessible only by boat. It is used by Nisga'a from the entire Nass valley for six weeks—and only then—to harvest the oolichan. Before power boats simplified travel, nearly the entire population would move to Fishery Bay each February to prepare the camp for the season and to ensure that the first run would not be missed. Missionaries at the time estimated that five thousand Indians would gather on the river each spring.[50]



Ulli Steltzer

Above: *Fishery Bay: After ten days of storage in the bins, the oolichan is ready to be cooked. Photo by Ulli Steltzer from* Coast of Many Faces.

The importance of Fishery Bay is reflected in the fact that a senior chief chose this place for his public baptism and declaration of his conversion to Christianity. For him, the site of the oolichan fishery apparently was the most appropriate place for his most important and sacred decision to be declared. This symbolism would not have been lost on the Nisga'a people attending the ceremony.[51]

Considering that the Nisga'a people, through the oolichan fishery, were at the hub of the trade on the Pacific Northwest and occupied a position of status and power, and considering the role they played as middlemen at the centre of a vast network of inter-tribal activities, is it then a coincidence that they were the first Indian nation to successfully challenge the governments of British Columbia and Canada on land claims? That they were the first in BC to actually negotiate a comprehensive land claims agreement? Did the centuries of being in a leadership role of inter-tribal trade give them a unique advantage? These are questions that come to mind when looking at the history of the oolichan fishery, but they cannot be answered here.

We thank Ulli Steltzer and Hilary Stewart for their kind permission to use images from their books Coast of Many Faces *(Douglas & McIntyre) and* Indian Fishing *(J.J. Douglas) to illustrate this article.*

Frank Dwight Rice: A Veteran of Many Wars

By Robert W. Allen, B.C.L.S., C.L.S.

Robert Allen is a professional land surveyor in private practise in Sechelt. He is a past president of both the BC Land Surveyors Association and the Association of Canada Lands Surveyors. Robert Allen is currently chairman of the Historical and Biographical Committee of the BC Land Surveyors Association.

Frank Dwight Rice, British Columbia Land Surveyor and Professional Engineer (BC), was described by his daughter, Rose Hassen, as a courageous and self-sacrificing surveyor and engineer. After further study I feel Mrs. Hassen has been very modest in describing her late father; not many people would have been able to survive the hardships he endured. [1]

A descendant of United Empire Loyalists and sixth generation (on his father's side) to be born on this continent, Frank Dwight Rice was born in Waterford near Toronto, Ontario, on 25 April 1881, the oldest of seven children. At the urging of an aunt and his uncle, Robert Wood, who lived in Greenwood, BC, 17-year-old Frank decided to "go west" for a visit. He would never live in the east permanently again. On 23 September 1898, with enough food for five days, he boarded the train in Toronto heading for Sicamous where he arrived on September 27th and spent the night in a hotel. Early the next morning he took another train through Enderby, Armstrong, and Vernon to Okanagan Landing, where he boarded the SS *Sicamous* bound for Penticton. After spending the night in Penticton in the Incola Hotel, he left the next morning by a six-horse "deadwood" stage coach equipped with leather springs, bound for Greenwood via Okanagan Falls, Fairview, McCurdy's Ranch, Camp McKinney (where they spent the next night), and then Rock Creek, arriving at Greenwood on 30 September 1898. The booming community of Greenwood, where he ended his journey, was named after Mr. Green, the then mayor, and Frank Rice's uncle, Robert Wood.

Starting on 1 October, his first job was to run the Greenwood post office for his uncle and that job lasted until 1900. Then there was a federal election, a change in government, and the end of his job. As a teenager, he had enlisted as a volunteer for the Boer War, but he was under-age and his chest span wasn't adequate. He soon found a job with a local Provincial (British Columbia) Land Surveyor, Charles Aeneas Shaw, and spent his life as a land surveyor in his beloved adopted province of British Columbia.[2]

Life was not all work in Greenwood, as Rice related a story regarding a fundraiser in the Alhambra Theatre for that town's "Mansion House." Some residents of the nearby town of Phoenix put on the concert and one of the stars was Magistrate "Willie" Williams. He was six foot ten and weighed 135 pounds. When he appeared on the stage dressed as "Little Bo Peep," with four feet of skinny legs, slippers and short socks, a little dress, and a yellow wig of long curls surrounding his dark beard, he had the audience in stitches with his antics.

In another story from 1899, Rice mentioned that his Greenwood hockey team travelled by train to play in Rossland, and after the game they all went to the International Hotel to watch a little of the gambling. "Father Pat," whose real name was apparently Reverend Henry Irvine, showed up about midnight passing around his hat taking up a collection for a widow whose husband had recently been killed in a mining accident. He collected enough to buy her some coal, blankets, food, and make a deposit in her name in the bank.

While working for C.A. Shaw, Rice started out as an axe man. By his own admission he didn't do very well for a few months, but he finally got to be pretty good with an axe. Afterwards, he became a chainman and then an instrument man.[3]

By 1903, C.A. Shaw, who had taken a fancy to Rice, suggested that he try becoming a land surveyor. That year Frank Rice wrote the preliminary exams, passed, and then entered into a three-year article period. During his article period, Rice's work took him to, among other places, Princeton, Trail, Great Slave Lake, Khutze Inlet, and Laredo Channel, Hazelton, and Stewart. Near the end of his articles, he broke an ankle climbing over a fence near Rock Creek. With his ankle in a cast, he was unable to travel to Victoria to write the final B.C.L.S. exams. However, he did make the trip in April 1908, and he passed the final examinations to become British Columbia Land Surveyor number 23.[4]

[1] Mrs. Mat S. (Rose) Hassen née Rice of Armstrong, BC. Fortunately Rice wrote about his early days of surveying and travel, albeit not until later in life. These writings are still in the possession of the family and formed the basis of this article.

[2] C.A. Shaw comes from a long line of Scottish ancestry from the region of Inverness. He was born on 15 November 1853 in Toronto and started helping on railway surveys at the age of 15. He became an Ontario Land Surveyor in 1877, a Dominion Land Surveyor in 1880, a Manitoba Land Surveyor in 1893, and a Provincial Land Surveyor (British Columbia) in 1896. He was surveying various rail lines for the Canadian Pacific Railway until 1882 when he took on a two-year contract with the federal government to subdivide some of the prairie townships into sections. He was in private practice from 1884 to 1892. When he moved to British Columbia he opened an office as a Provincial Land

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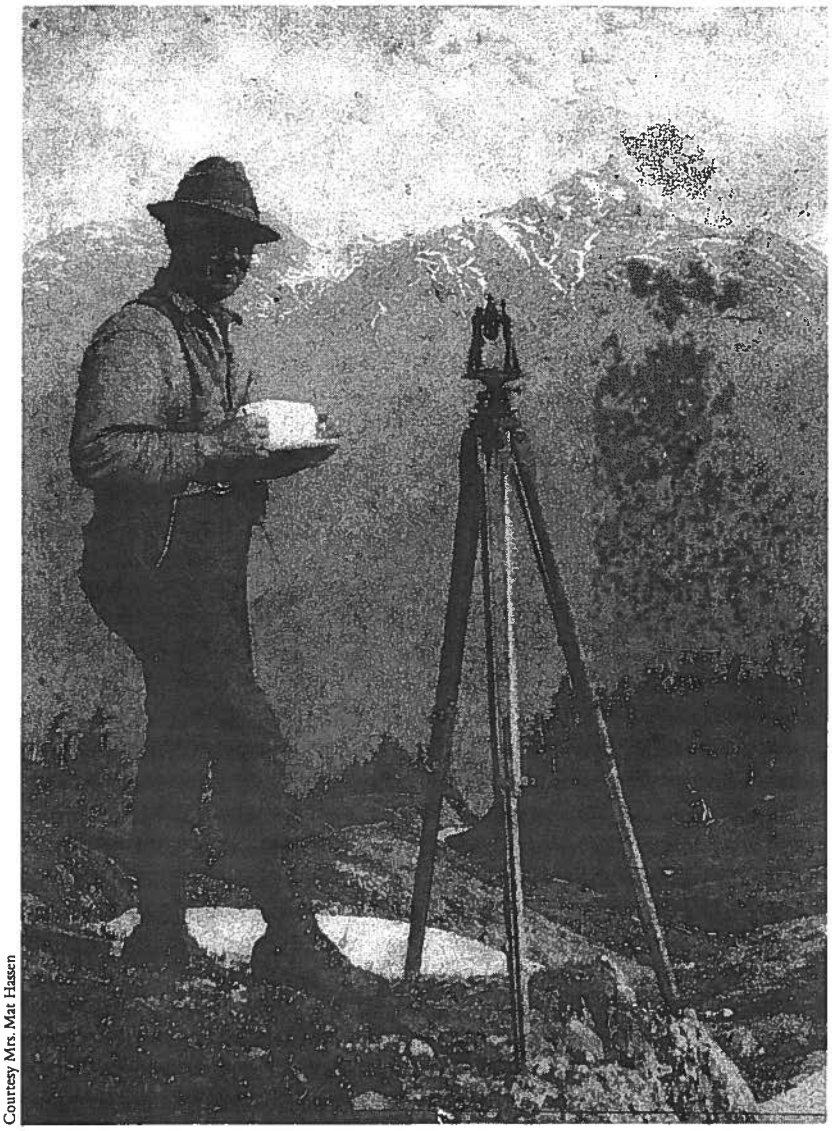


Courtesy Mrs. Mat Hassen

Left: *Frank Rice with a light mountain transit, probably on a mineral claim survey.*

Not long after that he left Greenwood to go north. Even today his survey posts can be found on all four corners of BC. In 1908 he had an office in Stewart as well as in Vancouver and while again working near Hazelton, he met and fell in love with Clara Evelyn Hollingsworth who was nursing in Dr. Wrinch Hospital. She was from Picton, Ontario. At her parents' request they planned to be married in Picton on 24 December 1908. At that time, Rice was working near Squamish and had to catch a ferry to take him to Vancouver to catch the train to Ontario. The ferry followed a fixed schedule docking first at Britannia Beach, then Woodfibre, and lastly in Squamish before returning directly to Vancouver. For some unknown reason, the Captain had reversed the route and when Rice rushed down to the dock in Squamish he saw the ferry as it pulled out of Woodfibre and disappeared south. He frantically rushed about trying to find alternative transportation—there was no road in 1908—and managed to rent a rowboat. He rowed all the way from Squamish to Vancouver and barely made it to the railway station to catch the last train to take him to Ontario. Those knowing the distance from Squamish to Vancouver and the type of weather it must have been in December will understand that his trip to Vancouver was quite a feat. His hands were so cramped from all those hours of rowing that he was unable to straighten them out and needed help to reach into his pocket for his fare. However, he did make it in time and was duly married in Picton on 24 December 1908.

The newlyweds bought a lovely home in the Kitsilano neighbourhood of Vancouver where their first daughter, Evelyn, was born in 1909. That year and the following year saw Rice working in the mountains east of Hope, in the Flathead River area in south-eastern BC, and points in between. To the couple's sorrow their first son was stillborn in 1911. A short time later they moved to Queen Charlotte Islands where Rice continued surveying for a few years. The young family lived in a tent near the mouth of the Tlell River, halfway between Massett and Queen Charlotte City. The Haida people became friends of the family and Chief Charles Edenshaw became a particularly close friend of Rice's.

Mrs. Rice's sister, Rose Hollingsworth, a very beautiful young woman in her early twenties, came out from Ontario to help out with Evelyn who was by now 3½ years old. Mrs. Rice was expecting her third child and the baby was to be born in Prince Rupert. The ship only sailed twice monthly and Mrs. Rice, not wanting to spend a lot of time away from her family, waited one sail-

Surveyor in Greenwood in 1896. C.A. Shaw also had offices in Keremeos and Vancouver prior to his passing on 9 May 1942.

[3] Most new assistants on a survey party would start out as an axe man; cutting survey lines, making wooden stakes and posts, etc.
After some time they would become a chainman entrusted to read the distances measured with a steel tape, called a chain after the earlier versions of the tapes. There would normally be two chainmen, one at the front of the chain, the other at the rear. Between them they would make accurate distance measurements from one point to the next. The instrument man would usually be the head of the survey party and would be responsible for moving and setting up the transit (or "instrument") and measuring and recording the angles that were then used to calculate the bearings from one point to the next.

[4] Rice's listing in the office of the Corporation of Land Surveyors of the Province of British Columbia indicates that he was on the practicing list from 1908 to 1914, in the "war" from 1915 to 1918, on the practicing list again in 1919, on the non-practicing list in 1920, back on the practicing list from 1921 to 1941, on the non-practicing list in 1942, in "His Majesty's Forces" in 1943 and part of 1944. He was then back on the practicing list from 1944 until 1950, his last year of active surveying.

ing too long. Frank Rice was called in off the survey party and with the help of a Haida woman delivered the first white boy born on the Queen Charlotte Islands: Samuel Dwight Rice. All went well in spite of a difficult birth.

A week later tragedy struck. While paddling in the ocean and watching young Evelyn on the beach Rose Hollingsworth disappeared. Again Rice was called back from his work this time to help search for Rose. He swam for what must have seemed hours and he was the one to find her body.

In 1914, when war was declared, Rice tried to enlist. It wasn't possible until later since Rice was married with two children. His three brothers and his two male first cousins were already mobilized. Rice's brother Hugh was badly wounded but he survived and later became a mathematics professor at a university in Chicago. Another brother, Fred, was gassed. On his return to Winnipeg where the family lived, he was appointed head of the Soldiers' Settlement Board of Manitoba. Frank Rice's youngest brother, a pre-med student was killed in France 1916.

Rice was finally accepted into the Royal Canadian Engineers and posted to Nova Scotia with the rank of captain. A German attack was expected on the Atlantic coastline and Frank Rice was second in command of a party constructing the gun emplacements on the eastern seaboard. Before the Armistice he was promoted to major.

Mrs. Rice was staying with Rice's parents in Winnipeg where, in 1916, Frank's fourth child, Rose, was born. After Rose's birth, the family moved to Nova Scotia to be nearer to Rice. On 17 December 1917, while Rice was in barracks in Sidney, the devastating Halifax Explosion occurred. He received an army communiqué ordering him to return to Halifax to assist in its reconstruction. There was a postscript at the end of the order stating that his wife had been killed and his three children were missing.

The Rice's home was located in Dartmouth overlooking the harbour, and it was in one of the worst damaged areas. The damage was mostly on the harbour side. All the windows were shattered and the family suffered from facial cuts from flying glass. The roof had dropped into the living room and the piano had dropped into the basement. Mrs. Rice was on the back porch seeing Evelyn off to school when the explosion occurred. Dwight and Rose were in the kitchen. Mrs. Rice rushed back to see how they were and dropped dead in front of them. She wasn't injured and it was never determined whether it was the concussion of the blast or the fright she must have felt, having one child on the street and two inside, that might have caused her to have a heart attack. She was only in her early thirties.

Evelyn, the oldest, ran back and got her sister and brother out of the house. A terrible blizzard followed the explosion. The children wandered around for quite some time getting thoroughly chilled until friends took them in and moved them to the country where Rice eventually found them. Rose blames her brother's short lifespan on the blizzard. He soon developed chronic Bright's Disease and suffered an attack of polio that left one leg shorter than the other. Frank Rice asked his parents to look after the children until he could make other arrangements. He travelled to Toronto to renew his acquaintance with Jessie M. McClelland, a nurse who had been aiding his aunt. They were married on 30 April 1918 and returned to Nova Scotia until Rice was discharged. The marriage would last till Rice's death almost 49 years later.[5]

When Rice was posted to Nova Scotia, he put their Vancouver home in the hands of an unscrupulous real estate agent for rental. The man did rent out the home but pocketed the money and they eventually lost their home to a tax sale. When the family was finally able to go back to British Columbia after the Armistice, there was no home awaiting them. After Rice returned to civilian life, he applied for employment with the government and was sent to the Kootenays to survey farmland for the veterans. Full of hope and a sense of security, he moved his family to Camp Lister to begin work.

After examination he discovered that the so-called "farmland" was nothing but bedrock. He contacted Ottawa and told them that he had yet to hear of a crop that could grow on bedrock and that he preferred not to be connected with a scheme that treated veterans in that way. The government issued an ultimatum: you'd best get on with that survey or we'll find someone else who will and you'll never get another government assignment as long as we're in power.

The government did just that. Out of work and responsible for his family, Rice now really had to scratch for a living. He finally heard of work up north, so the family went to Anyox, BC, in 1920 and they spent the next twelve years between Anyox, Alice Arm, Stewart, and Terrace.

[5] When Rice passed away on 22 February 1967 in Kelowna, he left his wife, Jessie, and his two daughters Mrs. W.E. (Evelyn) Thorpe of Puyallup, Washington, and Mrs. M.S. (Rose) Hassen of Armstrong, BC. Also surviving were his brothers Hugh A. Rice of Stockton, California, and Fred C.W. Rice of Winnipeg, Manitoba, and two sisters, Miss Jessie A. Rice, Brandon, Manitoba, and Mrs. Helen Davidson of Toronto, Ontario.

[6] This made Rice a triple-war veteran: Boer War volunteer, Royal Canadian Engineers in the First World War, and then the RCAF in the Second World War.

Rice started to work for Grandby Consolidated Mining, Smelter, and Power Co. Ltd. in Anyox and designed the power dam that earned him his degree in Civil Engineering. His design was adopted by the company for all its other operations from that point on.

In the 1930s there was little or no money. Due to Dwight's continuous battle with Bright's Disease, he missed a lot of school and Rose and Dwight were in the same grade by the time they entered junior high school in Prince Rupert. Evelyn had to wait till she was 18 to be accepted into nurses' training to become a Registered Nurse and she went off to Victoria in 1927 to train at St. Joseph's Hospital. In 1932 Dwight was again admitted to hospital. When the doctor in Prince Rupert had done all he could he suggested taking Dwight to Vancouver to find help for him there. Rice had neither work nor money, and even begged to shovel coal on the docks in Prince Rupert, but was turned down because "Frank, you're a professional man and this is beneath you." He could have cried; he was really desperate. A very dear friend, Captain Dixon of the Union Steamship, *Cardena*, and later *Catala*, heard of Rice's plight and offered to take Mrs. Rice and Dwight to Vancouver as his guests. Thanks to friends and the Masonic Lodge, of which Rice was a long-time member, they were able to find a small apartment in the West End for Mrs. Rice and Dwight. Just before Christmas 1932, a wire arrived in Prince Rupert for Rice to come immediately if he wanted to see his son alive again. But how was he to get there? Once again Captain Dixon came to the rescue, but 16-year-old Rose would have to await a future sailing because of regulations.

Rose would look after packing up their furnished three-bedroom apartment in Prince Rupert after Rice left for Vancouver. Rose did not know that they owed fifty dollars rent and the landlord, hearing that Rice was leaving, had the sheriff lock their door and seize everything. Rose did everything she could but as she was only 16 she was informed that legally she could do nothing. Rice lost everything for a debt of $50.00, which he intended to repay. Christmas was not joyous that year with Dwight dying, but everyone made the best of it. In the New Year, Rice found work in the Cariboo surveying mineral claims. He was 18 miles out of Barkerville when Mr. Kelly's newscast on the radio announced that Dwight had died. A friend of Rice's snowshoed out the 18 miles to give Rice the message.

Between 1939 and 1940, Frank Rice was the engineer and BC Land Surveyor in charge of the erection of the wartime huts on the Seaforth Armouries parade ground. When the RCAF required huts, Rice was contacted and it was suggested that he accept a commission in the RCAF (Flying Officer and later a Flight Lieutenant) to supervise construction. After the usual procedures, he was eventually sent to Coal Harbour at the north end of Vancouver Island and later to Bella Bella. It was decided it was more economical to have an RCAF squadron building their huts rather than civilians.[6]

My first encounter with Rice's work as a surveyor was in 1972 while I was working for Robert Durling, BC Land Surveyor, in Powell River. Rice's style of survey plans intrigued me and later in 1972 when I moved to Sechelt to open an office, I came across his work of his last year of active surveying again. In going through our office files, the first record I have of Rice working on the Sunshine Coast was on 23 March 1945 when he did the survey for Plan 7243 (Vancouver Land Registry Office). On that plan in his oath, he stated he lived in West Vancouver. His survey for Plan 7429 was done on 1 June 1946 and by now he was living in Sechelt. By early 1947, he had moved to Selma Park, now a local neighbourhood in Sechelt. Given the number of plans on record, Rice kept quite busy from 1946 to 1948 doing various subdivisions, crown land surveys, etc. The last plan I could find of his work in the Sechelt area was done on 28 May 1949 but by this time, Rice had moved to Westview, now a local neighbourhood of Powell River. Rice's listing in the office of the Corporation of Land Surveyors of the Province of British Columbia indicates that he was on the practicing list from 1944 until 1950, his last year of active surveying.

Frank Rice was one of the original members of the Association of Professional Engineers of British Columbia and in 1952 at age 70 he was made a life member of that Association. Rice's thesis for registration in the Association was about the design and construction of the dam and powerhouse at Anyox, at the head of Portland Canal. Visiting the Cominco plant at Trail in October 1965 during a regional meeting of the BC Professional Engineers, it came out that Rice had done the design and more at Anyox. He was also the oldest person at the meeting and the first person in attendance who had worked for Cominco. It was a highlight in Rice's career when the host, J.V. Rogers, Chief Engineer for Cominco, recognized these facts in an after-dinner speech and also mentioned the project at Anyox. Rice was presented with a life membership in the Association of Professional Engineers—a very proud moment for him and for all his family and friends.

Frank Rice died on 22 February 1967 in Kelowna. His daughter, Rose, said of him: "He was very special—never lost his humour or good nature and always bounced back from every blow life handed him. Men on his survey crews always said they'd never heard Frank Rice loose his temper or utter a word of profanity. Nor did his family. ...Dad never felt he had a tougher time than others... He always came up smiling. I am *proud* to be his daughter."

SOURCES: Frank Rice's personal papers and photographs in possession of Mrs. Mat (Rose) Hassen, Correspondence with Mrs. Mat (Rose) Hassen; Office of the Surveyor General of British Columbia; Office files of Robert Allen and Company, Professional Land Surveyors, Sechelt, BC.

Pioneer James McLane and the Prince George Auto Court

by Eldon E. Lee

Dr. Eldon Lee, raised on a Cariboo ranch, practised medicine in Hazelton and the vast regions of central BC north of the fifty-first parallel, before settling in Prince George more than three decades ago. Dr. Lee has written and published a number of books of which the latest is *They Were Giants in Those Days: Stories from the Heart of the Cariboo,* published by Heritage House.

James Luther McLane, entrepreneur, Prince George enthusiast, bridge player, and gourmet cook arrived in Fort George in April of 1912. He immediately fell in love with the vibrant town and with surrounding rivers and lakes that offered unlimited hunting and fishing possibilities. From that time his entire life was spent in Prince George and his mortal remains lie in the old section of the cemetery. May his soul also rest in peace for he came of respectable Scottish origins.

His forebear Allan McLane came from the highlands of Scotland to the state of Maryland in 1746 and the family featured prominently in American political and military life. A great-great grandfather, Allan Jr. was a Colonel in George Washington's Army of the Revolution. He was the one who identified Benedict Arnold as a traitor. Allan Jr.'s picture hangs to this day in the library of Congress, Washington, DC. A great-grandfather served as ambassador to France and later as Secretary of the Treasury under Andrew Jackson, while a great-uncle, Adlai Stevenson Sr., was the Vice President of the United States during Cleveland's second term. His father, Luther Burbank, achieved wealth and prominence as an industrialist in Somerset, Indiana, while his mother, Sarah Jane, became head mistress of a Latin Seminary for young ladies of gentle persuasion. An uncle was Colonel John Stretch, a professor at West Point.

In spite of the example set by energetic forefathers, James was never completely bonded to the work ethic; a matter which became apparent, when at age twenty he tried sod busting on a homestead in North Dakota. This soon became tedious and he left the soil to establish a pool hall and card room in Glenburn, North Dakota. In 1912, determined to get as far away from the prairie as possible, he bought a train ticket to Vancouver and on an impulse got off at Ashcroft. He took the stage coach to Soda Creek and from there the BX Steamship to South Fort George.

Once here, he established a pool hall and card room on Central Street close to the water tower on its eastern terminus. This prospered and from his apartment on the upper floor of the old Princess Theatre building, he branched out to develop The "Quick Lunch" on George Street, insisting on making the coffee each morning. Many a half frozen passer-by was warmed and cheered by his famous brew.

In 1917, brother Charles and widowed mother Sarah Jane arrived from California to live with James, and in 1919, a favourite 15-year-old niece, Shirley Herber, arrived to keep her grandmother company. Shirley, later Shirley Herber Lee, was spoiled by her grandmother and two uncles and given an unlimited tab to entertain her friends in the restaurant. Each school day she was driven to Miller Addition high school in the family's high-back touring sedan.

It was in 1924 that the increasing auto-traffic of the newly opened highway to Quesnel caught the attention of James McLane. If there was traffic there had to be a market for accommodation. Land was purchased just downstream from the east end of the Fraser Railway Bridge. This was part of the old Indian reserve that became Grand Trunk Pacific Railway property after legal wrangling. Charles Millar acquired part of the 200 acres. The area is still known as the Millar Addition of Prince George. The east terminus of the Yellowhead Bridge now occupies this area over the Fraser River.

When James McLane purchased the plot it included a comfortable timbered home with four-sided roof and whitewashed exterior. Six rustic unpainted cabins were constructed and these became the Prince George Auto Court. Each cabin had a wood floor covered with linoleum and a wood-burning cook stove that also provided heating. A sink with running cold water, table, chairs, and double bed completed the furnishing. A communal outdoor privy served for toilet facilities. Rent was five dollars a night in advance. The owner's home served as a store for essential groceries. Candy, nuts, and soft drinks were sold through a window to passers-by.

The level land above the river was carpeted with a sparse lawn and an up-turned riverboat stood on wooden pillars. A backwash of the river was enclosed in gravel banks to form a swimming pool. On warm summer days, young peo-

ple flocked to the Auto Court (also known as "The Tourist Camp") to swim in the warm water. The more adventurous climbed on inflated tire tubes to float with the current to Fort George. I remember Billy Bexson, a council-man and Prince George businessman, standing on the diving board to swim to Johnson's Island which at that time extended right up to the bridge; tall and fit and quite bald, he was later to cause a scandal by eloping with the wife of Dr. Treefry, an early doctor of Prince George.

Life entered a pleasant phase for James, he had good friends in the McKenzie family, the businessman Ivor Guest, the Williams family, the teacher Eliza Milligan, and other avid bridge players. There was a ritual in their winter parties that were termed "Telegraph Bridge Events." Each gathering took place at a different place and featured gourmet cooking, wines, spirits, and bridge playing into the early hours of morning.

Each fall, he took a ten-day hunting trip with friends John McKenzie and Ivor Guest. By boat they made their way up the Nechako and Stewart rivers and invariably returned with moose and geese sufficient to provide exotic game dishes for the long winter months ahead.

With life going on in such an agreeable fashion, why then did James McLane fall into scandal, deep, dark, and foul? In a moment of folly he simply absconded with another man's wife. One winter's night, at the home of the McKenzies, he took the hand of Kerry L. and announced to the shocked listeners that they were a pair, and proceeded to settle her into his home at the Auto Court. This was a matter not lightly regarded in those days of persisting Victorian beliefs. Good friends remain loyal, but time exacted a terrible price. His family to which he was strongly bonded was horrified. It is reported that he asked his sister if the family could ever forgive him, and the sister, who loved him, looked at him directly and said, "No, the family will never forgive you!" This judgement was harsher than proven by events because James was eventually forgiven even though the transgression remained on his conscience.

James, while forgiven, had to terminate his relationship with Kerry, although it produced a child who became a respected and successful professional man in Prince George. James made provision for the son and for his secondary education, and the McLane genes continue on in Prince George under other names.

Above: *1940. James McLane, centre, and John McKenzie on the opposite side of the fire. The name of the person on the right of James is not known.*

One story deserves retelling. In later years, James and friend John McKenzie (father of our Dr. Jack McKenzie) were returning from a successful hunting trip up the Stewart River when the boat was wrecked on a large rock in the middle of the Nechako River. The boat, guns, moose, geese, and camping equipment floated on down the river leaving the two Nimrods perched together on a six-foot rock in the middle of the river where they remained for 17 hours. Finally a worker on the railway track heard their cries for help and they were rescued. The spectacle of two sturdy Scots clasping each other in a tight embrace for seventeen hours might seem ludicrous, but it was very prudent on their part for if they had fallen in the ice-cold river they would not have survived.

James continued to operate the Auto Court through the war years when the cabins provided accommodation for the families of soldiers. In 1949 Eugene Wiens purchased it and it remained in operation under various owners until 1971. The timber-structured home was moved back two blocks where it is still in use. Following the sale of the Auto Court, James founded the Park Hotel and dabbled in real estate. He owned twenty-eight lots south of George Street.

The ties to his many bridge-playing cronies warmed his last years and once again he was back in favour with his many friends and acquaintances. He passed away in 1950, aged 71 years from a complication following surgery—a complication almost surely precipitated by years of his rich cooking. He was my grand-uncle, and his estate, through my mother, helped pay my way through medical school. Perhaps this is part of his legacy to Prince George.

A Tribute to Van Horne

by Leonard W. Meyers

Alberta-born Leonard W. Meyers came to Vancouver in 1937, when he won a scholarship for the Banff School of Fine Arts. One summer—before serving in the Navy for five years during the war—Meyers was employed by the CPR as 3rd cook in a diner. After the war Meyers worked in the engineering department of the City of Vancouver for 33 years. He has been a free-lance writer for all those years and more.

The American master railroad builder William Cornelius Van Horne, the man sought out by the Macdonald government in Ottawa to construct a transcontinental railroad, was raised in Joliet, Illinois, a thriving railroad town with trains running in every direction. The young Van Horne grew up in a veritable railroad yard. The never-ending reverberation of passing trains and shunting boxcars and clanking steam engines had their effect on him. Little wonder he developed railroad fever at an early age. Railroads were in his blood.

Prime Minister John A. Macdonald advocated union with the West as a means of controlling the north half of North America. He realized that isolated British Columbia would have to be brought into the Canadian fabric before it was annexed by the United States. To achieve this a railroad, to meld the distant regions together, was imperative. When BC entered Confederation in 1871, a "railway clause" was written into the terms of union paving the way for a transcontinental railway to the West.

Building a transcontinental railway would be a major undertaking. Who would be in charge of constructing it? The Canadian Pacific syndicate came into being. One of its major functions was to raise capital, mostly from the United Kingdom, to finance this immense project, and to find the man, or men, to supervise the building of it.

There was one man in particular the syndicate had its eyes on. William Cornelius Van Horne was the superintendent of the Chicago and Alton Railroad at age 27. At 31 he held the omnibus post of president, general manager, and superintendent of the Southern Minnesota line. At 38 he was superintendent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul line. One of the syndicate members, James J. Hill, realized that Van Horne was precisely the kind of general manager the new railway company required. "You need a man of great mental and physical power to carry this line through. Mr. Van Horne can do it," he wrote at the time.

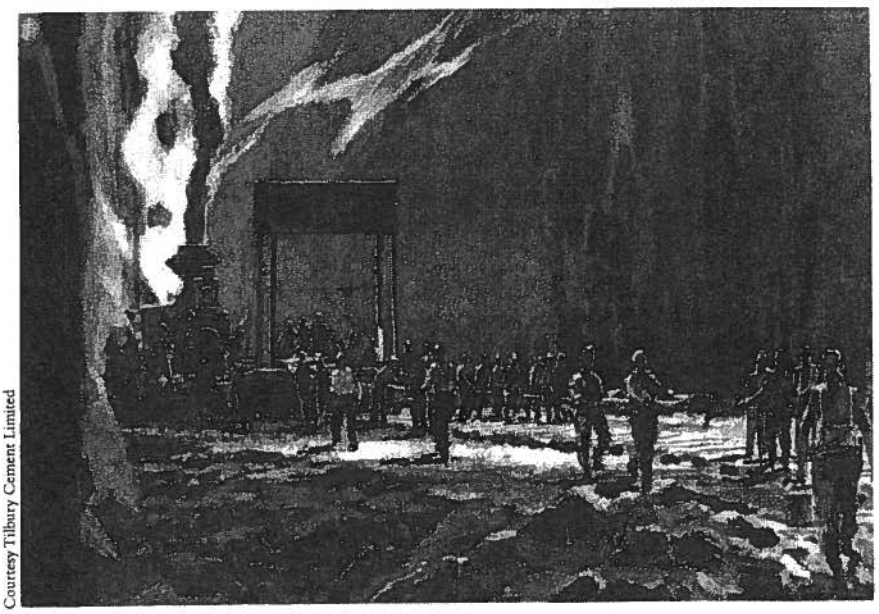
The monumental project appealed to Van Horne and in a few weeks he came to Canada to join the Canadian Pacific, and took charge in Winnipeg on 2 January 1882. Next to the signing of the contract in October 1880, it was the most important date in the chronology of the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Van Horne was his own man. He had a mammoth job to do and he would do it his own way. It paid off in the end not only for William Van Horne and the Canadian Pacific Railway, but also for a greater Dominion of Canada from sea to sea.

As a surveyor on the company's staff, J.H.E. Secretan, had this to say about the hard-driving Van Horne in his memoirs:

> We did not like Van Horne when he first came up to Winnipeg as General Boss of Everybody and Everything. His ways were not our ways and he did not hesitate to let us know what he thought of the bunch in a general way. At first he had no use for Englishmen or Canadians especially Engineers and told me once 'if I could only teach a Section Man to run a transit we wouldn't have a single d____d Engineer about the place...
>
> I was one of the few who got to know him and to know him was to like him and then to admire his extraordinary versatility. He seemed to know everything and in spite of being a very busy man with awful responsibilities, he always had lots of time to talk on any conceivable subject; would sit in his office and smoke a cigar a foot long

Track-laying gang near Rogers Pass in 1885. From a painting by Rudy Kovach.



Courtesy Tilbury Cement Limited

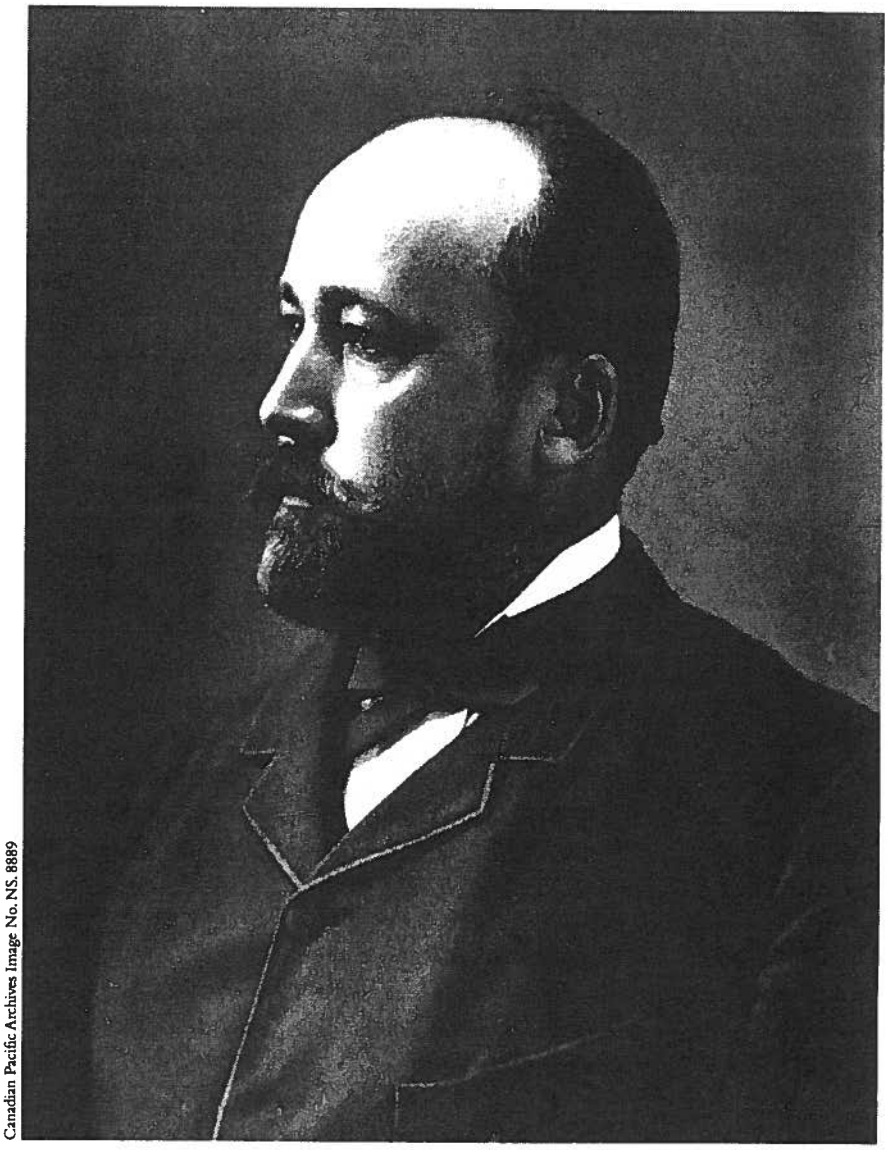
while he talked and at the same time make a splendid etching on the blotting pad in front of him. All the time apparently thinking of something else, and probably gazing at a map on the wall. He was a great big man with a gigantic intellect, a generous soul with an enormous capacity both for food and work." (John Murray Gibbon, Steel of Empire (Toronto: Bobbs Merrill, 1935)

Van Horne's curiosity was boundless, with a consuming interest in such varied subjects as painting, ceramics, fossils, gardening, etc. His energy and physical strength were alike prodigious, and his capacity for work surprised his colleagues. On the lighter side, he enjoyed convivial company and a game of poker, and a mischievous streak frequently led to a practical joke.

Under the able leadership ofVan Horne, work progressed on the transcontinental railway, despite hard economic times and political and financial setbacks. And the critics — when the future of the railway was in doubt—were never far away. Others were distant critics as far away as London, England. One journalist, with a particular bias and a preconceived prejudice against Canada, Canadian politics, and the Canadian Pacific Railway in general, wrote in a *Truth* article on 1 September 1881:

> The Canadian Pacific Railway, if it is ever finished, runs through a country frost bound for seven or eight months in the year, and will connect with the western part of the Dominion a province which embraces about as forbidding a country as any on the face of the earth....British Columbia, they say, has forced on the execution of this part of the contract under which they become incorporated with the Dominion, and believe that prosperity will come to them when the line is made. This is a delusion on their part. British Columbia is a barren, cold mountain country that is not worth keeping. It would never have been inhabited at all, unless by trappers of the Hudson's Bay Company, had the 'gold fever' not taken a party of mining adventurers there, and ever since the fever has died down it has gone from bad to worse.

Van Horne exhibited empathy for the well-being of his vast army of construction workers. He was particularly concerned when one of his survey crews, Major A.B. Rogers and his staff, were looking for a route through the near-impregnable Selkirk Range—which later became Rogers Pass. They were on meagre rations that consisted mainly of beans. "It is exceedingly important," he wrote to Rogers, "that an ample supply of good food be provided and that the quality be beyond the possibility of doubt."



Canadian Pacific Archives Image No. NS. 8889

Above: *William Cornelius Van Horne, builder, general manager, president, and chairman of the Canadian Pacific Railway.*

The same standard was to prevail on the CPR diners. Van Horne cautioned against too large a variety for obvious reasons. The cramped diner kitchens could only accommodate so much food and a limited menu. But the meals that were served were to be of the highest standard—courtesy and consideration had to be the watchword of conductors, porters, and stewards.

Van Horne was a doer: a man of infinite drive who would not brook delay. Meeting a schedule was imperative in his book. "If you want anything done," he once observed, "name the day when it must be finished. If I order a thing done in a specified time and the man to whom I give that order says it is impossible to carry it out—then he must go."

Secretan, a surveyor on Van Horne's staff, had a personal experience in a verbal exchange with the man he called the "great magician." Van Horne was determined to build five hundred miles that summer.

> In discussing the projected location, I pointed out that such a line would often run through an infertile country. But Van Horne was adamant and said he did not care what it ran through...I doubted if he could possibly construct five hundred miles in a short summer, but he scowled at me fiercely, and before I left 'the presence' he informed me that 'nothing was impossible and if I could show him the road it was all he wanted and if I couldn't, he would have my scalp!' (Gibbon, 1935)

As a matter of fact, Van Horne did lay about four hundred and eighty miles of track that summer.

Work proceeded steadily on Canada's first transcontinental railway, with undiminished industry. Around the rugged barrier reefs of the Great Lakes, spilling onto the western plains where new towns sprang up in the wake of the line as thousands of settlers arrived to take up cheap homesteads and push the frontiers (at times resisted by hostile Indian bands) ever westward as the construction gangs proceeded laying ties and rails on the flatlands at a remarkable pace to scale; eventually, the backbone of the nation, the spectacular, mishap-marred Kicking Horse Pass, through the rugged, turbulent Fraser Canyon terminating, ultimately, at the tidal waters of the Pacific Ocean at Port Moody.

The original compact called for a railroad to British Columbia and the former colony joining Canadian Confederation as a province, with the transcontinental terminus at Port Moody. But when Van Horne came west in 1884 on an inspection tour and surveyed the terrain of the proposed terminus and the inadequate restricted harbour, he concluded that Port Moody and its uneven terrain was not suitable for a future large city and a fitting terminus for his transcontinental Canadian Pacific Railway, and extended the line to Coal Harbour on Burrard Inlet at a place unofficially called Gastown, later Granville.

At a subsequent meeting between Van Horne and a Dominion land surveyor and CPR land agent L.A. Hamilton, Van Horne exclaimed: "Hamilton! Hamilton! This is destined to be a great city. Perhaps the greatest in Canada. And we must see to it that it has a name commensurate with its destiny and importance. And Vancouver it shall be if I have the ultimate decision." Vancouver was incorporated in 1886 and the early city fathers, heeding Van Horne's preference, chose Vancouver as the name for their new city.

Finally the monumental task was completed. The historic signposts of construction converged on Craigellachie in the heart of the Gold Range. Donald A. Smith, Lord Strathcona, at a ceremony on 7 November 1885, drove the final spike signalling completion of the line almost five years ahead of schedule. Also on hand were other officials and directors of the company who came west for the historic occasion taking place in British Columbia. They travelled on a train comprising Engine 148 hauling cars "Tepedia" and "Saskatchewan." Present also for the ceremony was Van Horne, the man responsible for the physical reality of the project. A man long on railroad building but short on words—on this auspicious occasion at least.

"All I can say is that the work has been well done in every way," Van Horne said on a trip to London in 1894, where he receive a knighthood (Sir William), "I am now sitting on the fence, enjoying the sight of watching other men work. But the CPR is in most excellent hands, and no one need worry about that. No railway in the world has at its head a more capable and devoted man than Sir Thomas Shaughnessy."

Van Horne renounced his American citizenship and became a Canadian citizen after building Canada's first transcontinental railway. He assumed the CPR's presidency from 1888 to 1899 and was chairman from 1899 to 1910 of one of the great railways of the world.

The Van Horne family—Van Horne was married to Lucy Adaline, and they had three children—divided their time among a large summer home in New Brunswick, a farm at Selkirk, Manitoba, a luxurious winter retreat in Cuba, and their regular home, a 52-room mansion on Montreal's Sherbrooke Street where he kept much of his valuable and impressive collection of European paintings, Japanese pottery, and fossils. His Montreal home was demolished in September 1973, to the consternation and dismay of many Montreal citizens who loved the old Victorian structure and revered its owner.

Sir William Cornelius Van Horne died in Montreal in 1915, age 72. His body was taken in his private mahogany-panelled railway car to his old hometown, Joliet, Illinois for burial.

Archives and Archivists

Editor Frances Gundry

Adventures of a First-time User of the BC Archives

As a teacher, I had encouraged students in many varied research projects and had even steered some of them toward the Provincial Archives, where they had been very well received. Now, after I got over the first shock of being retired, I realized that I could do some of the many things I had only dreamed about while I was working, and at last I had time to pursue some research of my own. My sister was working on a book on people who were concerned with the plight of the First Nations, and I had offered to do some research for her on Arthur Eugene O'Meara, an Anglican Missionary and lawyer who was an advocate for First Nations' rights in the early part of the twentieth century. I had the dates of a few newspaper references to him, but apart from that I didn't know who he was and how he became involved with this work.

On my first visit to the Archives I registered at the reception desk and learned the rules (bags and jackets stay out of the reference room; only pencils may be used inside). I started by checking out the newspaper files, which are all on microfilm arranged by towns. A push of a button on the microfilm reader will provide a printed copy of a given page. My appetite thoroughly whetted now, I went over to the card catalogue to search for references to O'Meara. The feel of those little oak drawers with all their cards filed in the right order took me back forty years to when I worked in the library at the University of British Columbia. I was tempted to settle in for a stint of card playing, but instead I found a reference or two, filled out the call slips, and waited for my name to be called. Then, there in my hands, was a piece of early British Columbia history—a pamphlet describing a meeting of O'Meara with a few friends in 1910. How many similar meetings have I not attended—friends getting together with good ideas and wondering how far these good ideas can go. Ninety years from now, will someone look at our minutes and think, "So that is how it started?"

These bits of information led to other bits, including a look at the on-line catalogue, which I did from home. Among other things I came across a reference to O'Meara in a collection from an accountant named Genn. I thought bills and the like would not be of much interest to me and left looking at this item in the Archives until last. What a surprise when under this unassuming entry I found a mother lode of information: O'Meara's sheepskin from the University of Toronto was there, along with ordination certificates, a will, a copy of his baptismal certificate, and letters, many, many letters. There were letters to O'Meara and carbon copies of letters from him. I was holding in my hands the very pieces of paper he had held and read and made notes on in the margin. I was set for many visits in order to absorb all that was here, but eventually I had to stop researching and get on with putting my findings on paper. It seemed a little sad that I would no longer have an excuse to come down to this quiet place and sit reading these letters.

Just before I finished writing my piece, I decided to go once more to the Archives to re-check a few dates on the letters. I was so glad to have an excuse to once again put my call slip in and wait for my name to be called. It seemed to take a little longer than usual, and when I was called I was told that I could not have the files today as they were being photocopied. I was aghast. Who was researching my man? How could this be? I suppose my face must have mirrored my thoughts because the archivist said I could have some of the files. What a relief, but the question still remained. Who else was using these files? It turned out that a relative of O'Meara was looking for information, and I gave permission for the Archives to pass on my name to this relative. There had to be some things we could share, and indeed there were. A few weeks later I received a phone call from O'Meara's granddaughter. Not only did we compare much of what we knew, but she also told me of someone at the University of Victoria who was working on O'Meara. This led to another phone call, a meeting, and a comparing of notes. Any initial reluctance on my part to share my subject of research was easily overcome by the delight of talking to someone who knew him as well as I did by now, someone who had the same mixed feelings of frustration with the man and genuine respect for what he was trying to do. It was a delightful end to (episode? turning point in?) the quest that began on that day long ago when I went to the BC Archives for the first time to check newspaper references.

Mary Haig-Brown

Have you joined the Friends of the BC Archives? For information contact Frances Gundry or Ron Greene. Their addresses and phone numbers can be found on the inside of the front cover.

Token History:
A.C. Cummins, Ferguson, BC

by Ronald Greene

The settlement of Ferguson was named after David Ferguson who founded it in 1895. A note in the *Revelstoke Mail* in mid-1896 described the town as follows with the typical boosterism of the day:[1]

> The new town of Ferguson is situated at the forks of the Lardeau River[2] and about 15 miles from Thomson's Landing. It is a most suitable and probable site for a town, being on a large stretch of almost perfectly level ground. It has quite convenient, unlimited water power for smelting and other works which will probably, with the development of the mines, be built there in the near future. It is surrounded by the very best mines in this section and all within reasonable distance, viz: Great Northern Group, one mile, Poole Group, 1½ miles...Silver Cup, 6 miles.

The time was during the silver mining boom of the mid 1890s. Ferguson was located in the Lardeau country of the Kootenays, some 5 miles (8 kilometres) up Lardeau Creek from Trout Lake City, at which point the creek empties into Trout Lake. As the newspaper indicated it was surrounded by a number of silver mines in the mountains for which it was the supply point. Ferguson received a post office on 1 December 1898 and was first listed in a British Columbia Directory in 1898.[3] The population of Ferguson peaked at about 200 in 1903. In the early 1920s there were still 100 people in Ferguson. Henderson's BC Directory for 1901 gave the population at 150 and the Dominion Census[4] that year listed 130 names, surprisingly missing A.C. Cummins. This caused us a little puzzlement, but we discovered that Cummins was the enumerator for Trout Lake City and surmise that since he would have been out of Ferguson on census day the enumerator for Ferguson didn't include him, and he didn't add his own name to Trout Lake City because he was a resident of Ferguson.

Alexander Christie Cummins was born in Liverpool, England in 1870. The family, including a sister and younger brother, moved to Costa Rica where Alec spent most of his childhood. It is believed that his father had a fruit plantation and was associated with a railway in the country, somehow involved in management, and possibly even an investor.[5] Unfortunately Alec's mother, Mary Ann Christie Cummins, died of fever at age 30. Alec's sister, Mabel, was sent back to England to live with the mother's sister, who was married to an Italian named Cato, while the boys, Alec and Fred, stayed with their father. Tragedy struck a second time several years later when the father died. Alec and his brother Fred returned to England where they received a good middle class education, supported by their uncle. Fred went on to become a banker, eventually becoming a bank manager in Winnipeg. Alec was found a job in the merchant marine, but he didn't care much for the work. When he arrived in Vancouver, c. 1894 he jumped ship – by this time his sister and brother[6] were living in Vancouver. He worked for the CPR for a time, then headed inland. In selecting Ferguson he got almost as far from the ocean as it is possible to get in British Columbia.

In July 1901 Alec Cummins married Berthia J. Burrell of Trout Lake City.[7] Bertha—she didn't like the spelling Berthia—and her widowed mother were living at the Abrahamsons' Queen's Hotel there. The mother was listed as a housekeeper and the daughter as a waitress. Presumably they were living and working at the hotel. Bertha's older sister, Mattie, married Noah Abrahamson, the resident manager of the Queen's Hotel in May 1901. The owners, the Abrahamson Bros., also owned the Central Hotel in Revelstoke, where they issued tokens.[8] Bertha's father had been a carpenter and he was killed by a falling tree when she was nine years of age. Following that she had to work sewing to help support the family and so received a very limited education. After Bertha and Alec were married and lived in Ferguson the local schoolteacher boarded with them and taught Bertha how to read and write. She became a prolific reader and when she too was widowed at an early age she resisted the urging of neighbours and friends to send her children out to work, insisting they ob-

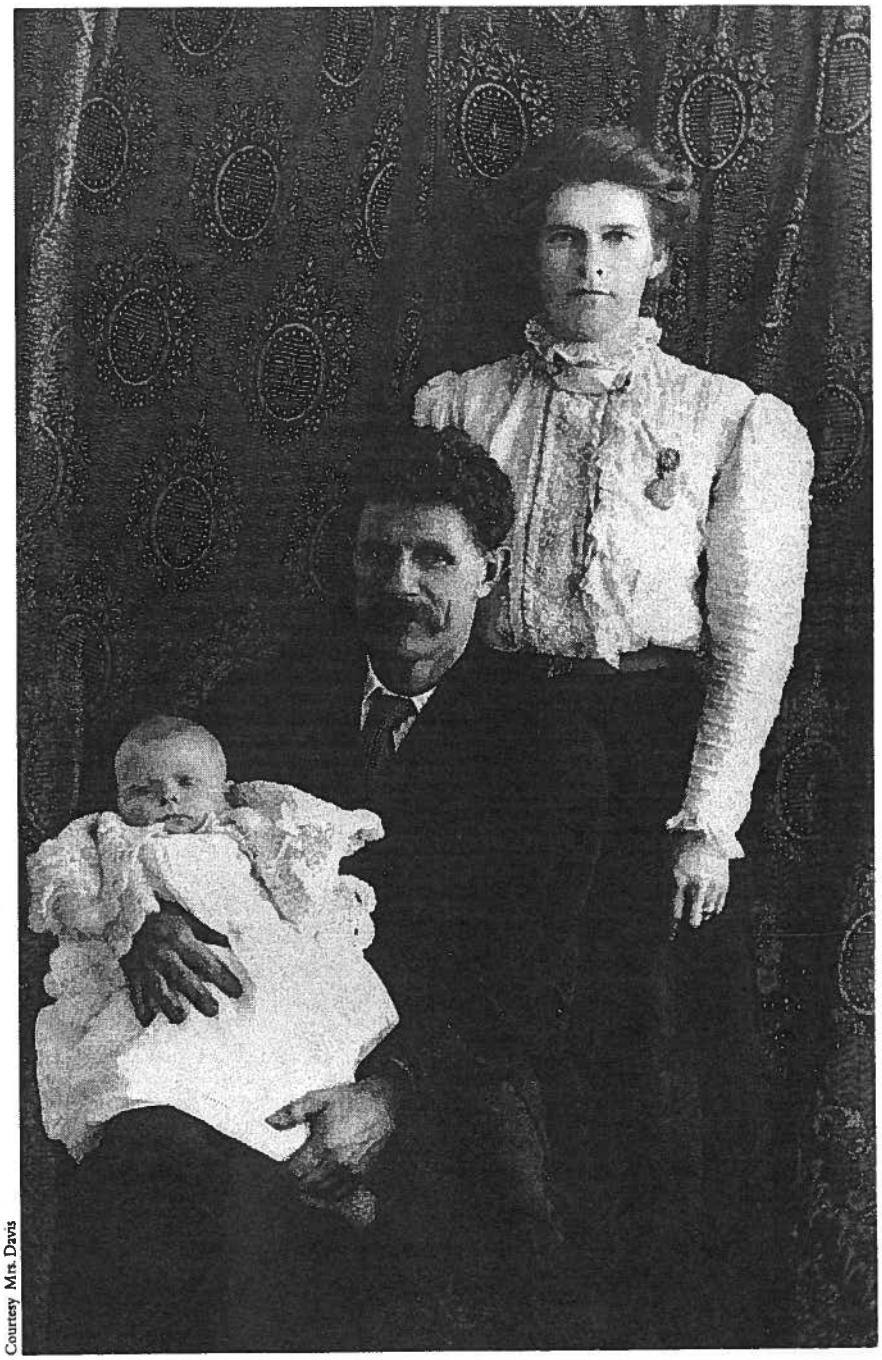
[1] *Revelstoke Mail*, 1 August 1896.
[2] Today known as the Lardeau Creek. The Lardeau River is a different stream.
[3] *Henderson's British Columbia Gazetteer and Directory and Mining Companies 1898.*
[4] Dominion of Canada Census of 1901, film T6430, Section G9.
[5] Interview with the granddaughter of A.C. Cummins, Mrs Joan Davis, 23 March 2001.
[6] Mabel had married Arthur Percy May in 1894 and Fred was working for the Bank of Montreal in 1895.
[7] Marriage Certificate 1901-09-176504.
[8] But that is another story which will be told in due course.
[9] *Revelstoke Review*, 13 December 1922.

tain a good education, which they did.

Alec Cummins became a merchant and ran a general store at Ferguson at least from 1898 until his death in 1922. For several years from 1898, he also was located at Ten Mile, which was seven miles further up the Lardeau Creek. Ten Mile was not large enough to rate a directory listing after 1898. Cummins was the postmaster in Ferguson for a while in 1898 and from 1905 until his death. Interestingly enough the Duns Credit directories for 1906 and 1908 show B.J. (Mrs A.C.) Cummins as operating a confectionery and fruit business, and fail to mention Alec. Alec and Bertha had two children: Fred born in December 1909 and Elizabeth (Betty) born in July 1911. The credit directories from 1912 mention A.C. Cummins, general store. What little credit information they provide indicates that the Cummins operation was not very large. In Ferguson, Alec was a member of the Ferguson Hockey Team, which laid claim to being the Lardeau Champions in 1910. He also used to read books in the evenings to the miners, many of whom could not read.

Alec Cummings contracted typhoid fever in Ferguson and was taken to the Queen Victoria Hospital in Revelstoke where he died 10 December 1922 at age 54.[9] Two Abrahamsons and W. Cowan were among the pallbearers. His widow left Ferguson shortly afterwards, moving to New Westminster where she died in 1968.

The Cummins token has a reverse that is common to several Dawson, Y.T., tokens. These were issued c. 1903, which might indicate that Cummins issued the token about then or not long after. As it is denominated as 12½ cents it is unlikely to have been issued much later. Brass: Round: 21 mm, B.C. Database F0860b. Rubbing of the token courtesy of Leslie C. Hill.



Courtesy Mrs. Davis

Courtesy Mrs. Davis

Right top: *Alec Cummings, his wife Bertha (Berthia) Burrell and their son, Fred.*
Right bottom: *The general store at Ferguson.*

GOVERNMENT HOUSE
1401 ROCKLAND AVENUE
VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA
V8S 1V9

May 13, 2001

Personal
Ms. Shirley Cuthbertson
Chairman
Historical Writing Competition
British Columbia Historical Federation
#306 – 225 Belleville Street
Victoria, British Columbia
V8V 4T9

Dear Ms. Cuthbertson:

Many thanks for your most kind letter of April 18, 2001, apprising me of the winners of the 2000 British Columbia Historical Federation's Writing Competition.

Much appreciated.

It was a great pleasure for me to make some of the presentation on May 5th, and I have written a note of congratulations to each winner.

As a history aficionado of long standing, it's tremendously gratifying for me to see that historical chronicles of our marvellous province not only continue to be written and published – and with so much depth, quality and vitality.

Every continuing best wish.

Garde B. Gardom, Q.C.
Lieutenant-Governor

John Spittle

Above: *At the BCHF Awards Banquet in Richmond on 5 May, the Lieutenant-Governor made most of the award presentations. His Honour Garde B. Gardom. Q.C. is seen here presenting Richard Somerset Mackie with the Certificate of Merit for his book* Island Timber: A Social History of the Comox Logging Company, Vancouver Island, *published by Sono Nis Press. Richard Mackie holds in his right hand the Lieutenant-Governor's Medal for Historical Writing.*

Braches

Above: *His Honour, the Honorable Garde B. Gardom Q.C. congratulates Edward (Ted) Affleck. the winner of the prize for best article in* BC Historical News *for the year 2000. Affleck has been chosen for his article "Steamboating on the Peace River," published in Volume 33 No. 1. The jury commented that "there were a couple of other articles that deserved consideration, but Ted's extensive research and excellent writing gave his article the edge."*

Winners of the Competition for Writers

2000

The British Columbia Historical Federation is pleased to announce the winners in the Federation's year 2000 Historical Writing Competition.

Richard Somerset Mackie received the Lieutenant-Governor's Award for his book *Island Timber: A Social History of the Comox Logging Company, Vancouver Island,* published by Sono Nis Press. The judges agreed that it is "...an excellent book, showing how accurate, balanced history can present a credible picture of an industry in its historical context, including, quietly, environmental costs."

The *Encyclopedia of British Columbia,* edited by Daniel Francis, published by Harbour Publishing, was awarded second place. In checking the histories of their regions, the judges were satisfied with what they read; one judge called it "polished, enjoyable reading."

The Transforming Image: Painted Arts of Northwest Coast First Nations, by Bill McLennan and Karen Duffek, published by UBC Press, was third. One reader called it "...a beautiful book, using images retrieved from faded paintings to impart a better understanding of the techniques, aesthetics and persons who created the works."

Also mentioned with distinction were:

Gold and Grand Dreams: Cariboo East In the Early Years by Marie Elliott, (Horsdal & Schubart): a book that the judges agreed gives good historical value for a broad audience and that a strength of the book is the emphasis on context. They were also pleased with originality in sources and approach.

Milk Stories: A History of the Dairy Industry in British Columbia 1827–2000, by Dr. K. Jane Watt, (published by the Dairy Industry Historical Society of British Columbia) is in the judges' opinion and well-conceived "company" history—the subject and the material is original, the writing lively, with excellent photos and reproductions of documents.

The awards were presented by Lieutenant-Governor Garde Gardom, Q.C. to the authors present at the Federation's Award Banquet in Richmond.

As well the Lieutenant-Governor presented two of the publishers' certificates in person to the President of the Dairy Industry Historical Group, Walter Goertzen, and to Jean Wilson of UBC Press.

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

Murray Greig
Trail on Ice: A Century of Hockey in the Home of the Champions,
reviewed by Barbara Schrodt.

Jeanette Taylor
River City: A History of Campbell River and the Discovery Islands,
reviewed by Ian Kennedy.

J.M. Bumsted
The Fur Trade Wars: The Founding of Western Canada,
reviewed by Brian Gobbett.

Jeff Lederman
Cries of the Wild: A Wildlife Rehabilitator's Journal,
reviewed by Susan Stacey.

Daphne Sleigh, ed.
One Foot on the Border: The History of Sumas Prairie and Area, reviewed by Morag Maclachlan.

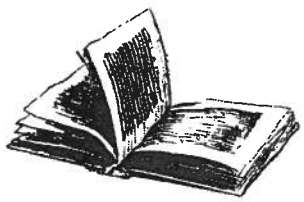
Mrs. Amor de Cosmos
Notes from the Netshed,
reviewed by Susan Stacey

Marjorie Barr Pratt
Recollections of a Homesteader's Daughter
reviewed by Susan Stacey

Virginia Jones Harper
Wing of the Raven: A Novel of Vancouver's Heritage,
reviewed by Richard J. Lane.

Laura Cameron
Openings: A Meditation on History, Method, and Sumas Lake,
reviewed by Susan Stacey

Michelle McDevitt
The Last Enemy: A Novel,
reviewed by Richard J. Lane



Trail on Ice: A Century of Hockey in the Home of Champions

Murray Greig. Trail: Trail City Archives, 1999. 160 pp. Illus. $28 paperback.

REVIEWED BY BARBARA SCHRODT.

In 1939, and again in 1961, the Trail Smoke Eaters team won the ice hockey world championships, bringing worldwide recognition to what would become one of the most famous sport dynasties in Canadian history. Murray Greig, in his *Trail on Ice: A Century of Hockey in the Home of Champions,* has written a chronological overview of the achievements of this senior amateur team that commemorates one hundred years of hockey played in the city of Trail.

The West Kootenays can rightly be called the birthplace of competitive hockey in British Columbia, with the town of Sandon the site of the province's first roofed natural ice arena, built in 1893. Trail's first major success in hockey came in the 1913–1914 season, when its senior team won the championship of the Boundary-West Kootenay Hockey Association. In 1926–1927, Trail emerged as a major hockey force, winning its first Savage Cup, emblematic of the provincial senior amateur championship. Over the next sixty years, the Smoke Eaters would play a significant role in hockey at all levels, winning the BC championship eighteen times and the Canadian championship twice, and would bring international glory to the city of Trail with two world titles.

In 1961, no one knew that the Smoke Eaters would be the last amateur Canadian team to win the world championships, and that Canada's domination of international hockey had come to an end. For, in 1963, when Trail again represented Canada, there would be no medal. But over the decades, Trail's team, based on a core of homegrown talent, earned a reputation for determination and excellence that is remembered throughout Europe to this day.

Greig's history of the Trail Smoke Eaters is based upon newspaper accounts, memorabilia, and photographs, interviews with former players and organizers, and materials in the Trail City Archives. His account chronicles the development and achievements of the team, from its beginnings as a recreational opportunity for employees of Cominco, through its many successes, to its demise in the late 1980s. Drawing upon interviews with players who were personally involved with the Smoke Eaters, Greig provides interesting accounts of the team's world championship tournaments, as well as the significant fund-raising activities that accompanied these events. *Trail on Ice* includes some interesting photographs, and a chronology of the team's achievements; however, there are neither references nor a bibliography.

Trail on Ice presents a good account of a team that brought fame to a small town in eastern British Columbia, and it may be that Trail is better known for its Smoke Eaters than for its mining and smelting. This book is written for the general readership, and will be of particular interest to members of the team, their family, and their friends, and to the citizens of Trail who supported the Smoke Eaters over the years. Details of games played and of annual league standings, as well as accounts of important championships, are supplemented by reminiscences and biographical information about players, coaches, and officials.

Unfortunately, an opportunity to tell the story of the Smoke Eaters as a part of Canadian sport or social history has been missed. The importance of sport to the isolated company town of early Trail is significant, and could have been more thoroughly examined. There is an even larger story here, for there were other isolated towns in BC that produced world champions; Ocean Falls, with its world-class swimmers, is probably the best example. Greig also failed to examine more carefully the nature of Canadian amateur sport from the 1930s to the early 1960s. The Smoke Eaters were a classic example of the hockey teams that violated the amateur rules of that era. In fact, senior Canadian hockey simply ignored the rules that were laid down by the International Olympic Committee—specifically, the rule that stated there were to be no payments for lost wages. If this rule had been followed to the letter, most of the teams that did represent Canada would not

have been allowed to participate. Finally, the demise of Canada as a hockey power in the 1960s is matched by the rise of teams from European Communist countries, notably the U.S.S.R. The use of sport to advance national policies was part of the "Cold War" conflict between East and West, starting in the 1950s, and international hockey competition was a showcase for this conflict; Greig barely mentions this in his account. However, it was clearly not the intention of the author to engage in interpretive historical writing. He was commissioned to write about the Smoke Eaters, and this he did. *Trail on Ice* is for the hockey fan.

Reviewer Barbara Schrodt is a sport historian and associate professor emerita, the University of British Columbia

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River City: A History of Campbell River and the Discovery Islands

Jeanette Taylor. Madeira Park: Harbour Publishing, 1999. 239 pp. Illus. $36.95 hardcover.

REVIEWED BY IAN KENNEDY.

Jeanette Taylor's *River City: a History of Campbell River and the Discovery Islands* might well serve as a template for any local history. An historian who worked in the Oral History division of the BC Archives and who has served as curator of the Campbell River Museum for 20 years, Taylor has written a fine, lively, free-flowing account of the political, social, and economic elements of this diverse northern Vancouver Island Community on the Johnstone Strait.

The brightly coloured front cover encapsulates the content. A large picture of fishboats—long the lifeblood of this "Salmon Capital of the World"—tied up in front of modern condominiums is a background for smaller pictures of Indian totems and the longhouse at the Discovery Harbour Mall, a statue of a logger climbing a spartree, a lighthouse, and one of the blowing up of Ripple Rock. The back cover depicting a tranquil coastal sunset shows the picturesque grandeur of the area and suggests its eco-tourism potential. The story in a nutshell.

Once past the cover, black and white images, set near to the text referring to them, continue to enliven the storyline. In fact, so complete are the captions that by reading them one can glean a fairly comprehensive overview of Campbell River's history without even reading the text. But, don't skip any of that fast-paced and well-organized text.

Beginning with an Indian legend and a history of the First Peoples, Taylor tells that few tribes actually inhabited the site of the present-day city; they preferred the less tempestuous waters to the north and south. The First Peoples so much a part of the community, Taylor does not then forget, but includes them in every chapter thereafter as she discusses economic developments and the people who experienced them.

She moves on through changes, from the coming of the first white settlers, through farming to logging, the ones from commercial to sport fishing, to mining, to pulp and paper manufacturing, and to eco-tourism, all overlain by the cyclical booms and busts, and the environmental industrial battles that challenged this community. She draws full character sketches of Campbell River's main figures: Fred Nunn, first settler; Charles Thulin, the commercial giant who built early hotels and stores; the Painters, builders of the world-renowned sport fishing lodge; Roderick Haig-Brown, author and environmentalist; Frank Essu, enlightened Indian chief; and John Young, controversial school principal.

But, interspersed amongst these sketches, Taylor presents humorous yarns about the often unruly, yet fun-filled, west-coast characters who inhabited the area. These asides lift and lighten the book. Who could not be interested in reading about "By God" Stafford; "Cougar" Smith—who killed over 1,000 of the beasts; "Bullshit" Bill; " Sore-Neck Annie"; or about Cosmic Logging, the hippie, "state of mind" outfit that tried unsuccessfully to make a go of it in the 1970s? On page 156 a copy of a 1951 letter to a doctor from an up-coast logger about the logger's injured dog is an absolute delight, an uproarious gem.

One minor criticism of the volume is the lack of a detailed map. A fine map relating to the early explorers appears near the beginning of the book, but the whereabouts of such places as Ripple Rock, Duncan Bay, Duluth, Rock Bay, Oyster Bay, Willow Point, and Stories Beach, as well as a multitude of other places—though the text refers to them—remain a mystery. A good map would have been a considerable help to the reader.

Some interesting ponderables in light of recent events: Taylor leaves the door open to the possibility of earlier explorations, well before Sam Bawlf's recent publication about Drake's voyages. She writes that the Natives in and around Campbell River "...showed little or no surprise at...[Captain Vancouver's] arrival." She also states that Natives to the north were "...well supplied with guns and all the necessary 'appurtenances.'"

The idea of a fixed link to Vancouver Island has also recently re-surfaced. Interesting to speculate what Campbell River's history might have been like had the first fixed link proposed by Alfred Waddington in the 1860s come to fruition, one brought forward again by Campbell River visionary Mike King in the 1890s, and later by Pat McGeer in the 1970s.

River City provides a wonderfully brisk, extremely well-illustrated, authoritative, comprehensive history of Campbell River and the Discovery Islands, a credit to both the author and to Harbour Publishing, the leader in BC coastal history publications.

Reviewer Ian Kennedy, a retired teacher, lives in Comox.

The Fur Trade Wars: The Founding of Western Canada

J.M. Bumsted. Winnipeg: Great Plains Publications, 1999. 272 pp., Illus. $19.95 paperback.

REVIEWED BY BRIAN GOBBETT.

The fur trade wars in the opening years of the nineteenth century have produced an enormous amount of secondary literature, both among contemporaries and within the historical memory. From 1816 to 1820 more than 30 accounts were published in Canada, Great Britain and the United States, as well as countless newspaper articles and reams of legal materials. Thereafter, amateur and professional historians alike have made the struggle between the Hudson's Bay Company (HBC) and the North West Company (NWC) a constant theme. Jack Bumsted, a professor of History at the University of Manitoba, adds to that number in a well-written synthesis that places the events of Rupert's Land and the Northwest Coast in their proper national and international context.

The early years of the nineteenth century were an era of unbridled competition in the race for furs across a vast portion of western North America. The HBC's ancient charter was challenged by the upstart NWC, an operation that was in almost every way antithetical to the older company. Bumsted's narrative focuses upon the sometimes violent competition between the HBC and the NWC from the founding of Lord Selkirk's

settlement in 1811 to the eventual merger a decade later. While Selkirk and the HBC had conceived of a commercial war, they were unprepared for the open and sometimes violent conflict that followed. Of course, the most notable incident occurred at Seven Oaks when a group of Métis led by Cuthbert Grant killed the HBC local governor Robert Semple and 20 other men. By June 1816 the NWC seemed in control: they had beaten back the American traders in the Pacific slope and held the upper hand in both Red River and the Athabasca region. This position of authority was not lasting, however, and Selkirk was able to re-assert control of Red River. By 1819 both sides realized that the costs of the fur trade wars had become prohibitive and with the convenient death of Selkirk in 1820, a merger was realized the following year.

In contrast to many works of popular history, The Fur Trade Wars is immersed in primary and archival material. However, given Bumsted's familiarity with the archives (he edited portions of the Selkirk papers), it is unfortunate that The Fur Trade Wars lacks reference notes as a guide to further research. In a more serious omission, Bumsted has little discussion on how the mixed-blood participants viewed the fur trade wars and, in particular, the battle at Seven Oaks. Bumsted does make clear that Cuthbert Grant saw himself as a NWC clerk and not as an autonomous leader of the Métis people. Nevertheless, Seven Oaks has become a central symbol for generations of Métis, and some discussion of its significance is highly relevant, particularly given Bumsted's assertion that this decade left a powerful legacy in the formation of western Canada.

As historian Lyle Dick argues in the *Journal of the Canadian Historical Association* (1991), the historical memory of the fur trade wars and Seven Oaks in particular has relied upon myth as much as fact. In the nineteenth century, Alexander Ross and George Bryce saw the Métis as "savages" and insisted that Seven Oaks constituted a "massacre." As Dick notes, this interpretation has persisted, and many of Canada's most "popular" historians have continued this racial myth. In contrast, Bumsted's work is mature and nuanced, and eschews myth in favour of hard work in the archives. The Fur Trade Wars is a useful synthesis that sets a high standard for writers of popular history.

Reviewer Brian Gobbett is a graduate student at the University of Alberta

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Cries of the Wild: A Wildlife Rehabilitator's Journal

Jeff Lederman. Surrey: Heritage House Publishing Company, 1997. 144 pp. Illus. $19.95 paperback.

REVIEWED BY SUSAN STACEY

Jeff Lederman wrote this book to raise awareness (and funds) for the non-profit Island Wildlife Natural Care Centre on Salt Spring Island. The former artist, now a naturopathic caregiver in the field of wildlife rehabilitation, has produced a work that is short on politics and harsh environmental rhetoric and full of engaging stories about wildlife rehabilitation projects.

Cries of the Wild is a polished public relations effort, well-written, carefully edited, and thoughtfully designed. It presents 17 stories about specific wild animals that came to some sort of grief in their encounters with humans, and explains the methods and philosophy behind their treatment and release back into their native environments. Interspersed among the stories are four environmental essays by Stefania Gaspari, whose credentials are unfortunately never presented. She does, however, write with an authoritative style on subjects such as lead poisoning, threats to marine mammals, coyote extermination, and diversity.

This book is an easy, informative, and entertaining read for anyone who loves animals. It is entirely suitable for young readers, and would make a wonderful school library resource, not only for its information about human interaction with BC wildlife, but also as a model of very good storytelling.

Reviewer Susan Stacey is co-author of Salmonopolis, *(1994).*

One Foot on the Border: The History of Sumas Prairie and Area

Daphne Sleigh ed. Sumas Prairie & Area Historical Society, 1999. $50 hardcover.

REVIEWED BY MORAG MACLACHLAN.

Members of the Sumas Prairie & Area Historical Society published this book, which helps to preserve their past. They spent a great deal of time gathering information, collecting photographs and family histories, and soliciting financial support. The result of these efforts would undoubtedly have been a family album writ large, but, wisely, they engaged Daphne Sleigh to edit their material and provide some context for the biographical information. The result is a significant local history in which all those involved can take great pride. As well as the family histories, which are grouped in 20-year periods from 1880 to 1940, there is an interesting general history of the area, a wealth of photographs, many in colour, and excellent maps. There is also a section entitled Special Areas of Interest, which includes miscellaneous information that could not be included elsewhere, items too detailed for the general history, and family history gathered too late for inclusion in the main text.

The rather awkward title reflects a certain difficulty in defining the area. Sumas Lake, which lay in the middle of the Lower Fraser Valley, affected a large geographical area, part of which was bisected by the 49th parallel. For many years settlers on Sumas Prairie used Sumas City in Washington as their main centre. This connection with the United States was also true in Columbia Valley, but geographically neither Columbia Valley nor Majuba Hill are part of the prairie. Happily the editors have included a section which describes the districts they have chosen to cover.

An editorial note outlines some of the difficulties in undertaking such a project—memories are often selective and there can be inconsistencies in public records. Mistakes can also slip in elsewhere as for instance the Cowichan (p 8) who came to fish in the Fraser in large numbers are confused with the Lekwiltok who were the invaders that terrorized the Stó:lô. But this is a mere quibble. This history is a potpourri of fascinating information presented in a handsome volume which makes an important contribution to a part of British Columbia which has undergone enormous change in a relatively short period of time.

Reviewer Morag Maclachlan edited The Fort Langley Journals, 1827-30.

Notes from the Netshed

Mrs. Amor de Cosmos. Madeira Park: Harbour Publishing, 1997. 255 pp. Illus. $17.85 paperback.

REVIEWED BY SUSAN STACEY

The dedication of *Notes from the Netshed* salutes British Columbia's commercial fishery with the observation: "It may not always be a living, but it is a life." It perfectly captures the spirit of the book, which chronicles the day-to-day, season-to-season lifestyle of the B.C. commercial fishing community. The collection of two-to-three page articles, originally published in "A Letter From Home" columns in the *Canadian Fishing Report* and

the *West Coast Fisherman* magazines, is an easy and enjoyable way to learn about West Coast history.

Although the Steveston-based author hides her identity under a nom de plume, readers glean extensive personal information from her writing. She and her former husband worked together trolling, gill netting, and seining. When the marriage ended, she taught, then opened a gift shop. She eventually returned to fishing, claiming it is the only thing she knows and likes. Her observations on the fishing life are drawn from her experiences in the herring and salmon fisheries.

Mrs. Amor de Cosmos has mastered the writing skill of "showing, not telling." Readers draw their own mental pictures of life in a fishing village from the wealth of detail the author provides on subjects such as the contents of fishermen's sheds, remedies for saltwater boils, how to buy a boat, and fishboat cuisine. The stories center on the writer's family, friends, and acquaintances within the community rather than generic fishermen. Readers meet notable characters such as Uncle Ed and his Non-talking Deckhand, the Man Who Remembered Everything, Digging Sam, and the Scientific Fisherman.

Most of this material comes from journals the author keeps while out fishing, in itself no mean accomplishment. I often found myself wondering how she finds the time, energy, and privacy to keep such meticulous accounts while fishing, and eventually attributed it to the oft-mentioned fishermen's coffee and a passion to record "the rituals, the simple routines, the patterns of fishing."

In what is probably one of her best-known pieces, "The Old Captain Takes a Walk in the Sunshine," the author describes a retired highliner as he strolls along the Steveston waterfront, inspecting tied-up boats. She imagines herself doing the same thing one day, looking "for my past in the boats, for fishermen grow nothing, build nothing, leave nothing behind." In fact, she has already left something of great value.

While there will be documentation aplenty about the politics and economics of late twentieth-century fishing, books like this will provide the more elusive data about how fishermen lived and worked and made their decisions. She has succeeded in making the commonplace details of fishing life notable. Her book identifies a vanishing community and documents it with a dignified vitality rather than a sad or angry sentimentality. It's worth reading.

Recollections of a Homesteader's Daughter
Marjorie Barr Pratt. Cobble Hill: Self-published, 1996. 122 pp. Illus. $15.00 paperback.
REVIEWED BY SUSAN STACEY.

Vancouver Island resident Marjorie Pratt describes her childhood and early adult years in the Fir Mountain area of Saskatchewan in her self-published book, *Recollections of a Homesteader's Daughter.* Readers share an insider's memories of rural prairie life during the Depression and war years.

Visits to the place where she grew up kindled musings on the tremendous changes in prairie experience within her lifetime. Those musings led to this book, in which Pratt provides a child's-eye view of farm life. She relates stories of education in a one-room school; the dances, sports, and mail nights that framed the farmers' social lives; and the influence of the trains and radio shows that connected rural residents to larger settlements. The details in these descriptions clearly convey the mindset that made an agricultural community possible at a difficult time and place.

While an editing job would have tidied up some grammatical distractions and confusing sentences, it might also have destroyed the book's great value for local historians. Although its content is not relevant to British Columbia, the book's wistful tone communicates the need for connection to people and landmarks that invoke memories. It should validate the efforts of this province's historians and historical societies who work to preserve artifacts, landmarks, and collections of good stories that serve as touchstones for our communal values.

Wing of the Raven: A Novel of Vancouver's Heritage
Virginia Jones Harper. Vancouver: Godwin, 1997. 225 pp. $16.95 paperback.
REVIEWED BY RICHARD J. LANE

Virginia Jones Harper's *Wing of the Raven* is a novel based upon historical research; a term which accounts for this is "faction": a mixing of fact and fiction. The term suggests a hybrid writing style for a history of hybridity: the clash, differences and/or synthesis of pre- and post-contact cultures in British Columbia. But what the term doesn't describe is the notion, from a post-colonial perspective, that there are ideological problems in narrating past stories using contemporary discourse. Also, while the use of historical research would appear to be necessary if the novel is making claims of historical veracity, the novel then needs to be judged beyond questions of aesthetics and rhetoric. The introduction to the novel signals these issues: the reader is given a condensed summary of British Columbia's/Vancouver's history as well as a map which shows two superimposed cultures. The unwritten claim is that the novel which follows this potted history will make the connections, synthesize the early contact and post-contact experiences of indigenous and immigrant peoples, and speak the unspoken events of everyday life. What is never explained is why the novel form should be up to the task of filling various historical gaps, and why a particular register and discourse, in my opinion one not far off the Harlequin Romance, should be chosen over all other generic possibilities. These issues of form are the biggest unexplored gap in the introduction and the novel as a whole.

The novel charts the fortunes of three families: the English Stewarts and two First Nations families; the interactions of these people are the personal backbone of the novel that is paralleled by the historical development of the region. The various histories that are placed throughout the novel are fast-paced, if prone to excessive use of exclamation marks, and rapidly sketch geopolitical transformations. But these histories are also, perhaps necessarily, highly selective. There is a sense in this novel in which the fictional narratives "flesh out" the historical; but it may have been more valuable to explore the ways in which historical narratives are themselves "versions" or perspectives which use rhetorical strategies to present empirical experiences. Even with the many "versions" of eighteenth-century explorers' accounts of the Pacific Northwest we can see this at work. And my use of the term "Pacific Northwest" is itself interpretative, other options here being used today include "Cascadia," opening up the region to multiple histories and economic realities.

Harper uses a wide range of native terms in her novel: there are twenty-five listed in the glossary. But what the reader does not have explained is the contexts in which these terms are used throughout the novel: there is a qualitative difference in the use of native language in a fundamentally modern, "English," western discourse (one that could be crudely called "generic fiction") and the use of a native discourse, translated or transposed into English, which still retains underlying

epistemological and ontological indigenous meaning and structures, such as we find in Tomson Highway's novel *Kiss of the Fur Queen* (1998). The first section of *Wing of the Raven* appears linguistically reductive in other ways: it is written using a common-sense approach, with a simplistic style and language. From a pedagogic angle such a style seems to enable the transmission of what might otherwise be an alien and complex subject (First Nations history); but for this reader, the gain in clarity means also a loss in cultural richness. For example, the section in chapter three which portrays a potlatch: "Dressed ceremoniously, he [Atsaian] was ready to assert his wealth and prestige by distributing blankets. He had greased his skin and sprinkled it with particles of mica, so that he glimmered from head to foot. His teeth gleamed pure white. He wore leggings and moccasins fastened at his ankles; a shirt of copper, hammered cloth-thin; a doeskin waistband trimmed with duck feathers; a geometrically-patterned blanket tossed over one shoulder; and a conical hat woven of feathers. Strong and swarthy, he had an authoritative look." (20) This passage describes Atsaian's fabulous wealth, although without some prior knowledge of what this signifies culturally, the full impact of this man's wealth may not register on the reader. What could have been a passage that expresses the shock of this man's wealth being given away and the spiritual and hierarchical economy of the gift-structure, is instead written like a museum fact sheet: a descriptive list that doesn't really expand our knowledge of First Nations culture. Readers may not know, after reading this passage, if Atsaian's clothing is merely beautiful, or if the aesthetic is also entwined with the spiritual; it is a bit like describing the clothing and behaviour of mediaeval European royalty without explaining the concept of sumptuary laws. The line which follows the description—"Strong and swarthy, he had an authoritative look"—reminds me of a Harlequin Romance, which is problematic not just in terms of using the romance discourse to describe First Nations history, but also because the romance produces "universal" characters and situations which in themselves can be highly reductive when it comes to narrating cultural diversity and difference. The romance genre, I would argue, is inadequate when it comes to constructing a hybrid text. Similarly, the description of the act of giving, the potlatch, is reductive: "...he tossed blanket after blanket, all the while making sure each guest received an amount comparable to his rank. He dropped torn strips to the poor, whom he considered unworthy of more." (20) Like the preceding quotation I have excerpted, there is a certain amount of information conveyed, but not a lot else. It is ironic, considering that this is a novel, that European intellectuals like anthropologist Marcel Mauss and theorist Georges Bataille, even given all the issues of cultural appropriation and Eurocentrism, should have developed a more powerful account of the potlatch in their academic writing.

Ultimately, the romance structure and drive of the novel, for this reader, overrides any real gain into a glimpse of indigenous life during contact, although the historical sweep of the novel is extensive and readers interested in a populist account of the rise of Vancouver will no doubt find the story fascinating.

Reviewer Richard Lane is professor in English at the University of Westminster in London, UK

Openings; A Meditation on History, Method, and Sumas Lake

Laura Cameron. Montreal & Kingston: McGill-Queen's University Press, 1997. 135 pp. Illus. $29.95 hardcover.

REVIEWED BY SUSAN STACEY

Openings has two focal points. It studies the draining of Sumas Lake and it experiments with electronic tools for historical research and presentation. Both efforts are provocative inquiries into how and why humans wield technology.

Readers with Internet access can find a related hypermedia essay at the author's website (address on the book's dust jacket). The essay is broken into easily read consecutive chunks, with many opportunities to branch off to visual and audio components. Website visitors can also leave comments on the essay.

Cameron is an historical geographer exploring the relationship between place and history. In this work, her topic is the draining of Sumas Lake in British Columbia's Fraser Valley in the 1920s to create farmland. She examines the various cultures that were affected by this action, the way those cultures use concepts of place, and how they associate memories with a particular place.

Cameron opens with an essay on how cultures use history to connect to a place and on the possible benefits of using hypertext technology as a tool for this research and writing. She notes that "interactivity, diversity, choice"—the buzz words of new gender-, ethnic-, and class-conscious history—"also click with the theory of hypertext" and theorizes that "the content of western history may thus interact with form...Early twentieth-century pump technology offered agricultural science several thousand acres of Sumas Prairie on which to experiment; and thanks to hypertext, we have the opportunity to 'discover' frontiers all over again."

Each of the chapters that follow the essay analyze the lake drainage with a different methodology for understanding the past: oral histories ("Listening for Pleasure"), archival records ("Margins and Mosquitos"), and narrative traditions ("Memory Device"). The facts and philosophical discussions are supplemented by maps and photos, with all resources clearly cited. A short, whimsical piece, written from a mosquito's point of view, effectively concludes the work.

Readers may put the book down not sure whether pumping or hypertext was the main topic. Although it takes a fair bit of effort to focus on two streams of discussion, they are both well-handled and offer good reading and inspiration for meditating on the role of technology in our culture.

The Last Enemy: A Novel

Michele McDevitt. Vancouver: Boomer, 1998. 227 pp. Available from Michele McDevitt, 560 W. 28th Street. North Vancouver BC, V7N 2J5

REVIEWED BY RICHARD J. LANE

Set in the Kootenays during the First World War, Michele McDevitt's novel is hard to pin down generically. Is it a ghost story, romance, murder mystery, or feminist critique? Is it a study of the complexities of human "depression" or a study of mourning and melancholia? Is it a historical novel or a fantasy? The answer is simple: it is all of these things. The town in which events take place, called "Rockwater," is a mining community full of the quirks of various highly individual characters. The main settings within the town are a family hotel (owned by Pierre Boisseneau, run with the help of his brothers Joe and Louie) and the local brothel. Characters are fairly conventionally drawn from the storehouse of generic fiction, including Clare Tate, a speaker for the women's movement, who eventually causes a "revaluation of values" amongst the townspeople, and an enhance-

ment of characterization as stereotypes are brought into question. Clare, who is in town to give a speech on "The Advent of Women into Civilization" inevitably falls in love with one of the Boisseneau brothers, and solves the murder-mystery. But there is a serious side to her presence: the battle for women's suffrage in British Columbia. When one of the Boisseneau daughters argues that suffrage is of no relevance to women because they are "...too weak to participate in the excitement of elections and...don't have the intelligence to understand politics" (p 21), Clare answers with reference to the "women on the Prairies" who already have the vote. Manitoba had first shifted in favour of women's suffrage in 1915, followed by Alberta and Saskatchewan; British Columbia followed in 1917, with a two-stage implementation: first, war nurses and relatives of military men and then all women in 1918 (see Jean Barman, pp 218-219). Clare Tate notes in the novel how prohibition and suffrage are linked, as well as the fact that women's suffrage creates opportunities for political existence in ways denied women in BC up to this point.

Events in the novel get more complicated with the ongoing critique of gender stereotypes, which includes the exploration of a spiritual dimension to existence, connecting the redemptive desires of Juliet Boisseneau, the mourning and melancholia of Clare Tate whose husband has died, and the various hauntings throughout the community. The off-stage ghostly presence of people who are distant (like the men serving at the front) or deceased, begins to affect the rigid values of the patriarchal world that is fast-crumbling given the political changes and the critique of sexual politics that Clare's presence brings, alongside the obvious sex-crime of the murder of one of the prostitutes. As such, the novel can also be called a study in hypocrisy, as the more sheltered townsfolk begin to realize who actually uses the brothel.

The weakest drawn character in the novel is "Indian Jacques:" as constructed in a piece of generic fiction, he could be excused for simply taking on stock-attributes; but the novel goes beyond stereotypes in general, in fact becomes a critique of gender stereotyping, and thus feels particularly weak when regurgitating the "image of the Indian" as a highly spiritual being in touch with the "feminine" side of nature, and so on. In fact, "Indian Jacques" could almost be drawn from Seton's infamous publication *Gospel of the Redman* published in 1936, where the negative portrayal of native peoples is neatly flipped into an equally problematic idealization and romanticization (see Francis, chapter seven, "Indians of Childhood").

The structure of the novel is of some interest, shifting as it does between characters' perspectives, as well as giving space for those distant voices, such as the letters sent from the front. The connecting device that holds the perspectives together is analogous to the "tunneling method" of Virginia Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway*: that is to say, the inner worlds of characters are explored, until the shared experiences of the spirit world are discovered. Whether coming from "Indian Jacques'" indigenous beliefs, Juliet Boisseneau's religious yearnings, the depression caused by the loss of Juliet's child, or the death of Clare's husband, the root causes are eventually of less consequence than the results: a shared sense of vision that transcends the restricted outlook of the patriarchal business-oriented community. While McDevitt never quite reaches the aesthetic coherence that Woolf did with the "tunneling method," she does bring order to a novel that could otherwise be criticized for overstepping its generic boundaries. What McDevitt adds here is a delight in exposing the hypocrisies of a fast-changing world, lacking the irony of Woolf's shell-shocked post-first-world-war society, but adding a vitality and understanding of wider elements of the new vigorous communities of British Columbia.

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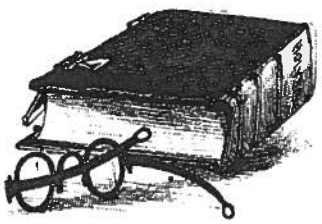
Francis, Daniel. 1992. *The Imaginary Indian: The Image of the Indian in Canadian Culture.* Vancouver: Arsenal Pulp Press.



Newsworthy

Books listed here may be reviewed at a later date. For further information on any title, please consult Book Review Editor Anne Yandle.

Sir Francis Drake's Secret Voyage to the Northwest Coast of America, AD 1579. Samuel Bawlf. Salt Spring Island: BC, Sir Francis Drake Publications, 2001. 149 pp. Illus. maps. $60 hardcover. Available from Sir Francis Drake Publications Ltd., PO Box 236, Salt Spring Island, BC V8K 2V9.

Buffalo People; Portraits of a Vanishing People. Mildred Valley Thornton. Surrey, Hancock House, 2000. $16.95 paperback

The Lord's Distant Vineyard: a History of the Oblates and the Catholic community in British Columbia. Vincent J. McNally. Edmonton: University of Alberta Press and Western Canadian Publishers, 2000. US $34.95 hardcover.

Mr Menzies' Garden Legacy: Plant Collecting on the Northwest Coast. Clive L. Justice. Vancouver Cavendish Books, 2000. $22.95 paperback.

The One-Room School in Canada. Jean Cochrane. Calgary, Fifth House, 2001. $16.95 paperback

Pioneer Photographers of the Far West; a Biographical Dictionary, 1840-1865. Peter E. Palguist and Thomas R. Kailbourn. Stanford University Press, 2001. US $125 hardcover.

Sit Down and Drink Your Beer: Regulating Vancouver's beer parlours, 1925-1954. Robert A. Campbell. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 2001. $19.95 paperback

A Sto:lo Coast Salish Historical Atlas. Keith Thor Carison Ed. Vancouver: Douglas & McIntyre, 2001. $65 hardcover.

This Blessed Wilderness; Archibald McDonald's letters from the Columbia, 1822-44. Vancouver: UBC Press, 2001. $75 hardcover.

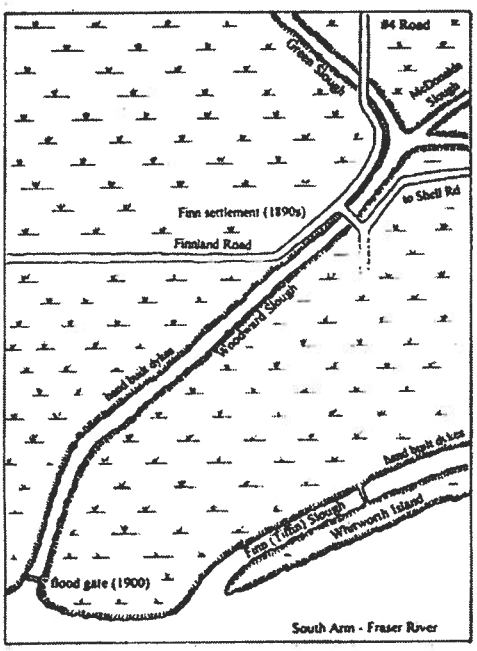
Tungsten John. John Harris and Vivien Lougheed. Vancouver: New Star Books, 2000. $19 paperback.

Vancouver & Beyond: Pictures and Stories from the Postcard Era 1900-1914. Surrey: Heritage House, 2000. $24.95 paperback

Reports

Finn Slough: A Small History

by David Dorrington



In the early 1890s a group of Finnish people arrived in south Richmond and bought land at the junction of No. 4 Road and Finn Road, where these two roads meet Green Slough (now called Woodwards Slough). At that time south Richmond had not been cleared, it was still dense forest containing the kind of conifers that like to get their roots wet. These Finnish men had worked as coal miners and loggers to save the money needed to buy the land and they wanted land that had access to the Fraser River so that they could work as fishermen. The dykes in Richmond were hand built and extended up both sides of Woodward Slough and past No. 4 Road. There was no dam at the south end of this slough so it was easy for the Finns to take their boats up to their houses on what was called "Finnland Road". One of these pioneers Mike Jacobson floated two scow houses up to the acreage to house his growing family. All of them, the Eldstroms, the Ingstroms, the Haasanens, the Manrnnens, and the Robinsons, started clearing the land, putting in crops, and building fishing boats so that they could harvest a share of the incredibly rich salmon runs going up the Fraser River. One of the first and most important buildings put there on Finniand road was a sauna. As Jack Jacobson said for the Finns having a sauna was a kind of religion. After a day of fishing you could get clean by taking a really hot sauna and if you felt tired before then you felt revived afterwards.

The dykes did not really keep the river off the land and often the chickens had to find roosts on top of the chicken houses to escape the flood tides. The first houses the Finns built were on pilings to protect them from these high tides. Some of the big farmers of the area wanted a better dyke system to protect their fields and so Thomas Kidd led a move to block off both ends of Woodward Slough and use it as a drain for south Richmond . Not everyone thought this was a good idea, at least one farmer, John Donnelly, tried to stop Mr Kidd and had to be compensated for loss of a transport route. Most of the Finns would not have been able to read the notices in the Royal Columbian of these intended changes; even Ottawa did not think Mr Kidd had done a proper job of consulting the landowners. In 1900 he had a dam built at the #5 road end of the slough and a floodgate built at what is now the pump house at the south end of Woodwards Slough.

As a result the Finns were forced to find another place to moor their boats and to set up their bluestone tanks that they used to clean their linen nets. They needed net rack floats to dry the nets and net sheds to store those nets as well. Number 4 Road did not go all the way to the south dyke in those days; there was only a foot trail up to Finnland Road. What roads that did exist then were plank roads laid on the surface of the bog but #5 road was the road that went down to the South Arm and the Ladner Ferry.

It was a logical choice to start using Tiffin Slough (now Finn Slough) as a safe harbour. It was as close to their land as possible in the circumstances and there was enough room to create a real community of Finnish fishermen. Word got around and cousins, uncles, half brothers, even a grandfather came out from Finland to work in the new country. This was at the same time as the first Finnish settlers were arriving to set up the community of Sointula on Malcolm Island; it was all part of a move to get away from the poverty and repression of the Russian empire in Finland.

By 1910 there was a solid group of fishermen here at Finn Slough mostly related by marriage and all Scandinavians of one sort or another. These newer people had not come with the same savings as the original settlers and most land in this area was traded in very large parcels so they built float houses or if they were bachelors they often slept in their net sheds or lived on their boats. Finn Slough was a remote place in those days. It would take a whole day to go one way from Finn Slough to Vancouver. Downtown Richmond did not exist and Steveston was well known as the fishermen's version of the Wild West.

All fishing was done by muscle work alone. They had to row their boats out to the fishing ground, set their nets, and pull them back in by hand. One old Finn talked of how long it could take to straighten out your fingers after a day of pulling on net lines. Even so the harvest was so rich that the canneries in Steveston could not always keep up with amounts of fish the Fraser River fishermen were bringing in and in those days Steveston was nothing but canneries, dozens of them.

By the late 1910s and early 1920s fishermen were adapting gas motors to drive their boats and the Easthope and Vivian companies were building those motors that had a distinctive put-put sound that could be heard up and down the river. The community on Finnland road would dress up in its best once a week and take several boats either to Steveston or to Ladner or even to New Westminster to buy the week's supplies and sometimes have a picnic on one of the river islands if the weather was good.

In 1931 a Malcolm Islander, Laurie Jarvelainen invented the first powered gillnet drum and built it out of yellow cedar. Now fishing could be done more quickly and this revolutionized the fishing industry on the coast. The Huovinen brothers, John, Kaarlo, and George, arrived at Finn Slough after having spent time living totally broke in the abandoned car dump at False Creek. The outside world was going through the worst depression ever but here they could make do. They bought boats and put old Ford engines in them. Kaarlo had several engines. He could buy them for two dollars a piece and said there was always a way to keep them

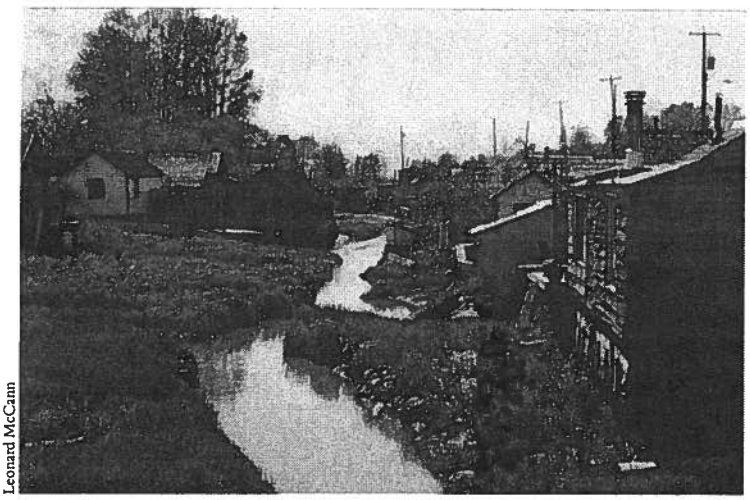
going. However life as a fisherman was never easy. George died at the age of 39, John died at age 50, only Kaarlo made it to old age.

In the 1930s Finn Slough became one of the strongest locals of the fishermen's union, the PCFU that later became the UFAWU. Sometimes there were over 40 boats moored at the slough and this was the beginning of the busiest decade for this fishing village. It was also home to more "outsiders" who didn't speak Finn, but who worked alongside the second and third generation of the original settlers. Some of the young boys would learn fishing on their parents' boats first and by 15 would have their own boats and be fishing alone. The slough was not so isolated anymore though you still could not drive a car down the dyke; you could park your old Model T at the foot of No. 4 Road.

So much has changed since then. The 1913 slide in the Fraser canyon was a marker for the impact that men were having on this eco system. Logging took over from fishing as the main industry here and in doing so hastened the decline of salmon stocks. Organizations like the North Fraser Harbour Commission encouraged the mill industry in the Fraser River and they received a tariff from every log that went through their jurisdiction. By the late 40s the mills were often going non stop and the tugs would be hard pressed to find a place to tie up their log booms.

Even that industry is on its last legs now. What we are left with is a memory of how things were and Finn Slough is an important three dimensional, living part of that memory. The village developed without the organization of property boundaries, city ordinances, provincial regulations, or any governing body. Even so it has been an example of how a community can be carefully built and self regulated to work in harmony with the environment and having as little impact on it as possible. The village is not only a historical artifact it is also an example of a possible way forward to find more creative solutions to the present destruction of the Fraser basin by non stop urbanization.

The Finn Slough Heritage & Wetland Society, 9480 Dyke Rd., Richmond, BC, V7A 2L5, tries to preserve the heritage and ecological values of the area. Visit their Web site: WWW.ANGELFIRE.COM/BCLFINNSLOUGH/ E-mails to tidetablesc~hotmail.com
For more about Finn Slough, its past, present, and future, see the summer 2001 edition of *Beautiful British Columbia.*



Leonard McCann

Above: *Today the vibrant community of Finn Slough is home for 35 people living in the original homes of Finnish fishermen.*

At the plenary session of the Federation's conference, Dave Dorrington read the following letter. Pioneer John Green wrote it to his wife in England in the early 1870s. The slough where he homesteaded was originally named after him—Green Slough. After the Finns bought land it became known as Finn Slough. It is now called Woodwards Slough. John Green sold his farm to the Featherstones who are still farming this area. The letter is reproduced here with kind permission of Bill Green, John's grandson.

March 11th

My Dear Wife,
I suppose Davies and Co are not very well pleased at what I said about the land I told them that cattle will not free them of taxes, [a]nd they cannot lease their land until it is improved except for grazing purposes and they would still have taxes to pay—people have to improve their land to the amount of $5 per acre—an actual settler gets 160 acres free of taxes.

I had to get in a stock of groceries before you sent your box but what is in the box will come in for next winter. If you have got a dollar to spare when your debts are paid keep it in your purse it is so nice to look at sometimes especially when it has got a mate. I don't think there is any need of me repeating to you the agreement betwixt Webster and myself as you have heard it so oft. There is to be two more settlers adjoining Sharp.

Old Harris and Bill Smith over at Mud Bay side have had a quarrel. I suppose Smith went over to Harris's to have a little conversation as neighbours do and in their talk came up Jordan's affair about shooting that man at Smith's last year. Harris told Smith that he, Smith, was as much to blame as Jordan, which was the cause of angry words betwixt the two. So Harris told Smith he could either leave the house then or stop and get his supper and be killed so Smith concluded to stop and have supper. Harris told his daughters to get supper ready and a good one as it would be the last Smith would need—so in due time supper was ready. Meantime Harris had been looking up his large carving knife and getting it in order for the execution of Smith after supper so all sits down to the last meal of Smith and he, Smith, lost no time in eating and watching old Harris with one eye the other on the grub. Smith was through first, and springing like a cat at old Harris knocked him into the fire. H[arris] caught S[mith] by the leg and called out for the girls to come to his help and bring the carving knife but S[mith] got clear of H[arris] and made for the door and out then. H[arris] called to Biddy to bring the rifle but S[mith] was too smart and got out of sight before H[arris] could bring his gun to bear upon him getting clear with his supper and life. What do you think to that for the mud flats? Victorians could not get up such a mirthful tragedy if they wish to. I hear it is going to finish in law.

The reason I have sent you such a long letter this morning is wet and squally and as high a tide as any this season and you must not be surprised if you do not get another this month.

I am so busy just now I have not time to go to the post.
XX for yourself X for Poll Green

News and Notes

Please send information to be published in News and Notes to the editor in Whonnock before 15 August, 15 November, 15 February and 15 May.

The Place of Archives in Heritage

Jennifer Mohan

The Archives Association of British Columbia linked heritage and archives during their annual conference held in April in Victoria. The photo shows John Adams, Regional Manager of BC Heritage addressing the participants at the opening plenary session in the restored St. Ann's chapel.

Ways of Telling

The next Women's History Network of BC conference will be held at Malaspina University College on 20 October 2001. Check the conference Web site www.cc.mala.bc.ca/whn for updated information. The WHN/BC is a community-based organization for the purpose of enhancing interest and encouraging activity in women's history across BC. For information about the WHN/BC write to Carrie Nelson at Malaspina University College: nelson@mala.bc.ca

Inspired by Emily

In conjunction with their special Emily Carr program and Canadian Women's History Month, the Royal British Columbia Museum will be hosting a two-day event in October on Saturday and Sunday, 27 and 28 October. This event celebrates the "Spirit of Emily"—her interests, avocation, and art. Space is limited. For more information contact Janet M. Macdonald at the RBCM, Phone (250) 387-2016. jmacdonald@royalbcmuseum.bc.ca

Shale No. 2

The second issue of *Shale*, the elegant and interesting journal of the Gabriola Historical & Museum Society, edited and produced by Nick Doe, is out. It is filled with articles on early mixed-race settlement on Gabriola and nearby islands, the Gabriola ferry *Eena*, Coast Salish placenames, and a brief history of Gabriola's trees. Nick resists publishing gossip about the shenanigans of his fellow islanders but the number of subscribers is growing rapidly anyway. Interested? Write to *Shale* subscriptions, Gabriola Historical and Museum Society, PO Box 213, Gabriola BCV0R 1X0, or e-mail nickdoe@island.net

Michael Kluckner's Historic Landscapes

A new book on British Columbia in watercolour is in the making. In recent years Michael Kluckner has painted in many places throughout the southern part of BC but he needs to make contact with people who have local knowledge and memory of many of those places. A large number of sites have disappeared or are abandoned and in danger from weather and vandals. If you know of a site—a building or orchard or favourite historic spot—you think Michael Kluckner should paint please give him a call at (604) 532-9831 or write to him at 21733 8th Avenue, Langley BC V2Z 1R4 or send an e-mail to mail@michaelkluckner.com. Visit his Web site: www.michaelkluckner.com.

TRAMS to the Rescue

The ongoing transit strike in Greater Vancouver caused one of the greatest challenges for the organizers of the BCHF conference in Richmond. How to get the buses for the tours? To the rescue came the Transit Museum Society who supplied two of their newest buses—a 1964 GM and a 1969 GM—from their "Historic Bus Fleet." Apparently most people joining in the tours were unaware that they were riding on heritage buses. To learn more about TRAMS check out their Web site at www.trams.bc.ca

Dunbar Anyone?

The Dunbar History Project is nearing the completion of its research phase. We are assembling family photos, drawings, and maps to illustrate the book, slated for publication by December 2002 by Ronsdale Press. Peggy Schofield, coordinator, is looking for stories about Dunbar schools, churches, and the community in general, by residents who lived in Dunbar between 1900 and the present. She also would like to know how the wars, the Depression, weather, and so on affected the residents. Many do not consider any streets east of Collingwood to be part of Dunbar, but the City of Vancouver has it on record that the eastern boundary is MacKenzie.

Peggy Schofield, 5761 Olympic St., Vancouver BC, V6N 1Z7. Phone: (604) 263-5590. E-mail wilfs@interchange.ubc.ca

Ruby M. Nobbs 1907-2001

Ruby M. Nobbs was born in Revelstoke, eldest of the family of Jock Rutherford, railway engineer, and his wife Jessie, recently arrived from Scotland. She became a schoolteacher, married, was widowed twice, and later became a businesswoman. She was a leader in many volunteer activities in Revelstoke, ranging from Junior Golfers, Boy Scouts, to Parks Canada Advisory Committee, prior to her energetic pursuit of heritage preservation. Ruby co-founded the Revelstoke Historical Society in 1958. From 1982 to 1999 she served as manager of the Museum. Ruby was a Director of the Heritage Railway Society. She was honored by the B.C. Museums Association, the Heritage Society of B.C., and the Archives Association of B.C. She was determined to write a history of her community even after she lost her sight. Thanks to countless hours of help from numerous workers her book *Revelstoke History and Heritage* appeared in 1998 and *Rail Tales from the Revelstoke Division* in 2000. This lady has left an extensive legacy in the railway community that was her home for most of her 94 years. —*Naomi Miller*

150th Anniversary of Public Schools

At the AGM in Richmond, President Wayne Desrochers read a message from Dr. Patrick Dunae, who is working with the Ministry of Advanced Education to plan activities and events to mark the 150th anniversary of public education. Patrick Dunae writes:

"Next year marks the 150th anniversary of the public school system in British Columbia (1852-2002). In March 1852 the first Colonial School, located a short distance from Fort Victoria, was established by Governor James Douglas. Over the next few years, other schools were established at Craigflower and Nanaimo on Vancouver Island, and at Sapperton here on the mainland.

The Ministry of Advanced Education is tak-

ing the lead in organizing anniversary events, but will be joined by the Ministry of Education and by the Ministry of Small Business, Tourism and Culture, in developing activities and events to celebrate the sesquicentennial of our public school system. The anniversary theme is "Achievement and Exploration." We want to look back and acknowledge the achievements of those who have built our education system—notably pupils, teachers, parents, and school administrators. And we want to look forward to a future that will be defined by knowledge, technology, and innovation. But we want to keep heritage as a main focus.

I'd like to take this occasion to announce the 150th anniversary to everyone attending the British Columbia Historical Federation conference, and to invite members of affiliated societies to consider activities, events, or projects to mark this special anniversary in their communities.

Our plans are still rather tentative, but we intend to sponsor a variety of heritage-related activities across the province. And we're hoping that local historical societies ~including museums and archives will take a leading part in planning and organizing these activities.

We want to encourage school districts and schools to liaise with local historical societies in developing heritage fairs, social studies projects, and community time capsules. We're also building a Web site, with archival curriculum guides and historical textbooks, and with ideas for recreating school lessons from the 1 890s and the 1950s, and I'm hoping that we can link this new Web site with the BC Historical Federation Web site.

I ask the British Columbia Historical Federation for their support, and invite local societies to become involved with the anniversary plans and events. In the months ahead, I will also be publicizing the anniversary in the British Columbia Historical News and in local newspapers.

Meantime, I would welcome your ideas and suggestions on how we might mark this 150th anniversary. This is a great opportunity for us to celebrate and connect our heritage, our schools, and our communities.

Sincerely, Patrick Dunae, (Tel: (250) 380-1633; email: PADUNAE@IS1ANDNET.COM)

CITY OF RICHMOND ARCHIVES

Lynne Waller is the new city archivist of Richmond. The previous archivist, Ken Young, has moved to city hall as manager of records and information.

BC History Web Site Prize

The Web site prize, jointly sponsored by David Mattison and the BC Historical Federation, was this year awarded to the site of "The Keepers of the Flame." We thank Patricia Rogers for sending us the following background information.

ON BEHALF of the "Keepers of the Flame" I would like to thank the BC Historical Federation and David Mattison for recognizing our Web site with the BC History Web Page Award for 2000. We are quite honoured by this recognition, not only for ourselves, but for the 54th Kootenay Battalion.

In May 1915 the Kootenays answered the call to arms and the 54th Kootenay Battalion was mustered in Nelson, BC. Young men, some not more than boys, left their homes and loved ones, for the trenches of war-ravaged Europe. Excitement was pervasive among these young men as they left for Vernon Camp and eventually set sail for England. Training was not arduous. They had no idea what they would encounter in the trenches of Belgium and France: knee deep in water, the ever constant mud and lice, the use of barbed wire and poisonous gas, no clean or dry place to sleep or rest. Yet, they were the first to witness the "Red Baron" (Baron Manfred von Richthofen) and his multi coloured planes (The Flying Circus) soar overhead. Of the eventual 4,000 strong, 685 did not come home.

This website is the passion of a small group of volunteers known as "The Keepers of the Flame." By digging through archives and seeking information from the descendants of the 54th we have combined a wealth of information and pictures into the story of the 54th.

Come follow Lt. Col. Kemball from Vernon Camp to the disastrous raid on 1 March 1917 that cost him his life. Join with the 54th as they show their mettle and help Canada become a nation on Vimy Ridge. Read the account of the 54th Battalion Association Reunion and see how friendships forged in battle lasted a lifetime.

Did you know that the mascot," Koot," was an abandoned bear cub adopted by the 54th Battalion? Did you know he had a sweet tooth? When the boys took him for a walk they passed by a small confectionary store. "Koot" sat down and would not budge until he got his treat! "Koot" is shown here in a composite picture (created by the 54th in 1919) with Lt. Col. A.B. Carey and the Battalion Colours.

Nelson Museum

This website is a celebration of the 54th. Although she was one of many Battalions we hope we have helped her obtain her place in history. For far too long the soldiers of the First World War have been ignored in our history books. Canada was recognized in the trenches of Europe; it is time we recognize her soldiers at home.

On a further note, we have received a grant from the Columbia Kootenay Cultural Alliance-a community initiative supported by funding from the Columbia Basin Trust to place the website information onto a CD-ROM. The CD-ROM is being manufactured by Artext of Ottawa and will be available through our Web site and the Nelson Museum in late May.

If you have the opportunity please visit us on-line at HTTP://MEMBERS.TRIPOD.COM/APOLLON_2 and let us know your comments. An e-mail link is there for this purpose. Thank you for recognizing and supporting our project.

Patricia A. Rogers
Keepers of the Flame

Web-site Forays

by Gwen Szychter

How exciting to be able to write about Web sites I discovered on the Internet. I am a local historian and Web site owner, and I hope that my discoveries will appeal to readers of *BC Historical News* and encourage them to explore the Web.

I am stuffy about a few things: design is at the top of my list. For me good design means clear and readable text on a plain background with appropriate photographs and no animations skittering about the page.

The Children of Fort Langley, the Web site I have chosen to highlight in this first foray, has all these features. It combines elements of history and genealogy, a not uncommon partnership on the Internet. Although the subject does not fall within my own specific research interests, I found it fascinating, well executed and educational.

The site can be found at http://members.tripod.com/~LisaPeppan/FtLangleyChildren.html.

Much of the early history of British Columbia revolves around Fort Langley, and this Web site includes information from primary documents, including lists of employees and their families. The purpose of the Web site is to "honour the past" by adding substance to the names of the men and women who participated in BC's beginnings on the Lower Mainland. Since women's history continues to be under-researched and that of native women even more so, The Children of Fort Langley is that much more significant because of its attempt to address the shortfall in both areas.

There are links of importance to anyone doing historical or genealogical research on this era in BC history, especially the links to the Hudson's Bay Company Archives in Winnipeg and to the Stó:lō Nation Family Tree, as well as a list of links to related Web sites.

Donald E. Waite's book *The Langley Story Illustrated* is available on the site with an interesting twist: corrections and additions since the original publication in 1977. As every researcher knows, new information turns up all the time. Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could just make those corrections and additions to our original work as we find them? Here it has been done with style.

Other gems are to be found on this site: quotes from the Fort Langley journals, especially C. McDonald's Report to the Governor and Council, dated 25 February 1830, listing the number of men from different tribes in the Pacific Northwest. A cyber tour of the reconstructed fort is no substitute for a tour of the real thing, but worthwhile taking nevertheless.

Last but not least, I always like to check out the guest book on any site that has one, just to see who is researching what—an occupational necessity since research is by its nature a largely solitary task. On this site there is a "Queries" page, in addition to a guest book known as "Our Journal."

I look forward to your comments. You can reach me at gwens@dccnet.com

Gwen Szychter, local historian and heritage enthusiast, and author of a series of books on the past of Ladner, has kindly agreed to share with us the results of her frequent expeditions on the Internet. Look forward to reading about her discoveries in future issues of *BC Historical News*.

BC Historical News

Subscriptions at the end of 2000
as reported by Joel Vinge for the AGM.

There are a total of 1,155 subscribers to *BC Historical News* and the BCHF represents 5,000 members of member societies.

Subscriptions trough member societies:	
Anderson Lake Historical Society	10
* Alberni District Historical Society	48
Arrow Lakes Historical Society	1
Burnaby Historical Society	15
Chemainus Valley Historical Society	27
Cowichan Historical Society	35
District 69 Historical Society	44
East Kootenay Historical Association	17
Gulf Islands Branch, BCHF	32
Kootenay Museum and Historical Society	35
Lantzville Historical Society	12
* Nanaimo Historical Society	75
North Shore Historical Society	37
Okanagan Historical Society	2
Princeton & District Museum & Archives	6
Salt Spring Island Historical Society	23
North Shuswap Historical Society	2
Richmond Historical Society	1
Silvery Slocan Historical Society	2
Surrey Historical Society	20
Trail Historical Society	8
* Vancouver Historical Society	168
* Victoria Historical Society	100
Total through member societies:	720

Other subscriptions:	
Individual	352
Institution	64
Complimentary	19
Total direct subscriptions:	435

Societies shown with an asterisk (*) tie a subscription to their memberships. Is that something your society would like to do? Victoria promotes *BC Historical News* by donating a one-year subscription to the journal to their guest speakers. Perhaps something to consider for your society? Could you help us promote *BC Historical News*? A subscription is available to anyone, member or not.

Subscribe! It's worth it!

Richmond 2001

Notes on the BCHF Conference 2001 at Richmond hosted by the Richmond Museum Society Thursday 4 May - Saturday 5 May 2001.

by Alistair Ross, Galiano Museum Society

THE British Columbia Historical Society conference is something my wife, Dorothy, and I look forward to each spring. Although I have been a member of the Gulf Islands Branch Historical Society for many more years, the first conference we attended was in 1997 when we journeyed to Nelson—an area my wife knew from her teaching days at Winlaw. The conference was all we could hope for, interesting, educational and good fun. Our other gatherings—three in all—were equally good, each of them giving us pleasure and much to remember as well. Friendships made at these conferences encouraged us to register for Richmond. "Why would you want to attend a conference so close to home," we were asked, "especially since Dorothy was a teacher there for so many years?" Read on, the answer will be quite obvious, we think.

When we arrived at the Richmond Cultural Centre, behind the registration desk was local historical federation member Bob Mukai, a former Richmond elementary school principal and a respected acquaintance of my wife. Hovering nearby was another friend, the little lady with the camera, Lorna Robb, another of Dorothy's former teacher friends. This was certainly a good beginning.

Thursday evening's opening and social hour gave those present also a chance to see the Richmond museum displays and the nearby art and craft shop. John Spittle's excellent photo history of past conferences interested many. We also enjoyed a fine presentation of the Richmond Singers.

At the Friday morning session other friendships were renewed around the coffee urn. The sessions that morning dealt with Richmond's past and how important it is that it be saved. The families of the first two speakers, Don Gordon and Bud Sakamoto, have known life on the flats of Lulu Island for several generations. The third speaker, David Dorrington is a more recent arrival in Richmond. Islander Graham Turnbull was moderator for the morning's program.

On emigrating from Scotland Don Gordon's grandfather obtained land at Terra Nova (in Lulu Island's north-west). He was to farm on Sea Island as well—on land now occupied by Vancouver's international airport. Gordon's grandfather married a daughter of the Murphy family who had settled on nearby Twigg Island. Ten children were born to the couple.

Like many other Japanese immigrants, architect Bud Sakamoto's grandfather came to British Columbia to make his fortune, planning to return to his homeland. His first job was in a Chemainus lumber mill, but he was soon to move to Lulu Island. He left a wife and ten children when he lost his life at sea during the First World War. Bud's dad was born in 1911. With only a grade five education he left school and was holding down a steady job by the time he was 14. Neither working as a boat builder or as a fisherman made life easy for the Sakamoto family since pay was low and hours were long. Discrimination had to be faced as well. Despite the odds this first generation of Japanese settlers prospered, and is remembered for its part in the establishment of Japanese cooperatives, the community hospital, and schools.

The third speaker, David Dorrington of the Finn Slough Heritage Society, emphasized our need to hold on to what we have of the past. He is alarmed at the speed with which buildings, both private and public, are considered outdated and are torn down. "Memory cannot be depended upon to secure the past," he said, "slower change allows for continuity." Dorrington feels strongly that we need to remember our early settlers and honour their contributions towards the development of our communities. As an example he praised the saving and restoration of the prefabricated McKinney house, a Sears catalogue structure, shipped in sections to Richmond early in the twentieth century. We were to see the McKinney house when we visited London Farm.

Wayne Descrochers

Lorna Robb

Lorna Robb

Top: *Emily and Stephanie Descrochers. At the registration desk: Mike Mukay and Meg Stanley.*
Centre: *Marco Polo at the book fair: Jill Rowland and Anne Yandle.*
Bottom: *The panelists: Graham Turnbull, David Dorrington, Don Gordon, and Bud Sakamoto.*

John Spittle

Lorna Robb

Braches

Top: *Members of the Vancouver Historical Society. Front: Ann Dodd, Helen Akrigg, Robin Brammal and Elizabeth Walker. Back: Anne Yandle, Joan Savory, Leonard McCann, Jill Rowland, and Bruce Ward.*
Centre: *Eileen Mak, conference coordinator reports at the AGM.*
Bottom: *Anne Yandle and the winner of the W. Kaye Lamb Essay Scholarship for the year 2000, Julie Stevens. The scholarships now proudly carry the name of a pioneer and founding father of British Columbia historical studies.*

Richmond teacher, politician, and historian Harold Steeves spoke to us after the coffee break. He told his story with old postcards, a couple of them projected by means of a turn-of-the-century projector originally designed to operate with rock gas. Manoah Steves, Harold's grandfather after whom the little fishing village at the mouth of the Fraser was named, built there in 1877. This was in the time of the tall ships, when the river was the only transportation link to the interior of BC. Salmon were plentiful, canning a new venture, and the demand for canned salmon was growing fast. Steveston grew quickly too. Manoah Steves's first house was on stilts, built to protect it against the waters, which frequently flowed over the river's banks at flood tide. The early settlers attempted dyking, but muskrats burrowing through them were a constant and unexpected problem. The area's first post office was across the river in Ladner. Picking up the mail was sometimes a two-day event, the swift river preventing both a safe and a speedy return. Steeves's slides depicted farm scenes, homes, places of work, and social gatherings from every part of the island.

"The best fish and chips I've had in years," commented my wife after our Friday luncheon at "Dave's Fish and Chips" on the wharf at Steveston. Afterwards Edith Turner, a very knowledgeable and enthusiastic member of the Steveston Historical Society, gave us a tour of the town (in the rain as it happened). She commented on the "old," as well as the recent "made to look old" as we made our way along Moncton Street. At the recently restored Steveston cannery we saw where, for many years, oriental workers stood in the assembly lines—gum-booted in the draughty building, their hands continually in cold water while cleaning, scaling, and cutting to size the fresh salmon to fill the cans.

Newly restored as well was the reduction plant, where massive machines—many adapted for use from other industries—chopped and minced the fish waste so that it could be reduced with heat to oils and fertilizers. The cosmetic industry is said to have used a by-product of this process. As a teacher at nearby Lord Byng Elementary, my wife well remembers the days the reduction plant was operating. She remembers as well the smell of rotting cabbages wintering over in the fields on Steveston Highway. Such smells were unpleasant but were considered an indication of a community at work. One learned to accept them.

A tour of Vancouver's airport was another option for delegates on Friday afternoon. Those making this choice were not sorry they did so. They were very impressed with the vastness of the facility and of the organization necessary to have all run smoothly. They were also pleased to stay out of the rain on this tour.

Saturday's AGM, chaired by President Wayne Desrochers, was memorable for its orderliness and the speed with which so much was accomplished. My note taking was enriched with many new ideas from the "area reports," ideas that can be adapted for use by our fledgling Museum Society on Galiano Island. The delegates were well pleased with the state of their Federation and with its officers' reports. It should be noted that all the directors were re-elected to office. Magazine editor Fred Braches seemed particularly pleased with Eileen Mak's offer to share the responsibility for the further development of the Federation's new Web site with him. Eileen headed the Richmond Museum Society's conference committee.

Friday afternoon's rain changed to sun and warmth on Saturday. Our visit this day was to the Britannia Heritage Shipyard. Here, beyond the dyke, stood family homes, the ship building facilities, and the net-drying sheds and racks. The Murakami house, gradually

subsiding into the mud over the years, was recently shored up, restored and refurbished, serving now as a visitor centre. A member of that family was at work weeding the old garden plot when our tour bus dropped us off. Newly replaced cedar walkways fronted the house and followed the shoreline. A recently rebuilt wall of vertical pilings protected all. Here too, we saw a Native longhouse built well over one hundred years ago. Square-headed nails were used in the construction of this clapboard structure; it is in remarkably good condition, considering it has never seen a lick of paint.

Another interesting old building we viewed had been constructed around a framework of studs. Nailed to these was a solid wall of horizontal shiplap. After the exterior was finished with vertical planking, the interior studs were removed. It seems a bit bizarre, but even without the studs the small building has stood for many years.

Much has been done to restore the newly re-roofed shipyard. A large wooden fishing vessel was ready for repairs, and much in need of it. Over the coming months volunteers will do the work. Tools for this operation were set out at workstations nearby. Commemorative plaques credited the area's boat builders and those who operated the repair shops nearby. My wife knew many of these people from her teaching days and found their names on the plaques. Then, Steveston was a tight-knit community where all worked and played together.

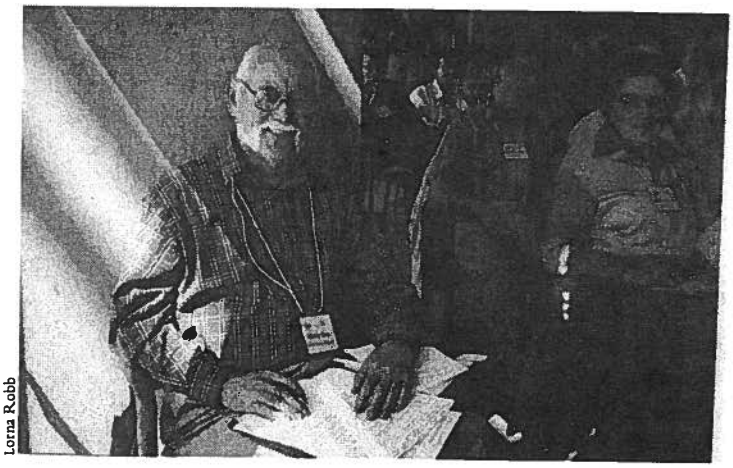
Our tour bus then took us to London Farm, a lovely 1890s farmhouse, where Ron Hyde and his staff treated us to a guided tour and an afternoon tea. Family pictures of the London family told of the lives of these pioneers. Turn-of-the-century furniture filled the house. On the grounds a fund-raising plant sale was in progress. It attracted historically-minded "green thumbers" and others.

The weekend ended with a banquet. British Columbia's Lieutenant-Governor, the Honorable Garde B. Gardom, was piped in with much decorum. An experienced speaker, the Lieutenant-Governor had much to say—all of it appropriate for his audience of historians. His humorous anecdotes met with much laughter, and added much to the festive atmosphere of the evening. Another highlight of the evening was Michael Kluckner's persuasive, informative and thoughtful talk on heritage and history issues. He spoke to a captivated audience.

As the winners of the various awards presented by the Lieutenant-Governor will be listed elsewhere in this issue, I will mention only the one handed out by Anne Yandle. The renaming of the Federation's essay scholarships to honour the late archivist and librarian Dr. W. Kaye Lamb had won instant approval from the delegates at the Annual General Meeting earlier in the day. The winner of the scholarship this year announced at the banquet was Julie Stevens. Her winning essay was published in the spring edition of the *BC Historical News*.

Why, you may ask, do I mention only this one winner? It is somewhat of a personal matter. Julie's grandfather, about whom she wrote, taught at Crystal Springs in the Peace River country in 1926. Later, South Burnaby High School was his place of work for many years and I was one of those who had the good fortune to be enrolled in one of his classes. Julie, her parents and this former student really enjoyed reminiscing about this fine man. Edgar Latimer would have approved of our words and thoughts, and he would have been very proud of his granddaughter's success.

Our weekend in Richmond was over too quickly. We did enjoy the program arranged for us and we would like to congratulate the Richmond Museum Society and its organizers for a job well done. The Federation's symbolic yardstick, handed over from host to host at each awards banquet, is much too short to measure the efforts of the Richmond Museum and for the success of the British Columbia Historical Society 2001 conference.



Lorna Robb

Above: *Alistair Ross, reporter of the Richmond conference, "note taking" at the AGM. Smiling to his right is Alice Glanville, still unaware of the adventures awaiting her that afternoon on the "Uses of the Land" tour.*

"Uses of the Land" tour

by Alice Glanville, honorary president of the Federation reports:

Our Saturday-afternoon tour took us to Finn Slough which we found tucked away on Dyke Road, not far from the urban area of Richmond. David Dorrington led us on a tour of this vibrant community of 35 people living in the original homes of Finnish fishermen. These homes, once supported by cedar logs, are now sitting on stilts above the high watermark of the slough. We watched one resident salvaging the driftwood that had floated from the Fraser River into the slough.

David very graciously invited us into his modest home and we entered by a long boardwalk over the slough. He told us that this tight little community has formed the Finn Slough Heritage and Wetland Society to work for preserving the heritage and ecological values of the area.

After reluctantly leaving Finn Slough, we travelled across Lulu Island to the Savage Dairy Farm where the hosts welcomed us with afternoon tea. The Savage name has been associated with dairy farming in Richmond for many years. At 83, Arthur Savage still has a management role and, with his staff, he explained the operation of this modern, state-of-the-art operation. We saw the milking of some of the 180 Holsteins as they were guided to their stalls in the milking parlour. On this farm the once many acres of blueberries have now been turned into cranberry fields. Silage, one of the main sources of home-grown feed, is also produced on their land. This tour more than lived up to its title "Uses of the Land."

Federation News

Minutes of the Annual General Meeting

Richmond, 5 May 2001

Regrets: Frances Gundry, Nancy Stubbs, and Joel Vinge.

The President, Wayne Desrochers called the meeting to order at 9:05 a.m. and welcomed delegates and guests. He thanked all those who helped throughout the year and especially Eileen Mak and her volunteers for hosting this conference.

Minutes of the 2000 AGM in Port Alberni

Moved by Terry Simpson and seconded by Peter Miller for acceptance. CARRIED

Report on Voting Delegates (Arnold Ranneris)

Present were 56 voting delegates presenting 23 Societies.

Treasurer's Report (Ron Greene)

Report was distributed and the Treasurer presented a brief overview. A special thanks was extended to KPMG Chartered Accountants for providing services without charge and we thank Ron for his excellent service as Treasurer. Moved by Ron Greene and seconded by Naomi Miller that the financial report be accepted. Carried.

Member Society Reports:

See opposite page.

Committee Reports:

News Publishing (Fred Braches)

Expressed thanks to everyone for their assistance and especially Anne Yandle for her work as editor of book reviews, Joel Vinge for keeping the subscriptions up to date among other things and to Tony Farr for his expert proofreading. Once again, a plea to everyone to help increase subscriptions to the Journal.

Historical Writing Competition (Shirley Cuthbertson)

Book sales for last year brought in $1000. The judges for this year's competition read forty-one books with seven winners. The judges are to be commended for their hard work.

Scholarship Committee (Anne Yandle for Frances Gundry)

Moved by Terry Simpson and seconded by Len McCann that the award be renamed the "W. Kaye Lamb Essay Scholarship." Carried. Julie Stevens is this year's recipient. Anne Yandle will present the award at the Banquet.

Historical Trails and Markers (John Spittle)

The Anderson Brigade Trail has been given approval for heritage status by the First Nations and the Ministry of Mines. But the Order in Council to be signed may take some time, as a change in government is likely. John would welcome a check on the markers at Leechtown (Vancouver Island) should anyone be out that way.

Publication Assistance (Nancy Stubbs. Read by Arnold Ranneris)

Several inquiries were received but did not qualify for assistance. Two applications forms were sent out.

Memberships (Terry Simpson)

Total Society members: 47, total membership: 4,975

Two new members: Bulkley Valley Historical & Museum Society
Revelstoke & District Historical Society

Moved by Terry Simpson and seconded by Peter Miller that "the dues for member societies and affiliated groups be one dollar per member of a member society or affiliated group with a minimum contribution of $25, and a maximum of $75 per member society or affiliated group." Carried.

Other

Website (Fred Braches):

Orange bookmarks were distributed asking members to visit the BCHF website (www.bchf.bc.ca) and to bring forth new ideas. The index will soon be placed on the Web site. Eileen Mak volunteered to be assistant editor of the Web site.

President's Report (Wayne Desrochers)

See opposite page.

Honorary Members for 2001

Societies are asked to put forward names and send them (with documentation) to the Corresponding Secretary, Arnold Ranneris.

Election of Officers to the BCHF Council (Ron Welwood)

All existing members have agreed to stand for another year. Jacqueline Gresko will take the position of second vice president and Melva Dwyer will be member at large.

150™ Anniversary of the public education system.

Wayne read a message from Dr. Patrick Dunae of Malaspina University-College and encouraged all member societies to commemorate this anniversary with activities and projects. (See "News and Notes").

Friends of the Archives

Ron Greene provided information on the recently organized Friends of the Provincial Archives and interested persons can contact him or Frances Gundry.

Upcoming Conference Sites

Arnold Ranneris confirmed the following:

2002 – Revelstoke
2003 – Prince George
2004 – Nanaimo
2005 – Kelowna.

Appreciation extended to the Richmond Museum Society for hosting this meeting in such fine facilities.

Moved by Alice Glanville, seconded by Peter Miller that the meeting be adjourned at 12:15 p.m.

(From draft minutes prepared by Elizabeth (Betty) Brown)

President's Annual Report

"Any country worthy of its future should be interested in its past." Our past President Ron Welwood used that sentence in closing his President's Annual report of the year 2000.

How true that statement for us, members of the British Columbia Historical Federation, a collection, a fine collection, perhaps a rare collection of historians. We could say "Any society worthy of its future, should be interested in its past." It has been an honour to be for this past year BCHF President. So, let us review our most recent past. Yes, the year has gone by very fast. After leaving the western inlet shores of Port Alberni, the Federation has met in Surrey in September of 2000 and in Victoria in February of 2001.

I would like to recognize the dedicated work of the officers and other members of the council. First of all our gratitude goes to his Honour Garde Gardom, our Honorary Patron. My thanks go also to Alice Glanville, Roy Pallant, Melva Dwyer, Arnold Ranneris, Betty Brown, Ronald Greene, Jacqueline Gresko, Ron Hyde, and finally Ron Welwood. Past President Ron Welwood's guidance, and his knowledge and experience in the workings of the Federation have been a blessing for me. Thank you Ron.

As I continue, I would like to thank the other committee officers. Shirley Cuthbertson, Frances Gundry, Terry Simpson, John Spittle, Margaret Stoneberg, and Nancy Stuart-Stubbs. Thank you. It is the fine work of these officers and committee members that allows us all to offer the services of the BCHF in promoting the history of this province of British Columbia.

This now leads me to the work of Fred Braches and the editorial team that creates yearly the four issues of the *BC Historical News*. Yes, we have a great publication thanks to editor Fred Braches with support from Helmi Braches, Tony Farr, Anne Yandle, and of course Joel Vinge. With the success of the *BC Historical News* comes this year the successful revival of the BCHF Web site.

I would like to thank Terry Simpson as Membership Secretary in signing up 47 member societies. How about another 47 more societies for next year? I would also like to thank Ronald Greene in the formation of BCHF Endowment Fund. Thank you Ronald.

Here we are in Richmond, on Lulu Island, and we would like to thank our hosts of the Richmond Museum Society. We thank Eileen Mak, Meg Stanley, Peter Wagenblast, Bob Mukai, Pat and Derril Gudlaugson, John May, Dolly Lewko, Kate Bourdon, Lynne Waller, Fred Penland, and Graham Turnbull, and many other volunteers who helped to make this BCHF Conference and AGM such a success. For a job well done: "thank you Richmond." It is now time to pass on the yardstick with pride to Revelstoke.

We are pleased about the work of the BCHF and we must be thankful for our heritage and continue to live our heritage. I proudly quote W. Kaye Lamb. "Any country worthy of its future, should be interested in its past."

WAYNE DESROCHERS, PRESIDENT

Braches

Above: *Delegates and other members at the AGM in Richmond.*

Member Society Reports

The following delegates read reports at the AGM in Richmond.

Alberni District Historical Society (Judy Carison)
Arrow Lakes Historical Society (N. Parent)
Boundary Historical Society (Jim Glanville)
Burnaby Historical Society
Chemainus Valley Historical Society (John Forster)
Cowichan Historical Society (Priscilla Davis)
District 69 (Parksville) Historical Society (T. Batchelor)
East Kootenay Historical Association (Naomi Miller)
Finn Slough Heritage & Wetland Society (David Dorrington)
Galiano Museum Society (Alistair Ross)
Gulf Islands Branch (Florence Dodwell)
Jewish Historical Society (Dorothy Grad)
Koksilah School Historical Society (Myrtle Haslam)
Lantzville Historical Society (Linda Robinson)
London Heritage Farm Society (Ron Hyde)
Maple Ridge Historical Society (read by Fred Braches)
Nanaimo Historical Society (Shirley Bateman)
Nelson Museum (Frances Welwood)
North Shore Historical Society (Roy Pallant)
Princeton & District Museum and Archives (Margaret Stoneberg)
Richmond Museum Society (Eileen Mak)
Silvery Slocan Historical Society (W. Cummings)
Salt Spring Island Historical Society (Tony Farr)
Surrey Historical Society (A. Davidson)
Vancouver Historical Society (Joanne Savory)
Victoria Historical Society (Pendril Brown)

FOR MANY YEARS NOW the reports presented by the member societies were read at the AGM and then filed away. An item or two finds its way into *BC Historical News*, but the journal is not the place to publish the full reports. Still, the reports are of historical interest and there are many interesting ideas, and successful actions, that are of value for other member societies. Council thinks that it is worthwhile to gather the reports presented in Richmond in the form of a small publication. A free copy of this booklet will be sent to each of the Federation's member societies.
At next year's AGM delegates will decide if they think we should do this again.

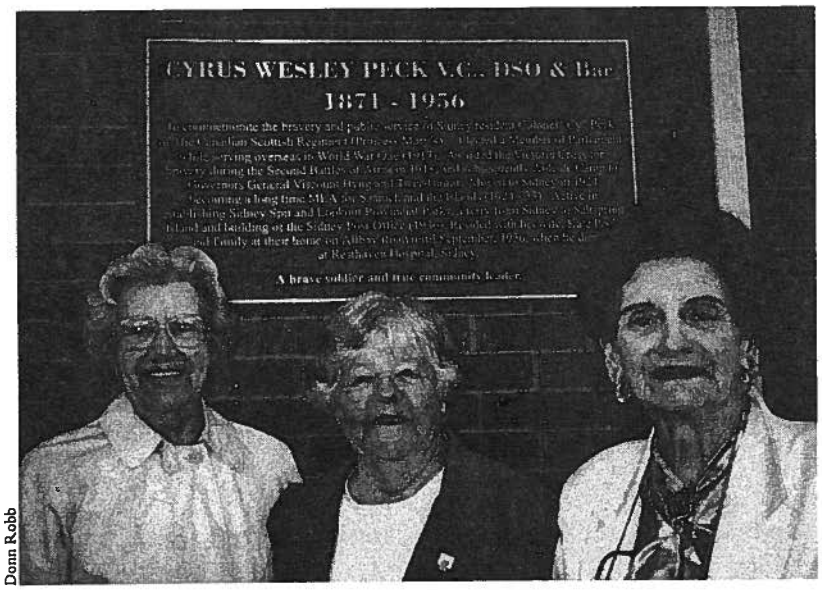
Federation News

They Didn't Just Fade Away

For some 30 years the Sidney and North Saanich Historical Society was a member of the British Columbia Historical Federation—they are no more. The small society has now disbanded. In one of their last acts the members prevailed upon the town to honour the memory of a largely unknown war hero and town resident, Cy Peck. Some years passed since the Society started the project but the mayor and council listened and on 7 April the town organized an event with the Canadian Scottish Regiment, the Canadian Legion, and a son of Cy Peck present. The bagpipes paraded on Beacon Avenue and a splendid bronze plaque was unveiled. A public reception at the town museum further celebrated the event. The dedication of the bronze plaque honouring Cy Peck was the most significant historical event staged in the town within living memory.

The administration did a tremendous job on this occasion. They printed programs, laid on staff, provided guest seating, had police block off two blocks of town—every detail taken care of. I was astonished but we are grateful to the mayor, administration, and the Millennium Committee. They really did it! They responded to a small group of persistent historical society members.

Don Robb



Donn Robb

From left to right: *Laurette Agnew, Bessie Roberts, and Phylis Jones, members of the former Sidney & North Saanich Historical Society, stand proudly in front of the newly-unveiled plaque honouring "Cy" Peck. The text on the plaque reads: "Cyrus Wesley Peck V.C., DSO and Bar, 1871–1956, To commemorate the bravery and public service of Sidney resident Colonel "Cy" Peck of the Canadian Scottish Regiment (Princess Mary's). Elected a Member of Parliament while serving overseas in World War One (1917). Awarded the Victoria Cross for bravery during the second battles of Arras in 1918, and subsequently Aide de Camp to Governors General Viscount Byng and Tweedsmuir. Moved to Sidney in 1924 becoming a long time MLA for Saanich and the Islands (1924–1933). Active in establishing Sidney Spit and Lookout Provincial Parks, a ferry from Sidney to Saltspring [sic] Island and building of the Sidney Post Office (1936). Resided with his wife, Kate Peck, and family at their home on Albay Road until September, 1956, when he died at Resthaven Hospital, Sidney. A brave soldier and true community leader."*

W. Kaye Lamb Essay Scholarships

Deadline 15 May 2001

The British Columbia Historical Federation awards two scholarships annually for essays written by students at BC colleges or universities on a topic relating to British Columbia history. One scholarship ($500) is for an essay written by a student in a first- or second-year course; the other ($750) is for an essay written by a student in a third- or fourth-year course.

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 letter of recommendation from the professor for whom the essay was written.

Applications should be submitted before 15 May 2001 to: Frances Gundry, Chair BC Historical Federation Scholarship Committee, PO Box 5254, Station B, Victoria, BC V8R 6N4.

The winning essay submitted by a third- or fourth-year student will be published in *BC Historical News*. Other submissions may be published at the editor's discretion.

BC History Web Site Prize

The British Columbia Historical Federation and David Mattison are jointly sponsoring a yearly cash award of $250 to recognize Web sites that contribute to the understanding and appreciation of British Columbia's past. The award honours individual initiative in writing and presentation.

Nominations for the BC History Web Site Prize for 2001 must be made to the British Columbia Historical Federation, Web Site Prize Committee, prior to 31 December 2001. Web site creators and authors may nominate their own sites.

Prize rules and the online nomination form can be found on The British Columbia History Web site: HTTP://WWW.VICTORIA.TC.CA/RESOURCES/BCHISTORY-ANNOUNCEMENTS.HTLM.

A Certificate of Merit and fifty dollars will be awarded annually to the author of the article, published in *BC Historical News*, that best enhances knowledge of British Columbia's history and provides reading enjoyment. Judging will be based on subject development, writing skill, freshness of material, and appeal to a general readership interested in all aspects of BC history.

Manuscripts submitted for publication should be sent to the Editor, *BC Historical News*, PO Box 130, Whonnock BC V2W 1V9. Submission by e-mail of text and illustrations is welcome. Otherwise please send a hard copy and if possible a disk copy of the manuscript by ordinary mail. Illustrations should be accompanied by captions and source information. Submissions should not be more than 3,500 words. Authors publishing for the first time a feature article in the *British Columbia Historical News* will receive a one-year complimentary subscription to the journal.

British Columbia Historical Federation

ORGANIZED 31 OCTOBER 1922

AFFILIATED GROUPS

Archives Association of British Columbia
British Columbia Genealogical Society

MEMBER SOCIETIES

Alberni District Historical Society
PO Box 284, Port Alberni, BC V9Y 7M7
Anderson Lake Historical Society
PO Box 40, D'Arcy BC V0N 1L0
Arrow Lakes Historical Society
PO Box 819, Nakusp BC V0G 1R0
Atlin Historical Society
PO Box 111, Atlin BC V0W 1A0
Boundary Historical Society
PO Box 1687, Grand Forks BC V0H 1H0
Bowen Island Historians
PO Box 97. Bowen Island, BC V0N 1G0
Buckley Valley Historical & Museum Society
Box 2615, Smithers BC V0J 2N0
Burnaby Historical Society
6501 Deer Lake Avenue, Burnaby BC V5G 3T6
Chemainus Valley Historical Society
PO Box 172, Chemainus BC V0R 1K0
Cowichan Historical Society
PO Box 1014, Duncan BC V9L 3Y2
District 69 Historical Society
PO Box 1452, Parksville BC V9P 2H4
East Kootenay Historical Association
PO Box 74, Cranbrook BC V1C 4H6
Finn Slough Heritage & Wetland Society
9480 Dyke Road, Richmond BC V7A 2L5
Galiano Museum Society
20625 Porlier Pass Drive
Galiano Island BC V0N 1P0
Gulf Islands Branch BCHF
c/o A. Loveridge S22, C11, RR # 1
Galiano Island BC V0N 1P0
Hedley Heritage Society
PO Box 218, Hedley BC V0X 1K0
Jewish Historical Society of BC
206-950 West 41st Avenue,
Vancouver BC V5Z 2N7
Kamloops Museum Association
207 Seymour Street, Kamloops BC V2C 2E7
Koksilah School Historical Society
5213 Trans Canada Highway,
Koksilah, BC V0R 2C0
Kootenay Lake Historical Society
PO Box 1262, Kaslo BC V0G 1M0
Langley Centennial Museum
PO Box 800, Fort Langley BC V1M 2S2
Lantzville Historical Society
c/o Box 274, Lantzville BC V0R 2H0
London Heritage Farm Society
6511 Dyke Road, Richmond BC V7E 3R3
Maple Ridge Historical Society
22520 116th Ave., Maple Ridge, BC V2X 0S4
Nanaimo & District Museum Society
100 Cameron Road, Nanaimo BC V9R 2X1
Nanaimo Historical Society
PO Box 933, Nanaimo BC V9R 5N2
Nelson Museum
402 Anderson Street, Nelson BC V1L 3Y3
Nicola Valley Museum Archives Association
PO Box 1262, Merritt BC V1K 1B8
North Shore Historical Society
c/o 1541 Merlynn Crescent,
North Vancouver BC V7J 2X9
North Shuswap Historical Society
Box 317, Celista BC V0E 1L0
Okanagan Historical Society
PO Box 313, Vernon BC V1T 6M3
Princeton & District Museum & Archives
Box 281, Princeton BC V0X 1W0
Qualicum Beach Historical Society
587 Beach Road,
Qualicum Beach BC V9K 1K7
Revelstoke & District Historical Association
Box 1908, Revelstoke BC V0E 2S0
Richmond Museum Society
Minoru Park Plaza, 7700 Minoru Gate,
Richmond BC V6Y 7M7
Salt Spring Island Historical Society
129 McPhillips Avenue,
Salt Spring Island BC V8K 2T6
Silvery Slocan Historical Society
Box 301, New Denver BC V0G 1S0
Surrey Historical Society
Box 34003 17790 #10 Hwy. Surrey BC V3S 8C4
Terrace Regional Historical Society
PO Box 246, Terrace BC V8G 4A6
Texada Island Heritage Society
Box 122, Van Anda BC V0N 3K0
Trail Historical Society
PO Box 405, Trail BC V1R 4L7
Union Bay Historical Society
Box 448, Union Bay, BC V0R 3B0
Vancouver Historical Society
PO Box 3071, Vancouver BC V6B 3X6
Victoria Historical Society
PO Box 43035, Victoria North
Victoria BC V8X 3G2
Yellowhead Museum
Box 1778, RR# 1, Clearwater BC V0E 1N0

Application for membership received from:
Lions Bay Historical Society
Box 571, Lions Bay BC V0N 2E0

Please keep the editor of *BC Historical News* informed about corrections to be made to this list.

The British Columbia Historical Federation is an umbrella organization embracing regional societies.

Local historical societies are entitled to become Member Societies of the BC Historical Federation. All members of these local historical societies shall by that very fact be members of the Federation.

Affiliated Groups are organizations with specialized interests or objects of a historical nature.

Membership fees for both classes of membership are one dollar per member of a Member Society or Affiliated Group with a minimum membership fee of $25 and a maximum of $75.

Questions about membership should be directed to:
Terry Simpson,
Membership Secretary,
BC Historical Federation,
193 Bird Sanctuary,
Nanaimo BC V9R 6G8
Phone: (250) 754-5697
terryroy@nanaimo.ark.com

Return Address:
British Columbia Historical News
Joel Vinge, Subscription Secretary
561 Woodland Drive
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CONTACT US:

BC Historical News welcomes your letters and manuscripts on subjects dealing with the history of British Columbia and British Columbians.

Please send stories or essays on any aspect of the rich past of our province to the Editor, *BC Historical News*, Fred Braches, PO Box 130, Whonnock BC, V2W 1V9.
Phone: (604) 462-8942
E-mail: braches@netcom.ca

Send books for review and book reviews directly to the Book Review Editor, *BC Historical News,* Anne Yandle, 3450 West 20th Avenue, Vancouver BC V6S 1E4,
Phone: (604) 733-6484
E-mail: yandle@interchange.ubc.ca

News items for publication in *BC Historical News* should be send to the editor in Whonnock.

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CRANBROOK BC V1C 6V2
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THE BRITISH COLUMBIA HISTORICAL FEDERATION INVITES SUBMISSIONS OF BOOKS FOR THE 19TH ANNUAL COMPETITION FOR WRITERS OF BC HISTORY.

2001

Any book presenting any facet of BC history, published in 2001, 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.

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

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

Winners will receive a Certificate of Merit, a monetary award and an invitation to the BCHF annual conference to be held in Revelstoke May 2002.

SUBMISSION REQUIREMENTS: All books must have been published in 2001 and should be submitted as soon as possible after publication. Two copies of each book should be submitted. Books entered become property of the BC Historical Federation. Please state name, address and telephone number of sender, the selling price of all editions of the book, and, if the reader has to shop by mail, the address from which it may be purchased, including applicable shipping and handling costs.

SEND TO: BC Historical Federation Writing Competition
c/o Shirley Cuthbertson
#306-225 Belleville Street Victoria BC V8V 4T9

DEADLINE: 31 December 2001