

# **Wildwood Notes: Nature Writing, Music, and Newspapers**

by

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B.A., The University of British Columbia, 2004

A THESIS SUBMITTED IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT OF  
THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE DEGREE OF

MASTER OF ARTS

in

THE FACULTY OF GRADUATE STUDIES

(English)

THE UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

April 2007


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## Abstract

During the first half of the twentieth century, British Columbia was comprised of small clusters of settlements connected by tracts of forests, rivers, coastal waters, rural farmland, rail lines, and few paved roads. While municipal newspapers formed local identities, provincial daily newspapers interconnected British Columbia's disparate towns and villages into wider regional affiliation. By examining the genre of the nature writing, particularly naturalist accounts disseminated through the newsprint, I propose that as the daily newspaper's medium brings the everyday into peoples' homes, the serial nature essay conveys a "unique syntax" of *bioregional* commonplace into the reader's day-to-day living. Newspapers bring the outside world into the intimate sphere of the home on a regular basis. A serial nature essay, especially one that focuses on the local, delivered in the medium of newsprint extends this outside world to include events occurring in nature. Further, I express how musical troping, a key characteristic of nature writing, teaches readers how to listen to and to detect the well-being/distress of a bioregional community, and thus cultivate an ethic of care for the natural environment; naturalist writing, thus acts as an antiphony to the deafening cacophony of environmental crisis news.

My thesis examines, in particular, B.C. naturalist John William Winson's serial nature columns "Open Air Jottings" and "Along Wildwood Trails," which appeared in the *Vancouver Daily Province* from 1918 to 1956. John Winson's writings, written under the pseudonym 'Wildwood', invite the communities of British Columbia to envision membership in a wider Pacific Northwest bioregional community—a relationship that sees beyond and dissolves the divisions of political and geographic borders, species, and human culture. By recuperating and re-reading Wildwood's "forgotten naturalist" column, specifically disseminated through newsprint, I analyze how his writings both promote and complicate the formation of a Pacific Northwest regional identity; specifically, the tensions between the genre's imperialistic frameworks (First Nations representation and literary ecological imperialism), which domesticate new lands for immigrants and the transformative experiences resulting from encounters with new environments and cultures, experiences that require new ways of seeing and interacting.

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## Acknowledgements

Wildwood trails have revealed many paths to writing home, but none so vital as the interconnections—"friendships," as Wildwood calls them—that build and sustain communities. Since the moment I stumbled upon Wildwood's writings, my family, friends, colleagues, and supervisors have supported (and endured) my—at times obsessive—endeavour with patience, humour, encouragement, and shared insights.

My gratitude goes to the Social Sciences and Humanities Research Council of Canada and the University of BC Faculty of Graduate Studies for funding my project. I am grateful for the assistance of the archivists and librarians at University of BC Special Collections, especially George Brandak, and the Matsqui-Sumas-Abbotsford Archives.

Deep thanks to my colleagues, now close friends, who've encouraged, listened to and provided me with feedback; in particular, Travis Mason, Shurli Makmillen, and Christine Stewart for being there from beginning to end. Their thoughts on poetry, nature writing, newspapers, theory, and genre have been invaluable. And, thanks too to Jennifer Schnepf who, by agreeing to be tourist for a day in her hometown Abbotsford, helped me retrace some of Wildwood's local natural history.

I wish to extend a special thank you to my committee members, Dr. Susanna Egan and Dr. Coll Thrush for their advice and encouragement: Dr. Thrush for showing me new ways to map home historically and bioregionally and Dr. Egan for asking the "so whats?". Their suggestions and conversations have been and remain valuable gifts.

Finally, I wish to express my greatest gratitude to my supervisor Dr. Laurie Ricou, for his confidence in my capabilities as both a writer and a scholar, and for teaching me to read/write texts made of bark, leaf, feather, and fur. If Judy Brown had not convinced me that I could survive one more course on long poems, then I would never have wrote about the silences of radish seeds, gone in search of Norway rats, found the music of Wildwood trails, and journeyed, these past five and half years, with such an inspiring mentor. Thank you.

*For*  
*P.C.,*  
*Ravens and Red-Tailed Hawks*

## CHAPTER I

### Introduction

/ **1. a.** *The action of introducing; a leading or bringing in; a bringing into use or practice, bringing in in speech or writing, insertion, etc.* / **b.** *A preliminary explanation prefixed to or included in a book or other writing; the part of a book which leads up to the subject treated, or explains the author's design or purpose. Also, the corresponding part of a speech, lecture, etc.* / **Mus.** *A preparatory passage or movement at the beginning of a piece of music.*<sup>1</sup>

My thesis examines B.C. naturalist John William Winson's nature columns "Open Air Jottings" and "Along Wildwood Trails," which appeared in the *Vancouver Daily Province* from 1918 to 1956 and were later reprinted from 1964 to 1973 in British Columbia's quarterly *Wildlife Review*<sup>2</sup> under the title "Wildwood Says." John Winson's writings invite the communities of British Columbia to envision membership in a wider Pacific Northwest bioregional community—in a set of relations that extends beyond and dissolves the divisions inherent in political and geographic borders and the boundaries implied among species and human cultures. Winson's jottings, surrounded as they are in a daily newspaper by announcements of community events, recipes, ads for laxatives, personal ads, and pictures of girdles and butchered meat, originally appeared first in the Women's Pages and then in the Social and Personal Section. Later, editors shifted the column among different sections, including a short period in the section headed "Garden, Farming, and

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<sup>1</sup> "Introduction," *Oxford English Dictionary Online*. ><http://www.oed.com/>< 2006. 10 July 2006.

<sup>2</sup> *Wildlife Review*, a BC Game Commission (later the BC Ministry of Environment) quarterly publication first appeared in October 1954 and ceased in 1985. W. T. (Bill) Ward was the editor for the years that Wildwood's jottings appeared. The magazine was primarily an educational guide for hunting, fishing, camping, and about wildlife. Wildwood's writings first appeared in the 10<sup>th</sup> anniversary edition, Volume 3. 4 (Dec. 1964), at a point when the magazine's bulletin format expanded to include colour and more "enhanced" visual graphics. *Wildlife Review* reprinted 32 Wildwood articles. In March 1970, *Wildlife Review* published a full-page obituary for John Winson, "A Fine and Gentle Man, Goodbye to Wildwood."

Outdoor News,” until eventually settling on the Op/Ed pages. The positioning of Winson’s nature essays alongside the quotidian (the excremental and the banal) situates a natural world among the intimacies of day-to-day living. A day-to-day living conveyed by advertisements for laxatives, girdles, and skin ointments juxtaposed with the excretions of flora and fauna, such as oxygen and sap from plants and scat and saliva from animals—a commonplace reinforced by Winson’s choice of seemingly banal subject matter of nettles, grasses, and seeds—seems prescient to a reader in 2007. He exposes his readers to the everyday natural world found growing through the cracks of the doorstep, in the neighbour’s yard, or across the Fraser Valley. He defamiliarizes the mundane in order to give the reader a renewed appreciation for nature. And, the daily newspaper—a medium signifying community, thrown onto porches, and carried into houses—brings the natural world into the living room and makes local biota resident in the reader’s home, dissolves, in some sense, a widely accepted nature/human binary.

Because “Open Air Jottings” appears first in the Women’s Pages and later the Social and Personal section and not the “News” section, readers may perceive of his writing observations as whimsical or less meaningful (as even the word “jottings” implies). Because his bi-weekly articles coincide with mundane aspects of the domestic sphere (advertisements for children’s clothing and cures for piles) the column’s placement conjures essentialized representations of women as caretakers, intimating an audience more emotionally receptive to sentimentalized depictions of a domesticated nature. The history of natural history, locally and globally, demonstrates that women were active participants in and writers of natural history, though scholars, until recently, have been inattentive to women’s contributions to the discipline. Archival photos of the Vancouver Natural History Society, for example, show a high proportion of women participating in naturalist activities. Jean-Marc Drouin and

Bernadette Bensaude-Vincent document “women [as] active cultivators of natural history, especially botany. They attended public lectures [and as a result], women became a target of a whole range of books” (417). Thus, the editor’s placing “Open-Air Jottings” in the women’s section may reflect both assumptions: implicit parallels between women as domestic home-makers and nature as tamed and sentimentalized landscape; and women’s explicit interest and participation in natural history.<sup>3</sup> Letter writing by both sexes and the shifting nature of his column demonstrate that Winson’s writing reflected an egalitarian climate within British Columbia’s naturalist societies.

The *Daily Province* editors’ indeterminate “placement” of Wildwood’s jottings in the newspaper further speaks of a greater conundrum regarding the nature essay—its elusiveness, its resistance to and transgression of specific categorization. Go to a bookstore in 2007 and you will find nature essays under various headings—from science, history, and travel, to local interest, autobiography, and poetry.<sup>4</sup> This inability to categorize naturalist accounts leads me to my final enquiry regarding the serial nature essay in the newsprint medium. In British Columbian daily newspapers, and in Canadian dailies more generally, the naturalists’ accounts have been, for now, marginalized. Vancouver naturalist Al Grass cites a number of other naturalists and columns from British Columbia dailies, which appeared during and after Wildwood’s publications that have since been abandoned (“Stray Feathers,” Bruce Wittington, John Rogers, Freeman King, Tony Eberts, and Skipper). The genre, Grass notes,

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<sup>3</sup> Marianne Gosztanyi Ainley, Professor Emerita of Women’s Studies at University of Northern BC has done much to foreground women naturalists in Canada; for other research on Canadian women naturalists consult also Beverly Boutilier and Alison Prentice’s edited collection *Creating Historical Memory: English-Canadian Women and the Work of History* (Vancouver: UBC P, 1998), and various works by Rebecca Raglan and Catriona Mortimer-Sandilands.

<sup>4</sup> Though stores do not necessarily have to have a “Nature” section, I have yet to encounter either a used or new bookstore that does not have a Nature category. “Nature” seems to be a generic category that holds topics from pet care to astronomy; yet, unless the nature writing deals with a particular subject (minerals, horses, trees), then the texts migrate to other sections (autobiography, local interest, travel)—I would say, nature essays tend to be free-ranging “creatures.”

comes and goes in cycles. Marginalized in Natural History zines or small press publications, the nature essay seems to have no place in 21<sup>st</sup> century mainstream media. Natural history's marginality may find precedent in the publication of Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring*. The sense of urgency and debate inspired by *Silent Spring* sparked environmental movements and public demand for hard scientific facts. Popularized in the latter half of the twentieth century, environmental news and environmental writing seem to have succeeded the nature essay in newspapers (which in British Columbia found voice through writers such as Terry Glavin, Stephen Hume, and David Suzuki) and to avoid the aesthetic and sentimental appeal found in Winson's nature writing.<sup>5</sup> Hard science and increased sense of urgency have become the norm. "Toxic discourse" and "sexy beasts" seem more newsworthy than the seasonal passage of grasses or the arum's herald of spring. Not that I argue that environmental news is not necessary—it is; rather, I question the *displacement* of the naturalist's sketch and why the two genres cannot co-exist in current news media.

In *The Guardian*, Paul Evan's "Nature Watch," in the same manner as Winson's jottings, eludes settling in one section and appears sometimes by hard news and at other times by crossword puzzles. But, England has a long-revered tradition of naturalist writing deeply embedded in a Romantic sensibility, whereas Canada's naturalist tradition seems largely overlooked or has minor literary merit compared to other genres. For instance, as Rebecca Raglon claims in "Little Goody Two-Shoes: Reassessing the Work of Catherine Parr Traill," many Canadian scholars dismiss natural history accounts because the writings do not neatly fit into the pioneer myth, that is, Northrop Frye's "garrison mentality" found in her sister, Susanna Moodie's *Roughing It in the Bush*. Rather, Traill's work demonstrates an

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<sup>5</sup> Stephen Hume is perhaps a writer who vacillates between genres: at times his writings are polemical, and at other times, they resemble Wildwood's jottings—intent on the overlooked, the seeming insignificant features of the Pacific Northwest, Hume's naturalist jottings are exploratory pieces that aim, in a gentle tone, to educate and to move the reader.

ethos more compatible with John Winson's approach to nature. Nature is destructive, and at times beyond human control, yet other qualities (beauty and function) undermine the assumed garrison of "wildness". Wilderness is also solace: if one is receptive, natural history "unhides the hidden" ("Unhiding" Kroetsch 395) of wilderness and softens the prescriptive "ness" of "wilder" climes.

By examining the genre of the regular featured nature essay—or what I refer to as also the serial nature essay—in the newspaper, I am expanding Laurie Ricou's observation that community stories are "rewriting regional commonplace into a unique syntax of place" (*Arbutus* 22). As the daily newspaper brings the everyday into peoples' homes, the serial nature essay conveys a "unique syntax" of *bioregional* commonplace to the reader's day-to-day living revealing the harmony or disharmony of a community's composition. A regularly featured nature essay, especially one that focuses on the local, delivered in the transitory medium of newsprint extends this outside world to include equally transient events occurring in nature. Awareness of newspaper's physical composition adds another level to the readings of flux in regional commonplace; the organic and elusive characteristics of the natural world manifest in the transient nature of newsprint. The "organic" composition of the nature essay embodies the newspaper's literal decomposition: the paper's ephemeral, fragile cellulose structure and almost-transparent texture, and the ink's impermanency, which transfers so readily to human hands, transforms into what Robert Pinsky describes in his poem "Newspapers" as "the errant, granular pulp" that makes up the "the skin of days" (np). Insofar as the news speaks for the present, "intended only for the day they are delivering the news" (Reah 13), both newspaper text and newspaper material are transitory cultural artifacts embodying an organic materiality—a limited shelf life. Archival boxes cannot halt the decay of newsprint. And news as an abstract concept – as words and facts "intended only for the

day they are delivering the news”—impresses the notion of both text and medium as being ephemera. A reading that complements nature’s flux. Unless the accumulated newspaper articles are raked into a single text, microfiche, or archive folder or snipped and pressed in scrapbooks, the jottings will fall to the wayside like autumn leaves.

I refer to *serial* as a regularly featured column with a sustained theme (a bi-weekly column, in Winson’s case) about nature and the climate of the Pacific Northwest, and which employs repeated literary and / or discursive patterns. The interrelatedness conveys a sense of continuity, an unfolding of an ongoing open-air narrative—the harmony of a community. I wish to differentiate, but also to align the term *serial* with serial poems—to elucidate ‘serial’ as the word pertains to Wildwood’s jottings, which might arguably be read as ongoing ecological “song cycles” of the Pacific Northwest bioregion. *Serial*, according to the *Canadian Oxford Dictionary*, is “a story, play, or film which is published, broadcast, or shown in regular instalments.” Instalments suggest a continuance of a single, unfolding narrative (e.g., sections of Charles Dickens’ novels published in weekly periodicals). Further, *serial* also means “(of a person, action, etc.) habitual, inveterate, given to or characterized by the repetition of certain behaviour in a sequential pattern,” a definition that potentially applies to the repeated or habitual characteristics of the language and generic patterns or tropes common to nature writing and journalism. A serial poem possesses openness in form, structural “deviations” in punctuation, diction, syntax and disrupted narrative—*origami*-like folding and unfolding, reminiscent of the ellipses, dashes and incomplete parentheses in Daphne Marlatt’s *Steveston*. Joseph Conte contends serial poems are “an ongoing process of accumulation” (np). The linguistic, cultural, and habitual accretions that make up the “skin of our days,” through the genre of serial nature writing, define a community’s composition.

By way of example, I offer a brief reading of Daphne Marlatt and Robin Blaser where the writing itself acquires/manifests attributes of the environment. Their work provides a valuable comparison to help the reader orientate Winson's formal stylistic choices, especially as Marlatt's forms and Blaser's conceptualizations recapitulate Ricou's recognition of a regional literature as embodying "a unique regional syntax." Daphne Marlatt's *Steveston* conjures the Fraser River's bi-directional flow of water, human and non-human migrations, which variously slip through and get snagged in the nettings of ellipses and unclosed, interpolated parentheses. Robin Blaser defines the serial poem as a form where the poet's self "is not at the centre, but a returning and disappearing note" (323). To a degree, the rare intrusion of "I" in Winson's writing follows this edict; he marginalizes his presence to foreground Red-spotted garter snake, common horsetail, and coast mole. Winson's de-emphasis of the subjective self is consistent with Blaser: in the serial poem, "[t]he poet is not the centre of meaning. [...] The serial poet chances it to think again as if everything had to be thought anew" (324). Although Winson attempts this formal strategy in his writing, when the "I" intrudes, too often the point of view stands for a voice of authority, legitimizes why "I" speaks for those that cannot speak for themselves. Furthermore, Winson's re-imagining the quotidian realizes Blaser's observation of the serial poem as a sustaining "one dominant musical note or image" (323) that produces a composition "full of grace notes" (325). The musicality that Blaser attributes to the formal "reach of content, rhythmical and musical" (324) in the serial poem's structure is a recurring stylistic and formal characteristic of Wildwood's writing. As a result, his structural arrangements of punctuation and syntax and his onomatopoeic and alliterative language (which often composes the land in musical imagery) animate the local landscape through a syntax that evokes a particular bioregion,

which in turn expands the linguistic boundaries of a formative British Columbian community to include (and legitimize) sensory knowledge of place.

What I know of Wildwood, of the biography of John William Winson, is limited to a few items of correspondence preserved in his fonds, and to obituaries, a newspaper feature, mention in William H. Turnbull's *100 Years of Beekeeping History in British Columbia*, Daphne Sleight's *One Foot on the Border*, and two unpublished auto/biographies written by his wife Ethel Leaf Winson.<sup>6</sup> Alan Twigg's BC Bookworld online consists only of two sentences of bibliographical information. John Winson was born December 21, 1874 in Skegby, Nottinghamshire, England and died in Abottsford, British Columbia on December 21, 1969 at the age of 95. Winson seems to have always had his hands in the soil. His two grandmothers put seven-year old John in charge of their gardens, and as a teenager he joined a group of youths headed by a Mr. Stafford on countryside rambles to observe the local flora and fauna, and collect birds' eggs. The son of a coalmine manager, Winson was educated as a mining engineer, but owing either to illness or to a mining accident caused by his father, Winson's time in the mines was brief. Daphne Sleight observes that Winson had no formal Arts education, but was self-taught, particularly in geology and literature—pursuits that eventually led him to writing, an occupation he describes to his long-time friend J.W. Eastham as "driving the old fountain pen" (Fonds 1).<sup>7</sup> After leaving the mine, he became a store clerk, then immigrated to New Zealand only to find minor work as a sexton and so returned to England. He relocated to London where he worked with wayward youth and served as a lay reader for the Anglican Church. In 1906, lured by the prospect of work with the Canadian Pacific Railroad in British Columbia, he immigrated to Canada only to

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<sup>6</sup> "From Small Beginnings" is Ethel Leaf's memoir and "A Memoir of J.W. Winson" is a biography. Ethel Leaf wrote the autobiographies in anticipation that a publisher would write a biography of John Winson

<sup>7</sup> Winson submitted all his jottings to *The Province* in handwritten form; he refused, at his age, to learn a new technology, typewriting (Box 1, Correspondence Nov. 19, 1930).

experience similar disappointment to that found in New Zealand. He laboured as a fruit picker in Kamloops for one year, and then moved to Vancouver, where he worked for the stationery store Caple Company, and through this shop opened a lending library. Ethel Leaf Wright left London to marry Winson in 1908.<sup>8</sup> In 1909, his health deteriorated the doctor told him to move out of the city; he and Ethel purchased 22 acres of land, which they called Oakley Ranch, in Huntingdon, "a townsite without a town—a point on the map" (Winson 6; 1956) adjacent to the Sumas border crossing. In 1918 reporter, Mr. Harbord, for British Columbia newspaper *The World* visited their house and made note of the plant-life in the Winsons' garden then "[wrote] a spiel telling of these things as if he had discovered them in the country places!" ("Small Beginnings" 16, Fonds 1). Upon hearing this account, *The Vancouver Daily Province's* editor Bernard McEvoy suggested Winson write a similar column under the pseudonym "Wildwood";<sup>9</sup> Winson proposed "Open Air Jottings" as the title (Fonds 1). The column, Ethel Winson notes, "caught on and an interesting fan-mail resulted" ("Memoir of J.W. Winson," Fonds 1)

An active member of his community, Winson served as Justice of the Peace, Police Magistrate (a position he held until the age of 82), and Chairman of the Fraser Valley

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<sup>8</sup> The two had been engaged since 1906. They had three children: Enid Vera Winson 1910-1998 (m. Roger Crouter); Roger Leaf 1916-1920; Daphne Hope 1920- (m. Casper "Pat" Galloway). Daphne Sleigh in her *One Foot on the Border: History of Sumas Prairie and Area* neglects to mention Roger Leaf in her biography of J.W. Winson (letter to Mrs. Hodgson, nd., Winson Fonds Corr.). Winson also had a daughter, Florence Dorothy (b. 25 February 1900) by a previous marriage. His wife, Miss Florence Gill, died three days after giving birth to Florence Dorothy. Unable to provide for his daughter, his sister-in-law took and raised by Florence Gill's sister.

<sup>9</sup> I have been unsuccessful in discovering why they decided on "Wildwood" and "Open Air Jottings". Dr. Andy Wainwright suggests that "Wildwood" may have been gleaned from Kenneth Grahame's *Wind in the Willows*. As for the title, I suspect it comes from John Burroughs' "Spring Jottings". Burroughs writes at the beginning of this piece, "For ten or more years past I have been in the habit of jotting down, among other things in my notebook, observations upon the seasons as they passed,—the complexion of the day, the aspects of nature, the arrival of the birds, the opening of the flowers, or any characteristic feature of the passing moment or hour which the great open-air panorama presented" (51). Wildwood's familiarity with Burrough's works appears in an epigraph in a 1943 *Open-Air Jottings* chapbook: "One of the most desirable things in life is a fresh impression of an old fact or scene. One's love of nature may be a constant factor, yet it is only now and then that he gets a fresh impression of the charm and meaning of nature; only now and then that the objects without and the mood within so fit together that we have a vivid and original sense of the beauty and significance that surround us" —John Burroughs [publication unknown]

Regional Library for twenty years, was a school board trustee, Sumas Municipality clerk (a position in which he was responsible for paying bounties—ten cents a tail—on Muskrats) and also a writer of “Your Garden Day by Day” and book reviewer for the *Vancouver Province* newspaper. Winson was also a naturalist in multiple fields (entomology, botany, ornithology, mammalogy, marine biology, and geology), an apiarist, flower and honey judge, hobby farmer, gardener, hiker, and public lecturer on conservation. He held various memberships and fellowships pertaining to natural history: president of the British Columbia Entomological Society (1930-1935), president of the BC Honey-makers Association for 19 years, vice-president of the Pacific Coast Bird and Mammal Society (University of Washington), member of the American Ornithological Union, the American Society of Mammalogists, and the Canadian Naturalist Association. He also received fellowships from the Royal Horticultural Society and the Royal Geographic Society.

Currently newspapers foreground negative environmental news, rarely providing accompanying pieces like Wildwood’s naturalist’s jottings. John William Winson—Wildwood—was both of and before his time, and his jottings have much to contribute to our understanding of a community’s climate and of the ways in which we think of such environmental discourses and of what earlier (and even current) naturalist accounts may reveal about the way we approach and write our environment. Newspapers measure the health of a community’s climate: when editors substitute crisis news for stories that express a community’s well-being then there “blows an ill wind.” Without stories that express the wonderment, the *uniqueness* of a locale, the community loses sense of place, and subsequently loses the ability to connect and thus care for a region that extends beyond the human. Maybe we need a little reminding, every now and then, of where (and what) we are in relation to our biotic community, as my colleague Travis Mason observes, not of musts



and shoulds, but, as Winson claims, experiencing “simply what may be seen [...] to lead the reader out of doors, to point out a little of the beauty and wonder that is there, for the greater enjoyment of life” (Preface *Wings and Weather*). The naturalist educates the reader about her immediate environment; through names, physical characteristics, and scientific explanation the naturalist identifies distinguishing features of the creatures, the trees, the mountains and rivers. Because the naturalist gives a face to nature, s/he makes us aware why the prevention of the loss of habitats and the extinction of species, and sustainable practices are in every living being’s best interest.

By recuperating and re-reading Wildwood’s “forgotten naturalist” column, specifically as it is disseminated through newsprint, I analyze how his writings promote and complicate the harmony of a Pacific Northwest bioregional community, and I argue that natural history writing in newspapers is a necessary antiphony to current environmental crisis news. In “Natural” I discuss the historical and geographic context of Winson’s works, the function of the newspaper in British Columbia during the first half of the twentieth century, and I consider the implications of the literary traditions that influence his writings. In “Song Cycle” I discuss, in particular, the genre of nature writing and offer poetic and linguistic close-readings of Winson’s naturalist accounts. I emphasize as central to nature writing genres the importance of the senses (empathic appeal), particularly to listening to the “music” of the natural world. I demonstrate that natural history, with its colloquial and non-technical language, its focus on subjects within immediate surroundings, its sentimentalized and empathic imagery, and its didactic function make the natural world accessible—a place where everyone has equal footing on common ground. In “Discordant Harmonies” I examine the imperialistic frameworks (First Nations representation and domesticating landscapes for immigrant populations) that frequently emerge in Wildwood’s writings; however, I contend

that Wildwood's encounters with new environments and cultures elicit transformative experiences that often subvert colonizing gestures and attitudes to create a unique syntax of place—a literary and physical space where we can all learn to recognize the chickadee and her *chick-a-dee-dee* song, and experience the thrill of familiarity when the diminutive bird pays a visit to our backyards. Wildwood teaches us to listen, particularly to the “music” of the natural world, and through listening, to care for the preservation of our community. The naturalist shows us our place *in* nature. By recognizing our place as a part of nature, as opposed to apart from nature, we extend our definition of community to include the non-human, and hopefully by that association acquire an ethic of care, a desire to preserve and sustain the well-being of that community—to maintain harmonious relationships with our non-human neighbours.

## CHAPTER II

### Natural

Natural  : **6. a.** *A natural thing or object; something having its basis in the natural world or in the usual course of nature. In modern use: a natural product, a product that has not been processed or manufactured. / b.* *That which belongs to the natural world or occurs in the ordinary course of things. / 10. Mus. a.* *A note in a natural scale. b.* *The sign , applied to a note to signal the cancellation of its former sharpened or flattened value, and hence a return to its value in the natural scale. / 21. b.* *A nature poet. Obs. rare.*<sup>10</sup>

During the first half of the twentieth century, British Columbia was comprised of small clusters of settlements connected by tracts of forests, rivers, coastal waters, rural farmland, rail lines, and few paved roads. The early 20<sup>th</sup> century maps in B.C geographer Derek Hayes' *Historical Atlas of Vancouver and the Lower Fraser Valley* tend to mislead, as the Lower Mainland seems a cross-hatching of extensive road ways, canals, and rivers; however, Hayes' accompanying text and photos reveal the illusory quality of these mapped lines. Travel between communities could take hours, and in some cases access to areas was nearly impossible. BC Electric rail lines and the CNR, CPR and Burlington lines were the common connectors that transferred people, goods, post, and news between British Columbia's communities. Effectively, British Columbia was "islands" of pocket settlements (Harris 3). While municipal newspapers promoted local identities, provincial daily newspapers interconnected British Columbia's disparate towns and villages into wider

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<sup>10</sup> "Natural," *Oxford English Dictionary Online*. ><http://www.oed.com/>< 2006. 10 July 2006.

regional affiliation. For thirty-eight years, Wildwood's nature jottings contributed to the shaping of British Columbia's environmental imagination, a writing of the Pacific Northwest that began on page 17 of *The Vancouver Daily Province*, Saturday, August 24, 1918. His column does not open with introduction or purpose. Placed at the bottom of the page beneath an ad for Vancouver's City Market, Winson's rambles cover a wide variety of topics, from the colour and ecology of berries, to the birds that feed on the berries (warblers, russet-backed thrush, wood pewee, and flicker), to the feral cats that prey on the native birds, to directing hunters to turn their aim from the birds to the cats, to crows fanning out in "almost regular order" ridding the Fraser Valley fields of grasshoppers, to warnings of picking and eating wild mushrooms, to finally alighting on the "mosquito-hawk" (dragonfly). Vancouver natural historian Bert Brink describes Wildwood as a "congenial man," a nature writer of "the old-style" (Interview). When I ask him if he means in the style of Gilbert White, he nods (at 95 years old, Bert's hearing is not so good) and says Wildwood wrote about the environment in a larger sense. Unfortunately we are interrupted so he is unable to clarify what he means by "larger sense."

I suspect Bert Brink means Wildwood writes from a Romantic sensibility and aesthetic: Nature is a being of "simplicity and truth, of sympathy and open-handedness" and proffers "a deeper understanding" ("Hermits" Wildwood 7) of life. Nature, Wildwood writes, is

a force [humankind] does not understand, yet is kin to something  
in himself that is beyond understanding this thing called Life which  
comes and goes in ways that are strange and in forms that are  
odd [...] He knows that the flowers on the bank, the leaves on the bush,  
the moss on the rocks have an existence continuous apart from his own,

and entirely independent of his whims and purposes, yet he feels their influence. To his dog, keen on scents and sounds, they have no meaning.

Is this realization of the beauty of the landscape a faculty peculiar to the human mind, and different in many minds? Is it a grace to be tended, an art to be learned, a sense to be encouraged like the charm of music or the good feeling of fellowship? [...] "Beauty" and "goodness" [sic] principles of the psyche impossible to define, are the best parts of the best of us, and we shall be happier if we admit we are thrilled by the flowers of spring and all the beauties of the earth for we would be veritable dullards without them! ("Along Wildwood" 4)

Though this piece is dated 1950 and Wildwood's column began in 1918, the sentiment of Nature as an elusive and somewhat mysterious "force," and as possessing aesthetic appeal and moral benefit, repeatedly occurs in his earlier work and remains a stylistic and thematic characteristic until the end of his writing career in 1956.

Winson's writing contains a high element of artifice: his style, diction and figures of speech hark back to literary traditions that, for 21<sup>st</sup> century readers, potentially evoke moments Ted Leeson claims as "often ludicrous [and] false" (112), literary devices that are "the author's trained monkey whose performance is unwitting and meaningless" (112). To illustrate, Wildwood's "Mount Baker, the Withholder [sic]" begins, "The whiteheaded monarch of the mountains of the coast over-rules many small hills. Rival peaks may be seen from his crown, but from his flanks to the sea his kingdom is absolute" ("Mount Baker" 11). Nevertheless, empathic appeal, which relies on the persuasive power of figurative language, does not conceal the artifice of sense and sentimentality (in fact often a politically and socially motivated inverse)—empathy seeks to engage the reader "as if looking from the

inside out rather than from the outside in" (Fetterly and Pryse 107).<sup>11</sup> Such narrative strategies do not always constitute a failure of sensibility or disfigure the "essence" of the personified object. Arguably, the rhetorical devices such as personification which Winson employs aim to connect the reader to the subject through empathic appeal in attempts to change people's perceptions and interactions with their biotic surrounds. Empathy as a persuasive strategy, Judith Fetterly and Marjorie Pryse claim, is one of the major characteristics of regional literature, and "that the narrator's stance of careful listening fosters an affective connection between the reader of the work and the lives the work depicts" (107). Yes, Winson does inscribe the environment with shrieking branches, laughing winds, and gurgling streams, and Mount Baker the "whiteheaded monarch" speaks more of a writer lost in the sentiments of language than mountain, but I argue Winson's personification and anthropomorphism, to borrow Annabelle Sabloff's words, encourage people to recognize "a sense of the animal nature of human beings" (142). Sabloff's distinction is important, because she invites, like Don McKay, a positive reassessment of the relations between language and the non-human world, especially in the contemporary field of natural science where anthropomorphism is regarded as misleading and unscientific.

There are many forms of nature writing: Ted Leeson's approach to nature, for instance, is one of peripheral attention, is the roving gaze of the fly-fisherman: to catch the events within and surrounding a river (synecdoche for nature), for instance, Leeson claims the gaze must not remain stationary but flit—imitative, I imagine, of a yellow-crested kinglet's jitter or black-capped junco's flicker in the thicket. Up to a point, Leeson is right:

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<sup>11</sup> During the late 18<sup>th</sup> and early 19<sup>th</sup> century the language of sympathy, sentimentality, and sensibility found prominence in the newspaper forum; the emotive appeal became a way for writers, especially women, to have their opinions on social and political developments heard in the public domain. The artifice was, in effect, a deliberate strategy and reaction to rationalism, to evoke change through emotional appeal; transformation and education occurred through the emotional identification with the subject more so than on an abstract, rational level. To empathize with another subject one must physically imagine acting out another's life experiences—thus the cliché, to walk a mile in another person's shoes.

“the path of most sensitive perception is often indirect” (112); similarly, Wildwood concurs in “A River of Time”:

Water is moving every moment, never staying, yet water is ever in its place. By watching one spot constantly the eye is deceived; the water rests apparently, the body starts upward [...] By severe concentration the whole river may seem to glide as one body, a body without end or beginning. (“A River” 23)

Still, encounters with wilderness are not always either/or situations: rather, the peripheral and locked-gaze work together with the other senses to discern the scuttling forest minutiae or to pick out the immobile, camouflaged moth: to notice the details that require the stillness of a direct stare and all senses alert. Necessary to wilderness encounters is an awareness that Don McKay articulates as “poetic attention” (29). Poetic attention is bound by language that is at once speechless and word-full, an inevitable but thoughtful “enacting” of anthropocentrism; “[i]t performs the translation which is at the heart of being human, the simultaneous grasp and gift of home-making” (McKay 29).

For instance, in March 1950, Winson conjures presentiments of global warming. The article combines obituary; eulogy, elegy, prognostication, and call for conservation of the Lower Mainland water supply:

A glacier has passed away. Though no tears are shed because of it, the passing is of interest to many, particularly those who have crossed it, when climbing among the peaks of the lovely Garibaldi Park. Shelf glacier was distinct enough to have a name; being a part of the Helmet glacial field, long ago [...] The snowfield above it on Panorama Ridge, that fed the glacier still persists on the high slopes, but is no

longer pressed into ice. It is natural to give a name to a single thing or even to endow it with a personality. In the Orient, mountains and rivers are said to have life, some are holy. If therefore volcanoes “die” and rivers fail, the passing out of a river of ice may be marked with solemnity.

Mountaineers will deem it fitting that a cairn was raised to its memory at the spot where it was last seen. (4)

By humanizing the event, Winson renders the passing of Shelf glacier structurally as the death of a community member. Winson abandons his usual alliterative emphasis for a stripped prose fitting for a eulogy. The scarcity of metaphor creates a reserve that paradoxically intensifies the emotional loss, his grief at a passing glacier. Consequently, Winson’s combined self-conscious anthropomorphism and sparse prose express a loss felt and understood in human terms and prevent the regret from slipping into bathos. In particular, Winson’s insistence that naming and endowing a glacier, a mountain, or a river with personality is “natural” helps unpack Don Mckay’s statement that anthropocentrism is “the translation which is at the heart of being human, simultaneous grasp and gift of home-making” (29). Naming bestows story (thus meaning) on place. Naming translates place in human terms. Nevertheless, though naming (renaming, in particular) is a form of appropriation, a means of staking claim to a place (the grasp), Winson appears to suggest that naming can also be an offering (the opening of the clenched fist). The mountaineers’ cairn and Winson’s jotting translate as human offerings of both gratitude and grief—naming, for Winson, demonstrates the glacier’s value within a community. Mourning the death of Shelf glacier acknowledges a broader definition of human-centred community. Winson’s allusion to the glacier’s disappearance as an equal loss to that of a community member urges readers to contemplate a world beyond human concerns. In other words, Winson asks his readers to

imagine a community defined by something more than human; the endangerment or loss of those non-human members (named or unnamed) is an event to be mourned because the passing affects the dynamic of that community.<sup>12</sup>

Winson's humanizing/anthropocentric strategies ground the mundane in a form particular to Winson, one that advocates, in the spirit of Thoreau's "besidedness," a community of good neighbours—he rewrites a space for the nettles and the towhees to breathe. For instance, his imagery and frequent omniscient narration make the reader alert to the unfurling of the alder leaf, to the Pacific Tree frogs gurking, and to the scent of freshly burrowed soil. The proliferation of gerunds and active voice animates the landscape; sound, smell, taste, sight, and touch evoke physicality of place. Winson's "linguaging" of sense perception makes the reader participate in his immediate environment—as poetry makes us attend to language, so too does sensory-motor imagery make us attend to our surround.

"A Flood of Wind," for instance, pulses with alliteration to convey the immense power and damage from a windstorm in the Fraser Valley. With the wind's force, clouds "were shivered to snow then were blown to powdered ice-dust [...]. Its depth reached from the earth to the mountain tops at least, its force was vicious towards things that live. Tall firs moaned under its lash like beasts at bay, the bushes shrieked, the river reeds screamed. Birds fled, animals hid from the breath of Death that roared over the rocks. [...] Evergreen leaves of barberry and salal turned grey beneath it" (6). The repeated assonance echoes the open

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<sup>12</sup> Ironically, printed above Wildwood's article is an editorial cartoon captioned "Animals of the World—Arise!" What looks like a parakeet or parrot stands on a tree stump and exhorts a mob of very angry looking wildlife, "THOSE HUMAN CREATURES ARE PLANNING TO USE HYDROGEN BOMBS WHICH WILL WIPE OUT ALL LIFE ON OUR EARTH!" (4). Though this cartoon is published five years after the bombing of Nagasaki and Hiroshima, the animals underscore the dehumanization H-bombs signify—animals decrying the effects of H-bombs suggest that calling humans beasts would be an injustice. See Appendix for facsimile.

long vowel 'ow' associated with the howl of wind. The stock coupling of moaned and trees seems frayed as with the tired simile "like beasts at bay." On the other hand, clouds "shivered to snow," shrieking bushes, and screaming reeds discombobulate. Reeds do not normally scream. Traditionally, reeds are pastoral instruments that are the mournful yet delightful musical piping of shepherds. Similarly, shrieking usually accompanies tree branches, not bushes. Bushes shake, quiver or whisper. Here, Winson evokes the unpredictability of the Aeolian harp set by an open window and played by the wind. The wind as the agent—as the musician of the trees, bushes, and clouds—Winson sets up a classical landscape where the forces of nature are beyond human control, and foreign sounds heighten the imaginative and unforeseen destructive images of nature. The removal of agency in the passive phrase clouds "were shivered to snow" further emphasizes the illimitable power of the storm. The odd imagery conveys the unusual occurrence and unnatural strength of this windstorm in the Fraser Valley: a storm that has the power to reduce the glossy green of salal and barberry to a "greyness [that] will change to brown deadliness in spring" (6) and exhale the "breath of Death" that intimates plague winds. Interestingly, though, Winson ends this piece reflecting on a different kind of breath: "For this storm of wrath that clouded sunset with its fiery dust, volcanic and furious, was but a breeze in its beginning, and would close as spent breath, though in the valley of its path this is as hard to believe as it is devoutly desired by every creature using breath" (6). Despite the voracity and the fury of the storm, the wind's "life-span," as with living life, human and non-human, remains cyclical. Winson seems to want to assure his community that wind, too, has its beginnings and ends.<sup>13</sup>

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<sup>13</sup> The fury of the windstorm combined with the piece about the melting glacier, to modern readers, carries implications of climate change. Though scientists have been monitoring the diminishment of glaciers since the latter half of the 20<sup>th</sup> century, I would suspect that during Winson's time of writing, freak storms would be seen as anomalies and glaciers melting would be viewed as cyclical global temperature changes (e.g. miniature ice-ages, warming periods). To state that Winson saw these developments as human-influenced would be conjecture on my part. Despite his resistance to technological progress and his lists of human negligence, his writings

Wildwood's image of wilderness is not necessarily one of hostile or uninhabitable space; rather the repeated threat is human apathy and mismanagement. In September 1919, Winson wrote a jotting about conservation of British Columbia's forests, fish, and watersheds in which he moves from the local to the global and back to the local. He relates a cautionary tale of the native buckthorn tree (barberry, cascara) industry and the tree's subsequent increasing rarity in the Pacific Northwest. He claims that only two named valleys<sup>14</sup> in British Columbia exist that could support extraction, but then only if responsible cultivation and reforestation were practised. He draws on the "Noble Savage" trope to provide a moral: "Indians, closer to nature than the present plunderers of the woods, took just enough strips of the precious "barberry" for their wants and allowed the tree to recover" (15). If the Indians harvested the bark for profit, they only took from the branches to let the tree continue living. He rounds his lesson with a story about Northern Interior Indians and gophers. To rid farms of gophers, the government put a bounty on the rodent; tails were proof. Both settlers and Indians took advantage of the bounty and trapped gophers. The Indians realizing that the tail was the only needed proof for remuneration, merely cut off their tails, and then released them. Soon settlers noticed that "the country was over-run by bob-tailed rodents whose numbers were by no means lessened by the loss of their appendages! I wish this story could be told to those who are depriving us of one of the finest of our native trees by killing all that they find" (15). The tales of the Indians' preservationist ethic (and savvy) signal "native" solutions and indicate alternative stories to the dominant narratives and conservation practices.

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repeatedly indicate that humans are responsible for contributing to the spread of invasive species, the endangerment of species, deforestation, water pollution, and so forth but that nature's cycles will correct any imbalances. Yet, Winson does not hesitate to urge readers to act more environmentally responsibly.

<sup>14</sup> He does not name the valleys.

Wildwood's piece, a mixture of tall-tale, ecology, extinction, and conservation jumps from British Columbia to Africa and to Siberia, highlighting commonalities. When he moves from the local to the global, though, his writing seems to become uprooted, especially as he slips into sweeping generalizations about the relative loss of one species over another and the subsequent loss for humanity. For instance, he posits that because the African elephant destroys crops and "is of little service to man beyond the ivory of his tusks" the South African government authorizes the animals' extermination and then adds, "The elephant is really a prehistoric relic whose extinction will matter little to humanity, now able to afford the roads and furrows with auto-machinery" (15). He follows this phrase with other examples: crocodiles, mosquitoes, panthers, rattlesnakes, and hippos. Only if the reader (community) is familiar with Winson's other writings, his mistrust and disdain for technological progress, or more pointedly, technology's ability to corrupt human beings, will she perceive his ironic tone. Winson repeatedly emphasizes the disjunction between human action and anthropocentric beliefs against the reality of the scope of humanity (as just one of many other components) in the larger scale of planetary life (for instance, in "Owned Earth," man's "earth is less than a mote in a sunbeam, and himself less than a microbe on a mote" (8-9)). The parallel of threatened extinction of exotic species and endangerment of native flora and fauna further creates a sense of bizarre comparison. The leap comparing elephants and buckthorn seems stretched; yet, Winson's strategy defamiliarizes the native species so that British Columbians see the buckthorn as unique as a hippo or crocodile, and thus worth protecting. In addition, because he sandwiches the digression between the story of buckthorn and Lower Mainland hatcheries and the threatened "king of fish" (salmon), his structure seems to exact such a reading. Alongside his observation of natural conditions and conservation efforts in Siberia and Scotland, Wildwood also encourages the preservation of

British Columbia's waters. He blames deforestation for the reduction and waste of streams and lakes, and proclaims, "Nature is helpless in such conditions, and should be assisted" (15). Because "[t]hese forests are ours," he admonishes, when a forest is destroyed and/or the land is not agriculturally productive, a new forest should be planted in its place. The literary failings of this particular jotting aside, by making a cross-cultural comparison, Winson effectively demonstrates to his community a bioregional assessment, the complexity of interconnectedness that extends beyond the local and reaches out to encompass the global. Local Indians' methods of extracting buckthorn bark serve as convincing an example as the sustainable fishery practices of Siberia and Scotland. Winson's writings provide bridges between British Columbia's "islanded" communities and illustrate shared commonalities both locally and globally—efforts to conserve local resources are a challenge both at home and abroad, and solutions, Winson suggests, can be found in crossing cultures.

## CHAPTER III

### Song Cycles

Song cycle: / A sequence of songs, perhaps on a single theme, or with texts by one poet, or having continuous narrative.<sup>15</sup> The music may or may not reveal an over-all coherence, of key schemes, form, and so on; or it may present little more than a unity of mood.<sup>16</sup>

A small burgundy leather volume captures my attention: *Open Air Jottings: Being Notes on Nature between the mountains and the sea of British Columbia* by Wildwood, publications from 1929 to 1936. Captivated by the haptic of Wildwood's book (the ribbed texture of the leather, the diminutive size, and the feather-like-heft in my hand), I trace the gold embossed title *Open Air Jottings*. Instinctively my left thumb turns pages, caresses the crepe-like texture and tracks the trails of printed words. Smells of other hands and a tinge of decomposition—of leaf mould—engulf me. A community of words and shared languages assembled in old books, and within this particular volume opens a Pacific slope bioregional community, a confluence of ocean inlets, islands, mountains, alpine lakes and meadows, rivers, streams and valleys, oolaloe and soopalallie, kinnikinnik, blue lupins, red and yellow cedars, salal, flying squirrels, mountain beaver, nighthawks and mosquitoes, trout and caddis flies, weather systems, and the bud and fall of leaf. Intermingling with the natural is also the cultural fusion located in place names (Cloverdale, Kanaka, Burrard Inlet, Lytton Point, Austen Pass, Sumas, Chehalis, Shukshan and Kulshan, and Olympic Peninsula, to name a few). Through this bound collection of John Winson's newspaper columns, I entered

<sup>15</sup> "Song Cycle," Classical Works Online. 18/06/2006 > <http://www.classicalworks.com/html/glossary.html><.

<sup>16</sup> "Song Cycle," *The New Oxford Companion to Music*, 1984.

Wildwood's trails, meandered through ecotones—transitional areas between ecological communities that make visible the variable overlapping and interpenetrating zones, the interconnected ecosystems between mountain and sea—and came upon a wider community orchestrated in evolutionary, astronomical, dendrological, glacial and geological measures.

*Open Air Jottings: Being Notes on Nature between the mountains and the sea of British Columbia.* Headlines are meant to encapsulate an article's content, "to give the reader the overall picture [...], its relative importance, [...and] its classification" (Reah 14). Effective headlines seize. Danuta Reah maintains that the headline employs specific strategies: deliberate ambiguity (the use of homophones, polysemes, and homonyms), intertextuality (cultural allusions), phonology (sound play), loaded words, omitting words (determiners), syntactical re-arrangement, and class shift (words operating in multiple classes) (22). The potential wordplay of Wildwood's title intrigues me: *Jottings*, notes written hastily, often a word laden with negative connotations; a tittle, the smallest part of something; a minute and insignificant amount; a whit, a small written or printed stroke or dot, jot, a derivative of the Greek noun *iota*: *iota*, the smallest possible amount. Hurried words that compel urgent and immediate expression, words that grow wings to fly the open air, a bird's eye view of the common ground of the Pacific Northwest: "Being Notes on Nature:" "Mammal to Man," "Downward to Water," and "From Stem to Trunk." As Winson observes in his preface to *Weather and Wings*, "'Wings' veer and change, 'Weather' is never constant; we enjoy Nature 'now and then,' 'here and there,' and in this casual manner and not in one continuous flight should these observations be read [sic]" (np). The colon indicates, unlike a full stop, "a weaker boundary" (Huddleston 1735); the jottings inhabit and migrate in the space between the mountains and sea of British Columbia. The colon, unlike the semi-colon, does not call for completeness, tolerates fragments, and grammatical

ambiguity. However, the colon signals a complement; thus the antecedent *Open Air Jottings* harmonizes and leads into *Being Notes on Nature*. What comes after will modify what comes before and what comes before potentially modifies what comes after. So, these jottings are variously notes written by a human being or living notes, notes with existence or essential notes, core notes (notes with a heart), or notes that encapsulate the wonder of both real and fancy.

The headline also embodies the speaker's tone. Winson remarks in "The Source of Beauty": "Musical sounds are not always symmetrical. Neither tumbling waterfalls nor laughing brooks, birdsong nor murmuring winds can be set in metre or rhythm"(3). As Winson's Romantic and lyrical literary influences indicate, the musicality that courses through his jottings emerges from a tradition of singing groves, talking trees, laughing springs, and echoing caves. Because he demonstrates some knowledge of Aboriginal plant lore, Winson may also have been aware of Pacific Northwest First Nations' belief that bracket fungi (*Polyporaceae*), a large, red-banded, shelf-like fungi that grows on dying or decaying trees, were thought to be the forest's ears (Terry Taylor, Interpretive Nature Hike). Music communicates. J. E. Cirlot suggests that music, harmonization of sound, "is an image of the natural connexion [sic] between all things, and, at the same time, the communication, the spreading and the exaltation of the inner relationship linking all things together" (225). Thus, while *Notes* as jottings, as sketches, emphasizes "a brief record of facts, topics, thoughts...a hint or suggestion...[a] characteristic; a distinguishing feature,"<sup>17</sup> *Notes* impresses the relationship between image and listener, causes her to sit up and mark (Latin *nota*) the origin of that "natural connexion [sic] between all things." When a black bear claws a tree, a cougar rubs a boulder or an elk bugles, the animals coordinate a system of notation;

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<sup>17</sup> "Notes," *Canadian Oxford Dictionary*, 1998.

they *compose* their place, note their territory, voice their field *notes*—they communicate where and how they are there. To make or leave a mark—distinct—like a bird’s song or call, a musical sound, or “tone of speaking, expressing mood or attitude.”<sup>18</sup>

Musical composition is an ordering of notations, an organization of sound. Winson’s writing differs from the characteristic stripped syntax and short tempo of journalistic writing. Though, at times he writes in short sentences, his adjectives and adverbs slow the tongue to an amble. The eyes do not skim but trip in varying scales, follow the arc of high and low notes. Northrop Frye observes that when we encounter poetry (or prose) with “sharp barking accents, long cumulative rhythms sweeping lines into paragraphs, crabbed and obscure language, mouthfuls of consonants, the spluttering rumble of long words, and the bite and grip of heavily stressed monosyllables, we are most likely to be reading a poet who is being influenced by music” (xiii). *Being Notes on Nature*, ‘being,’ an ambiguous modifier, may be read as a verbal adjective that variously connotes “existence, the nature or essence of a thing or person, a human being, and anything that exists or [is] imagined.”<sup>19</sup> Or, alternatively/both/and as the multiple possibilities of upper case Being Notes and notes of being, an open-air jotting is an exhaling of living songs.

Wildwood writes, for instance, in “The Voice of the Earth”

There is a *tone* universal. It may be that given by the mighty  
leagues of flame that leap from the rim of the sun. It may  
have been caught by the caves of the earth and held in its winds  
and water. The Infinite may *roll* in *deep diapasons* that are  
*faintly echoed* in the *rumbling* of earth; [o]ne *keynote*  
may carry the *voice* of all Nature in a *melody*

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<sup>18</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>19</sup> *ibid.*

we scarcely recognize because it surrounds us [...] This is the *note of singing waters, heard* away from their banks; the *roar re-echoed* from canyon walls, and answered by *song* of the tree-tops. It is the *voice* of the city *heard* from the machines and the multitudes, the myriad blending of *high notes and low*. It is the *hum* of contented working bees, the *resounding* wing *beats* of myriad insects in the summer air. It is the *modulations* of distant flocks and herds; it is the *tone* of the busy marts of men, the *purr* of happy crowds. Pain and sorrow rise above and fall below this *tone*, by their extremes restoring the norm. It can be no accident of fate that the *human voice* meets here, however it may vary, uniting in this *chord* which binds all men in one, regardless of their *words*. The *note* is *hummed* for consolation in loneliness, for content in company. The stranger knows it for peace, animals know it is without anger. The priests of Thibet [sic] may give the world this passing *word* between silence and sublimity in unison; this *murmuration* of confidence and trust between persons which is the *chant* of love, and the *note* of accord with all Creation.

(my emphases 3-4)

I consider "The Voice of the Earth" Winson's anthem, for the composition encompasses both structurally and thematically the key to his writings: nature has its own polyphonic voice, one he repeatedly attempts to mimic through onomatopoeia, stacking or omitting punctuation, alliteration, assonance, and consonance. A list of some of his titles illustrates that music in nature is a constant for him: "The Tide of Song," "Frog Notes," "Arrested

Melody," "Wellsprings of Song," "A Robin Sang," "The Charm of Birdsong," "Mud Melody," "September Songs," "Sea Sounds," "Winter = Song." In "Unknown Harmonies" Winson laments that "[h]uman ears are closed to consonance so delicate and to them spring comes in silence". Despite our inability to hear the sound of growing grass, "surging sap" or "awaking rootlets," "with the limitation in physical sense humanity was given the greater gift of imagination and the higher sense of wonder. Knowing that most natural sounds which are caught on our drums are pleasing, bird song, wave ripple, water falling, wind blowing and even thunder when fear is absent, it follows that these smaller sounds would be pleasant too" (135). Because we tend to construct place with abstractions (shared economical, social, and cultural characteristics), the musicality of Winson's prose reminds us of the *senses* of place often closed to human ears, the senses that make a place alive with physical presence. Winson's musical tropes and schemes reify place, materialize place in soil, wood, water, and weather.

Through the sensory imagination—stimulating fingers, nose, ears, and tongue as often as the eyes—Winson sustains Edward Lueder's observation that to make the reader "alive to connection of place" (5), nature writing emphasizes the importance of—thrives on—the idea of "staying put" (5). Winson succeeds in conveying that connection to place by the way he textures and contextualizes science and revivifies the natural world through sense perception, especially the aural (birds, water, and weather). His jottings overflow with affection, promote an intimacy expressed through empathy (sensory imagery), musical and metaphoric language, and sentimentality. Winson's open-air jottings are rhapsodies, nature songs composed in a bi-weekly cycle of newsprint media.

Winson's troping of music continues a tradition of musicality common in nature poetry and prose, a tradition that attempts a pastoral or idyllic turning away (apostrophic

“O”) from urbanity. The early composer(s) of the “Homeric Hymn to Pan” and writers from William Wordsworth to Henry David Thoreau to contemporary writers such as Annie Dillard and Robert Bringhurst illustrate that a voiced earth is a timeworn, yet timeless imagining. In *Walden*, for instance, Thoreau devotes a chapter, “Sound,” to the commingling voices of humanity and nature, and writes in “Solitude,” “There can be no very black melancholy to him who lives in the midst of Nature and has his senses still. There was never yet such a storm but it was Aeolian music to a healthy and innocent ear” (202). Poetry, Bringhurst contends, “is the language of the world: something humans overhear if they are willing to pay attention, and something that the world will teach us to speak, if we allow the world to do so [...] a music that we learn to see, to feel, to hear, to smell, and then to think, and then to answer. But not repeat” (162-63). Winson’s writings are polyphonic compositions; his literary devices provide phonic echoes, counterpoints and counterparts to the subject matter of his nature essays. Winson relies on structural arrangements (rhetorical schemes, tropes, figures of speech, and phonetics) to imprint images—the notes—of the natural world on readers’ imaginations, while also imparting a musicality to his prose that aims to mimic the musicality of the “voice of the earth.”

In some ways, then, Winson’s attempts to mimic sounds hint that a Pacific tree frog’s “melodious burbling” (10, 1944) in written language can never, as Bringhurst maintains, repeat the original sound. Instead, Winson enacts a mimetic performance. “The Voice of the Earth,” I propose, demonstrates that Winson’s reliance on music metaphors constitutes his awareness of language’s inability to capture the original sound, as what we hear in the forest or field are only approximations, “echoes” and “resounding[s]” and “modulations” of the natural world but translated in human terms. The incapacity to capture the original sound, moreover, foregrounds both human desire and inability to contain a living force (for want of

a better term) in a written context—some wilder “nature” will always elude the confines of the text—the orality of the nonhuman world that resists tracking. This “failure” (if it is such) manifests in Wildwood’s repeated stress of the subjunctive “may” whereby the speaker does not claim to know the origin of this universal voice, but expresses the limitation of human knowledge, whereas in contrast the percussive declarative “it is” proclaims certainty about where the polyphony of nature’s voice emerges: among the canyon walls, the rivers, the insects, the birds and herds merging with the “heard” voices of humans. “The Voice of the Earth” structurally mimics content (“tone” the anagrammatic “note” that is universal), a singular but polyphonic voice comprised of “high notes and low,” that “roar[s]” and “hums” the confluence of human-made and nonhuman “voices.” Underpinning his music-imagery are the syntactical and phonetic devices: alliteration, assonance, consonance, anaphora, and an orchestra of fricatives, bilabials, nasals, gutturals, and the wows of vowels. Within this medley the Earth’s voice is constant and “binds all men in one, regardless of their words.” Nature bridges the space “between silence and sublimity.” Wildwood asserts that Nature articulates what human beings have no words for, foregrounds the limiting “burbles” of human language and translates the loon call heard across Sumas Lake. Wildwood’s writings are interconnecting trails between nature and human, paths leading into and away from home gardens, articulations and crossings of boundaries bridging the nature/culture divide. Bringhurst maintains that “one way of answering that music” of the world is to compose music in return or “by telling stories” (163). Thus, Bringhurst’s configurations of a bi-directional discourse/singing further collapses boundaries between writer and natural subject; nature writing performs a panegyric duet performed together by both naturalist’s and loon’s open-air notes. Winson’s writings can thus be read as reciprocal exchanges; he translates and thus places humans within nature through stories of community ties.

The ambiguous punctuation and syntax of *Open-Air Jottings: Being Notes on Nature between the mountains and the sea of British Columbia* correspond with Alvin Snide's definition of the form and content of the nature essay:

Strict boundaries cannot be drawn around the nature essay, which undergoes constant metamorphosis as it migrates through various historical and cultural contexts. The form's aesthetic and literary dimensions are as variable as the rhetorical and political ends it can serve. Just as the word "nature" ranges in meaning to encompass many different ways of viewing and living in the world, the nature essay is not a monolithic tradition but a body of writing linked by a loose family resemblance. (593)

Snide's definition reads like a naturalist's field notes. In describing the nature essay, he borrows a language of field biology: the genre, like the mountain caribou, "migrates" and "ranges"; its literary relations are "linked," are a site of "metamorphosis"; views are "variable" and flux is "constant." Snide's conception of the nature essay as an organic, mutable form and genre, like oolichan and Monarch Butterflies, migrates across/through/over (bio)diverse literary terrains. Snide documents the various literary influences as history, philosophy, travel writing, natural history, autobiography, diaries, prose fiction, and landscape narratives (593), and I add ethnographic accounts, kitchen garden manuals, epic and pastoral poetry, field notes, seed catalogues, scientific reports, oral traditions, and I am certain many other genres. I like Snide's observation that the nature essay is a protean genre, one that takes various interrelated literary forms "linked by a loose *family* resemblance"—relations that imitate the nature essay's equally organic and mutable interconnected subject matter.

Peter Fritzell relates a similar definition of the nature essay as “contingently reassuring root-systems” (11) but diverges from Snide’s definition in that he believes the nature essay, at least in the American tradition, does not so much migrate, as attempt “to stay home[,] trying to stay at a detailed and engaging, if frequently troubled, psychobiotic home--by no means a domicile in the conventional sense of the word, but (if things go well) a familiar and, above all, local ecosystem, the bounds of which cannot be separated from the terms, conceptions, and desires of its human maker, user and appreciator” (11).<sup>20</sup> By psychobiotic home, I suggest Fritzell refers to the American nature essay’s characteristic (and Winson’s writing does follow in a similar pattern) of combining scientific observation with subjective reflection and/or transcendental philosophical enquiry, which brings the world to the local (John Burroughs’ *Spring Rambles* or Aldo Leopold’s *Sand County Almanac* are examples). Despite the practice of explaining the natural world through science, in Wildwood’s writings an impression emerges, to borrow J.J. Clarke’s words, that science “was too limited, too narrow in its vision, and failed [...] to account either for the full richness of the natural world or for the deep imaginative powers of the human understanding [...that] nature still remained a mysterious place, one which cannot be captured by the rule and compass of science” (113). (Perhaps, Clarke’s observation reflects Bert Brink’s comment about writing in a “larger sense.”)<sup>21</sup> Wildwood’s jottings contain many Darwinian reflections

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<sup>20</sup> The tendency to “organicize” stylistically while defining the nature essay seems a compulsive/impulsive characteristic. Iain Higgins’ definition of “Science and Nature Writing,” in *The Encyclopedia of Literature in Canada*, for example, also follows similar patterns as Snide and Fritzell: the two genres, science and nature writing, “can most helpfully be regarded as loosely defined macro-genres—related and often overlapping [...] The two categories are not so much fixed pigeon-holes as open-edged territories—ecosystems populated with unique species, variant off-shoots, natural hybrids, and deliberate grafts” (1010). Note his use of animal and ecological metaphors.

At 96 years old, Bert Brink is the longest standing member of the Vancouver Natural History Society and a naturalist writer. He is the only person I have met that personally knew John Winson; however, Bert was only a young boy when he met Winson. He describes Winson as a “gentlemanly” person, who wrote about nature in the “larger sense.” When I prompted him to explain what he meant by this, I asked did he mean in the manner of Gilbert White of Selbourne, to which he nodded, and said he wrote about the environment in a more “old-fashioned” sort of way. Unfortunately, we were interrupted and I could not ask him what he meant by “old-

on evolution and survival of the fittest, and contemplations on Natural Balance, but his observations are commonly couched in uncertainty or probability.

Despite Wildwood's attempts to explain the natural world through the lens of science, I sense for Wildwood science does not cover sufficiently the "greater" questions of existence and creation: the "beauty" and "goodness" principles of the psyche impossible to define [sic]." For example, when Wildwood describes the turning worm, he details the changing conditions of soil from winter thaw to spring surge, and how the hardening and loosening soil directs the worm's survival. Then, as if science cannot provide full enough expression to the "turning worm," mimicking his imagery, Wildwood's prose lapses into a sexually charged rhetorical climax that erupts in new ground: "the turning of the meek worm is a revolution of the cosmos, a swinging of the world towards warmth, the first pulse of life in the throbbing sap, the tremor of awaking Nature [...] The impulse to rise through rain-soaked earth, and to feel again the airy sod, was the urge to new free life. Only in such wetness can the earthworm travel, and the creature was hungry for new ground" ("The Turning" 6). The pulsing, throbbing, tremor, wetness, and hunger suggests that the science could only sustain Wildwood's descriptive "thrust" so far and then...ebullience (the first caress of spring air) gets the better of him, and like the life-force of spring, he cannot contain his own...*jouissance*.

Fritzell's root systems are like rhizomes interconnecting literary traditions rooted, grown (growing), and sprouting predictably and unpredictably in the local and branching out to global terrains (nation, ethics, and social justices). Edward Lueders, further adds that "[a] distinguishing mark of the nature essay—and this has been true from the beginning of the

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fashioned." I assume he was referring to an 18<sup>th</sup> and 19<sup>th</sup> centuries' transcendental and sentimental traditions, rather than the later natural histories that emphasized imperial observation over meditative ramblings about nature.

genre onward—is precisely the attempt to harmonize factual knowledge and emotional knowledge” (3). Subsequently, Lueders complements Fritzell’s definition so far as to acknowledge that a core trait of the nature essay is the interplay between science and the senses—the empathic responses that slogging through a skunk-cabbage-filled swamp evokes. The nature essay is an organic, mutable genre paradoxically *rooted* in home and psyche, a *lyrical* form that modulates with the fluctuations and layerings of the earth’s voice. Winson’s writings (song-cycles) are not constant but do indeed stylistically and in content “veer” and “change” like the wing and weather, shift with changing local, global, political, social, environmental, and economic climates.

Because nature for Ted Leeson is a “thing in itself,” and thus eludes the constraints of humanizing figures of speech, to make a river dance is an act of dominance. This is not a habit of rivers, according to Leeson, but a habit of humans: to ascribe human traits to the nonhuman world. He argues that such metaphoric choices (what is essentially the pastoral and Romantic traditions) endorse human degradation of the environment. Quoting W.D. Wetherell, Leeson claims, “the devaluation of words makes for a devaluation of the things words describe, and sets up a vicious circle from which there is no escape” (113). And, Leeson adds, “Words can mold our vision to see one thing as another, making it less troublesome and more susceptible to control, and in the end eliminating any reason to see it differently” (113). Leeson, to some extent though, misses the literary and rhetorical value (or point) of the roots for this metaphoric predisposition to anthropomorphize.

Leeson is correct that anthropomorphism was probably a human response to domesticating unknown and often terrifying wilderness; however, domestication of landscape does not rely solely on anthropomorphism. That nomenclature, Wildwood notes, is a means for people to know where they are located and where they are going: “The human animal is

always eager to know where he is, rather than what he is. When travelling any strange name will soothe and satisfy if it “places” him. He no longer feels lost. Other animals are never “lost” under normal conditions, they *need no names*, and they can find their way home” (my emphasis “The Right” 4). Naming signposts wilderness. Winson, who employs language like “trained monkeys,” still retains nature as a “thing in itself,” even though he couches it in humanizing terms. Within Winson’s anthropomorphic contemplation, space remains for the animal to be its biological self. Winson’s comparison between human and animal *sense* of finding “home” underscores both relation (as animals) and dissimilarity (how the human animal and the other animals recognize home: language and reason versus sense or instinct) the self-conscious constructedness of his lexical choices.<sup>22</sup> Thus, Leeson’s argument, while trying to dissemble the anthropocentric constructions of nature, which subsequently alienate the human as observer (rather than as co-participant), professes a deep literary ecology. Inadvertently, Leeson becomes trapped in a paradigm of nature writing as either/or (or nature/culture binary, a model that wants to keep human cultural apparatuses distinct from river, tree, or trout). He posits that anthropocentric metaphors fail at expressing the true core of nature, thus are “an unpalatable disfigurement of some original essence, like a piece of airline chicken” (113). Leeson fails to acknowledge that language is both our limitation and our nature of communication. We can only proximate—translate as best we can with words we have—our world.

Leeson neglects that humans are a part of nature and language is a part of human nature, and that to describe nature therefore in varying anthropocentric degrees is

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<sup>22</sup> In “The Right Direction” Winson explicates the diverse ways that various animals sense or lose sense of home: seabirds, horses, the pea moth in the Fraser Valley, the ant, salmon, eels, and unsettlingly, “some native races [who] possess the gift of direction without consciousness.” He then notes that this unconscious “gift of direction” “lingers in varying degrees among “civilized” people. Some can find their way better than others, but less by reasoning than by feeling. Man apparently dropped this “sense” for the higher power of mapping and compass-making that have made the world known to him” (4).

inescapable. Or, as Don McKay remarks, “we see and describe the world in human ways, [so] we can see that, at bottom, a human perspective is impossible to escape. Though we may devote attention to the screech owl or the cat-tail moss, we are inevitably translators of their being, at least when we come to representation” (98-99). And, Leeson’s perception of “how you see is what you see” (115) ultimately rejects the inverse of his own proposition (“words can mold our vision to see one thing as another”): words also have the power to *unmold* our vision to see one thing as another. Denying the possibility of singing or dancing rivers, in some ways denies nature’s capacity to be anything other than a thing in itself, to have a being that is worthy of our respect, not as Leeson suggests just of our disrespect. “Peopling” the natural world, though, (as he labels this style of nature writing) has the potential to shift perception, to see as aboriginal communities do, for instance, a natural world peopled with our relations (Snide’s “family resemblances”) and thus deserving of respectful treatment. In a “peopled” landscape, human beings are placed in a face-to-face relationship. As Bruce Foltz claims in “Nature’s Other Side: The Demise of Nature and the Phenomenology of Givenness,” “a face requires an inside. A face is inside-out—is the inside facing out. From what had once been a surface alone, not yet even an exterior, now an interiority faces us. What faces us has an inside, and what has an inside is alive” (333). A *figured* nature cultivates reciprocity, compels us to dance and sing along with the river. Makes us want to know the other through/beyond the surface. In addition, the traveler of the woods or roadside, Winson remarks, “knows that the flowers on the bank, the leaves on the bush, the moss on the rocks have an existence continuous apart from his own, and entirely independent of his whims and purposes, yet he feels their influence” (“Along Wildwood” 4). Answering back, singing back, as poet and naturalist Robert Bringhurst exhorts, becomes a strategy to

reciprocate—an imperative to hear, to smell, to taste, to feel, to see, to think beyond the human—to harmonize.

In the tradition, then, of British naturalist Gilbert White of Selbourne, Winson “stays put,” and over thirty-eight years publicly records in a daily provincial newspaper a particular bioregion. More importantly, Winson’s nature writing endeavours to articulate the nature writing genre’s traits pronounced by Robert Finch:

[t]hese are not just places, but states of mind, rituals and explorations of the psyche, attempts to redefine who we are and where we are.

This is ultimately as important as any body of purely ecological information or knowledge, for ultimately we can only care for and connect with that which we have come to love. I think that only by storying the earth do we come to love it, does it become the place where imagination chooses to reside. By storying the place where we live, it gives us back a sense of who and where we are. Through stories, we literally identify with the land. We love what we come to call home.

Nature writers teach us to recognize home. (40-41)

And so, through the voices of the earth, Winson’s nature song-cycles reconnect the communities of British Columbia to a living home, compositions harmonizing the relationships between the human and non-human.

## CHAPTER IV

### Discordant Harmonies<sup>23</sup>

Discord: / *A chord which is restless, jarring to the ear, and which requires to be resolved one way or another if its presence is to be justified to the ear.*<sup>24</sup> **b.** *Disagreement or want of harmony between two or more musical notes sounded together; dissonance.*<sup>25</sup>

Harmony: / *The element of agreement between voices or parts in a composition.*<sup>26</sup> **b.** *Agreement of feeling or sentiment; peaceableness, concord.*<sup>27</sup>

Newspapers, in general, address (and define) readers as a homogenous group, as people with shared beliefs and similar backgrounds. Newspapers aim to evoke a specific response that “defines” both the group and the papers’ norms. Newspaper language sustains the homogeneity with identifying gestures: ethos, tone of voice, and inclusive/exclusive diction, for instance the pronouns “we” and “our.” In addition, as cultural artefacts, newspapers operate on diverse levels (graphological, phonological, lexical, syntactic, and cultural) to influence and shape readers’ perceptions (Reah 62).<sup>28</sup> While the newspaper nature essay brings the natural world—the local biotic and abiotic environment—into people’s homes, the genre’s function in teaching readers “to recognize home” domesticates the natural

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<sup>23</sup> I borrow my title from Daniel B. Botkin’s *Discordant Harmonies: A New Ecology for the Twenty-First Century*. Toronto: Oxford UP, 1990. Botkin breaks down many of the Nature myths that misinform and thus lead to ineffective conservation strategies. In particular, he focuses on the myth of the Balance of Nature theory, which Winson on occasion discusses and at times seems sceptical of.

<sup>24</sup> “Discord,” *The New Oxford Companion to Music*. 1984.

<sup>25</sup> “Discord,” *Oxford English Dictionary Online*.

<sup>26</sup> “Harmony,” *The New Oxford Companion to Music*. 1984.

<sup>27</sup> “Harmony,” *Oxford English Dictionary Online*.

<sup>28</sup> Newspapers’ connection to other aspects of social and cultural events, their materiality and language (ink, paper, “columns,” “features,” and “articles”) make the newspapers both literal and figurative artefacts, in the same manner, for instance, as in Robert Kroetsch’s “Stone Hammer Poem,” a stone maul becomes/is mundane, function, history, region, culture(s), geology, tool, language, sense, personal, paperweight, and poem (Gk *poiēma* “something made, created”).

world to fit specific shared values. Nature writers perform a didactic role: nature stories communicate relationships, proper etiquette—"land ethics." By relating interconnections, the genre sets out to reveal the overlooked aspects of nature, to seek out self-recognition and reflection in the shared or different characteristics or behaviour of other species. In John Winson's case, his nature jottings perform colonizing gestures such as using English vernacular names for native species, describing introduced species, comparing the cultural and physical landscapes of the New and Old Worlds, and referring to First Nations' practices in the past tense, intimating a dead or dying culture. These discordant harmonies produce many of the contradictory qualities of Winson's work, solutions and ideologies at variance with today's multicultural/ethnic/Aboriginal interrelationships and scientific knowledge.<sup>29</sup>

Knowledge of local biota "legitimizes" the inhabitants' claim to place ("The Pacific" Ricou 262). When Robert Finch states "by storying the place where we live, it gives us back a sense of who and where we are" (40-41), he does not account for the story becoming/being an act of reinscribing home, especially in such a region as the Pacific Northwest which was already textured—woven, carved, sewn, sung, danced, painted, and spoken—with particular syntaxes of community. Nature (the physical space) becomes a cultural space, no longer a "wild" place. Issues pertaining to nomenclature, inhabitation, resource extraction, and land-reclamation projects disrupt the harmonious notion of untouched wilderness: a cultural space

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<sup>29</sup> Both terms *ethnic* and *multicultural* are problematic terms, especially in relation to Aboriginal cultures. Both words—terms that were contested by the Hawthorne Report's notion of Canadian Native peoples as "Citizens Plus," a position that recognized Aboriginal peoples as entitled to the rights of Canadian citizens, but also as a status that acknowledged their rights as original inhabitants of Canada, rights negotiated and obligatory beyond regular Canadian citizens. Harold Cardinal pronounced his opposition by claiming that the only people who should define Native identity are Native people, and "The challenge to the non-Indian society is to accept such an updated definition" (25). Minister of Northern and Indian Affairs, Jean Chretien and Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's conception of all ethnic peoples of Canada as equal and the Canadian government's attempts to repeal the Indian Act based on their conception of equality undermined Hawthorne's decree of Canadian Indians as Citizens Plus; the repeal, also known as the "White Paper," implied that Canada's Indigenous peoples were no more than an ethnic group within Canada. Such a premise suggests that Native peoples defined as an ethnic group would compromise land claims and treaty rights—or in the case of Native peoples of British Columbia impede their right to negotiate treaties.

appropriated from Indigenous peoples. And, despite his conservation ethic and his “benign” recordings of Stó:lō and Coast Salish terms and cultures, Winson is complicit in cultural and environmental appropriation.

For instance, Winson attends to the negative (and, ironically, colonizing) effects that introduced flora and fauna have on native species, and as a result, his inclusion of First Nations’ names reveals a resistance to a totalizing, yet still problematic, domestication of the local landscape. Instead, his writing strategies, though conforming to generic literary tropes and schemes of the nineteenth century Gentleman of Letters (Romantic and sentimental language, the rejection of the urban for the rural, horticultural reflections), his insertion of specific “regional syntaxes” of the Pacific Northwest, and his inclusion of Stó:lō names and cultural practices suggest transformation. For example, he writes that farmers are “indebted to” the North American Indian’s “patient industry” cultivating corn and other grains. His neglect of the history of corn in the Pacific Northwest maintains a pan-Indian association that does not differentiate between distinct aboriginal nations and their local food sources. Furthermore, despite his appreciation of Native industry, his language perpetuates imperialistic sentiment and stereotypes: “we must bow to our Red Brother! The Indian has done a most civilized thing, rewarding us nobly for our shoddy and rum” (10 Oct. 1919: 2).<sup>30</sup> His writing indicates a tension between imperialistic frameworks and attitudes and transformative encounters with a new environment and cultural ways—discordant themes that, in some instances, put European practices into question.<sup>31</sup>

He further reaffirms his imperialistic gestures with pieces that laud early explorers and pioneers, as well as analogies between plant growth and human settlement or conquest.

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<sup>30</sup> Shoddy is inferior fabric, cloth, material.

<sup>31</sup> Transformative experience refers both to Winson’s adaptation to new environment circumscribed by the values of a colonial culture and to the transformative influences of Nature on the soul promulgated by the American Transcendentalists, Muir, Emerson, and Thoreau—the latter transformation evident in Winson’s philosophical and religious meditations.

In 1920, he begins an "Open-Air Jottings" commemorating the early explorers "who first found our coast" and imagines that "Evergreen Land" must have been the first words used to describe the coast. Winson reprimands locals who "take little trouble to learn the simple differences" within the evergreen "hills and watercourses." He muses that a morning walk would educate residents about Douglas Fir, spruce, Lowland Fir, Western Hemlock, pine, or the evergreen shrubs, the "salal and twin-flower [that] are in constant co-operation to keep the earth green," and the mosses that cling to rock, snag, roots and crag that weave "the fairest carpet of earth [which] show[s] neither seam nor rent" (17 Jan. 1920: 16). Winson's admonition intimates, perhaps, a desire to destabilize certain generic, colonial proprietary values of his community: Western Hemlock and Douglas Fir for lumber, sockeye and chum for salmon. Viewing species by generic classifications (timber, fish, minerals) removes connection to particularities. For humans, names provide stories; stories create meaning; meaning reveals connections and resemblances. A nameless object becomes de-naturalized and degradation or exploitation of the object is legitimized, especially when promoted in the interests of human economic advantages. However, when Winson cites floral and faunal names and Stó:lō and Chinook terms, he sketches an environment with distinct features, features that break up the monotony of seemingly endless greens, greys, and browns: the oxidized-blood coloured bark of Western Red Cedar and the florescent-slate coloured underside of Western Hemlock needles. Knowing the names of native plants and fauna particularizes place, but which names are used and who uses the names determines what kind of place is being figured. What follows is an exploration of the discordant notes in Winson's collection: contradictory and unsettling compositions of appropriation and imperialistic imaginings of encounter and transformative experiences in a new land.

Unlike the slow ecological changes traced by British naturalist Gilbert White's Selbourne, Winson records the Pacific Northwest's accelerated settlement, and, in many instances, subsequent environmental degradation. When nature enters the sphere of the home, domesticity becomes an issue, especially when delivered through the medium of newsprint. Winson's writings—which shift between pastoral (rhapsody) and laments of environmental degradation (jeremiads)—thus complicate Lueder's notion of "staying put" with the intention of "settling in." Winson's newspaper column domesticates the Pacific Northwest bioregion. Winson's writing strategies can be interpreted as a colonizing gesture, a form of literary "ecological imperialism" (Crosby). The idea of literary ecology expresses the relations of literature to its environment. Environment in Winson's case is a colonial British Columbia. Crosby's phrase "ecological imperialism" proposes that the invasion of alien flora and fauna, and European-spread diseases, had greater effect in colonizing land and displacing Indigenous peoples than military conquest. Plants brought either deliberately or accidentally by explorers and settlers flourished in similar temperate climes, and provided sustenance for the introduced livestock also brought to the new lands. Many of the foreign "weeds" thrived in the new land and crowded out native flora. Farming and ranching in Canada are two of the more obvious examples of concurrent displacement of Indigenous peoples and native flora: the removal of Native peoples from arable land onto reserves, followed by the deforestation of valleys for grazing cattle or the clear-cutting of native prairie grasses for European strains of grains. Winson's printed jottings illustrate the interconnections between British Columbia's environment, settlement, and the dissemination of imperialistic thought. Through popularized science and the language of sentimentality, Winson "tames" the "wild" (which includes unfamiliar Indigenous customs and terminology) for British Columbia's growing immigrant population. Winson's writing style, however, retains many qualities of

the English Gentlemen of Letters, and demonstrates many stylistic conventions found in eighteenth and nineteenth century ethnographical accounts: stylistic conventions that reveal his imperialist underpinnings.

In "Sedges," for example, Wildwood sets out to describe the ecology and physiology of sedges and alludes to parallel human migrations and colonisations of the land. The first sentence is unexceptional and offers no immediate image of sedges: "The sedges are grasses of coarseness and strength, generally preferring the water's edge" (37). He continues: "This strength and harshness was known to the ancient Anglo Saxon who lived near and among them, and knew how they cut the fingers when grasped, or the bare leg or arm as he passed quickly through them on the way to the water" (37). He then sketches grasses as on a "mission" and sedges as "vanguard[s] of verdure [sic]" (38). The sedges, "like soldiers, are to be found on the borders of empire, their spears raised where and when defence is needed" (38), whereas grass "cover[s] the earth wherever higher flora fails" (38). Sedges "march on to the last high snows" while "other plants linger shiveringly" and trees halt before the winds (39). By beginning the piece with an allusion to Anglo Saxons (conquerors and colonizers) and with military metaphor, Winson anthropomorphizes sedges while still imparting didactic warnings and lessons of plant ecology. He conjures the physiological features of sedges; heads spiked and leaves as "shields" (39) the plants are "armed with silicate cells of glassy hardness and they cluster their roots immovably," Winson reminds us of their main distinguishing characteristic in a childhood rhyme: "'sedges', [punctuation sic] the grasses of 'edges', the grasses that 'cut'" (37).<sup>32</sup> The marching, guarding, defending, and settling in

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<sup>32</sup> Silica, which is a component of glass, is a quartz substance that occurs naturally in some grasses and plants—the compound makes the leaves hard or coarse to touch (Pewterwort or Horsetail (*Equisetum hyemale* L.) is a good example, as the plant was used to scour pots and, as the name suggests, polish pewter). The silica in sedges (the compound that makes the "sedges have edges") is an adaptive trait that protects the plant from grazing animals and prevents the leaves from drying in hot climates. The roots "cluster[ing] immovably" is another

inhospitable territory (rocky alpine and unstable river's edge) are on one level a common trope of plant migration, adaptation, and colonization of specific biogeoclimatic zones. On another level, though, terms such as "empire," "Anglo Saxon," and "mission," prompt an allegorical or symbolic reading of European colonization (and nation-building sentiment) of riverbanks, valleys, and mountains by early explorers and settlers (predominantly white, Anglo-Saxon descendants) who fortified the land so that other migrants / "plants [could] follow their steps[;] for where the sedges have passed, herbs and flowers may tread safely" (38). Analogies between pioneers and plants seem a common trope with Winson. For instance, in "Hazel Blossoms," he makes a direct analogy: "The pioneer can be worthy of honor, even if it be but a plant" (6). The most hale and patient plants are the ones that "survive a winter, and [...] dare a new season's promise." Winson's paean to the Hazel Blossom and sedges pays parallel homage to the fortitude of early settlers vis à vis local plants; but more significantly, much as giving names (stories, thus features) to local flora and fauna, his comparisons further appeal to a legitimization of land settlement, of settling in.

The significant emphasis on sensory and motor-imagery (empathic appeal) in "Sedges" works only to a certain extent; the military metaphors correspond less with the "sedgeness" of sedge than with Anglo-Saxon hardiness and conquest, and the imperialist myth of Canada as a *terra nullius*. Though Winson effectively evokes the tactility of sedges and slips into moments that illustrate the botany and ethno-botany (historical and cultural uses of sedge: food, ropes, thatching, cushions, and insulation), syntactically, Winson's prose thrums rather than marches. The musical quality of his language seems at odds with the martial tattoo that the soldier imagery prompts. To illustrate, Winson writes, "Where mountain tops have crumbled in loose scree, and beyond the Alpine flowers that are sworn to

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adaptive feature, one that facilitates the effectiveness of the plant's entrenchment in and rapid spread throughout muddy banks, or resists desiccation in arid soils.

poverty and savage weather, the sedges steadfastly pursue their upward course braving frost and wind and smothering snows, valiant in bearing the brunt offence on the shields of their leaves, offering hard edges to all that oppose" (39). Because of Winson's military metaphors, I expect short, explosive staccato rhythms; I expect the prose to beat out a tattoo to match the associative aggressive imagery military metaphors invoke. Instead, I find complex clauses connected by commas and semi-colons that create the sense of a slow tempo shift. Winson favours alliteration and sharp edged s-sounds of "loose," "scree," "flowers," "sworn," "savage," "sedges," "steadfastly," "pursue," "frost," "smothering," "snows," "offence," "leaves," "edges," and "oppose," and bilabial pounding foot-falls of "poverty," "upward," "braving," "bearing," and "brunt." The lumbering march effectively reimagines an early explorer or settler's steady yet laborious movement through the impenetrable tangles of salal, blackberry, salmonberry, and sedges. The dense, slow moving tempo of prose recalls endless mountain chains and wooded valleys, a compositional movement of peaks and rests, of conquest and settlement. Winson's portrayal of sedges establishing clusters of colonies in diverse terrain and then spreading out from these sites sketches an invasion that is not the brutal clash of battle and conquest but a menacing, slow and steady march forward. The twinning of ecology and colonization: a British Columbian—Canadian—human history of contact and conflict embodied in the "edges of sedges." The historical allusions evoke the contact and conflict between European settlers and First Nations within Canada—the slow, but steady colonization westward (and in British Columbia, primarily because of mountainous terrain, a north/eastwardly movement), whereby Native populations weakened and decimated by poverty and disease were supplanted from arable land and segregated on reserves by the hardier, immune European "stock."

Winson follows a narrative tradition common to journalism and travel accounts of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. These literary accounts translated the discoveries and complexities of sciences for European readers. As Mary Louise Pratt maintains, these genres “were central agents in legitimating scientific authority and its global project alongside Europe’s other ways of knowing the world and being in it” (29). Writers, such as journalists who wrote for popular publications, disseminated a European ordering of nature, which reaffirmed “even more powerfully the authority of print, and thus the class which controlled it” (Pratt 30). Pratt proclaims that naturalist accounts cast a totalizing Imperial “gaze,” a blinkered perspective that dislocates and “naturalizes” local biota within “European-based patterns of global unity and order” (31). Subsequently, the naturalist account – and Winson, as a naturalist, becomes implicated in Pratt’s model – “as a way of thinking interrupted existing networks of historical and material relations among people, plants, and animals wherever it [natural history] applied itself” (32). Oral Indigenous cultures, such as the Stó:lō, decimated by European diseases and legislated cultural prohibitions, and segregated on reserves, were summarily mapped “through verbal representations[,] in turn summed up in nomenclatures, or through labelled grids into which entities would be placed. The finite totality of these representations or categories constituted a “mapping” not just of coastlines or rivers, but of every visible square, or even cubic, inch of the earth’s surface” (Pratt 30). Indigenous cultures did not have (or had limited) access to the Anglo political, social, publishing, and educational arenas to offset the stories propagated by these ethnographic and botanical narratives.<sup>33</sup> As a result, despite his frequent praise of aboriginal practices, the

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<sup>33</sup> Canadian First Nations began to make limited, but politically effective, inroads in Canadian publishing in the late 1960s and early 1970s, though they were predominantly small press publications or newspapers. The First Nations’ literature of the late 1960s and early 1970s took the forms of poetry, plays, and political/personal manifesto (*Unjust Society: The Tragedy of Canada’s Indians*, *I Am an Indian*, *Defeating the Indian*, *The Only Good Indian*,), and later autobiography (Maria Campbell’s *Halfbreed*). Canadian First Nations’ literature (published) prior to the late 1960s is typically legends and accounts of Native life (Chief Dan George, George

aporia in Winson's jottings unwittingly records the discordant strains of colonialism and obstructs the potential for more expansive and inclusive community ties.

As much as Winson writes within and about local colour, he projects an imperialistic (global) framework. Inherent in Winson's writing are "imperial eyes," a gaze that appends the Pacific Northwest into the greater expanse of British colonies. One can argue that if Winson had remained in England or New Zealand his "regional syntax" would not have been much different than it became in the Pacific Northwest. The Romantic and sentimental tropes in Winson's writing potentially undermine a "regional syntax"; thus, the songs of the Northwest crow would not vary greatly from the call of the New Zealand Kea. The figurative language and devices depicting mountain parrot would evoke the same keen intelligence, and inspire the same repulsion and grudging admiration from its human neighbours, as the Northwest corvid. Therefore, what I hear as sedge movement in the slow but steady syntactical rhythms densely "understated" by descriptions of Pacific Northwest rainforest could equally be the migration of sedges to the shores of Lake Wanaka in New Zealand. Regional syntax in Winson's writing is merely, perhaps, the apostrophic turns and anthropomorphic figures reminiscent of Keats and of Wordsworth. Tempering this colonialist view, however, are the immediate, transformative experiences from contact and conflict with a new environment, a Pacific Northwest environment already inscribed with a natural and cultural history—tensions and transformations converge to inspire a "regional syntax." Learning to adapt to new flora and fauna, ecosystems, and other cultural practices often require new mind-sets. In other words, while Winson tries to fit the new environment into Anglo-European frameworks, there are aspects of his encounters with his new home that

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Clutesi, and Norval Morriseau are three major figures during this period); though a personal/political manifesto appeared in the works of Clutesi, Morriseau, and George, they tended not to be as vitriolic as the later political writings of, for instance, Harold Cardinal and Waubageshig.

resist such constrictions: at a loss for familiar terms or models, he must invent new ones or borrow from existing local First Nations. Approximations of the new environment manifest through unusual sound and motor imagery or in untranslated Stó:lō names. Consequently, environment influences Winson's writing, and in turn, his writing, disseminated through newsprint, expands the community's language, thus creating a regional vocabulary and syntax.

Winson's "Chehalis" exemplifies the exclusionary and paradoxical tensions of the imperial gaze and the transformative experiences of new encounters. Wildwood describes the native mountain beaver (*aplodontia rufa*), and notes, "This is the true "chehalis". [sic] Chehalis now is the name of a county in Washington, a town, a creek, a point, and Indian reservation and tribe. But the animal was here first [...] The Indians have dialects, as other nations have, and different tribes gave the animal different names, as showt'l, sewellel, oukala, swakla, and o-gwah-lal, but about the Olympic peninsula the word is chehalis" (*Wildwood Trails* 192). He provides an English translation as "the animal that crawls"; however, the Native name he refers to remains ambiguous as both *chehalis* and *sewellel* precede "the animal that crawls." Nevertheless when he discusses the human cultural associations, he speaks in the past tense: Indians *dressed* in the furs of Chehalis, and though Lewis and Clark thought the mountain beaver "not desirable as food, [...] the natives enjoyed it and found it very easy hunting" (193). Winson's attention to aboriginal languages presents a paradox, a contradiction that seems to undermine his racist dismissals. To take an active interest in promoting local aboriginal languages to a settler community intimates a desire to communicate encounters with new cultures, albeit new cultures that his writings suggest are dying or dead. His interest in local First Nations perhaps originates in his network of Fraser Valley acquaintances. Winson was friends with historians and ethnographers Casey and

Oliver N. Wells from Chilliwack.<sup>34</sup> The Wells brothers collected local Native myths and recorded taped interviews of Stó:lō friends. Both brothers were interested in the cultural histories and language of Squamish, Stó:lō and Nooksack Nations, and the phonetics of the *Halq'eméylem* (Stó:lō) language.<sup>35</sup> Sharing of Stó:lō place names, ethnobotany, and cultural practices among this local network intimates that some Native knowledge was common knowledge among immigrants. A historical retrieval of the ethnographical and Indigenous community relations within the lower mainland goes beyond the scope of this paper. However, I conjecture that Winson may have been connected to the Stó:lō peoples in more intimate ways than just through book lore; his curiosity and love of learning, his administrative and social participation in his local community and his broad spectrum of acquaintances would imply that while his writing enacts exclusionary strategies, in his personal life he may have been more inclusive of First Nations.<sup>36</sup>

Winson published another sketch titled "Mountain Beaver" in *Wings and Weather* (1932), but spends less time listing coastal Salish names and history and focuses more on the ecology of the rodent. His impulse not to translate all of the Native names for mountain beaver in some ways re-enacts the rodent's elusive nature. Primarily a nocturnal rodent, the mountain beaver is rarely seen during daylight. Because Winson does not translate and offer alternate histories of the species, the rodent's natural history linguistically manifests in his equivocal writing style: during Winson's time very little was known about its ecology, and today, very few people in the Pacific Northwest know of its existence (Drew Online). What remains significant about Winson's choice of the mountain beaver is that the rodent is a

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<sup>34</sup> Casey Wells: 1907-1970. Biographical details about Oliver Wells' archives can be found at Centre for Pacific Northwest Studies <<http://www.acadweb.wvu.edu/cpnws/wells/wellstitle.htm>>. Oliver N. Wells: 1902-1976. Biographical information and fonds contents can be found at Chilliwack Archives <<http://aabc.bc.ca/WWW.chi.archbc/display.CHI-1342>>

<sup>35</sup> Halkomelem is the anglicized pronunciation.

<sup>36</sup> Though Winson rarely names particular First Nations, many of the geographic, linguistic, and cultural practices he describes seem to correspond with Stó:lō and Coast Salish groups.

species that has not only carved a narrow, bioregional ecological niche over 40 million years, but also the rodent transgresses political boundaries. The animal's territory ranges from southern Oregon to southern British Columbia and represents Winson's extended awareness of a Pacific Northwest bioregional community. By drawing attention to an overlooked (or in this case, rarely seen) rodent – not megafauna – Winson emphasises the value and diversity of home, and domesticates the backyard in native terms. Mountain beaver accentuates the uniqueness, makes home simultaneously familiar and atypical.

Winson's focus on how introduced species' disrupt native species also illustrates tensions between imperialistic thinking and the transformative experiences shaped by adapting in a new land. In 1919, Wildwood begins a jotting with a universal account about the "migration of weeds" (19). He distinguishes weeds as plants that "grow voluntarily and unwanted where other plants are cultivated" (19). Birds, wind, and water move seeds, and "as if they studied devilry, others devise more intricate attachment of hooks and barb to compel unwary travelers to take them along as excess baggage [...] Schemes and tricks innumerable to get fresh ground for their future growth" (19). He ponders the phenomenon of isolated plant colonies and then illustrates his point in a Pacific Northwest setting. He proposes that shifting rivers and glaciers "deposited seeds and plants in locations inexplicable save by their action. The arbutus, our greatly-prized madrona and fatsia, our carefully avoided devil's club, appear in isolated colonies that can be explained only on such a supposition" (19). Winson then narrows his localization further to a specific area: Bryas Island near Hope. Here he documents how the flood of 1894 removed the entire flora from the island, and that the river "was carrying not only devastation, but the seeds of reconstruction" (19): the Fraser River deposited seeds from the interior, which flourished in the new environment. But what stands

out in this piece is Wildwood's sensitivity to the relations of human encroachment to plant migration:

The pioneer, in the fodder and litter of his animals, in the impurities of his grains, carried into new districts more forces than he knew. He was followed everywhere by the weeds of his old home. For this reason the native Indians name the common plantain "The White Man's Foot"—by this plant they could "trail" him. [...] Man blames the ground for producing the weeds which he himself has spread broadcast. In his fence rows and ditch rows, his road sides and railroad banks he has allowed them refuge with a carelessness that is costly [punctuation sic]. (19)

Thus, while Winson's writings domesticate the natural world, he is very much aware of the costs of literal domestication of nature, of imperial ecology. Furthermore, Winson's frequent laments of human nuisances shows his refusal to abnegate human responsibility.

"Devil's Club," for instance, is a jotting that proffers a localized historical illustration of Crosby's "imperial ecology": the disruption of native plants from original habitats, imported domestic animals, and introduction of alien plants because of human encroachment. Winson's observations of native plants' ecologies, bird migrations, animal behaviours, and Native traditions serve as comparative models for the natural history of Skegby, England—much would seem familiar (migratory patterns, life-cycles, and eating habits)—but not necessarily identical paradigms, as behaviours and patterns are circumscribed by specific geographical and bioregional features and evolutionary adaptations not found anywhere else in the world. In "Devil's Club," Wildwood meditates on the bane of thorns and prickles and their various functions as protection against predators in arid climates and to retain moisture.

A Pacific Northwest native plant, Devil's Club (*Oplopanax horridus*), Winson claims is an exception to other prickly plants, one that "raises its evil arms through the woods of the Coast" and is "the vilest lance in the woods" (6), and inhabits wet and isolated thickets, not arid habitats. He goes into detail about the plant's ecology and ornamental value to the forest, describes the berries as "a fiery torch in the dark shades, hanging long through the winter" (6). He recalls how clearing land for grazing and farming opened the plant to predation by cows (the deer were the plant's primary consumers) and expanded the plant's range.

Winson's piece demonstrates how introduced species (humans, cattle, sheep) relocate and expand not just alien species but also extend "invasive" native plants' territories. Plants normally held in check by other keystone species within their original habitats suddenly have the opportunity to proliferate in areas where competition and predation are not as pervasive, upsetting ecological relationships and endangering the existence of other species. What results is not a loss of harmonious balance in nature—nature adapts and, in some cases, thrives on flux—but a threat to the necessary biodiversity that sustains healthy and complex ecosystems.

Winson's discussions of native and introduced species are indicators of his "climate"; much of his authority is based on the popular beliefs and the limitations of his culture and the science of his time. He incorporates in his writing Pacific Northwest aboriginal place names or Chinook jargon alongside the re-placed English names—actions that can be read as hybridizing the region. Because his writing demonstrates both a respect for and a desire to learn from Indigenous interactions with the natural world, Winson's hybridizing strategies are not entirely acts of negative acquisition. Nevertheless, his sympathy indicates a colonial eyewitness to dying or dead Indigenous cultures. Winson does not always acknowledge specific First Nations words in his writings; when he does mention Stó:lō or Chinook terms,

such as *showt'l*, *oolaloe* or *soopalallie*, he often does not provide their English translation. Possibly, Winson does not translate the words because they are part of the common vocabulary of British Columbia immigrants during the nineteenth and first half of the twentieth century; he wants to expand the readers' taxonomic vocabulary; or, he is enacting an exoticization of the Native/native species.<sup>37</sup> These strategies are products of a tension between his colonial heritage and his encounters in a new environment. Yet, typically his renderings of Native cultural practices do not express a shared or equal footing. He usually accompanies the Native name with a cultural and historical context, a gesture that positions the name and event in the past and endows it with a nostalgic and exotic sense of the other and of a time passed.

One particular instance documented in Winson's fonds and published account demonstrates how, at times, Winson's conservation ethic clashes with his cultural sensitivity—an account made even more complicated by two publications that lament the vermin-like proflifitness of the seagull and agricultural damage caused by the bird. I encountered a photograph in Winson's fond, inscribed with a cryptic "Gull Guarding, 1932." I later found in "Memoirs of J.W. Winson," written by Ethel Winson, a brief note describing a month-long camping trip on Bare Island, one of the Southern Gulf Islands. The scene is anomalous because it recalls environmental/conservationist protests more common in the second half of the twentieth century. Ethel and John Winson were not pleasure camping but guarding gull eggs from local Salish and white "poachers." Ethel Winson describes the event as "not so interesting and a little dangerous as the Indians on neighbouring islands considered Bare Island as their property and privilege and conciliation was at first difficult" (12). In his

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<sup>37</sup> The proliferation of Chinook jargon during Winson's time and its perseverance in present cross-cultural Pacific Northwest discourse and borrowed Chu Naluth words such as 'chuck' (salt chuck), suggest that Chinook and Native languages mixing with colonial discourse is a strong possibility. See Charles Lillard and Terry Glavin's *A Voice Great Within Us*, and Fred Wah's *Diamond Grill* for various examples of how Chinook Jargon has been incorporated in PNW languages (Chinese and English, for instance).

1937 published account "Gulling Gulls," Winson makes no mention of the land dispute, but does note that the Salish traditionally harvested gull eggs from Bare Island as a food source. Winson privileges British Columbian legislated conservancy of "all birds which migrate" (12). He appends an anecdote (humour directed at the Anglo population, no doubt) about two game wardens who were marooned on a Gulf Island after catching "two white men" poaching eggs. Eleven days later, "a raiding Indian launch"(10) arrived. Rather than immediately approach the Indians for a ride back to the mainland, the wardens waited until the Salish gathered eggs (an "ancient hunt with baskets"), arrested them, and then made the Indians suffer further indignity by forcing them to deliver the wardens home. The inclusion of the anecdote rhetorically positions Winson as holding the higher moral and "civilized" ground. He defends his actions with legislation, and positions the "ancient hunt" as an antiquated tradition; his anecdote, though ridiculing the wardens' oversight and predicament, positions the Salish as both lawbreakers and dupes, thus socially inferior to their white counterparts, who though charged for poaching, are not cast demeaningly.

Winson's writing promotes a community awareness of the Pacific Northwest bioregion through attention to the particular supported by general observation and knowledge, a dynamic community inclusive of plants, animals, rivers, winds, rains, snow, and sun. However, he often portrays an unmoving world: a world mapped within rigid political lines and closed Anglo-European social frameworks. He readily dismisses with unfavourable depictions First Nations' customs that clash with non-Native interests. Subsequently, the community that Winson strives to portray tends occasionally to be an exclusionary community comprised of Anglo-European settlers; however, it is a community imagining that he complicates with transformative moments, which create a regional identity rooted in interconnections with the natural world. Wildwood's jottings reveal much about the

disharmonic racial and environmental relationships and shifts bound up in British Columbia's history, a discord that still, in 2007, frequently prevails between First Nations and non-Native peoples, and between environmentalists and developers. Yet, despite the problems associated with Wildwood's works, he does offer means to cultivating harmonious ways of living in the natural world: phenomenological (sense perception) and ontological (nature of being) models that illustrate ways of both sensing and being in the natural world. In an effort to recognize a more balanced and harmonious way of being a part of the natural world, sensory perception encourages readers to become aware of the natural world through tangible methods.

My reason for recuperating Winson's writings began with the notion of *redux*: to revive a writer forgotten, a naturalist lost to the British Columbian public awareness. I questioned whether his writings promote a bioregional community formation in the Pacific Northwest—or at least discover a semblance of such an identity. As my paper has progressed, I have realized that community formation was becoming secondary to the function of the naturalist account, and particularly to the importance of the dissemination of the naturalist account through the newsprint medium. I became more interested in why this particular genre had been displaced by environmental news and wanted to explore the importance of naturalist writing to community formation (and health). Health of a community (both human and non-human—they are inseparable) depends on the well-being of *all* inhabitants and surroundings. The first law of ecology: everything is connected to everything else.

When nature writings such as John Winson's are dismissed purely on the basis of being "not news" (E. Winson Fonds 1), something has gone awry in the community. News measures the social, political, and economic climate of communities; newspapers (content, advertisements) project an idea of their social values. A preference for environmental crisis

over naturalist meditations of mountain beavers, Nootka grass, and native bees indicates a community in disrepair and despair. Winson writes in "Earth-Healing,"

character in trees, temperament in flowers, microbes in soil,  
the very red earth of our birth is known to be seething with minute  
organisms on whom all life depends. What these myriad hosts of  
bacterial life have or do for our good we can only guess. How they  
influence the air or charge the earth we are only enquiring. But we  
know the wild paths through grass or wood have a thrill and a tonic  
for us in spring that comes with the first touch of soft earth where  
the pavement ends. Mother earth has the cure for concrete ills. She  
has much to give and to tell, but we must walk out to gain it. (17-18)

Despair needs to be offset by hope, no slight matter. Open-air jottings, being notes on nature, placed alongside environmental news return wonderment to the world, harmonious ways of building and contributing to the health of community. The concept of bioregion includes *all living* communities (human and non-human) and cultural practices within an area of shared biotic attributes. Winson's writing accentuates (and says much concerning) the global, national, provincial, and municipal influences on the environment during the first half of the twentieth century. He comments on conservation issues, alien species' effects on native species, the costs of progress, and the consequences of a gas-fuelled culture. Winson's writings, despite the inherent contradictions, *are* valuable for measuring the historical and cultural climate of his time and make evident Marston Bates' comment, "the climate of a particular place could thus be thought of as the average of its weather" (93). And the Pacific Northwest certainly gets its share of extreme weather.

## CHAPTER V

### Conclusion

#### Antiphony: Weather We Be

Antiphony: / 1. *Opposition of a sound; or harmony thereby produced* 2. *A musical response; a responsive musical utterance, the answer made by one voice or choir to another*<sup>38</sup>

W.H. New describes weather in Canadian literature as functioning “both as a condition of surviving in a Northern environment and as an active agent affecting individual lives” (1203). We listen to the weather. We also, as the saying goes, “keep a weather eye open.” In Winson’s nature writing the weather and climate of the Pacific Northwest rarely go unremarked. Either he focuses on a particular manifestation of weather or he mentions the general climate in passing. For instance, in a jotting that moves backward through the seasons and blooming of flowers and berries, Winson reflects at the beginning, “The lure of the mountains challenges the romantic spirit of all who are influenced by that silent constancy of the massive peaks where every change of season and weather, fleeting and momentary, is sensitively recorded, but leaves immutable the jagged outlines of the everlasting hills” (1 Aug. 1919: 19). Winson does not merely report the climate. More often than not, his weathering seems a counterpart to the climate of the times. A musical accompaniment of winds and raindrops, Winson’s syntactical arrangements and diction undulate in tempos both at odds and in tune with the cacophony of advertisements, cartoons, and hard news. Winson, in recording the literal climate of his surrounds inevitably reports, through contemporary environmental and ecological debate, the social and scientific climate

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<sup>38</sup> “Antiphony,” *Oxford English Dictionary Online*.

of his times. Winson's accounts of weather, as too his reports of native species, invasive species, rivers, and mountains, communicate a complex interrelation between the natural elements (mountain beaver, Devil's Club, Fraser Valley storm), human cultural values (land ethics, conservation, consumption), and the dissemination of the serial nature essay in newsprint. Winson's attempts to teach readers how to cultivate harmonious relationships with nature by focusing on local ecosystems document a shift in twentieth century environmental discourse. Winson's naturalist jottings when compared with current environmental news tell us where we are today in our relation to the environment: despite our advances in scientific knowledge and environmental awareness we still remain apart from nature and not a part of nature.

Poets create new worlds or make old worlds new, whereas journalists record what has happened. The journalist, in other words, "selects from among things that already are: events that have in fact befallen, actions actually acted, objects seen, sounds heard; whereas the poet must spin his chronicle out of himself like a spider" (MacLeish 73-74). Archibald MacLeish's observation suggests that both poetry and journalism attempt to replicate or recreate an "authentic" experience. Though the diction and structure of poetry and journalism diverge, the processes converge, and this becomes particularly evident in newspaper nature writing. Poets and journalists compose the climate in words and images that make vivid and immediate events such as the passing of a coastal glacier, logging in local watersheds, and the blossoming of Dogwood. Both journalist and poet record the everyday events and measure the dis/harmony of community ties. Through language, both poet and journalist attempt to orient readers' relations to particular events—to articulate and to make sense of an ever-changing community's climate. The lack of naturalist accounts much like Winson's and

the strong emphasis on negative environmental news in current British Columbia dailies attests to an unbalanced community.

Winson's writing, a combination of both poetry and journalism, presents a style of local feature writing that is missing in today's daily Canadian newspapers. Nature writing is a form of reporting, in much as reporting is a form of re-imagining an event: both genres strive to articulate and to make order out of sense and then make sense out of order. And, nature writing, as I have established in "Song Cycles," is a form of poetry—poetic prose—a protean genre that relies on poetic devices, particularly sensory imagery to convey a world in constant flux. As my readings of Winson's writing demonstrate, nature writing is amenable to poetic/linguistic analysis. Like poetry, nature writing attends to sensory experiences—experiences entrenched in our physical surroundings—makes tangible the importance of linguistic, cultural, social, ecological, and emotional relationships of communities. The genre teaches us how all things are interrelated, how life shifts both in and beyond the boundaries of print. Winson's conflation of poetics and natural science makes scientific study accessible through imagination, while his interjection of autobiographical elements further endows his encounters with a sense of intimacy and immediacy. As we sit at the kitchen table reading the newspaper, we stroll shoulder to shoulder with Winson along the Vedder River and hear—feel—the blue heron's *gawk* as it passes above us on its way to Sumas Lake. We crouch down, dig our hands into and smell the loamy scent of overturned soil, and we pick and taste the bitter tang of the first spring shoots of dandelion leaves. In terms of reader response and identification, the reader becomes as much the persona imagined and invited by Wildwood, as does Winson.

Winson's writing is a genre in which the subject is simultaneously author and subject: a subject that shares space with other subjects, subjects equally real and simulated.

These subjects—Wildwood, Chehalis, salmonberry—become the “we” of “weather we be.” His pseudonym “Wildwood” sustains an illusion of fictional subjectivity, but his infrequent use of “I” maintains a sense of scientific objectivity through natural history that orients the reader in real events. The combined effect makes us companions along Wildwood trails; we are fellow travellers on interpretive nature walks around the shores of Hanging Lake and Sumas Lake. The intimacy of Wildwood’s persona and subjectivity diminishes the distance produced by scientific objectivity. “Backyard ethnography” becomes backyard science. Sidonie Smith and Julia Watson describe “Backyard ethnography” as “the everyday practice of autobiographical narrating” (17). Winson’s conflation of backyard ethnography and naturalist observations conveyed through newsprint further emphasizes my point that serial nature writing brings the “everyday practice” of the natural world into readers’ living rooms and brings the readers out into their backyards. Consequently, the autobiographical elements of Winson’s writing temper the didactic function of nature writing—nature writing should both entertain and teach—and illustrate reasons to care for our backyard, for our home.

Canadian daily newspapers’ inability to provide readers with serialized local nature features that both entertain and teach only serves to widen the gap between nature and culture. Either sensationalistic or delivered to us in fragments (weather networks, gardening columns, irregular nature features, travel sections), environmental news coverage in the media today rarely presents the reader with a sense of a whole picture. Readers rarely grasp, to borrow an ecological mapping, how all threads weave together to form multiple, interconnected webs that materialize into one, complex web: our planet. Current environmental news too often engenders fear and feelings of impotence or futility, conveys a sense of an erosive community. *Vancouver Sun* columnist, Stephen Hume occasionally writes nature features that combine poetic prose, autobiography, and awareness and education of

environmental issues. Often he focuses on a particular, innocuous species, such as the mason bee, and champions its preservation, its beauty, and its natural history. But Hume diverges also into the realm of international politics and history. Thus, because of the infrequency of his nature articles and the unpredictability of his subject matter, I do not view his nature writing as sustaining the same empathic affect as Winson's writings. Stephen Hume is a new and needed voice, but what is still needed is a new Wildwood voice, one that regularly features the local within a bioregional ontology, a genre that acknowledges the complexity of existing as a part of bioregions and overlapping ecosystems: recognizes the interconnections between languages, cultures, sedges, arbutus, blackberry, oolaloe, flying squirrel, towhee, rivers, lakes, oceans, and January windstorms.

Environmental journalism generally divides into two types: news and human interest. News focuses on "the unfamiliar, the strange, the huge, the surprising turn of events, the trouble spot, the crisis" (Killingsworth and Palmer 134). In contrast, the human-interest story involves "portraiture" of issues or research affecting human lives (a neighbourhood composting initiative, for instance). Human-interest narratives, Killingsworth and Palmer contend, conflict with the objectivity of science as the stories generally promote "social value [...and] must solve human problems" (135). Dichotomizing environmental news into categories assumes a middle ground cannot exist. Science, Killingsworth and Palmer further note, rarely moves toward "melodramatic closures"; instead, science is a process of testing, retesting, and testing hypotheses. True, such developments do not make gripping news and make sustaining readers' interest a challenge (Killingsworth and Palmer 145). However, the two categories are not disparate; in fact, a solution to such a binary resides in the need for a literary genre that links environmental news and human interests: naturalist accounts. If a newspaper reports about melting icecaps and endangered polar bears, a natural history of

polar bears tempers the hyperbole of crisis news and allows for other voices to penetrate the cacophony. The autobiography of the “backyard” ethno-naturalist account invites human values to overlap and translate scientific abstraction into tangible, everyday practices. To borrow Christoph Irmscher’s words, the human interest element found in Winson’s style of naturalist writing “serve[s] as the meeting point of two processes [...]: the humanization of nature and the naturalization of humanity” (100). Informing readers of only the negative impact of environmental degradation is reductive; newspapers must also educate readers about the home—the community—they are losing. Naturalist writings teach readers how to be attuned to nature, and thus discover ways of preventing that loss.

Jan Zwicky, at the UBC conference *Writing Home*, claimed that people’s unwillingness to care or act in the face of environmental degradation resulted from an inability to hear. I challenged this premise and noted that the problem is not people’s inability to hear, but rather a condition of being deafened by so much negative news or static. Constant barrages about climate change, extinction, resource depletion, deforestation, tainted water supplies, and household toxins—I am not surprised when my Foundations Program students initially expressed a sense of futility generated by an overwhelming bombardment of environmental news. For a year, my students read works relevant to environmental studies: Descartes, Rousseau, Daniel Quinn, Rachel Carson, David Orr, Gary Paul Nabhan, and Laurie Ricou. The texts made the students variously upset, frustrated, cynical, intrigued, but rarely awed and rarely inspired to act. Yet, their attitude did change over the course of the year, and at different moments, I believe, they were moved to care. Hearing is not the same as listening. We hear noise, but we do not necessarily attend to the particularities of sound: the differentiation between a junco and towhee’s song, between the scent of cedar and pine. The necessary quiet that Zwicky calls for cannot occur without first learning to care—to

know what “it” is we are trying to hear. If you learn to care, you will seek out the quiet necessary to hear, to differentiate voices in our community.

The Foundations 101 teaching team asked the students to choose a species native to the Pacific Northwest.<sup>39</sup> One of the main impetuses of the project was to re-vision home (the local) through the reading of purple shore crab, sea otter, Pacific tree frog, and Northwest crow, as some examples. Learning about the species’ ecology, the history (human and natural), and cultural representations, students had to reconsider their own relationship to their particular species and by extension their own engagement with the environment. Laurie Ricou’s *The Arbutus / Madrone Files* inspired the assignment, and I took the opportunity to model the compilation of the files on Laurie Ricou’s Majors Seminar on Invader Species. Throughout the year, the species were to become the students’ companion—their obsession. They viewed the species from various disciplinary perspectives: science, culture, history, fiction/poetry, natural history, and fine arts. Further, students had to look at these disciplinary perspectives through a local lens; students had to find articles and artefacts pertaining to the Pacific Northwest. Each week students shared their findings with their classmates, so that by the end of the year they had compiled a file. As their files grew, so too did their interest; the pedagogical exercise became a lesson in learning about how species interact with their environment and how the environment interacts with species. What I saw evolve were words characteristically associated to friends (sense of fun, creative, timid) were applied to their species: favoured stories tended to focus on qualities that made their species (and rivers)

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<sup>39</sup> The UBC Faculty of Arts Foundations Program was a first-year interdisciplinary program that combined the Arts and Social Sciences. The program, comprised of approximately 120 students and divided into three sections, was team-taught by three Instructors and three Teaching Assistants each. I was a Teaching Assistant for Section 101, an interdisciplinary introduction to nature/culture, literature and environmental studies, and sustainability. The three Instructors were Dr. Rebecca Raglon (English/Environmental Studies), Dr. Carla Paterson (History/History of Science), and Dr. Larissa Petrillo (Anthropology/Aboriginal Studies). The advantage of this program was that we had the same students for the entire year. Unfortunately, in 2006 the Faculty of Arts ended the program.

“human.” Despite long teeth, poisonous bites, or slimy textures, their companions became approachable—dare I say, loveable (Brent went as far to bring his companion (live) to class: a Dungeness crab). Encounters with their species became enmeshed with stories of their family or friends (grandmother’s quilting, friends kayaking, and a community crab-bake)—stories that *placed* them, that connected them to home. Then, to give them something tangible, I took them on a natural history treasure hunt around the Museum of Anthropology and down to Wreck Beach. I gave them sets of envelopes. One envelope contained clues, the other answers. With a series of facts, myth, and descriptions, they had to locate the species. As they found each species, they would read aloud more information about the species. At one point, I overturned a rock on the beach, and scooped up a purple shore crab. Many of the students had never held or touched a live crab: its diminutive size and defensive posture as it rested in my palm brought first silence, then a sudden rush of questions and observations. They touched, they smelled, and they listened. And, as their final projects showed, they learned to care.

Winson’s writings teach readers the importance of listening not through unrelenting toxic discourse, but through sensing the wonders of the diverse lives growing in our backyards. He repeatedly emphasizes interconnections—“friendships” as Winson calls them—between the human and nonhuman as the foundations of community and existence. Environmental news shows us the consequences of collapsed ecological communities; naturalist accounts show us how to prevent such a collapse: being attuned with all senses. Naturalist accounts respond to environmental crisis: they are the antiphony of environmental news. Naturalist writing does not shirk conservationist and preservationist issues, rather the opposite. Naturalist writing is about incremental steps, documenting slow progressions and overlooked efforts. Environmental news focuses on mercurial changes and natural disasters

because of their newsworthy (product) appeal as journalistic commodity: naturalist accounts focus on the slow, significant changes and the background hum, which normally lead up to and accompany natural disasters.

Rather than project alarmist rhetoric, naturalists attempt to retain the beauty and the wonderment, to emphasize the aspects of nature that show us why particular species are worth saving. Winson endows the natural world with human traits, but he does so not to encourage a *homogeneity*, but to figure the human as a part of a biodiverse world; he appeals for a “wider vision,” to see “creatures in their own concerns.” In imagining such possibilities, he projects a human identification, a kindred feeling with the biotic community in attempts to change people’s conscience about their surround. By evoking the physicality of an earthworm retreating deeper from the freezing soil or the warning slap of a beaver’s tail, he projects the reader into *sensing* another equally complex way of being in nature. I want to conclude with an excerpt by Winson, an *Open Air Jotting* that I feel embodies Wildwood’s visionary perspective and emphasizes the importance of retrieving his writings. Though his writings are often problematic, Winson imagines a Pacific Northwest regional community grounded in the natural world, and articulates an ethic toward the land and biotic community that decentres humans and forces them to share both the printed page and the world beyond the text:

#### Owning the Earth

This is man’s pride. The boast of his advancement is that he comes more and more into his “heritage” as the lord of creation. The universe is brought under his “service,” he regards himself as owner and controller of the world on which he drifts. The land, the forests, the air, the sea, all are “conquered.” Whatever life he meets he destroys or subdues to his

will, and all forces inanimate are “harnessed” to his purpose. His first audacity was to hang the sun and the stars on the firmament for his own lightning, before discovering that suns and constellations swung in distances eternal, and in serenity ineffable; from whence his earth is less than a mote in a sunbeam, and himself less than a microbe on a mote.

[...]

Light from universes that ignore him power to view their might, and to measure their immensity. They have shown him centuries of light, ages of systems, journeyings beyond his ken or his imagining, leaving him with the vast amaze of comprehending the unbounded. He sees that all are moving, that he is moving too. His solid earth spins on itself, making night and day, turns on its sun for seasons of growth and rest; follows that sun he knows not whither, haunted by a hint that all are speeding along a milky way that has no turning, no ending. Cosmic forces drawing him through galaxies of suns at speed he can not sense, to a goal he can not gauge, while he fumbles at the wheel of a spark of oil and gloats that he owns the earth [punctuation and spelling sic]. (8-9)

Winson wrote this particular jotting in 1934. In 1956, the new editor of the *Vancouver Daily Province* cancelled “Open Air Jottings,” because, as Ethel Leaf tells us, he thought Wildwood’s jottings “were not news.” In her anger, Ethel underlines *not* and writes over *News* with capital letters, scratches it out and handwrites again in bold capitals: **NEWS!** (J.W. Winson Memoir). John William Winson—Wildwood—and naturalist writings much like his, impress upon us that what elicits care for the natural world is not so much accentuating that

which is newsworthy, but balancing such of-the-moment coverage with that which is *noteworthy*.

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## Appendix

Facsimiles of Wildwood's (J.W. Winson) nature column in *The Daily Province*

Fig. 1 "Open-Air Jottings." *The Daily Province*. 2 January 1920: 12.

Fig. 2 "The Wild Arum." *The Daily Province*. 22 November 1939: 4.

Fig. 3 "Along Wildwood Trails." *The Daily Province*. 14 March 1950: 4.

Fig. 4 "Open-Air Jottings." *The Daily Province*. 20 October 1918: 9.

Fig. 5 "Open-Air Jottings: Mud and Migration." *The Daily Province*. 12 Feb. 1925: 6.

Fig. 6 "Open-Air Jottings." *The Daily Province*. 23 January 1920: 12.

Fig. 7 "Open-Air Jottings." *The Daily Province*. 12 August 1923: 20.

Fig. 8 "Open-Air Jottings." *The Daily Province*. 12 September 1919: 15.

Fig. 9 "Along Wildwood Trails." *The Daily Province*. 28 March 1950: 4.

## OPEN-AIR JOTTINGS

By WILDWOOD

NO amount of experience can rob the spirit of its hopeful aspect towards things outdoors when the calendar changes from December to January. The sun has made his turn toward. Not lower, but higher will be his path at noon from now on, his westward dip a step nearer to ourselves. The cold may strengthen with the lengthening day, but it can not chill the hopes of spring that rise as certainly, it is as sure, in the heart as the sap behind the maple bark. We take the end of the year to be midwinter, and strong in this conviction, go out to the woods for evidence to prove it, as confident of success as the ancient darky who had found that if he could only get through to March he always knew he would live to the end of the year.

In a scattered cove of the wooded hill which the two weeks shivering, cutting gale left as calm as a cave, was a perfect token of midwinter. A vine-like clump growing so close to that of a hazel that their branches intermingled, seems at a distance to be similarly adorned, an illusion that a nearer approach dispels, for then it is seen that the maple is carrying the keys of the past, and the hazel the cautions of the season to come. The propeller-bladed seeds of the vine-like clump have flown down weeks ago had not the early frost killed the little stalk before the disconnecting layers at the joint were matured. Now they must stay until the brittleness of decay allows them to snap in a winter blow. While they hung waiting for the signal to fly, the lambent spurs of their pendulous lengths from the little bud at the late leaf-joint.

Before any of the nuts that, escaping squirrels, lay and nutcracker, lie hidden under the leaves, have begun to soften for sprouting, the hazel is making ready for next year's crop. At what point, therefore, shall the nature-lover close his term? When can it be said, "Here the season ends, there it begins"? Hardly while he is shown on shrub and tree, while moss is creeping, brightly sprouting on bark that is damp, on logs of decay. Not while lichens are painting fence and branch with tints of grey and drab! Knowing, too, that should he scratch through the blackening leaf mould he would bare the spurs of smilacina and discover sprouting trillium roots and the ivory tusks of arum!

Harvest was long ago garnered by animal and insect, but the birds "neither reap nor garner into barns." For them still hang seed, fruit and berry, and from the crimson glow that covers the shrubs about the winding creek there are berries yet for many days. These are the ruddy hips of wild roses, in polished brilliance ruby bright, now the most handsome jewels in wood and meadow. Their beauty does not appeal to the birds very much, for there are many other kinds they will take in preference.

The outlets inside the red shell are hairy and irritating, but the cases were made by our forefathers into "pleasant meats and tart-like dishes" that must have looked better than they tasted, unless they had ways of softening them. When we read of the wild fruits and plants eaten by our ancestors, but contemned by us, we are apt to forget their limited choice. Told golden argosies were lacking in the storage, their gardeners had not the improved fruits of the wide world to draw upon as now. These "spacious days" before tomato and tea, potato and citrus fruits had not the width of our own, and therefore hips and even haws were welcomed to vary the simpler diet.

Some hang in pendent clusters, lovely as coral cardraps, others in single uprightness of wider girth and ruddier color, with here and there one bleached by the frost. Content as a rule to thicken into bushes, where these have encountered a clump of dogwood or crab they have struggled with the young trees for the upper light, taking on a semi-

become necessary, then are our orchards in danger!

This was startling enough, but the romance did not end there. Brown berries were collected and kept until the transformed grubs emerged as flies. It was noted by the experts that not all matured!

As every fact has its reason, the cause of the failure was sought, and the discovery made that the maggot had a parasite! Another fly followed the grub in the berry, pierced its back and left there an egg that eventually hatched and brought on its host's destruction.

Perhaps this little fellow is the guardian of our apples, keeping down the numbers of our enemy, that they may never overrun to our treasured fruit. Be that as it may, the entomologist knew the importance of his find. In many instances of his find, a thief is to the only way to arrest a thief, and so another thief upon him, and so where does the plan do better work than among the insect thieves of our crops.

The apple maggot of the Atlantic side had no such worry upon its back. Once inside the apples, its only danger lay in the fruit being bitten.

So these little four-winged flies, whose existence was possible only by their eating to death the apple marauder, were collected in numbers and sent to the troubled orchards of the East. Liberated there, their one great object would be to find this prey, and on their success hangs that of the orchardist.

### KAMLOOPS G. W. V. A. TO HAVE NEW CLUB

KAMLOOPS, Jan. 2.—At the request of the Kamloops branch of the G. W. V. A. the City Council has decided to submit to the ratepayers a by-law providing for the turning over to the Provincial Government the property on Victoria street on which the old government law courts building stands, on the condition that the government deeds the building and lot to the Kamloops G. W. V. A. for the purpose of a Returned Soldiers' Club and lounge. The vote will take place on January 15 next.

If given this property the war veterans intend expending about \$5000 in remodeling the building to fit it for club purposes, and will make of the structure a Kamloops war memorial.

#### Cans Labelled by Gravity.

The gravity labelling device for tin cans makes a "V" of denture from all previous belt machines as one of extreme simplicity. Starting from a receiving shelf, the cans roll down an inclined track, passing first over an open tray of adhesive labels, then over a label stick, picking up a label in their progress. The cans then pass under a battery of brushes, thus firmly affixing the labels. The machine will work at a lightning speed, being limited only by the rate at which operatives can place cans on the inclined shelf.

### FREE TO Pile Sufferers

Don't Be Out—Until You Try This New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time. Simply Chew Up a Pleasant Tasting Tablet Occasionally and Rid Yourself of Piles.

#### Let Me Prove This Free

My internal method for the treatment and permanent relief of piles is the correct one. Thousands upon thousands of grateful letters testify to this, and I want you to try this method at my expense.

No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development, whether it is chronic or acute, whether it is occasional or permanent, you should send for this free trial treatment.

No matter where you live—no matter what your age or occupation—if you are troubled with piles, my method will relieve you promptly. I especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases where all former applications have failed.

I want you to realize that my method of treating piles is the one most dependable treatment.

# Arnold & Quigley's January Clearance Sale

A DRASTIC clearance of all lines of Men's Winter Clothing at price concessions that can not fail to interest every man who save on everything—many lines are marked at less than value—these values are unusually good—get your share.

## Sensational January Clearing Men's Suits, Overcoats and

DESCRIPTIONS are unnecessary—these prices speak for themselves. W clothing values in January that you have ever known. It will pay you to invest

63 only English Toga and Leshman Drizler Overcoats, showerproof, warmth without weight. The finest coats that are made. Values up to \$85.00, for ..... \$49.75

\$25 and \$30 Heavy Tweed Raincoats ..... \$15.00

Heavyweight English Tweeds, with heavy vulcanized rubber linings—Belters, raglans and slip-on styles; greys, browns and greens in handsome patterns. Regular \$25 and \$30 values for ..... \$15.00

\$30 and \$35 Heavy Tweed Raincoats for ..... \$21.75

Odd Overcoats; regular up to \$30 ..... \$15.00

58 Men's Odd Overcoats, in various styles and fabrics. Values up to \$30.00, for ..... \$15.00

Regular \$35 and \$40 Men's Overcoats ..... \$26.75

Regular \$45 and \$50 Men's Overcoats ..... \$34.75

Regular \$55 and \$60 Men's Overcoats ..... \$38.75

### Underwear Bargains

Odd and broken lines of Watson's and Penman's; values to \$2.50 for ..... \$1.00

\$2.00 Penman Natural Wool Elastic Rib ..... \$1.45

Up to \$3.00 values in Britannia, Penman's blue tip, heavy Scotch and Stanfield's heavy rib ..... \$1.65

\$2.50 Stanfield and Turnbull natural wool and heavy rib underwear ..... \$1.95

Stanfield, Watson and Tiger

100 Men's Odd Suits \$21.75 to be cleared at .....

Sizes 34 to 40 only Tweeds and Worsted. Regular values in this lot as high as \$40.00. Your unrestricted choice at ..... \$21.75

\$45 to \$60 Young Men's Suits to clear ..... \$34.75

\$35.00 to \$40.00 Young Men's Suits, to clear ..... \$28.75

The newest and smartest styles and fabrics are included in the above two lines—the values are remarkable.

### Emphatic Reductions on Men's Blue Serge Suits

Genuine Indigo Dyed Pure Wool West of England Navy Blue Serge Suits, hand-tailored throughout.

Regular \$50 Blue Serges at ..... \$39.75

Regular \$60 Blue Serges at ..... \$49.75

\$18.00 to \$25.00 MACKINAW ..... \$12.75

Your unrestricted choice of any mackinaw in the house tomorrow; reg. \$18 to \$25 values ..... \$12.75

## January Sale Price You'll Stock Up With

Up to \$3.00 values in odd lines of Big Men's Shirts, 17, 17 1/2 only ..... 89c

Up to \$2.00 values in Laundered Cuff Shirts ..... \$1.29

Up to \$2.00 values in Soft Cuff Shirts ..... \$1.45

\$2.50 values in Soft Cuff Cambric Shirts ..... \$1.89

Up to \$4.50 values in Laundered Arrow and W. G. & R. makes ..... \$2.15

any shown on anrus mau green moss is creeping, brightly green on bark that is damp, on loss of decay. Not while lichens are a painting fence and branch with slinks of grey and drab. Knowing, too, that should he scratch through the blackening leaf would be would bare spurs of emulcins and discover sprouting crittium roots and the ivory tusks of arum!

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The red of the rose is relieved in dry places by the waxy whiteness of the snowberry. The waxy-stemmed shrubs are usually known under this name, but as a trailing evergreen up in the Rockies is thought to have the first claim on it, particularly as its botanical name is the Greek for snow fruit, we are asked to call our common roadside plant the waxberry.

Certainly the gloomy, globular fruit is more like wax than snow in appearance. They ought to be good to eat, but are not, having qualities slightly poisonous to man if not to birds.

Beyond admiring the pretty white clusters of berries in winter and, if we have eyes to notice them, their prettier flowers in early summer, little waxen bells, blushing pink and rose, this shrub has little interest for the traveller and less for the husbandman. This is because we do not realize its importance as an insect host.

British Columbia has more insect pests than are wanted, some fruit growers think our proportion is far too generous, but there is always one omission for which we are grateful—the apple maggot troubles us not. The pest of the East was not known in the West.

But three summers ago, a government entomologist, "sweeping" bush and grass with his net for whatever might hap, received one of the great surprises of his existence when two of these flies were discovered in his catch.

orchards in the district were suffering from the dread incursion, none in the province, in fact. Having then made certain of the identity, he must find the fruit on which the maggot thrived. This he found after search to be the "snowberry." Certain of the berries had turned brown and these were found to contain the grub.

Here then was a revelation! The plague of the Eastern orchards was a native of the Western woods, but so plentiful in its native home, that recent and infrequent the introduction of the apple to the country, that rhagoletis has not yet found it. But should the berry be so reduced by clearing or other means, or should the maggot fly so increase that an overflow and a search for new food

arrangement deeds the building and lots to the Kamloops G. W. V. A. for the purpose of a Returned Soldiers' Club and canteen. The vote will take place on January 15 next.

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Don't Be Out—Until You Try This New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time. Simply Chew Up Pleasant Tasting Tablets Occasionally and Rid Yourself of Piles.

### Let Me Prove This Free

My internal method for the treatment and permanent relief of piles is the correct one. Thousands upon thousands of grateful letters testify to this, and I want you to try this method at my expense.

No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development, whether it is chronic or acute, whether it is occasional or permanent, you should send for this free trial treatment.

No matter where you live—no matter what your age or occupation—if you are troubled with piles, my method will relieve you promptly.

I especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases where all forms of ointments, salves, and other local applications have failed.

I want you to realize that my method of treating piles is the one most dependable treatment.

This liberal offer of free treatment is too important for you to neglect a single day. Write now. Send no money. Simply mail the coupon—but do this now—TODAY

**FREE PILE REMEDY**  
E. R. Page,  
495C Page Bldg., Marshall, Mich.  
Please send free trial of your Method to:

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## "SYRUP OF FIGS" CHILD'S LAXATIVE

Look at Tongue! Remove Poisons from Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

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IN HANDSOME PATTERNS  
Regular \$25 and \$30 values for **\$15.00**

**\$30 and \$35 Heavy Tweed Raincoats for \$21.75**

**Odd Overcoats; regular \$15.00 up to \$30**

58 Men's Odd Overcoats, in various styles and fabrics. Values up to \$30.00, for **\$15.00**

**Regular \$35 and \$40 Men's Overcoats \$26.75**

**Regular \$45 and \$50 Men's Overcoats \$34.75**

**Regular \$55 and \$60 Men's Overcoats \$38.75**

## Underwear Bargains

Odd and broken lines of Watson's and Penman's; values to \$2.50 for **\$1.00**

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Up to \$3.00 values in Britannia, Penman's blue tip, heavy Scotch and Stanfield's heavy rib **\$1.65**

**\$2.50 Stanfield and Turnbull natural wool and heavy rib underwear \$1.95**

**\$3.00 Stanfield, Watson and Tiger Brand natural wool and heavy ribbed all-wool underwear \$2.45**

for **\$2.45**

**50 Dozen Stanfield silk and wool and silk and linen underwear; reg. \$5.00 value everywhere. JANUARY CLEARANCE \$2.95**

Up to \$4.00 values in Penman's natural wool combinations. Also cream **\$2.89**

**Stanfield medium weight natural wool combinations \$3.45**

for **\$3.45**

**\$5.00 Turnbull, Watson and Stanfield natural wool combinations \$3.95**

**\$6.00 Stanfield and Turnbull natural wool combinations \$4.85**

for **\$4.85**

**\$8.00 Watson and Stanfield natural wool combinations \$6.75**

for **\$6.75**

75c values in Lisle Web Suspenders to clear—**45c**

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**\$35.00 to \$40.00 Young Men's Suits, to clear \$24.75**

The newest and smartest styles and fabrics included in the above two lines—the value remarkable.

**Emphatic Reductions on Men's Blue Serge Suits**

Genuine Indigo Dyed Pure Wool West of England Navy Blue Serge Suits, hand-tailored throughout.

**Regular \$50 Blue Serges at \$39.75**

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**\$18.00 to \$25.00 MACKINAW \$12.75**

Your unrestricted choice of any mackinaw in the house tomorrow; reg. \$18 to \$25 values **\$12.75**

## January Sale Prices

### You'll Stock Up When

Up to \$2.00 values in odd lines of Big Men's Shirts, 17, 17½ only **89c**

Up to \$2.00 values in Laundered Cuff Shirts **\$1.29**

Up to \$2.00 values in Soft Cuff Shirts **\$1.45**

**\$2.50 values in Soft Cuff Cambric Shirts \$1.89**

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## GREAT SOCK VALUES

**100 Dozen Black and Colored Cashmere Finish Socks, 3 pairs \$1.00**

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**750 Heavy Black English Cashmere Socks, 3 pair \$1.25**

**500 Penman's Heavy Grey Ribbed Wool Socks, 3 pair \$1.25**

**\$1.00 values in English Heather and Black Ribbed Pure Wool Socks, 3 pair \$2.50**

**Heavy Pure Wool Khaki and Dark Grey Ribbed Wool Socks 75c**

## FLANNEL SHIRTS AT CLEARING PRICES

**UP TO \$2.50 VALUES IN TWEEDS AND FLANNELS \$1.59**

**REGULAR UP TO \$3.00 FLANNEL SHIRTS \$2.35**

**REGULAR UP TO \$3.50 FLANNEL SHIRTS \$2.85**

**\$5.00 HEAVY TWEED SHIRTS \$3.95**

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## TRADE UPSTAIRS AND SAVE YOUR

**ARNOLD & QUIGLEY**

"The Store that's always busy"

**546 Granville St.**

**IN OUR NO EXTRA RENT UPSTAIRS CLOTHING**

## Well, Look Who's Here



## The Wild Arum

By WILDWOOD.

THE dying marsh lies wreathed in golden-rod and the blue of autumn asters. No other flowers survived the first keen frost, excepting the few streaked violets, lowly and pale, on the hummocks isolated by the hoofprints of cattle.

The greens become russet, lightened with yellow. The rods and asters turn grey in fluffy seed, but the great green leaves of the arums, vivid and succulent, are smitten to the heart.

Lush as tropic foliage, they had no armour against the frost. The most vigorous plants of the marsh, they sent their roots deep into the watery soil. Assured of its plenty, they spread great roots as perpetual pumps, drove moisture upward fast as cells could expand in greenery, making leaves bigger than anything but rhubarb, and of better form than that.

Before the huge leaves appeared, a flower was sent up, the first of spring, formed in the temperate depths of the root while ice gripped the marsh above. No whim of weather hinders the yellow spur that rises before the daffodils and swells into a goblet of gold to bribe old Winter's departure.

The marsh is studded with these festive cups, in color so bright and generous that all should give them welcome and journey to see them. None will, because they have been blasted with a name of bad odor, and thousands who know nothing of the true scent of the flower scornfully declaim it a cabbage, spiced with skunk. This it is not.

Eastward grows a plant in similar places, with leaves somewhat resembling, having a flower of like form, but enclosed in a more globular leaf or spathe that is mottled, and not the clear clean gold of the arum of the west. Their names are very different botanically, and whatever odor that may have, this has never given offense in the field where it belongs.

Ditchers cutting through its roots have protested the strength of its odor, but no one passing the marsh in spring-time has cause for complaint. Many a hemlock is unpleasant, elder flowers, though cloying, are not agreeable, and none complains of the romantic rowan, whose essence on the air would smother a marshful of arums and leave over enough to offend the fastidious.

Gardeners in England grow this marsh arum for its beauty, western poets protest against its cabbagey description, correspondents appeal for something to be done, but bad names cling to the tongues of those who do not think for themselves.

## Ireland And The War

By HUGH CURRAN.

(Copyright by the Southam Company.)

he position of Ireland in is remarkable. One portion is officially at war and the ly neutral.

nties in the north which om the larger section con- ty-six counties, are closely at Britain, and subject to

for which Eire took electrical, steel and other goods.

Although this country is neutral and is regarded by many as a desirable refuge in this time of European ferment, it must not be thought that we are altogether unaffected by the crisis. A constant reminder is the nightly "blackout" in all cities and towns. Dublin, where

They "Strafe" the Russia

## Results Made To Order

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 any harm. He

It is most satisfactory for the Russian government to have everybody on its side in the two great Houses of Parliament and no opposition vote, no criticism of policies or details of administration. And it must be a relief always to know beforehand what the result of the election will be. Russian politics is no gamble; it is not even a flutter.

But what the people think as they are herded in their millions to the polls is another matter. At the last election 99.7 percent of the electorate voted and the aim was to make it 100 percent this time. And no one bothers to ask what the elected members think as they put their stamps on the decrees of Joseph Stalin and his henchmen. Neither the electors nor the elected ever say. That is not done in Russia.

The USSR has all the forms of democracy—popular elections, election by ballot, Houses of Parliament, speeches, discussions. There is even provision in the constitution for a conciliation commission to bring peace between the two Houses, should they fall out.

But the democracy ends in forms. Does anybody believe a hundred million people would all vote the same way unless there was some overwhelming reason?

## Mainly To Uncle Sam

Prime Minister St. Louis has been doing a lot in the United States, trying to tell the world in a friendly way, that trade barriers to our countries are impressed; a lot of industrial inter-They are lobby-ists to protect their

during the decade preceding 1949, for every dollar you bought from us we bought two dollars from you; that in 1949 every \$5 your 150 million people spent in Canada, our 14 million spent \$7 in the United States.

"If we are to maintain the boast that we are each other's best customer," then your American trade barriers must be lowered to a point where Canadian goods are allowed to compete with yours on a much fairer basis than that which now prevails.

This is the kind of talk that registers, that should really make U.S. business men and the U.S. people generally think about the tariff restrictions.

No country, not even the United States, can afford to continue such one-sided trade relations indefinitely. Too many countries are buying far more from Uncle Sam than he buys from them. Eventually the exchange of goods will break down; injuring all parties.

Mr. Marshall has given Canadians a simple, forceful text they should preach whenever they go south of the border.

## Readers Write

public interest are welcomed in this column but they must be brief, and address of the writer and, when necessary, some do plums will be used. Letters signed by the writers own names. Letters will be and addressed envelopes is enclosed.

### Bea Still Tops

Sir: I notice that Mr. F. W. Benwell (Mar. 1) considers Beatrice Lillie has lost her touch. Being backstage at the London Pavilion when she and her sister Muriel played their first week in London, I was astounded at her versatility and have followed her career with

## Coal's Future Assured

By REGINALD HARDY  
 Ottawa Bureau

OTTAWA—Because oil pipelines and refineries are particularly vulnerable to attack by an enemy in time of war it would be folly for Canadian industry to place itself in the position of being entirely dependent upon oil. This is the considered opinion of government experts who point out also that domestic users of oil are in much the same position.

For this reason, the experts say, many industries and individuals will continue to use coal for fuel. Thus the future of Canadian coal mines would seem to be assured.

"One has only to appreciate what happened during Exercise Sweetbriar when a bulldozer smashed through an oil pipeline, putting it out of operation for over eight hours, to realize what could happen in time of war," one official pointed out.

That pipeline, running from Skagway to Fairbanks, provided diesel oil. It was shut off. But the results of major disruptions caused by damage to oil pipelines can readily be appreciated.

Actually Canada is using just about as much coal as it ever did; the increasing use of oil merely taking up the increase in demand due to the steady development of Canada's industrial plant and the growing number of domestic fuel consumers.

It is true that the railways are presently building no more coal-fired locomotives, but they have hundreds of locomotives of the coal-burning type which will continue to be serviceable for 25 or 30 years.

Also, in the meantime, the development of the coal-fired gas-turbine locomotive engine may have reached the point where it will be as economical and as efficient as the modern diesel locomotive.

And while pipelines and refineries are vulnerable to attack from the air, added one official, "coal mines are relatively immune from attack. Also, in Canada, we have about 400 mines—and naturally, too, these mines are distributed, some in the east and some in the west."

"If major damage to pipelines and refineries resulted from enemy attack we would still have our reserves of coal to fall back upon."

Naturally, however, coal reserves would not be much immediate use unless the mines were kept in operation and unless industrial and domestic users were equipped to use coal. It would be impossible to convert from oil to coal over night in case of a national emergency.

Thus, the experts argue, industry should think twice before throwing aside coal-operated plants in favor of oil-burning plants. A certain amount of conserving will, of course, continue to take place, but industry might be well advised to keep stand-by coal-operated equipment in case of need.

Today's Bible Message  
 (From the Authorized Version)  
 Now the serpent was more subtil than any beast of the field which the Lord God had made. And he said unto the

## "Seen An Oculist Lately, Boy?"



## ALONG Wildwood Trails

BY WILDWOOD

THE coming of spring rolls a great wave of interest into the plot of ground about the home. It had been left to the ravages of wind and frost, both have done damage enough to sadden the heart, but loss and havoc cannot dominate the spirit when snowdrops come to the breeze and the brave crocus gleams brightly.

In the garden, as nowhere else so surely, the mind lives in the future. The seed is a spark of hope, the bud is a promise. Failures and losses, breakages and misses cannot

Wildwood  
 rising, aconites open their goblets of gold and primroses peep with baby-smiles.

No matter how last year's garden fared, this will do better. New tips and wrinkles have been gathered; and the season will be perfect. Great expectations are dug in with each spadeful of soil, the trowel is sharpened with faith, and is laden with assurance.

The generations have sustained and verified this trust. The soil still obeys the command to be fruitful. It holds the miracle of birth and resurrection. Man comes nearest to creation when he plants a seed and sets a bud. What happens in the cell he does not know, but by nearness to this great mystery he becomes great himself, magical and prophetic.

Whether he grows a lettuce for his salad, or a lily for his solace, he is drawing sustenance for his spirit. He can feel pride in achievement, humility in failure.

and always wonder in the beauty that rewards him.

Any garden of plants, from roses to shrubs, is richly rewarding; alluring in fragrance, stimulating in color, engaging in pattern of leaf and variety of outline. There is charm and ecstasy in perfect bloom of lily or begonia; there is grace in the economy of line in bean and cucumber.

Healthfulness is redolent in the garden. The esthetic feeds on tint and design, artist and gourmet both are nourished by its produce; for the rose and the strawberry are kin, tulip and onion are sisters.

The plot of only one tree may grow the apples of Hesperides, if by a commoner name. One geranium may flash radiance afar from a small window-box. Size of ground matters nothing according to Herrick:

Friend walk thine own dear garden grounds,

Not envying others' larger bounds;  
 For well thou know'st 'tis not extent  
 Makes happiness, but sweet content.

The contentment does sweeten the aspirations of the gardener, whether in papayas or potatoes. He finds here as elsewhere that reward is in proportion to effort. Seed and soil respond to treatment received; meanness and deceit cannot succeed with plantings.

Weather may injure; pests bother, trespassers may rob or damage, that is life, and life was always epitomized in a garden. There is failure and disappointment, always blended with new hope and there are gains that can't be greater than all the endeavor.

There is ever the miracle of growth when the laws of nature are followed, and however the bounds are narrowed, upwards they go to the clouds and stars. The spirit of the gardener knows this for did not an ancient soothsayer describe the soul as a watered garden?

mirror	\$31.50
\$45.50 Mahogany Chiffonier and Dressing Table	\$75.00
\$15.00 Fumed Oak Clock, Grandfather style, with cathedral chimneys	\$67.50
3-Piece Colonial Mahogany Bed-room Suite: bed, dresser and dressing table	\$115.00
Suite for 2	\$299.50
Suite for 3	\$310.00
Suite for 4	\$310.00
SAVE \$80.00	
\$315.00 6-Piece Queen Anne Bedroom Suite: bed, dresser and dressing table	\$435.00

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Save \$90.00—\$330.00 10-Piece Walnut Dining Suite, Cromwellian design	\$300
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SINGLE BRASS BEDS	
\$17.50 3-ft. Brass Bed	\$22.50
\$13.50 3-ft. Brass Bed	\$24.75
\$18.50 3-ft. Brass Bed	\$29.75
\$35.00 Colonial Style Mahogany Hall Seat	\$17.50
Solid Mahogany Spinnet Desk	\$50.00

leather	\$97.50
\$140.00 3-Piece Solid Mahog- any Suite, silk covered	\$100.00
\$150.00 5-Piece Oak Suite, tapestry covered	\$112.50
\$125.00 3-Piece Fumed Oak Suite, leather	\$97.50
leather	\$132.50
\$100.00 3-Piece Fumed Oak Suite, in genuine Morocco	\$149.50
\$240.00 3-Piece Solid Mahog- any Suite, in leather	\$190.00
\$249.50 3-Piece Solid Mahog- any Suite, in tapestry	\$200.00

# OUR AUTUMN SALE OF WOMEN'S BOOTS STARTS ON MONDAY

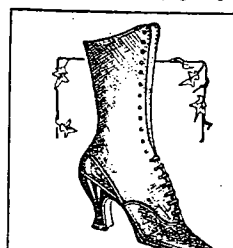
—OUR SHOE BUYER has just returned from a six weeks' buying trip where he effected several advantageous purchases, putting us in a better position than ever to sell you "top grade" footwear at true war-time economy prices. We start the sale with 3000 pairs—all stylish—all seasonable—all boots of quality—at values so amazing that it will be remembered for months to come. Included are shoes for dress, for the street, for walking, etc., with Goodyear welt, flexible McKay and turned soles, and Louis, Cuban and low walking heels. Boots in styles that are in vogue now. It's a sale such as no other store ever attempted, offering a full and complete variety of fine footwear at startlingly low prices. Divided into many groups, seven of which are here described and illustrated:



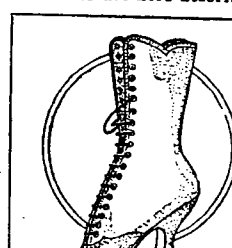
**No. 1—Brown Calfskin Walking Boots**  
—WITH Goodyear welted soles, made in U. S. A., in widths of AA to D. Regular \$9.00. Sale price **\$6.98**



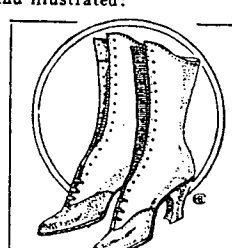
**No. 2—Dark Brown, Grey and Forrest Fawn Kidskin Boots**  
—WALKING STYLES, with Cuban, French and military heels, with Goodyear welted soles. Made in U. S. A., in widths of A, B, C and D. Regular up to \$12.00. Sale price **\$6.98**



**No. 3—Black Kid Boots**  
—WITH 8 and 9-inch tops and French or Cuban heels. Smart dress shapes, with whole or three-quarter foxed vamp. Specially well finished. Made in U. S. A., in AA to D widths. Reg. \$8.00 and \$9.00. Sale price... **\$4.98**



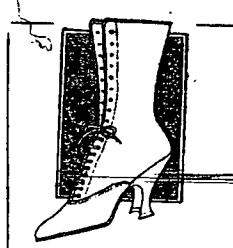
**No. 4—Novelty Boots**  
—IN BROWN and grey patent leather, grey kid, fawn kid, and brown kid. Regular up to \$15.00. Sale price... **\$6.98**



**No. 5—Black Kid and Patent Leather Dress and Walking Boots**  
—WITH DULL kid, calf and cloth tops, and French, Cuban and low heels. Regular up to \$7 and \$8. Sale price... **\$3.69**



**No. 6—Black Patent Colt Button Boots**  
—WITH DULL kid tops. Good year welt soles, low heel and medium broad toe. A good school boot for the girl who takes women's shoes. It and E widths, in sizes 2½ to 6. Regular \$6.50. Sale price... **\$3.69**



**No. 7—Edwin C. Burts Dress Walking Boots**  
—MADE IN New York of field mouse skin, grey and black patent and kid, with full Louis and Cuban heels. All sizes. Regular \$14.00, \$15.00 and \$16.00 values. Sale price... **\$8.48**

Many other lines included in this sale such as Dress Pumps, Oxfords and Winter Boots—as well as extra special values in the Children's Department. See Georgia Street window.

**Pledge Your Earnings Buy Victory Bonds**  
CANADA FOOD BOARD LICENSES:  
5-1482 6-14589 10-4435 11-168

**The Hudson's Bay Company**  
INCORPORATED 1670

**Vancouver's \$15,000,000 Club**  
Have you joined it?

**OPEN-AIR JOTTINGS**  
By WILDWOOD

Who told the little, Downy, Woodcock that the galls on the thimbleberry came as now ready for pick? Is this another instance of that un-anny power we call instinct or has its least of all the woodcockers tried us before today? Whichever is it, the gall-fly probe that has been in the cause of the tiny lumps on the Downy's back is now plump and ready. The gall-fly placed the skin of the young about in the spring and here deposited its eggs. In doing this it laid down the seed of a new life. The young about in the spring and here deposited its eggs. In doing this it laid down the seed of a new life.

...the spider can spin yarn out of itself continuously without coming to the end of its tether. The operation, though ever marvelous, is more easily understood when it is known that the "thread" is liquid when it leaves the spider's body and it is only when it is literally poured forth and the flow is stopped or started instantaneously. This of the gossamer is the finest thread in nature. Early astronomers sought means to divide the big space revealed by their huge telescopes, and the spider's web was able to induce a spider to give him a line, clear and twistless, four times smaller than the spit of a worm's thread. This is "spitting hair" with a vengeance! Something like ten thousand of them side by side covering the space of one inch.

...golden rod on the roadside, when up jumped a grasshopper right into the center of it. Twice the size of the spider, it should have been easy for him to escape, but the web yielded to his feet as he tried to jump, and while he was trying to get foothold, the spider ran round and over him with startling speed. Over and round him again and again, trailing a thread of what soon became a web. The grasshopper, though he could move no more, he gave him the "line of death"—a mysterious line that "killed" the prey until he was ready to eat it.

...rather than crowd up the good soil already too fully occupied.

...To correspondent, "What Vancouver? The watercolor sketch is one of the Spiders or hawk-moths of the genus Lepidoptera. The name Spiders is given to the family because of the attitude of the caterpillar when resting. It rears up the front end of its body and bends down the back as if in solemn thought, like the "Spiders" of the East. Others think the name is from the ridge it gives by that black line near its tail and. Nobody can guess what it is for.

FIG. 4

03/01/2006

## Open Air Jottings

### Mud and Migration

By WILDWOOD.

The Fraser is not the stream it used to be ten thousand years ago, when with ice and flood, it piled up the heaps of drift and gravel that now are Surrey hills and Westminister Heights. It is true these heights owe much of their eminence to the lifting of the coastline about that time, when it is thought the great icefields melted and relieved the land of their weight. But the river has thrown up many a mound and bank since then; many a ridge has been raised and many an island laid down before the present forests began. For this mighty avenue of moving water carries enormous freightage, its mission is building plains: little by little and inch by inch this great commoner of the province strives to extend the land out to the sea, and to bring the earth to one sandy level.

The amount of matter brought down by the river varies much between summer flood and winter quietude. In fresher times trees are drifted, banks are cut and solid masses of earth are carried away. In winter the lavings are slow and gentle, but at all times the water is muddy, the deposits come down continually.

Averaging through all the months, about sixteen tons of solid matter are brought to the sea every minute. This stream of mud, through the ages that have passed since the "Fraser" chose its present position, has built the delta seawards nearly twenty miles, making fertile plains, points and islands, good for plant and bird and beast, therefore for man.

The mud becomes burdensome to the river at its mouth. The sea will have none of it, the load must be dropped at once, the salt water causes it to "flocculate" in tiny lumps and the curious condition may be found of clear, fresh water flowing out over the surface of the saline tide, long after the sediment has fallen.

Some of the mud combines with lime and shelly material, making a stone that the fishermen call clinkers. Some driftwood sinks and helps to hold the mud and so new banks are slowly built up, a rich heritage for land-life.

But the mud is not allowed to rest at once. The river must keep open its channel and as this silts up it cuts out others, and they are clogged in turn. Opposing the flow are the restless tides, at one time luring with a backward ebb, then rushing back with a choking flood, crowding every cut and channel for miles up-stream. Currents turn and eddy, blindly seeking that rest which the deep sea only can give.

Soft places give way, and mud once settled moves again. Bars and banks are wearing continuously on their upper side, and are growing as continuously on their seaward edge. As submerged islands they are for ever migrating onward to the ocean. Where a slight bend once starts in a bank the curve is deepened. The water strikes there with increasing force, the bank is undercut, huge blocks fall, and again move seaward.

Always the river is crowding the mud down, always the wind and the tides repel. The river wins, for the sea must take the water and then make room for the intrusive silt.

The wind and tide direct the deposit if they can not prevent it. The tide has a northern sweep across the delta, and most of the mud is laid north of the river entrance.

The Fraser reckons nothing of years and ages, as it flies down the hills to fill up the sea. On the north side of its mouth it is building land at the rate of over twenty feet a year, or a ten foot average across the whole delta.

Some long, long day it will win its aim, and will bridge the straits to the outer islands!

## THE RAG BAG

Heard at the Exhibit.



## Health and Disease

No. 14.

### Faulty Posture

In a training camp in England in 1921, 75 per cent. of the young men were found to be suffering from the results of "faulty posture." Statistics are alarming.

Nature developed the human body with a view to its assuming the upright position. Like all other bodies of the universe it has what is known as a "centre of gravity." In maintaining the proper balanced position, this centre must be directly above its base of support, which is the area of the soles of the feet and the space between them. Supporting the body on this base is the skeletal framework consisting of bones arranged with joints which are moved and controlled by muscles and ligaments.

It is conceivable, therefore, that any alteration of any portion of the skeletal framework from its normal upright plane must be offset by an equal adjustment in the opposite direction by some other portion if balance is to be maintained. For example, in round-shouldered types, the shoulders are thrown forward on the chest. This is offset by a bowing backward of a portion of the spine below.

Not only are the bones involved in the process, but, owing to the unusual continuous strain, the muscles and ligaments lose their tone and become tired and weak. With this the chest and abdominal cavities are altered in size and shape. The organs of these cavities find it necessary to adapt themselves to their new surroundings and are compelled to change their position. While doing so they can not function thoroughly. Proper functioning organs are essential to good health. It is, therefore, obvious that on simple mechanical grounds the maintenance of the natural body posture is important to comfort and health.

AESCULAPIUS.

## UNCOMMON SENSE

### Flood Tide.

By JOHN BLAKE.

It has been pretty well demonstrated by the history of human achievement that men and women are at their mental best somewhere between their thirtieth and sixtieth years.

Inasmuch as very few people were fashioned by nature to be professional athletes, their flood-tide years are the years of full maturity, when the mind is well stocked with general information, and when it has learned a great deal in the hard school of experience. There are occasional cases of men who have astonishing progress under thirty, but occasional cases have nothing to do with the rule.

There is no reason for discouragement because a young man has come to his twenty-ninth year without having got his ship out into the main channel, and forth on an auspicious voyage.

There may have been many mistakes, many mischances, many set-backs. There may have been much unsuccessful groping about for the right kind of start.

But none of the time thus spent has been wasted, for all real effort has exercised the will, and experience of every sort can be turned to account later on, even if it has not seemed to be of any value at the time it was gained.

In the newspaper business, with which I am more familiar of than any other occupation, I have seen dozens of boys hunting around for a start for long and discouraging years.

Some have become so discouraged that they have turned into other channels, announcing that "there was no chance" in journalism.

But meanwhile others have kept doggedly along, and most of these have found their chance, and gone a long way on their journey by the time they are forty years old.

It is, I know from the experience of others, much the same in other employments.

Almost every week I meet someone of whom I have lost sight since he was a young lawyer or a young doctor, fighting what seemed to be a losing battle to get to the top.

All of these, who were real fighters, are on their way to the top. In fact I am constantly astonished to learn how far along some of them have come.

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### Fundit a Match for Him

A young engineer listened to the foggy observations of a lot of old philosophers until he determined to take the wind out of their sails by some technical talk of his own; so he jumped into the conversation with the following description of a wonderful machine he had just been watching: "By means of a pedal attachment," he said, "a fulcrum lever converts a vertical reciprocating motion into a circular movement. The principal part of the machine is a huge disc that revolves in a vertical plane. Power is applied through the axis of the disc, and work is done on the periphery, and the hardest steel by mere impact may be reduced to any shape." But one old pundit looked sternly at him over his spectacles, and said: "Young man, seek not to darken with folly the counsels of the wise. What you have so verbosely described would be as easily recognized if you just called it a grindstone."

### Caught.

Irate Father (to son whom he has caught smoking)—Smoking, hey! Son (nonchalantly)—No, sir, tobacco.

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Many housewives burn  
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# KIRK'S

# OPEN-AIR JOTTINGS

By WILDWOOD

For sixty hours rain has been falling in one of those continuous downpours which this country takes with the equanimity of a duck. Lowlands and watercourses are swamped beyond bounds, and the virtues for which the rains are sent go floating seaward and are lost.

Good gifts in excess become evils. The vegetable salts and mineral matter, now fine and soluble, that should be taken down to the root regions of the soil are swept impetuously out to the rivers that are stained with a yellow that is liquid gold. If all the substance which makes the difference between pure drops of rain and the muddy eddies of the river could be returned to the soil, its value could be named in terms of gold. Gardens that struggle desperately among rocks that would reveal in the richness of Eden could they be given the silt that is dredged from the choking mouths of the rivers.

This washing of the "goodness" out of the land by long-continued rains is prevented by the vegetation that thrives because of them. Nature provides the verdure to hold this moisture in leaf and root until the soaking ground can absorb and filter it before passing it on to spring and stream.

So it comes to pass that the ever-green life we admire for its beauty is deserving of praise for its vital utility.

In breaching its way through the roots below, the water leaves behind the foods it has gathered, and the muddy ooze of the furrow is crystal clear at the spring; the sea should receive its rivers just as clear.

How far in the earth this rain can descend has not yet been fully determined. It runs down gravel beds with simple ease; through limestones and sandstones it percolates but slowly; through shales and schists it can travel in cracks; the granites permit its passage only through "clefts" and "faults."

But down it goes. In coal mines we have met springs 1200 feet down, metal mines have found it lower still.

As it takes on the heat of the rocks that are passed, its temperature gains at the rate of its depth, and when it returns to the surface as hot spring or geyser, we can guess how far it sank before gaining its warmth.

Falling with such a steady persistence, it saturates everything but the tireless birds. Now the marvellous water-proofing on those airy feathers is tried to the uttermost. Now all that careful preening, occupation, apparent-

ly, of vain and idle moments, is put to a vital proof. The rain-drops bounce off ineffectively from contact with that oily sheen.

The oil glands carried near the tail of the bird produce a lubricant that is also waterproof. Staked in the back during the bird's toilet this oil is laid on, shaft and barb to give gloss and spruceness incidentally only, fundamentally it makes for smoothness of motion and repulsion of moisture.

So the sprightly chickadees seeking a meal among the thimbleberry vines, pay no heed to the rain. It must be just as easy to perch with head upwards, but they prefer to swing downwards as they peep in and about the gull-awallings on the vines, where the downy woodpecker has excavated for grubs. He may not have cleared them entirely or an early flying insect may have laid their there, anyway, they are worth searching. A correspondent standing near a flock of these most interesting titmice found that some said "chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee" while others answered with two dees only. His conclusions are that the latter were females, as the calls were always in that order. As Mrs. Chickadee dresses exactly like her husband I do not know how to decide the question until nesting time.

While hunting, they chirp to one another with a very pretty toned "pe-up," assuring each other of their presence, using the "chickadee" for conversation less intimate.

These working in the rain, however, were a different variety. It is a pity to bring confusion to local observers, but the dictates of science must be observed sometimes, and in this case it may add to the interest of the observation if a white line is looked for over the eye. In the ordinary bird the black hood comes down to the eyes and back. In the mountain chickadee a streak of white runs from the beak over the eye to the back of the head. The same white breast and sides of brown, though in these the brown is lighter.

My birds most assuredly had this distinction yet they are not supposed to visit this territory. All other flocks will be eagerly scrutinized in the future. The call was not the usual length, but a short chick-dee, which is characteristic of the tit of the interior mountains.

While watching, motionless, the cheerful acrobatic activities of the grub-hunters, a flock of juncos came down on the wind, settling about in the vines like falling leaves, prying in every corner with their ivory bills for either grub or seed. No song with

these, only a pleasing twitter as they signal for more. Evidently this was a favorite feeding ground, for three downy woodpeckers followed, silent but for the leathery "swish" of their wings. More, gull, swellings are opened out than, which the chickadees came with care when the woodpeckers passed on.

Meadow larks calling over the hill sang their defiance to mud and rain. Already a changing note is distinguished in their song. They are expecting spring!

Then two blackbirds passed on to the woods, these calling "see-up" with a note unmistakable. Have they decided that winter is over, and that no colder spell will follow the three days of rain? One doubts their weather wisdom, but hopes they are right.

One lively robin did appear before them, but would not stay. He is to be less trusted as a weather prophet.

The distinguished visitors of our winter woods are a flock of evening grosbeaks. Other years we have seen them only in fall and spring, as they passed before and after the zero term of the winter. This winter they have saddened our wood for a month past and it is our hope that no zero frost or blizzard will drive them away.

When discovered on the ground they rise all together to the trees with a chirping that is almost metallic in its ringing music, as tinkling glass. Their flight is a flutter of beauty, in harmonious feather colors, that blend in the wintry drapery of the woods.

On crown of head, on wing and tail is the richness of bare branches against the sky. The beautiful olive green of back and breast is one with the mossy nodes of the trunk. The brighter yellow on forehead and shoulder with the white on the inner feathers of wing merge easily with lichen and liverwort that cling with them to bole and branch. Whether there or on the floor with moss and fern and leaves their setting is perfect. Other birds have brighter feathers, none has lovelier hues. Their genus was named from Hesperus, of the western setting sun, and one poetic soul finds in their feathers the passing of day; golden tints for sunset, sable hues for night, and whiteness for the dawn of morning.

The conical ivory beak is their most conspicuous feature, and on its strength their life is now depending.

Assured of safety they drop to earth again one by one, to pick and crack the maple "nuts" with which the wood is strewn. Their strong beak-match the squirrels' teeth in extracting nutritious morsels from the fallen keys, and we are glad of the profusion under the vine maples, as this is their attraction.

If they would stay with us the winter through we could almost forgive their departure in spring to the mountain forests, where juniper berries and caterpillars will serve, with the tree seeds, abundant fare for these conical billed birds who are never in want.

The grosbeak is the head of the large family of finches, and sparrows which are chiefly seed eaters, and have developed their wedge-shaped bills for

## Alkali in Soap Bad for the Hair

Soap should be used very carefully, if you want to keep your hair looking its best. Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and ruins it.

The best thing for steady use is Multified coconut oil shampoo (which is pure and greaseless), and is better than anything else you can use.

One or two teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excessive oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, lustrous, fluffy and easy to manage.

Yed can get Multified coconut oil shampoo at any pharmacy, it's very cheap, and a few ounces will supply every member of the family for months. (Advt.)

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that purpose. When birds that are purely insectivorous have followed their food line further south, the seed-eaters, on berry, cone and fruit, can live in comparative comfort, little affected by cold so long as the seeds hold out.

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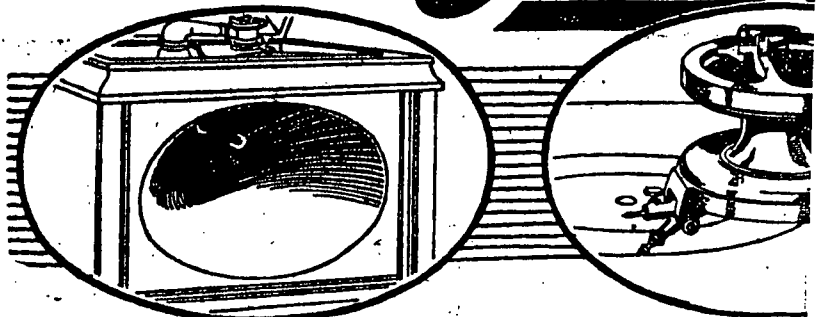
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Dessert to-morrow

Dissolve a package of Strawberry Jell-O in a pint of boiling water. Pour into a bowl or mould and put in a cold place to harden. Turn out on a plate and serve plain or with whipped cream.

## The 1920 PH

Brum



1. All-wood Oval Horn
2. All-record, all-needle Uttonia (including needles for all

FIG. 6

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# OPEN-AIR JOTTINGS

By WILDWOOD

THE sun, in late September, is taking the day's work more easily, retreating gradually from the arduous duties of summer. The grass is ripened, berries are colored, seeds are spreading according to their character, the harvest is moving homeward. So the harvestmaker rises later, and retires a little earlier. It is nearly noon before the effects of the long morning mists have gone, and bush and brake are passable.

In the early hours a pair of hunters came up the trail, steps and voices curiously echoing in the muffling fog. Chased in rain-resistant khaki and rubber, they could have been the dripping fern and be away in the deer-tracks of the silent hills when the wreaths dispersed to reveal their game.

Now it was dry, the trail was threaded by a family party who hurriedly dashed before them. No need for quiet stealth in their hunt, for they were going a-nutting, and no fatter, healthier game exists for young and old than that of gathering nuts in September.

The boy, of course, is ahead. He "knows where they are," and starts off on many a false scent to sapling birches that are found to be as the grass for barrenness, and though he is the first to reach the base, and the first to go off to another, he leaves plenty behind for the rest. He who was once a boy has learnt in his years that the biggest nuts are not exposed; they lie under a shell that may hang at any angle. With a hooked stick that saves much scrambling, he brings down the supple limbs, looks from the right and then from the left, crouching to mother and sister that "the boy doesn't know it all yet."

They carry the sacks. The stiff hairs that cover the brows or backs of the nuts will pierce the tender skin of the fingers unless gloves are worn; it is easier as well as safer to "beat" the bag while the main members throw in their pickings. Not without protest are the brown-tipped beauties gathered, interrupting the rivaling calls of "Here's a three-cluster" and "I have a four!" comes the disruptive clasp of a bluster that slowly glides away from the bush, perches just beyond reach and raises its crest with every raucous protest. Here and there a squirrel chits and chatters in a frenzy of temper. Needless to say, for it stored away its winter's hoard over a week ago, and can well spare these.

Occasionally a feminine scream records a swinging caterpillar, or big brown and yellow spider that is discovered too close to be pleasant.

A fine clump of evergreen blackberries with shining fruit just ready to fall, gives excuse for a halt. The boy would rest here for lunch, but another spot is suggested with a comfortable bank, and when the lunch and party are conveniently spread, the real reason for this location is shown. There are several stones about, and for cracking the nuts, some people's teeth are "not what they need to be."

The hawks in this locality are suffering from another visitation, that of the "lace bug." Swooping butterflies and moths, with their beautifully-colored wings, few insects can be called handsome, according to human standards, but the lace-bug is really pretty, and the further it is magnified through a lens, the prettier it becomes. Its wings are the finest of net-work, dainty and delicately veined; its minute body is shiny black, with a couple of fine white dashes on either side of its thorax. One other grace it has, it refrains from the production of those malevolent glands that distinguish so many bugs. Nothing more can be said in its favor, for it thrives on the leaf-juices of the tree it inhabits and though it has done no visible damage, as its cousin the aphid, this is only because its numbers are less.

These plant-lice are having their "day" in this season, but their enemies, though slower in recruiting, are swelling the ranks that close upon them. Lady-beetles were never so numerous; next year, under ordinary circumstances, they will be strong enough to keep the aphides in check. Both larvae and pupae of these beetles are found on the leaves. While still a grub, it is busy "cleaning up" the lice, and engaged in the same good work is another grub, a small flat green creature, blind, with a very little head, that nevertheless carries a pale of jaws that are fatal to all aphides it can reach. This is the larva of the syrphus fly, a yellow-banded fly always on the wing, or other blooma, very much like a "yellowjacket" wasp, but smaller, it is no sting, however, and is quite harmless. Its presence on the flowers

is altogether beneficial, as it will join with the honey and pollen that it eats, an occasional aphid also. The elegant "swarm" is good when carried out with discrimination. By phids—some are bee-like, but smaller are doing more good than many swarms.

The "bird in the bush" is now the bluebird, whether a local native or one coming down from further north, can not be told, but the latter is probably the case, as the bluebird, the lamuli bunting, is found no more on the telephone wires—the brightest bit of blue in feathers that is seen under these skies. Its native home is California, but it would seem to be creeping northward, as its occurrence in British Columbia are increasing. May he keep on creeping! That bright, oblique song, sent forth from the top of a dead branch or telegraph pole, should be heard by all who love bird-music. Too highly pitched to be called melodious, it is a thrilling, thrilling outburst of gladness that matches the heavenly coloring.

Bird-song has not been wound into the literature and poetry of our country as it has been in that of England and Scotland, but it will come in time. It took generations of association to bring out the beauties of merle and marie, skylark and nightingale.

We have here equals of the two

first in our woodland thrushes, and if lark and nightingale are peerless, the same can be said of our cat-bird. The mocking-bird of the south is of the same family, and is said to be even a finer songster, though for one who has listened enthralled to the cat-bird, this is difficult to imagine.

Probably only few of us know the real song of this bird. Many are mistaken even in the bird. Our towhees, moving as they hunt over the falling leaves, are usually called cat-birds, and those who know the real thing seldom hear from it any other note than the nasal "wow" of its scolding, hence the name.

To me, hearing it for the first time, the melody came with a thrill of wonder. It came from a dense thicket of wild rose, willow and "hardback" aspens, and it took an hour of patient creeping through that labyrinth of shrubbery girdling the bend of a brook, before I saw and knew for certainty the owner of that marvellous voice. Its plumage of coat is the best vocalists usually are, dull grey of back and lighter grey of breast, the only other color being a dash of dark red on the under tail coverts.

He prefers to be heard, not seen, and from some higher branch in a low-lying thicket of impenetrable bush, where his nest is placed, he will make the little wood quiver with enchanting melody. Not a set song, perhaps, like that of the mocking-bird, his music is "part of all that he has met," and he remembers all the best. Fortunate indeed is that musical soul born to grow up where such bird-music abounds. The two jungles I know of, where this singer comes every year, will be visited frequently in the springtime, whether or no I get to the hills and the prairie.

# CANADA TO BENEFIT BY NEW PREFERENCE

Many Supplies for Crown Colonies to Be Bought Here.

By JOHN MACDONALD.

LONDON, Oct. 2.—Canada will benefit from the new but very substantial form of imperial preference which is being put into effect by the colonial office in connection with the administration of the crown colonies.

In the past when supplies were needed such as rolling stock, telegraph and telephone material and various other items included in the huge industrial list periodically for government needs in the crown colonies, the supplies were primarily made to obtain the supplies in the United Kingdom.

If this was unsuccessful the government would look to any other quarter, very often to the United States, which during the war was in a position to obtain many such contracts. The colonial office has now instructed the administrations when it is impossible to obtain supplies in Britain to get them in Canada.

In the case of the other overseas dominions the colonial office is also endeavoring to encourage reciprocity in the matter of granting contracts for such supplies as rolling stock for South Africa under which head Canada recently supplied forty locomotives as the British offers were unfavorable both to price and delivery.

Mr. H. Connolly of the G. T. F. Street office has been advised by the White Star Line that it is not expected the British strike will interfere with its sailings.



# THIN, NERVOUS, RUN DOWN PEOPLE SHOULD TAKE BITRO-PHOSPHATE

Creates New, Firm Flesh, Strength and Energy in Two Weeks' Time in Many Instances.

Bitro-Phosphate Should be Prescribed by Every Doctor and Used in Every Hospital—says Editor of "Physician's Weekly."

"Take plain bitro-phosphate" is the advice of physicians to thin, delicate, nervous people who lack vim, energy and nerve force, and there seems to be ample proof of the efficacy of this preparation to warrant the recommendation. Moreover, if we judge from the countless preparations and treatments which are continually being advertised for the purpose of making thin people fleshy, developing arms, neck, and bust, and replacing ugly hollows and angles by the soft curved lines of health and beauty, there are evidently thousands of men and women who keenly feel their excessive thinness.

Thinness and weakness are usually due to starved nerves. Our bodies need more phosphate than is contained in modern foods. Physicians claim there is nothing that will supply this deficiency so well as the organic phosphate known among druggists as bitro-phosphate, which is inexpensive and is sold by most all druggists under a guarantee of satisfaction or money back. By feeding the nerves directly and supplying the body cells with the necessary phosphoric food elements, bitro-phosphate quickly produces a welcome transformation in the appearance; the increase in weight frequently being astonishing.



Miss Josephine Davis, reporting her own experience with BITRO PHOSPHATE, says: "It is remarkable what it did for me after a few days I began to regain my strength, felt full of life, was able to sleep soundly and my long troubles seemed to disappear. I gained twelve pounds in four weeks."

Clinical tests made in St. Catherine's Hospital, N. Y. C., showed that two patients gained in weight 21 and 27 pounds, respectively, through the administration of this organic phosphate; both patients claim they have not felt as strong and well for the past twelve years.

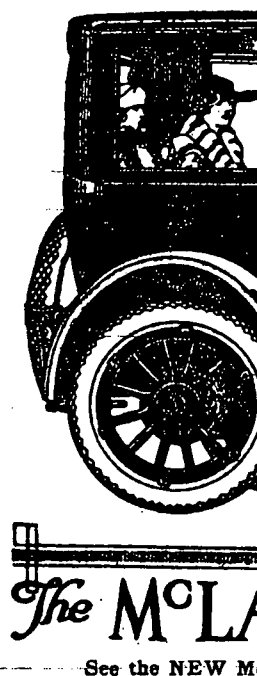
and lack of energy, which nearly always accompany excessive thinness, soon disappear, dull eyes become bright and pale complexion glow with the bloom of perfect health.

Physicians and hospitals everywhere are now recognizing its merits by its use in ever increasing quantities. Frederick Kelle, M. D., editor of New York "Physician," "Who's Who," says: "Bitro-phosphate should be prescribed by every doctor and used in every hospital to increase strength and nerve force and to enrich the blood."

Joseph D. Harrigan, former Visiting Specialist in North Eastern Dispensary, says: "Let those who are weak, thin, nervous, anemic or run-down, take a natural, unadulterated substance such as bitro-phosphate and you will soon see some astonishing results in the increase of nerve energy, strength of body and mind and power of endurance."

Bitro-phosphate is made entirely of the organic phosphate compound referred to in the National Standard Dispensary as being an excellent tonic and nerve and a preparation which has recently acquired considerable reputation in the treatment of neurasthenia. The standard of excellence, strength and purity of its substance is beyond question, for every Bitro-phosphate tablet is manufactured in accordance with the U. S. Pharmacopoeia test requirements. Bitro-phosphate is therefore not a patent medicine and should not be confused with any of the secret nostrums, so-called tonics of elderly advertised "cure-alls."

CAUTION.—Although Bitro-phosphate is unsurpassed for relieving nervousness, sleeplessness and general weakness, owing to its remarkable flesh-growing properties, it should not be used by anyone who does not desire to "put on flesh."



# Canadian Nation

## DAILY TRAINS

### VANCOUVER--EDMONTON

### --WINNIPEG--TORONTO

By WILDWOOD

FIG. 8

# DUVER DAILY PROVINCE

A SOUTHAM NEWSPAPER  
Sunday and holidays at the southeast corner of Hastings and  
in the City of Vancouver, Province of British Columbia, by  
the Southam Company Limited.

EB, B.C., TUESDAY, MARCH 23, 1960

## y Talks Nonsense

Garibaldi Park paper told the fortnight ago over the debt of the park board with ition, develop- It has done of lands, Mr. he Legislature illy statement administration baldi. ey for parks urses? The of course, and for the next fiscal year, they are putting up \$105 millions—a hundred dollars for every man, woman and child in the province. Does Mr. Kenney think anybody will believe that out of so magnificent a budget it would be impossible to find a few thousands for Garibaldi? Or does he care whether he is believed or not?

And who appropriates the money for parks? Who other than Mr. Kenney himself? All the minister's statement means, then, is that he doesn't want to devote any money to Garibaldi. It would be interesting to know why he has taken this stand. The real reason has not been divulged.

## Do It If They Want To

smelly China flats and de- playground-in ore encounter- Pleasant could use another play area, Strathcona Park, but the city took Strathcona for its City Hall site and never made restitution.

Vancouver can't close its eyes to its obligation to put a culvert over such an insanitary eyesore as China Creek and provide at least one decent park and playground for Mount Pleasant. Quibbling over the ownership of the creek bed is just another way of avoiding the issue.

The City Council now has more than \$100,000 bequeathed by the late Jonathan Rogers for a park in the Fairview-Mount Pleasant area and should be ready to use it for park purposes, but not for any sewerage improvements at China Creek.

In a \$27-million budget it can surely find enough money to fix up China Creek, at least temporarily. Aldermen are pretty good at finding money in unexpected places if they really want to.

## It Does To Your Lungs

LY, the city's us about the y we should he amount of the committee is that only 52 percent of Vancouver's smoke comes from industrial plants. Domestic furnaces and firemen are responsible for the rest. Smoke prevention has become a problem for the whole community, not just the operators of big buildings and sawmills.

If we are really going to do away with our unnecessary smoke, Joe Doakes in Fairview will have to be just as careful about smoking his pipe as the leading engineer in Hotel Vancouver.

The suggestion we might start out with a "smoke prevention week" in Vancouver is fair enough. But the size of the problem suggests a smoke prevention year would be more in order.

We may have to educate ourselves up to a point where the man who lets black smoke pour out of his household chimney will not be classed a good citizen or a very good neighbor.

## Khalakuktik Iglumi!

By HERB SURPLIS  
By Leased Wire to The Vancouver Daily Province, Copyright, 1959.

OTTAWA. — Kheoyimayum Titigangit Innuinnangmun is the title of an illustrated manual issued recently by the department of resources and development. In English it means "The Book of Wisdom for Eskimo."

This, incidentally, is the second edition. The first, issued in 1947, proved very popular with Eskimo. The revised handbook is in three sections—English, Eskimo syllabics (strikingly similar to shorthand characters) and Eskimo written in Roman characters.

Almost every problem that the Eskimo is likely to encounter in his daily life—how to feed new babies, how to spend family allowances, the best method of cleaning a rifle—is dealt with. Illustrations assist the instruction.

The stress is, of course, on health. The handbook tells where sickness comes from, how it spreads and, of course, the importance of cleanliness in preventing sickness.

"Thulligongie puyalo iligiek," says the booklet—"sickness and dirt are partners."

"Khalakuktikhaikut iglumi!"—"No one must spit in the igloo!"

The instructions on how to treat frostbite are of equal value to white men. "If face, nose or ears get frozen, do not rub," the Eskimo is told. "That will make it worse. At first sign of freezing, cover the part and leave alone. . . If you do freeze your feet, put them in cold water until the frost is gone. Do not rub. Make sure frozen part is clean. Boil seal oil and wrap the foot. Keep the covering loose. Be sure that only very clean hands are used to dress the frozen foot. Change dressing every day."

Instructions about family allowances are lengthy, but one bit of advice is particularly pungent. "A few Eskimos," warns the booklet, "seem to think that because they have a credit on family allowances, they do not have to work any more. This is wrong."

Emphasis is also placed on the conservation of game and the booklet tells why and how game becomes scarce and Eskimos go hungry. The Eskimo is also instructed on planning for periods of scarcity.

"It is much better to have a credit with the trader to use in poor years than to go in debt to the trader," says the Book of Wisdom.

## First Welfare State

(John Foster Dulles in an address to the American Political Science Association.)

BERKELEY, In his Life of Lincoln, points out that slavery was powerfully supported as a welfare and social security measure. It was contained in the heart of the Negro slaves that:

"They were fed and cared for from birth to the working period, and from the beginning of old age for the remainder of their lives, all at the owner's expense. They were far happier than the slaves of the Negro states that:

"Never for a moment were Southern slaves terrified by the spectre of a friendless future of want and starvation. And during their years of productive labor, they could not be discharged, as were white laborers in 'free' countries when business was poor. No matter whether the season was good or bad, the market brisk or slow, the slaveholder had to support his Negroes the same at all times."

The proponents of emancipation never really met these arguments. They did not feel that they had to. They felt that it was wrong for some to have great power over the lives of others, and over

## 'Animals Of The World--Arise!'



## ALONG Wildwood Trails

By WILDWOOD

A GLACIER has passed away. Though no tears are shed because of it, the passing is of interest to many, particularly those who have crossed it when climbing among the peaks of the lovely Garibaldi Park.

Shelf glacier was distinct enough to have a name; being part of the Helmet glacial field, long ago. According to Mr. Wm. Taylor, a specialist among the geologists of the nearby ranges, separation was made about a quarter of a century ago by gradual melting. The snowfield above it, on Panorama Ridge, that fed the glacier, still persists on the high slopes, but is no longer pressed into ice.

It is natural to give a name to a single thing, or even to endow it with a personality.

In the Orient, mountains and rivers are said to have life, some are holy. If therefore volcanoes "die," and rivers fail, the passing out of a river of ice may be marked with solemnity.

Many will deem it fitting that a cairn was raised to its memory at the spot where it was last seen. Alpinists of respect for the grandeur of the rocks and snows, the high lakes and ice they traverse, or they would not climb.

But the disappearance of Shelf Glacier has a significance lower down. It has an importance to every citizen who turns a faucet; it is an omen to every industrialist. The stores packed in the hills as ice and snow to keep the summer streams in flow are lessening year by year.

If statistics ever serve a useful purpose it is when they warn of a reduction in our natural resources. For lumber, for coal, for game, for fish, we may find substitutes. There is no substitute for water.

Yet our cities grow in magnitude, our demand more water. We have more lawns to sprinkle, more pools for swimming, and our weapons of sanitation are water and more water, and the supply is falling.

The cairn to commemorate Shelf Glacier was built of stones from its last "moraine." Moraines are piles of rocky debris brought down by the scouring plow of the glacier as it descends. These scrapings are cast aside or left at bends or haltings as a river of water leaves gravel banks on its way.

There are many moraines from the coast mountains about Vancouver where towns and farms now cover them. The ice that brought them receded ages ago, and is forgotten. What must be remembered is that the ice is melting further and further back.

The glacier that Taylor measured 25 years ago is gone. Some glaciers are melting faster than others, but they are going. Water is precious to human activity. New York is doing it out, Los Angeles goes three hundred miles for it. The rainy coast area has "plenty," but already running taps nightly in winter and hose lines in summer are restricted.

When the well runs dry the water is missed says a very old proverb. Water that has passed under the bridge to the sea cannot be brought back. Alpinists and foresters, fishermen and all "conservationists" dread both drought and floods. Water should be saved in the hills.

## What About Garibaldi?

But I wish to compliment The Daily Province for its excellent editorial "More Action Less Argument: Please" on the

## Readers Write - - -

While interest is welcomed in this column but they must be brief. Address of the writer and, while words de plume will be used, no letters signed by the writers' own names. Letters will be and addressed envelopes is enclosed.

Humane, Than Needed