British Columbia Historical News

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

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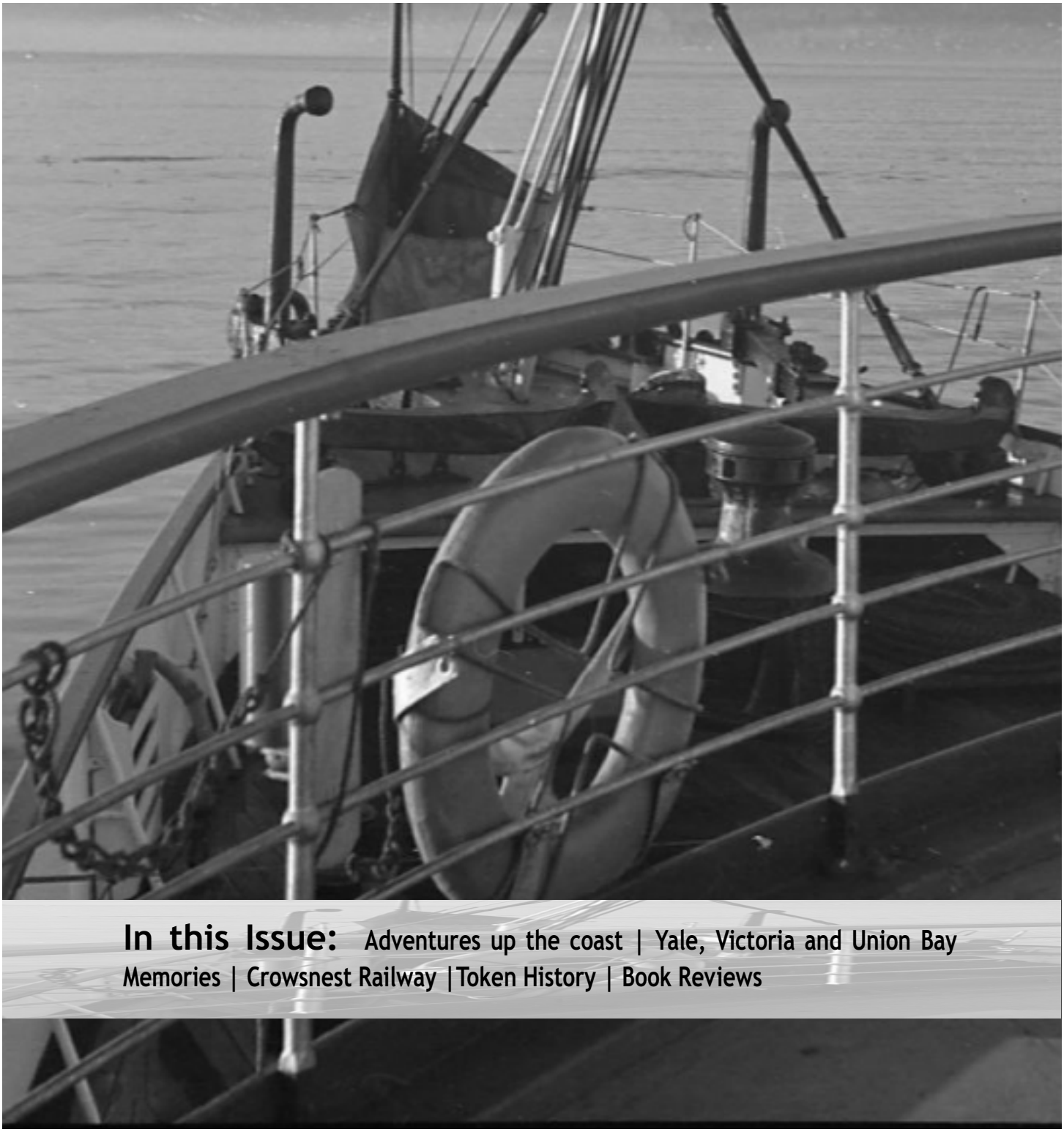

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From the Editor:

I have, through the good offices of Gord Millar the Federation's recording secretary, received a full set of British Columbia Historical News. It's fabulous fun to delve into issues at random and find great writing on all aspects of the province's history. At random I pulled out an issue (Winter 1987) and found articles on Vivian Engineering and on the history recorded at Metrotown in Burnaby before the malls - both will come in handy for a book project I'm currently working on.

It's also interesting to see how much the publication has changed and at the same time how consistent it has been over its long run.

I hope to occasionally "mine" the back issues for the odd article I think should see the light of day again or might complement a submission on hand.

As always the submissions continue to come in from far and wide covering the spectrum of topics.

The cover of this issue comes from my personal collection of photographs taken by Michael Norbury in the 1940s and 50s. He photographed much of British Columbia and as I was reading Tom Fox's Up Coast Adventures I knew I had a photograph of the Union Steamships vessel *Cardena* somewhere. I found a number of detail shots of her in my collection of Norbury negatives. The one chosen to illustrate Tom's story and the cover,I believe, is published here for the first time.

BCHF Prizes | Awards | Scholarships

W. KAYE LAMB Essay Scholarships Deadline 15 May 2005

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 2005 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 of BC history.

Up Coast Adventures

by Tom Fox

It was on one of those warm August mornings after my grass cutting job at the neighbours was done that I first started thinking about advancing my employment level and hopefully encountering some real adventure at the same time. As a twelve year old in North Vancouver in the 1940s, I had no real complaints about the availability of after school or weekend sources of pocket money. It was just that I felt that I was ready for something better. As I gratefully sipped the cold lemonade that Mrs. L. Lauritzen always offered when the job was done, she told me that she had heard that morning from her husband who was the manager of Good Hope salmon cannery located just north and east of Alert Bay. It appeared that another excellent salmon pack was expected, which meant long hours of well paid work for the cannery crew.

The whole notion of an upcoast adventure began to take shape in my mind. Surely there would be a job that I could do in a cannery or aboard one of the boats, for I knew a little bit about the sea and small boat handling and felt that I was a good worker. The problem would be to convince Mr. Lauritzen to hire me - and to persuade my parents that I was mature enough to manage on my own. In retrospect, the latter was by far the greatest hurdle to overcome and one that I truly understood years later when my own daughter and sons reached the same age of confidence.

Over the next three months the Lauritzens' lawn was transformed into a veritable gold green. As edges were trimmed and weeds pulled, I worked on the next phase of my strategy. How would I raise the question with Mr. Lauritzen without appearing to be too pushy, and how would I approach my parents with the idea? The problem was solved for me when my boss returned home from up north in late October. He telephoned our house and talked to my Dad, telling him that I had done a good job on his lawn. He went on to add that his wife seemed quite certain that I was interested in working for him at the cannery. My Dad told me all this, then stated that they had both agreed that the idea had merit but not until after my sixteenth birthday.

So much for strategy. And so much for travel and adventure. I undertook several other summer and weekend jobs over the next three years, but I still persisted with that lawn until the question arose one autumn day just before my most important birthday. Mr Lauritzen actually asked me if I would like a summer job up north! Remarkably, when I rushed home to tell my parents, they said that I could go!

I thought of little else for the next few months. I read whatever I could find about the BC Coast and its communities, but nothing really prepared me for the adventures that lay ahead. I told my friends about my good fortune and one or two of their parents who knew the coast told me of their experiences and impressions. One of these was a ship's captain who was frequently away at sea for long periods of time. I learned later that Capt. F. Coe was a highly respected deep sea and coastal skipper who had also sailed in Arctic waters. Unbelievably, after hearing during a family visit of my summer plans, he stated that he might need another crew member for his ship carrying supplies up to communities on the Arctic Sea and down the Mackenzie River. Turning sixteen really did have its advantages!

As the end of May arrived, I had already started packing my duffle bag. My Mother added a box of laundry soap which got me thinking about some of the other more domestic adventures that lay in store for me. A letter arrived from Mr. Lauritzen supplying a brief travel plan, a Union Steamship travel chit for a one-way fare to Alert Bay and meal tickets. The arrangement was that, upon reaching Alert Bay by ship, I would stay overnight at a hotel (he recommended the Bay View) and next morning somebody from a seine boat named the **Porlier Pass** would call by for me and we would then travel on by seiner to Good Hope cannery. Everything seemed to be quite straightforward, and improved even more when my Dad told me that he had phoned the Bay View Hotel and reserved a room for me. Then he handed me a twenty dollar bill and said that it was to be used only if absolutely necessary.

On the day of departure, we drove over to the Union Steamships wharf at the foot of Carrall Street in Vancouver. The waterfront was abustle with activity as ships were taking on or discharging cargo of all descriptions, but it was the aroma of coffee beans and copra wafting through the dockyard air that I still remember most vividly.

Crossing the railroad tracks to Union Steamship property revealed an exciting close-up view of several black hulled ships with white upper works and black and red funnels, and long warehouses along the dock piled high with cargo apparently destined for upcoast settlements. Crewmen, dock workers , passengers and onlookers milled about as fork lift vehicles carrying pallet boards stacked with mixed cargo wove their way amongst them. It was an exciting, vibrant, colourful scene that added tremendously to the sense of adventure that I was well caught up in.

We checked in at the office and I was handed a

ticket to board the *T.S.S. Cardena*, which the clerk explained included a sleeping berth since mine was to be an overnight journey. It was still an hour before departure, so we took our time enjoying the hustle of the wharf activities. I spotted the *Cardena* well down the dock while ahead of her was berthed the much smaller *Lady Pam* which often took day trippers to Bowen Island. Several other Union vessels were also being made ready .

I couldn't stand the suspense any longer so we climbed the gangway and were met by the Purser who directed us to my "cabin". As we walked the passageway toward the after part of the ship where the sleeping cabins were located, the nicely finished mahogany panelling and wood grain doors with brass door handles caught our attention but it was the spacious lounge and dining area with attractively laid tables and fine dinner service that caught my Mother's eye. We reached my cabin door and stepped inside, although the cabin floor was scarcely large enough for the three of us to stand on. The design and furnishings were very nice, and there was a porthole looking out across the water. My parents were really impressed, and I was glad. What a relief!

I left my duffle bag on the settee and we went back out on deck and stood by the gangplank to watch the cargo being lifted aboard. I was surprised at the variety of goods which ranged from drums of oil to sides of beef, boxes of vegetables, machinery parts and boxes of grocery items stamped with the Woodwards Stores logo. A post office truck pulled up and off-loaded large canvas mail bags which were carefully checked and carried on separately. Shortly after, another truck arrived from the Capilano Brewery and dozens of cases and barrels of beer were added to the *Cardena's* cargo.

While all this activity was going on, a fairly steady stream of passengers had been ascending the gangway carrying their bags and an assortment of other items. House plants, cats in travel boxes, children's toys and reading material were all in evidence. There were several mothers with young children returning to their up-coast homes for the summer after attending school in Vancouver, as well as teenagers close to my age who may also have been returning home on their own. A few business travellers conspicuous in their suits and ties also joined us aboard.

My parents decided that it was time for them to leave the boat and, after lots of good advice and other reminders, they said goodbye. As they walked away up the dock, I noticed that the frenzy of loading activity was slowing down but another interesting show was beginning. One by one a number of taxis pulled up to the ship and another group of passengers began to weave their way aboard. I learned later that these men were mainly loggers who had taken a break from their hazardous jobs to visit the city for a week or so and, after spending a large amount of their hard earned money relaxing in a downtown hotel or two, were reluctantly heading back to camp. The boisterous exchanges of conversation and camaraderie were fascinating for me to watch and I was certain that I was appreciating it much more than my parents would have if they had stayed a little longer. Sometimes timing is everything, I was beginning to learn. The cab drivers appeared to know many of the men and entered into the spirit of the whole scene, helping them out of their cars and assisting them in carrying their packs and cases on board. It looked like some generous tips were given. Some of the loggers had been accompanied in the cabs by ladies, and there were many tender partings and shouted promises to return.

Prince Rupert 1949 with fishing buddies Norm Bender, Pete Harvey, Alvin McRay, and the author.

Soon there were warnings that all passengers should be aboard and visitors must go ashore. The engine had been running for a while and now the whistle sounded as the deck crew pulled in the gangway and the dock crew progressively dropped our lines over the side to be hauled on deck by the ship's winches. We slowly moved astern and cleared the dock; then when the bow was pointed at the North Shore we began moving ahead toward the harbour entrance. It was great to be finally underway. Looking back at the busy docks and warehouses, I never would have dreamed that in fifty years time the waterfront area at the foot of Carrall Street would have been turned into a large park with a helipad and a cruise ship terminal nearby!

The *Cardena* proceeded to cruise out through the narrows under the Lions Gate Bridge and past the West Vancouver shoreline while I began my own exploration of the ship. Many passengers were leaning over the railings watching the last glimpses of the city slip away, their minds probably filled with private thoughts of family and friends left behind and the changes in lifestyle that lay ahead. My own feelings were more of the excitement of the voyage and the unknown adventures that awaited me. It wasn't until many weeks later that I began to appreciate the totally

TSS Cardena leaving Vancouver harbour in the late 1940s.(opposite)
Michael Norbury photo

different environment that I now lived in nor did I understand the effect that it would have on how I viewed many things in the years ahead.

The upper deck offered the best views and walks, but there was a small horseshoe deck at the stern one level down an iron stairway that was also interesting. It was close to my cabin and seemed to be a popular place for many of the loggers to congregate. On my first pass through I was too shy to stay and listen to their conversations, so I went inside to my cabin where a real surprise awaited. My duffle bag was still on what I had taken to be a small settee, while a large suitcase lay on the bed and a pair of logger's cork boots rested on the floor ! I now realized that the cabin was meant to be shared by two people and that I had kindly left the bed for somebody else. This was a lesson that stood me in good stead when I later came to live in a bunk house.

I had signed up for the first sitting at dinner, but still had some time before five to check things out up on deck. The seas were comparatively calm as we passed close to the south end of Bowen Island and the cluster of smaller islands to the west heading for Gower Point and the Sunshine Coast. I settled into one of the small canvas and wood deck chairs that Union Steamships thoughtfully provided, put my feet up on the railing and, feeling like a world traveller, watched the coast slip by. There were a number of small craft bobbing off Gower Point. The occupants were fishing and as I watched I could see a salmon being brought in. One of the boats was heading toward us and just as we cruised past , I saw two squarish shapes glide down from our stern to land in the ship's wake. I quickly jumped up to look more closely and, to my surprise, saw the small boat's crew pick two deck chairs out of the water. Talk about team work, and it happened so quickly that I couldn't determine who aboard had thrown those chairs. Shortly after, the call for dinner was heard but I was still wondering at the workings of some people's minds. Patio furniture courtesy of the Union Steamships!

After washing up for dinner, I went into the dining room and was shown to a table where a couple with their two children were already seated. They were on their way to a logging camp where he was to start work as bookkeeper, so their excitement was a match for mine. Together we marvelled at the menu selections for the tasty dinner that followed. The stewards were very attentive and I tried to remember which utensils were meant to be used with each course, all the while attempting to act as grown up as I could. It was hard work, but my companions were understanding and good fun. We agreed to meet for breakfast the next morning.

Returning to the upper deck, I continued strolling about enjoying the evening and thinking that it was nice that I now knew some fellow passengers that I could talk to. I also realized that I had been feeling a little lonely. The evening was becoming cool so I returned to the cabin to get my sweater, passing through the group of loggers on the horseshoe deck who had become even more animated in their conversations. Most of them had coffee mugs in hand, and were obviously enjoying the camaraderie. Maybe one of them was my cabin mate! As none of them appeared to take any notice of me, I lingered in the stairwell and began to listen to their banter. It seemed that one particularly burly fellow named Hal was trying to convince another that his strength stemmed from the fact that he ate nothing but the rarest of meat. His skill at arm wrestling was demonstrated several times over and appeared pretty convincing to me, but one of the group countered that he hadn't ever seen Hal eat rare meat. After some further discussion, it was agreed that Hal would demonstrate the validity of his boast by devouring a raw steak, but since he had just enjoyed a hearty meal, a little time must pass and a small wager should be placed to compensate him for the inconvenience.

This was getting interesting, but just how much so suddenly struck home when one of the challengers turned my way and called me into the huddle. After asking my name and where I was going, it was decreed that I would hold the wager money and use some of it to purchase a "piece of raw meat" from the galley. What could I do ? Some time later, after negotiating with the bemused kitchen staff, I returned with a huge slab of raw steak on a platter and several intrigued crew members. I was still holding close to a hundred dollars.

Everybody had another mug or two of what I now began to suspect was more than just coffee because the level of conversation was certainly beginning to drop to ever lower depths of comprehension. Finally Hal stepped forward, took the meat from my hands, and examined it with care. I thought that I detected just a hint of revulsion in his eyes, but then I hadn't had any coffee. After exclaiming again about what a benefit he was soon to realize, and asking me to count the wager money, he slowly began to bite into the meat. With his eyes closed and blood running down his chin he progressively bit, chewed, and swallowed. Hal was good, but I really wondered if he could finish it because

he now began to gag and so did I. With one last swallow the meat was gone, Hal took his money and I ran for the rail.

It was now quite dark and I returned to the upper deck to see the lights of a small community ahead. As we approached, the ship's whistle sounded and I could make out a floodlit dock and the figures of a small crowd of people standing about in front of a shed. Shouts of greeting were exchanged as the skipper nudged us in closer to the wharf. One wag on the dock called up to the skipper by name suggesting that he should toss out a ball of string and they would pull in the ship by hand, but that offer was declined with some fervour. It was obvious that the arrival of the *Cardena* was likely the social occasion of the week, no matter that our arrival was close to the middle of the night.

Once the mooring lines were made fast, the gangway was lowered and a few of our passengers disembarked. Several were fondly greeted while it was obvious that one or two were strangers. They were all soon taken in tow and, with their suitcases in hand, led down the wharf to a pair of yellow painted trucks that appeared to be crew carriers. Meanwhile, several mail bags were carted to the shed and they seemed to attract more interest than did the off-loaded boxes of groceries and machine parts. Once the unloading was completed, a call for all aboard was given, the gangway was hauled back on board and we began to move astern as men on the dock tossed our lines over for the crew to retrieve. Looking back as we slowly swung about to resume our voyage, I could see the people on the dock begin to move away in small groups back toward their community , many carrying letters, parcels, and other papers and chatting animatedly about their interests. It was then that I began to realize what an important link with the outside world these coastal ships provided.

For some reason I had become very hungry, so I returned to the dining room where I had been told a "night lunch" would be served. I couldn't believe the elaborate array of food that had been placed out, buffet style, for those passengers who were still up and about. It was another feast, and I happily loaded my plate with salads, cheeses, and apple pie while carefully ignoring the serving plates heaped with cold meats. My dinner companions were there without their children who were doubtless asleep below, and they listened with some amusement to my narration of the evening's events. I did leave out the part about my own speedy exit.

The excitement of the day finally started to take effect so I excused myself and returned to the cabin , carefully avoiding the horseshoe deck where the discussions and laughter were even more animated than formerly. Still no sign of my cabin mate, so I turned in, exhausted but exhilarated, only to find that the motion of the ship and the throbbing of the engine made sleep difficult. Several times in the night I heard the ship's whistle and the now recognizable sounds of docking, unloading and getting back underway. As dawn was breaking I got up, tripped over the loggers boots, and then got ready for the day. I still had the cabin to myself.

TSS Cardena outbound under the Lions Gate Bridge.
(Vancouver Maritime Museum)

Reaching the upper deck, I was surprised to see the shoreline so close on either side and to note that we seemed to be running against a very strong current. Leaning over the forword rail were several passengers, one of whom informed us that we were approaching the infamous Ripple Rock which lay in the centre of Seymour Narrows. Another knowledgeable fellow added that the passageway through should only be tackled at high slack tide when the flow was the least dangerous. He went on to say that about twenty years earlier the Canadian National vessel *S.S.Prince Rupert* had struck the rock and become impaled with a full compliment of passengers and crew aboard. Fortunately, another vessel was nearby and came to the rescue in a daring manoeuvre which resulted in the *Prince Rupert* being moved to safety without any casualties. That rescue ship was none other than the *Cardena*, skippered by Capt. Andrew Johnstone.

As we drew closer to Ripple Rock, the left hand shoreline turned toward the north as did the right hand coast of Quadra Island, creating in between the appearance of a small lake. There in the centre, amidst whirlpools and white-water rapids , appeared the ominous dark shape of Ripple Rock. We could now hear the roar of the water as the ship turned sharply to the right, heeling over abruptly as it did so before righting itself and making for the impossibly narrow strip of sea between the rock and the nearby shore. If this was high slack, I remember thinking, what a sight

Southeast section of the Alert Bay waterfront.
author photo

this narrows would have been at low water! You could feel the currents tugging at the ship and fighting against our momentum, attempting to tug us into the centre of the maelstrom . With obviously superb seamanship we were guided northward toward calmer waters and safety. A cheer of appreciation rose from all our throats as we looked back and thought about the experience of other less fortunate ships at this same location. A few years later I watched a television set in fascination as Ripple Rock had its top blown off in one of the largest and most dramatic underwater explosions ever executed, and learned that the explosives had been set into the heart of the rock which had been accessed by submarine tunnels from Quadra Island under the very route that we had travelled. Although The Rock is now greatly diminished in size, it and the surrounding currents are still an extreme navigational hazard that sailors afford their utmost respect.

After a wholesome breakfast, the day passed quickly. We dropped into a succession of small bays announced by the now-familiar whistle , and at each were met by local inhabitants. In some cases they rushed quickly aboard as cargo was unloaded to purchase a paper or candy from the commissary, and returned ashore as the gangway was being pulled back. At one such isolated community during midday when the tide was low we could only approach the string of floats that served as a dock, thereby requiring a small tug to come out and heave to alongside while mail and goods were off-loaded onto its stern, followed by a couple of passengers the burliest of whom I recognized.

As we proceeded in a northwesterly direction up Johnstone Strait toward the north end of Vancouver Island the sea became quite rough. The dining room that evening wasn't nearly as crowded as it had been the night before, although the dinner was equally good. I said goodbye to my new friends for our next stop was Alert Bay and they were proceeding beyond. I returned to my cabin to collect my things and, to my surprise, found a note and a one dollar bill next to my duffle bag. The note just said "Thanks, kid." . Although there was no name attached, I had the strangest feeling that my no-show cabin-mate had been Carnivore Hal.

With my duffle bag over my shoulder I stood by the gangway and watched the shadows deepen over Alert Bay as we approached. The view was of a long, crescent shaped shoreline with low hills in behind, for unlike most of the other coastal communities on our route, this one was on a small island rather than at the foot of a steep mountain. At one end of the shore stood a large two storey brick building which I learned was the Indian Residential School. Between it and the wharf that we were headed toward was a series of small wharves and buildings. I was soon to know many of these well. Despite some reluctance I went ashore, then looked back at the *Cardena* with its now familiar comforts and sounds. What next?

I asked somebody for directions to the Bay View Hotel and headed off the wharf to the right. There were only a few cars and trucks to be seen along the narrow waterfront road, and several small buildings. Within a few hundred feet I spotted a two storey wood framed building with bold letters painted on the front proclaiming that it was the Bay View Hotel and below, to my surprise, another sign announced that it was also a legally Licensed Premises. Would I be allowed to go in? Glancing back, I saw that the *Cardena* was already beginning to glide away. I had to go forward, so pushing through the front door into a small lobby, went quickly to the front desk. It appeared to be in an alcove of the main drinking room of the beer parlour . That room was crowded and very noisy, but I was immediately spotted by a waiter who asked me what I wanted. When I told him that I had a room reserved he promptly gave me a key labelled with a large seven and pointed to a set of side stairs leading up to the top floor, then asked me for twelve dollars in advance which I promptly paid with my Dad's twenty dollar bill. Glancing at the change, I was relieved that I only needed to stay one night.

I found the room quickly. The door was unlocked and, with some relief, I entered. The lone narrow

TSS Cardena leaving Vancouver harbour in the late 1940s.(opposite)
Michael Norbury photo

window looked out at the front street and the darkening sky. A single iron framed bed, dresser and chair stood on the bare fir floorboards. The sounds and smells of the beer parlour filled the room and I was a little troubled when I also noticed that there was no door locking device. This problem was solved by sliding the dresser across in front of the door and, for good measure, I found my pocket knife and put it under the pillow. It was late, I was tired and I again slept fitfully but this time with the sounds and smells of Licensed Premises all around me.

Next morning the sun streaming in the un-curtained window awakened me and I eagerly jumped out of bed, found the community washroom and cleaned myself up. There was nobody about when I went downstairs and out into the street in search of a place to get breakfast, and only a few early risers were to be seen as I worked my way along the waterfront taking in the sights of this interesting little town. Before long, I had found a cafe and after a good breakfast , returned to the hotel to wait for a crewman from the *Porlier Pass*. The new desk clerk assured me that he would let me know when somebody came for me but that I had to leave my room by noon. At lunch time I was sitting on the front steps with my bag watching the world go by. I was there all afternoon. After buying breakfast and lunch I had enough money left for dinner, with a small reserve which included Hal's dollar, but where could I sleep? Leaving a note addressed to the *Porlier Pass* at the hotel desk, I indicated that I would be back later that evening, then first thing in the morning. Heading down the road with my bag, I did think about phoning home but decided that I should handle this myself, so I hid my duffle under the main wharf and went off in search of supper.

After a good dinner in another cafe I washed up and returned to the hotel for messages, but there was no word. While walking through town I had passed a long, low building with a sign outside advertising a western movie for twenty five cents so I decided to take it in. The seating was on stacking chairs and if the screen hadn't been attached high on the front wall I would have had trouble seeing from my back seat.

The room soon darkened but not before I noticed that I was almost the only white person in the theatre. Most were native people and many were young children. The movie was typically western and included many scenes of mounted American troopers firing on the native horsemen who skilfully returned fire accompanied by a roomful of youthful voices adding their bang-bang-bangs to every exchange, arms extended to point at the troopers every time! It was perfectly clear who the "good guys" were and it has always been for me one of the most exciting and thought-provoking movies that I have ever attended !

When the movie ended I returned to where I had stashed my bag and decided that it was probably as comfortable a place as any that I could now afford so there I stayed. By the following morning I realized that it wasn't, thanks to a night of innumerable interruptions by four legged creatures and traffic over my head. I arose stiff, scruffy and a little dejected. While washing up at the water's edge I heard somebody calling out and turned to see a lady waving me over from a neighbouring dock. I had noticed this dock the day before as it had a large sign on it advertising Queen Charlotte Airlines, and I had enjoyed watching the float planes come and go.

As I approached, she asked me who I was and what I was doing. As my sad tale unfolded, she listened closely then told me to bring over my things. When I returned, she told me that her husband would help locate the missing boat but meanwhile I was to come over to their house for a shower and some breakfast. What a relief, and after a cleanup and a good breakfast I felt like a different person, although I was still virtually broke and was still missing the link with the cannery.

When her husband arrived, he instantly offered to help and started by phoning the hotel. There was no satisfaction there, so he said that he had an idea and would be back shortly. True to his word, he reappeared an hour later with the welcome news that he had found the *Porlier Pass* and that it would pull into the Q.C.A. dock by noon. It did so, and he never did tell me where he had located it. After heartfelt thanks to the generous couple I tossed my bag aboard and I was on my way. On entering the wheelhouse, the skipper informed me that our destination wasn't Good Hope Cannery but rather Glendale Cove up near the head of Knight Inlet. Same company, different manager. He then asked me if I had ever handled a boat before and when I replied that I knew how to run a small one he immediately turned over the wheel to me and, pointing across to the mountains on the far shore of Johnstone Strait said "Steer for the point."

As he left me alone in the wheelhouse and joined the rest of the native crew who were drinking coffee in the galley, I sensed that my adventures were really just beginning. •

Memories of Yale, Victoria and Union Bay

by Mildred Simpson

My grandfather (Fred Brown) travelled along way to reach what he always called "God's Country", Vancouver Island. He truly loved the island, and had no desire to travel farther.

Fred was born in St. Eleanor, P.E.I. on August 13, 1860, the eleventh child of Nicholas James and Anne Metcalf Brown. Growing up in such a large family must have been interesting and full of adventure. His father, Nicholas James Brown was a tinsmith, farmer, storekeeper, boat builder, and for a number of years, a Justice of the Peace and member of the Board of Health in St. Eleanor.

When Fred was about seven years old, Nicholas' ship building business fell into debt. He was building sailing ships at a time when the age of steam was beginning. Nicholas had invested heavily in buildings, wharves, tools and raw material to build nine ships that were to be sold in England. The shipyard failed after the sale of four ships, and Nicholas was facing debtor's prison. He paid off as many debts as he could, and loaded his family (as many who would go with him) and many of his possessions aboard one of his ships and sailed away.

On June 17, 1868, Nicholas Brown became what was known as an "Absconding Debtor". The children ranged in age from two years to eighteen years. The older children who stayed behind were either married or about to be married. The younger children must have thought it a great adventure, sailing away, catching fish, helping to sail the ship and exploring new ports as they stopped for supplies.

In time they sailed into the Strait of Canso, and eventually into that great inland salt water body, BrasD'or Lake. At that time, a canal, the St. Peters, was sufficiently constructed to allow their small craft to pass through into the lake. Nicholas was anxious to settle and get on with his life. While looking for some land, he spotted an outcropping of what appeared to be limestone. Closer inspection showed it to be very fine marble.

Here is where the family bought land, settled, and where young Fred grew up. They named it Marble Mountain. Soon they had built a home and a store, plus had the marble quarry working. Some of the older children came and also built houses there. After some years, Nicholas sold the quarry and moved to a home and store in Port Hastings, Cape Breton. All the family worked. One of young Fred's jobs was to go in very early and get the fire going in the store so that it would be warm when the workers arrived to open up. One morning, he must have been late and didn't have the fire going when his father arrived. In a fit of temper, Nicholas grabbed a horsewhip that was hanging on the wall. Fred had witnessesed the old man taking his temper out on the older boys, so without giving it a second thought, he grabbed a brick that was near the stove and threw it, saying, "You won't hit me with that you son of a bitch!" Well, the brick missed Nicholas' head and hit a shelf that was laden with glass jars. As Fred ran out the door, he remembered seeing an awful mess. He kept running and ran aboard a ship that was about to sail. Some of his older siblings had married and were living in Maine, so Fred made his way there. He stayed awhile before deciding to move on. He figured sooner or later his father would show up there and he didn't want to see him.

While living in Port Hastings, Fred learned the Morse Code and how to operate the telegraph key. There were several telegraph offices, and Fred

Sarah (Horne) Brown at age sixteen (above).

Brown family at Yale , September 1885. Fred and Sarah in the front on the steps (right).

All photographs from the collection of the author.

probably picked this up from workers that he had befriended. As he travelled, he found employment at the odd telegraph office and probably came across workers that he'd met over the years. Sometimes he earned a few dollars by working around the offices; cleaning the chimneys of the oil lamps, sweeping floors, chopping wood and so on. He was often allowed to sleep in the offices. He told a few stories of those travels, mostly of people being kind to him.

One story he loved to tell was while travelling on a cold snowy day he needed a place to stay. Someone took him to the home of a local Catholic priest. The old priest gave him supper and made him a bed on the sofa. He then locked the door, put the key in his pocket and went upstairs. In the night Fred had to go to the bathroom but couldn't get out to go to the outhouse, so Fred peed in the priests gumboots and went back to sleep. Next morning, Fred left in a hurry before the old man could put on his boots. Another fellow, who Fred worked with for awhile, let him stay at his home. The morning that Fred was leaving, he left a thank you note and a dead mouse in the man's shoe.

It took about four years, but eventually Fred arrived in Victoria BC. working for the Telegraph and Signal Service of Canada. I think he was about seventeen or maybe eighteen years old by the time he arrived in Victoria. It took him about five years, mostly hitching rides with the people who were installing the telegraph lines at first, then hitching rides with the railway when it was built. He never was too clear about it all. I guess it's just something he didn't talk about much.

Fred was a dapper young man who enjoyed his job and enjoyed meeting and making friends around Victoria. After a couple of years, he was transferred to the Nanaimo office. There were a few white families established there and a number of businesses, mostly connected to the mines. While he was in Nanaimo, his assistance was asked by a group of businessmen who had decided to try out a new gadget, called a telephone. Lines were run from a nearby minehead to Departure Bay. They were delighted to find that they could hear each other's voices from that great distance.

Fred soon became friends with people in Nanaimo, and one day a storekeeper named Adam Horne invited him to his home for Sunday dinner. Adam had in mind that Fred would be a fine suitor for his eldest daughter Annie. He got along fine with all the Horne family and became a frequent visitor. However, it wasn't Annie that he had his eye on, but the teen age Sarah. At first Sarah would take her little brother George for a walk to the park, and meet Fred there during his lunch hour. When Fred finally got up enough courage to ask for permission to court Sarah, her mother Elizabeth became upset, because she felt it only proper that Annie should marry first, since she was already an old maid. She was in her twenties. Adam, however gave permission, and on July 8, 1885, Sarah and Fred were married in her parents' home on Wallace Street, in Nanaimo. (The house is still standing, but used as an office at this time). At the time, Fred was about twenty-six, while Sarah was seventeen.

Sarah and Fred Brown taken in Victoria on November 3, 1897

Fred had accepted a posting in Yale BC, where he became Postmaster and telegrapher in 1885, working for The Telegraph and Signal Service of Canada. This was their first home. Their first child, Maude, was born in Yale on May 27, 1886 and christened in the little church that still stands there.

While the Brown family was living in Yale they witnessed the arrival of the first trans-continental train to arrive there in November 1885. Fred told the story of the last spike being driven at Craigellachie. After the rail lines were joined and the last spike driven, Mr. Van Horne was given a small piece of left over rail to use as a paperweight. When the ceremonies were over, the many dignitaries returned to Yale where there was a great celebration planned. Fred wasn't invited to the celebrations, but instead had to return to work. When Mr. Van Horne went to the celebrations, he left the paperweight in Fred's office to be collected later. Fred went out to the rail yard behind the office and found an old rusty piece of rail, cleaned it up and left it for Mr. Van Horne. The official piece of rail was a doorstop in our house for many years. One time when I was about four or five years old, Fred tripped over the doorstop, and of course swore at it. Grandmother glanced up and said "serves

Victoria West (left to right): Russell, Maude, Alva, Sarah, Greta, Fred jr., Fred sr.

you right - you stole that". Now I just knew that my beloved Papa wouldn't steal anything, and said so. That's when he told me the story of the last spike and the piece of rail.

The Browns had many friends in Yale, and when Fred accepted a transfer and promotion, the town's people presented the family with gifts and a letter of appreciation. I still have a little silver elephant shaped pincushion with the initials F.B. on the side. Of course, at that time straight pins were used the way we use staples today. The little family travelled from Yale to Victoria aboard the paddlewheel steamer (a side wheeler) named the *LOISE*.

The family settled in a fine house in Victoria West, and soon added to the family: A baby girl, Annie Evelyn was born, and died in infancy. Frederick Grant, born June 10, 1889; Russell Robert, born Oct. 13, 1890; Greta Muirhead, born in Sept. 1893; Alva Mildred, born March 2, 1895; Caroline Porter on Aug. 11, 1898; Baden Powell, in 1900; Herbert Dunsmuir in Dec. 1903; Edythe Emily on June 11, 1905; Douglas McLeod on May 11, 1907; Laura Kathleen, on April 16, 1909 at Union Bay.

Children were mostly named after someone Fred and Sarah admired and of course they, being so proud of their children, considered it to be a great honour. Greta always told me that she was named after a friend, Mr. Muirhead, who had a lot of money, but when he died and didn't leave her a cent, she changed her name to Greta Marie. The day Baden Powell visited Victoria, Sarah gave birth to a baby boy and named him after the great man. I don't think he ever knew. At any rate, little Baden Powell Brown was killed in an accident when he was five years old.

When Fred's sister wrote and said she'd like to come for a visit, he was thrilled. He hadn't seen any of his family for many years, although he kept in touch. She and her two daughters were coming on the train, and Fred found out what train they'd be on. He travelled on one of the trains, probably to Yale and got on her train. When he saw Caroline, he sat beside her, flirting and teasing her. She didn't recognize him of course, as he had grown a large moustache and had changed over the years. Finally Caroline's daughter became upset, and Fred had to admit who he was and they had a happy reunion. When they all arrived in Victoria West, they found that Sarah had gone into labour. When the baby arrived, they named her "Caroline Porter Brown".

The years in Victoria West were happy times, Sarah had a hired girl to help look after the children, and a Chinese houseboy to help look after the garden, do laundry and milk the cow that Fred had brought home. Someone had borrowed money from Fred and couldn't repay him so gave him a cow. This sort of thing happened often. He must have been a soft touch for a loan. It wasn't unusual for him to arrive home with only half his pay because he "met some poor s.o.b. who needed a loan". Their house had a long driveway that went through the orchard beside the house. The children always watched for him coming home after work to see what he would be bringing. One evening it was the cow, once it was a hand carved walking stick, another time a talking parrot in a cage, and one time a pet monkey. Other times he brought a goat, and a puppy that they named Mickey. Quite often it would be some stranger that he'd met who needed a good meal. The most unusual though, was the day he came home leading a black bear on a rope. It had belonged to a circus and they were mistreating it, so he bought it. Sarah often remarked that he brought home everything except money.

However, the family seemed to prosper. Whenever a famous artist, opera singer, band or circus came to town, they all went to see it. The girls in their white dresses and the boys in suits and white shirts. Grandma (Edythe) told me about the time the great John Phillip Sousa came with his band and the family had lovely seats in the front row. As the band was playing, young Greta kept standing up and dancing

around to the music. Sousa stopped the band, turned around and said "Little girl - SIT DOWN" then turned and continued to conduct the band.

Fred must have been known as a bit of a character about town, but must have been greatly admired as well. At one time he was asked to run for the legislature. He'd have nothing to do with that, or anything else that took him away from his family.

From Pat Becker: "Mom (Carrie) used to tell me about this large house in Victoria West, and when Bud and I were little (I was about ten), we were visiting with Alene in Victoria and mom heard that they were going to tear down the old house. She suggested that Bud and I go over and see it. We looked in the windows, and Bud hoisted me on his shoulder to see some of it. I remember most the bathroom. It had an old large claw bathtub with a wooden rim. The main tub was painted purple. Mom said they were one of the first people in the neighbourhood to get a bathtub; that Grandpa was always interested in new inventions and developments. As a kid, I thought the house seemed small. It had a glass entry porch that Granny kept all her plants in. The yard had maybe two acres with it, and mom said they had a cow out in the back portion. The rooms all seemed small, with an okay sized kitchen and dining room. I remember Uncle Fred and Mom laughing about a horse and buggy that Fred and Russell had got. Fred hooked him up in the little barn. He went flying out the driveway with Fred unable to stop him. Russ opened the gate in a big hurry and down the street they went.

Bab, Greta, and Mom went to the parochial school, all dressed in starched uniforms. One day Greta & Mom fooled around and were late getting the bus. (Mom was only about six). They were in Dutch for it and when Bab got home from school, she flounced up the side walk with her nose in the air (Ha! Ha! You got in to trouble but I was the good one...A message they were always getting from her). Greta and Mom grabbed the hose from the Chinaman who was watering the flowers and turned it on her full force, getting all her finery drenched. I'm sure they got in Dutch for that, too but it was worth it. And one time, when Gram got a new sewing machine, Mom and Greta thought it would look nicer with scalloped edges around the door of the cabinet, and sawed pieces off with the kitchen knife. Bab once told me," Yes, they always said I never got into any trouble, but for Heaven's Sake, I didn't do such awful things." They played with little paper or hand-made dolls, and called their favourite, Malta-Vita, because that was their favourite cereal and it was such a beautiful name."

Fred's job as telegraph agent was very confining and demanding. He was expected to be on duty every day, twenty-three hours a day. He kept a telegraph key, not only at his side at meal time, but at his bedside during the night. He had a special code that he was expected to respond to day or night. The coal mines were working full out, producing what was considered the best coal in the world, and Robert Dunsmuir had become a millionaire. Dunsmuir had been in touch with representatives in England, asking for permission and funding to build a railway on Vancouver Island to better transport coal. Because of the time difference, when the reply came it arrived in the middle of the night. Upon taking the message, Fred decided it must be of great importance, so got dressed. After typing the message on the official telegraph paper, he walked across town to the Dunsmuir home to deliver it. He knocked and woke up one of the servants, but wouldn't leave the message with anyone but Dunsmuir. When he finally came to the door and read the message, Dunsmuir said, "You are a very conscientious worker, I'd like to have you work for me."

In the summer of 1892 there was a cholera epidemic in Victoria. It seemed to be especially bad on the native reserve, and many children were dying. Fred walked through the reserve every day to and from work, and was worried that his children would contract the disease. One of the "surprises" Fred came home with at that time was the message that the whole family was going to pack up and go camping for the summer, along with the family of one of his train-men friends, and of course the hired girls and a few other friends. Next day they headed up to Haslam Creek where they stayed for the summer, until the epidemic was over.

In Victoria West the children as well as the family kept growing. The eldest daughter, Maude had married a handsome Englishman and was living in Victoria. One day, Maude came for a visit and announced that she was expecting a baby. Sarah laughed and said, "Away with you lass, so am I". Thus, my mother, Edythe Emily Brown was born on June 11, 1905., and Maude's daughter Alfreda Shuttleworth arrived in July, 1905. My mother's nickname was forever "Auntie".

Two years later, when Maude once again announced she was expecting a baby, her mother said the same thing. Maude's daughter Gertrude

Shuttleworth arrived within weeks of the arrival of Douglas McLeod Brown.

Sarah's sister Emily lived in Nanaimo and was married with a small child. Her husband was killed in a mine explosion when her little boy was about three. A couple of years later, when Sarah heard that her sister Emily had died, she travelled to Nanaimo to the funeral, and returned home with five year old Gerald Berry to join the Brown family.

Fred eventually went to work for Dunsmuir's coal company, where he was appointed Wharf foreman and telegrapher at Union Bay. The job came with a big house to rent, so the family packed up and went with children, dog, and furniture to find the house wasn't finished being built. In addition, when Fred decided to take on the job, they had to pack up and move in a hurry. Maude's husband, Alf Shuttleworth offered to get all their furniture packed up and shipped to them, so they wouldn't have to worry about it. Their furniture never did arrive as Alf sold it.

There they were with all the kids and no furniture, and had to start from scratch. The next door neighbours, the Haggarts, invited them to stay with them till the house was finished. They stayed several weeks, and were best friends the rest of their lives, and even into the next generation. It would seem that Fred Brown was about the only person on Vancouver Island who thought that Robert Dunsmuir was a "nice fella", certainly the history books don't speak kindly of him. However, Fred seemed to like everyone.

The book, *History of the E & N Railway*, includes the following comments: Fred Brown was the one and only train dispatcher for the E & N Railway during the Dunsmuir regime from 1886 to 1905. Among the old Dunsmuir railway records (now located in the CPR archives in Winnipeg) from Victoria were found Brown's yearly dispatcher's diary books, commencing on January 1, 1887. In this diary he recorded the movements of trains, names of crews, and other items, including a weather commentary. He could be bluntly specific when the weather was bad and when it was good his superlatives would charm the hearts of the Chamber of Commerce. Besides weather reports, Brown would often enter, usually very tersely, the news of the day and deaths of prominent people. He also recorded the deaths of some E & N employees. The following are examples of his recordings:

Feb. 19, 1890 - First tram car (electric) ran today. Left powerhouse at 9:10, returning at 9:40, returning from E & N Station. (The first powerhouse was located at the north end of Store St. The first official runs were made Feb. 20, 1890.) Feb. 21, 1891 - Hiyou snow. Snowed two feet here last night. 1 foot at Nanaimo, 1 feet at Wellington. Aug. 17, 1898 - First train of coal from Union this morning, Loco and 20 cars went through bridge, killing Al Walker, Nightingale, Milano, N. Work, and two japs. Injured H. Grant, Miss Horne, and Miss Grieves. (The bridge the train went through was between Union (Cumberland) and Union Bay, the trestle at Trent River.) July 21, 1897 - Great excitement over the new gold fields discovered at Klondyke, on the Yukon River. Many hundreds going north. July 29, 1897 - SS Islander and Tees left Victoria at 1 p.m. for Dyea with full load of miners. Great excitement. Lismore, Jas. Nixon, Bob Lawson, and George Crocker on board. Awful crowd at wharf. More steamers sail next week. Feb. 27, 1898 - Conductor Turner Tounsend brought the south bound passenger train into Victoria today. Tounsend leaves this company. This trip is his last. Going to Klondyke. (Tounsend probably didn't find gold in the north. In Laura Berton's book, "I Married the Klondyke", she mentions that the janitor of the school where she taught was named Turner Tounsend). Feb. 22, 1903 - Fine night. Frogs singing - first this year. Bright spring like morning. Warm breeze of N.E. wind, glorious day. This is the finest day of the year.

Union Bay was a typical company town, people were friendly and the family settled in; the children attending the Little Red School House, and attending the little church that still stands there. When the school was built, the mining company had donated the land for it to be built on, also the paint, which was the red oxide paint used to paint the coal cars. It was fine for school, but I heard stories from some of the miners how they could only manage to steal that red paint, and some of them had every room in their house that horrible red. One little lady arrived from Scotland and upon walking into her company house and seeing all the walls bright red, just sat down and cried. She was one of the lucky ones though. Her husband was one of the painters, and had access to some of the other colours of paint. In Union Bay the red was called "Coal Car red" and it was always a joke that practically every home had something painted that colour.

Friends from Victoria often called to visit the Browns. When the Dunsmuir Family came to Union Bay on their yacht, Sarah was sometimes invited aboard for tea. Fred invited the officers and sailors to his home for tea when he met them. Some interesting visitors were a large native named Qualicum Tom and his wife Annie. They liked to visit Sarah because she made tea and they visited in Chinook. She had learned the dialect growing up on the Comox reserve, where her father was Hudson's Bay Factor. She occasionally had other native people call in and visited in Chinook. One old native called in one day selling clams. He recognized her, and lifted his hair to show her scars

on his head. Sarah's father had sewed his scalp on many years before, after the man had been in a drunken fight and someone had tried to scalp him.

While the Browns were living in the Company house, Maude came for a visit with her two girls and announced that she was expecting another baby. Once again, Sarah said, "So am I". In April 1909, Laura Kathleen Brown arrived, and in August, Maude's 3rd daughter, Doris Kathleen Shuttleworth arrived in Victoria. That same summer, the neighbour Mrs. Haggart had a daughter, also named Kathleen. Needless to say - the popular song of the day was "I'll take you home again Kathleen".

On February 10, 1912 the Canadian Collieries Co. dam on Langley Lake collapsed. A solid wall of water about ten feet high swept through Union Bay, rushing to the sea. The dam was situated 2 miles back in the mountains and the reservoir contained more than a million gallons of water. An unusually heavy rainfall caused the water to flush over the top, and soon washed out the underpinnings. It began with a loud roar in the distance, and as it got louder, everyone went running to see what was going on. Fred had a close call. He was in his telegraph office next to the wharf and heard the noise so went out and ran up the hill. Next day, they found what was left of his office washed up on Denman Island. The Brown boys' boat and boat house were smashed to pieces. Most of the shacks in Chinatown were destroyed. Sarah was in her garden when the flood happened, and she fainted. Some of her children dragged her up the hill to safety.

Those were the days of the big steamers calling in at Nanaimo and Union Bay for coal, and many friendships were formed. Fred brought everyone home to meet his family. One evening, Fred was out for his evening walk and came across a young fellow running along the wooden side walk as fast as he could. Fred stopped him and asked what was wrong. The boy told him there was a huge wild animal after him. Fred laughed and said, "It's alright kid, its a cow, but you'd better come home with me for a cup of tea". The young fellow was a boy sailor, away from home for the first time and probably homesick for his native England. He enjoyed the visit, sat and drank tea with three year old Edythe sitting beside him. After that, he made for the Brown home as soon as they landed in town. He stayed with the P & O ships and eventually became a Captain, still calling at the Bay for coal. During the war when food was rationed, he used to come to our home for tea, and usually sneaked a pound of butter out from under his coat. His name was John Parks, and he eventually retired to Vancouver and became one of the best pilots on the coast.

The large steamers usually called in after being in New Zealand or Australia. The ship's captains often gave Fred fresh coconuts or a stalk of bananas. He'd come home carrying the large stalk of very green bananas over his shoulder and hang them on a hook in the attic to ripen. The attic was reached by means of a ladder that was inside one of the clothes closets and a trap door in the roof. The older children wouldn't go in there, but used to send Edythe, and she'd climb up and throw the green bananas down. When Sarah thought they'd be ripe and ready to make a nice dessert for the family, all she'd find would be a bare stalk. She used to say they never were allowed to ripen.

Victoria West: Sarah in window (probably pregnant with Carrie), Maude on the porch, Greta and Alva in the wagon, Fred Jr. and Russell, Fred, Mikey the dog by the tree.

Union Bay was a fun place to grow up. In summer the children fished and swam and enjoyed their many friends. They'd go to the beach to spend the day and one of them would go to the house for a huge platter of sandwiches at lunchtime. Those sandwiches would be gone in a flash, and it was always Edythe who was sent back with the empty plate to say, "we'd like more". Poor Sarah had to bake bread, using a coal and wood stove in all that heat, but she'd set to and make more. Maude's three girls always spent summers and holidays with their grandparents, and when Maude's husband left her, Doris stayed with her Grandparents. Maude's husband was an alcoholic who didn't seem to work very much, so Maude took a job in a ladies wear store. One day Alf disappeared, and it was a few years before she learned that he had joined the army as a single man. One day one of the train men who knew the family, mentioned to Fred that he'd seen Maude in Victoria and she didn't look well. Fred sent her a letter - no letter inside, just train tickets to Union Bay. When Carrie married and moved to Seattle, Maude and the two oldest girls moved to Seattle as well.

In the meantime Fred became tired of the things that were going on in the coal mining business; much cheating, bribery and stealing. He decided to move

on, and asked for his old job back. The family moved to Russells Station, near Victoria. Once again they packed up kids and dog and moved. A year later, the Federal government announced that they were going to build two identical Post Offices: One in Comox and one in Union Bay. The citizens of Union Bay took a petition asking for Fred Brown to be made postmaster of the new building. On a cold snowy day in January 1914, Fred and Sarah and 8 of the children, the ones still living at home, arrived on the steamer *Charmer* and settled into the Post Office building. When they arrived, the main floor wasn't finished, so Fred soon had it made ready, with mail boxes, counters and tables, desks and his telegraph key and typewriter. The office had to be shared with the Customs Office.

When they moved back to Union Bay, they didn't think an upstairs apartment was a good place for old Mickey, so they gave him to a neighbour at Russells Station. Several weeks later, the old dog showed up in Union Bay, half starved and his feet bleeding. The trainmen had spotted him the odd time, running beside the tracks. So Mickey was allowed to live out his life with his family after all. He shows up in most of the family photos that Fred loved to have taken.

As the children grew up, Fred made sure they all learned a trade, and as the girls grew up, he taught them to work in the Post Office with him. The girls took music lessons, and there was often a sing-along around the piano. Fred Jr. became a Pharmacist, married Eileen and they had three sons. They lived in Vancouver. Russell became a telegraph lineman, lived and worked in Alaska. He married Inez and they had three children. Sadly, he was returning from the area where he was working, to Juneau where his family was, when the boat he was on lost its power and everyone on board froze to death. A heartbreaking blow to the whole family. Carrie met a young man who was working in the Royal Bank in Union Bay , his name was Jack Doney. They married and moved to Seattle to live. They had three children. Alva married a man named Jim Kerr, when he came back from the war and they lived in Union Bay for many years. Greta married Seymour Abrams, and they had three children. They lived three doors down from the Post Office. Seymour's father had been a good friend of Fred's, and named his son Seymour, Fred's second name.

Haslam Creek where family camped to avoid a cholera epidemic in Victoria, 1892.

Edythe married a R.N.W.M.P. constable that was stationed in Cumberland. His name was Russell Hicks. He used to patrol the area on his horse. The horse got into the habit of walking into the back yard of the Post Office, whether he was supposed to or not. They had one child, (me) Nephew Gerald went to work in a men's haberdashery in Nanaimo, married Kathleen and had two children. Bertie worked on the trains, and married a girl from Cumberland, Lillian, and they had four daughters. Laura married Victor Uppgard, and they had two daughters. Children and grandchildren visited often and kept in close touch when they couldn't visit.

Once a year, one of the daughters would take over the Post Office and someone would come in for two weeks to look after the telegraph end. Sarah and Fred would go off on a vacation, visiting the children or Fred's sister Caroline and family, who were now living in Victoria.

Important news came to Union Bay through telegrams. On August 4, 1914 when Fred received a telegram telling of the declaration of war, he immediately phoned the Coal office, and they had the train engineers blow all the train whistles. There was a battalion of soldiers stationed at Union Bay, guarding the shipping facilities and watching for sabotage in connection with the strike in Cumberland. The officers lived in a Company house. In front of it, on the bank, some white painted rocks spelled out "72nd Seaforth Highlanders". The men lived in tents on the green (ball park) and the basement of the Post Office was used as a cook house. Next door, the reading room of the church was used as headquarters and officers mess. The mining company donated lumber and put up some lights, and an outdoor dance floor was made. The young ladies of the town had a wonderful time dancing with all the young soldiers. Music was supplied by the local folk. Many of the Union Bay families had young men fighting overseas and the fastest means of communication was by telegraph. It wasn't unusual for Fred to sit all night at the telegraph key, taking messages about how the fighting was going, and relaying it to whoever was there. The people who had boys overseas took to coming to the Post Office and sitting on the stairs most of the night, to hear the news. When a telegram arrived with bad news, Fred closed the Post Office and walked to the home of the recipient and hand

delivered the message.

Grandfather was a practical joker and went to great lengths to "pull a fast one" on his pals. When Russell Hicks joined the clan, he and Fred kept everyone entertained with their many jokes on each other. I'm not quite sure if they entertained the rest or drove them crazy. However, they had a lot of laughs about it in later years. Fred was a creature of habit, he was up in the morning at seven am. and into a cool bath. He always filled the tub before he went to bed. If anyone else wanted a bath in the evening they were out of luck. He went to bed at nine on the dot. Anyone coming to visit would be left sitting there, he'd just say "good night" and go off to bed. It was a family joke that if the King came to visit, he'd just go to bed and leave him sitting there. Right after his noon meal, Fred went for a walk, rain or shine. He usually went to the store and bought a cigar, and smoked it on the way home. The only time he ever smoked.

On one of the visits to Fred Jr. and his family in Vancouver, Fred went for a walk and got lost. The whole family went rushing around the neighbourhood looking for him, and finally found him, a fair distance from home, sitting on a bag of sugar behind the Rogers Sugar refinery. He knew if he sat there long enough, someone would come and find him. Fred Jr.'s home was in a block or two of identical houses, and they discouraged him from going out at all, figuring he'd get lost again. However, much to the entertainment of the neighbours, he had it all figured out. When he went out the gate, he took out his big white handkerchief and tied it on to the fence. When he came back, carefully took the handkerchief and folded it back into his pocket. Good thing Russell Hicks wasn't there, he'd have moved the handkerchief.

In the basement of the Post Office they had a bit of a problem with mice getting in, and Fred wouldn't let anyone set traps to kill them. He found some live traps, and when he caught the mice, he carefully carried them up into the bush and let them go. It was a standard joke that the mice were usually back in the building before Fred was.

Every summer the married children came to spend time at Union Bay, bringing THEIR children and a great many picnics were held. Every Sunday they went somewhere with the whole gang. Fred usually took along a few bottles of beer and hid them in a cool spot to have later. Whenever he'd go to get one of them, there would be nothing but empty bottles. Russell always found them, drank them, and carefully put them back.

Even when the Brown kids married and moved away, they still returned "home" to the Post Office as often as possible, the families ever increasing. Alva lived just up the street, but walked down for a visit almost every day. She told me about the day she walked in and heard Laura and Edythe crying upstairs. They were ironing and folding clothes carefully into a suitcase and weeping loudly. When Alva asked what was going on, both girls said between sobs, "Doodie's leaving home." (Doodie being the name they called Douglas.) He had started work in the Royal bank, and could have been sent anywhere. When Alva asked where he was being sent, the two girls wailed sadly, "to Courtenay !"

Post Office at Union Bay, with family on porch.

Douglas was a real whiz at math, and it was the school teacher who suggested he be placed in the bank. In those days the banks gave very good training. On leaving school, Douglas got his first pair of long pants, probably from Eaton's catalogue. At the bank they had to get him a stool to stand on so he could see above the counter.

Edythe and Russell married and moved to Alberni where Russell became a town constable. When Russell died, she returned to the Post Office. The government gave her a Widow's pension for one month, then sent her a letter saying that she was capable of working, and cut off the pension. Fred told her she could do the caretaker's job. It paid $15.00 a month. Then Fred just had to do the other two jobs, telegrapher and Postmaster. He was almost semi-retired.

With Edythe doing the caretaker's job, it gave Fred a little more time off. Over the years street lights had been installed along the wooden side walks of the town. The switch to turn the street lights on and off had been put in the Post Office and that became another job for Fred. A non-paying one of course, but he took it very seriously. As soon as it got a bit dark out, the lights had to be turned on. If he was a bit late

Fred and Sarah in 1932.

turning them on, someone was sure to tell him about it. As soon as the sun came up in the morning they had to be turned off, and that sometimes meant getting up early and him going down two flights of stairs in his night shirt. Well, Fred figured there had to be an easier way, and he rigged a very long string that was tied to the switch, went through the ceiling and into the upstairs room, up the wall and through that ceiling and into the bedroom on the third floor, and was tied to a nail beside his bed. All he had to do was reach out and pull the string to turn them off. He still set the alarm to ring when he figured it would be daylight though.

Laura was still going to school and helping out in the Post Office at that time, so Fred was sort of semi-retired. At least it seemed that way to him. The caretaker's job was to light the furnace in the morning, carry firewood up two flights of stairs to the kitchen, take out the ashes from the furnace and the kitchen stove, every evening sweep out the Post Office and the Customs office, empty waste baskets, and at 7:30 every evening, lock up the lobby of the Post Office. Oh yes, and the flag in front of the building had to be raised in the morning and lowered at night. It didn't leave a lot of time for a social life.

Laura and Edythe bought a car and both learned to drive. They managed to get to dances and some of the shows. There was a theatre in Cumberland, called the Ilo-Ilo. My earliest memories are of seeing some great old musicals, and some Laurel and Hardy comedies. When Laura married Victor Uppgard and moved to Nanaimo, the house was feeling pretty empty. In the early 30s the telegraph was shut down in favour of the telephone. There were still telegrams phoned in that had to be delivered, but it was still one less pay cheque coming in. Things must have been pretty difficult at that time, but I don't remember anyone complaining.

About that time, Fred Jr. sent his Dad a radio. It was a big box of a thing with many dials and knobs, and as soon as supper was over every evening we had to gather around the radio while Fred got the evening news. No one was allowed to touch it except Fred, and no one was allowed to speak while it was on. Some nights we would get shows like Amos & Andy, and on occasion a hockey game. It ran on batteries that sat under the table, so wasn't on any longer than "Pa" thought necessary.

Sometimes on a Sunday we'd pile into the car and just go for a drive, a rare treat, and Fred and Sarah felt very important. Alva and Jim had a Chrysler Royal. When the folks got into that, they really felt important. Edythe and Laura's car was a model T - not nearly so classy. If we passed another car on the road, Fred usually remarked, "What in Hell are they doing out driving today."

When the children and grandchildren came vacationing, it would be very exciting. Sometimes we'd be shoved into bed, five or six to a bed. The dining table had about five leaves and extended to seat around twenty. The best gathering was New Year's day, because it was Sarah's birthday. She'd make a big goose dinner and loads of other food. The ones who couldn't get there would phone. Sarah would sit at the head of the table in her best dress feeling very pleased. It's about the only time she'd take a glass of wine.

Over the years, Fred could sit in his office or at the kitchen table, and hear a "toot toot" on the water, and could tell what tug it was, or what boat was out there. They all sounded alike to me, but he knew each sound. In years to come my Mother could do the same.

As Fred's health began to deteriorate, Edythe took over more and more of the work, and eventually was doing it all. When Fred passed away, Edythe applied for and was given the job as postmistress. Sarah lived out her life in the Post Office as well. When she became ill, they wanted her to go to the hospital, but she wanted to die at home. Her daughters came and looked after her till the end. Edythe stayed working in the Post Office until her retirement in the late 60s.

Edythe was one of the younger of the children. She always told people that her father never raised his voice to any of the kids. Grandmother would contradict her, saying, "He did once." Apparently one time when they were living in Victoria West, and had the cow in a fenced off area of the orchard, the two oldest boys, Freddy and Russell were coming home and took a short cut through the yard. Fred shouted at them "Shut that gate, boys." They were fairly big boys by that time, but they both burst into tears. They came into the house very upset, saying that, "Pa yelled at us." That was the one and only time. He had too many memories of his own father's temper and felt terrible that he'd upset his boys. •

The Crows Nest Railway

by R.G. Harvey

In the last thirteen years of the nineteenth-century in the south east corner of British Columbia an event took place which gave one of the most energising boosts to the economy of an area ever experienced anywhere. Quite simply it was the discovery of minerals - which were seemingly there in huge amounts. Whilst gold and copper were included marginally, the precious metals found in quantity were silver, lead and zinc, and there was a second underground payoff, less valued in small quantity, but treasured by the trainload, which was coal.

It started in 1887 when a rich mineral find led to the creation of the Silver King Mine near to Nelson. This was followed in 1890 by a similar one at Ainsworth on the west shore of Kootenay Lake a few miles south of Kaslo. Then in 1891 more underground bounty was found on Red Mountain near to present-day Rossland with the Le Roi Mine, and then again at a place called Sandon, fifteen miles west and north of Kaslo, where the Payne Mine came into being, an operation which was to become the best dividend producer in B.C for many years.

As if this was not enough, within the next two years huge deposits of ore were found a few miles further east near to the present-day town of Kimberley, where two large mines, the North Star and the Sullivan came into being, and a very rich mine called St Eugene was created from ore found at Moyie Lake - and these were only the major mining developments! Finally, in 1895, coal was found in great quantity in the area immediately west of Crowsnest Pass near to the present-day town of Fernie. Coal was also found just as liberally in Alberta on the other side of the pass.

Even the very poor economy of North America in the early 1890s did not dampen the miners' and the promoters' enthusiasm with all of this, nor did the even more thrilling news of the Klondike late in the decade. Southern British Columbia was on its way, and the key to its economic success was transportation.

Unfortunately the transportation situation was not good if you were a British Columbian hoping that all the results of this beneficence of nature would remain in Canada. The great trans-continental line put in by the Canadian Pacific Railway ten years earlier was away to the north, and the only way to move anything, other than by pack train, was to move it south, and into the United States. In that direction the rivers Columbia and Kootenay offered the cheapest means of transport, tug and barge, mostly downstream, and if the denial of that way of movement in freezing conditions was not acceptable, there was the alternative of building railways alongside these rivers, and the Americans were putting these in, just as fast as they could get charters from the Canadians to do so.

This railway intrusion started in 1889, when an American named D.C.Corbin opened a line which ran from Spokane to the foot of navigation on the Columbia River, a place called Little Dalles in Washington State near to Trail. He named it the Spokane Falls and Northern Railway, and he immediately started negotiations to extend this railroad north and east to Nelson in British Columbia. By 1893 the Nelson and Fort Sheppard Railway was running, connecting to the S.F. & N., and terminating at a lakeshore point five miles outside of Nelson city limits. This out of town terminal was an imposition in appeasement to the residents of Nelson who opposed the Americans by the British Columbia premier of the time. He would not let the Yankee railroaders into town. Inside city limits was the only area of authority the provincial government had regarding an interprovincial railway in these years, elsewhere all was approved by Ottawa. Corbin also built a branch line from Northport, Washington, to Rossland. The ore from the Silver King Mine, and from many other mines within the Kootenay and the Columbia watersheds, started flowing south.

But the transportation of the riches of BC southwards was not all by Mr. Corbin and the S. F. & N., because another player got into the act, and he was a man worth some study. James Jerome Hill was a Canadian who was part-owner of a railway in Minnesota, and of river boats on the Red River. When the CPR came into being he became an enthusiastic supporter of it, and not just from nostalgia for his homeland. His dedication was not without personal motive because he ardently wished that the new railway be partly located south of the border to assist his operation, and to avoid the Canadian Pre-Cambrian Shield, a landscape of ancient rock most difficult to build anything in. He also brought capital investment from New York State to the railway, and for that he became a director.

When the decision was made to keep it all in Canada he stormed out of the boardroom, taking all his capital with him, and he swore to harass and delay this new railway thereafter to the best of his ability. This was in 1883, and ten years later he started a campaign against the CPR out west, one which he

R.G Harvey is an author, engineer and former provincial Deputy Minister of Highways.

He has written on British Columbia's transportation history in a number of books.

Railways of the West Kootenay, Slocan and Arrow Lakes Areas 1916 (opposite)

South Fork Trestle from the Coolee on February 22, 1898 (below far right)
BC Archives 964.3489.8ab

Summerland contributor Diane Durick enclosed the following with a recent submission.It seemed appropriate to use it here with R.G. Harvey's article.(Ed.)

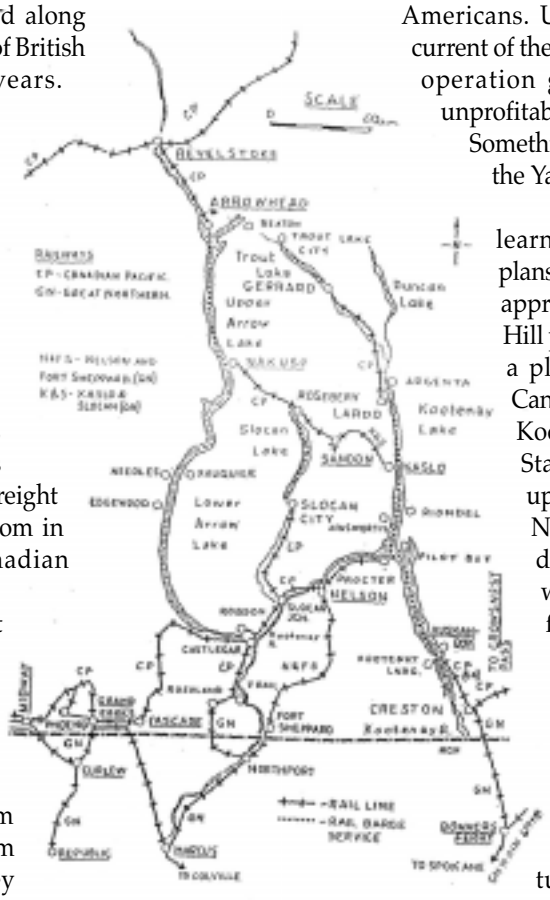
Calgary Daily Herald,
April 5, 1918.

Editor, *The Herald*: As Mr. James White,...a member of the Geographic Board of Canada, has published a book, *Place-names in Southern Rockies*,...! feel that it is my duty as one who has lived 56 years near the mouth of the Crows Nest Pass, and who has always been much interested in place-names,...to publish an emphatic denial of Mr. White's account of the origin of "Crows Nest".

Mr. White states that "Crows Nest" was from the nesting of crows near the base of the peak now called "Crows Nest" mountain,...Now, firstly, crows are rarely seen in the mountains here....Secondly, it is not the nature of a crow to nest as high up as the base of that mountain; thirdly, a crow near the base of that peak could not be seen from the old trail.

Mr. White's informant, I understand, was a man called Phillipps, who lived in BC on Elk River near the U.S. boundary, and had very little connection with the Crows Nest Pass. He died about two years ago and I wish..."to say nothing but what is good about the dead" but to mention any statement of his to any old-timer who knew him, always raised a smile, if not a strong expression, as he was utterly unreliable except in so far as that the opposite might be taken as probably correct....As Mark Twain Twain said, he was "loaded up with misinformation".

enthusiastically pursued along the southern boundary of British Columbia for many years. In1893 Hill's eastern American railway opened its extension westwards to Tacoma, Washington, becoming a transcontinental line, and in the process changing its name. It became the Great Northern Railway, and James J. Hill was its president, and one of its major targets to draw freight and passenger traffic from in the west was the Canadian Pacific Railway.



The GN first leased boats and barges in Canada, then built them there. They moved people and goods southwards on Kootenay Lake from Kaslo, including ore from the Slocan region. They took ore, freight and passengers to the southern end of the lake and then up the Kootenay (or Kootenai River in the USA) to Bonners Ferry, Idaho, which fortunately for them was a point on the GN mainline. In pursuance of this Hill then built a narrow gauge railway from Nakusp to Kaslo by which he hauled ore from the Payne Mine and others in the Slocan area to Kootenay Lake.

Of course a very interested spectator to all of this was William Cornelius Van Horne the chief operating officer of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who was the face on the dragon in J.J. Hill's mind, and when Hill got going in the west Van Horne knew he had to act. His first move was to build a rail line from Nelson to Robson, opened in 1892, a distance of less than twenty miles, thus linking the Kootenay and the Columbia river and lake transportation systems by the iron rail. Their plan was to move ore from the Kootenay Lake mines by barge to Nelson and from there by rail to the Columbia, and then up that river and its lakes by tug and barge to the main CPR line at Revelstoke. The object was to handle all these riches of nature in Canada, and keep them away from the Americans. Unfortunately the force of the current of the mighty river soon rendered this operation greatly difficult and grossly unprofitable, and they had to abandon it. Something else had to be done to thwart the Yankees.

On top of this, as Van Horne learned more and more about the plans of Jim Hill he became even more apprehensive. One stunner was that Hill planned to build a spur line from a place called Rexford, up to the Canadian border at a point where the Kootenay River enters the United States, and from there north and upstream to pick up the ore from North Star Mine by rail. Another disturbing discovery was that Hill was planning to build another line further east up to the Crowsnest Pass area to haul out Canadian coal from there. Less imminent, but just as threatening, was an intention to build a line from Bonners Ferry north to Kootenay Lake. This would replace the onerous upstream tug and barge haul to Bonners Ferry with a riverside railway. Jim Hill did in fact build all of these lines.

Van Horne's retaliation came late in 1897 with the start of a line from Lethbridge, Alberta, through into BC and on to Kuskanook, a small landing at the south end of Kootenay Lake. This was a part of an already submitted charter proposal from the pass to the coast which had been taken out by a man who later became the member of the BC legislature for the East Kootenays, a prominent early settler by the name of Colonel J. Baker, about whom more will be said later.

This proposal would involve two of BC's major belts of mountains, first a full crossing of the Rocky Mountains, half of which were in Alberta, and then a climb through the first range of the Columbia Mountains, the Purcell Range within BC In the 1880s the CPR had built a line south from Calgary to Fort Macleod. The reason they did not build on from Fort Macleod to Lethbridge was because of the coulee of the Oldman River, a gash in the prairie over a mile wide and three hundred feet deep. When the decision was made to go westward from Fort Macleod they

added construction eastwards from Fort Macleod to Lethbridge. Their overall estimate of the total distance to be covered was 330 miles.

They also intended to continue the line up the west side of Kootenay Lake at the far end of the project, to Proctor, and along the south shore of the West Arm of Kootenay Lake to Nelson, and further west eventually. The West Arm section was built in good time, but the lakeshore building on the main lake did not happen right away.

To handle the very great cost of these proposals they decided to visit the Dominion Government, not totally as a supplicant, as most railway builders in Canada did then, but also as a bargainer. The bargain that was agreed to in this case became known as the Crowsnest Pass Agreement, and it was concluded in September of 1897. It had repercussions far beyond the building of this line, and it became one of the most controversial railway agreements in Canada's history. In short it involved a government subsidy of $11,000 for each of the 330 miles from Lethbridge to Kuskanook, to a total of $3,630,000, in exchange for the CPR's undertaking to reduce rates on grain shipped to Thunder Bay, and, by inference, to maintain the new rates in perpetuity, thus infuriating all other shippers in western Canada who were not so favoured. The subsidy came through.

Before this happened, and as soon as they were sure of their money, they started on the railway at the eastern end in July of 1897. They balked at bridging right across the Oldman Gorge initially, and they located the track down the steep side slopes to the bottom, bridged across at that low level, and came back up in the same manner, involving seven miles of track instead of one. They put up with this steeper grade, which must have been close to two per cent, for only twelve years, replacing it with a trestle bridge right across the gorge in 1909. The Oldman railway trestle is one of the largest in Canada, at 5328 feet in length, and 314 feet in height.

When they suspended work in the winter of 1897 they had laid track to a point twelve miles east of the pass. In their hurry most of the initial track-laying was on bare ground in order to rush supplies and equipment through, so it is likely that proper ballasting had still to be done. But the stage was set for commencement at the earliest date in the new year, when winter's grasp was broken at that 4400 feet elevation, and then they would be on their 194 mile way up to the pass and on to Kootenay Lake.

Given that they did much preparatory work before this, and assuming that they probably could not really start work in the field before March at the earliest, for them to build rail grade and lay track in 1898 for 194 miles to Kuskanook between March and October, a period of eight months, was an achievement almost beyond belief, and the credit for it goes primarily to one man, Michael J. Haney, otherwise known as Big Mike, or the Irish Prince. This was the same man who bulldozed the railway through the Fraser Canyon and eastwards for Andrew Onderdonk the contractor for the CPR main line in the 1880s. After that, Haney plied his trade further east, until W.C. Van Horne grabbed him for this work, which was to be the fastest of them all.

Their headquarters for the operation was Fort Macleod, and it was there that Haney organized his specialty, the pre-fabrication of timber bridge and trestle parts, a strong point of his Fraser Canyon work. Their first move was to

W.S. Lee, an old neighbour of mine in the early days,...once promised to take me to the site of the massacre of Crow Indians by the Blackfeet Indians and I always intended to go with him, to look for skeletons and arrowheads, but put it off and it is now covered by the Frank rockslide. Hence the name "Crows Nest" where the Blackfeet got the Crow Indians in their nest, or perhaps, as we should say, "cornered them".

I will now quote from a letter from Rev. V.R. Haynes, Church of England missionary to the Peigan Indians, whose address is Brocket, Alberta... He writes "In reply to your letter re the Crows Nest, the idea of the bird crow is entirely absurd; when I spoke...to the old men who actually took part in the massacre of the Crow Indians, and told them the yarn of the bird, they laughed at such an absurd idea. I got it personally from the late chief Crowfoot, head chief of the Blackfeet, Gleichen, and from the chief Red Crow, late head chief of the Bloods, from Big Swan and Cross Chief, who are still living in this reserve and over 90 years of age. These men actually took part in this battle, and were among the men to give the mountain pass the name."

I think I have now given enough to prove the facts... **F.W. Godsal**

Calgary Daily Herald,
April 20th, l9l8.

Editor, *The Herald*: In your issue of April 5rd my highly-esteemed friend, F.W. Godsal takes exception to the derivation of the name -Crows Nest", contained in my '*Place-names in the southern Rockies*".

Inasmuch as I have collected data respecting over l6,000 Canadian place-names covering Canada from Sydney to Victoria and from the internatlonal boundary to our northernmost Arctic island, I claim considerable experience in weighing variant and conflicting testimony.

Mr. Godsal contends that Crows Nest is the place "where the Blackfeet got the Crow Indians in their nest, ..."

First, I have heard of Indians being driven into a "corner" or into a "cul de sac" but driving them into a nest is a novel phraseology, the word "nest" used in this sense would be used in a slangy way. and one naturally inquires, when did Indians commence to translate English slang and translate it literally.

Second. ln November, 1909, the late Rev. John McDougall, the well-known missionary to the Stoneys, Morley, Alta, wrote me as follows: "The Indians have always spoken of the Crows Nest Pass because on the trail through the mountains there was a nest which was occupied annually by crows.

Third. The famous explorer, the late Dr. Geo. M. Dawson assistant director, geological survey, made topographical surveys in the Rockies in 1883 and1884. In his report Dr. Dawson states that the Cree name of Crows Nest Mountain is "Kah-ka-loo-wut-tshis-tuh" which signifies the 'nest of the crow'. In 1884 I was Dr. Dawson's assistant and was told by our packer, a Scotch halfbreed named Salter, that it referred to some crows that nested year after year somewhere near tne trail or peak.

In conclusion, I have never considered a comprehensive paper respecting the derivation of place names as anything but the best possible interpretation of the vast mass of conflicting evidence available and, even with all the evidence set forth in the foregoing, I only contend that much the greater weight of evidence respecting Crow's Nest is on my side. For Mr. Godsal's evidence I claim a Scotch verdict of "Not proven". **James White**

put through a tote road for the 70 miles from Crowsnest Pass to Wardner, a port on the upper Kootenay. West of Wardner there were already trails in existence, including the Dewdney Trail . These they widened to take wagons and cattle when useful to them, and soon there was a stagecoach run on part of this network. Wardner was served by river craft from Jennings, Montana. On the other side of the Purcells lay Creston, also on the Kootenay River after it had returned to British Columbia from its loop southwards. Creston was then called Fisher, and it was kept supplied by vessels plying the Kootenay northwards from Bonners Ferry, Idaho. In addition they received supplies by the Summit Creek Trail over the mountains from Salmo.

There were more ancient trails in the area, the premier one the old Walla Walla Trail from lower down on the Columbia up through Spokane and Bonners Ferry to the Moyie River and up that stream to the upper Kootenay. This last part of it from Bonners Ferry was travelled by David Thompson on one of his trips. It was an international connection that was much used when gold was found on Wild Horse Creek in 1863. Fort Steele is located where Wild Horse Creek joins the Kootenay. A very rugged stagecoach operation existed from Fort Steele to Golden in the 1890s.

A hundred and ninety-four miles in eight months - obviously they could not start at one end and progressively build it, to do that they would have to produce twenty-four miles a month from one work site. The answer was multiple operations, each with a camp, and the camps spread out along the way, each with a makeable mileage ahead of them, and leapfrogging ahead as the work progressed. This of course was why they built the tote road first. It was probably located on a cleared trail left there along their line by the surveyors.

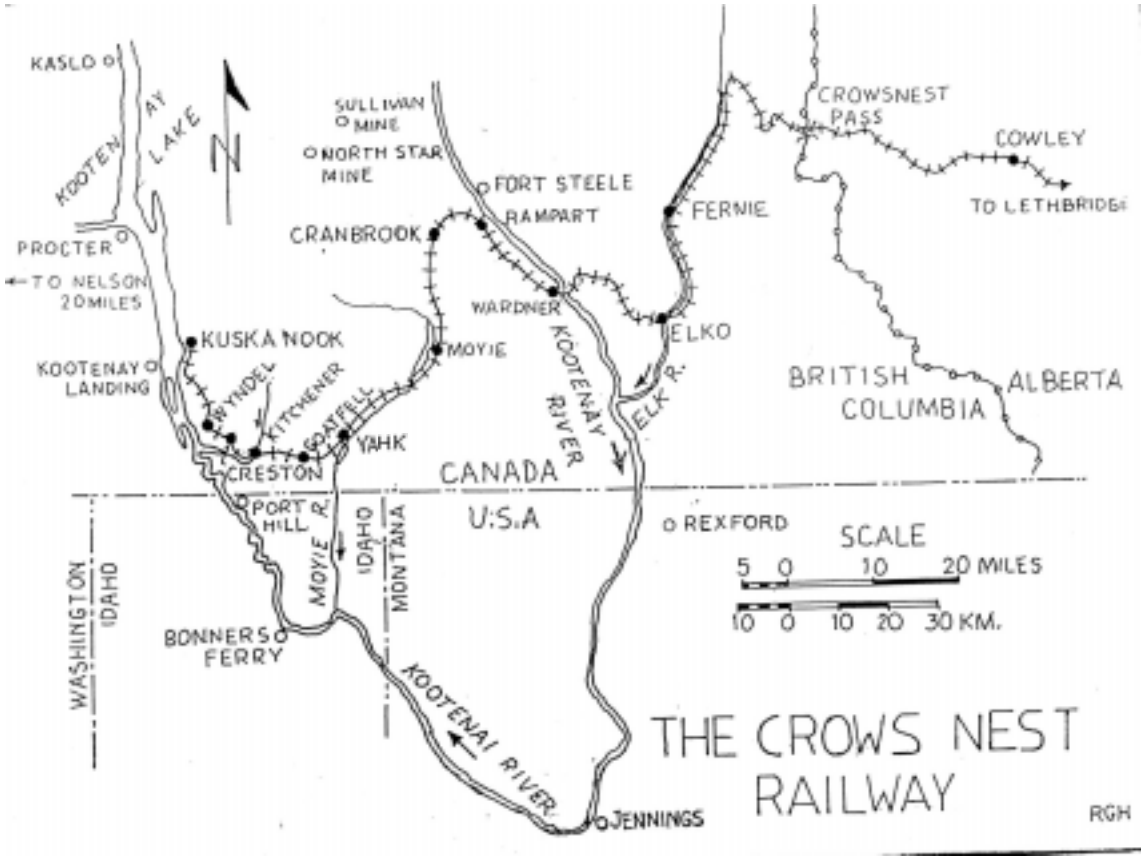
Haney did not hesitate, he immediately brought in 4000 men and 1000 teams of horses to the job. With one thousand men for general work and bridges, this would leave three thousand men for grade building and track laying, spread out in multiple crews along the way, with, say, 150 men and 50 teams per camp. This is speculation of course, but it is supported in part by recollections collected from men who worked on it and retired in Creston, and were interviewed in the 1940s and 1950s. A record of this is available.

The logistics of this were formidable, taking into consideration the conditions they faced. How do you feed so many men and horses? A man by the name of Clem Payette gives some of the answers. Assembling the cattle at Cowley, a small Alberta settlement 30 miles east of Crowsnest, crews of five cowboys drove up to sixty steers at a time over the one hundred miles of rough trail through to Wardner with several crews leaving each week, providing fresh meat to each camp every two or three days - they had no cold storage, so they ate it right away! He said their food was of the plainest sort. They actually consumed up to three hundred beeves per month. They also baked bread in field ovens.

Ernest Hoskins, another retiree at Creston, who left the North West Mounted Police to work on the railway early in 1898, tells us that he drove a four horse wagon through to Wardner and back continually throughout that season, along with others doing the same thing. They delivered oats and hay for the horses, powder for blasting, camp supplies, you name it, several times a week. They also picked up supplies at Wardner and carried them forward, and of course they were accompanied by horse teams hauling in bridge parts, and rails and ties. As soon as possible track was laid, with the ties on bare ground, they used the unfinished track to start up a work train supply service from the east, and also to bring in steam shovels and pile drivers, about the only mechanical equipment that they had. Other than this the railway was described by many of these old timers as a manpower and a horsepower creation.

But before going further into their equipment and methods it is necessary to describe the challenge which faced them. They were building through the Rocky Mountains, albeit by a generally unconstricted pass, one of the lowest at 4450 feet A.S.L. (Pine Pass and Yellowhead Pass are lower). Their route then descended the western slope of the Rockies by way of a steep mountain river valley for thirty miles, that of the Elk River (very rocky in places with one canyon), and they finally bridged that river. After that they crossed the Rocky Mountain Trench, here consisting of the wide valley of the Upper Kootenay, bridging the river channel in the course of their work.

The Purcell Range followed, in this latitude of much gentler and lower mountains than further north. Here they went through a very low pass called Goatfell leading to the Goat River valley. They bridged the Goat at Kitchener, and on from there to the Kootenay valley and lake. In addition to a lot of hard rock in the Elk valley, and rock work encountered intermittently from there on, they had to cope with



difficult clay and silt subsoils, stretching for miles on either side of Cranbrook. These materials in wet conditions led to the notorious gumbo slides experienced on the project, injuring, and at times burying, the men working below the cut slopes. It was all heavily timbered virgin country with heavy rock cuttings in some sections, requiring several tunnels, and very numerous bridges and trestles

To describe their work practices no better account can be found than that of Henry Raglin who retired to Creston after 41 years of railway work. He tells of one camp where an army of 150 men attacked the project every day with short handled shovels, loading long trains with gravel, at a wage of $1.00 per day. There would be large numbers of hard sweating men and horses with slush scrapers, wheel scrapers, and fresnos (a rolling drum scraper to both scrape and then carry the soil, named after the place it was first made). They also let small contracts to excavate and move dirt by hand shovel and wheelbarrow.

Another well experienced railwayman, James Compton, who worked on bridges, says that when they reached Wardner in August of 1898 the men worked up to their waists in water as they rushed the steel bridge spans across as soon as the water level started dropping. Steel arrived in Fernie in July. Their accident rate was far from acceptable to modern standards. Twenty-three men were killed when a bridge collapsed in a sudden vicious windstorm near Lethbridge, and three men died when they were blown off a structure in Crowsnest Pass. Other mishaps occurred because they worked very long hours, sometimes days through, only stopping for meals

Their work on rock was extremely primitive in comparison to today's methods - all rock drilling was done by hand. In the pass the wind often blew so hard that drilling could not be done, because they could not risk an unbalanced miss-stroke by the man wielding the sledge hammer. The men on these rock operations were almost all from Sweden, brought out by the immigration programme of that time. The East Kootenay population reflects this to this day.

Their method of making the temporary camps was interesting. They generally scorned tents, preferring temporary log buildings with wood shake roofing and siding. Compton was very critical of the

POSTSCRIPT

In May of 1948 this author was posted by the BC Department of Public Works to a crew supervising road construction on the Southern Trans-Provincial Highway eastwards from Wardner, BC With the contracting company there were several rock drillers and blasters who were veterans from the Crows Nest Railway construction. Emigrating from Scandinavia to this work in their early twenties they were still hard at it in their early seventies in 1948, fifty years later -- they did not believe in retirement!

These were the ones who stayed with it, differing from the great majority of that force of four thousand men who went on to other things, mainly farming on the prairie, or in the East Kootenays, and raising families in the process. These hard rock men were single, and they were characters, men you meet and do not forget, and at that late date their English was still not that good! And what changes they saw! - horses and frescos replaced by huge diesel driven motor scrapers, and compressed air driving steel bits into rock ten times as fast and ten times as far as hand work.

Their most entertaining tale was of the difficulty of getting enough to eat on that long train trip out from Montreal to Calgary. Not only could they not read the menus, they could not converse with the stewards, and in any case they had very little money. The Hon. Clifford Sifton's immigration programme put them on the train, and apparently that was it.

A man named William Stuart Cameron interviewed many old timers in the Creston area, and he recorded their stories in a booklet entitled *Some We Have Met and Stories They Have Told.* He used the pen name Will Stuart, and the Creston Review Ltd. published it as a centennial project. An extraordinary number of these Creston retirees were veterans of the railway, and the

sanitary arrangements in these camps saying that the temporary hospital at Goat River crossing (now Kitchener) and the fine St Eugene Hospital at Cranbrook had more railway workers in them from disease than from accidents. He says the hospital at Goat River lacked one thing - nurses! At St. Eugene the very competent and very well known Dr. R.F. Green did his best, but typhoid was rampant, along with other maladies.

Here something must be said which is uncomplimentary to Haney. He drove his men too hard, housed them too poorly, and paid them too little. Unlike the Fraser Canyon work, the majority of the labourers were not Chinese. This railway was built in the midst of the Canadian government's huge immigration drive under Interior Minister Clifford Sifton. Asians were not included in this, and the majority of the immigrants who worked on the railway came from eastern Europe, Scandinavia, and Britain.

Eventually the outcry forced Sifton to carry out an investigation of the treatment of labourers on this work. The finding was extremely critical, citing poor accommodation, bad sanitary conditions and poor wages . They were actually paying lower wages than Andrew Onderdonk paid fifteen years before, as low as a dollar a day, and never more than $1.75. Bridge workers got $2.75 a day.

When the railway came into the Fort Steele area an intriguing series of negotiations took place for land for the major railway depot planned for there. A man called John Galbraith and his wife had arrived there in 1869, and his brother Robert in 1870. To serve the Wild Horse gold rush they started a ferry service across the Kootenay River and the settlement which came into being was soon called Galbraiths' Ferry. Robert Galbraith finally owned most of Fort Steele, the town which succeeded it, and he also pre-empted most of a prime area of flat land across the river called Joseph's Prairie.

The CPR liked the look of Joseph's Prairie, but they were willing to locate at Fort Steele provided they would get the free handout of land which they always demanded of a town or settlement which they favoured with their presence. Galbraith wanted Fort Steele but demanded payment for the land, and he would not consider giving up anything at Joseph's Prairie. Both parties dug in their heels and waited out the other. Robert Galbraith finally succumbed to an offer for Joseph's Prairie from Col. Baker, who promptly gave half of it to the CPR, set up a general store and prospered thereafter, as the CPR built their divisional point at what became the city of Cranbrook. Fort Steele died on the vine. Baker eventually became a BC cabinet minister.

So there they were, the job complete, and one year left to the end of the century. In all the old timers' stories they talk of ending up the line at Kuskanook, but the CPR did not finally end their grand project there. A few miles south of Kuskanook the construction was extended across the partially submerged area south of the lake to a point on the west side suitable for a landing, which they named Kootenay Landing. This involved four and a quarter miles of trestle and a swing bridge over the main channel.

They also built the twenty miles from Proctor to Nelson along the south shore of the West Arm of Kootenay Lake shortly after that time, and they built on from there in later years as far west as Midway, BC The section up the west side of Kootenay Lake from Kootenay Landing to Proctor did not come as quickly as they intended. Among other things the 1914 - 1918 war intervened, and it was hard and expensive going. It was finished in 1930. Until then the sternwheeler S.S.*Nasookin* and various tugs and train barges sufficed. In 1899 two spur lines were built, one to the North Star mine, and one to Fort Steele. These were built by "what few of us were left", according to Jim Compton.

The name for the railway has varied. The first charter in BC was for The Crow's Nest and Kootenay Lake Railway, as taken out by Col. Baker. The charter was then given to the CPR as The British Columbia Southern Line and they used that name, but they also referred to it as the Crow's Nest Pass line. As the Crows Nest Railway was the name used by the men working on the job, it is used for our title.

Although there was still much work to be done, including completing the makeshift bridges which they called called skeleton structures, M. J. Haney was not around after 1898. It is unfortunate that he has not achieved the great credit that this railway project should have brought him. Certainly the Crows Nest Railway did not have the national importance of the Fraser Canyon line, but for ramming through 194 miles of track in eight months it need take no second place. And what other railway work had sixty cattle driven for a hundred miles through the length of the work two and three times a week, and had a total work force which ate up three hundred steers a month? •

names of a few appear in this text. Will Stuart's accounts have been of the greatest value to this writing.

Even if they spent a working lifetime on the prairie, these men and women remembered the East Kootenay area, and the lovely mountain views and the climate - one that lacked the searing summers and the driving blizzards of the flat lands. In retirement many came to the Creston valley. After all, if they wanted to go back to the prairies and visit, or maybe bring their friends over, it was only an overnight train trip.

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Token History

R. W. Holliday, Salmon Arm's civic-minded dairyman

By Denis Marshall

Encroaching commercial development threatens to shorten the life of a pioneer farm on the western fringe of Salmon Arm, where the present owner only recently unearthed a 90-year-old token bearing witness to R. W. Holliday's Maple Leaf Dairy.

"Billy" Holliday was born in 1869 at Deptford, England, but grew up in Wimbledon and carried the speech and trappings of a Londoner until his final days. He was yet a teenager when the urge came to see what Canada had to offer and is believed to have arrived in the Shuswap Lake district as early as 1888, which would place him among the area's first white settlers.

Lacking the means to become a landowner, he found employment in the fledgling local lumber industry, progressively acquiring the skills of a sawyer. In 1892, twelve-year-old Anna Justine Laitinen, experienced her first glimpse of Salmon Arm upon stepping down from a transcontinental CPR passenger train after a bewildering journey from her native Finland with two siblings to join their widowed father, Gust Laitinen.

Gust and his wife, Catherine Olander, had previously emigrated to Woodstock, Ontario, but Catherine found life in Canada too rough to bear and begged to be taken with her children back to Finland. Her husband complied then returned to Canada, subsequently settling at Salmon Arm as a railway section foreman, hoping his wife would change her mind. It so happened Catherine was pregnant at the time of separation and died giving birth in her homeland.

Gust Laitinen married again and became a much-respected citizen of Salmon Arm for championing the unfranchised and downtrodden. Sharing by nature, his favourite gift to hard-up farmers was a 100-pound sack of flour.

"Annie" Laitinen and Billy Holliday eloped to Vernon May 24, 1898, breaking the news of their marriage to family and friends in Salmon Arm by telegram. They took up residence at Kualt on Tappen Bay, Shuswap Lake, where the groom was holding down the sawyer's job at Joseph Genelle's sawmill. It was here the following year that the first of their six children was born.

After Genelle sold to Columbia River Lumber Company in 1899, Billy Holliday next plied his trade at Revelstoke, with the express intent of returning to Salmon Arm when circumstances permitted.

Around 1905 the Hollidays purchased 30 acres of partly-cleared land on "Rotton Row" from C. B. Harris, one of Salmon Arm's earliest fruit producers, and proceeded to acquire a dairy herd. Whether they established the first door-to-door milk route in the community is open to question. That distinction may belong to H. S. Sheriff, whose advertisements appear in the local journal soon after its debut in the fall of 1907. There is no evidence, however, that the two dairymen were competitors after the Maple Leaf got going.

R. W. Holliday was responsible for nostalgically naming the road fronting his property, and is also believed to have christened a nearby thoroughfare Piccadilly Road, as well as choosing the name Montebello Hotel for the significant 1908 addition to Salmon Arm's business centre.

By 1908 Maple Leaf Dairy was soliciting customers for regular milk delivery and announcing its intention to have ice cream available. Merrily caught up in the province-wide pre-war boom, Salmon Arm's burgeoning population welcomed the new service, whereupon in 1911 it was decided to build a retail store on Front Street, featuring Maple Leaf products and other food staples. Soon after the hostile European guns of August 1914 began firing, the Hollidays temporarily

Billy and "Annie" Holliday (above).

Maudie, outside Holliday's Confectionery (below)

Two generic eight-sided aluminum tokens issued by Maple Leaf Dairy have come to light, both Good for 1 Quart Milk. One carries the raised printing R. W. Holliday, while the most recent find shows the incorrectly spelled inscription, "R. W. Halliday."

opened an ice-cream parlour beside Vernon Army Camp, to the delight of thousands of trainees receiving their first taste of military discipline under a searing Okanagan sun.

It was also at this time that Holliday told the *Salmon Arm Observer* he would supply milk free to Salmon Arm families of married men on active duty. Out of the blue two years later he informed his wife and children he was joining the Canadian Forestry Corps and hoped to go overseas—in a non-combative role. Nevertheless, it was a foolhardy decision for a 47-year-old, matched only by his brother-in-law, Sam McGuire, three years his senior, who also thought he was needed for the war effort. "Ald. R. W. Holliday, having beaten all comers at Vernon for ice cream . . . has decided to retire for the rest of his natural life and returned home to Salmon Arm on Saturday, bringing all his paraphenalia with him," reported the local editor October 5, 1916, apparently in the dark about Holliday's plan to join the forestry battalion.

And so, daughter Maudie, going on seventeen, was left to run Holliday's Confectionery, while her mother, not much taller than a cream separator, had to tend a dozen milking cows and oversee the dairy operation. Aileen Holliday Vanderbrug, who was seven when her father enlisted, recalled lightheartedly in the year 2000 how the family managed the dual responsibility, "while Father was off fighting the war."

"Mum made the ice cream on the farm. It was made with eggs and cream and tasted so rich and good. My brothers, Bob and Dick, ran the little gasoline engine that churned the five-gallon tubs." The boys made sure they locked the milkhouse during the churning process, but after the engine was turned off Aileen and her younger sister, Myrtle, would appear behind the door clutching bowls, only to be rebuffed by a chorus of "non-producers!, non-producers!"

R. W. Holliday, Sam McGuire and two other local men received special treatment on their return to Salmon Arm three months after peace was declared, when the town fathers urged the whole populace to rise in the wee hours to meet the homebound train. The *Observer* summed up the occasion with this brief mention: "Rounding Engineer's Point at four a.m. February 1, 1919, en route to a boisterous homecoming, Corporals Holliday, Metcalf, McGuire and Private A. H. F. Martin were greeted by the lights of the town, the electric generating plant having been fired up at such an early hour on orders of Mayor F. W. Clingan."

It wasn't long before the decision was made to close Maple Leaf Dairy, but Holliday's Confectionery lasted well into the 1920s.

In Billy Holliday's heyday, Salmon Arm was little different from other towns, inasmuch as a pronounced British flavour permeated all levels of society. He chose to remain a true blue Conservative and was something of a factotum at the local level with a say in how patronage was doled out when his party was in power. He was a staunch supporter and friend of the undefeated legislative member and B. C. cabinet minister R. W. Bruhn, likely smoothing the way for Bruhn's first job as a provincial road foreman.

Grandchildren remember that Holliday liked to put on airs and once presented a departing bank manager with a gold-headed cane. There were also occasions when a libation or two encouraged him to contact loftier persons, including attempts to telephone the Prince of Wales.

But there was no mistaking Holliday's patriotic side and willingness to serve his community. He was elected to the rural school board and held a similar position with the City of Salmon Arm when it incorporated in 1912, then became a one-term alderman the following year. He was also a director of the B. C. Dairymen's Association in 1911. He played the flute in the civic band, was a favourite caller at dances and never failed to march in an Orange Day parade.

After giving up his businesses, and perhaps before, Holliday turned back to the lumber industry to supplement income. During the sawyer days he developed an acuity for remedying wonky high-speed circular mill saws, a specialized expertise that later put him in demand throughout the province.

Essentially the task called for the right amount of pounding on the stressed steel with a set of stainless steel convex hammers until the blade ran true. A grandson remembers Holliday "charging off to get saws sorted out" on short notice and being away up to two weeks. He kept his tools at the ready in a leather satchel and when the call came he would generally leave on the next passenger train.

Barely into his 60s, Holliday was hit by a debilitating stroke and spent the rest of his days in poor health, which required intermittent periods of institutional care. Luckily, during this period he was still able to enjoy a long-standing ritual of listening to the weekly Metropolitan Opera broadcast. Billy Holliday died in 1959 in Shaughnessy Military Hospital, having outlived his wife by three years. •

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

Terrace; incorporated in 1927; 75 Years of Growth.
Terrace Regional Historical Society. [P.O. Box 246, Terrace, BC V8G 4A6], 2003. 73 pages. illus. $10 paperback.

To celebrate the 75th anniversary of Terrace's incorporation, members of the Terrace Regional Historical Society compiled this scrapbook of clippings, most from local newspapers.

Their selection bespeaks obvious pride in the town's progress and development. But the clippings need a brief running commentary connecting the stories and a short historical introduction. What happened before 1927? What brought Terrace to the point of incorporation?

Why devote a full page to the 1969 moon walk, but not a line to the end of World War II? Some clippings are pasted too close to the edge of the page so the text is cut in mid-word. Still, this compilation will be a useful resource for historians of the area and the era.

***Phyllis Reeve**. Phyllis Reeve is a bookseller and resort operator on Gabriola Island.*

Discovery by Design: the Department of Mechanical Engineering of the University of British Columbia, Origins and History, 1907-2001.
Eric Damer. Vancouver, Ronsdale Press, 2002. 220 p., illus. $29.95 hard cover.

Congratulations to the Department for commissioning this history, which is a welcome addition to the very few non-technical publications on engineering in this province. Yet mechanical engineering pervades our everyday modern life: the essential automobile, the aeroplane that eases national and international travel, and such mundane objects as the can opener and a child's scooter.

Surprisingly, the Department has allocated the writing task not to a faculty member, not an engineering alumnus, but to an educationalist. Author Eric Damer is somewhat apologetic about his role as an "outsider". Yet he does a commendable job in chronicling the nearly century-long history, within the limits of the available archival and biographical materials. Perhaps an "insider" could have included more interesting lore of the Department and its pioneer, often colourful, professors.

What is remarkable is that mechanical engineering studies (as an offshoot of McGill) were instituted by a few farseeing men as early as 1907 at a time that the province was still a far western outpost of industrial society, except for its relatively small-scale lumbering, mining, and fish-canning industries. This was eight years before the official establishment of the University of British Columbia and thirteen years ahead of the accreditation of a professional engineer licensing body in the province.

However, in the early years, due to restricted government and industry funding, the Department could hardly be considered state-of-the-art. As well, in the first decades of the twentieth century, the faculty and student body was a preserve of upper-class Anglo gentlemen. Although there were no overt bans at UBC (McGill did bar females), ethnics and women were neither recruited nor welcomed.

All of this changed after World War Two. Rapid industrialization of the province with large scale power plants, pulp and paper mills, sawmills, open-pit mining operations, metal smelters, and oil refineries, necessitated highly-trained university graduates to design, build, and operate these massive projects. Economically buoyant times brought large grants to the engineering faculty for plant, equipment, and research facilities, funded from both government and private industry. Canada would become a multinational nation, bringing in new skills from around the world. The female half of society was actively recruited to fill chronic technical job vacancies. (So far only a small, but significant, number of women have taken advantage of the opportunity.) The result has been the evolvement of a first-class engineering facility.

This book, and its appendices of departmental statistics, will be of special appeal to engineering faculty, alumni, and students. However, it also should be required reading for any serious student of the development of the province. The story is a clearly written narrative, without technical jargon, and would be of interest to an educated public.

Cyril E. Leonoff, P. Eng.

"Whispers from the Shedrows"; a history of thoroughbred racing in Richmond. A collection of memoirs and writings,
by Gerry Gilker, Jack Lowe, Geraldine (Dody) Wray. City of Richmond Archives, 2001. 106 p., illus. $25 paperback. City of Richmond Archives, 7700 Minoru Gate, Richmond, BC V6Y 1R9.

Those interested in thoroughbred racing will find *Whispers from the Shedrows* an interesting read. This collection of memoirs and writings describes the sport in Richmond s two historic racing ovals: Brighouse/Minoru Park (1909-1941), which once boasted one of the best racing surfaces in North America ; and, Lansdowne Park (1924-1973), which had a grandstand that seated 4500.

Stories from, or reminiscences about, the people and horses capture the characters of the individuals involved with horse racing and the lure of the track. While lists of names sometimes become tiresome, the tales of those involved with the sport (from jockeys, trainers, owners and breeders, to veterinarians, exercise boys and ticket takers) are captivating. Also intriguing are discussions of such inventions as the locally developed Puett Automatic Starting Gate, the installment and use of an electric tote board (the first in Western Canada), and the Richmond businesses that depended on the track. On a more somber note, the dangers of horse racing are recounted in the sad tales of some of the deaths of horses and jockeys.

Three individuals who grew up on Lulu Island recorded this brief history of The Sport of Kings. Having had interests in thoroughbred racing, they did not want this facet of Richmond's history to be lost. From the numerous black-and-white photographs

to the variety of recollections, they have succeeded in preserving some of the colourful aspects of thoroughbred racing in Richmond.

Sheryl Salloum *Sheryl Salloum is a Vancouver writer and member of the Vancouver Historical Society*

Ols Stones; the biography of a family.

A.S. Penne. Victoria: Touch Wood Editions, 2002. 230 pages. $19.95 paperback.

A.S. Penne's biography of her family tells an appealing story, if scarcely unique: of the wounded Canadian airman bringing home his British war bride, and of their daughter the author growing up in 1950/60s Vancouver. Penne writes an engrossing enough narrative when she forgets to be embarrassed. Through most of the book she is wincing because her mother's family is British upper-class, or her father's family is Canadian working-class, or her own given name "Anthea" is too exotic, or her father's surname "Brown" is too common.

She reports no scandals or post-traumatic revelations, but the reader gets the impression that she does not really like her relatives, and no one seems to have had much fun.

One sympathizes with her mother's question: "Why do you want to say things like that about your family?"

Phyllis Reeve *Phyllis Reeve, at her desk on Gabriola Island, winces her way through her own family biography.*

Lost world: rewriting prehistory - how new science is tracing America's ice age mariners.

Tom Koppel. Atria Books, New York, Toronto, 2003. 300 p., illus., map. $41 hard cover. Atria Books, 1230 Ave. of the Americas, New York, NY 10020.

One of the most interesting issues in prehistory is the question of how the continents of North and South America were peopled. The classic explanation, "Clovis First", has nomadic big game hunters crossing the land bridge between Siberia and Alaska and travelling south down a corridor between the Cordilleran and Laurentian ice sheets along the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains. After arriving on the central American plains about 12,000 years ago, the nomads begin to spread out throughout North and South America. Recent archaeological discoveries, however, have begun to challenge this theory.

In his recent book, BC journalist Tom Koppel, outlines the evidence supporting the alternate theory that the first peoples into the Americas came along the Pacific coast by sea. This theory proposes that about 15000 years ago, nomads from the Pacific coast of Asia began to move along the coast from Asia to Alaska, British Columbia and then to more southern locales along the Pacific coast of the Americas. These nomads already had a maritime culture and used rafts or skin boats to move from one ice free refuge along the coast to another as needed. These migrations may have gone as far as south Chile and perhaps across the Panama isthmus and then along the Caribbean and Atlantic coasts to Brazil.

Koppel presents this evidence as stories about the recent investigations of archaeologists and geologists who are trying to sort out the paleohistory of the northwest coast of North America. He visited many of the research sites and discussed these discoveries with the scientists and most of the book reflects his delight and enthusiasm about the new information being uncovered in archaeological digs or dredged from a shoreline submerged for 10000 years.

The book is both entertaining and informative, but, regrettably, lacks footnotes or a bibliography for the use of those readers, who, like me, would like to read further about these discoveries.

Gordon Miller *Gordon Miller works at the Pacific Biological Station, Nanaimo.*

Children, Teachers and Schools in the History of British Columbia (2nd edition).

Jean Barman and Mona Gleason, eds. Calgary, Detselig Enterprises Ltd. 438 p. illus., paperback. $37.95

This is the second edition of *Children, Teachers and Schools in the History of British Columbia*. University of British Columbia educational professors Jean Barman and Mona Gleason have edited a brilliant collection of scholarly writings that examines an array of issues in the history of BC education. The anthology can be read on a number of different levels and will appeal to a variety of audiences. As the editors alluded, there are multiple purposes for this collection. Readers will find content that is suitable for pleasure, useful for scholarly pursuits, or valuable for educational practice.

Outlined in each article are phenomena that shaped the province's educational system. Discussed are how people's beliefs, either right or wrong, affected schools and programmes. Implicit in the articles are explanations of how political and ideological views assisted with defining society in terms of policy and guided educational decision makers in their actions. Researchers and students in the field of education will find the collection's scholarly dimensions useful. Educators at various levels of schooling will find certain pieces captivating and enlightening. Policy and decision makers will benefit from the lessons outlined from the past when they are in the process of examining current educational events. Individuals linked to education, such as health care workers, social workers, parents, and guardians, can also benefit from the book's content.

Topics related to class, gender, race, and sexuality are discussed under sections entitled Childhood and Pupilhood, Becoming and Being a Teacher, Organizing and Reorganizing Schools, and From There to Here. This last section is a compilation of contemporary topics that revolves around a reminder that the present never forgets.

Readers who spend their time exploring different regions of BC will be attracted to specific articles because of their geographic references. Highlighted are areas in the Lower Mainland and on Vancouver Island, as are other parts of the province including Williams Lake, All Hallows, the Okanagan, and numerous coastal villages. Those interested in Aboriginal culture or immigration will have more than enough information to enrich their existing knowledge. Profiled is an array of well-known BC pioneers and their contributions to BC education. Lesser-known pioneers are

mentioned to illustrate their importance in establishing education throughout the province.

If you feel you are part of this book's audience, take the time to view its insightful content.

Kirk Salloum

Scandal!! 130 Years of Damnable Deeds in Canada's Lotus Land.
William Rayner. Surrey, BC, Heritage House, 2001. 288 p., illus., $19.95 paperback.

William Rayner has compiled thirty-nine vignettes from BC history using his conceptualization of scandal. The collection spans 130 years, with the majority of incidents occurring in the last two decades.

Rayner, now retired from newspaper life, reports each incident with a journalistic flavour and captures the facts of the events. Rayner often includes the opinions of the day as they pertain to the ways an event unfolded in different public forums for example, in courtrooms, in the legislature, or the media. To supplement the text, pictures are interspersed throughout the book. To enhance many of the vignettes, follow-up information is highlighted.

Each vignette is best read on its own and can be read in any order. Many of the names and events, especially from the last twenty years, will be familiar to people that have kept abreast of current events in BC. The vignettes are easy to follow, and Rayner's commentary can be entertaining.

Unfortunately, Rayner falls short in providing an in-depth discussion of the events in the scope of BC history. He states, The essence of a scandal is its shock value. The more public and lasting the shock, the deeper the scandal. This concept of scandal is restrictive. Selecting incidents using this framework is subjective in nature. This becomes apparent as Rayner editorializes. Little is said about the future consequences or implications associated with a particular incident.

Some incidents in the collection are clearly disgraceful and offensive to the moral sensibilities of society. With others, the reader will wonder if a specific event was indeed a scandal or, rather, a systemic political or governmental predicament waiting to happen. Little meaningful discussion takes place regarding the moral and ethical dilemmas associated with particular players and events in a historical context. In the Afterword, Rayner continues to mishandle a much-needed objective examination of the incidents.

Rayner concludes the book by suggesting that . . . when temptation raises its seductive head, the best way to avoid scandal and recriminations is to replace greed, lust and political expediency with simple probity. Such a lesson is also appropriate for writing about BC history. When the attraction arose to compile this book, Rayner should have realized that editorializing has limits and interpreting BC history deserves probity.

***Kirk Salloum** Dr. Kirk Salloum is an educational consultant living in Vancouver, BC.*

An Apostle of the North; memoirs of the Right Reverend William Carpenter Bompas.
H.A. Cody. Introduction by William R. Morrison and Kenneth S.Coates. Edmonton: University of Alberta Press, 2002. 391 + lxxxiii p. $29.95 paperback.

H.A. Cody wrote *An Apostle of the North* in 1908, when a missionary could still be a hero, and Cody had no doubt that Bishop Bompas was heroic. The editors of this edition, two history professors of scrupulous academic detachment, come close to wondering if he might have been right. So does the reader, faced with both Cody's original story and Morrison and Coates' account of their research around it.

William Carpenter Bompas arrived in northwestern Canada in 1865 with the fur traders. He stayed throughout the early mining days and the turbulence of the great gold rush. By 1906, the year of his death, he had been in the Yukon longer than any other non-aboriginal person.

William R. Morrison, of the University of Northern British Columbia, and Kenneth Coates, of the University of Saskatchewan, intended to write a new biography of Bompas, but found nothing to warrant such an undertaking - no hidden letters or secret diaries, no breath of scandal, only the same evidence which Cody had culled, of a man whose public persona was the same as his private. They recognized the existing biography as an important historical document in its own right, and decided to reprint it, accompanied by a comprehensive introduction from their modern perspectives. Their choice to conceptualise, and not to rewrite, results in a multi-level work which re-introduces not only Bompas, but his Boswell as well.

As a young priest, the Rev. Hiram A. Cody (1872-1948) served in the Yukon (one of his parish sidesmen was Robert Service) and knew Bompas personally for the last two years of the Bishop's life. He left the Yukon in 1909 to serve a parish in his native New Brunswick. After *Apostle to the North*, he wrote twenty-five successful novels with titles such as *Rod of the Lone Patrol* and *Glen of the High North*, as well as numerous magazine articles. By 1920 his sales in the United States exceeded 100,000 books, and in 1921 his fellow authors, such as Bliss Carman, elected him vice-president for New Brunswick of the Canadian Authors' Association at its founding convention in Montreal. Cody's stories of "honest, fearless men battling the perils of the frontier, often in a spirit of muscular Christianity", were fictional parallels to his biography of Bompas.

So Cody could tell a story, and here was a good one: the devout Englishman, already in his early thirties and neither handsome nor charismatic, answering the call of the Church Missionary Society for "one of its most unattractive mission fields - the northwest of British North America" where the people he was to serve were constantly on the move, without settled communities, and such government as there was depended on the Hudson's Bay Company. Drawing on unsuspected physical strength and stamina, Bompas set out on the first of his astonishing journeys, arriving at Fort Simpson on Christmas Day, months before he was expected.

Subsequently he travelled great distances under difficult circumstances, often on foot. He did not keep a detailed journal, and the editors lament: "several of his trips,had they been better recorded, would stand as major feats of Arctic exploration and travel." But Cody's narrative and descriptive talents, with his own knowledge of the terrain, do much to convey the excitement of the north, and if part of that excitement is spiritual, well, that's the way it was.

At the end of a day, Bompas would retreat to his study to translate scriptures into Aboriginal languages, to study ancient texts, and to write papers relating modern science and Biblical details to northern reality. Cody reproduces several of these papers in his chapter "Northern Lights on the Bible".

In 1874, Bompas was consecrated Bishop of Athabasca. Despite his dismay at the title and ceremony thrust upon him, he determined to fulfil his duties. One immediate change demanded of him as an Anglican prelate was to take a wife, and he married his cousin Selina Cox. Theirs was no wildly romantic courtship, and Morrison and Coates judge it a "marriage of convenience". Maybe so, but Cody's evidence suggests that from the beginning Selina understood Bompas's calling and did her utmost to make it her own. The vastness of his diocese and its inhospitable climate separated them often and for extended periods; one travel stop- over stranded her at Fort Yukon for eight months. More often, it was the Bishop who was travelling, while she held the fort in exemplary fashion among Native people and miners who saluted her as the "first white lady who has wintered amongst us". A bishop's flock includes his clergy, and Selina's duties included the comfort of bewildered young clergy wives newly arrived in the barren land. Of one such she wrote, "I fixed a few flowers and a verse on her tent pole to cheer her up."

Bompas dealt as necessary with episcopal administrative duties, synods, and even a diplomatic [and unsuccessful] mission to William Duncan, maverick missionary of Metlakatla. In 1891 the diocese was divided, Bompas choosing the more isolated section, the Diocese of Selkirk (later of Yukon). He used his position to lobby on behalf of the Aboriginal people, citing the damage wrought on their lives by the arrival of miners and appealing for compensation for those shifted from their lands. The Gold Rush of 1898 was his worst nightmare, but his bullying of the federal government put law and order, in the persons of the North-West Mounted Police, on the scene to greet the Klondikers. Secular authorities found him too concerned with the welfare of the First Nations people. Morrison and Coates ask us to read Cody's account of the founding of residential schools and Bompas's Christian approach to Aboriginal spirituality, with a realization of the complexities involved. They wonder that the churches themselves no longer make any effort to emphasize the positive aspects of the missionary era. Ironically, in their introduction they mention the roles of Matthew Coon Cone and Remi de Roo, two complex and contradictory figures already, since the time of writing, perhaps passed into history, their fates exemplifying the changeability of our own attitudes.

The editors plead, "The kind of writing that portrays indigenous people as simple victims of newcomers ignores the important factor of 'agency', specifically that First Nations people had a certain measure of control and influence over the newcomers; the power did not flow only in one direction." Certainly the power flowed towards the Bishop, described by a contemporary American journalist as escaping back from civilization to bury "himself once more in the frozen north, that no other man loves but for the sake of its gold."

Bompas was not the only one of our early bishops to inspire a Boswell; I wish Morrison and Coates, or someone very like them,would turn their attention to Rev. Herbert H. Gowen's 1899 biography of Acton Windeyer Sillitoe, first bishop of New Westminster. I have made extensive and grateful use of a battered copy in the UBC Library. It deserves reviving in a framework such as the editors have given *Apostle of the North*.

Phyllis Reeve *Phyllis Reeve wrote a history of St. James', Vancouver's oldest Anglican parish.*

The First Russian Voyage Around the World: The Journal of Hermann Ludwig von Lowenstern (1803-1806),

trans. Victoria Joan Moessner. Fairbanks: University of Alaska Press, 2003. 464 p., illus. $35.95 US hard cover.

The Estonian German author of this uncensored, personal diary, Hermann Ludwig von Lowenstern (1771-1836), was at the time of the 1803 Russian naval expedition the fourth officer and cartographer of the lead ship, the British-built "Nadazhda," under command of Captain Adam Johann von Krusenstern.

The expedition sailed from Kronstadt, now Kronshlot, in the Baltic. After stops at Copenhagen, Falmouth and Tenerife they sailed to the Brazilian coast, thence round Cape Horn. Krusenstern took his vessel to the Marquesas, where he traded with the natives of Nuku Hiva and saw secret funeral rights at a moraie. Then it was north to the Hawaiian Islands and then Kamchatka. From there they sailed to Japan, where the reestablishing of relations with the Japanese court was the objective. There was a Russian ambassador there at the time, Nicolai Petrovich Resanoff. Relations with the Japanese were not enhanced, but Krusenstern charted sections of the Japanese coast and islands, especially Yeso, present-day Hokkaido. They sailed to Maraoi, later in 1805, and returned to Russia by sailing west. Their voyage consumed three years and almost twelve months. Krusenstern helped strengthen Russian links in the North Pacific world, links already established by Russian traders from Kamchatka. Krusenstern published an account of his voyage, and several years later, in 1815, he made an unsuccessful attempt to find a northwest passage.

The diarist was a humane and wise individual, well travelled and far seeing. He had sailed in an English East India Company ship, but got no farther than English sea ports.

Of the ship that he served in, on this service, he wrote that "wrangling, strife, envy, hate, deceit, cheating, egotism, uncharitableness, lies and laziness: those are the driving forces that belong to the order of the day on our ship." He served under a coarse and thoughtless lout of a captain, and was relieved to find himself in Russian naval service. He sailed widely, to the Mediterranean, travelled to Constantinople and Paris (and to desolate Versailles, then stripped of its finery), and then found himself joining the Krusenstern voyage round the world, the first for Imperial Russia.

The text is a wonderful window on several worlds, more especially those of Japan and China. The Russians found the Japanese difficult to deal with, and surely it was the same in reverse. The giving of gifts was problematic, for there were rules of the game, and the Japanese proved to be more demanding and exacting than the rough Russians ever imagined. In China the problem related to the necessary patience for trade. "They make capricious demands and change their prices hourly. They sell everything by the pound, the best way to cheat." (p. 380) The vessel never got to Sitka, or any part of Alaska, confined as it was to the survey of east Asian waters, especially Japan and Sakhalin. But at Canton much was learned about Russian trade on the Northwest Coast of America, this gleaned from sailors of the *Neva*, Captain Lisianski. The *Neva* had sailed from the Baltic with the *Nadezhada* and they were separated for a time, effecting a rendezvous at Canton. It seems that Lisianski deliberately falsified recorded longitudes and latitudes in order, says Lowenstern, so that no one else could make use of the discoveries he was making for the Russian America Company. We learn additional details: that Baranov received high praise from Lisianski for the nature of his trade in Alaska but that Baranov's underlings were very dissatisfied with him; that 30,000 pelts of beaver, sea otter, river otter, fox and sable were damaged and then thrown overboard after the *Neva* was thrown around by a typhoon (a huge loss, the numbers of which are staggering, if doubtful), and that the Chinese women were brought off to the Russian vessels at night: "As strictly as it is forbidden by Chinese laws for a Chinese woman to consort with Europeans, greed for money also overcomes these laws here. At night, a mandarin always goes up and down the river in Wampoa as patronuille, and nevertheless "fresh meat" [sic] (girls) are brought to the ships in the dark. The Boats have six rowers and the girls lie like anchovy in them so that the mandarin cannot see them If a patronuille approaches they flee at the speed of an arrow." (p. 391) This diary is full of wonderful details.

When the Russian ships reached home the sailors had to clear customs, and there would have been a lot to declare. Fortunately the Emperor was so benevolent, says the diarist, that he had given an order that all our things and baggage should be let in free of customs. "To prevent misuse of the order, customs, with very sour faces, put a custom's stamp on all of our things." (p. 437) Each of the officers got a life pension and those who wanted a discharge seem to have got it. Lowenstern travelled for a time, resumed his career in the Russian Navy, sailed in the Baltic and Black seas. But he missed Reval and Estonia, and so in later years he became an estates owner in Estonia during the years that serfdom was finally abolished there. He was a good watercolour artist and was good at line drawings. This edition contains a lovely collection of his art work. We find in this book, too, an excellent bibliography and thorough index. The translation and notations have been done with immense scholarly care and are a credit to the translator and press alike. The book adds immensely to our knowledge of the North Pacific world in the first decade of the nineteenth century.

***Barry Gough** Waterloo Ontario*

Uncle Ted Remembers; 26 short stories describing the history of the Lakes District of North Central British Columbia. Dawson Creek, The Author, 2003. 128 p., illus., $18 paperback. Available from Wayne Mould, 1605, 116 Ave., Dawson Creek, BC V1G 4P8

Let's begin this review by broadening the definition of a "pioneer". The *Canadian Oxford Dictionary* defines pioneer as a "settler in a previously unsettled land". But what do you call people who settled in a country that hadn't changed much in the 1930s and 40s, from what the earlier folk found when they arrived a generation or two earlier?

One might say that the country between Burns Lake and Topley in north central British Columbia (sometimes referred to as the lake district) was a country that time forgot. During the period that Wayne Mould's UncleTed lived in the wilderness area, horse drawn transportation was the mode of the day. Shanks's pony was another mode of travel. And people thought nothing of walking for miles to visit a neighbour, or take in a social function. Even the building of the Grand Trunk Railway didn't bring the changes that other railroads, like the CPR and the CNR did in the late ninteenth and early twentieth centuries. The land remained pristine long after the territory further south had been resoundingly altered for ever.

North central BC teemed with game. Its rivers and streams were filled with fish. It is no wonder that some desperate souls seeking to survive in hard times, were attracted to the big empty land. Uncle Ted remembers that the economy of the area was simply, "living off the land." Some fellows made a buck or two providing railroad ties to the Grand Trunk. But cash was as rare as work, if you didn't count the labour of sheer survival to keep the wolf from the door.

Uncle Ted Remembers does give a pretty clear picture of life before logging, lumber, and pulp mills. Before tourism, heli-skiing, and all the tacky romanticism of recreating what we now call pioneer settlements, complete with street drama, costumes and pretend.

But Uncle Ted must have been a pretty terse communicator. The result is not so much what I'd term a collection of 'stories', as it is a collection of sketchy reminiscences, filled out somewhat by Wayne Mould's own commentary.

Some of the incidents and events, like

the first chapter's description of a wedding and the subsequent horse race that imperilled life and limb of the wedding party, do tell a story. In a way. But the fleshingout of the event might have made for a more colourful narrative. Descriptions of the guests, for example, as they advanced in inebriation - how the horses looked after being raced for miles over the roughest of trails through the bush, would have helped to make the event's telling less cut and dried.

Still, the result of Wayne Mould's putting together Uncle Ted's experiences does offer some humour, and a pretty good idea of the rustic pleasures and inter-dependencies of a very isolated life. The one-roomed school house, the box social, the outhouse, the harvest trains, the mining at Wells, BC, which eventually provided UncleTed with a job, and finally, the good uncle's service in the military during the Second World War, are all part of the lexicon of pioneer existence.

But one gets the impression that the book, like some parts of the Old Testament in the Bible, were written up long after the telling. *Uncle Ted Remembers* seems a collection of fragments, notes and memories of conversations, some of which probably blew away in one of those unpredictable lake country tempests.

There's nothing new in *Uncle Ted Remembers.* Still, it's a book you can curl up with at bed-time on a cold winter's night. And it's a book you can probably finish before you nod off.

Esther Darlington *Esther Darlington lives in Cache Creek*

Lost Orchards: Vanishing Fruit Farms of the West Kootenay.

Joan Lang. Ward Creek Press, 11124 McQuarrie Ave., Nelson, BC V1L 1B2 , 2003. 135 p., illus., $17 paperback.

Joan Lang's *Lost Orchards* is a re-worked version of her 1996 Master' s thesis for the University of Victoria's History Department. As such it has evolved into an informative, interesting and comparatively well-written book of about 130 pages, justifiably deserving of a wider audience than the shelves of a university archives.

While retaining the integrity of academic scholarship in her footnotes, appendices, bibliography and index - solid platforms for others to build upon - she captures events, facts and figures attractive to a general readership. Appendix II, for example, is composed of two original and somewhat lengthy letters from 1908 British immigrant, Edith Attree, describing in her Dickensian prose her family's trip from England across Canada to the West Kootenays. Appendix I's interest is found in its list of names of "Some Early Pre-Emptors in the Kootenay Lake Area" while Appendix III displays five Tables of statistics for the increases and decreases in fruit production - tree and ground - from the early to the mid-1900's. A couple of maps, a plan for the preferred layout for fruit trees and more than fifty illustrations, many as full-colour plates, grace the pages throughout.

In her Introduction Lang cautions that the success of the West Kootenay orchards may have been "doomed from the start." "Why," she asks, "did this industry join the casualty list of other fruit-growing endeavours in British Columbia?" Her answers follow in the four concise, fact-filled chapters and conclusion of her book.

In Chapter One she notes the physical barriers in the region that mitigated from the outset against the continuing success of the West Kootenay's orchard industry. She refers to the layout of the land with its valley and benches, to the problematic access to the region prior to the railroads, and to the predominant early interests in gold mining and its connections to the United States. Logging and coal mining are also mentioned and their workers are noted as markets for the evolving fruit industry. As the industry prospered the real estate business boomed bringing with it attendant problems of certain unethical practices and promoters, inflated land prices and poorly planned settlements. Once in the West Kootenay's, however, the pioneering orchardists determined to make the best of what they had.

The pioneers' efforts paid off as Lang describes in Chapter Two. She writes of how various settlers inched into the industry, how others overcame the loss of loved ones, how railway and steamship lines arose, how the benches were cleared, tilled and irrigated, how the Women's Institutes were formed and the Farmers' Institutes strengthened, what legislation was produced, what formal associations were founded, and what the effects were for the arrival of the Doukhobors in the region. Success outweighed failures and adversities were overcome so that by 1914 almost 400,000 acres of orchards were under cultivation by 523 independent operators in 34 communities.

In her third and fourth chapters Lang delves into the details of the expansion of the industry and its marketing efforts between World War I and World War II. She expounds upon the increasing changes in planting,storing, pesticide use and marketing. She notes that research increased with assistance from the Farmers' and Women's Institutes, the provincial government and universities world-wide. The difficulties of reclaiming ever more land are recounted as are the problems arising from too much clear-cutting, forest fires, ravaging bears, irrigation schemes gone awry, and the inability to find pickers and planters, especially during wartime, or to pay them, especially during the Great Depression. In the better days ancillary industries sprang up such as factories for producing packing and shipping materials or for making jam. Distribution and marketing systems took on a major focus and government legislation, price controls, production targets, and co-operatives played their roles. And whereas the Great Depression dampened the industry down, the Second World War gave it a new life, however briefly.

In the final analysis, though, as Lang concludes, the industry declined after World War Two as the victim of several forces - market problems that "returned with a vengeance, compounded by fundamental changes in transportation, climatic problems and the devestation of orchards by diseases and pests". Then too, as the pioneering orchardists aged, their children left the area,

unwilling to work for the hardscrabbling pittances paid to their fathers. Land prices dipped and risk-taking growers disappeared, victimized by low to no returns on their products often eaten away by packing and shipping costs. The Doukhobor community fell on hard times, symbolized by its burned out jam factory and neglected orchards. Other symbols of the general decay remain to this day where, Lang says, "old wharf pilings still stand at the unused steamer landings, their important function reduced to supporting osprey nests."

Of the 400, 000 acres of orchards in 1914, Lang notes, only 200 remained in 1955. The industry was dead. Still, as she writes, "The decline and collapse of this industry is a story of courage, struggle, endurance, success and failure." It is one she has told well and for which she deserves our applause for bringing it to the centre stage of British Columbia's history.

(This book was awarded second prize by the BC Historical Federation for historical writing, runner-up for the Lieutenant-Governor's Medal. Ed.)

M. Wayne Cunningham *M. Wayne Cunningham writes a weekly book review column for The Kamloops Daily News.*

Noteworthy Books

Bloody Practice; doctoring in the Cariboo and around the world.
Sterling Haynes. Prince George, Caitlin Press, 2003. $18.95.

Boards, Boxes, and Bins; Stanley M. Simpson and the Okanagan lumber industry.
Sharron J. Simpson. Kelowna, Manhattan Beach Publishing, 2003. $30

Camp Vernon: a century of Canadian military history.
Hugh Rayment and Patrick Sherlock. Vernon, Kettle Valley Publishing, 2003. $49.95.

Country Post; rural postal service in Canada, 1880-1945.
Chantal Amyot and John Willis. Gatineau, Canadian Museum of Civilization, 2003. $39.95.

Gold Rush Orphan.
Sandy Frances Duncan. Vancouver, Ronsdale Press, 2004. $10.95

Maria Mahoi of the Islands.
Jean Barman. Vancouver, New Star Books, 2004. $16

No Ordinary Mike; Michael Smith, Nobel Laureate.
Eric Damer and Caroline Astell. Vancouver, Ronsdale Press, 2004. $24.95

Rivers of Change; trailing the waterways of Lewis & Clark.
Tom Mulllen. Malibu, Calif., Roundwood Press, 2004. $25.95 US

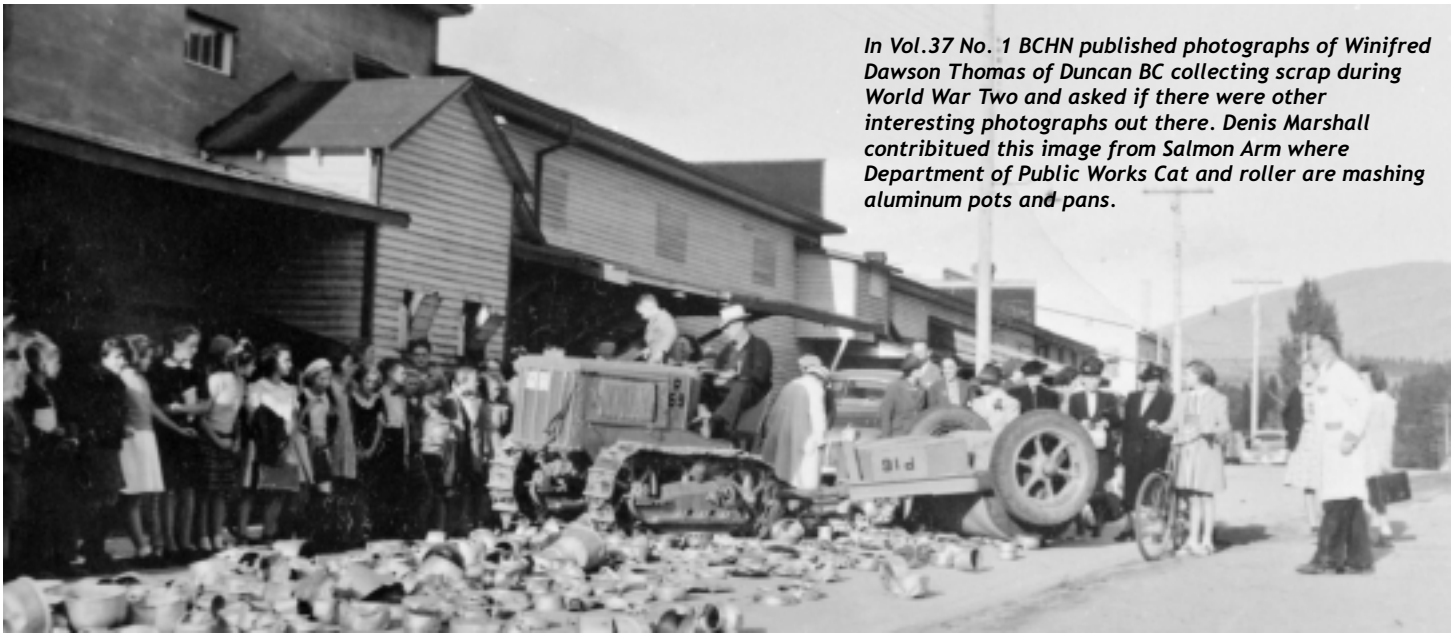
Sawdust Caesars and Family Ties in the Southern Interior Forests.
Denis Marshall. Okanagan Historical Society, Salmon Arm Branch, 2003. $22.95

Songhees Pictorial; a history of the Songhees people as seen by outsiders, 1790-1912.
Victoria, Royal BC Museum, 2003. $39.95.

A World Apart; the Crowsnest communities of Alberta and British Columbia.
Ed. Wayne Norton and Tom Langford. Kamloops, Plateau Press, 2002. $23.95

Unsettled Boundaries: Fraser gold and the British-American Northwest.
Robert E. Ficken. Pullman, Wash., Washington State University Press, 2003. $195 US

WEBSITE: Establishing Professional Social Work in Vancouver and at the University of British Columbia.
Beverley Scott. 2004. toby.library.ubc.ca/webpage/webpage.cfm?id=97. Also available as a pamphlet.



In Vol.37 No. 1 BCHN published photographs of Winifred Dawson Thomas of Duncan BC collecting scrap during World War Two and asked if there were other interesting photographs out there. Denis Marshall contribitued this image from Salmon Arm where Department of Public Works Cat and roller are mashing aluminum pots and pans.

WebSite Forays

Historical Web Site Competition

Christopher Garrish

Among the many highlights of the recent BCHF Conference in Nanaimo was the annual awards banquet held on the Saturday night. It is at this closing event of the Conference that the honours are presented to those individuals who have made an outstanding con tribution to the researching and writing of BC history from the past year. While the best of the traditional print media are recognized, there is also an award for the best of the web. This year marked the fifth anniversary of the annual Historical Web Site Competition, a prize that was originally established by the Federation in conjunction with David Mattison for the purpose of recognizing those internet sites that are judged to best contribute to an understanding and appreciation of Bri tish Columbia's past on the internet.

Over the years the award has gone to a surprisingly diverse range of sites. The inaugural winner in 1999; the Prince George Oral History Group, represented an attempt to create a web portal that would make available those recorded memories and studies that the group had been able to assemble of Prince George residents that had "lived the history" of the area. In 2002, the award went to the Samson V Maritime Museum, which is seeking to create a virtual in-sight into the history of the paddle-wheelers that were once such a common sight on the Fraser River.

The quality of the nominations this year was no different, as entries were received for sites covering subjects as varied as: the creation of a "virtual community" by form er residents of a northern BC company town; the important work of numerous local genealogical societies; to the creation of an on-line catalogue of foreign language materials. In the end, the Web Site Competition Committee came to the consensus that, of all the nominees, the site which best represented individual initiative in the writing & presentation, historical content, layout, design, and ease of use was the BC History of Nursing Group located at www.bcnursinghistory.ca. preservation of nursing history in British Columbia. The site was originally created in 1997 and has continued to grow ever since, coming to play an important role in allowing the Group to communicate electronically with members of the Registered Nurses Association of British Columbia (RNABC), as well as a much broader audience beyond the RNABC. The Group is able to achieve this goal by encouraging its core audience of nurses to network through the si te, and by presenting casual visitors of the site with resources and material in the form of nursing biographies, oral histories, a newsletter, a fairly extensive (and growing) archival list of nursing related literature, and an "upcoming events" page. The Group also actively collaborates with nursing educational institutions and alumnae associations to encourage the preservation of nursing history.

In managing the site, the how the initial focus was simply on the posting of information from the quarterly newsletter. Over the years, however, pages have been added and features included on a number of interesting topics. One of these, as mentioned above, are the features on nurses who have made outstanding contributions to health care in BC and beyond. One nurse that has been profiled on the site is Clara (Kwan) Lim who, in 1939, became only the third student of Chinese descent to enter the Vancouver General Hospital (VGH) School of Nursing. Graduating in 1941 at the head of her class, she began general-duty nursing at VGH shortly thereafter. As Clara progressed at VGH, she became a supervisor before sitting on the committee that was then planning the Centennial Pavilion addition. When the Pavilion was opened, Clara assumed responsibility for Medical-Surgical and Emergency Nursing at the Pavilion. She was also instrumental in the opening of the Intensive Care and the Coronary Care units at the hospital - the first ones in BC. Through her work at the hospital, Clara touched the lives of many people, and in 1979 was honoured as a Member of the Order of Canada.

The most recent addition to the nursing site has been a page detailing the public monuments that exist throughout Vancouver that honour nurses. To date, the Group has been able to identify and document eight public memorials to nurses, these include: three stained glass windows; three statues; a frieze; and a hospital building, all of which have been photographed and presented on the site.

For those of you familiar with the urban renewal of Vancouver, the case of the former Medical Dental Building (MDB) at the corner of Georgia and Howe Street speaks to this work done by the History of Nursing Group.

When built in 1929, the building was designed in the Art Deco style popular at that time. As the story goes, the architect of the building, John Young McCarter, was a navy veteran who credited his survival in the Great War to the care he received from a nursing sister. In honour of this nurse, and her profession, the MDB was fitted with three, ornamental, eleven foot high, terra cotta, "Sisters of Mercy" nurses dressed in First World War uniforms. When the Medical Dental Building was brought down in 1989, these nurses were salvaged and mounted on a building out at UBC (while fibreglass replicas were placed on the new building at Georgia and Howe Street). In the interim, the history of these statues has been documented and presented on the History of Nursing Group's site. At the present time the History Group is temporarily housing its growing collection in a small office at the UBC School of Nursing. A fund raising initiative and search for a permanent home for the collection is actively in progress. Many nursing artifacts are fragile and irreplaceable such as nursing uniforms, syringes, and breast pumps. The History Group plans to photograph and display these items on the site as part of an on-line virtual museum.

Please take the time to visit the Nursing Group's site and if you think you know of an equally deserving web site that should be recognized by the Federation at next year's Conference please do not hesitate to nominate that site (even if it is your own). Remember, there are still almost six months before the deadline passes (December 31, 2004) for nominations to be received. For more details, please visit the Federation's web site at www.BCHistory.ca •

Archives & Archivists

Northern BC Archives Expands its Facility

Librarian & Archivist, Norma Marion Alloway Library, Trinity Western University

The University of Northern British Columbia has recently opened an expanded archival facility located at the Geoffrey R. Weller Library at its main campus in Prince George. The Archives had outgrown its previous location in the Library that provided storage for an estimated thirty percent of its holdings while the majority of records remained off-site. The Northern British Columbia Archives & Special Collections unit, now located on the fourth floor of the Library Building, has increased in size from 158 sq metres to 400 sq metres.

Ramona Rose, Head of Archives & Special Collections notes "We are thrilled with the new facility. Not only has it allowed us to transfer all of the off-site holdings to the main campus, but also the space was redesigned to function as an archival facility that ensures long-term preservation of the collections and increases public research access." Renovations included the construction of environmentally-controlled spaces with a dedicated HVAC system, installation of high-density mobile storage, increased security controls, and dedicated rooms for collections processing, photographic media storage, and isolation for incoming acquisitions. The enlarged Research Room can accommodate the needs of individual researchers and is suitable for class presentations.

The new Archives was officially opened November 20, 2003 during Archives Week in BC. Dr. Charles Jago, President of UNBC, led the ceremonies and over 100 guests enjoyed a reception and tour of the new facility. Murray Sadler, Q.C., founding President of the Interior University Society, performed the ribbon cutting accompanied by Ernie Kaesmodel, of the Friends of the Archives, and Jason Plank, Senior Accounts Manager, representing the Royal Bank Financial Group/Foundation one of our corporate donors.

Although in existence for only four years, discussions began twelve years ago to establish an archive that would preserve the history of the creation of UNBC. A committee was struck and an Archives Plan was established which expanded on this original mandate, recognizing the need also to preserve and provide access to public and private records that focus on the history of Northern British Columbia. Hence, the Northern BC Archives was created in 2000. The Archives houses UNBC's administrative and historic records; in essence, acting as its "memory-bank". In addition, the Archives acquires, preserves and provides access to materials of permanent value related to the history, development and culture of Northern British Columbia. The role of the Archives is beneficial to both UNBC in its teaching and research role and to the wider community, functioning as part of the University's general initiative to integrate itself with communities in Northern British Columbia. The Archives serves research and scholarship by making its holdings available to the university community and the general public. There is no admission charge.

The Northern BC Archives holdings comprise over 950 metres of textual records, over 18,000 photographic items, 250 sound recordings, 175 moving image recordings and over 200 cartographic items. Holdings include: organizational records of the Interior University Society, the grass-roots organization which lobbied for a university to be built in the North; administrative records of the Cassiar Asbestos Mining Corporation and records of the town of Cassiar, over 1700 record boxes of materials; over 8000 photographic items from Northwood Pulp & Timber Ltd.; The "Flying Mission" Genealogical Records of the Carrier-Sekani Tribal Council; the Prince George Railway & Forestry Museum Archival Collections including early surveying and photographic documentation of the construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific and Pacific Great Eastern Railways in Northern BC; literary records of well-known Northern writers Brian Fawcett and Barry McKinnon; over 5500 landscape and flora images by Mary Fallis, educator and naturalist; and over 30 sound recordings generated by the Prince George Oral History Group. Special Collections houses over 5500 rare volumes of published works related to the development of Northern BC and Northern Canada with particular emphasis on exploration of Northern BC and rare First Nations ethnologies. The Archives also houses the University's Artwork collections and maintains the First Nations ceremonial regalia used for University convocation ceremonies. For more information contact Ramona Rose at archives@unbc.ca and consult the archives website at http://lib.unbc.ca/unbcarchives •

Guests tour the permanent collections storage during opening of the Northern BC Archives, November 20, 2003

Photos: Rob van Adrichem, UNBC

(left to right) Dr. Charles Jago, President of UNBC, Ernie Kaesmodel of the Friends of the Archives, Murray Sadler, Q.C., founding President of the Interior University Society and Jason Plank, Senior Accounts Manager, of the Royal Bank Financial Group/Foundation.

Writing Competition

2003 Winners

Lieutenant Governor's Medal
Dr. Jean Barman for Sojourning Sisters: The Lives and Letters of Jessie and Annie McQueen. *University of Toronto Press.*

2nd Prize
Joan Lang for Lost Orchards: Vanishing Fruit Farms of the West Kootenay. *Ward Creek Press.*

3rd Prize
Marie and Richard Weeden (Eds.) for *Edenbank: The History of a Canadian Pioneer Farm*, by the late Oliver N. Wells. Harbour Publishing.

Honourable Mention
Chief Earl Maquinna George for *Living on the Edge: Nuu-Chah-Nulth History from an Ahousat Chief's Perspective*. Sono Nis Press.

Honourable Mention
John R. Hinde for *When Coal was King: Ladysmith and the Coal-Mining Industry on Vancouver* Island. UBC Press.

Special Recognition
The judging panel is pleased to honour Howard White of Harbour Publishing with a special recognition for having published, over the past 32 years, 19 issues of the Raincoast Chronicles. This series constitutes a significant contribution to the written history of British Columbia.

What's Happening in BC?

Member Society reports to British Columbia Historical Federation 2004 Annual General Meeting

Alberni District Historical Society report (Jane Hutton, President)

The volunteers and members of the Alberni District Historical Society have enjoyed a productive year. The archives volunteers continue to answer an increasing number of requests both from local residents and more distant clients. Set fees, rather than the usual donations, now reflect the value of volunteers' efforts on behalf of a growing number of professional researchers seeking information on local properties.

Our public meetings have proven popular in the community. Local television programming and the Alberni Valley Museum's special display and visitor activities led up to the ADHS programme about the 1964 Tsunami. An especially large audience heard a presentation by members of the local media. They especially enjoyed listening to old radio interviews with tsunami survivors and sharing their own personal memories of the event.

We reserve the AGM programme for activities among the membership. A couple of years ago we mapped former businesses in the downtown core and last year we listed our favourite places in the Alberni Valley. This year we will draw personalized maps that illustrate our experiences in our neighbourhoods, favourite haunts, or heritage sites.

Arrow Lakes Historical Society report (Rosemarie Parent)

Last year 2003, we printed the fifth volume of our Centennial Series of five books, *Bugles on Broadway*, which is about Nakusp from 1923 until the late 1960s. This was a project covering many years of work and we are delighted to be finished with the printing of the series. This year we reprinted the third volume, *Silent Shores and Sunken Ships*, which is about the Beaton Arm area, with the prominent towns of Arrowhead, Galena Bay, Beaton, Comaplix and Sidmouth.

The books are selling well and when we have sufficient funds, a small soft cover book about the history of Halcyon Hot Springs is ready to go to the printers. There are several full colour photos included, with many black and whites.

Assistance continues from the BC Gaming Commission, which helps us to pay insurance, lease, and other expenses at our building that we lease from BC Hydro. With all costs increasing, especially insurance, we are thankful for this help with our day-to- day costs. The Village of Nakusp continues to exempt our taxes, which is also a big help!

More people than ever have been in to use our archives, the most interesting was a technician from Knowledge Network who was preparing a BC Moments TV presentation of some of the hot springs in the area. We saw it for the first time on the 18th of April. He needed information and photos of Nakusp and Halcyon Hot Springs, which we prepared for him and he will give us recognition for our help on the BC Moments' show credits which they did. He took a flight by helicopter of the area and sent us copies of the video for our archives.

Several large estate donations are being accessioned at the moment and luckily, some of the people from these estates kept everything. We also transcribed and copied the interview tapes, which we used in the last book we printed. Photograph work is still being completed, the originals are photocopied for people to peruse in looseleafs and the originals are then kept in acid-free sleeves in metal filing cabinets.

Boundary Historical Society report (Delia Mallette, Secretary)

The Boundary Historical Society was pleased to start the year 2003 off with our 52nd anniversary luncheon in January. The luncheon is an opportunity for good food, entertainment and is also a chance to socialize.

One of our most popular events of the year is our annual picnic: last year we met at the home of Fred Marshall, which is the old Bauer Creek Ranch. Plans are currently under way for this year's picnic at Rhone, an interesting stop on the Trans-Canada trail. A new idea this year is to rent a transit bus, often these picnics are some distance away and we think this will be a convenient and popular service.

Our third full-membership event of the year is the annual general meeting. Held in Greenwood last year, the meeting featured a light lunch. Our guest speaker was a representative of an ad-hoc committee that has been working toward purchase of the Mountain View Doukhobor Museum and its artifacts. A museum of historical and tourism significance, we donated $500 to the purchase.

One of our society's projects is the Phoenix Cemetery; work is ongoing to repair and set up pickets, and to keep the grounds neat and tidy. Last year, because of the dry summer and outdoor recreation ban, we weren't able to do as much work at the cemetery as usual; however, this year a work party has already been to the cemetery with the aim of beating what is likely going to be another hot, dry summer.

Our publications committee is hard at work at our 15th report. Its focus is agriculture. Our membership now numbers in the 70s and we look forward to another good year.

Chemainus Valley Historical Society report (Linda Tucker, President)

2003 was a very successful & rewarding year for our Society. Our new office equipment has provided us with the means to do some in-house publishing such as a brochure and information sheets for our visitors. We are now able to provide more options for information and research requests.

The efforts of our Museum Stitchers have helped us to stay in the black. They made two quilts that were raffled plus numerous

other items that we sold in our gift shop and at a Christmas craft sale. Their efforts are an important part of our fund raising.

Our last remaining charter member (age 95) has given our archives a welcome gift of books and papers, much of the information pertains to her life on Kuper Island.

We joined the local Chamber of Commerce in 2003 as part of our goal is to be more involved in our community. Our board has been reviewing various ways to create public awareness of the Society and its museum. One of those ways was to encourage more school tours of our museum. We created a colouring book depicting local history and each child receives one as a gift after the tour.

Another avenue opened to us when we joined the Canadian Historical Information Network (CHIN). We hope to become more involved in their Virtual Museum Program

The rights to the publication *Chemainus Then and Now* were turned over to us in 2003. We had many copies printed and offered for sale in our gift shop. We hope to make some editing changes and then have the 2nd edition published.

We have taken steps to increase our personal security as well as building security. Our building is monitored for after hours security breaches and we have added video cameras and a security mirror upstairs. We are presently installing more Plexiglas around displays for added security.

Our building suffered a minor flood and from that we acquired a new volunteer with many skills. She has taken over the artifacts and in the last year all our artifacts have been recatalogued and put on a database. Our budget has focused on bringing the artifacts and archives up to standard regarding storage security and cataloguing.

We participated as an exhibitor in the "Age of Steam" at the Duncan Forest Museum. Our Chemainus Hospital Auxiliary display of 100 Years of Service was featured in an issue of BC Historical News

Cowichan Historical Society report (Priscilla Lowe Curator/ Manager, Cowichan Valley Museum)

The Cowichan Historical Society's face to the Cowichan Valley is its museum, The Cowichan Valley Museum, now in its 15th year in the Duncan Railway Station. The society is in its 30th year. The Cowichan Historical Society hired a full time Curator/Manager and an assistant as well as a summer student. On account of the Assistant Curator, more fun events for families as well as exhibit openings are held throughout the year. These included a Summer Festival Fun Event in July, a Halloween Spooktacular in October and Christmas Family Fun.

School programming brought in 30 classes in 2003, now featuring the option of a pioneer session or a First Nation's session. In this way, the museum and archives become a place that more people of a greater age spread, enter and remember.

Speakers are arranged by a member of the Board of Directors for monthly evening meetings. Many authors have made presentations relating to recent publications as well as a field trip to a local church cemetery for a tour.

Each Mother's Day in May, the Historical Society joins with the Cowichan Heritage Society to put on a Heritage House Tour. The 2004 tour is the 9th annual. This tour functions not only as a fundraiser but gives an awareness of the heritage and historic buildings in the valley.

Exhibits are changed regularly and in 2003 featured, a private collection of leather objects (Here we partner with a Collector's Club), art and architecture (linking with the artists in the Valley) and First Nations art and artifacts, featuring Simon Charlie carvings donated in early 2003.

Funding for this museum is still on the shoulders of the Cowichan Historical Society and will, in the near future, reach a crisis situation. Gaming and not local government is the financial lifeblood of this museum - not a safe situation, it does not allow for future planning, as income is not in any way consistent.

At this time, as funds decline, the society seeks to involve the region in our existence. Space for exhibit or storage is filled, leaving our function as a preserver of the region's history, very difficult to continue.

East Kootenay Historical Association report

There were two well-attended meetings both held in Cranbrook as 3/4 our membership live in Cranbrook. The guest speaker at our Spring meeting was one of the authors of *Tidbits of Wasa*.

The guest speaker at our fall meeting was an accordionist who performed at the Fort Steele Heritage town. Outings: Heritage homes of Cranbrook; Creston Museum; Dedication of David Thompson statue at Invermere

Our members include fewer and fewer who drive their own vehicles so planning attendance at our meetings and to our outings includes arranging rides for those wanting to attend.

Galiano Museum Society report (Alistair Ross. Past President)

2003 was a busy and a successful year for the Galiano Museum Society. We welcomed over a thousand visitors. Many former residents and their offspring dropped by to revisit the past.

Among the exhibits we mounted was one featuring magazines from World War II. Another display featured the daily records of farmer Stanley Page, who acted as Road foreman for a number of years, and when we first visited Galiano, operated the island taxi service. By then he was in his late eighties.

Our most successful exhibit was researched and assembled by our president Paul Leblond. It told the story of the Pacific Coast Militia Rangers, with a special emphasis on our island's volunteers. The unit was made up of residents from both Galiano and Mayne Island. Also part of the display was reference material about the incendiary air balloons, which the Japanese floated across the Pacific using intercontinental air currents. One of the balloons was spotted over Galiano and shot down over Georgia Strait. The incident was witnessed by one of our directors Clara Stevens, a little girl living at Retreat Cove with her family at the time. We sponsored an evening meeting here in mid November, inviting members of the Gulf Island's Historical Federation to join us. Capt. Jim Miller of Victoria, current head of the BC Militia Rangers was our guest speaker. We are indebted to the Victoria Foundation for financial help in mounting the show and funding the speaker's visit.

Early in 2003 ex-Prime Minister Jean Chretien announced the creation of a Museum to glorify the successes of political leaders over the years. It was to be built in Ottawa at great expense and to be open in three years, but has since been put on the 'back burner' by our current P.M. The Museum Society decided it would get into the act as well, and prepared an exhibit and as much information as we could gather about the Members of Parliament who have represented our area over the years. We had it almost ready to mount when we got word we would have to vacate our rented quarters. We did so in late February, and are presently homeless - well almostl Our "M.P. exhibit' is therefore on hold.

Several years ago we were given a heritage beach sleeping cottage - size 10' by 12'. It dates from about 1923. Lacking a home with display space, we decided to use the building this summer so to

keep a presence in the community. We hope to mount small displays there over the summer months, changing them frequently. We feel we must retain a presence in the community while we wait for lslands Trust and the Department of Highways to grant us use of the land we were given two summers ago. We have been successful in removing the land from the Agricultural Reserve.

We were fortunate in having the services of a student docent during the summer of 2003, and now have word we will be so favoured again this summer.

Sadly I have to report the death in early December of Edrie Holloway. Some of you will remember Edrie from your visit to the outer islands for the BC Historical Federation's A.G.M. in 1986. Edrie was the chief organizer for that inter-island event and, we think, a very good one. She died of throat cancer after several years of extremely poor health. Edrie was a fighter, she was not one to give up the fight!

Gray Creek Historical Society report (Tom Lymbery, President)

We have completed a successful year. Currently we have 59 members. A museum day at our log community hall was more successful than we expected. This event is planned again, and will feature the families, some of whose members will travel from, for instance, Victoria for this.

Our signage for the Gray Creek tour are in place, and the brochure is on sale. We find the bed & breakfasts are pleased with this, as it helps to retain customers.

One of our signs features Henry Rose's cabin fireplace near his 1894 mine. From Gray Creek he moved to Pilot Bay where he ran a floating red light business. After a murder in Nakusp, he became, in 1902, the last man to be hanged at the Nelson jail.

Gulf Islands Branch, British Columbia Historical Federation report (Andrew Loveridge, President)

The Gulf Islands Branch has had a good year with many different activities, The membership stands at about 60 from Mayne, Galiano, Pender and Saturna Islands. The Officers are Andrew Loveridge, President; Nina Thompson, Vice-president; Elizabeth Campbell, Acting Secretary; and Charles Dodwell, Treasurer.

The Annual General Meeting was held on Pender Island, and featured a visit to the site of the Grimmer homestead. The meeting was held in the new Community Hall, designed by Pender Islanders and embellished by the work of many artists.

Andrew Loveridge devoted much of his energy to a project of personal importance, arranging a field trip by the Kuper Island (Penelakut Band) School to visit Galiano School, in order to promote friendship between the two communities and groups. He presented a painting by the late Gillian Allan to the visitors, who themselves performed a drumming session. This was a return visit for one by Galiano to Kuper in 1995; Galiano is scheduled to visit Kuper on May 19.

Herbie Rochet gave a lecture on the establishment and history of the Hudson's Bay Company post at Port Simpson, which preceded Prince Rupert as the centre of the North Coast. The post had to be entirely self sufficient, with blacksmiths and other trades, and the employees had to go to considerable trouble to keep the furs from becoming infested during their long stay in storage.

In March, Andrew Loveridge described the life and adventures of Captain Galiano, for the benefit of new members not familiar with this story. Andrew has made a specialty of investigating the life and times of this remarkable Spaniard, who explored and charted the Northwest Coast in 1792 and published a book about it in 1803.

The Gulf Islands Branch has endorsed the efforts by Galiano and Pender Islands to start museums. These are being undertaken by separate societies on account of the distance involved. Pender already has space in a building at the old Roesland Resort (which we toured during our April meeting), but it has to be fixed up before it can be used. Galiano has received a donation of a piece of land, but it must be rezoned before it can be built upon. Andrew Loveridge also operates a museum of local art as a private initiative.

The Gulf Island Branch has been active for many years, and has twice hosted the B.C.H.F. convention (1966 and 1985).

Lantzville Historical Society

The year 2003-4 has followed a similar pattern to former years. We have 9 meetings a year, usually at Seaview School, on the last Monday of the month. This year we have had few speakers, but in May 2003, we had a most interesting evening, with Ian MacAskie, formerly of the Pacific Biological Station. He showed us a video of a cruise around Vancouver Island in 1989, with a team of scientists, to observe sea mammals. And he answered questions afterwards. Reminiscences feature largely in our meetings and cover a wide variety of subjects. We usually have an interesting collection of objects or photos to identify at "Show and Share", from 25¢ sewing notions to a Wrigley's Gum shingling hammer. We have had some discussions about the possibility of a museum in Lantzville..

Our two social events are the Christmas lunch, held this year at the Nanaimo Golf Club, and our summer field trip. In July 2003, we went to the Campbell River Museum, lunched well at Painters Lodge and then visited the gardens of the Roderick Haig Brown house.

Our president, Lynn Reeve, has discovered some new information about F.H. Lantz, the coal mine owner after whom Lantzville is named. This will eventually be included in our History of Lantzville.

Another project the society has entered into this year arises from the new status of Lantzville. The community changed from an Improvement District to a municipality and is now the District of Lantzville. To mark this historic event, the Historical Society is collecting photos of all the Improvement District trustees from November 1955 to June 2003.These will be enlarged, framed and given to the District of Lantzville to hang in the District office.

We have few members in our society, but one of them, Bennie Negrin, believes he is the last surviving miner from the small mine on Harper Rd in Lantzville.

Little Prairie Heritage Museum

The artifacts and collections reflect the local heritage of the community (Chetwynd, BC) and surrounding area, particularly in regards to family life, farming, railways, trapping, logging and forestry. Much of the farm machinery and other artifacts date from the early 1900's.

The Museum includes several buildings & displays. The main building houses the family life displays, general store and schoolroom. Additional viewing areas include the trappers cabin; the BC Rail caboose; the machinery sheds, and the china cabin.

The Main Building was built in 1949 as a General Store and Post Office. It was last used as a restaurant until it was saved from demolition by the Heritage Society in 1982. The China Cabin originally came from the Campbell ranch and houses the majority of collections of the 2500 piece Mary Trelenberg Pitcher Collection. The balance of the collection is in the general store.

The Trapper's Cabin is home to many artifacts that might be found in a "trapper's cabin" such as different types of animal traps etc. The BC Rail Caboose was purchased from the District of Chetwynd in 1994. It houses some railroad artifacts and is of special interest to children. The new Display Building was built in 1997 by the Northern Lights carpentry class. There you will find Fernando's Rock Collection, a 1950s living room, antique typewriters and office equipment and a watch repair set from the 1940s. The Screened Display Building contains: an ironing mangle from a laundry, milk separating machine, early washing machines and dentistry equipment.

Of special interest among the farm implements in the yard is a threshing machine from the Campbell ranch. A recent addition is an antique fire truck formerly used by the fire department at Moberly Lake.

London Heritage Farm Society

The past year has been a varied and interesting time at London Heritage Farm. The Heritage Hand Tool Museum was revamped following filming of 'Stealing Christmas'. Donations of artifacts to the house and hand tool museum have been generous.

Our Annual Plant sale featured apple trees grafted from London Farm trees and the same grafting session took cuttings from London Farm's 1 00 year old pear trees. The grafted pear trees will be kept potted for another couple of years and then planted on the Farm to ensure a continuation of these heritage fruit trees. Countless hours are put in by the volunteers to plant and maintain the Heritage Gardens, which continue to draw visitors to the site. School tours, Girl Guides, seniors groups, Third Age Learning at Kwantlen, Richmond Museum, Rendezvous Canada, Heritage Society Conference, Tourism Vancouver, Media tour, Tourism Richmond, and Steveston Museum Tour have been among the many groups to visit the Farm.

The Pond Restoration project and the Outdoor Farm Machinery Display are in the process of design and working drawings. They will be developed in partnership with the City of Richmond. In January, the City undertook a heritage refinishing of the tea room and gift shop floors. At the same time, the Society designed and had a custom made information centre and cash/display cabinet with colors, wood and finishes to match the existing 100 year old wainscoting and chair rail. A $3000 grant from the Richmond Foundation covered half the cost of the project.

CBC filmed vignettes for their "CBC Kids" TV series showcasing the history of London Farm. The Society's membership with Tourism Richmond resulted in excellent promotional advertising in over 150,000 pieces and London Heritage Farm is now part of the Steveston package from Gray Line Tours.

Nanaimo Historical Society report (Pamela Mar, co-President)

June 2003 saw the 50th anniversary of the Nanaimo Historical Society, and we celebrated in fine form with a visit to Merv Wilkinson's Wildwood ecoforest which like the Society is planned to grow on for many years. In fact our membership has remained fairly constant in the mid-90s, with new members joining after attending as guests. We have a mix of Nanaimo-born members, long timers, and Nanaimo newcomers.

Our monthly meetings are well attended and always reported on in the press. We have entertained,, and been entertained by, several authors, including Margaret Cadwaladr, who wrote Veronica's Garden, the story of Milner Garden; Bill Proctor and Yvonne Maximchuk, who read from Full Moon, Flood Tide; as well as our own Louise Wilson who read portions of her Grandmother Eunice Harrison's diary, recently published as The Judge's Wife: Memoirs of a British Columbia Pioneer.

Parker Williams was one of those who started the 1940s "Chocolate Bar War" in Ladysmith protesting the increase in price from 5cents to 8cents. He provided background commentary to the video of the History Channel program about it. Another of our members, Jim Manley, discussed his researches into the life of Melvin Swartout, a Presbyterian missionary to the Barclay Sound area from 1894-1904.

Helen Hunter described the activities of her family in Nanaimo during the time of the Bastion's construction. It was a good tie in with the 150th anniversary of the Bastion in 2003, and the 150th anniversary of the arrival of the Princess Royal settlers this coming November. The Society continues to organize and host the annual Princess Royal Day, and a series of articles on the families who came in 1854 is being published in the local papers. These are based on the researches of Peggy Nicholls, which we have published over a number of years.

Our members' activities on our behalf are recognized by the city, and they can be found serving as directors and volunteers for the Museum, the Community Archives and other community historical and heritage organizations. We also have good ties with Malaspina University College, where the annual Ethel Barraclough Scholarship was awarded to history student Theresa Ratzlaff.

The Executive members for the year 2003-2004 were President - Shirley Bateman, Past President - Terry Simpson, 1st Vice President - Jim Pittendreigh, Treasurer - Barbara Simpson, Secretary - Gordon Miller and Members-at-Large - Judy Burgess, Trudy Gilmour, Jan Peterson, and Ray Peterson

Our Committees chairs were: Program - Shirley Bateman, Membership - Barbara Simpson, Telephoning - Trudy Gilmour, Publications - Helen Brown, Pamela Mar, Daphne Paterson, Publicity - Pamela Mar, Daphne Paterson, Newsletter - Daphne Paterson, Refreshment Coordinator - Trudy Gilmour

Nelson & District Museum, Archives, Art Gallery and Historical Society report (Shawn Lamb, Director, Nelson Museum)

In 2003 the Nelson Museum had an "annus horribilis" out of which some good things are resulting. A devastating arson fire of May 4, 2003 destroyed the M.V. Amabilis II, the Forest Service Ship which was under restoration, as well as two smaller boats and other artifacts and equipment and the shed in which they were stored. We came within 20 minutes of losing the entire collection, as the fire was in the roof when the fire department arrived, and got it under control.

Fortunately the building and contents were covered by insurance because smoke and some water had poured into the museum and damaged the walls and the roof, electrical and ventilation systems, and contaminated all the artifacts. This resulted in the removal of most of the artifacts and furniture, and transport of them to another location where they were professionally cleaned and decontaminated by Cromwell Restorations. The building was then repaired, cleaned, sealed, and repainted and the artifacts and furnishings moved back into the building.

We had three student employees in the summer of 2003; all the students were terrific. With their help, on August 17th we opened a new exhibition on the history of the museum in 1/3 of the main floor W.A. Fetterley exhibition room, as well as the Mildred Erb Gallery, the Ladybird Room, and most of the archives. In addition we launched a prototype for a new initiative, the Virtual Museum of the Kootenays, planned to be the joint effort of a number of institutions in the Kootenay-Columbia region. The remainder of our artifacts remain in storage in the remaining 2/3 of the main floor gallery, and in the storage room, cleaned and boxed, while we wait for our upcoming move in 2005-

2006 to the City Hall building at the corner of Vernon and Ward Streets.

In April 2004, we were notified that we would be receiving $425,000 from the Western Diversification Fund, a $100,000 grant from the BC Gaming Commission and $40,000 from the federal Museums Assistance Program to assist in the relocation of the museum, archives and gallery to the old City Hall site.

In July, two advisors from the Department of Canadian Heritage were contracted by the board to come and spend two very fruitful days with us studying the City Hall building and the programming which could happen in it. We also contracted with a local architect to make conceptual drawings of the building as a museum/gallery/archives. In addition we conducted two surveys in preparation for operating the new facility. This year we are continuing planning and fund-raising and starting in May we will go through our entire artifact collection to test it against our Collections Policy, update the artifact documentation and storage containers, and photograph and evaluate each artifact for insurance purposes,

To give us much needed space, in late 2001 we acquired a used 400sq.ft. portable building and have set it up on the museum grounds. Lots of volunteer and donated labour have gone into refurbishing it, while the city upgraded the electrical and heating for the building. It is being used as a workspace for the collections documentation and storage upgrade.

With very little income coming in while we were closed , we have been very fortunate that a former Nelson resident, Dr. Kenneth Morrow of Bellingham, Washington, has written a memoir 'Boyhood in Nelson: Growing up During the Depression" from which he has donated the proceeds to the Nelson Museum. As we are still waiting for the insurance claim to be settled, the money from the book has been most gratefully received and used.

At the end of 2002, we invested $1,000 (a donation) in an endowment fund with the local Osprey Community Foundation. Other donations have raised the fund to $11,000. The annual interest will be seed money for special projects of the museum. This year we have also received a bequest from Kootenay historian E.L. Affleck's estate consisting of his papers, and $2000 to organize them.

We appreciate the work of the BC Historical Federation in bringing historical concerns before the government and the citizens of British Columbia, and are proud to be members.

North Shore Historical Society report (Roy J V Pallant, President)

We had 10 well-attended monthly regular meetings and the Annual General Meeting. Our meetings are held at the North Vancouver Museum & Archives, North Vancouver on the second Wednesday of the month, everyone is welcome. No general meetings are held during July and August.

We have continued to be corporate members of the Friends of the Museum and pay an annual fee of $100 in support of Museum requirements. A donation was given to the North Vancouver Museum and Archives, to go towards making prints and slides from 150 negatives that have been previously donated to the archives.

We participated in the Sea to Sky Heritage Fair to school students held at the Museum in May, and provided a book written by Doreen Armitage as a prize for one of the winning students. Doreen Armitage was one of the volunteers at the fair. Irene Alexander and John Stuart prepared an excellent display table for the Society, and Roy Pallant attended the table on the day, and answered the questions on local history.

We publish 10 monthly Newsletters and have been most fortunate this year to receive donations from the membership to help cover the costs of the Newsletter and postage, allowing us to keep membership fees at a reasonable level. In the past year we have undertaken several community heritage walks, and given many slide/talk presentations to community groups.

Our total membership is 66 voting members, and two honorary, and I corporate. The average attendance for the ten meetings was 35 with the highest attendance of 45 members.

Speakers for the General Meetings. January to December 2003

January (Roy J V Pallant), Show & Tell — February (John Stuart), Trophies in the collection of the North Vancouver Museum & Archives – March (Roy J V Pallant), Annual General Meeting, Heritage surrounds Mollie Nye House - April (Dr. Francis Mansbridge). Launching History/ The Saga of Burrard Dry Dock - May (Barbara Bate), A Visual History of Mollie Nye House and Family - June (Murray Dykeman), Some Bitter Pills from our Past, Reminiscing from the Past Practices of North Shore Pharmacists - September (John Stuart), Reading the Artifacts - October (Dr. Francis Mansbridge). Presentation House, 100 Years of North Shore History - November (Doreen Armitage), From the Wheelhouse: Tugboaters Tell Their own Stories - December (Terry Tobin), An Evening of Show & Tell , The Firth River - Serengeti of the North, an illustrated presentation

North Shuswap Historical Society report (Loretta Greenough)

In July we had a tea for the opening of a new private museum in Scotch Creek - "T & L Reflections - A Little Museum". We have been busy collecting new photographs, approximately 800 this year. We are also working on organizing the present archives. The proudest moment was the publication of Shuswap Chronicles # 7. We are now diligently working on Chronicle # 8. The North Shuswap Historical Society is a small group who enjoy reminiscing together and look forward to the next year.

Old Cemeteries Society of Victoria

Meetings and Events: Members' meetings with talks on veterans' gravesites and the production of the Knowledge Network's "BC Moments" were held in November and March and attended by about 60 members. Bus excursions for members took place in May to Cougar Annie's Garden at Boat Basin and in June to the Cowichan Valley and Ladysmith. The annual Volunteer Appreciation Dinner to honour active volunteers was held in November. The Annual General Meeting was held on June 4, 2003. The Old Cemeteries Society became a member of the BCHF in July 2003.

Projects and activities: The society's tour program included Sunday afternoon tours at Ross Bay Cemetery as well as other Greater Victoria historic cemeteries; tours for Women's History Month in October; the Annual Halloween Ghost Walk at Ross Bay Cemetery; and 10 Ghost Bus-tours at the end of October attended by about 500 people. Society tour guides also delivered 105 tours to 3000 persons, mainly school groups. These tours were on various themes, such as Ghost Walks, Remembrance Day, and BC history. Evening Lantern Tours were given nightly during July and August at the Old Quadra Street Burying Ground.

The bimonthly newsletter "Stone Cuttings" is now sent out electronically to members with Internet access and is posted on the society's website. Winter 2003 and Spring 2004 issues of the journal "Stories in Stone" featured veterans' memorials and included articles about Calgary cemeteries and churches in Windermere and the Cowichan Valley.

The Research Committee continued its work on the Ross Bay

Cemetery burial database and gathered material used for the Sunday tour program. Researchers attended a number of family history fairs and responded to many requests from descendants for information on gravesites and family history.

Volunteer recorders inventoried and photographed over 100 Ross Bay Cemetery monuments while 75 monuments received cleaning during the year. The society assisted the City of Victoria in identifying over 100 empty plots in Ross Bay Cemetery which over the next few years will be made available for purchase through a number of draws. The funds raised will go into a long-term program for enhancing the security of the cemetery in combination with the installation of columbaria of innovative design. Office volunteers organized the photograph collection, biography files and obituaries.

Membership continues to grow and is now at 370.

Parksville and District Historical Society report (Marilyn Dingsdale, President)

We have had a major upheaval this year. Starting in early January the Englishman River Building was made ready for renovations. A new reception area has been created with a window to the grounds. An archive room was created largely out of the shop with two windows looking into the grounds. The shop has been downsized. We started putting things back in April.

We have a co-operative and helping membership which I am very grateful for, as we are mostly a volunteer effort. We have hired a museum manager and hopefully we will have him until October.

I invite you all to come visit us at Craig Heritage Park, next to the tourist bureau in Parksville. Turn off the free way at 46.

Salt Spring Island Historical Society (R. McWhirter, President)

The Historical Society has 79 active members this year. We meet monthly at Central Hall on Salt Spring Island. This year the executive developed three focus areas for the Society. We:

- identified heritage buildings on Salt Spring Island and are placing plaques on them to briefly outline important facts about these sites. We also are exploring with the Islands Trust the establishment of a preservation policy for historical sites and buildings.

- developed regular programs using themes around our pioneer families and our ethnic diversity. Programs were presented by family members and were followed by a question and answer period. We also audio and videotaped the programs for our archives. The local cable vision company replays these tapes on special weekend programs,

- created a web site for our archives [www.saltspringarchives.com]. We were able to digitize our picture collections and audio programs. We were fortunate to receive a grant from the British Columbia Museums Association to assist in this program. Our picture collections give us a pictorial history of Pioneer Days on Salt Spring Island. We also help out with the Bittancourt Museum.

The many volunteers of the Society run all of these programs and without their efforts our programs would not exist.

A special highlight program this year was a presentation by Bob Harwood, who lives near Camborne in Cornwall, England and is a member of the H.M.S. Ganges Association. His talk was on HMS Ganges and her historical significance to Salt Spring Island.

Our Annual General Meeting will be held on May 12, 2004 and our new Executive will plan our program for 2004-05.

Silvery Slocan Historical Society (Webb Cummings, President)

2003 was a year of development of the Museum without any major projects. Bill Hughes continued the "Lancet" project. Work on history and funding. The interpretation signs were received. The ownership of the Valley of the Ghosts web site was transferred to Dave Good, who developed it in the first place.

An application for funding for digitizing the photograph collection was made to BC Museums Association and Arts Council of BC. The project started in September and 2500 images have now been digitized. We were able to hire Megan Von Krogh as summer attendant for 12 weeks, for earlier opening. The Info Centre in the museum was an added attraction. 1325 admissions were recorded and with some volunteer help - the museum was open seven days a week in July and August. We lost a knowledgeable, hard working director with the passing of Bill Hughes, who worked on accessioning and the "Lancet" project.

Plans were made for more shelving in the Archive Room, and a ramp at the doorway to the washroom-annex area. Nelson hosted the gathering of West Kootenay Historical Societies at Kokanee Park in September.

Insurance coverage has been renewed on liability and museum display and furnishing. Artifacts are not insured - except the Winchester rifle. The Village covers the building, and has applied to have it considered as a National Heritage Site.

Two watercolour paintings of New Denver in 1998 were donated by Mr. & Mrs. Dahlie (a former teacher in the early 1950's) of Calgary. They will be special exhibits at the open house to be held June 1st.

Surrey Historical Society

Our membership is growing slowly. In such a large city with so many new residents, advertising helps. We put notices about our meetings in three local newspapers and distribute brochures where we can. During the past year we have had some interesting speakers at our meetings talking about Surrey's railways, heritage gardening, and preserving family records.

We lost two of our long time members recently. Millie Plecas and Frank McKinnon were staunch supporters of our society and we miss them.

All copies of Surrey Story and of Rivers Roads and Railways have sold, and there are less than 50 copies of Looking Back at Surrey in our inventory. We are considering publishing a new book or reprinting one of the others.

On May 1, we invited the Friends of Surrey Museum and Archives Society and Surrey's Heritage Advisory Commission to a meeting at the Stewart Heritage Farm Site. In June we have planned a bus tour of some of the heritage sites in North Surrey.

A groundbreaking ceremony for Surrey's new Learning and Discovery Centre will take place in June. It will be located on #10 Highway and 176 A Street and will include a new Museum building, the 1912 Municipal Hall renovated to become the Archives building, and an addition to the Cloverdale Genealogy Library on the same site. November 2005 is the expected opening date.

Vancouver Historical Society report (Paul Flucke, President)

The 2003-2004 year has been a good one for the Vancouver Historical Society with regard both to ongoing programs and new initiatives undertaken during the year.

Our core activity continues to be the Public Lecture Series held every 4th Thursday evening, September through November and January through May at the Vancouver Museum. This year's programs have drawn appreciative crowds averaging about sixty VHS members and visitors. Our February program, featuring John Atkin on the history of Kitsilano, drew a record-breaking 130!

On April 4 we held our traditional celebration of Vancouver's Incorporation Day. Our

speaker and recipient of the VHS 2004 Award of Historical Merit was Dr. Wallace B. Chung. He is a Vancouver native of Chinese parentage, whose lifelong passion has been 'collecting history" in the form of texts, documents and artifacts relating to early explorations of Pacific Canada, the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the contribution of the Chinese to the building of the province and city. He has now given his 25,000-item collection to UBC.

Last summer we sponsored guided field trips for VHS members and friends to Fraser River Park in Vancouver and Clayburn Village and Brickworks near Abbotsford. Three tours are currently being planned for the coming summer.

A major initiative this year has been the establishment of the VHS Research and Publication Fund, which has begun making strategic grants to individuals and groups for the writing and publication of new works of local history. The Fund's income (about $4,000 per year) comes from a Vancouver Foundation endowment which previously supported work on the now completed Vancouver Centennial Bibliography.

A new priority this year has been to encourage and support Vancouver school pupils and their teachers in exploring local history. This has lead us to partner with the Vancouver Museum in sponsoring the Museum's 'Historica Fair,' scheduled for May 7-8, at which some 80 students will present projects they have been working on for many weeks.

VHS membership has remained stable this year with about 160 individual and family memberships plus 20 institutions. All paid memberships include a subscription to the *BC Historical News*. A 'gift membership' promotion in December produced several new members. Also, as a goodwill gesture we have begun sending complimentary copies of our monthly newsletter to 17 other Lower Mainland historical societies.

Our Annual General Meeting is scheduled for May 27. We will elect two new Executive members. All other officers, Executive members, and key volunteers have agreed to continue in their positions for another year.

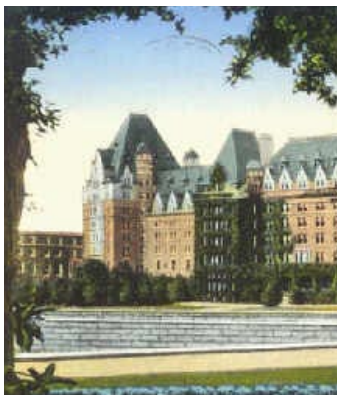
Victoria Historical Society report (Arnold Ranneris, President)

We continue to be an active association with membership in the 115-120 range. We are one of several organizations in the Capital Region with an interest and concern for the history and heritage of Greater Victoria. We meet once a month September - May for regular public meetings with 50-60 in attendance, often including visitors. Part of our enrichment comes from association with the BC Historical Federation, including subscriptions (part of our membership dues) to the *British Columbia Historical News*.

A dedicated executive (council) has ably attended to the many details of operation of the Society, sharing the tasks and fun of doing these, enabling the president to enjoy just being a member. We cherish our members and attempt to show friendship and interest in one another; records of membership have been ably maintained by Joyce Mackie. Our newsletter editor Philip Judd has produced interesting quarterly newsletters with many personally researched articles of interest. We continue to provide a $500 scholarship to a University of Victoria student annually. Interesting speakers at our monthly meetings, arranged for by Programme Chair Pam Odgers have included: Dr. Patricia Roy, on Canadians of Chinese descent in "Unwanted Soldiers" - Terry Hunter, Genealogist, on the brideship "Tynemouth" - Peter Grant, author of book *Wish You Were Here* (postcards of Vancouver Island) - Bill Gallaher, author and folksinger, on his book *The Journey* - Sister Margaret Cantwell, of Sisters of St. Ann, on their history in BC Interior - Mark Zuhelke- author of *Scoundrels Dreamers & Second Sons* (remittancemen) - Katherine Gordon, author of *The Curious World of Peggy Abhazi* - Gary Mitchell, Provincial Archivist, on the Role of Archives in the 21st Century - Michael Layland, VHS vice-president, on an early map of Victoria

We rejoice in several personal and institutional achievements & anniversaries including the 100th birthday of Gerry Andrews, (a past honorary president of the BCHF); 100 years of higher education at the now-named University of Victoria; and the restoration of the Pemberton Chapel at the Royal Jubilee Hospital by the Alumnae of RJH School of Nursing. We had speakers on the latter two at our monthly meetings.

We have felt led to support two operations threatened by Government cutbacks, directly or indirectly, including the Land Titles Office in Victoria (which contains historic land records for all of Vancouver Island), and the BC Maritime Museum located in Bastion Square. We are pleased that as a result of community pressure these closures did not proceed. We are making a start at organizing our own archival records; Victoria was one of the founding groups of the British Columbia Historical Society in 1922.



Marpole Memories Sought

The Marpole Historical Society in Vancouver is hoping to produce a small book caleed *Marpole Memories* telling both the history of the community and the stories of seniors who remember its early days. Volunteers are seeking to connect with individuals who have memories or early photos. Stories will be told in the first person, interspersed with factual historical notes and photos. Contact either Sandy McCormick on 604.733.0615 or sandymccormick@telus.net or Karen Ramstedt on 604.322.5521 or karen_ramstedt@yahoo.ca •

2005 Calendar Launched

The Gulf of Georgia Cannery and artist Jo Scott B have teamed up to produce the Historic Steveston Calendar 2005 featuring watercolour paintings of the heritage of historic Steveston. To order a copy contact the Gulf and Georgia Cannery or the artist at www.joscottb.com

Conference Announced

The Alliance of British Columbia National Historic Sites of Canada are holding their annual conference in Nanaimo Wednesday October 13, 2004 at the Coast Bastion Inn.

For more information contact either Dale Mumford at dale.mumford@pc.gc.ca 250.478.6481, or Gerry Borden at gerry.borden@pc.gc.ca 604.513.4783. •