British Columbia Historical News

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

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2004

The British Columbia Historical Federation invites submissions of books for the twenty-second annual competition for writers of BC history.

Any book presenting any facet of BC history, published in 2004, 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 proof-reading, 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 Kelowna in May 2005.

SUBMISSION REQUIREMENTS: All books must have been published in 2003 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.

By submitting books for this competition, the author agrees that the British Columbia Historical Federation may use their name(s) in press releasee and Federation publications regarding the book competition.

SEND TO: BC Historical Federation Writing Competition
PO Box 5254, Station B, Victoria, BC, V8R 6N4

DEADLINE: 31 December 2004

British Columbia Historical News

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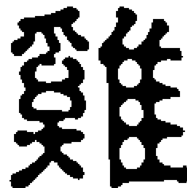


From the Editor

I am very excited about the Spring issue of *British Columbia Historical News*. We have a great selection of articles from a wide range of authors. The mail box always seems to bring surprises and I continue to find gems in the articles on hand.

With this issue I'd like to welcome Sylvia Stopforth, the librarian and archivist at Trinity Western University, as the new editor of the Archives and Archivists column in the *News*. If you have news items or an idea for a future column let her know.

Congratulations go to Ron Welwood who was selected as the winner of the 2003 Best Article Award (see page 38).

Nanaimo is just around the corner and I look forward to meeting many of you there.

BCHF Awards | Prizes | Scholarships

W. KAYE LAMB Essay Scholarships
Deadline 15 May 2004
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 tor the scholarship, candidates must submit (1) a letter of application: (2) an essay of 1,500-3, 000 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 2004 to: Robert Griffin, 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 2004 must be made to the British Columbia Historical Federation, Web Site Prize Committee, prior to **31 December 2004**. Web site creators and authors may nominate their own sites. Prize rules and the on-line nomination form can be found on The British Columbia History Web site: http://www.victoria.tc.ca/resources/bchistory/announcements.html*

Best Article Award
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 ot 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 ot BC history.

"You Will Make no Mistake in Coming to Roesland"

By Liz Crocker

Liz Crocker has worked in heritage research, program planning and presentation for more than a decade. She researched the cultural history of Roesland for her internship with Gulf Islands National Park Reserve, for completion of a diploma in Cultural Resource Management from the University of Victoria.

Roesland Resort, a fifteen hectare (thirty-six acres) waterfront property on south Otter Bay on the West side of North Pender Island in the Strait of Georgia, operated for seventy-two years, from 1919 until 1991. For those who could secure a reservation, it was one of the best known and well-loved vacation destinations in the southern Gulf Islands. Cabins were booked years in advance by happy, repeat customers. While other resorts catered to guests looking for pampering and fancy accommodations, Roesland appealed to families, looking for rustic, rural, low cost vacations. Roesland managed to deliver this for over seven decades thanks to two hard-working families, the Roes and the Davidsons.

Early in the 20th century, it became a trend for middle class families from Vancouver and the Lower Mainland to frequent vacation destinations on the southern Gulf Islands. The islands were just far enough away and rural enough to feel like one had escaped home, but not so far as to make the journey a laborious one. Early on, Mayne Island was a particular favourite for many. Its "accessibility, combined with such desirable recreational facilities as salmon fishing and sea bathing, caused it to become one of the first resort areas on the north Pacific Coast".[1] Closer to Vancouver, Bowen Island became known as a recreation and vacation destination too. Resorts, cabins and a dance pavilion enticed urban dwellers for Sunday excursions as well as longer stays. In the 1930s, Newcastle Island near Nanaimo emerged as another favourite. The Canadian Pacific Railway (CPR) owned the island and operated it specifically as a recreation and vacation destination. As many as 1500 visitors from Vancouver were brought over at a time to enjoy the dance pavilion, teahouses, or just a Sunday picnic.[2]

Roesland, a key contributor to the development of tourism on the Gulf Islands in the 20th century, came about quite accidentally. Sometime between 1910 and 1917, Robert Roe built his first cabin for visiting friends. It proved so popular, that he built another one. In 1919, he put an advertisement in the *Vancouver Province* offering a cottage for rent for the summer. They got one reply from the Gordon Gray family of Vancouver and *Roesland* was officially launched.[3] Long-time friend, and subsequent operator of Roesland, David Davidson remembers: The Roes "realized families needed a low-cost holiday in a simple, natural healthy environment, without frills or commercialism".[4] Keeping to these values enticed guests to return year after year.

Robert Roe Senior, wife Margaret and their children, George, William and Robert Jr. (Bert), came to Canada from Glasgow, Scotland in 1896. Robert Roe Sr. was an engineer on the CPR coastal steamers.[5] The family first went to Victoria and then "acquired land and farmed in the Port Washington area on Pender Island".[6] In 1908, the Roes bought land on the south side of Otter Bay. This property, which would become Roesland, was about 259 hectares (640 acres). It stretched from Otter Bay, encompassed Roe Lake and most of Shingle Bay.[7] Early guests of Roesland enjoyed "Six hundred acres of woodland with lake and sea frontage facing west".[8]

Those first years had the Roes busy clearing land and establishing a home and farm. The Roes built the original homestead about 1908. (This same house is currently being rebuilt by the Pender Island Museum Society for future use as an historical house museum). It is unknown whether the Roe farm was ever commercially viable. Vegetables were certainly grown and a long time island resident remembers two milk cows and a workhorse[9]. Once the resort opened, the farm supported it. An early Roesland brochure stated that the farm supplied "fresh Jersey milk twice daily, eggs, vegetables, fruit in season, spring lamb, mutton and dressed poultry".[10]

Another early brochure, states that two room cabins were seven dollars per week or twenty-five dollars per month, three rooms were nine dollars per week or thirty-five dollars per month, four rooms were eleven dollars per week or forty dollars per month. There was also a car available for hire, rowboats to rent at three dollars per week, and a well stocked store. The brochure boasted: "*Our bathing beach is safe, the boating the best, fishing good. A restful refreshing holiday is assured. You will make no mistake in coming to Roesland*".[11] Another brochure, waxes poetic: "*In the evening we have the glorious colours of the sunset, then the bonfires are lit, and far into the night songs are sung and tales are told—with no mosquitoes to mar the pleasure*", and goes on to add: "*Ladies summering without their men folk need have no worries regarding heavy luggage. Everything is made as convenient as possible*".[12]

Robert Roe Sr. died at age 86 on February 8, 1939.

1 Marie Elliot, *Mayne Island & the Outer Gulf Islands A History*, (Gulf Islands Press, 1984), 34.

2 Ministry of Water Land and Air Protection, http://wlapwww.gov.bc.ca/bcparks/explore/parkpgs/newcastl.htm#nature (July 30, 2003).

3 Peter Murray, *Homesteads and Snug Harbours The Gulf Islands*, (Horsdal & Schubart, Ganges, 1991), 68.

4 Gulf Islands Branch of the BC Historical Federation, *More Tales from the Outer Gulf Islands*, (1993), 38.

5 Murray, *Homesteads*, 68. There is conflict in the available literature and documents about the size of the Roe family. One source says the Roes arrived in Canada with four children but doesn't name them, another names three sons and another only two. I was able to confirm the names of three sons and so included them in this text.

6 BC Historical Federation, *More Tales*, 37.

All three images are from the Roe Family photo album The Christmas postcard is from 1947, the other two photographs are undated. The image of Margaret and Robert Roe Sr. is taken in front of the original Roe house (the future museum). **Photos courtesy of Pender Island Museum Society**

However, by the late 1920s the resort was already largely run by Bert Roe, the only one of the Roe children to remain on the property. In 1927, Bert wed Irene Burnes, a former guest of Roesland. The resort became the Roe's main source of income, but characteristic of early Gulf Islanders, the family continued to diversify their economic pursuits. They operated a general store and a marine fuel station to service resort guests, islanders and commercial fisherman in the winter. They leased the land for petroleum and natural gas exploration and for a fish plant at nearby Shingle Bay, at which they also operated a general store.

Bert Roe opened the Roesland general store in 1927. It operated within the house he built for himself; just northeast of the original Roe homestead. The store's main function was to service resort guests. A brochure explains: *"A store is operated in connection with the resort, where groceries and a complete stock of staple goods are carried at city prices. Candies and soft drinks, souvenirs, posts cards, etc. Victoria's best bread is always in stock"*.[13] Business receipts reveal a little more about the store's merchandise. A 1958 receipt from Goodwill Bottling Ltd., of Victoria shows Bert Roe paid for an order of Coca-Colas, orange, grape, lime and cream sodas, cashed in his credit of empty bottles and paid $16.92. That same summer, he paid Sidney Bakery $30.70 for thirty-six loaves of bread, some buns and two dozen cupcakes.[14]

By 1950 there were seventeen cabins at Roesland. They were simple and cozy, ranging from approximately 250 to 500 square feet, with a double bed in each bedroom, a kitchen and outhouse for each cabin. Originally, guests were asked to bring their own bedding, dishes, cutlery, cooking utensils and carry their own water. Propane ranges were used for cooking. In the 1950s, electric stoves were put in the cabins and cold water was supplied to them by ground water, from gravity fed surface wells. In later years, a pump was put in to boost water pressure.[15]

Also, by the 1950s, the Roes had stopped farming, had subdivided and sold the bulk of their property and concentrated their efforts on the running of *Roesland*. Before Bert Roe died in 1969, at the age of 75, he asked David and Florence Davidson to take over the business of running the resort. David Davidson, of Vancouver, had been visiting Roesland with his family since he was a child in 1926. Florence first visited Dave there in 1940. The couple were married in 1942, but didn't return to *Roesland* until after the war in 1947. They then became regular guests with their own family, and great friends with Bert and Irene Roe[16]. The Davidsons accepted Bert Roe's proposal and ran *Roesland* from 1970 until its closing in the fall of 1991. When the Davidsons took over the business, Irene Roe stayed on in her house and lived there until she died in 1990. The Davidsons built and moved into their own home on the property in 1975.

By the time *Roesland* closed, many guests were third and fourth generation patrons. Guests would request their favourite cabin and come at the same time each year. Children swam in the ocean, played on swings, played baseball, volleyball, tetherball and horseshoes. The adults organized theme party nights and arranged potluck dinners. There was a Roman night one year, complete with toga outfits.[17] Many guests kept in touch with each other all year round. Most were from Vancouver, some from other parts of British Columbia, a few from Alberta, and the United States.[18]

When the Davidsons decided to close Roesland in the fall of 1991, Florence Davidson remembers guests saying, "'we would gladly pay double if you keep going'. They always reprimanded us that we didn't charge enough".[19] In 1997, concerned the beloved property would be heavily developed if sold to private buyers; the Davidsons sold *Roesland* to the Pacific Marine Heritage Legacy Lands program. Today the property is an integral piece of the Gulf Islands National Park Reserve, protected for its natural and cultural values.

Roesland was a haven for city folk wanting to get away from the stresses of urban life, if you could get a reservation. There were few flourishes, just the necessities. The quiet, natural setting of the resort, reasonable prices and the dependable hospitality of the Roes and Davidsons made Roesland a Gulf Islands landmark, and ensured it a place in the history of the islands' development as a vacation destination. •

7 The Pacific Marine Heritage Legacy Oral History Collection, David and Florence Davidson, Interview by Ruth Sandwell, Western Canada Service Centre, Internal Document, Parks Canada. March 2, 1998.

8 Undated brochure from Roe family collection, courtesy Pender Island Museum Society, Internal Document, Parks Canada.

9 Oral History Collection, Florence and David Davidson 1998.

10 Undated brochure from Roe Family Collection, courtesy of the Pender Island Museum Society, Internal Document, Parks Canada.

11 Undated brochure, from Roe Family Collection, courtesy of the Pender Island Museum Society, Internal Document, Parks Canada.

12 Undated brochure, from Roe Family Collection, courtesy of the Pender Island Museum Society, Internal Document, Parks Canada.

13 Undated brochure, from Roe Family Collection, courtesy of the Pender Island Museum Society, Internal Document, Parks Canada.

14 Both receipts in the Roe Family Collection, courtesy of the Pender Island Museum Society, Internal Document, Parks Canada.

15 BC Historical Federation, *More Tales*, 37 and Oral History Collection, Florence and David Davidson 1998.

16 Oral History Collection, Florence and David Davidson, 1998

17 Oral History Collection, Florence and David Davidson, 1998

18 Oral History Collection, Florence and David Davidson, 1998.

19 Oral History Collection, Florence and David Davidson, 1998.

B.C.'s First Rangeland Research Station

By VC Brink

For over 50 years, Dr. Bert Brink has dedicated his life to the conservation of B.C.'s natural legacy, particularly the unique grasslands of the Southern Interior.

He has received the Order of Canada, the Order of British Columbia and many prestigious awards from wildlife, nature and conservation groups.

The University of Northern British Columbia has created the Vernon C. Brink Endowed Scholarship to support its natural resources and environmental studies program.

The natural grasslands of British Columbia were drastically depleted by the demand for horses, for red meat and cereals during World War One. Overuse was followed by dust storms, plagues of grasshoppers, by the droughts of the late 1920s and 1930s and the Great Depression. Land in British Columbia, marginal for cereal production had been ploughed and then abandoned. Recognition of the crisis in the United States came in the form of Senate Document 199 in 1933 and in British Columbia a rancher committee requesting the Dominion and British Columbia governments for assistance for grassland rehabilitation. Two of the rancher committee, I recall, were L. Guichon of Quilchena and B. Chance of Douglas Lake.

Soon another committee was formed chaired by J.B. Munro, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, which included Dominion Department of Agriculture animal scientist L.B. Thompson and plant scientist Dr. S.E. Clarke, University of British Columbia agronomist Dr. J. G. Moe and ranchers L. Guichon and B. Chance. Support for the committee was given by the staff of the Dominion Department of Agriculture's entomology laboratory at Kamloops and from the British Columbia Forest Service and British Columbia Lands Department in Victoria.

The committee recommended that a Range Research Station administered by the Dominion Department of Agriculture be established in Kamloops and that the facilities of the British Columbia government farm at Tranquille and Pass Lake and government crown range and beef herd be made available for the Research Station. In 1935 a single room in the post office building in Kamloops was made available for an office. Staff consisted of T.P. Mackenzie as superintendent, E.W. Tisdale as range scientist, two graduate students on eight month appointments, C.W. Vrooman and V.C. Brink with funds to pay two riders, Wm. Godlinton and T. Walker, and general help James Brown. The range unit equipment consisted of several tents, cooking equipment, and four horses, two of which were British Columbia Police remounts from Savona. The founding of British Columbia's first range land station was rancher driven almost in defiance of the great economic depression of the 1930s. In the province, municipalities were going bankrupt and unemployment was the major issue facing governments at all levels across the nation. No permanent staff was added to the station but temporary graduate student assistants were given employment in 1936 and 1937 and a number of extension and range research projects were initiated.

Ranchers were persuaded to reduce their dependence on low elevation grasslands for spring and fall grazing by increasing conserved forage production (hay and silage) by more use of open forest and alpine ranges, fencing and water development and salting pattern by emphasizing better animal nutrition, and somewhat less emphasis on breeds and breeding. Range reseeding projects, ranch economic studies and rangeland soil surveys were initiated.

An attempt was made to establish a range station headquarters on Dewdrop Flats above the Tranquille TB sanitarium, the costs of which caused political resistance. T.P. MacKenzie the station superintendent and formerly British Columbia Grazing Commissioner, never popular with ranchers for the intensity of his drive to change range management in British Columbia, retired and E. W. Tisdale was transferred to the Dominion Experimental Farm, Swift Current, Saskatchewan. The badly inbred Tranquille farm beef herd was dispersed and R.L. Davis the farm manager took a position in Montana. The rather loosely defined agreement defining the range station between the federal and provincial governments was dissolved. As war in Europe loomed in 1938 and 1939 British Columbia's first range station was closed. World War Two veteran T.W. Willis re-established the Canada Rangeland Research Station with proper headquarters and field facilities on the Tranquille road, Kamloops at the end of the war.

Rangeland management became a recognized discipline in the late 1920s and 30s in British Columbia and in the United States despite hard times. By the late 1930s ranch economic surveys and rangeland soil surveys were initiated. The entomological station in Kamloops became world renowned for its studies of grasshopper life histories and controls. Rangeland studies were initiated at universities in Utah and California. During its short life British Columbia's first rangeland research station also made definitive contributions much of it intangible because it represented a gradual change in attitude and technique in ranch operation. The importance of reduction in grazing pressure on low elevation grassland by more use of open forest and alpine meadow, by better cultivated forage management, better distribution of grazing by salt and water distribution and other accepted practices of today were slowly accepted after demonstrations on the Lac du Bois and Nicola ranges. Enduring legacies were

the introduction of crested wheatgrass and winter hardy alfalfa and better understanding of seeding techniques in the restoration of abused rangeland. The introduction of crested wheatgrass to British Columbia was a first project of the range station. With perhaps one exception, species of grass and legume suitable for dryland range seeding were virtually unknown in the 1920s. Then early in the 1930s crested wheatgrass which had been introduced from the steppes of Russia by Dr. N.E.. Hanson of the USDA Station in North Dakota and grown in nurseries on the Great Plains since the 1880s was recognized as invaluable for rangeland seedings. In 1930 among the very first to recognize its potential were Doctors Stevenson and Kirk of the University of Saskatchewan. They supplied seed to the range station in Kamloops for a very successful trial on about fifteen acres on the Guichon Quilchena ranch. A brush harrow of aspen trees towed by a small Ford truck was used to cover the seed in April 1935. A crude beginning nonetheless the techniques for rangeland rehabilitation were initiated. Although non-winter-hardy Spanish type alfalfa was grown in some parts of the interior of British Columbia after the Cariboo gold rush of 1858 it has almost been forgotten that cold hardy alfalfas like Grimm and Ladak really came into use in the middle West and Great Plains of North America in the second and third decades of the 1900s and in general use in British Columbia in the 1920s and 1930s. On the roadside and fields of the British Columbia interior crested wheatgrass and alfalfa are quite obviously here to stay. •

Dr. S.E. Clarke, Plant scientist, Dominion Department of Agriculture showing crested wheatgrass grown on the dry farm on the Hamilton Commonage in the Nicola Area, 1936 (opposite page and front cover)

Canadian government post office 1935. One room on the second floor accommodated BC's first rangeland research station. (above right)

Range research station camp, Dewdrop Springs, Tranquille,1936. (middle right)

Range research station staff, 1935.
From the left: T.P.MacKenzie, station director
C.W. Vrooman, graduate assistant, animal science
E.W. Tisdale taking the photo
Bill Godlonton, head rider
J. Walker, rider
Bert Brink, graduate student, plant scientist
(bottom right)

Summer of Historical Coincidence

A Tale of Two Men

By Jocelyn Noel

Jocelyn Noel was born in Nelson British Columbia, an artist and mother of six children. Her eldest is Capt. Andrew Dyke Noel of the Pacific Pilotage Authority.

Whilst visiting my oldest son, Pacific Coastal Pilot, Capt. Andrew Dyke Noel at Buccaneer Bay one summer, we were invited for 'happy hour' at the McLaughlins' cottage. I was introduced to their friends, the Nystroms, from Issaquah near Seattle.

"Did you know," asked Fred Nystrom, "that your son's grandfather and my grandfather knew each other?" I was rather taken aback , and thought of that song "*My Grandfather knew Lloyd George...*" Then he asked if I knew about the Union Steamship *Venture*, and yes, I knew that Capt. James Ewing Noel, my father-in-law had commanded that ship since 1916. It was the principal vessel assigned to look after the Skeena and Nass River canneries.

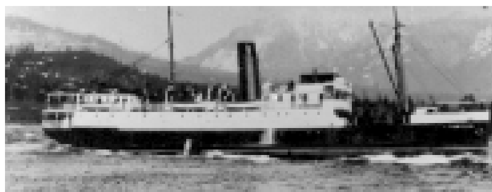
How did they meet?

It seems that Fred Nystrom's grandfather, Capt. F.I. Nystrom left the Swedish island of Gotland, at the age of thirteen (the oldest of eight children), and signed aboard an English merchant sailing ship in 1891. This step signified the beginning of a love affair with the sea that lasted for the next fifty-six years.

My son's grandfather, Capt. James Ewing Noel, went to sea from another island, Harbour Grace, Newfoundland at the age of fourteen. He was also the eldest son of a family of nine. He had his master's ticket for sail and, at age twenty-one, commanded his own ship to Boston from Newfoundland. Captain Jim came to British Columbia in 1905, having sailed around the Horn of South America to Victoria. Hereby hangs the tale.

For seven years the robust young Swede applied himself working his way up from deck boy to seaman to bo's'n and finally to second mate. These early years in the "old school" provided the practical training in seamanship that would mark his career for the remainder of his life.

Union Steamships vessel SS Venture
BC Archives, A-00884



Deciding his future would lie in the United States, he took the direct approach to immigration and simply stayed behind in the forest hills of Seattle as the ship left port. The following four years were spent serving on vessels of the United States Navy and Coastguard. Much of the time in the frigid Bering Sea on ice patrol. As soon as possible he returned to his first interest, merchant shipping.

Lowe Inlet, c.1920s
BC Archives, I-52649

In June 1903, at the young but experienced age of twenty-six, Fred Nystrom became a fully licensed master of sail with his first command of the four hundred ton *Martha Tuft*. For several years Captain Nystrom traded primarily in the Alaska waters, becoming a pilot for southeast Alaska. In those early years the masters had to rely greatly on their own navigational aids. Capt. Nystrom's handwritten note book of how he safely navigated between Puget Sound and Alaska remains a prized keepsake of his family and attests to his ingenuity and resourcefulness.

1906 found Captain Nystrom and his wife Eisa anchored in San Francisco Bay as the famous earthquake and fire ravaged the city. He promptly made his five hundred ton schooner *Vega* available to help the fleeing population get safely across the Bay.

With accurate foresight the young captain soon realized the real future in merchant shipping belonged to steam-powered vessels. It was a difficult decision to leave the sailing ships as master and start over again, but with his quiet determination, he did leave in December of 1906. The step over to a steam vessel was not easy, and the first job he found was as third officer on the *SS Cottage City* operated by the Pacific Coast Steamship Company. Applying the same skills and dedication as he had in the earlier years, he served successfully on the *SS Montara*, *SS Alki* and *SS Tampico*. In September 1911, he became the master of the *SS Meteor*, becoming one of the few men to ever hold masters papers in both sail and steam vessels. Captain Nystrom eventually served as master of fifteen different steamships.

During all the years sailing in heavy coastal traffic, fog and storms, the captain had just one mishap and that was a fire in a cargo aboard the *SS Ravelli* while on the British Columbia Coast on the way to Alaska in 1918. (A seaman had left a lantern in the hold near the coal, which was set on fire.) The *Ravelli,* in distress, signalled for help. As well as the crew, there were passengers on board.

The *SS Venture* was in the waters in the area and heard the SOS. In the fog, Captain Noel was able to set his ship to find the *Ravelli*. Captain Nystrom successfully made a run in from the open ocean and by use of his own navigational notebook was able to find Lowe Inlet through the heavy fog. *Venture* came alongside, lashed against the stricken vessel at great risk, pumped in water before abandoning the hopeless battle and instead, turned to ensuring the safety of the passengers by transferring them to the *Venture*.

The *Ravelli* burned to the waterline and sank with no loss of life. The remnants of the ship are still in Lowe Inlet, with the exception of an anchor and large brass fitting which the grandson regained in a deep-sea diving expedition, which was made into a documentary and almost won an Emmy.

And that is the story of how two mariners, two old salts, from opposite sides of the world, left home in their youth to sail, only to meet at the top of the world in steamships to help each other. Now their grandsons have met and can talk about it. •

A Brief History of How it All Began

British Columbia Farm Machinery and Agricultural Museum Association

by Ron Tarves

On 23 May 1953 Bruce Coleman, on behalf of his family, presented his father's high cut plough to the University of British Columbia.

The late Robert Alfred Coleman had its mould board, share and the angle of its beam shaped on the anvil of the late Alex Ross of Bruce County, Ontario, in 1900. It was brought to Ladner, British Columbia in 1905 when Mr. Coleman purchased a farm on East Delta. Two years later he entered and won his first ploughing match. From that year until 1939 Mr. Coleman and his plough won nine firsts, seven seconds, five thirds and a fourth prize. Crowning this achievement, in 1930 he took top honours at British Columbia's first provincial ploughing match. He was champion ploughman at the Provincial Ploughing Match each year until 1937. From 1937 until his death in 1941 R.A. Colemen acted as judge at district and provincial ploughing matches

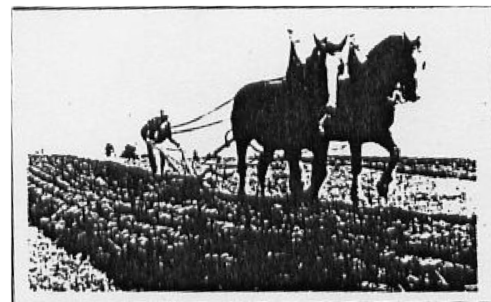
Dr. Norman McKenzie, president of UBC accepted the acquisition on behalf of the university. Tom Leach, then Director of the UBC Farm and Fisheries department attended the event. He asked professor Lionel Coulthard what he planned to do with the acquisition. Lionel replied that for some time he had been contemplating putting together a collection of early farm machinery that could be used to demonstrate to agricultural engineering students the rapidly changing technology that had altered the face of farming over the past one hundred years. Tom said, "Why not establish a Provincial Farm Machinery Museum on the UBC Endowment land at Point Grey? He wondered if it might make a suitable project for members of Sigma Tau Upsilon Honourary Agricultural Fraternity to sponsor. Tom and Lionel tossed the idea around with a third member of the fraternity, Mills Winram. They took their proposal to members of Sigma Tau Upsilon who took up the challenge by providing seed money to register a museum association under the Register of Companies in Victoria and to provide initial funding.

In February 1958 a meeting was held in the hospitality room of the Fraser Valley Milk Producers Association (FVMPA) Fifth Avenue plant with a group of industry leaders to determine what support the proposal might expect,

A decision was made that evening that notice be given that a British Columbia Farm Machinery Association was being formed with a goal of funding and operating a museum to be located on the Endowment Land on Point Grey.

Among those attending the meeting were Dean Blythe Eagles, UBC Faculty of Agriculture; Harry Bose, president of the Surrey Co-operative Association; Alex Mercer, General Manager of FVMPA; Alex Hope, President of the British Columbia Coast Vegetable Marketing Board; Alan Park, President of the FVMPA; Ken Hay, Sunny Brook Dairy and others. Ron Tarves, Canadian Broadcasting Corporation Farm Broadcast and J.R. Armstrong, publisher of Country Life in British Columbia represented the farm press. Some thirty-five supporters attended the meeting. A meeting was called for mid-April at which time an executive board was elected. Tom Leach was named president; Harry Bose of Surrey, vice-president; Mills Winram of Vancouver, secretary and Lionel Coulthard, treasurer. Ken Hay and Alex Hope were elected board members; Tom Leach, Lionel Coulthard and Mills Winram were named Founding Members.

On 24, June 1958 the British Columbia Farm Machinery Association received a Certificate of Incorporation from the Registrar of Companies in Victoria. It soon became apparent that UBC was not a suitable site for such a museum due to the rapid expansion taking place on the Endowment Lands. A site was finally chosen at Fort Langley near the Hudson Bay farm which provided the first export of farm produce from the mainland of British Columbia.



The Hudson Bay formed a subsidiary company that would enable it to legally trade in farm produce. They supplied flour, butter, oat meal and dried peas to the Russians in Alaska for the right to trap beaver, fisher, marten, mink and musk-rats. When the farm at Langley was fully developed they had some two thousand acres under cultivation and grazing. In addition there were three farms in operation near Victoria, and some twelve thousand acres fenced and supporting horses and beef cattle.

Initially, a thirty year renewable lease was signed with the District of Langley on a three-acre site north of the Langley Centennial Museum but before we could start construction the federal government decided to restore the historic fur trading post. Before going ahead with their plans they aquired the re-alignment of the road to Glen Valley north of the fort complex and right through our recently required lease hold. What wasn't required for the

Ron Tarves is a life member of the British Columbia Farm Machinery and Agricultural Museum Association and has been on the board of directors for forty-six years.

The Association can be contacted at PO Box 279 Fort Langley, British Columbia, V0X 1J0

relocation of the Glen Valley road became a parking lot and picnic site.

The municipal council were sympathetic. Mayor Bill Blair was prepared to deed a thirty-three foot lot immediately south of the Centennial Museum being held for future expansion of the municipal museum, if we could see our way clear to purchase a sixty-six foot lot immediately south and adjoining. The lot was listed for sale and we closed the deal. It took nearly nine years to raise sufficient capital to erect the original building. The project came close to aborting on several occasions but we persevered. The Federal Government came through with fifteen thousand, the provincial secretary's office with twenty-five thousand dollars plus twenty-five thousand dollars raised through a fund drive. Support came from all corners of the province, but it was not easy to milk a dry cow. Never-the-less, we were off and away.

On 6 June 1966 Archie Stevenson of Cowichan, president of the British Columbia Federation of Agriculture turned the first sod for the eight-thousand square foot British Columbia Farm Machinery Museum. The museum to be completed by September l6th would have display space, an archives room. A work shop for repair and restoration of exhibits. Curator, Percy Weldon of north Surrey said the museum already had 115 exhibits in storage from small hand tools to a threshing machine.

The Museum was officially opened on 19 November 1966 by Sir Robert Billinger then Lord Mayor of London, England. He was assisted by Premier W.A.C. Bennett, and the Honourable G.R. Pearkes, Lt.- Gov. of British Columbia

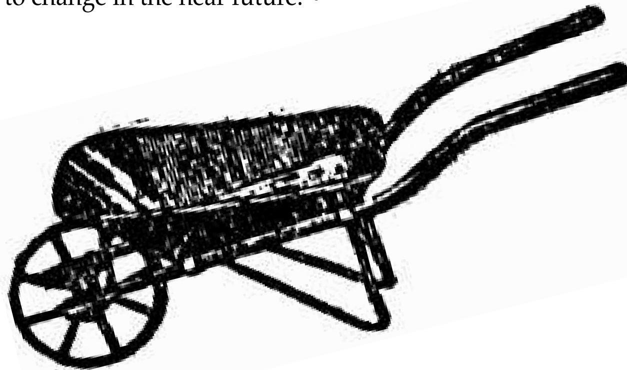
Within a very short time a second building had to be erected to house a growing collection of agricultural artifacts. Ken Hay, a director of the association put up the required capital as a no-interest loan to purchase adjoining property west of the first building. Ken held the title in his name to not cause a stir among local residents. The deed was held in Ken's name until we were ready to build. Ron Tarves chaired a second fund raising drive out of the office of the British Columbia Turkey Marketing Board in Cloverdale. Mrs. Ed Pratt donated her time as secretary of the fund drive. The drive provided seed money and a second round of government funding. The federal government, thanks to the Honourable Arthur Laing. Minister of Northern Development, provided fifty-thousand dollars and the Provincial Government fifty-thousand dollars over two to three years.

Phase two and three were officially opened on 23, September 1978 by the Honourable R.H. McLellan, MLA. Phase three was the steam room. Two grants from the New Horizon program materially helped to equip the shop in the basement of building number two with hand tools and power equipment. In 1984, the association through the efforts of executive members and the support of Mayor Bill Blair succeeded in having the museum taken off the tax roll. To qualify for this concession under the Municipal Act we had to include the word agriculture in the name. Hence the change of name to the British Columbia Farm Machinery and Agriculture Museum.

Initially we qualified for funding under a federal government Exhibitions Act, which could provide up to a maximum of twelve-thousand dollars on a dollar for dollar basis annually. Under the act exhibitions submitted an accounting of expenditures for prize money, ribbons and expenses for honorariums for judges. In the early days we only qualified for some three-thousand dollars.

The act was initially established by the Honourable James Gardner, Minister of Agriculture to assist the Saskatchewan Farm Machinery Museum at Pioneera. Arthur Laing advised us to get our request in for funding under the act before it was rescinded. If the Saskatchewan group came under the act, it had to be made across the board. We received some three-thousand dollars annually for three years, and in the fourth year the act was rescinded.

We gratefully received some seven-thousand dollars in a last kick at the cat. In British Columbia the act was administered by Dave Owen of the Livestock Branch. It wasn't much but it helped us survive at a critical stage of our development. Due to a shortfall in funding since 1990 the museum has been managed by volunteers. This situation is not likely to change in the near future. •



The Creators of Canford

by Frances J. Welwood

Canford, lying in the peace of the Lower Nicola Valley, fifteen kilometers west of Merritt is unique among British Columbia's many ghost settlements. Here the Nicola Valley abruptly narrows and the river hurries to join the Thompson at Spence's Bridge. The spirit of this pastoral land instantly captured the hearts, imagination and dreams of two men who ventured there. Ninety years separated these two singular encounters.

In the fall of 1991, Doug Carnegie, a young North Vancouver man with an eye for 'something different' and 'something that would be an interesting out of town weekend home and project'[1] motor-cycled west on Highway 8 from Merritt. For twenty years following retirement Jim Johnston had inhabited 110 acres of ranch and farmland in the fold of the final semi-circle lazy sweep made by the north-west flowing Nicola River. Carnegie arrived just as Johnston hammered a 'For Sale By Owner' sign at the junction of the Highway and Sunshine Valley Road. Ugly traces of a long-deceased Canford sawmill operation notwithstanding, Carnegie's attachment to the site was determined within six months, and he became the owner of the entire Canford, British Columbia settlement. The unknown history and ghosts of the former settlement mingled with his enthusiasm and imagination, and he resolved to create or re-create some 'thing' at this very special place.

"From Spence's Bridge, on the Canadian Pacific Railway, one can cycle over one of the best roads in the Province, and taking a south-easterly course along the valley of the Nicola, through one of the most fertile portions of British Columbia. The meadows are an emerald green and teem with cattle and horses of the sleekest kind."[2] This commentary was penned in October 1900 by the first Vancouver gentleman beguiled by the same site that was later to catch Carnegie's fancy. It is doubtful that Mr. Theophilus Richard Hardiman Esq., managing editor of the Vancouver-based *British Columbia Mining Exchange* and *Investor's Guide* and *Mining Tit-Bits* actually cycled the dusty wagon track that edged the Nicola River. However, this was the exaggerated style and effort Mr. Hardiman regularly employed in his reporting. The cycling image also affords a pleasant link with Carnegie's approach, 90 years later, to the site Hardiman was to name Canford.

In 1900 Hardiman was in the Nicola/Coldwater area to investigate current developments in coal, iron, copper and other mineral explorations for his recent, but widely-circulated trade journal. His subsequent mining and prospecting report was most positive, but he could not resist observing the agricultural assets of the Lower Nicola Valley, "...Close to a good highway, in a most fertile and well-settled district, where cattle, horses and the necessities of nature seem, as it were, focussed about this highly favored locality, containing the concentrated essence of everything of importance being comparatively unknown and unappreciated."[3]

"Canford Village, Wimborne, Dorset, the rusticated Victorian village after which Canford, Nicola Valley was named in 1903."
(Canford School, Dorset)

It is not surprising that the bearer of the high-sounding name 'Theophilus' (one who loves God) would have great expectations and estimations of his own capabilities and opinions. Theophilus, a native of Bournemouth, Dorset, his Leicestershire-born wife Mary Theresa Hallam and three young children had left England and a future with his father's coach-building company in 1882, for the unlikely destination of Winnipeg, Manitoba. Their time in the Western "Gateway City" was extremely distressing. Red River fever (typhoid), a frequent grim visitor to Winnipeg, quickly took the lives of two year old Horace and six year old Prisella.[4] To earn a livelihood Theophilus variably worked as artist, stationer, registrar and collector, while Mary Theresa was a dealer in fancy goods.[5]

In May 1887, the family boarded the Canadian Pacific Railway to Port Moody British Columbia, detraining less than two weeks prior to the arrival of the first trans-continental train at the Vancouver terminus. Hardiman quickly established himself in business with confident promotional ads and entries

HARDIMAN & MARSDEN

Land Mining and General Supply Agts

Mining engineers. Reports on mining properties through the District. Agents for mining, contractors, farm machinery, wagons, buggies, etc. Cable address: "Aurum." Codes: Bromhall, Moreing & Neal, A. B. C. 4th.

Warehouse—Canford, Nicola Valley, B. C.

Theophilus Hardiman, retained mining interests even as he was planning and developing his settlement of Canford.
(source: Nicola Valley Herald Sept. 1-5, 1905)

in newspapers and directories. The recent arrivee endeavored to turn a measure of artistic talent (in the Victorian painted landscape and seascape genre) into a profitable business venture. In 1889 his Pioneer Art Gallery at 522 Cordova Street was Vancouver's first recorded "Art Gallery".[6]

The Pioneer Art Gallery and its proprietor were: "carver, gilder and manufacturer of mouldings and picture frames—wholesale and retail artists requisites"[7], and of course, "art dealer." As West Cordova developed, lots were re-numbered and the Art business, now centred at 622-624 Cordova, generally expanded.

In 1894 Hardiman, along with members of the City's cultural and artistic elite, became an active, founding member of the Art, Historical and Scientific Association[8] (predecessor of the Vancouver Museum) and a "Representative for B.C. of the Art Union of London, England.'[9]

Shortly before his death in 1928, Hardiman shared his recollections of Vancouver's early artistic community via a Letter to the Editor. "The writer's place [Pioneer Art Gallery] was the rendezvous for artists, Messrs. Mower Martin, Bell-Smith, De Forest, Ferris, Lee Rogers, ...whose pictures of British Columbia are known throughout the Empire."[10] There was every indication TRH was experiencing a successful, satisfying and promising career.

However, abruptly in 1897, a nearby Cordova address (612), boasted an entirely new enterprise/s: "B.C. Mining Prospector's Exchange Company" , and "London and B.C. Gold Venture Syndicate" of Vancouver and London. The Secretary of the new corporation/s was T.R.Hardiman. News of the Klondike had hit the streets of Vancouver and melded with reports of ventures in mining camps throughout the province. Opportunities abounded! With no registered credentials in mineral extraction, prospecting, brokerage of mining stocks or properties, or experience in publication of trade journals or promotion, TRH launched an entirely new career.

It was time to rekindle contacts in England! April 1898, Theophilus, Mary Theresa and their youngest child, six year old Lionel, returned to Britain for the first time in sixteen years. In London, the eager Canadian established connections with the consortium "Associated Gold Mines of British Columbia" registered in UK in January of 1898. A London journal devoted to the mining and commercial interests of British Columbia and the Dominion interviewed TRH under the banner "A Well-Known Mining Man Speaks of the Great Opportunities Which Exist."[11] Mr. Hardiman, it was noted, "...was able to give ...many facts concerning the big enterprise referred to [Associated Gold Mines of BRITISH COLUMBIA] and with which he is associated."[12]

However, back in Vancouver, the editor of *The BC Mining Record*, Mr. H. Mortimer Lamb was not as convinced of the company or its representative's credibility. "The way Mr. Hardiman talks about $100,000 assays is really deplorable, but then Mr. Hardiman is by trade a picture dealer, and not a mining expert...."[13] Undeterred, Hardiman returned to his Cordova Street headquarters to launch in January 1899, the monthly journal *British Columbia Mining [Prospectors'] Exchange and Investors' Guide* (a bibliographer's nightmare owing to its continually evolving nomenclature), which complemented and competed with the two fore-mentioned trade journals.

Not content to merely aid others in their search for gold and other metallic treasures, our journal editor, also facilitated the incorporation of "The Grand Forks of Bonanza Gold Mining Company (Klondike), Ltd."[14] An enticing company prospectus was published in the *BCMPE&IG*. The Company office, with TRH's seventeen year old son Percy noted briefly as Secretary, was located at—612 Cordova.

A trip to the Klondike was now in order! 20 August 1900 TRH, with all the enthusiasm and bravado of earlier gold-seekers, boarded the Union Steamship *Cutch* for Skagway. Four days later she was wrecked on a jagged reef twenty-five miles from Juneau. All on board safely reached a rocky shore-line. TRH eventually completed a two week return journey by rail and lake boat into Dawson City, a visit to the Grand Forks of Bonanza mining site on Bonanza Creek, and return to Skagway. This was wonderful stuff for a lengthy adventure story for the *BCMPE&IG*, combining ship wreck drama, and the popular thrill

of the Klondike.[15]

1901 was a critical year for the Hardiman family, yet there is little written evidence on the events or highlights of that year. The Hardimans' comfortable home (one of only five in the 1400 block Alberni St.) where the family had lived since 1893 was soon vacated. The eldest daughter Alice Maude, had married (ultimately, unhappily) shop clerk, Henry Horton, and lived just down the street from her Hardiman familial home. Matters in TRH's two mining and mineral agencies had taken an abrupt unfortunate turn. Grand Forks of Bonanza Gold Mining (Klondike) Company no longer received notice in mining journals. By October 1901, *BCME&IG's* new owner promptly enlarged the journal while simultaneously reducing the subscription rate from $2 to $1. The new Editor pointed out that "…persistent vilification of our rulers is the worst possible policy for British Columbia's interests abroad."[16] (Hardiman, in his editorial commentary had been known to question provincial government mining and labour policy). Coincidentally, issues of the journal between February 1901 and August 1902 are unavailable in libraries or archives in Britain and Canada.

Throughout 1897 and 1898 TRH had engaged in an exchange of curt correspondence with the Deputy Provincial Secretary. Based on his successful business trip to England, TRH applied persistently to be awarded certification as a Notary Public.[17] However, TRH did not appear willing to challenge the set examination and subsequently withdrew his application. There seemed to be one set-back after another. Next, the fifty year old (age varies according to document, certificate, Census) city-dweller took a bold step.

"In the Spring of 1902, we, that is myself and children daughter of twelve [sic Mabel Amelia "Queenie" was fourteen] and young son of ten [Lionel], all full of vigor, life and hope, migrated to the Dry Belt of the Interior of British Columbia, after realizing everything we had on the Coast and investing in certain mining claims in the hills of the Dry Belt."[18]

This is the opening paragraph of an idealized, selective and somewhat sentimental account written just months before he passed away, of the Hardimans' removal to the Interior. Mary Theresa and children were now to experience that fateful first glance of the verdant Lower Nicola Valley that had struck "Theo" less than two years previously and would grab the motor-cycling Doug Carnegie ninety years hence.

According to their father, the children were delighted with the excursion from Spence's Bridge, with the mountains, dangerous road and jaunty stage travel. "In some places the river wound like a silver thread below us, through desert like flats of sage-brush with here and there a patch of verdant green evidencing cultivation and plenty of water of irrigation."[19] One wonders of the impressions and expectations of his fifty year old wife (age 'varies' according to document, certificate, and Census), remembered by all her family and neighbours as petite, quiet, gentle and over-worked.

In spite of images of winding valley bottoms, fertile land and leafy trees, Mary Theresa knew that Theo had come to prospect for minerals. Her husband was more than familiar with the risks and 'prospects' in the search for ores and was well acquainted with principal mineralogists, recorders, assayers and agents who frequented the office on Cordova Street. Mining journals in addition to his own recently abandoned *BCME&IG* and the very reliable and thorough *Annual Reports* of the British Columbia Minister of Mines would have been his Bible for the past five years. Both Kamloops and Similkameen Divisions of the *Yale Mining District Reports* had made cautious reference to Hardimans' destination, the Ten-Mile or Guichon Creek area, directly north of the community of Lower Nicola. "The metalliferous minerals so far discovered in the vicinity of the Nicola river are copper ores, embracing chalcopyrite, bornite and some gray copper. These occur in the mountains back from the [Nicola] river…in the neighbourhood of Spences Bridge, …Ten-Mile creek near Lower Nicola. At present these discoveries are only 'prospects with possibilities'…and on none has there been performed other development than that incidental to assessment work."[20]

Accordingly, in the Spring of 1902, Hardiman and un-named companion/s "…got to work in the hills, drilling and blasting in the mine, hoping to have sufficient funds to enable us to carry out our purpose, but alas! we found that metal mining takes a fortune ere you can make one, so we have no alternative but to close down …."[21] That simple explanation masks a story of apprehension and disappointment.

Yet, within days Theo set out with a friend in search of promising agricultural land to settle. As in a scene from a pleasing Victorian novel, they came upon the very same "cool bit of verdancy and shade" by a loop in the Nicola River which had piqued Theo's

[1] Douglas R. Carnegie, Personal correspondence, April 1999.

[2] *The B.C. Mining Exchange and Investor's Guide and Mining Tit-Bits*. v.2 #10-11 (1900): 3.

[3] ibid., 4

[4] *Winnipeg Daily Times*. 5 June 1882.

[5] *Henderson's Directory*. Winnipeg; 1883-88.

[6] *Henderson's Directory*. Vancouver: 1889.

[7] *Daily News Advertiser*. [Vancouver], 1 Jan.1889: 1.

[8] Vancouver City Archives. Priv. Rec. #Add.MSS 336, Box 546, E5 file 5

[9] *Vancouver City Directory*. 1896: 34.

[10] *Vancouver Sunday Province*. [Magazine section] 29 July 1928.

[11] *The British Columbia Review*. v.3, 23 April 1898: 38.

[12] ibid.

[13] *The Mining Record*. v.4 # 6, (June 1898): 18.

[14] *BC Gazette*. 3 Aug.1899: 549-550.

[15] *BCME&IG*. v.2 #10-11 (1900): 8-16.

[16] *BCME&IG*. v.4 #6 (June 1902): 8.

[17] BC Archives. GR-0540 Prov. Sect. Corres. Outward. Reel 2463 #882

[18] Hardiman, T.H.[R]. *The Adventure and Romance of Pioneering the Dry Belt of British Columbia* MS Canford,BC [c. 1928]:1.

[19] ibid.

Canford BC CPR Station c.1906 was rescued from brambles along the Nicola River and re-settled at Canford by current owner Douglas Carnegie
R.J. Welwood photo

imagination on his very first sighting. This 320 acre 'oasis' (maximum size pre-emption permitted under the Land Act, 1884), was quickly staked and recorded at the Provincial Government office in Nicola on 16 July 1902.[22] Meanwhile, in this isolated, but idyllic setting Hardiman encountered another recent arrival from Vancouver, who told a familiar tale of misplaced business interests. "Mr. Charles Guest….had been persuaded to join a company in Vancouver into which he had foolishly put all his money and was made 'president'. It had failed and he had lost heavily. I explained to him that it was a very similar case to my own…."[23]

By the time Mr. Guest rode onto the scene, Theo and Mary Theresa had decided that their Nicola Valley homestead would be named 'Canford' in memory of a Medieval-Victorian eleven thousand acre estate in the Dorset countryside, not far from Bournemouth. 'Canford Manor' was a striking edifice owned by Sir Ivor Guest and wife Lady Cornelia Spencer-Churchill (aunt to Winston).[24] The village of Canford Magna was created by the two recent generations of Guests, as a model village for workers on the massive estate. A rustic ornamental wooden architectural style was employed in construction of cottages and the village remains of interest to locals and tourists in the 21st century. Theo's memories of summer holidays in the Dorset countryside would be enshrined at Manor Farm, Canford, British Columbia and he would be the patron of the settlement.

Queenie Hardiman Bright (2nd from left), her children: Phyllis, Muriel and Dick and their Hardiman grandparents, Mary Theresa and Theophilus, at Canford Manor Farm c.1918.
photo courtesy Barbara Hardiman

The Hardiman family embraced pioneer life. Charles Guest and Theo, with no previous experience, constructed a home near the stage road. Queenie shingled the roof; land was cleared for a garden; fences to fend off errant ranch cattle were erected and newcomers to the valley welcomed. In the evenings, Theo kept up correspondence and intelligence of developments in the Valley, the province and indeed the British Empire, for which he possessed a resounding patriotic fervor.

Since 1891 the Province had been the recipient of several Petitions and counter-Petitions from notable, responsible residents of the Nicola in support for or against the granting of charter/s to construct a railway through the Nicola Valley from The Forks [Merritt] to the CPR mainline at Spence's Bridge. Hardiman dashed off letters of encouragement and support for the railway to CPR grandee Lord Strathcona (Donald Smith) and "a financial friend in London". In 1905, needing access to Nicola Valley and Coldwater coal, the CPR leased a Charter granted earlier to the Nicola, Kamloops and Similkameen Railway and Coal Company. Thus laying of the long-awaited track commenced promptly in January 1906—right through the middle of the house! Surveys for the line revealed that a portion of the land Hardiman had pre-empted in 1902 did, in fact, lie within the properties described by British Columbia's Railway Belt Act of 1895[25]. He was essentially 'squatting' on Dominion Land. Retroactively, the master of Manor Farm, Canford, filed the detailed papers required by the Dominion Lands Act—Statutory Declaration, Affidavit in Support of Claim, Sworn Statements etc.[26] Due to a further complication precipitated because Hardiman ceded too much land to the CPR (in keeping with the Railway Belt designation) and a portion duly needed to be returned to him, it was not until 13 May 1909 that final Letters Patent for the Canford settlement were issued.

The Railway also brought romance to the Hardiman homestead. John Benjamin Bright, a construction engineer under contract to the CPR, along with numerous surveyors and railway engineers, stopped by the new Canford Station site. Queenie played the newly-acquired piano and charmed the prosperous kindly gentlemen, twenty-six years her senior. Queenie and Bright were married on the verandah of Manor Farm, in June 1907. Rev.

Pope, Langley BC

Richard Small C. of E., the revered "Archdeacon on Horseback" officiated.[27]

Canford did indeed have its own identity before the Railway Belt issue. Finally successful in receiving recognition from the Provincial Government, Hardiman was designated a Justice of the Peace for Lower Nicola in November1903.[28] Henderson's Directory 1904 gives Canford a separate entry, listing 8 residents including TRH as geologist and J.P. May 1907 a Post Office was opened with TRH as Post Master, a position held until 1914. Life at Canford was generally fruitful and optimistic. Realizing railroad expansion and 'colonization' or 'the Settlement question' went hand in hand, Theo enthusiastically took up a one-man plan to bring settlers of the companionable sort to the Canford area. Through personal contacts he attracted settlers from California, Vancouver, Britain and abroad—not always with positive results. In 1909 Mary Theresa's niece, husband and infant son emigrated from Leicestershire, but could bear only two weeks of mosquitoes and general rural hardship before moving on to Vancouver. One gentleman from Kenya [East Africa] allegedly sued Hardiman for damages or misdirected funds and returned from whence he came.

By 1915 there were four churches, several lumber mills and a general store managed by son Percy, in addition to the post office and tiny railway station. A basic one-room school attended by Lionel's three children was constructed in 1918 at the Canford Mills site about two kilometers distant. Department. of Education specifications allowed for one outhouse and woodshed, but "…[the] contractor will not be allowed to plead that local custom warranted deviations..." [29]

In 1922 Lionel married Dorothy Howell, a recent, but soon to be permanent immigrant from Wales. John and Queenie Bright's three children also attended the Canford School (on occasion) or Crofton House School in Vancouver as they followed their itinerant railway building father.

Financial embarassment for whatever reasons plagued TRH's later years. He was thus less the paterfamilias in the eyes of his 14 grand-children and gruff and stern in the opinion of his long-time neighbours. Relationships with native neighbours from nearby Nooaitch (IR #10), Nooaitch Grass(IR #9) and Pony Indian Reserves (IR #8) grew testy. In June 1909 (while still a Justice of the Peace) Hardiman was writing to the Attorney General expressing outrage and indignation over judicial treatment Lionel had received in a dispute over the purchase of a certain quality and quantity of hay from a native called 'Pony'. In his agitated state Lionel's father re-iterated all he had accomplished and contributed to the province in the past 22 years. He invoked character references to Archdeacon Small (who had died several months earlier), his successor Rev. Thompson and his own son-in-law, John Bright.[30]

By the time his dearest Mary Theresa had passed away (1926) and he came to transcribe his "Adventure and Romance of Pioneering", Theo looked only with fondness and patriotism upon his Canford homestead. "…There is no life which is more satisfying and healthful and in which we have so much in common and contributes so much to Empire building and making the country into one worth recording."[31]

With regret, Lionel Hardiman sold Manor Farm and all its properties in 1955 to the aptly-named Canford Lumber Company. The site was then owned by a series of six pulp and paper companies and one private owner, until Canford was fortunate enough to find its redemption in Doug Carnegie in 1992.

Initially Carnegie did not quite know how to redeem Canford. He only knew he wanted it to be a community again. A self-styled heritage preservationist and film-set decorator by instinct and profession, Carnegie began to collect and re-locate appropriate turn-of-the-century formerly functional buildings—such as those that resided at Hardiman's Canford. First it was the original Sunshine Valley/ Canford Bridge (c.1903) which crossed the Nicola River at Canford's doorstep, then the disused Merritt CPR Train Station, then two CPR sheds, then the tiny Canford Station was resurrected from nearby brambles and so it goes. "Simply put, Carnegie rescues old industrial and commercial buildings and lets them grow old on his Merritt-area acreage." [32]

Carnegie inexplicably perceived that music might be the medium through which Canford would live again!

September 2002—100 years after the arrival of Theo, Mary Theresa, Lionel and Queenie—Carnegie constructed a stage on the platform of the old Merritt CPR Station, secured a couple of pianos and lured Michael Kaeshammer and Tom McDermott, jazz-pianists extraordinaire, and other blues and boogie musicians to the site. What followed was the Canford Station Boogie. A crowd of 200 filled the hay field at the lazy loop of the Nicola River. Piano music filled the evening air. Queenie and tunes from the Hardiman piano hauled by stage wagon from Spence's Bridge lingered beneath the cottonwoods.•

The Public Library Commission: Its Finest Hour

by Howard Overend

Howard Overand was in charge of the Public Library Commission's East Kootenay Branch in Cranbrook from 1956-57 and its Peace River Branch in Dawson Creek from 1958-72.

His book, *Book Guy: A Librarian in the Peace*, was published by TouchWood Editions in 2001.

It may be, as Shakespeare said in *Julius Caesar*, that "there is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune" but more than sixty years ago, a small group of men, appointed by the Government of British Columbia, took decisive action when their prospects were indeed at the very ebb. This was the Public Library Commission whose mandate it was to oversee the welfare of public libraries in the province. Its three members were unobtrusive unpaid citizens imbued with a strong belief in the printed page and its power to enlighten and educate people, a Commission bent on bringing about substantial change in government thinking.

They knew it would be an uphill struggle. The boom and enthusiasm brought on by the successful development of library districts in the Fraser Valley, the Okanagan and on Vancouver Island had subsided. Canada was in a severe economic depression and there was little money for library service anywhere, neither from government nor municipalities. Denied sustenance, some libraries had simply dwindled to mediocrity over the years and were in effect little more than commercial lending libraries, if that. They needed help. But Canada was at war. It was 1940. Ebb tide.

The chairman of the Commission was veteran library supporter Hugh Norman Lidster, fifty-eight, a municipal solicitor and local library trustee in New Westminster. With him were seventy-two-year-old John Ridington who had just retired as UBC librarian after twenty-four years in office, and the up-and-coming, go-getter head of the Vancouver Public Library, Edgar Stewart Robinson, then forty-three. A fourth man was Charles Keith Morison, forty-nine, who had just been appointed Provincial Librarian and Superintendent of the Commission. He served as secretary.

From backgrounds that varied from Old Country industrial to backwoods America to Eastern Townships Quebec, these Commissioners and their super drew on a virtual Aladdin's cave of knowledge, experience and expertise in public library affairs. As a boy of thirteen, Norman Lidster had come to Canada in 1902 with his parents and sister from the shipbuilding and ore-exporting town of Barrow-in-Furness in northern Lancashire. After finishing high school in New Westminster he had worked as an apprentice printer and bank clerk before articling in law and setting up his own practice in 1917. Elected alderman in New Westminster in1925, he had chaired the committee that brought about the incorporation of the local library board in 1928 under the Public Libraries Act. He was appointed to the provincial Library Survey Council that helped produce the formative British Columbia Library Survey of 1927-28. By 1940 this seasoned library trustee and municipal law expert had already been chairman of the Public Library Commission for eleven years and had guided it through the Carnegie-funded public library demonstration project that produced the Fraser Valley Union Library in 1934. He had also served as president of the British Columbia Library Association two years later.[1] Norman Lidster was a determined and careful person with vision who could always be relied on to sort out the legalities and impact of whatever stance the Commission might take in handling its affairs. But the important thing about this quiet-spoken library leader was his strong interest in public libraries and the broader aspects of education. He was the perfect man for the job.

John Ridington, born in West Ham, a suburban dock town east of London, had come from London in 1889 as a 21-year-old, taught school in rural Manitoba for a few years, and owned and edited a small-town newspaper at Carberry in 1896 before landing a job as reporter and art critic for the *Winnipeg Free Press* in 1901. After trying his hand at selling real estate he had moved to Vancouver in about 1911 where he worked as sales manager for a trust company. The depressed economy of 1913 changed the course of his life: he lost money in land development and was down and nearly out, until, as luck would have it, he was hired in 1914 as cataloguer (and acting librarian) at the brand-new University of British Columbia Library. To learn more about his new work he took library summer courses at New York State University in 1916 and was appointed UBC's first librarian that same year. He never looked back.

John Ridington's years at the university were marked by strong direction and tumultuous growth in library service. Not only did he organize and run the fledgling library of some 700 books, in seven years he had built this up to 55,000 and supervised their removal from the Fairview campus in downtown Vancouver to the new building on Point Grey in 1923. It was a busy, demanding time of reorganization and expansion and constant activity but he was up to it. During his term of office student enrolment soared from nearly 400 to more than 3200 and the library's holdings increased to 125,000 volumes.[2]

Ridington was a pusher, a promoter. He wanted to make things happen. In 1930 he had energetically

undertaken what to him must have been a wonderful adventure, a real challenge. As chairman of a three-member Commission of Enquiry appointed by the American Library Association, he had conducted a gigantic and exhaustive rail-travel survey of libraries of all kinds in every province in Canada in the summer of 1930. What an enterprise! It was a giant step for the country's libraries. His fellow commissioners were Dr. George Herbert Locke of the Toronto Public Library, the first Canadian to be president of ALA (1926-27), and Mary Joanna Louise Black of the Fort William Public Library, first woman president of the Ontario Library Association in 1917-18. The survey was an impressive feat of library enquiry and advocacy on which Ridington based his attempt in the next few years to create a national library council. This would have been a giant stride forward but it was, disappointingly, ahead of its time: the Canadian Library Association was not established until 1946.[3]

The other Public Library Commission crusaders, Robinson and Morison, were different again, although their careers bore striking similarities to Ridington's. Robbie, as staff called him at Vancouver Public Library, was born in Michigan's upper peninsula not far from Sault Ste. Marie. After working as a page at Calgary Public, he had attended university in Toronto and then studied library science at the University of Washington.[4] This had propelled him, incredibly, at age twenty-seven, to the top job in the Vancouver Public Library in 1924 where, three years later, he expanded the service by opening Kitsilano, the first of many branches. By 1929 he had succeeded in having the outgrown Carnegie Library acquire the old city hall as an annex.[5] His contribution to the Commission of 1940 was the savvy that came from being in charge of the largest public library in the province for sixteen years and having administered it during the hard times and slashed budgets of the Thirties.

Morison was born in the hamlet of Ormstown, Quebec, in 1891, the son of a Presbyterian horse-and-buggy preacher whose family—certainly young Charles—had grown up with a desire to help people less fortunate than themselves, a trait Ridington, the bespectacled, neatly goateed UBC librarian, had once teased him about. Morison had a commitment to the public good and saw himself as his brother's keeper. Looking ahead to a career, he had not chosen his father's work but had preferred politics where he thought he could "do [his] part toward bringing up society in the way it should go."

During the World War Morison had won the Military Medal in the artillery and in postwar years had knocked about the oil fields of Texas, California and Mexico, been a chauffeur in California, and a bond salesman, insurance manager and truck driver in Victoria before enrolling in librarianship at McGill in 1933. Dr. Helen Gordon Stewart gave him a job as van driver in the Fraser Valley and when her demonstration project was over he became the new Fraser Valley Union Library's first librarian in 1934. After six challenging years, though, C.K., as he was known, had vaulted to the double position of Provincial Librarian and Public Library Commission Superintendent.[6] This career athleticism was what he had in common with Ridington and Robinson. And with all of them he shared a deep sense of dedication and a healthy dollop of do-good earnestness. These men believed in libraries and people.

Their views may be inferred to some extent by the tenor of the report Libraries in British Columbia 1940.[7] Written by the Commission with the probable assistance of its secretary, it was a lengthy account of all facets of the Public Library Commission's work since Clarence Brown Lester's groundbreaking province-wide survey thirteen years before, the results of which were published as the *British Columbia Library Survey, 1927-28*.[8] But now that Canada was at war, the Commissioners, with their strong social conscience, turned their thoughts to what might lie ahead in the days of peace. They were concerned that young people, particularly the veterans returning from the war, might become another "lost generation" the way they had in the Twenties unless there were means in place for them to continue with education to equip themselves "for community life and social obligation." Do people ever talk of such things now?

In order to win the peace, the Commissioners told the Hon. George S. Pearson, Provincial Secretary, the government ought to fund public libraries—which were recognized generally as educational institutions and described in the report as "social necessities" and "essential social services"—on the same basis as schools because, the Commission maintained, "the library was the principal continuing school of the average citizen... the people's university."

Reinforcing this theme, the Commission asserted that the library's "ministry of books" - a reference to the wealth of reading material that is the

***From Whom All Blessings Flow:** Books guidance and grants were given to public libraries in British Columbia from the Public Library Commission's quarters in the basement of the Parliament Buildings, Victoria, from 1919 to 1965. (opposite)*
BC Archives photo A-09237

NOTES

1. Wendy Turnbull, New Westminster Public library. Also, Marjorie C. Holmes, *Library Service in British Columbia; A Brief History of Its Development*. Victoria, Public Library Commission of British Columbia, 1959. 79-81.

2. Ridington Family fonds, Biographical Sketch, comp. by Christopher Hives (1977, 2000). .

3. Basil Stuart-Stubbs, 1930: The Commissioners' Trail, Canadian Library Association, 2001. www.cla.ca/resources/1930.html.

4. *The Province*, October 25, 1957, courtesy New Westminster Public Library.

5. Holmes, 58+.

6. *As We Remember It; Interviews with Pioneering Librarians of British Columbia*, ed. by Marion Gilroy and Samuel Rothstein. Vancouver, UBC School of Librarianship with the co-operation and assistance of the Library Development Commission of British Columbia, 1970. 77+.

7. British Columbia. Public Library Commission. *Libraries in British Columbia, 1940*, Victoria, King's Printer, 1941.

8. Ibid. *British Columbia Library Survey, 1927-28*. Victoria, King's Printer, 1929.

[9] BC Dept. of Education. Misc. Reports. Maxwell Cameron, *Report of the Commission of Enquiry into Educational Finance (1945)*, BC Archives, GR 1116.

[10] Libraries in BC, 1940. 18, 28-30.

[11] British Columbia. Public Library Commission, Special Study Committee, A Preliminary Study of Adult Education in British Columbia, 1941. A Contribution to the Problem. Victoria, 1942.

[12] British Columbia. Public Library Commission. The Public Library and Its Relation to the Provincial Government in the Post-War Period; A Brief…to the Hon. the Minister of Education, November 19, 1943. 2,3. GR 1387, box 8, file 2, BC Archives.

[13] *PNLA Quarterly*, vol. 8 (April 1944), 87-90. see also *Libraries in BC 1940*, 28.

[14] *Libraries in BC, 1940*. 26.

[15] Stuart-Stubbs, Basil, William Kaye Lamb: A Eulogy …[delivered August 31, 1999]

[16] *As We Remember It*, 58, 66-68.

[17] *Vancouver Sun*, March 29, 1957, *Province*, October 2, 1958, March 25, 1967, courtesy F.Voorspoor, BC Archives.

[18] Joint Committee of the British Columbia Library Association and the Public Library Commission, *Programme for Library Development in British Columbia, 1950*, 3, 1, 5. These expressions were also used in the 1945 *Programme*.

[19] Holmes, 17.

[20] Libraries in BC, 1940. 28.

[21] Programme …1945. 6

[22] Holmes, 17.

[23] Programme …1950. 3.

[24] Programme … 1956. 10.

[25] Public Libraries Statistics, various years, courtesy Dawn Stoppard, PLSB, Victoria.

[26] PLC minutes, Nov. 2, 1929. GR 1387, box 2, file 5; Black to Clay, Nov. 12,1929, box 1, file 6. FOI Section, BC Archives.

hallmark of good libraries—enables it to provide continuing education to people long after their years of formal education are over and that this element, in effect, was "indispensable ... to the realization of the democratic ideal."

This was a good case indeed. But the Public Library Commission went further. It said that, following the trend towards consolidation and centralization noted in education, (the *Cameron Report*[9] for instance, would, in 1946, reduce some 800 rural school districts in B.C. to seventy-four large administrative units), there was a "strong probability," that every library in the province would, within ten years before the next comprehensive review of libraries…"find itself under as wise and liberal a direction as is today enjoyed by our educational system," i.e., under central supervision. In the Commission's ideal world, the province would set standards of operation and be responsible for the professional training of personnel. Further, libraries would be administered and financed locally with supplementary grants from the province. Like public education, there would be a single co-ordinated system for libraries in British Columbia available to all citizens. This would be, the Commission said, "a really notable service."[10]

Indeed it would. But the Commissioners themselves may have wondered in the following year about the validity of bringing libraries—because of their educative function—under government administration. Was it too much too soon? The Commission's own committee, chaired by Robinson in 1941, noted that libraries tended to take a passive attitude towards adult education and needed to show leadership and direction to prove their worth in the educational world. If they did not, the committee warned, libraries would continue to be "mere handmaidens … the Cinderellas of their respective communities who use them or not as they wish."[11]

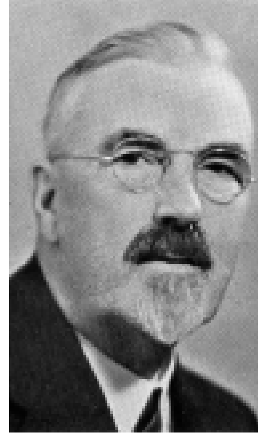
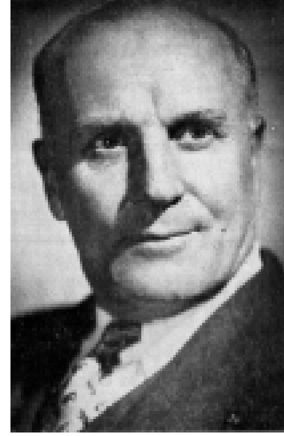
Despite any misgivings they may have had, the men of the Public Library Commission pressed forward with a brief to the Minister of Education, the Hon. H.T.G. Perry, under whose administration the Commission found itself in November 1943. Emphasizing their concern over the prospect of libraries losing out in the postwar rush for reconstruction funds, the brief asserted that the government's obligation to the education of adults was equal in importance to its obligation to the education of youth. In the Commission's view "the public library should be as accessible, as universal and as permanent as the public school." In sweeping fashion (to ensure a stable income for libraries and a standard level of service across the province) the Commission brief recommended that the government consider "*taking over the complete maintenance of all* [emphasis added] educational agencies in the province, both juvenile and adult."[12] Implicit in this, of course, were libraries.

C.K. Morison, in his article "Library Service in Northern British Columbia," published the following April in the *PNLA Quarterly*, said that the Commission had recommended that "the provision of public library service, as for public school education, be made *compulsory* (emphasis added) with adequate provincial support and corresponding centralized control and co-ordination of effort." In this he was echoing the argument advanced in *Libraries in British Columbia, 1940*.[13]

Alas, this optimistic rhetoric was no more than such stuff as dreams are made on. The government was loath to accept the premise that libraries were social necessities that deserved proportionate treatment with schools because of their educational role. It was one thing to support a public school system whose use by young people was mandatory but quite another, the government may have reasoned, to support libraries whose use by anyone, however desirable, was optional.

The rejection of centralization of libraries under provincial control and the attempt to equate libraries to schools served to emphasize and prolong the inequality of library service available to city and rural people in the province and made it clear, in retrospect, just how bold and visionary the men of the Public Library Commission were. They wanted libraries with a secure source of local and provincial income (like schools) operated by boards independent of municipal government but following provincial guidelines (like schools). Library boards would no longer need to plead for operating funds from municipal councils. The libraries would be housed, stocked and staffed according to provincial standards (like schools) and they would provide services to the area at large in a coordinated way (like schools). Gone would be the shacks, the backroom quarters, the upstairs rooms, the pitiful collections of books and the valiant but often untrained people in charge. Libraries would be strong in their own right.

This was no pipedream to Lidster and his colleagues. It was an earnest, if impossibly idealistic, attempt to improve the precarious state of public

From left to right:
Hugh Norman Lidster... the perfect man for the job.
Columbian, December 3, 1965. Don Trimbrell photo

Charles Keith Morison... army vet, his brother's keeper.
photo courtesy Joan Morison

John Ridington, UBC's first librarian... a pusher, a promoter.
BC Archives HP 44571

Edgar Stewart Robinson... a savvy go-getter head of the Vancouver Public Library.
BC Archives HP44570

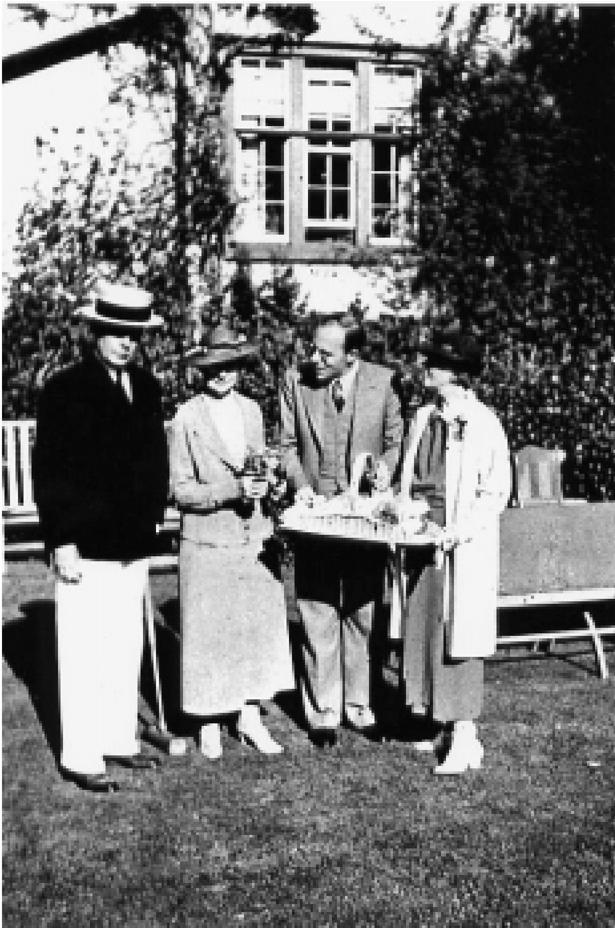
libraries across the province by asking the government for "a proportional measure of financial support enabling [the library] to do for every age and class in the community what the school does for the child and the adolescent."[14]

Time brought changes. John Ridington retired from the Commission in 1942 and Dr. William Kaye Lamb of New Westminster, Librarian at UBC, took his place. Lamb was thirty-nine, a sort of prolific *wunderkind*, an intellectual giant and history buff who had graduated from Arts at UBC, taken three years of postgraduate studies at the Sorbonne and L'Ecole Libre des Sciences Politiques, returned to UBC in 1929-30 for an M.A. in history and then taken his doctorate at the London School of Economics in 1931-32. He became Provincial Librarian and Archivist at Victoria from 1934 to 1940 and served as Superintendent of the Public Library Commission from 1936 to '40. Somehow, incredibly, he had time in 1936 to found the *British Columbia Historical Quarterly* and edit it for ten years.[15] With such ability, knowledge, energy and academic record, he was a valuable addition to the Commission.

Dr. Lamb chaired the Commission in 1947 and most of '48 until the wider world called him to Ottawa to become Dominion Archivist and subsequently Canada's first National Librarian. In the year he left, membership in the Commission was increased from three to five with the appointment of livewire Margaret Jean Clay, born in Moose Jaw, in 1891, who had succeeded Helen Gordon Stewart as head of the Victoria Public Library in 1924. Clay had worked as a clerical under Miss Stewart and attended library school in Pittsburgh before returning to Victoria and working as a children's librarian. She had marched in women's suffrage protest parades in Victoria in 1916, was pro-labour in staff relations and believed that the role of libraries was to make people think.[16] Appointed with her to the Commission was John William Winson, of Sumas, a Justice of the Peace, police magistrate, naturalist writer and veteran board chairman of the Fraser Valley Union Library. Clay, along with Ridington and Robinson, had been appointed to the select seven-member Library Research Board that had helped bring about the landmark *British Columbia Library Survey of 1927-28*.

The Commission's campaign began in earnest in 1949 with the appointment of William Crossley Mainwaring, a power executive, to replace Dr. Lamb. Mainwaring, fifty-five, was a *wunderkind* too, a hardworking man with almost renaissance interests and skills such as stamp collecting, fishing, photography, fine furniture making, fixing appliances, delivering public lectures and the like. Born 1 April 1894 in Nanaimo, he had his own home-based business developing and printing camera film at age 13, then jumped to meter reading, ditch-digging and stoking furnaces for twelve hours a day for the Nanaimo Gas and Power Company. By 1917, at only twenty-three, he was a manager. Turning from gas to electricity a year later he worked at the Northern Electric plant in Vancouver for fourteen years until making his big move to BC Electric in 1932 as merchandise manager. By 1945 he had climbed to vice-president of BCE operations on Vancouver Island and in three years was named assistant to company president A.E. (Dal) Grauer. Mainwaring, with his corporate experience, energy and optimism, was the fresh recruit the Commission needed. [17]

The government's hard-nosed position was simple: public libraries were "primarily the financial responsibility of local authorities [and] in the case of municipal libraries entirely so." Lidster, Robinson, Mainwaring, Clay *et al* were having none of that. In a jointly prepared *Programme for Library Development in British Columbia 1950*, the Commission and the BC Library Association insisted that, "as major educational institutions," libraries were in fact the *joint* responsibility (emphasis added) of provincial and local governments and thus were "entitled to substantial and continuous support" from the province. Chaired by Willard Ernest Ireland, BCLA president (and Provincial Librarian and Archivist), the committee stated without mincing words that the fact that "*not one community in British Columbia enjoys adequate public library service*" (emphasis added) was



Dr. William Kaye Lamb, (centre right), at British Columbia Historical Association garden party in Victoria, August 7, 1939. others are, left to right, Dr. T.A. Rickard, Mrs. Curtis Sampson and Mrs. A.H. Cree.
BC Archives F-05699

"shocking" and said bluntly that the contrast in government support to either public education or public health and welfare in relation to public libraries was "little short of ludicrous."[18]

Those statements pulled no punches. Both the Commission and its comrade in arms were aware of the impoverished state of public libraries yet the government—which seemingly had the resources to do something about it—appeared not to be listening. It was a conundrum: how could libraries persuade citizens and local authorities and the government that a first-class library service was of real value to the community when libraries did not have the means to show that they *could* provide such service? Which comes first, the chicken or the egg?

But the *Programme* was far ahead of its time. Public libraries had always been undernourished. Back in the Twenties and Thirties many of the small ones had been kept alive in large measure by careful use of fines and donations, membership dues, token assistance from local authorities and, in some cases, by small book-grants from the Commission's own skimpy book budget. The Public Library Commission had not had the means to do more because its appropriation from the legislature for grants-in-aid to public libraries—never substantial—had been cut and even eliminated during the depression years.[19] Yet schools had continued, at the insistence of the government, to operate as essential services during the tough depression period.[20]

In the fiscal year 1943/44, in the midst of war when public expenditures on education in British Columbia had amounted to more than $11.6-million, only 2.4% ($278,000) of that amount had been, in the caustic language of a PLC-BCLA joint committee, "lavished" by the government on total library services in the province including the work of the Public Library Commission itself.[21] It wasn't until 1944/45, after several empty years, that the Commission had received the slender sum of $3,000 for grants-in-aid to libraries.[22] It was the start of a trickle. In 1948/49, the legislature's appropriation to the Commission for library grants amounted to less than $25,000 at a time when school districts alone received nearly $13.5-million.[23] The dreams of equal treatment with schools died hard.

But somehow the trickle didn't stop. Thanks to the persistence of the Public Library Commission, library grants-in-aid from the province jumped to an unheard-of $50,000 in 1950-51. From there, government assistance took off: it doubled in four years and tripled in five.[24] It soared beyond $200,000 in 1966, $460,000 in 1970, and a decade later was up to nearly $3.5-million. By 2001, library grants-in-aid had skyrocketed to close to $11-million. The government had been listening after all. This pump-primer, about-face generosity of the provincial government, however laggard in coming, gave public library service in British Columbia a tremendous boost, for by 1970 support from municipalities had edged close to a robust $6-million and in ten years to $27-million. It was up to more than $120-million by 2001. In public libraries in British Columbia that year there were well over 10-million volumes and readers had borrowed them more than an incredible 47.8 million times.[25]

What is the legacy of the pioneering work done by the stalwarts of the Public Library Commission so long ago? These dreamers with the unshakeable vision of what the public library could be were far ahead of their time. Most of the improvements they quixotically struggled for have come to pass in one form or another. Public libraries are now generally recognized by government and governed alike as social necessities and as accessible and as permanent as public schools. Public libraries do have a place in the sun and are not centrally controlled by government. The word "compulsory" has no part in their operation. They continue to provide reading and other material to all citizens before, during and after their formal education. Public library funding, too, is generally accepted to be a joint responsibility of

government and municipal sources. The government assists with capital costs and pays per capita operating grants linked to compliance with the Library Act. The stuff of Commission dreams has served the province well. The decade after 1940 was indeed the Public Library Commission's finest hour.

Afterwards

Norman Lidster retired as New Westminster city solicitor in 1957 and as longtime member (thirty-six years) of the Public Library Commission in 1965. A life member of BCLA and winner of the CL Trustees Award of Merit in1962, he served on the board of the New Westminster Public Library for forty-one years until his death in 1967 at the age of 78.

When John Ridington retired from the Commission in 1942, his colourful library career and enthusiastic support for public libraries was behind him. He served as secretary for a lodge of the Masonic Order, wrote pieces for the *Vancouver News Herald* and died in April 1945 at age seventy-seven.

Edgar Robinson served on the Commission from 1938 to 1957, nearly twenty years. At Vancouver Public Library he developed the branch system, added a bookmobile, got construction underway for a new Central Library, increased the staff to 200, and built up the collection to 400,000 volumes. In Victoria, where he'd gone to chair a PLC meeting in October 1957, this exuberant librarian suffered a heart attack and died only a few days before his dream library of glass and steel at Burrard & Robson streets in Vancouver was to be opened. He was sixty.

C.K. Morison retired from 16 years of Commission service in August 1956. He worked as children's librarian at Vancouver Island Regional library and later at the charge desk of Victoria College library (now part of UVic). He taught short courses in library work "for librarians away out in the sticks" at UBC from 1960-64, wrote his story (*A Book Pedlar in British Columbia*, Victoria, Public Library Commission, 1969) and died at the age of eighty-six in 1977.

William Kaye Lamb's post-Commission career in Ottawa, because of its complexity and extent of achievement, may best be summarized as successful founding and development effort. Appointed Dominion Archivist in 1948, he chaired a national advisory committee to establish the Canadian Bibliographic Centre in 1950 and in three years this became the National Library with Dr. Lamb as Canada's first National Librarian. He strengthened the Public Archives of Canada and introduced systems for retention of government and archival records. A noted history scholar and writer, he retired to Vancouver in 1968, was appointed an Officer of the Order of Canada in 1969 and died in August 1999 at the age of ninety-five.

Margaret Clay, the doyenne of public librarianship in BC, retired from twenty-six years of service as chief librarian of the Victoria Public Library in 1952 after having won her long struggle for larger premises. From 1956 to 1962 she catalogued books at the Vancouver Island Regional Library in Nanaimo and remained active as a library leader until leaving the Public Library Commission in 1966 after eighteen years of service. She died in April 1982 at the age of ninety.

W. C. Mainwaring retired from BC Electric in 1958, and from Commission duties in 1961 after twelve years of active membership. In his career he was president or chairman or director on the board of many companies and organizations, and was awarded an O.B.E. for services during World War Two. He died of a heart attack while driving home from a holiday in California in March 1967, a week short of his seventy-third birthday.

Others: Dr. Norman Fergus Black of Vancouver revived the quiescent Commission in 1926 and chaired it through the British Columbia Library Survey in 1927-28 towards Carnegie funding. His was an important role. The Commission's first superintendent, Arthur Herbert Killam, a Nova Scotian, was an able librarian who worked with both the Survey Council and Research Board, and was candidate in 1929 (with Dr. Black) for the new post the Commission awarded to Dr. Helen Gordon Stewart to direct the demonstration library project in the Fraser Valley.[26] And there were others. But those presented above were the ones who responded to the challenge at a crucial time for public libraries in British Columbia and deserve recognition here.

Public Library Commission: Established in 1919, the grand old Commission, renamed the Library Development Commission in 1968, provided strong leadership in the growth of library service in British Columbia. It was dissolved in 1978 by the Public Libraries Amendment Act and replaced by a Library Advisory Council. The council itself wound down in 1984. The operational role of the former Commission was taken over by the Library Services Branch in 1978, and its name was changed to Public Library Services Branch in 2001. •

Philipp Jacobsen in British Columbia

Notes and Introduction by Richard L. Bland and Ann G. Simonds

During the nineteenth century there developed a growing awareness of the rapid disappearance of native cultures throughout the world. Almost frantic collecting of material and non-material cultural items of early societies began in an attempt to salvage as much as possible before every trace of these had disappeared.[1] *Some of the individuals who collected information on the native peoples were scientists such as Franz Boas*[2] *and William H. Dall.*[3] *Others, who were already in the field working at other jobs, for example, Edward W. Nelson who worked for the U.S. Army Signal Corps in Alaska, were often asked to collect artifacts and information.*[4] *Some used their own resources: Alphonse Louis Pinart,*[5] *of France, spent his fortune and that of his wife collecting data and artifacts on early societies. And yet others collected as a means of employment. These included people such as Karl Hagenbeck, Johann Stanislaus Kubary,*[6] *and Johann Adrian Jacobsen,*[7] *who worked on commission for the Berlin Museum.*

Information, artifacts, and, occasionally, people[8] *were taken back to Europe and displayed. These displays created a great deal of attention and attracted some very well-known scholars to the Northwest Coast, most specifically, Franz Boas. But not only was there scholarly attraction, the reading public also became very much interested in accounts about the Western Hemisphere. This created a market for writers, such as Philipp Jacobsen,*[9] *to describe the wonders of the New World.*

Not as much is known about Philipp as about his brother Johann Adrian Jacobsen, but one may assume that Philipp, like Johann, was born on the small island of Riso near Tromsø, Norway, ultimately coming to North America with his brother. Philipp subsequently spent about twenty years on the Northwest Coast pursuing many endeavors: encouraging Europeans to settle the area, helping collect native items for the World's Columbian Exposition, and writing and selling articles about the new land to European newspapers and journals.[10] *Below we have an account of a trip Philipp took with two Indian guides through fjords and over mountains in British Columbia.*

This translation conforms as much as possible to Jacobsen's style, retaining formations that might be considered awkward in English. Also, some of Jacobsen's views or attitudes will probably be considered "politically incorrect" by some readers. However, Jacobsen and his time are past and I think we can now focus on the first-hand information he provides. Therefore, I have translated his text as I found it. The grammar and syntax have been put in a more idiomatic English style, but I have left names as he spelled them.

I would like to thank Kathrin Klotz for proofreading the translation.

***Richard L. Bland**, Museum of Natural History University of Oregon, Eugene*

Travel Reports from Unknown Parts of British Columbia[11] by Philipp Jacobsen

British Columbia is that part of North America to which attention has been turned only in recent or, better said, most recent times, which it deserves both in ethnographic and geographic regard. Excellent coasts and good harbors that make possible a quick connection with Indochina and Europe by the North Pacific route on the one hand and by the more southern Pacific Ocean on the other, as well as extensive fur trade and ethnologically highly interesting Indian tribes that have kept themselves in their aboriginal purity can only increase the significance of the land. In my opinion then it is of interest to take a closer look at the unknown parts of British Columbia, and I feel I am called upon to make this report since I am sufficiently familiar with the languages spoken there through years of residence in the land and have a thorough knowledge of the internal circumstances. I undertook the following expedition that I describe on assignment from a railroad company for investigating the Bella Coola valley and the Chilkotin country.

On the 19th of January 1891 I arrived in Bella Bella,[12] which I had selected as the jumping off point for the expedition. Here I rented a canoe manned by two Indians in order to investigate a fjord that lay in a north-northeast direction from this place. On the same day we left Bella Bella and in the evening reached an abandoned Indian village called Kait Town where in earlier times a very famous chief, Kait, had lived. Now the village lay in complete ruins, though there were still the remains of the old houses before which stood carved tree trunks or, as they are called on the coast there, totem poles 30 to 60 feet long.[13] When an Indian inherits the honor of being a chief he must have the local carver produce such a pole according to his rank. On the pole are the collected totem animals of the family illustrated in hierarchical order. If the pole is to be worked on the chief must give four to five feasts at which wool blankets and other things are given to the guests. The erection of such a pole often takes hundreds of people, and on this occasion the largest feast takes place and the carver receives his compensation. Many Indians have their own family traditions, which are passed down from generation to generation. They illustrate their legends to a certain extent through mask dances during the months of November, December, and January.[14] This happens for the most part merely to impress the women, children, and the common people.[15] The masks generally represent the heads of various animals and monsters that the bearer alleges to have encountered in the forest or on the sea. The seducing spirit, the so-called Anikutsai, is always brought forward in the form of a beautiful woman. Totem poles were originally supposed to be erected only for the ruling chief. In recent times, however, Indians of lower rank have acquired this honor, with respect to permission for the erection of a pole through wealth. Therefore in almost every village a larger number of these poles can now be found.

We left the named village on the following

Notes

1. Douglas Cole. *Captured Heritage: The Scramble for Northwest Coast Artifacts*. Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1985.

2. Ronald P. Rohner. *The Ethnography of Franz Boas*. Letters and Diaries of Franz Boas Written on the Northwest Coast from 1886 to 1931. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1969.

3. William H. Dall. *Alaska and Its Resources*. Boston: Lee and Shepard, 1870.

4. Edward W. Nelson. *The Eskimo about Bering Strait*. Washington DC: Smithsonian Institution Press, 1983.

5. Ross Parmenter. *Explorer, Linguist and Ethnologist: A Descriptive Bibliography of the Published Works of Alphonse Louis Pinart, With Notes on His Life*. Los Angeles CA: Southwest Museum, 1966.

6. See J. D. E. Schmeltz. Trips and Travelers, Renewals, Recently Deceased. In *Internationales Archiv für Ethnographie* 10:132-136. Buchhandlung und Druckerei vormals E. J. Brill, Leiden.

7. See Erna Gunther's edition of Johann Jacobsen's Alaskan travels (*Alaskan Voyage: 1881-1883*. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1977).

8. See Rudolph Virchow's "Die Anthropologische Untersuchung der Bella-Coola" [Anthropological Investigation of the Bella Coola] in *Zeitschrift für Ethnologie* XVIII:206-215, 1886.

9. We will follow the spelling of the name (Philipp Jacobsen) found on the article given below. However, his name can also be found as "Filip B. Jacobsen," "Philipp B. Jacobsen," "B. Fillip Jacobsen," "Fillip B. Jacobsen."

10. Philipp's articles were published in Norwegian newspapers, in Germany (in *Das Ausland*), as well in Sweden (in

The village of Bella Bella c. 1870
BC Archives A-06882

The river which flows from the smaller to the larger lake was swollen by rain so that I was unable to see any of the crystals. To my question, how large were the largest crystals, my people replied in true Indian form that the pieces might grow to 6 feet. Early on the next morning we left this region. On this, as on the previous night, we had gotten wet to the skin since our sailcloth tents did not offer sufficient protection. No less wet were the fir branches which served as our beds, so that during this entire time no mention could be made of dry clothing.

On the third day, toward evening, we left this fjord and arrived in another one called Kvatus Channel where we again found ruins of an old now-abandoned Indian village. On examining such remains it is a continuous puzzle to me how the Indians with their primitive equipment brought about raising the heavy beams onto the 20 foot high posts that they had set in the ground. I measured two of these beams. They were about 65 feet long and 4 feet in diameter. The Indian houses of this region often have a greater breadth than height. In front of this village lies a small island of about 400 feet circumference, about which my Indians told me the following story that happened several years before.[17] At Christmas time the various secret societies of the village performed their religious dances.[18] Among the spectators was a young Indian who in conversation with his countrymen spoke mockingly about the secret society of the Hametza.[19] This reached the Hametza, who decided to take revenge. On the next day when a Hametza dance was being performed (the Hametza dancer represents the deity Bek Bek Kvalanit),[20] during which the Hametza dancer can only partake of human flesh and therefore tears pieces from the arms and legs of the spectators (no one is permitted to oppose this since it is believed that the

morning and went through a long fjord called Roskue Inlet. I had taken along a marine chart for the sake of security. However, when I had gone about 30 English miles up the fjord I noticed that the chart was completely wrong and that the fjord ran in an entirely different direction.[16] In the evening we reached a small bay surrounded by high naked cliffs. At several places waterfalls ran off the mountain sides and emptied almost in the middle of the fjord. In general, the fjords of British Columbia pass from west to east.

Early the next morning we continued our trip although it rained and, in spite of rather strong opposing winds, with great effort we moved forward.

Toward evening we landed and set up our canoe sail as a tent. About the middle of the next day we reached the end of the fjord and found here, through a large river emptying into the fjord, our first assumption seemly confirmed [that they were at the end of the fjord—RLB]. Upon closer examination it turned out that the river was nothing other than a saltwater lagoon. We paddled to the end of this lake, which is about 3 miles long, and now saw a genuine river which, however, was only several hundred meters long and again led into an inland sea of 31 to 34 miles length. On the left shore of this inland sea we found a second freshwater lake, on the shores of which, my comrades related to me, great quantities of rock crystal were supposed to be available. When the water is clear, they reported, the crystal shines like diamonds in the sunshine.

Ymer. Svenska sällskapet för antropologi och geografi) (see, for example, "The Sissauch Dance" in *Arctic Anthropology* 34(2):28-44).

11. Originally published as "Reiseberichte aus unbekannten Teilen Britisch-Columbiens." *Das Ausland: Wochenschrift für Erd- und Völkerkunde* 47:921-928, 1891.

12. Bella Bella is the site of a native village and the Hudson's Bay Company Fort Mcloughlin at McLoughlin Bay on Campbell Island. The Native here is the Heiltsuk, known ethnographically as the Bella Bella. They are classified as northern Kwakiutl.

13. It is more accurate to call these poles "crest" poles as they represent the mythical adventures of lineage ancestors. They are raised on a number of occasions. What Jacobsen is describing here is the raising of a memorial or commemorative pole which a chief raises to his predecessor.

14. These winter months are the sacred season in which the supernaturals enter the villages and masked and other dances are held by dancing societies. The dances demonstrate the nature of the sacred world and the relationships of the members of the communities to this world.

15. Jacobsen sounds like a typical ignorant European here. The Winter Ceremonies were not just carried out to impress or mystify the audience, although some of the ritual acts performed at these ceremonies must have seemed mysterious and miraculous. The rituals carried out were designed to maintain the correct relationships with the spiritual world and to not only demonstrate spiritual powers obtained from the supernaturals but to ensure that coming generations were prepared to assume the obligations and responsibilities the relationships entailed.

16. In the past there have been a variety of miles ranging from the

spirit of the god has gone into the dancer), the Hametza dancer jumped onto the ridiculer and bit large pieces of flesh from his arm. The other Hametza then ripped his clothes off and dragged him from the house, packed him in a canoe and took him, without the remaining villagers noticing, to the above-mentioned island. The people were simply told that the Hametza had completely consumed the boy. As mentioned above, it was the middle of winter. For weeks long a strong northeaster blew so that the Hametza presumed that the Indian set out on the island without clothes or food must soon succumb. But at the beginning of spring when Indians paddled by the island they heard a noise in the brush. In the belief it was a deer or some other wild animal they jumped ashore with bow and arrows to kill it. Who could describe their astonishment when before their eyes appeared the young Indian missing since Christmas, naked and starved to the bone, but alive. The people took him and led him back to the village where a feast was immediately held and the Indian was accepted into the secret society. He had nourished himself during the entire time on mussels and, since the Indians bathe often summer and winter and need few clothes, he was able to survive. Still today Indians who divulge the secrets of the secret societies are immediately killed.

From this spot a fjord runs in an eastern direction. Though it is not marked on the chart the Indians know it well. We paddled into it and on the second day passed a high cliff that rose more than a 100 feet above the sea. Here my two Indians requested that I not speak a word if I valued my life and theirs. When I asked for an explanation they related the following. Many years ago a great chief came paddling by this cliff with his two sons. Engrossed in lively conversation they did not notice the cliff. They had already passed the wall when they saw a large black bear climbing up it, which by the steepness seemed impossible. The chief quickly took his bow and arrow and sent the latter up at the bear, but the arrow hurdled back and the chief fell dead. At the same moment the bear turned its head and from its eyes shot two rays of lightning, which likewise killed the two sons. Therefore, when an Indian passes this spot he does not speak a word. Moreover, the Indians relate similar stories about nearly every fjord. The mountain range rises up 7,000 to 8,000 feet. The fjords are very deep (averaging approximately 200 fathoms), but even at this great depth lives a type of fish, the so-called black cod, called karlem in the Bella Coola language.[21] To catch this good tasting fish a fishhook of quite special, ungainly form is used. Though as ungainly as the hook appears, it is very useful since it is forced into the fish like a steel spring. The fish is very fat and a person would not be able to catch it with ordinary hooks.

The Indians carry out unbelievably many preparations when they set out hunting or fishing,[22] but I must forgo pursuing this here due to lack of space. Toward evening on the sixth day we reached the end of the fjord, into which one or two river entered. Around the mouths of these rivers the land is richly alluvial; good land that would be suitable for any type of agriculture.[23] On the mountain slopes swarm wild mountain goats, deer, bears, and other game. I traveled through these two fjords in 13 days. Each of them is 40 to 50 English miles long. From the last-named fjord we turned again toward the coast and visited a new settlement on King Island. Here speculative Yankees purchased land and built a community since it was thought that the railroad planned by the Canadian government would maintain a station in this region. On the 12th of February I finally came, after the most extremely exhausting trip, to the Indian village of Bella Coola,[24] from which I had decided to examine the valley that ran to the east. Through this valley wound a large river that can be traveled for hundreds of miles by canoe and whose surrounding lands offer excellent farm land. Thus, I hired a so-called "spoon canoe," which is about 2 feet wide and 30 to 60 feet long and is especially constructed to travel upstream. Two Indians who knew the area accompanied me and, one in front, one in back with long poles, they drove the boat forward. After a half-day's journey we reached Sinckel, a village whose name means something like "sun" in our language. My plan was to travel by canoe as far as possible up the stream, then go to Chilkotin Country and from there return to Tallio, which lies somewhat south of Bella Coola on the coast. In order to carry out my intentions I would have been forced to cross through a high pass, the so-called Snuteli, but I was unable to persuade any Indians to do this because in this pass lived the great spirit Kosiut,[25] as well as many other spirits. They further explained to me that only one time did two Indians dare cross this pass and only because one of them was a great medicine man, who appeased the spirit through continuing magic formulas, were they able to safeguard their lives, which otherwise would have inevitably been forfeit to the great Kosiut. Since I did not want to deviate from my plan, they further told me that another time 15 Indians,

Ancient Roman mile of about 1,500 m to the Swedish mile of 10,000 m. The English statute mile is 1,609.3 m.

17. With regard to this and subsequent legends related by Jacobsen, see the Bella Coola section in Kennedy and Bouchard's edition of *Indianische Sagen von der Nord-Pacifischen Küste Amerikas*. Vancouver: Talonbooks, 2001.

18. With regard to secret societies of the Bella Coola, see D. I. D. Kennedy and R. T. Bouchard. "Bella Coola." In *Handbook of North American Indians*, vol. 7, *Northwest Coast*, pp. 332–335. Washington DC: Smithsonian Institution, 1990. For more on the Bella Coola, see T. F. McIlwraith. *The Bella Coola Indians*. 2 vols. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1948.

19. The Hametza is the *hamaca* or Hamat'sa, the so-called Cannibal Dancer. An hamat'sa is sponsored by one of the dancing societies and he or she is kidnaped by supernaturals and taken to live for four months with Baxbakualanuxsiwae. When the initiate is recovered, he has become this supernatural and now craves the taste of human flesh which is why, when he dances, he bites pieces of flesh from members of the audience. He is eventually subdued and restored to normal human life. This particular dance originated among the Heiltsuk (Bella Bella) and their congeners the Oowekeeno who are located at Rivers Inlet.

20. Bek Bek Kvalanit is Baxbakkualanuxsiwae, "First at the Mouth of the River to Eat Human Flesh." He lives in the high mountains with a whole retinue of servants who assist him in finding human beings to eat.

21. Black cod = *Anoplopoma fimbris* Pallas.

22. Franz Boas and George Hunt discuss these "many preparations" in their monograph *The Ethnology of the Kwakiutl*, published in two

who were on the warpath and planned an attack, came through this pass. Without paying attention to the prohibition of the god, they walked prattling on. So the spirit, angered by this offence, sent a powerful avalanche down on them, burying all 15 alive.

In spite of this I succeeded in persuading my Indians to travel farther, and so we paddled on. A day later we reached a valley that led to the above-mentioned pass. Another Indian canoe that accompanied us had a fish net on board and cast it out. Among the fish caught were no fewer than five different kinds of salmon—evidence of how rich in fish this region is. The Indians catch salmon all the time year round, and all the types found on the coast are found in these waters as well. The river flows almost from east to west through fertile regions from 5 to 6 English miles wide. The first 45 miles would in my opinion be suitable for excellent agriculture. The land is now covered with spruce, fir, and red and yellow cedar. There are also beech and cottonwood here and there. We continued our trip up the river and on the next day reached a valley called Assanany, which lies to the south. On this day, as on the previous, we passed various ruins of Indian villages that were completely abandoned, since the Indians here, as on the coast, are in the process of dying out. Traveling on we arrived at a valley called Nusskalet lying on the north side of the river, where an Indian village of the same name formerly existed, but which has likewise died out. Above the village rises a 9,000 to 10,000 foot high mountain from which the valley and village were named. The Indians tell the following story about it.

Mess-mess Salanik,[26] that is, the creating spirit, had the earth attached to the moon by a rope so that the earth would not sink into the water. But one day people angered the god, so he cut the rope and the world sank into the water. Everyone drowned except one Indian who was out fishing with his wife. He paddled to the above-mentioned mountain whose highest peak stuck out of the water, while everything else was submerged. When the water receded the surviving pair settled and populated this region.

In recent times an Indians is supposed to have climbed the mountain, and he asserts that he saw the remains of the fishing equipment, as well as remnants of the first people. I must note here that along the entire coast the story of the Deluge exists, though each village has its own particular variation.

On traveling farther we came on the following day into a new side valley called Ikle-Kwanny, which likewise empties into the Bella Coola valley. Here my Indians forbade me to go ashore. Surprised I asked what the basis of this odd prohibition was and learned to my astonishment that an evil spirit named Ikle-Kwanny lived in this region, who, if a person took so much as a blade of grass, would immediately call up a frightful north wind. Since I did not want to put the spirit, or better said, my Indians to the test now, I gave in to them and we went on. But listen. On the next day a frightful storm actually arose, and although we had not landed, the Indians stubbornly maintained that I had nevertheless done something against Ikle-Kwanny. I let them speak, and since I knew how deeply the roots of superstition penetrated their minds, I had from the very beginning given up any attempt at instruction and explanation. Across from this valley lies a well-known mountain peak, Sets-Kajak, where the great spirit Shnanik lives. This spirit steals the bodies of the dead from the coffins and drags them to his mountain to consume them there undisturbed. In my estimation Sets-Kajak is 9,000 to 10,000 feet high. Traveling on to the east, we no longer had a strong current in the river, which was so broad here that it could be traveled by a steamer, especially in summer. On the same evening we arrived at Ka-pots, a place that lies in the Struik district. Here the Bella Coola River receives a tributary from the south. The mountains are low, and the hinterland can be seen in the distance. In my opinion, this region is especially suitable for growing hops and fruit, since the Indians describe the climate as being dry. Unfortunately, I had to end my journey here since because of the slow trip our provisions were running short, and after a ten-day absence we again reached Bella Coola. I estimate the linear distance of the way back as about 50 miles.

After I had made a several-day rest in Bella Coola and acquired supplies, I set out again accompanied by the two Indians and, since there was floating ice on the river, continued my trip on foot in an eastern direction along the river bank. My plan this time was to try to cross Snuteli Pass in order to go in a southern direction into Tallio Valley. Naturally, the three of us could not take a large amount of provisions, and since the trip was calculated to last at least a week, the undertaking appeared to the Indians very risky, all the more since the fear of the above-mentioned spirit caused this trip to seem to them not exactly pleasant. Each one intimated to me that my life would certainly be lost, for a European, so they said, would surely have something to say on the way and in the pass, and indeed nothing should be spoken

parts in 1921 by the *Bureau of American Ethnology 35th Annual Report* 1913-1914. Washington.

23. Jacobsen is said to have induced, through his descriptions of the excellence of the land in the Bella Coola area, colonization in the 1890s by Norwegian settlers. P. 236 in *Wisdom of the Elders: Native Traditions on the Northwest Coast: The Nuu-chah-nulth, Southern Kwakiutl and Nuxalk* by Ruth Kirk, Vancouver: Douglas & McIntyre Ltd., 1986.

24. Bella Coola is a Nuxalk (Bella Coola) Indian village on the north shore of the mouth of Bella Coola River, B. C. The Nuxalk speak a Salish language and are related, linguistically at least, to the Coast Salish peoples south of them.

25. By Kosiut Jacobsen must mean *Kusuit* which does not refer to a supernatural but to a dancing society which holds ceremonies during the winter season from November through March. McIlwraith points out that "The word *kusuit* is connected etymologically, according to native belief, with *suit*, the term for supernatural being, Thus the meaning of the society"s designation is "The Supernatural," or "The Learned," for *suit* has both these significations. A member of the society is likewise called a *kusuit*, plural, *kukusiut*" (T. F. McIlwraith. *The Bella Coola Indians*, Volume II:1. University of Toronto Press, Toronto. 1948.

26. By Mess-mess-Salanik Jacobsen means Masmasalanix , the four brothers of Nuxalk mythology who create the earth and everything on it, and are, therefore, called the Carpenters. Each brother has a distinct name, but they are collectively known as Masmasalanix.

27. For a discussion of snowshoes in this region see Daniel A. Davidson. Snowshoes. *Memoirs of the American Philosophical Society* 6:1-207. Philadelphia. 1937.

28. It is difficult to say exactly what distance Jacobsen is giving

here. The Germans had four different miles, including the German short mile of about 6,275 m, the German geographic mile of 7,420 m, the German (new imperial) mile of 7,500 m, and the German long mile of 9,260 m.

29. Sources which contain other Nuxalk narratives are: Franz Boas. 1898. The Mythology of the Bella Coola Indians. *Memoirs of the American Museum of Natural History* 2(1):25-127. New York; T. F. McIlwraith. 1948. *The Bella Coola Indians*, Volume II:385-517. University of Toronto Press, Toronto.

there. I had to exert all my skill of persuasion in order to dissuade them from their superstitions. I will note here that I had to struggle unbelievably often with superstition and fear of ghosts among the Indians. Now add in the mania to exaggerate into the monstrous and one can imagine how difficult communication with them was made, and specifically on this trip. Also, each believed he must give me council at this opportunity. So they further reported that above the glacier lies a black swamp occupied by another spirit who draws every passerby into the mire. When all this could not frighten me back, they said that at this time of year the snowfall up there was so heavy that in a short time a person would be completely snowed under. This last rested on the truth in that occasionally on both sides avalanches were encountered in the valley.

In spite of all these hindrances I succeeded in winning over for the trip the two Indians I had known for years. In the evening of the second day we reached Snuteli Valley, and on the next morning we climbed up the pass in a northeastern direction. The higher up we went the more snow we encountered, so that we had to constantly use our snowshoes. (The snowshoes here are like those used in America.(27) They are made of an oblong birch wood frame which is strung with leather strips or animals sinew). It was a very difficult march. It occasionally took us four hours to travel a distance of 1/4 German mile.(28) Everywhere lay uprooted trees and between were thick, nearly impenetrable bushes, as well as deep loose snow. These tree trunks were of such dimension that the Indians had to chop steps in them in order to climb over. When it became dark we had to set up our camp in a place where an avalanche had swept down. We could clearly distinguish the tree trunks, boulders, and rubble the avalanche had brought. Naturally it was impossible to climb over this tangle in the dark. It was especially difficult for us to build a fire since everything was damp, and only after an hour of searching did we collect enough dry wood to kindle the fire. During preparation of supper we covered the ground as much as possible with dry fir branches and now had a relatively dry camp. I don't have to describe how wonderful the meal tasted since it was the first we were able to eat that day. After the meal my Indians again began their stories about the spirits, the terrors, and battles with neighboring tribes in their beloved exaggeration until, exhausted from the exertion of the day, they fell asleep. The strong prohibition of the god concerning speaking on this spot went unheeded by them as well.

Next morning we continued upwards. The snow was 4 to 5 feet deep everywhere and the slope was about 60 to 100 feet per English mile. Before noon we saw two wild mountain goats which looked at us in wonder. I fired off three shots, although the distance of about 1,000 m was deceptive and so there was no prospect of me hitting one with the gun. The goats did not move, which adequately proved that they were not acquainted with being shot at. As evening came we set up camp on a small hill by a stream. Again it was a long time before we had collected enough dry wood. When the snow is too deep and one cannot dig to the ground, it is the custom to cover the spot with a lot of small logs and cover this with fir branches, which keeps one from sinking down. This later serves as a sleeping area. The fire is built on the logs.

On the next day we reached the highest point of Snuteli Pass. Arriving at the top we rested for a few hours. The place swarmed with ptarmigan, several of which we caught and which provided us a welcome prize. The provisions we had brought consisted of air-dried salmon, rice, flour, and tea. Bread was baked from the flour each evening, and in two ways. If one had a frying pan (which the gold prospector always carries on their backs) then water and flour was mixed together, baking powder added, and immediately fried. However, we had no pan, so the dough was covered with hot coals and baked for about a half hour. An excellent bread can be produced in this way.

The vegetation was sparse up here. Only here and there the tops of fir trees stuck out of the 15 to 18 foot deep snow. We saw nothing of the evil spirits, passing only a couple of caves to which stories of spirits were connected. The mountains went up steeply on both sides of the pass and also here the vegetation is extremely sparse. On isolated slopes we saw in the distance herds of wild mountain goats. The view enjoyed from the high pass is excellent, and I at least have until now never seen anything like it: the high snow-covered crags, Snuteli Valley appearing endless as it stretches to the Bella Coola River, and on the other side, penetrating into Tallio Valley, the Kosiut Glacier with blue light shining through.

While we were still immersed in looking at this wonderful panorama, we saw a giant avalanche go down over a place we had passed only a few hours before. So on this point at least I found the assertions of the Indians confirmed. The valley now ran in an eastern direction and appeared to gradually end

between the high mountains. Traveling on in a southern direction we were faced with the Tallio Valley. By nightfall we encountered the first trees, deformed to be sure. Also, I succeeded in getting a porcupine, which provided a welcome dinner for us. We set up our camp in the immediate vicinity of the famous Kosiut Glacier. Again the Indians chatted around supper about the legends that were connected with this region. I must point out here that my Indians, once separated from the community of Indian life, paid no heed to the prohibition of the spirits and chatted away entirely unconcerned on this dangerous spot. Among others they told the following legend. Many, many years ago a sick man lived on the coast whose body was covered with ulcers. He had consulted various medicine men, but no one could help him. Finally, he was advised to seek the god Kosiut himself. Toward this goal he sets out together with his brother to this valley and lay down close to the glaciers. Scarcely had he lain down than it began to rain pieces of ice. But none hit the sick man. Suddenly the rain ended, the mountain opened up, and in the crevice appeared Kosiut. He approached the Indian and asked what he wanted. The sick man, stiff with fright, reported by whose advice he had come there, whereon the spirit invited him and his brother to follow him into his glacier dwelling. Here in the almost endless ice grotto, lighted by the shimmering of blue light, he had his home. He presented the two with blankets and other valuable objects, as the Indians are accustomed to do during their visits to one another. When they were taking leave the spirit said, "I will make you healthy, but one thing you must promise when you return home healed. You may not marry before the end of four years." Then he spread his hands out over the sick man, and look! he was healed. Very happy the two brothers now left the god and went home. But after some time the Indian forgot his promise and married. Indeed the punishment followed on its heels. Shortly thereafter he was found dead.

Early on the next morning as we wanted to continue our trip we saw a wolf which ran back and forth on the ice. I shot at him, but the distance was too great and I missed. As soon as the shot was heard, the entire woods broke into the howling of wolves. If this intermezzo had been played on the previous evening, we would probably have slept less peacefully. It began to snow and the cold became severe. We stayed as much as possible on the ice of the river because the mountain slopes were too steep and the many uprooted trees made the way very difficult. But where we encountered a waterfall or where the river was not completely frozen, we had to make great detours and as a result moved ahead very slowly. Toward evening we reached a place where a short time ago a large landslide had occurred. It appeared nearly impossible to get through. Though the area might have measured one third of a mile it took us two and a half hours to climb through the rubble. We set up our camp in total darkness and dead tired in the immediate vicinity of the rubble. Indeed it was midnight before we found enough dry wood to build a fire.

The next morning the old misery started again. Frequent waterfalls made long detours necessary, and we had to look as hard as we could for the Nolk Valley, through which we were supposed to go back to the Bella Coola Fjord. Evening came without finding the valley, and since my Indians had never been in this region our agitation was not diminished as our provisions came to an end and we feared we must have taken the wrong way. Our only comfort was that the snow here was not so deep and we could go without the snowshoes. Finally, toward nightfall we reached a side valley that we felt must be the valley we were looking for since it actually ran in a southwestern direction. Here we camped and finished our last provisions: rice, bacon, and bread. It was a meager meal, though it strengthened us substantially. Before daylight we set out again and continued our march. The terrain was excellent now and we moved on rapidly. Toward noon of the following day I could recognize the well-known mountains around Tallio Fjord, and I have to confess that I joined with full heart in the Indians' song of thanks. By that evening we entered Tallio village. The Indians, who had been instructed on the sea route of our journey, had already given us up for dead. Thus, because of our unhoped for return a feast was given that evening in which the Indian chief bestowed the name Kosiut on me, as frequently happens when someone wants to especially honor another. We remained in Tallio three days. But since there was a big storm to the north and leaving the fjord was almost impossible by boat, I decided to go by land to Rivers Inlet where every three weeks a steamer left for Victoria. Since I had taken this route past Wanuk Lake in the summer of 1890, I was familiar with it and could now do it so much easier.

From the end of Tallio Valley a path leads through a small valley in a southwestern direction to

Thunderbird from a painting on a Kwakiutl house-front. Below is a Salish pattern for clouds over mountains. Designed by Georges Beaupré, issued in 1974

Wanuk Lake. This valley is good farmland for miles. The climb of the valley is insignificant and, in my opinion, amounts to scarcely more than 300 feet at the highest spot. The distance from the fjord to Wanuk is about 18 miles. Toward evening we reached the water. Once an Indian village called Sifu had stood here, about whose last chief the following legend tells.

Once a great Indian chief lived here who had two sons. They were skilled hunters and industriously applied themselves at fishing in nearby Wanuk Lake, in which, as they knew, lived an evil spirit that always tried to pull people into the lake. It was especially dangerous to throw mussel shells into the water, for a powerful storm would immediately come up and the god of the lake would visibly hover over the waves. One day as the brothers sat by the lake, the elder said to the younger, "Do we want to tempt the lake spirit once?" The younger agreed to this, and they went along the shore to a place where a canoe lay. They loaded it with mussels. The elder brother climbed into the boat and went out into the lake, while the younger sat down beneath the branches of a large tree. When the boater was far enough out in the sea he began to throw shells into the water. Immediately a frightful storm arose. The waves towered house-high, and the lake washed over the shores. The canoe with its occupant capsized and disappeared in the deep. But the Indian did not drown. He was overcome by great drowsiness and fell asleep. Finally, awaking, he came to his senses and felt his hand being held by a beautiful young woman. Her hair reached to the ground, and aside from her divine beauty she differed in no way from other Indian girls. She summoned the youth to go with her to her father and they went along the bottom of the lake as if it were solid ground. After they had gone a short distance they came to a beautifully carved totem pole. By it stood a large house. They went in. An old man sat by a flickering fire. He took a mat, spread it before the fire, and invited the stranger to sit down, as was the custom among the coastal dwellers. Then he asked him to remain as his guest for four days, which the Indian promised to do. On the second evening the old man said to him, "Listen, I will give you my daughter as a wife, but you must promise to remain true to her. For as soon as you break it she will disappear before your eyes and be gone from you for all time." The youth assured him of this. The girl bid her husband to return to his parents, which gave him great pleasure. She spread mountain goat tallow over his eyes and mouth, put him on her back, and took him to the shore. When they passed the tree where the younger brother had remained, they found a human skeleton. Having bad presentiments, the Indian asked his young wife what it meant, and she answered that he had not been on the bottom of the lake for four days, as he thought, but four years. Meanwhile his brother had died. "Indeed," she said, "if you would like to see him alive again, I will bring him back to life." The Indian, very happy, asked her to do it. She collected the bones, lined them up right with one another, took a flute from her little chest, and with the first notes the skeleton came to life. But one knee was crooked, lacking the kneecap. So the young woman made him die again, and both looked for the kneecap. But in vain. Finally, a raven came flying by and on the woman's question of whether perhaps it had seen the kneecap, it answered, "Four years ago other ravens and I came to this place to eat a human and carried away a bone." The young woman asked it to bring the piece back, which the raven did. She put the kneecap on the skeleton and again began to play her flute. This time everything was in order. Now the brother who had been brought back to life was sent home to his father to prepare him for the arrival of the young couple. The chief, who in the meantime had aged considerably, could not believe the news and said, "Dear son, don't make me sadder. The incident is already forgotten and a return is out of the question." But shortly afterward the couple came into the village to the greatest happiness of the father and mother. The wedding was celebrated in high style here as well. No one had seen such a beautiful couple. Not long afterward the young woman invited all the Indians to a great feast of giving (a potlatch). Everyone wondered what she could give since she had brought only a small wooden chest as a dowry to the husband in the marriage. When everyone had gathered the woman took from the little chest, to the astonishment of the entire crowd, numerous blankets, copper plates, earrings, and much more of the same, so that finally two houses were entirely filled. Now the young couple lived happily for a long time. But the young woman, in order to convince herself of the faithfulness of her husband, stuck her finger into the water he brought to the house and examined it to see if it remained clear. The young Indian women who liked the handsome man tried everything to get closer to him, and particularly when he went to get water. Finally, when doing this, he promised a young Indian woman his love. Arriving home the wife investigated the water as usual, and look! when she pulled her finger out the water was

as thick as syrup. The wife sadly said, "Now you have become untrue to me, and I must leave you." Seized by remorse, the Indian tried every possible way to keep her. But each time he tried to get close to her and embrace her her image flew into the air. She ran to the water, jumped in head first, and disappeared. When the Indian tried to jump in after her the water always repelled him.[29]

I traveled in all directions in 1890 on Wanuk Lake and wandered repeatedly through all parts of the surrounding area but I could not find it marked on any of the geographic maps I had seen, indeed the entire landscape in which the lake lay was not sketched even approximately. I will therefore give a short description of this lake and its surroundings based on sketches and notes I made.

Wanuk Lake, on whose northeast end we had arrived, is about 40 English miles long and proportionately wide. It is composed of four parts that are connected by narrow channels. The eastern part stretches in a southwestern direction, while the western and broader part proceeds directly west and is separated from Rivers Inlet by a strip of land about three miles wide. This stretch of land, thickly wooded in places, is penetrated by a very large river that comes out of Wanuk Lake and empties into Rivers Inlet. With a paddle-wheel steamer one could reach Wanuk Lake from Rivers Inlet in one or two hours on this river.

Three rivers empty into the northeastern part of the lake. One, coming from the southeast, can be traveled a great distance by canoe according to the reports of the Natives. The second, coming from the direction of Tallio Fjord, flows in a southwestern direction into the lake and is used by the Indians on their trips between Tallio and Rivers Inlet (the third part of the stretch between Tallio and Wanuk Lake can be made by canoe). About one and a half English miles southwest of this river is the third, coming from the north, which empties into the lake. Here Wanuk Lake is about one and a half miles wide, but three miles farther along it reduces to 15 m wide, then opens up again to about a mile and a half. (The narrow straits formed this way, whose sides are closed in by giant rock outcrops, are called "narrows" by the English). The eastern shore here is flat and appears created for settlement. After the passage of one and a half to two miles more to the south the lake again forms a narrows of about a mile in length and 30 m wide where it is the narrowest. I determined that the water here was only eight to ten feet deep. At the exit of this narrows or channel the Sunkoll River, coming from the east, empties into the lake. At the mouth lies an Indian village of the same name. According to the information of the Natives, this river, both sides of which are excellently suited for settlement, is supposed to be navigable for six days by canoe. At the mentioned Indian village of Sunkoll the lake turns to the west and becomes two to four miles wide. On both shores rise great mountains and occasional valleys provide a view of enormous glaciers. A bay on the north shore displays the mouth of another significant river. The lake again becomes restricted into a narrows, the northern shore of which is formed by a high cliff, while the southern is flat. Only a single large boulder, which has the form of a giant eagle, can be seen here. This is justification for the Indians to call it that and naturally to attach a host of legends. Northeast of this giant eagle rock two rivers empty into the lake within a distance of one mile, and a third river one mile to the southwest, coming from the southeast, also empties into the lake. Here, as indicated above, the lake stretches directly to the west for a distance of about 15 miles and is three to four miles wide. Both shores are surrounded by high mountains. On the north shore here two rivers and on the south shore another river empty into the lake. In the extreme western part of the lake is a large bay, access to which is through a narrows and in which is an island. Here the lake is connected by the previously mentioned river to Rivers Inlet, which cuts deeply into the land. Rivers Inlet received its name because of the many rivers that empty into it.

The entire fjord and the regions around the lake described are covered with splendid forests in which fir and red and yellow cedar—the last being not as plentiful—are the most notable types of wood. Large sawmills have been constructed on the banks of the chief rivers, as well as two canneries that annually can 25,000 cases of salmon with 48 cans each.

I am quite convinced that in the coming years hundreds of families will settle in this region so richly provided by nature, with a climate similar to that of central Germany, and establish a comfortable home and a good existence.

When I reached the lake I found it frozen over. Thus, crossing it in a boat was impossible. So I was forced to return to Bella Coola, from where I reached the Rivers Inlet station by canoe in six days, in order to later take the steamship from there to Victoria. The trip lasted about two months. In that time I slept only five nights in Indian dwellings, the rest I had to spend in the open. •

Kwakiutl Pole, Thunderbird Park, Victoria (opposite)
BC Archives I-26798

Kwakiutl House Pole (below)
BC Archives I-26832

Token History

McKinnon Bros., of Revelstoke

by Ronald Greene

Archibald MacKinnon and his wife, Agnes McPhee, came from Cape Breton where they were married at Sydney, on 27 November 1877. In Nova Scotia they had five children, Hector, Mary Agnes, Daniel Joseph [Joe], Anna, and Leo. Margaret Ann was born in April 1889 when they were living at Wellington, B.C.[1] Archibald had brought his family out to Wellington, near Nanaimo on Vancouver Island, where he took a position as a shift foreman in one of the coal mines.[2] Mary Thompson says that her father, Hector, told her about the trip out to British Columbia. There was a cook stove at the end of the car. [Settlers' Car?] The train would stop at farms so that the men could get out and buy milk for the children.[3] The couple's seventh child, Johanna, was born in June 1891, but died within a few days and Agnes died July 2nd.[4] The name was originally spelled MacKinnon, but eventually evolved to McKinnon and we will use that form hereafter.

Hector, Joe and Leo all went to work for the Canadian Pacific Railway. Hector and Joe became locomotive engineers and Leo became a machinist. Hector started working on the railway by 1895 and some time after 1901 moved to Revelstoke. Sometime he lost an eye when a boiler blew.[5] On the last run before he was to be married to Delia Morgan in August 1906, a trip to Kamloops, Hector was involved in a minor accident in which the back steps of a caboose were damaged. He and his crew were suspended for one year. In the course of the year he sold insurance, opened the roller and ice skating rink, and made do. When the time for his re-instatement came he had developed "a taste for business"[6] and decided not to return to the railway.

On 24 July 1907 Hector McKinnon purchased the Revelstoke Cigar Store which had been opened by J.F. Roos in December 1906.[7] Mr. Roos had plans to add a pool and billiards room shortly after opening. In April it was announced that the Revelstoke Cigar Store would be moving into the premises being vacated by Bourne Bros., and that there would be four billiard and pool tables. In December 1907 McKinnon moved his business across the street to the premises formerly occupied by the Savoy Tea Rooms. Only seven months later he opened a second store which was located on First Street. The newspaper reported that Mr. McKinnon planned to run both stores, "his enterprise and progress in this particular business being already demonstrated."[8] However, by the time Hector McKinnon's new cigar store opened on First Street, with five tables, his old premises on McKenzie Avenue

was being fitted up for the Edison Parlor Theatre.[9]

The next couple of years were quiet, an occasional mention of billiard tournaments, a trip with Mrs. McKinnon to the Alaska Yukon Pacific Exposition in Seattle in 1909, and in January 1910 Hector McKinnon became an Alderman in the City of Revelstoke. This was his first taste of public service and the beginning of a long career in civic politics.

In April 1910 Alderman McKinnon purchased a pool and billiard room in Kamloops from D. Brown. J. McKinnon, presumably Hector's brother Joe, assumed the management there. This was the sole mention of this enterprise in the Revelstoke newspapers. In May 1910 Hector McKinnon announced that the roller rink would open shortly for the season.[10] Three months later, in August 1910, it was announced that McKinnon had purchased a lot on First Street and was planning to build a fine new pool room and cigar store.[11] Later in 1910 it was mentioned that Hector McKinnon was a poultry enthusiast and that he had secured several prizes at the Ashcroft Poultry Show.

In July 1911 plans for the new McKinnon Block were detailed in the newspaper. It was to be a three store concrete and pressed brick building. The basement, measuring 40 x 90 feet would be fitted up with bowling alleys, the main floor would have "a handsomely appointed billiard and pool room, and a barber shop, while the top floor would have "seven modern suites of rooms, with bath rooms, kitchens and every modern convenience complete. The building throughout will be fitted up with all water and sewer connections and will be thoroughly steam heated…"[12] When the building opened in February 1912 it was mentioned that the "the cigar store is heavily stocked with the best brands of cigars and tobaccos, and is equipped with specially made quarter cut oak zinc lined Humidore cases to keep the tobacco

[1] Names of the children were taken from the Family Bible in the possession of Laverne Knapik, Joe's youngest and only surviving child. Interview of February 7, 2004. The birth places were not detailed, but viHistory.ca, a history project of Malaspina University-College in Nanaimo, has a searchable 1891 census which gives the births as Nova Scotia for all but Margaret Ann. [http:www.history.mala.bc.ca/content/census/1891/search]. Margaret's birth is not registered in B.C.

[2] Interview with Jimmy McKinnon, January 27, 2004

[3] Interviews with Mary Thompson, Hector's only surviving daughter, February 22, and March 4, 2004

[4] Neither the birth nor death of Johanna is held in Vital Statistics records. Nor is Agnes's death, but it was mentioned in the Nanaimo Free Press, of July 2nd 1891, p. 1

[5] This incident was as understood by Mary. It has not been traced either to date or location.

[6] In the words of Mary Thompson.

[7] Mail Herald Dec. 12, 1906, p. 6 and July 24, 1907, p. 4

[8] Mail Herald June 3, 1908, p. 4

[9] Mail Herald, Aug. 5, 1908, p. 4 and Aug. 19, 1908, p. 4

[10] Mail Herald, May 14, 1910, p. 8

[11] Mail Herald, Aug. 3, 1910, p. 3

[12] Mail Herald, July 8, 1911, p. 1 The building still stands at the time this article is being written.

[13] Mail Herald, Feb. 7, 1912, p. 1

[14] Hector McKinnon was elected the Mayor in 1914, did not run in 1915, was elected for 1916, 1917, 1918, and 1919. He retired from politics for a while, ran unsucce-ssfully against incumbent Mayor Bews in 1922, but defeated the incumbent Mayor Abrahamson in

moist and sanitary. The pool room is equipped with ten big tables, eight of which are pool and two billiard tables. The ceiling of this pool room is metallic of artistic designs…."[13] Laverne Knapik remembers that there was a raised platform along the two sides of the pool room with seats for spectators. By this time Joe and Leo were both working with Hector.

In 1914, after several years as an alderman, Hector decided to run for the mayor's job and was elected as mayor. He was to be re-elected nine times in succeeding years, although not consecutively.[14] On August 3rd, Joe married Emma Morgan, a younger sister of Hector's wife, Delia.[15] Following the outbreak of World War I, Leo signed up in November 1914. He served overseas and was killed in action during the Battle of Vimy, on 9 April 1917.

By 1916 Hector McKinnon started easing himself out of the cigar store/billiard parlor. He purchased five acres where the Little League park is today. He moved an old livery stable building onto the property and told his wife that he would build her "a cabin."[16] She said she wouldn't move unless she had the same amenities as she had in their house on 6th Street, so he brought in water and electricity. Later he was to buy more acreage. The property was below Downie Street, down to the junction of the Columbia and Illecillewaet rivers. Hector started up the Standard Dairy, and shipped out the first milk in 1918. His good friend, A.P. "Pete" Levesque had the farm next door. Levesque ran the Union Hotel in Revelstoke and later the Arlington Hotel in Trail. Hector and Pete would often buy equipment together and share it.

When Hector and his family moved out to the farm, Joe and Emma moved from one of the apartments in the McKinnon Block to the house on 6th Street. Hector's son, Jimmy, lives in the same house today.

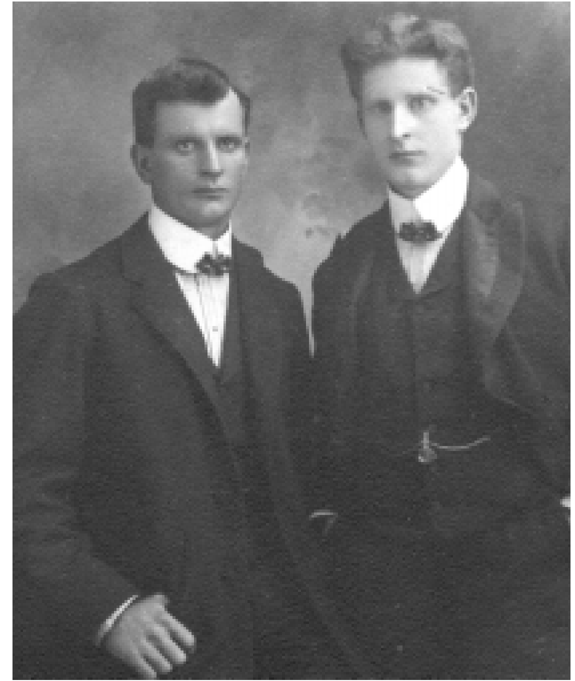
In March 1927 Hector McKinnon was appointed as the General Road Foreman for the Revelstoke Division.[17] This was a political appointment by the Liberal Provincial Government. As his son, Jimmy, said, when the Conservatives came into power he was out. The Conservatives were elected on 18 July 1928.

In September 1926[18] Pete Levesque had moved to Trail and Hector McKinnon was renting the Levesque barn. On 30 July th 1929 he was "…stacking hay in the barn when a sudden flame swept over the entrance through which exit was usually obtained. The mayor managed to find another way down into the lower part of the barn, …, only to find doors barred from the outside. He was compelled to retrace his steps through the blazing inferno and jump to the ground from an entrance into the loft, with flames eating at his clothing…"[19] He was found rolling in the grass to put out the flames. Medical help arrived almost immediately and he was taken to the hospital, but he was severely burned and succumbed to his burns on the 31st, at the age of fifty-one. He was survived by his widow Delia, Archie, aged twenty-two, Margaret eighteen, Mary fourteen, and Jimmy twelve.

Delia, and Archie carried on the Standard Dairy, but Archie was drowned in a swimming accident in August 1931 in another family tragedy.[20] After Jimmy finished his schooling he joined his mother in operating the dairy. Jimmy carried on in the dairy until 1968 when BC Hydro bought the farm because of rising waters from the High Arrow Dam. After that he acted as a Dairyland distributor. Delia passed away in October 1979, aged ninety-three.

In 1920 or 1921 Neil Colarch joined Joe in the cigar store/billiard parlor business. Joe and he ran the business as McKinnon and Colarch for many years. The business was open six days a week from 9 a.m. until 11 p.m. Joe worked until his wife, Emma, died in 1955. After that Neil Colarch brought his son, Joe, into the business. Joe McKinnon passed away in 1972 at the age of ninety. Joe did not receive the same attention in the newspapers as his brother Hector, but he was also very civic minded and involved in many volunteer activities, seeking election on one occasion. Emma and Joe had six children, Bernice, Leo, Billy, Donald, Tommy and Laverne.

The tokens are brass and measure 21 mm in diameter. They would have been introduced to provide small change, and maybe prizes, about 1912. The wear on most of them indicates that they were used for a number of years. They are one of the more common older tokens from Revelstoke. •



Hector, on the left, and Joe on the right. Both were red-head, Hector an auburn, dark red, but Joe was a carrot-top. (above)

Interior of the store, in the 1911 building. Joe is at the right behind the counter. (opposite)

Photos courtesy of Mrs. Laverne Knapik, Joe's youngest daughter

1925 and was re-elected for 1926, 1927, 1928 and 1929.

15. GR 2962 Vital Statistics, Marriage 14-07-154616, microfilm B11385.

16. This "cabin" was actually a fairly substantial log home. The family later moved it to another site when B.C. Hydro bought the farm.

17. Revelstoke Review, March 23, 1927, p. 1, the appointment took effect April 1, 1927

18. Revelstoke Review, Sep 1, 1926, p. 2

19. Revelstoke Review, July 31, 1929, p. 1

20. Revelstoke Review, Aug 14, 1931, p. 1 Archie and Johnnie Crawford were both drowned. Archie and another non-swimmer, Charles Cottrell, had gone beyond their depth. Cottrell managed to get back to shore and called Johnnie to help Archie. Johnnie was unable to save Archie and both drowned.

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

When Eagles Call.
Susan Dobbie. Vancouver, Ronsdale Press, 2003. 241 p. $19.95 paperback.

This historical novel is, in part, the story of a love affair between Kimo, an Hawaiian who signed a three year contract with the Hudson's Bay Company, and Rose, the daughter of a former servant, a French Canadien voyageur, and his native wife. Kimo arrived at Fort Langley just as the new fort was being built which indicates that the story is set between 1839 and 1842. Kimo is determined that when his contract expires he will return home and will not, as did so many of his countrymen, remain in fur trade country. But he has met Rose who has been resisting the efforts of her step father, Chief Neetlum, to find her a husband. Despite their growing friendship Kimo remains steadfast in his resolve. Then one day shortly before his contract expired, he sat by the Fraser River and saw an eagle swoop down, snatch a fish and fly off. But the fish dropped from the bird's talons and swam away. Kimo took this as a sign that the gods had spoken and that he had been given, as had the fish, a new life. So he remained in a new country and the love story had a happy ending.

But Susan Dobbie has attempted something much larger than a love story. She has attempted to describe two cultures and the effects of imperialism on the indigenous populations in Hawaii and in fur trade territory. Because this is a novel, she attempts to provide background through conversation between some of the characters. There is no doubt that there was great interest among the clerks and officers of the Hudson's Bay Company in affairs of state, but to have Rose discussing the clash between the fur and the settlement frontier with a former slave of the Kwantlen seems rather a stretch.

In her foreword, Dobbie declares that "every attempt has been made to remain truthful to the facts and the spirit of the time." She claims that this historical novel is based on the Hudson's Bay Company journals which she had access to at the Langley Centennial Museum. She is undoubtedly referring to a transcript of the original journal which covers events between 27 June 1827 and 30 July 1830. Some of the men who were at the fort appear in the novel. Chief Trader Yale is true to life, but Francis Annance left Fort Langley in 1830 and abandoned the fur trade in 1835, and Pierre Charles was sent to Fort Nisqually well before 1839.

But this is a novel which means the author has considerable licence. A more serious breach is the description of Rose as a girl who could read and write in English and French, having been taught by her Canadien father. The voyageurs, almost without exception, were illiterate. Most signed their contracts with an X. Unless they were dismissed by the Company, few voyageurs left the country.

An even more serious breach of the "spirit of the time" is Rose making an application at the fort and getting a job there. This is as improbable as Rose being literate. If the man in charge required help which women could provide, he would assign tasks to the wives of the men and recompense them with extra provisions.

A clearly drawn map shows the places on part of the lower Fraser named by the first Europeans. Unfortunately what is shown as Douglas Island did not receive that name until much later. All the islands in the river were named after McMillan, who led the founding expedition, and the clerks who accompanied him – Barnston, Manson, and Annance.

The Lekwiltok frequently terrorized their southern neighbours and in March of 1829 some of the fort people had an encounter with this hostile group. But an attack on the fort itself, as described in the novel, is highly unlikely. The source for this was probably B.A. McKelvie's history of Fort Langley. McKelvie did a great deal to romanticize British Columbia history, but is not a very reliable source if an author truly does wish to remain true to the "spirit of the time."

In spite of these quibbles, this work is an ambitious and interesting endeavour. Susan Dobbie has a way with words and there are many beautiful passages that read like poetry. The book is strikingly handsome. The title and author's name appear on a pale grey cover on which an eagle feather has drifted and lies diagonally across the page. In a one inch strip across the top, against a darker grey background, waving palm trees suggest Hawaii.

Morag MacLachlan *MacLachlan is the editor of The Fort Langley Journals, 1827-30.*

Trademarks and salmon art: a brand new perspective: a collective study on British Columbia salmon can labels, ca. 1890-1950.
Researchers/writers, Claudia Lorenz, Kathryn McKay. Editors/writers, Anna Ikeda, Kathi Lees. Richmond, Gulf of Georgia Cannery Society, 2002. 58 p., illus. $16 paperback.

I had great expectations of this book. I had hoped to learn something interesting about British Columbia business and marketing in the first half of the twentieth century, about how canned salmon was marketed, about changes in the organization of the salmon canning industry, about advertising practices, about the history of colour printing in British Columbia, or about the use of Canadian icons in advertising. But the book fails to achieve these goals.

The major part of the book is two student essays, one a history of BC salmon labels, the second a study of the images used in BC salmon labels. These were preceded by a chapter outlining the history of the Gulf of Georgia Cannery Society and followed by catalogue of an art exhibit held at the Gulf of Georgia Cannery, both of which seemed to have been included to add pages to the volume.

The most interesting part of the entire book are the four pages of plates providing colour examples of the salmon labels. But here too, there is disappointment, as many of the labels shown are not part of the collection of the Gulf of Georgia Cannery Society. This book is a good idea, perhaps next time someone will do it better.

Gordon Miller, *Pacific Biological Station, Nanaimo.*

A Touch of Strange; amazing tales of the coast.
Dick Hammond. Madeira Park, Harbour Publishing, 2002. 246 p., illus. $24.95 paperback.

This book of tales told to Dick Hammond by his father is what is called "a good read", particularly if you like

happenings out of the normal. What an unusual man that father must have been—a type of real-life Paul Bunyan.

The tales should be required reading for anyone who wishes to understand the British Columbia Coast. A large part of the enjoyment of the read is the insight given into the society of the 20th century on our coast, of a way of life that is gone. Also, there are countless insights into fishing and logging practices, the terrain of the coast, animals, the attidudes of residents to their habitats, which is surely one of the most challenging in Canada, that are in themselves fascinating.

There is more than a touch of strange here. Most characters are certainly unusual, often bordering on the bizarre. It is left to the reader how much to believe, to question, to marvel at, perhaps to dismiss as too far out. Part of the reading enjoyment is this challenge.

"Runaway!" tells all about the steam donkey, and details the incredible skill, bravery, confidence of an engineer in relating a near-incredible feat. A couple of stories are about over-confident Englishmen who were convinced their previous experiences in Africa and India, etc., would more than compensate for their lack of knowledge of the coast. How satisfying the outcomes, even if one happening resulted in Dick's father giving up guiding.

The most grisly tales are about snakes. Imagine a well full of snakes, plus a skeleton! Skulls feature in other stories. Hammond apparently had a gift for discovering human bones, skulls, etc. He found them not only in wells, but on beaches under boulders, in abandoned shacks. In one case he left a skeleton under a giant tree root undisturbed, "to be at peace". Also included are tales of unusual creatures. Who is to deny the truth of these, given the dense forests, deep waters? An octopus, twenty-two feet across, a jellyfish thirty-three feet in diameter, a thirty-eight pound ling cod? Stories of super-strong men, the loneliness of women in early days, all are vividly brought to life.

This book can be said to run the entire gamut of early coastal life. How fortunate these stories are now in print.

Kelsey MacLeod. *Kelsey MacLeod is a member of the Vancouver Historical Society, and volunteers at the Vancouver Maritime Museum.*

Eskimo Architecture: Dwelling and Structure in the Early Historic Period.

Molly Lee and Gregory Reinhardt. Fairbanks, University of Alaska Press and University of Alaska Museum. 216 p., illus., maps. $45 US hard cover.

There is more, much more to Inuit architecture than the famous igloo. Inthis comprehensive, extensively illustrated guide to Inuit architecture, the authors range through the Arctic from Greenland to Alaska. Drawing on a wealth of descriptions and illustrations from the accounts of various explorers and observers (including a wide range of photographs) that date from 1576 to now, as well as ethnographic and archaeological documentation, the authors assess tents, sod and stone houses, igloos, and the furnishings of these dwellings. The strength of the book, beyond its extensive descriptive sections, is a thoughtful summary chapter that analyzes the common characteristics and similarities of Inuit dwellings across the Arctic with thoughts on avenues for future research on classification of types, the role of gender, meaning and symbolism, energy requirements, subsistence, settlement and mobility, spatial analysis, and ethnographic details.

Intended for the specialist, the book will appeal to anyone with an interest in the Arctic and the Inuit. Scholarly, readable, this book takes first place as the best guide to Inuit architecture.

James P. Delgado, *James P. Delgado is the Executive Director, Vancouver Maritime Museum.*

If These Walls Could Talk; Victoria's Houses From the Past.

Valerie Green. Victoria: TouchWood Editions, 2001. 165 p., illus., $24.95 paperback.

In the late 1860's, John Wright, "the grandfather of West Coast architecture", moved to San Francisco with his business partner, George Sanders, after a brief, but prolific career in Victoria, B.C. For the next three decades Wright designed commercial buildings, churches, and elaborate houses for post-Gold Rush merchants and railroad barons. Unfortunately, the 1906 earthquake destroyed almost all of his famous buildings, and today there is very little evidence of his brilliant contribution to California architecture. We are fortunate indeed that at least seven Wright structures still remain in Victoria: four private homes and three public buildings: Fisgard Lighthouse (1859), the Congregation Emanuel (1863), and Angela College (1866).

The first city on the Canadian West Coast and its environs can boast of many heritage structures still extant. Valerie Green has included two of Wright's designs in *Victoria's Houses From the Past*: Point Ellice House (1863) and Fairfield House (1861). Among the 30 others, skillfully illustrated by Lynn Gordon-Findlay, are several magnificent houses by turn-of-the-century architect Samuel Maclure, and the first home in Oak Bay, built by former Hudson's Bay Company Chief Trader, John Tod, in 1850. Whether a humble log home in Oak Bay or a magnificent mansion in Rockland, Green blends anecdotes and historical facts that generously illustrate the social times and place.

One of my favourites is Captain Victor Jacobsen's Mansard style house, built on the Esquimalt waterfront in 1893. It was finished with ornate "gingerbread", decorative fish scale shingles, and a tower from which Jacobsen could watch the comings and goings of his sealing fleet—a delightful Victorian design melded with a beautiful and practical location.

Anyone owning one of the houses described by Green will treasure this book. If readers want to learn more about the architectural history of Victoria they will find useful references in the bibliography. Green mentioned to me recently that she has many more stories tell, and we look forward to another publication.

Marie Elliott. Marie Elliott is President of the Friends of the Provincial Archives.

Sojourning Sisters; the lives and letters of Jessie and Annie McQueen.

Jean Barman, ed.. Toronto, University of Toronto Press, 2003. 304 p., illus., maps. $50 hard cover.

In spite of herself, Jean Barman has given us a rattling good story. She claims repeatedly to be demonstrating the

domestication of Canada's western frontier, the role of gender and personal religion in the realization of a national dream, and the predominance of sisterhood's bonds and daughterhood's obligations in the lives of women of an earlier generation. And she does all this. But the thesis, significant though it is, takes second place to the story. Barman betrays her suspicion that this might happen with her opening sentences: "Two strong women have lived with me for a long time. They've hung around the house, woken me up in the middle of the night, become real nuisances. Tell our story, they say." So she tells it, protesting that "turning lives into stories in no way reduces our obligation to take the past seriously."

The two strong women, Jessie and Annie McQueen, youngest of six girls and one boy in a family firmly Scottish, Presbyterian and Nova Scotian, arrived in British Columbia during 1887-8 "in the wake of the trans-continental railroad". Barman explains, "They came to teach, considering that at the end of three years they would return home. They saw themselves as sojourners, having gone west temporarily, primarily for economic reasons. In the event, the sisters continued to make their lives between the two provinces until the second sister's death early in the Second World War." All that time,they wrote and received letters, over five hundred of them, a treasure trove which Barman has mined with rich historical results. Their sojourning in the western province divided into smaller sojournings - in the Nicola Valley, Kamloops, Campbell Creek, Salmon Arm, Rossland, the southeastern Kootenays, Salt Spring Island, Victoria - places which Barman shows not just as settings, but as societies to which "ordinary" people like Jessie and Annie contributed and with which they interacted. They were of course, not "ordinary" at all, and they differed markedly from each other in character and life story. Jessie, tiny, shy, dutiful, would have been the archetypal spinster were it not for her sparkle and sense of humour, and an inner strength, partly faith-based, which upheld her in relationships with other people of various ages, ethnic backgrounds, and personalities. Her most serious romance ended when her beau was horribly killed in a sawmill accident near Nicola Lake; the episode belongs in a poem by Patrick Lane - some workplaces never become "safe". But Jessie rebounded, and in my favourite chapter "Jessie in Charge", she buys a house, teaches under various trying and improvised conditions, and skates, sleds and cycles about Rossland with other youngish teachers and the inevitable clergymen, usually but not necessarily Presbyterian. Her reason for coming to British Columbia - the financial support of her parents and other needy family members - proved also the reason for leaving. Her career ended abruptly in 1900 when she returned to Nova Scotia to care for her mother and coincidentally to become everyone's favourite aunt.

Barman obviously likes Jessie better than Annie, but she cannot avoid giving Annie her due; this strong, energetic, self-assured character demands attention. Annie's marriage to James Gordon, soon after coming west, did not bring her the expected economic security. Their doomed furniture business moved them from Kamloops to Ontario and back again to a marginal ranch. In 1896 Jim became a sub-collector of customs, and over the next decade they and their three children moved from Salmon Arm to Trail, to Crow's Nest Landing, to Tobacco Plains, to Gateway, and finally in 1907 to Victoria. To Annie's chagrin, Jessie stopped accompanying them after Trail. But everywhere they went, Annie fought and bossed everyone in sight for the sake of what she considered best for herself and her family. After Jim's death in 1911, Annie broke through into a hyper-active career of public service, and in 1919 was appointed provincial director of the Homes Branch of the Soldier's Settlement Board. The men in their lives - their father, their brother, Annie's husband and the husbands of other sisters - were the weaker vessels. The sisters needed physical and spiritual strengths, and skills with such homely tools as the sewing machine. Thanks to Barman, we know what they read and who their neighbours were, and what they thought of both books and neighbours.

This book invites and rewards a second reading. It also inspires quotation, for instance, this from Barman's concluding "Reflections": "More than any other factor, it was the difficulty of making a living, for themselves and for their families, that caused the major transitions in Annie's and Jessie's lives. Whether in Nova Scotia, British Columbia, or Ontario, where Annie briefly lived, it was extraordinarily hard, the sisters' experiences testify, for ordinary families to survive financially. Time and again, Jessie and Annie uprooted themselves, and those around them, for no other reason than basic human survival. If the McQueens, who possessed a reasonable education and a strong moral ethic, had such difficulties, then what happened to so many other families across Canada during these years? I don't have any answers except to suggest that examination of more such everyday lives might draw out larger issues that continue to agitate us into the present day."

Phyllis Reeve *Phyllis Reeve pioneers on Gabriola Island.*

Fields of Fire: The Canadians in Normandy.

Terry Copp. University of Toronto Press, 2003. 344 p., illus. $40 hard cover.

In his admirable new book, *Fields of Fire*, Professor Terry Copp, co-director of the Laurier Centre for Military, Strategic and Disarmament Studies, has produced a penetrating new study of the performance, and effectiveness, of the Canadian Army in the months following "D-Day". The Allied landings on the Normandy Coast which began on 6 June 1944 are now personally remembered by a diminishing group of survivors, and this book uses material from interviews and diaries with telling effect. There is much more to it than that, however, as the author has assembled an entirely convincing mosaic of records, signals, photographs, reports and other narratives into a flawless exposition of his new interpretation of the campaign.

Copp's formidable book challenges

the conventional view that the Canadian contribution to the Battle of Normandy was a "failure", in the sense that the battle was won only by the brute force of the Allies and the attrition of German forces. The old view has been that Canadian soldiers (who were all volunteers, a "citizens' army") were amateurish and essentially incompetent. Copp's research into fine details of the campaign produces in his pages a tapestry every bit as intriguing as that other famous military tapestry, at Bayeux, which depicts an invasion in the other direction. In 1944 Bayeux figured prominently in the Canadian advance, Canadian forces there received much more than arrows. But it took only seventy-six days for the German forces in France to be totally defeated. Copp's book, which has 267 pages of text and a remarkable seventy-seven pages of notes, sources, indices and other reference material, follows the action in minute detail. At times this slows the narrative almost to a standstill, and although the book is written for the general reader it will appeal especially to military enthusiasts, if not devotees. By the very nature of the subject, abbreviations abound, and the reader must soon adapt to the jargon of SPs, PIATs, FOOs, Dog Company and the Firefly which killed two Panthers, etc. Almost the only weakness of the book is the scanty supply of maps, of which there are only a dozen, most of them half-page size. The photographs, by contrast, are excellent.

The book also contains a cogent review of the effectiveness of air-power and the unfortunate lack of sympathy between those commanders in favour of the tactical, as distinct from strategic, application of it.

Copp's concluding paragraph says: "*The Canadian citizen army that fought in the Battle of Normandy played a role all out of proportion to its relative strength among the Allied Armies. This was especially true within 21 Army Group, where due to a mixture of Canadian pride and the British desire to limit their own casualties, Canadian divisions were required to fight more often than their British counterparts. . . Perhaps it is time to recognize the extraordinary achievements that marked the progress of the Canadians across Normandy's fields of fire.*" His book will remain the definitive source for evidence in favour of that, and all Canadians should support it.

Mike Higgs *Mike Higgs is a retired C.P. Air pilot.*

The Heavens are Changing: nineteenth-century Protestant missions and Tsimshian Christianity.
Susan Neylan. Montreal & Kingston, McGill-Queen's University Press, 2003. 401 p., illus. $75 hard cover.

Susan Neylan's study of Tsimshian Christianity in the nineteenth century is an interesting and innovative contribution to the BC historical literature. She offers a close survey of the missionization of BC's north coast during the last half of the nineteenth century, and particularly examines how the Tsimshian received new ideas and shaped them to their own values and goals while at the same time re-working ideas from their own religious practices and the material conditions of their lives.

Neylan begins with a summary of indigenous Tsimshian religious ideas, emphasizing a tradition of actively seeking spiritual experiences and openness to accepting new religious ideas from other groups (such as the secret societies that came to the Tsimshian from the Heiltsuk). She has relied heavily on a structuralist model of Tsimshian religion that is viewed with some scepticism by specialists, but the overview she provides is useful nonetheless. There are a few odd gaps — Neylan indicates (p. 151) that "the concept of 'sin' was a revolutionary idea, with no apparent parallels in 'traditional' Tsimshian culture" but she has overlooked the possibility that the Tsimshian concepts of hawa|k (taboo; violation of sacred laws) or witchcraft might have been worth examining in this regard.

Neylan then proceeds to interrogate the perspective of evangelical Protestantism that was brought to the north coast, and the way that the the missionaries wrote about their project to transform the Tsimshian. This is the strongest section of the book and a significant contribution, even though there have been several previous books on aspects of this encounter. There is excellent detail in the discussion of how missionaries promulgated ideas to contest Tsimshian uses of time and space (both domestic and public), and good coverage of gender and class issues. Neylan considers themes of resistance and points out jostling among players in the mission scene, including Tsimshian evangelicals. In an epilogue she reviews the themes of power and religious identity and how indigenized Christianity and reliance on scriptural authority became part of Tsimshian religious identity without undermining commitments to the land and aboriginal values.

Neylan has been assiduous in locating letters and journals from early converts that reveal details of the experiences and perspectives of indigenous missionaries, and has put these to good purpose in balancing narratives from non-Tsimshian missionaries and government documents. It is refreshing to read the words of nineteenth century Tsimshian people who identified the inconsistencies between colonial land policies and Christian ideals. "Did you ever see a Christian take land from another Christian and sell it, not letting him know anything about it?" (Clah, in 1883, cited by Neylan at page 276). Any British Columbian historian will recognize the irony of this straight-forward question in contrast to the convoluted logic employed by government agents of the era to justify land grabs.

I have some quibbles with Neylan's under-critical use of ethnography, and also found a number of errors in translations of the Tsimshian language - and I found the absolute certitude with which she writes about the language disconcerting given the number of errors she makes. Of course, very few readers have the specialized knowledge to realize that max|yets'ü does not in fact literally mean 'out-potlatch' as Neylan firmly asserts on page 119; in fact, this word literally means 'to club someone over the head,' and the 'outpotlatch' usage is metaphoric. Similarly, on page 120 Neylan sounds authoritative in correcting an early source: "'Sudalth,' translated by Crosby as 'new woman' although it means something

closer to 'dear woman.' – except that Neylan is wrong, the translation given by Crosby a century ago is correct (su- is a prenominal meaning 'new,' and the root means 'lady.' Similarly, she asserts that in the term lüpleet "an entirely new label was devised for categorizing this post-contact type of spiritual leader," (31), when in fact this is a borrowing (from French, la prêtre, probably via Chinook Jargon). These are admittedly small mistakes with respect to an obscure language, but this sort of error should have been caught – if not by the press editors then by external readers, or (since this is a reworked dissertation) by examiners. Or at least the author should learn the judicious use of 'weasel words' like "seems, might, and apparently.'

Despite the quibbles that I've identified, this is a fine contribution and one that I recommend to readers. Throughout, Neylan displays an awareness of the political implications of the mission context, and explores the ways that Tsimshian people negotiated their roles in the face of accelerating changes in their communities. British Columbian historians will find this volume a useful source for its methodological and theoretical ideas as well as for the substantive content.

Margaret Seguin Anderson. *Margaret Seguin Anderson is Professor of First Nations Studies, University of Northern British Columbia*

Undelivered Letters to Hudson's Bay Company Men on the Northwest Coast of America, 1830-57.

Judith Hudson Beattie and Helen M. Buss, eds. Vancouver: UBC Press, 2003. 497 pp. illus. $85 hard cover, $34.95 paperback.

All of the essence of this book comes from a file of dead letters. But there is, nonetheless, a great deal of historical life that comes down to us. These are outward bound letters, intended for servants of the Gentlemen Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay. For one reason or another these epistles, great and small, major and minor, never reached their destination, and by and large the authors of these letters come from the more minor ranks and occupations of such servants. All this, however, redounds to the benefit of historical scholarship, for we learn much of the mentality and the culture of early Victorian Britain through the words of those often humble folk who wrote these letters. The editors have done heroic and diligent service in bringing this book into print, replete with handsome illustrations and many learned notations. Three maps provide aid for the quizzical on HBC routes round Cape Horn, the origins of men on the ships, men at the posts and emigrant labourers, the origins of the voyageurs and some Hudson's Bay Company posts, and, more predictably, Hudson's Bay Company operations on the west coast during the dates in question. If the letters themselves tend to be matter of fact and of a routine nature it is pleasing that so many photographic illustrations have been provided—thirty-eight in number—and many of these are segments of the letters, a useful thing for someone studying handwriting of the period. There are a few items here for the philatelist, too, notably the cancelled Penny Black, then recently introduced as a stamp.

The student of Northwest Coast history will find a trawl through this collection to be of possible value, for he or she might unearth a nugget or jewel. Then again, it may be a lottery. But one thing is certain we now know a lot more about the social construct of the families connected with those distant family members who worked for the HBC. Many were adequately educated, benefiting from public and church schools of the Britain of the era. Those who could not write trusted their kin to pass on messages—and to keep the lines of communication open. One of the remaining historical areas for research for this period is a communications history — that is, how and in what way were messages (and mail) passed. Given the fact that the mouth of the Columbia River and the posts north were half a world away by sea as by land from the mother country the factor of time played a remarkable role in the perceived isolation of the area. And yet the world functioned as well as the communications system of post would allow. The isolation was not so much geographical as chronological.

I found the layout of this book confusing and disappointing. I should have thought a good catalogue of the various letters would have been useful right at the beginning. Each of the letters could have been listed by a number, too, a number corresponding to where they appear at a later stage. I would further have placed all editorial and introductory remarks that preface each of the letters in italics — to differentiate such remarks from the text of the letter in question. I would further have placed any such notes that are connected to the letter in question on the same page as the letter in question. We need desperately to come back to the use of footnotes, and there is no reason in the world why they cannot be placed as such — at the bottom of the page where we serious researchers can readily consult them. All the ancillary details that are consigned to appendixes should likewise have been placed as footnotes (and cross-referenced when necessary).

Barry Gough *Wilfrid Laurier University.*

Tong: The Story of Tong Louie, Vancouver's Quiet Titan.

E.G. Perrault. Madeira Park, Harbour Publishing, 2002, 192 p., illus. $39.95 hard cover.

E.G. Perrault's handsome and substantial commissioned biography of Vancouver businessman Tong Louie is really two books. The first is an interesting social history of Vancouver's Chinese community, focusing on Louie's father Hok Yat, who built a substantial wholesale grocery business (the H.Y. Louie Company) despite the overt racism of the first half of the 20th century, and his eleven children. The second is a rather conventional business biography of Tong Louie himself. Although the motivational and inspirational tone of the latter diminished its value to me, the book has been well-received and won the Haig-Brown Regional Prize at the 2003 B.C. Book Prizes.

In his twenties and married in the late 1890s, Hok Yat Louie left his village near Guangzhou and journeyed alone to Victoria. He paid the fifty dollar head tax and went to work, but soon moved to Vancouver

where, he reasoned, there was more chance of getting ahead. Around 1900, he leased farmland along the Fraser River near Boundary Road and grew vegetables which he hauled by wagon each day to Chinatown. Passing the time along the way, he taught himself English and soon became one of the few young Chinese men who could act as an intermediary with Vancouver's white residents and businesses. About 1905, he opened a wholesale grocery and farm supply store near Carrall and Pender which grew rapidly in spite of setbacks as he moved beyond the Chinese ghetto and began to compete with the Malkins and Kellys who dominated the Vancouver grocery-supply business. In 1911 he took a second wife, while continuing to send money to China to support his first wife and parents; his second son, born in 1914, was named Tong.

The book engagingly describes Tong's youth, growing up ambitious in Chinatown and attending UBC, then gradually taking over the business from his older brother after their father died in 1934. After the Second World War, Tong really came into his own as a businessman, and the text charts his development of the IGA grocery stores and, later, the London Drugs empire. By the time of his death in 1998, he was a revered businessman and philanthropist.

The book presents a lot of general Vancouver and Chinese-Canadian history that has been published elsewhere, useful to many readers but giving the book a slightly "padded" feeling, and I wish there were notes on sources of some of the historical material. I found the family photographs (curiously without any photos of Tong's wife Geraldine and their children together) and some of the anecdotes to be the best part of the book. My favorite concerned the efforts of Vancouver alderman Halford Wilson and some Kerrisdale residents to stop Chinese families from moving into the Dunbar-Southlands area in 1941; I'd known this story for years, but hadn't realized it was Tong and Geraldine Louie's purchase of 5810 Highbury that spawned the protest.

Michael Kluckner *Michael Kluckner is the author of many books on Vancouver.*

A Man and His Century; Gerald Smedley Andrews, 1903- .

Mary E. Andrews and Doreen J. Hunter. Victoria, BC, 2003. 56 p., illus. $12.95 paperback.

"The Member from Atlin... is present!" At the Annual General Meeting of the B.C. Historical Federation, (wherever it is held) the order of business commences with a roll-call of the Federation societies in alphabetical order - and their representatives who might be present. Right near the top comes the call for the member representing the Atlin Historical Society, and for several years in the past the response "Present" was given by Gerald S. Andrews.

While not now representing Atlin formally or informally - he had a summer home there - he does have a somewhat wider constituency - that of the past One Hundred Years. In this delightful memoir, his daughter Mary Andrews and her colleague, Doreen Hunter, have presented in capsule form a look at the life and some of the times of the longest serving Surveyor General of British Columbia, who was, among many other activities, a teacher, a forester, an engineer, artist, author and a Past President of the B.C. Historical Federation. Aspects of all of the above are touched on in this memoir along with his pioneering work in aerial photogrammetry.

For those who landed on the Normandy beaches in 1944, their way was mapped by Gerry Andrews and his aerial team; for those who today traverse B.C. and the rest of Canada using the maps of the country, their directions too were laid out by Gerry Andrews.

The book is fascinatingly illustrated with photos (stretching over most of the century) and artwork, some from Gerry's own hand. It covers the essential aspects of his very varied life, both in Canada and abroad; Mary Andrews covering her father's personal life and Doreen Hunter presenting the technical sides, both narratives melding in an almost seamless text.

There is much to be learned and appreciated in this account of the life of a pioneer of British Columbia, one who boundlessly loves the land and all its peoples, one who is still with us.

Leonard G. McCann, *Curator Emeritus, Vancouver Maritime Museum*

NOTEWORTHY BOOKS

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

Bent Props and Blow Pots; a pioneer remembers Northern bush flying. Rex Terpening. Madeira Park, Harbour Publishing, 2003. $36.95

Born to Die; a cop killer's final message. Ian Macdonald and Betty O'Keefe. Surrrey, Heritage House, 2003. $16.95

Cassiar; a jewel in the wilderness. Suzanne LeBlanc. Prince George, Caitlin Press, 2003. $19.95

Edenbank; the history of a Canadian pioneer farm. Oliver N. Wells. Madeira Park, Harbour Publishing, 2003. $36.95.

A Fatherly Eye; Indian agents, government power and aboriginal resistance in Ontario, 1918-1939. Robin Jarvis Brownlie. Toronto, Oxford University Press, 2003. $29.95.

Frigates and Foremasts; the North American squadron in Nova Scotia waters, 1745-1815. Julian Gwyn. Vancouver, UBC Press, $75 hard cover; $27.95 paperback.

From the Wheelhouse; tugboaters tell their own stories. Doreen Armitage. Madeira Park, Harbour Publishing, 2003. $39.95

Harvesting the Fraser; a history of early Delta. Terrence Philips. Delta Museum and Archives, 2003. 2nd ed. $20

High Boats; a century of salmon remembered. Pat Wastell Norris. Madeira Park, Harbour Publishing, 2003. $32.95 .

Hub City, Nanaimo, 1886-1920. Jan Peterson. Surrey, Heritage House, 2003. $19.95.

Living on the Edge; Nuu-Chah-Nulth history from an Ahousaht Chief's perspective. Chief Earl Maquinna George. Winlaw, BC, Sono Nis, 2003. $19.95

McGowan's War. Donald J. Hauka. Vancouver, New Star Books, 2003. $24

Old Langford; an illustrated history, 1850 to 1950. Maureen Duffus. Victoria, The Author, $25

The Oriental Question; consolidating a white man's province, 1914-41. Patricia E. Roy. Vancouver, UBC Press, 2003. $85 hard cover; $29.95 paperback.

The Remarkable World of Frances Barkley, 1769-1845. Beth Hill, with Cathy Converse. Victoria, TouchWood Editions, 2003. $18.95

Spirit Dance at Meziadin; Chief Joseph Gosnell and the Nisga'a treaty. Alex Rose. Madeira Park, Harbour Publishing, 2003. $21.95

The Story of Hudson's Hope to 1945. M.A. Kyllo. Salmon Arm, The Author, 2003. $25

Terrace, Incorporated in 1927. 75 years of growth. Terrace Regional Historical Society, 2003.

Vancouver's Glory Years; public transit, 1890-1915. Heather Conn and Henry Ewert. North Vancouver, Whitecap Books, 2003. $45

When Coal was King; Ladysmith and the Coal-mining Industry on Vancouver Island. Vancouver, UBC Press, 2003. $85

WebSite Forays

viHistory.ca

Christopher Garrish

For those able to attend the Federation's upcoming Annual Conference being held in Nanaimo this May, a very interesting seminar to be hosted by Dr. Patrick Dunae of Malaspina's University-College's History Department has been scheduled.

The focus of Dr. Dunae's presentation is to be on viHistory.ca, a relatively new internet-based resource whose primary objective has been to facilitate research into the history of Vancouver Island (hence the "vi" in the web address; www.viHistory.ca). The site works by using several large databases derived from 19th century census records, directories, and tax assessment rolls that researchers can easily access.

In approaching the site as simply a curious visitor rather than dedicated Island researcher, I have to say that I was struck by the sheer ambition of the project. In terms of presenting students of British Columbia history with access to free, pure, unadulterated statistical data, unshackled from any secondary interpretation or analysis is truly laudable. What is even more impressive is that Dr Dunae's Conference seminar will address the possibility of creating a "digital quilt of census records for other regions in the province."

As an example of the information that can be accessed via the site, a dataset of the 1881 Census (the second decennial Census of Canada, and the first to include British Columbia) that had been preserved by the National Archives of Canada was transcribed from microform in 1990 and turned into a useable database. This database was subsequently refined over the years and, in 2001-2002, fitted with a searchable on-line interface consisting of a search engine and query forms that allowed data to be retrieved and viewed as it had originally been recorded.

What I was unaware of was that at the time of the 1881 Census, British Columbia was divided into five census districts which generally corresponded with existing federal electoral districts. Of these five districts, District No. 190 (Victoria) and District No. 191 (Vancouver) covered the geographical area of Vancouver Island (with the exception of the north end of the Island which was included in District No. 187 - New Westminster).

Searching the databases of these two Districts is a fairly straightforward process. There is a "Basic" or "Advanced" form that can be selected to sift through the information based on the criteria you choose to enter. The site is very user friendly in that an excellent "How it works" section accessible from via the main page by selecting the "About" link.

Accordingly, by following the directions provided, I attempted to view the occupations of people in 1881 that inhabited the same road in Victoria that I live on now; Hillside Avenue. After a few attempts with nothing to show for my efforts, I decided to quickly reference the "viMaps" section of the site only to realize that the city did not extend much beyond Bay Street at that time.

Employing a different tack, I decided to explore something I had come across on a page that provided a "dynamic list of all occupations recorded by enumerators" – a useful tool that assists in the navigation of the data. In 1881, a Mr Ah Sig, age thirty-four from China is listed as an Opium Manufacturer in the Johnson Street Ward of Victoria. Further reading revealed how the City Directory for Victoria in 1882 can be used in conjunction with the 1881 Census data to reveal the degree of anti-Chinese sentiment present in Victoria at this time. To quote the site; "advertisements placed in the directory by Kurtz & Co. emphasized their cigars were manufactured by 'white labor;' and all cigar makers identified in the directory appear to be 'white.' But the census indicates the presence of many Chinese cigar makers in Victoria."

Another interesting feature of the site is the ability of visitors to use the "Correct" and "Send Corrections Feature," which are accessible via the main page, to correct any errors that might have been contained in the original census data. According to Dr Dunae, and as stated on the site; "inevitably, errors were made when information was first recorded and when it was later transcribed," and the best "eyes" in catching these mistakes have been genealogists looking for family names and finding the errors in the process. So far, several hundred records have been corrected from information sent by viHistory users and, as a result, the site now has the cleanest, most authoritative census dataset in Canada.

In terms of other future applications that the site is seeking to provide to researchers that I found most interesting is an Historical GIS (Geographic Information System) of Victoria and Vancouver Island. Work on this aspect of the site is on-going and definitely worth keeping your eye on.

For those of you who will be attending the Conference and wish to participate in Dr Dunae's session on viHistory.ca, the seminar has been scheduled for 10:40am to 12pm on May 7. •

Vancouver Island & a portion of the mainland of British Columbia
From Maria Lawson & Rosalind Watson Young, *A History and Geography of British Columbia*
Toronto: The Educational Book Co. Ltd., 1913.

Archives & Archivists

Edited by Sylvia Stopforth
Librarian & Archivist, Norma Marion Alloway Library, Trinity Western University

The Archives Association of British Columbia

By Erwin Wodarczak, pesident of the AABC

The Archives Association of British Columbia (AABC) represents both archivists and archival institutions across British Columbia. At its core, the AABC is committed to helping to preserve British Columbia's documentary heritage. It does this by offering both courses and advisory services; providing a wide range of free conservation services; and by developing and maintaining various Internet-based resources. The Association also distributes grants to archival institutions. These grants, plus our three core programmes _ the Education and Advisory Service, the Archival Preservation Service, and the Archival Network Service _ are primarily funded from sources outside the AABC. Unfortunately for the AABC, its members, and ultimately all those who use archives in the course of their work, such funding sources are no longer as reliable as they were a few years ago.

Until 2001 the government of British Columbia, through the provincial archives, funded a community archives programme which supported both the AABC's activities and archives around the province. The Community Archives Assistance Program (CAAP) made funds available to community archives, while the Community Archives Advisory and Training Program (CAAT) allowed the AABC to attract matching funding from the federal government though the Canadian Council of Archives, which together paid for its core programmes.

In August 2001 the provincial government announced the immediate cancellation of these two programmes. An intensive campaign by the British Columbia archival community did lead to the reinstatement of most of CAAT's funding for 2001/02, allowing the AABC to meet its CCA matching funding obligations for that year. However, since then no new grant programme has been established. The government's response to our repeated requests has been to insist that archives must either find alternate sources of funding from within their communities or rely more on their volunteers. Many community archives already depend on volunteer efforts to operate—as does the AABC—and to ask them to take on more responsibility would not be sustainable in the long run. As for finding alternate sources of funding, the Association has made efforts to do so—for example, we now solicit advertising for our Web, and a fund-raising plan is being considered—but we have yet to find a source that could substantially replace either CAAT or CAAP.

The future of our remaining federal monetary support, administered by the CCA, is also becoming uncertain. The federal government is reviewing all of its grant programmes, and the CCA's financial assistance programmes are currently being scrutinized as part of that process. Currently, the AABC distributes CCA grant monies applied for by institutional members. Also, the Association has over the years funded its services with money from the CCA. Finally, both the Association and its institutional members are eligible for funding under the Canadian Archival Information Network (CAIN).

By themselves, CCA funds are not enough to support the AABC's education, preservation, and network services. Since 2002 the Association has had to cut these back, and dip into its financial reserves to cover the costs of even these reduced programmes. Even worse, CCA funding for 2004/05 was cut by 20% compared to the previous year. This forced the AABC to spend even more of its financial reserves than had been planned in order to both pay for its core programmes and have enough grant money left over for institutional members. As for CAIN, none of the projects applied for by AABC or institutions in B.C. for 2003/04 were approved. CAIN is also being evaluated as part of the federal government's programme review.

Users of archives–historians, genealogists, and professional researchers–are affected by these fiscal and political pressures on the province's archival community. Reduced funding will lead inevitably to reduced access to archival materials. B.C.'s archival community needs the active support of users and patrons of archives in order to survive. For more background on the elimination of the provincial grant programmes, see the Fall 2001 AABC Newsletter <http://aabc.bc.ca/aabc/newsletter/11_4/default.htm>. To request their reinstatement, please write to your local MLA and to the minister responsible, the Honourable George Abbott, Minister of Community, Aboriginal, and Women's Services, PO Box 9042, STN PROV GOVT, Victoria, BC, V8W 9E2. Our call for public support for CAIN is on-line at <http://aabc.bc.ca/aabc/cainsupport.html>. To voice your support for CAIN and other CCA programmes, please write to your local MP and to the minister responsible, the Honourable Hélène Chalifour Scherrer, Minister of Canadian Heritage, Room 511-S, House of Commons, Ottawa ON, K1A 0A6.

New Head for the City of Vancouver Archives

On 8 January 2004 Reuben Ware was appointed Vancouver City Archivist and Director of the Archives and Records Division. Since 1980 he has fostered and built programmes in records management and archives for provincial and municipal governments and a variety of cultural institutions. He began with the Provincial Archives of British Columbia as archivist responsible for records relating to natural resources and the environment. Later he was Director of Records Management and led the early development of British Columbia's *ARCS (Administrative Records Classification System).* As Deputy Provincial Archivist for British Columbia, from 1989 to 1991, he promoted the establishment of the Community Archives Assistance Program, a provincial grants programme that helped support the development of British Columbia's network of archives. Reuben also worked on early drafts of the municipal records classification system that became the British Columbia Local Government Manager's Association standard for British Columbia.

From 1991 to 1995, he was Director of Nova Scotia Records Management and

Miscellany

developed a records management system similar to BC's; this was Nova Scotia *STAR/STOR (Standard for Administrative Records/Standard for Operational Records.* These integrated records retention schedule and classification systems have served as models for New Brunswick, Saskatchewan and Prince Edward Island.

He served as Harvard University Records Manager with the Harvard University Archives from 1996 to 1999, and he oversaw the final development of the *Harvard General Records Schedule* and successfully promoted and assisted the establishment of Harvard Medical School's records and archives programme. As a volunteer and consultant, he assisted the San Antonio Symphony and the McNay Art Museum in San Antonio, Texas, to establish archives and records retention schedules. He was also Records Manager for the City of Austin, Texas. More recently, he served as a volunteer archivist helping the Canadian Canoe Museum in Peterborough, Ontario to establish an archives.

As Vancouver City Archivist, Reuben will be directing the Corporate Records Project. This project will inventory all City records, develop a standard records classification system, and implement it for both paper and electronic records through the City's departments. Successful completion of this project will provide a foundation for enhancing the City's records management practices. It will also prepare the City for effective use of future electronic records and document management systems.

"The exciting thing for me, Reuben said, "is the honour of being appointed City Archivist for Vancouver. The City of Vancouver Archives has had a long and rich tradition since its establishment in 1933 and it is one of the best municipal archives anywhere. I am grateful for the chance to serve this community and to have the opportunity to make a contribution to this tradition of excellence." •

Islands of British Columbia 2004: An Interdisciplinary Exploration
Conference Announcement and Call for Papers

This summer, Arts Denman will be hosting an interdisciplinary conference on "the Islands of B.C.", and invites all interested researchers, scholars and islanders to consider presenting their ideas and explorations on the subject.

"Islands of British Columbia 2004: An Interdisciplinary Exploration" will be held August 20, 21 & 22, 2004 on Denman Island. The conference will provide a forum in which researchers, scholars and islanders can explore the past, present and future of island communities of people, plants, animals, the interrelationships between those communities, and the distinctive qualities of islands. The main theme areas are: Island Histories, Island Cultures, Social Issues Affecting Islands, and Island Environments.

For more information on presenting a paper and/or attending the conference, go to: <www.denmanisland.com/conference/index.htm> •

Winnifred Ariel Weir was awarded the Order of British Columbia in 1999, and the Queen's Golden Jubilee medal in 2003

Winnifred Ariel Weir of Invermere

Winnifred Ariel Weir of Invermere passed away on 3 February 2004 at age ninety-five. Winn was born in Cranbrook, went to Invermere as a teacher in 1929 and married in 1932. She was a leader in her community and district with a keen appreciation of history. For 19 years she was editor of the local weekly, *The Valley Echo* and had bylines in the *Vancouver Province* and *Sun, Calgary Herald* and other Kootenay newspapers. She wrote ***Tales of the Windermere*** in 1980, spearheaded the formation of the Windermere Valley Museum, and sat on the board of the British Columbia Historical Association for a number of years. •

2003 Best Article Award

The decision is in. After careful deliberation of the shortlist the jury has chosen Baille-Grohman's Diversion (Vol.36 No. 4) by R.J. Welwood as the best article published in British Columbia Historical News for the year 2003.

The jury commented that "the article was well written and reflected considerable research. It explores one man's dogged pursuit of his vision which, eventually, not only made history but also changed a landscape. Baillie-Grohman certainly deserves to be recognized as a unique pioneer who changed the course, not only of two waterways but also British Columbia history."

Our congratulations to Ron Welwood!

Feedback on the name change proposal for *British Columbia Historical News*

A Chicken Oath in Prince George

Editor's Note: The Fall 2003 (Vol.36 No.4) issue of British Columbia Historical News included a small item by Ron Greene concerning the use of the Chicken Oath in British Columbia's courtrooms. A small addendum to the story appeared last issue and now Mrs. Daphne Baldwin of Victoria adds to the story of this odd oath.

Does anyone else have a story on this oath or others used in British Columbia courtrooms?

My late husband, George W. Baldwin QC joined the law firm of Wilson, King and Fretwell in October 1954, having been recently called to the bar. His principal, Peter Wilson, Q.C. was city prosecutor for Prince George at that time and daily attended Magistrate's Court. Whenever he was unable to do so my husband took his place. One day he returned home to tell me about an interesting happening which had taken place.

It would probably be 1955 or 1956 in Magistrate Court in front of Lay Magistrate P.J. Moran. There was some case involving two Chinese Canadians, one of whom refused to continue unless he could swear by the Chicken Oath, all of this through an interpreter. This was agreed to and arrangements made. A chicken was procured and the matter proceeded satisfactorily until the chicken managed to escape and flapped around losing feathers as various people tried to catch it. The Magistrate shouted "Stop them. Stop them." and the interpreter threw up his hands crying " everyone crazy - judge crazy, witness crazy."

I'm sorry that I cannot be more informative but I thought this might be enough to show that the Chicken Oath was actually used much later than had been stated. •

In the last issue of the *News* the President, Jacqueline Gresko asked for opinions regarding the proposed name change for this publication. Many member societies and individuals responded and those opinions follow below.

The matter of a name change has been added to the agenda of the AGM in Nanaimo.

"*British Columbia History* is an appropriate title."

"I agree a name change is desirable and *British Columbia History* is fine too."

"...we agree that *British Columbia History* would be much better. *BC Historical News* sounds like it is only about news items that are for those in the historical field..."

"An updating of the title in no way adversely reflects on the founders, contributors or accomplishments of the *News.*"

"We strongly support this change and are surprised it has not been made before."

"...the name *British Columbia History* is an excellent choice for the Federation's journal. I think the current name does not really reflect the content of the journal and the new name sounds professional and congruent with the content."

"I strongly support the proposed title change of the Federation's quarterly to *British Columbia History*."

"...this is my personal vote for *British Columbia History* succinct and to the point for either an academic or just someone interested in history..."

"For what it's worth I prefer *British Columbia History*. As a compromise, I guess *BC Historical Quarterly* would be alright, but the former is more pithy, than the latter."

"The new name of *British Columbia History* makes sense to me. People will know what they are purchasing at the news stand."

"...it has been a long standing tradition for such a worthy publication and is known as the above, it is difficult to make a transition. Could an amendment be made to the motion to read, to keep as such but add, "and History!" I realize that most of the content are articles pertaining to history."

"I like the name *British Columbia Historical News*. It is a clear title. I see no need to change it. Sure it is more than just News. It is as stated on the cover and the front page, the "Journal of the British Columbia Historical Federation." It serves us well, has served us well and will serve us well in the future."

"I do not accept the name of our journal should be changed for the frivolous reasons that have been offered so far. Keep it for history and good sense."

"Let's have this under New Business at the AGM in Nanaimo—and **not** decided by a minority representational group—ie the Board/Council"

This letter is about the Executive's decision to change the name of this journal to *British Columbia History* starting with the winter issue and its plans to continue publishing a "newsletter" in addition to the journal. I am against such a name change and not in favour of continuing the "newsletter."

Few members of Member Societies have actually seen a copy of the Federation's "newsletter." Right now the "newsletter" is no more than an information sheet for the Boards of Member Societies. The Federation sends one or two copies to these societies, hoping that they will help copying and distributing the Federation's "newsletter" among their members. The results are not encouraging. The alternative, mailing the "newsletter" directly to thousands of individual addresses of members is not realistic. So the distribution of the "newsletter" is doomed to remain stunted.

British Columbia Historical News on the other hand reaches all Member Societies, all members of the historical societies in Nanaimo, Port Alberni, Victoria, and Vancouver, and hundreds more inside and outside the Federation, including subscribers and other members of the public, who should know about the Federation and its objectives but are ignored by the "newsletter."

In the past, Member Societies were satisfied with the way Federation information was covered in *BC Historical News.* If there is a need at all, more Federation and Member Society information and news items could easily be accommodated between the covers of the journal. Furthermore, the potentials of the Federation's attractive Web site as a means of communication have not yet been explored and exploited.

In the excitement about the "newsletter" it is easy to forget that by removing news items and Federation news from *BC Historical News,* the journal loses not only its role as voice of the Federation but also part of its attraction to some members and potential new subscribers of Member Societies. That is dangerous at this time when keeping present subscribers and finding new ones is crucial as the journal is no longer supported by grants from Heritage Trust.

As the main rationale of the name change Ron Welwood (37/1) states that because a new "newsletter" has been created, the word "News" in the title of the journal could lead to confusion. I think that if the "newsletter" is to remain, simply giving it a different name would take care of that imaginary problem. After all, the flagship should not have to be renamed because its name has been bestowed upon a dinghy.

I sincerely hope that these matters will be raised and discussed at the AGM in Nanaimo.

Fred Braches, former editor of *British Columbia Historical News*

"I would also be quite happy with the alternative he [Fred] suggests and would not be upset if we change to *British Columbia History*."

"Please yourselves."

"Beaver magazine recently went through a similar process as some wanted a more "modern" name however, when history is involved most people are most reluctant to change a name. The name itself is part of the historic record and should be preserved."

"Libraries have a huge problem when periodicals change title. We have to spend a great deal of time recataloguing the title making links to earlier and later titles, and creating new check-in records. Please don't change your title."

"Alternative name British Columbia History Quarterly. To me the word historical implies the quarterly is a very, very old publication, the word news is not a problem."

"To change the name at all would be confusing and pointless."

"We have a recognised marquee: I see no reason for change. The word "news" implies new historical information in our contents. Let it remain—it is entirely pertinent."

"I quite like the current name, but the alternative [British Columbia Historical Quarterly] would be acceptable."

"Please keep the name. Our choice if a name change is required is British Columbia Historical Journal."

"The news has been our flagship for many years now—through countless editions and editors. Even though its format may change it is the recognizable vehicle of our Federation. It gives not only good history about our province but also a place where our member societies can exchange or report their news. If we were to change to *British Columbia History* who knows if it would still serve this purpose. It sounds too "dry"."

"In my opinion to change the name of British Columbia Historical News would be a waste of time and energy and would result in confusion and ultimately a decline in membership. The magazine is "News". It is news to those of us that were not there in the past. You are giving "News" that we did not necessarily know about our ancestors. "News" draws you in to want to read more. Just leave things the way they are. The name "History" is BORING."

"I feel breaking the continuity with the past by changing the name of the publication would be inconsistent with the commitment to heritage and therefore I would recommend against any such change."

"Please keep the name British Columbia Historical News."

"*British Columbia Historical News* is an excellent, seamless way of reflecting the organization's name of British Columbia Historical Federation. It is **news** of our history that is being written today."

"Journal title changes are problematic to libraries. Our patrons get used to one name and one place on the shelves where they find the journal."

"...please do not muck up a good thing with an unnecessary name change."

"I see no reason to change the name to *British Columbia History*. However if you insist on making a change, I'd rather see it back to *British Columbia Historical Quarterly*—the name of the first publication of the Federation..."

"I am totally against it. I truly worry when a society starts spending time about name changes and the like. I do hope this proposed change is reconsidered."

"...our members were unanimously in favour of keeping the name *British Columbis Historical News*. We are all opposed to the title *British Columbia History*, and if there must be a change, the name *British Columbia Historical Quarterly* was preferred."