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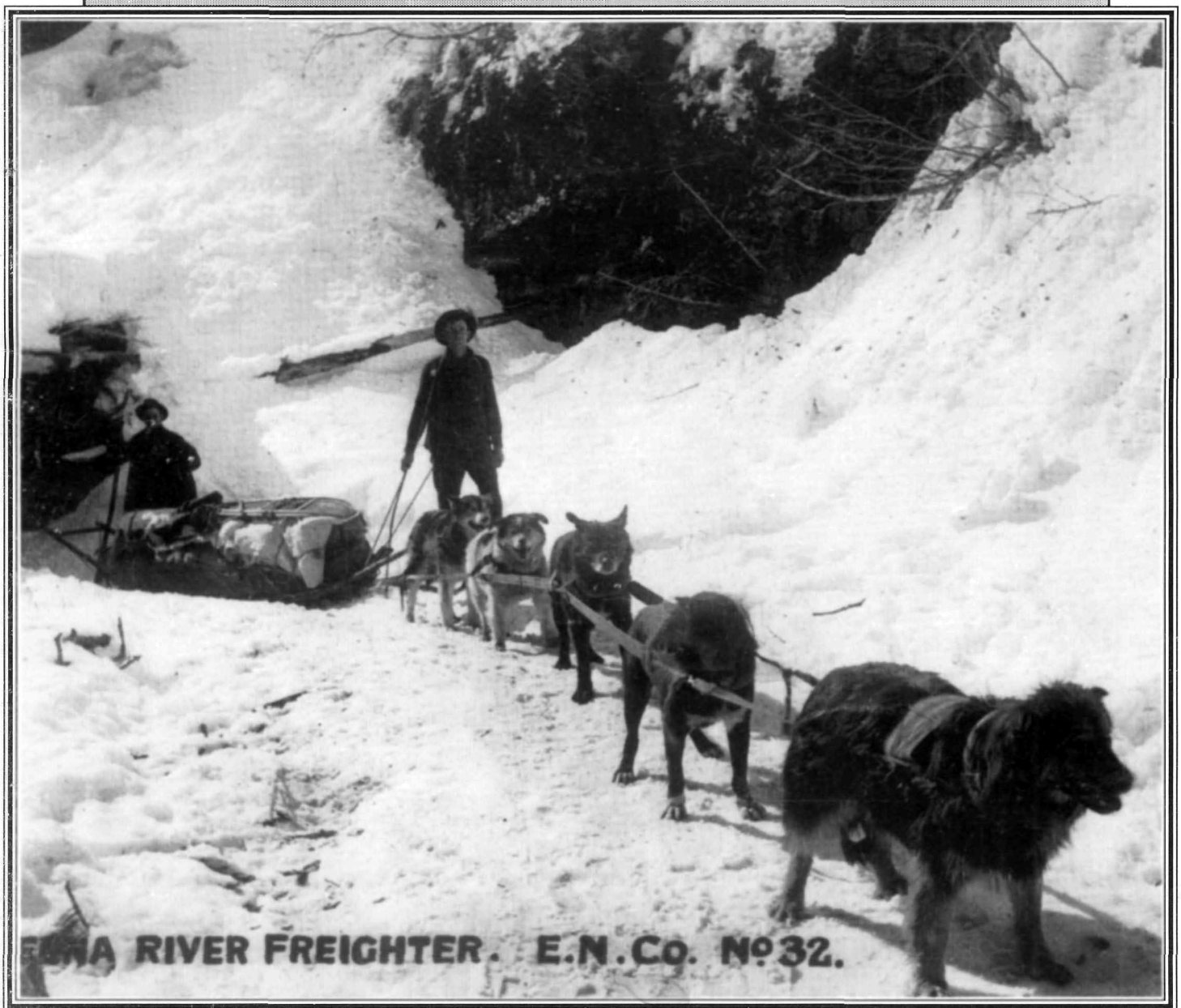

A Surveyor's Story

MEMBER SOCIETIES

Member Societies and their Secretaries are responsible for seeing that the correct address for their society is up to date. Please send any change to both the Treasurer and the Editor at the addresses inside the back cover. The Annual Return as at October 31 should include telephone numbers for contact.

MEMBERS' DUES for the current year were paid by the following Societies:

Alberni District Historical Society	Box 284, Port Alberni, B.C. V9Y 7M7
Arrow Lakes Historical Society	Box 584, Nakusp, B.C. V0B 1R0
Atlin Historical Society	Box 111, Atlin, B.C. V0W 1A0
Burnaby Historical Society	6501 Deer Lake Avenue, Burnaby, B.C. V5G 3T6
Chemainus Valley Historical Society	Box 172, Chemainus, B.C. V0R 1K0
Cowichan Historical Society	P.O. Box 1014, Duncan, B.C. V9L 3Y2
District 69 Historical Society	Box 1452, Parksville, B.C. V9P 2H4
East Kootenay Historical Association	P.O. Box 74, Cranbrook, B.C. V1C 4H6
Gavel Historical Society	3 - 1384 West 10th Avenue, Vancouver, B.C. V6H 1J6
Gulf Islands Branch, BCHF	c/o A. Loveridge, S.22, C.11, RR#1, Galiano. V0N 1P0
Hedley Heritage Society	Box 218, Hedley, B.C. V0X 1K0
Koksilah School Historical Society	5213 Trans Canada Highway, Koksilah, B.C. V0R 2C0
Kootenay Museum & Historical Society	402 Anderson Street, Nelson, B.C. V1L 3Y3
Lantzville Historical Society	c/o Box 274, Lantzville, B.C. V0R 2H0
Nanaimo Historical Society	P.O. Box 933, Station A, Nanaimo, B.C. V9R 5N2
North Shore Historical Association	1541 Merlynn Crescent, North Vancouver, B.C. V7J 2X9
North Shuswap Historical Society	Box 22, Celista, B.C. V0E 1L0
Princeton & District Museum & Archives	Box 687, Princeton, B.C. V0X 1W0
Qualicum Beach Historical & Museum Society	587 Beach Road, Qualicum Beach, B.C. V9K 1K7
Salt Spring Island Historical Society	129 McPhillips Avenue, Salt Spring Island, B.C. V8K 2T6
Sidney & North Saanich Historical Society	P.O. Box 2404, Sidney, B.C. V8L 3Y3
Silvery Slocan Historical Society	Box 301, New Denver, B.C. V0G 1S0
Surrey Historical Society	8811 – 152nd Street, Surrey, B.C. V3R 4E5
Trail Historical Society	P.O. Box 405, Trail, B.C. V1R 4L7
Vancouver Historical Society	P.O. Box 3071, Vancouver, B.C. V6B 3X6
Victoria Historical Society	P.O. Box 43035, Victoria North, Victoria, B.C. V8X 3G2

AFFILIATED GROUPS

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Bowen Island Historians	Box 97, Bowen Island, B.C. V0N 1G0
Fort St. James Historical Society	Box 1421, Kwah Road, Fort St. James, B.C. V0J 1P0
Fort Steele Heritage Town	Fort Steele, B.C. V0B 1N0
Kamloops Museum Association	207 Seymour Street, Kamloops, B.C. V2C 2E7
Kootenay Lake Historical Society	Box 537, Kaslo, B.C. V0G 1M0
Lasqueti Island Historical Society	Lasqueti Island, B.C. V0R 2J0
Nanaimo District Museum Society	100 Cameron Road, Nanaimo, B.C. V9R 2X1
Okanagan Historical Society	Box 313, Vernon, B.C. V1T 6M3

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British Columbia Historical News

Journal of the B.C. Historical Federation

Volume 29, No. 3 Summer 1996

EDITORIAL

The only constant in this world is change! Here in British Columbia there have been some changes at museums and heritage sites – and there will continue to be revised management strategies following a major survey currently being undertaken for the Heritage Society of B.C. and the B.C. Museums Association. Museum Societies and local Historical/Heritage organizations are being asked to pause to evaluate their current program and plans, then to give input as to their expectations of the provincial umbrella organizations. Questions formulated at the sessions thus far can be summarized, "Are we getting the biggest bang for our buck? Are we thoughtfully involving the volunteers in our community? Are we presenting a specific facet of history? Does our presentation fill a niche in telling the whole story of our area? of the province?" This FOCUS ON THE FUTURE is open to the public on June 22 in Fort Langley, June 29 in Bevan House in Nanaimo, and July 6 in Vancouver. Phone Kathleen Trayner at (604) 595-4349 Tuesday through Friday for details, or fax the Planning Studies Group at (604) 388-4490.

COVER CREDIT

This picture (c-1910), entitled "A Skeena River Freighter", shows a mixed dog team packing in supplies for crews starting survey work in the early spring. The large snowshoes on top of the load may have been used to beat down a path for the sled to follow.

BCARS #A-05560

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Manuscripts and correspondence to the editor are to be sent to P.O. Box 105, Wasa, B.C. V0B 2K0.
Correspondence regarding subscriptions is to be directed to the Subscription Secretary (see inside back cover).

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Addenda : Correction

Rex vs Davidoff
The Last Hanging in B.C., 1951

C.I. Walker of Squamish wrote to point out an error, either in content or punctuation. While John Davidoff was the last person to be hanged in B.C. in 1951, he was certainly not the last to be hanged in this province. I enclose a list of executions taken from Earl Andersen's **Hard Place to do Time.** If the comma were replaced by "in" the title would be correct.

* * * * * *

Jack Bedford of Willow Point was introduced to the **B.C. Historical News** with the Spring 1996 issue. He writes: "I was amazed to read in the first article about a man I knew in the late 40s. I did quite a bit of work for him in the Nakusp area. John and his son boarded with us and one day while we were out they packed up and left without paying for their board or for the work which I had done.

In the winter of 1949 while I was guarding on the Brilliant bridge John appeared, apologizing for not paying and promising to pay me in a few days. He never did pay me.

* * * * * *

See also **SS Beaver** and Elsie G. Turnbull on page 6.

* * * * * *

See picture on page 40 of the Kelowna resident John Woodworth receiving the Gabrielle Leger Medal from Heritage Canada's President.

Executions at Oakalla

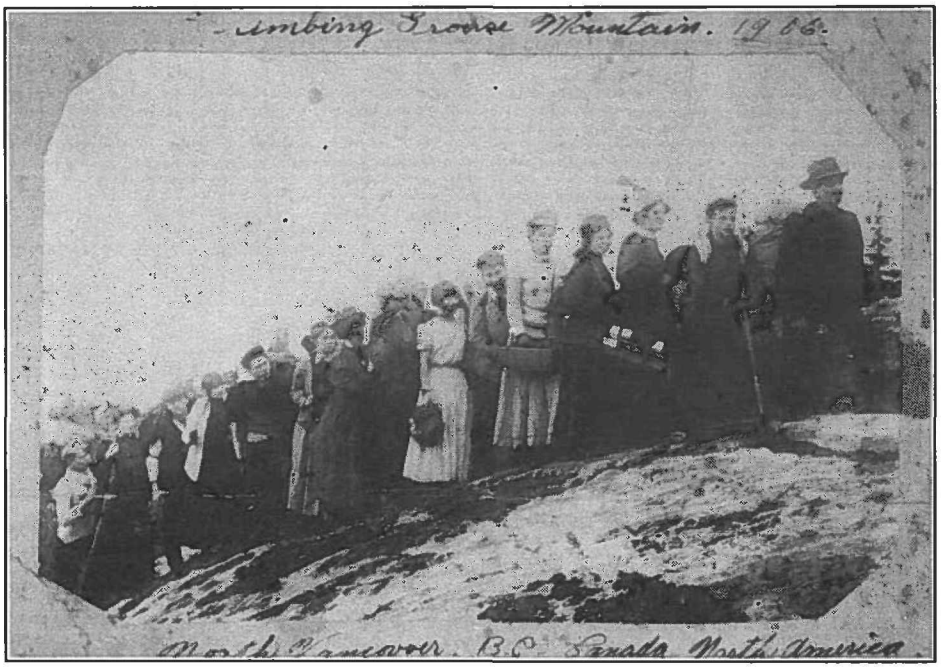
Number	Name	Age	Date
2883	IGNACE, Alec	25	1919-08-29
4905	ROBINSON, Alan	20	1922-07-28
5080	PAULSON, Alex	25	1922-07-28
8063	BOW, Chong Sam	45	1925-01-15
9997	BAKER, Owen B.	39	1926-01-14
10048	MYERS, Harry F.	24	1926-01-14
11191	DéBORTILI, Alexander	40	1926-07-14
10996	PASQUALI, Benito	50	1926-07-14
12726	BAILEY, Kenneth R.	25	1928-01-09
12901	YAOKI, Nichi	32	1928-01-09
14464	NASSA, Dominico	25	1929-07-23
20129	SOWRY, Mike	52	1931-08-14
20926	MATHOFF, Bill	40	1931-09-04
20709	SAKURADA, Suikichi	40	1931-12-30
20710	HITOMI, Tadao'	50	1931-12-30
27947	GEORGE, Richardson	32	1936-11-06
27948	GEORGE, Eneas	39	1936-11-06
31011	RUSSELL, Charles	27	1936-11-06
31113	DUNBAR, Earl	32	1936-11-27
31651	MACCHIONE, Vincent	36	1938-08-26
38535	WRIGHT, R. A.	68	1939-06-16
42111	SYLVESTER, Frank	21	1941-01-24
45831	BEATTY, Douglas R.	27	1941-11-22
49857	HAINEN, William J.	29	1945-10-20
47985	PRINCE, Alex	23	1945-11-28
50281	POTTER, Byron	49	1946-01-10
52917	HOUSTON, Davis	28	1947-10-01
53709	MEDOS, Harry	19	1947-10-01
60671	PRESTYKO, Walter	34	1950-02-28
60716	WOROBEC, William J.	37	1950-02-28
62775	DUCHARME, Frederick R.	33	1950-07-14
62573	OULETTE, Joseph A.	21	1951-05-29
69658	DAVIDOFF, John K.	48	1951-12-11
71447	CUNNINGHAM, Arthur B.	60	1952-08-05
73937	VIATKIN, Alexander	24	1953-01-20
78020	MATHEWS, Charles	21	1953-11-10
86060	BORDENIUK, Peter	60	1955-03-29
87290	HOODLEY, Robert	21	1955-05-17
81746	VINCENT, Lawrence	27	1955-06-14
91238	GRAHAM, Robert	24	1956-05-22
98129	BUCK, Evan G.	29	1957-02-19
92224	GORDON, Joe	36	1957-04-02
94839	EATON, Gerald	51	1957-07-16
117913	MANTHA, Leo	33	1959-04-28

This list was prepared from the Archives at Oakalla Prison. It is reprinted here with permission from Earl Andersen, author of HARD PLACE TO DO TIME, Hillpoint Publishing, 1993.

"A Merry Tourist Party... Jessie McLenaghen in Vancouver, 1906"

by Mary DeZwart

What would you do in the summer of 1906 if you were a single, twenty-two year old teacher in Portage la Prairie? If you were Jessie McLenaghen, you would come with your sister, Jen, and Mr. and Mrs. Hendry, a married couple as chaperones, to Vancouver by train. In Vancouver you would discover several things that surprised you; "spoons" on the beach, the meaning of "two bits", what side pedestrians passed on in Vancouver. A ceaseless round of social activities including attending several different churches, swimming with Joe Fortes, extensive visiting, going for ice cream, sightseeing in Stanley Park, travelling up Pitt Lake and climbing Grouse Mountain would not stop you from commenting in your journal "Loafed in the afternoon. We are getting exceptionally good at loafing as practise makes perfect" (July 23, 1906). At the conclusion of your trip, you would write in your daily journal " [We] go away with pleasant memories of kind treatment which we received from perfect strangers" (August 20, 1906).



Climbers on Grouse Mountain in 1906. Imagine climbing wearing long skirts and carrying awkward bundles by hand!

Courtesy City of Vancouver Archives #394-2

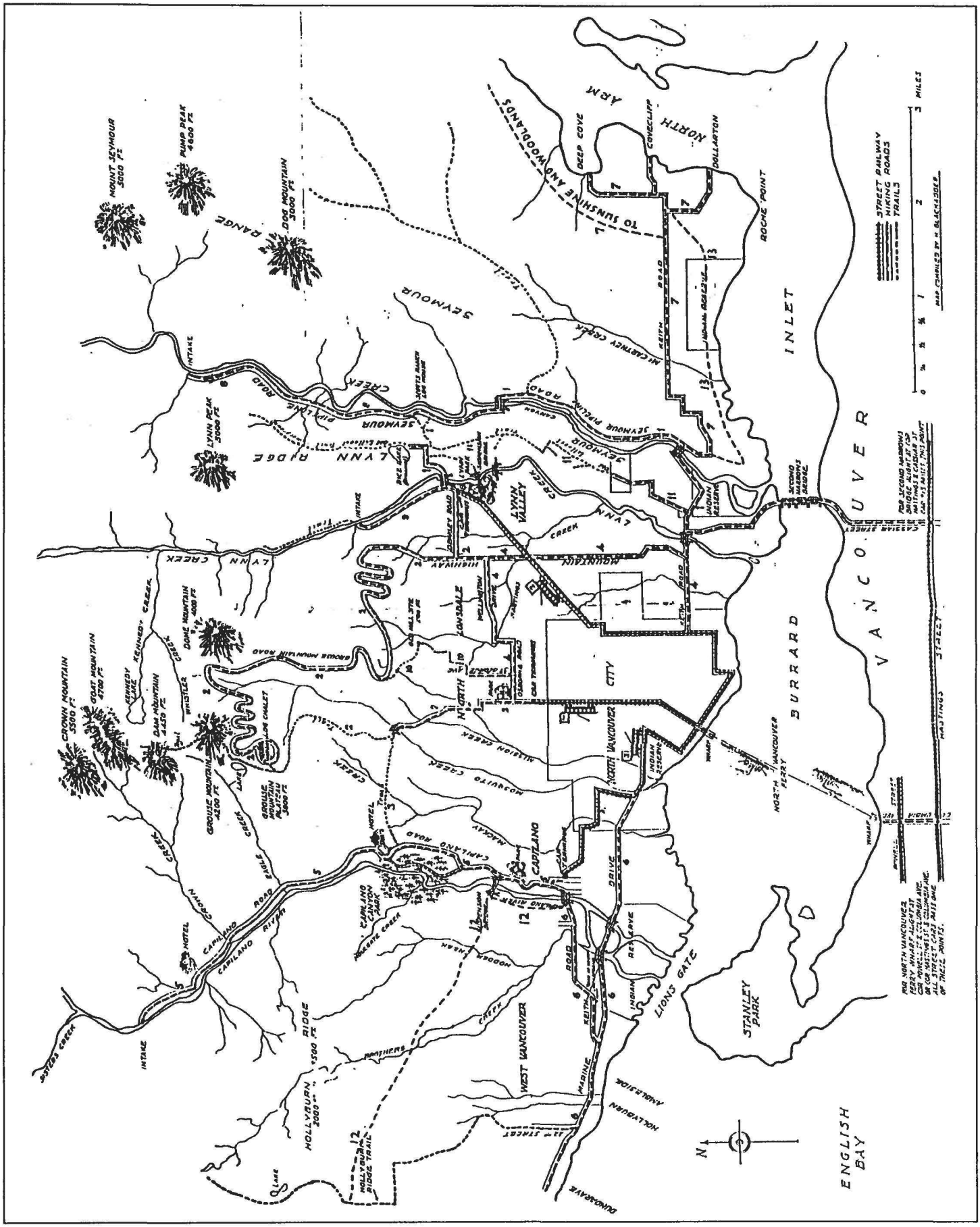
The school year was over and Jessie attended a family party that didn't end until two a.m. on June 29, 1906. Her party left Portage La Prairie at 11:05 p.m. June 30, 1906 and arrived in Vancouver on July 5 at 12:45 a.m. Eight changes in transportation were required. A derailment at Gull Lake, Saskatchewan caused a twelve hour delay, finally solved by building a new track around the wreck. A planned detour through the Kootenay Branch enabled the party to travel by boat to Nelson, then train to West Robson, again by boat to Arrowhead, and finally reconnect with the main line at Revelstoke.

Jessie, her sister Jen, Mr. and Mrs. Hendry and a friend from Winnipeg, Miss Hall, found their rented cottage at 1352 Bidwell Street, Vancouver to exceed all their expectations. "It is furnished in first class style and you cannot imagine any convenience that is not right at hand. It contains a parlor, dining room, kitchen, beautiful pantry and two bed-rooms. Our bedroom is off the parlor" (July 5, 1906). Jessie's share of the house fund was sixteen dollars.

An outstanding event of the summer was the climbing of Grouse Mountain. Plans began to be laid July 1906, with Jessie recording the following in her journal: "Plans all laid for mountain climbing. The Misses Johnson have undertook to get young men for us as each lady must have a gent". The trip took place on July 14, 1906 and was noted in the **Vancouver Daily Province:**

A merry tourist party, which included several local persons, made a successful ascent of Grouse Mountain last Saturday. The party left the city on the 2:15 p.m. ferry and on reaching North Vancouver secured packhorses upon which a liberal outfit of supplies was taken. The amateur mountaineers reached Mosquito Creek at 4 o'clock where a short halt was made and then they pushed on to the summit, which was reached at 8:30 o 'clock, just in time to view the glorious sunset. A big campfire helped make things comfortable for the merry mountaineers in their aerial camp that night. Breakfast was partaken of at 4:30 the next morning and the party spent from that until noon on the summit. The return trip was broken at 4 o'clock to allow of luncheon being served at Mosquito Creek, and the party reached home at 8 o'clock, well pleased with the outing. Mrs. B. Steele and Mrs. J. Hoffmeister acted as chaperones for the trip. Those who composed the party were Mr. and Mrs. B. Steele, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hoffmeister, Miss Hall (Winnipeg), the Misses McLenaghin [sic] (Portage La Prairie), the Misses Johnson (Hamilton), Miss Graham (city), Mr. Lawrence (Westminster), Mr. Dixon (Kingston), Mr. Watson and Mr. Wilson (Vancouver) ("Social and personal", 1906, p. 9).

The first recorded climb of Grouse Mountain had been made twelve years earlier on a nonexistent trail by Sidney Williams and Phil Thomson, surveyor and printer respectively. The mountain (1211 metres high) was named for the grouse they shot on it. In the early years, the trip took up to three days; one day to take the ferry to Moodyville [now North Vancouver] and camp on the mountainside, the next day to the summit



This map depicts a later time when North Vancouver was built up. Jessie McLenaghen's party had lunch at "A" where Mosquito Creek and the trail cross.

and part way down, the third day to the ferry and back to Vancouver. When Mrs. Roger Casement ascended Grouse in either 1894 or 1897 (accounts vary), her son Robert reported that "There was no trail and they had to use a compass; probably near the inlet there were logging trails, but beyond that it was virgin forest; absolutely no trail, and hard work". ("Grouse Mountain, first ascent by women", 1938)

Appropriate mountain-climbing apparel was a problem for women. It was unseemly to appear on the street in trousers of any type. Phyllis Munday, one of the foremost mountaineers in British Columbia history, told the following tale about proper dress:

I used to go up Grouse Mountain on my own, or with a few Girl Guides. We started off from home with a skirt on. You were never seen on the street with a bloomer or a pair of pants or anything like that. It just wasn't done, in those days. So we'd wear our skirts on the streetcar from home, and the ferry, and the streetcar in North Van[couver], and then up to the trail and cache our skirts under a log. That meant, of course, you always had to come back the same way to get your skirt, because otherwise you couldn't go home (Leslie, 1980, p. 52).

Another problem was mixing of the sexes. "Every lady must have a gent" (July 11, 1906) and every party must as well have a chaperone or two. The social scene was changing rapidly however, and a few days after Jessie's party climbed Grouse Mountain, the following commentary appeared in the **Vancouver Daily Province:**

And what of the passing of the chaperone? That she is a slowly vanishing institution is a fact frankly admitted by those who know. A mother of a debutante daughter might deny it in self-defence, but ask the matron with sons who figure in society, or ask the girls themselves, especially those who have been out a few seasons, and they will tell you that the lady is going - in fact almost gone... Time was when the young men of our best families would not have dared ask a young woman to go to the theatre with him, without inviting her mother too. Now he makes up a little party in which a young married couple are often included, or sometimes two or three young people, who are not married, in which case there is not even a pretence of a chaperone ("Social and personal", 1906, p. 20).

In 1902 members of the local Tourist Association climbed Grouse and by prearrangement, lit a campfire clearly visible from the streets of Vancouver. According to reports of the time "The appearance of a tiny speck of light on the mountain top excited much comment on the street and those not on the streets went out from their homes to a point of vantage to look" ("Forty years ago", 1942). By 1906, the event had become somewhat more commonplace, but it was still hard work, especially for a prairie girl:

July 14. Felt listless when we got up but had to get a move on to get prepared as party planned leaving at 1:30 p.m. About one o'clock we three started for Johnson's with our blanket and box. Eight of the crowd met here and when we started out for the car we were a very conspicuous looking crowd with our very short skirts and sunshades. Certainly we were prepared for the work ahead of us. But little did we realize what that meant. At the Ferry we met the rest of crowd making 16 in all. We crossed the Ferry in the **St. George** and at 1:45 p.m. started our walk across the wooded plains to reach the foot of the mountain. The heat was most oppressive the hottest we have had and we had not gone far when we shed our collars and made ourselves as cool as possible. Appearance now has not the least consideration.

We walked quite rapidly in spite of extreme heat. We were overtaken by a party of three gentlemen, Mr. Miller, Mr. Parkinson and Mr. Doxson, Prof. of Science Queen's University and they having a pack horse were kind enough to relieve us of our heaviest burdens which we fully appreciated before reaching the top. I overlooked mentioning our crowd so Iwill name them now. Misses Johnson, Graham, Hall and McLenaghen. Mrs. and Mrs. Steele, also Messrs. Hoffmaster [sic], Steele, O'Driscoll, Wilson, Watson, Rand, Hill, and Lawrence.

When we reached Mosquito Creek at foot of Mt. I was almost exhausted but being the largest in the crowd would not give in. If we had not rested here I never would have made the top. Here we had lunch, rested about half an hour and then the climb in earnest began. We took more time on this part of road and certainly we needed it. What a fatigued looking crowd! Propelling themselves by sticks and resting every ten or fifteen minutes. Making a desperate struggle we reached the top by nine o'clock and then the boys lighting the bon-fire we had our hard-earned supper. For my part I was past eating and after supper was over we repaired to the sitting room on rocks at front of the mountain. Here the time was spent in telling stories and singing. The view of lighted city was magnificent. About twelve we looked up a place for sleeping but it was rather dark and our bed was slightly uneven. We slept for a short time but wakened at 2:30 got up at 3 and left the rest in peace and watched the morning break over the city. All at once every light was extinguished. We had breakfast at five and you may imagine the length of the day and especially Sunday when amusements were limited. Several snaps were taken but everyone was ready for the descent at 1:30 p.m. Got a very good view of Capilano Canyon.

The descent, though not so hard on the wind was much harder on the muscles. The brakes were very necessary as the road was too rough and crooked to permit any increased pace. Of course the crowd got separated and Miss Hall, Mr. Hoffmaster and myself comprised the centre crowd. The first crowd reached the foot a full half hour ahead of us but would have been better to have taken it easier as we intended waiting here until it began to get cool. We had supper here and it was the best meal as everything seemed much cleaner. We got nicely rested and started across the level at 5:35 and reached the wharf just in time to catch the ferry-boat. The people of North Vancouver seemed to find considerable reason for looking and I guess we were a pretty sorry looking crowd for Sunday when everybody was done out in the very best. We all got on the car in Vancouver and of course were spotted out as mountain climbers. Before the crowd separated we got an invitation for Wed. Eve. One young man expressed himself that they were going to see that we girls had a good time while in the City. We three girls were the last to leave the car and we were very glad indeed to see 1352 Bidwell once more. Had to go down and tell Stuarts a few of our exploits but soon got into the house finding Mr. and Mrs. Hendry at church. She left a note on table telling where the good things to eat were and I assure you we were not long in finding them. Mr. and Mrs. H. then came home and of course it was a regular hub-bub for a while. Then each of us had a hot bath and went to bed.

1906 was the first time that Jessie McLenaghen visited British Columbia; she returned permanently in 1926 as the first Provincial Supervisor of Home Economics. In the intervening years she had taught elementary school in Manitoba and Saskatchewan, worked at the Saskatoon Normal School, attended Lillian Massey Treble

School of Home Economics in Toronto, and received her Bachelor's Degree from Columbia University (DeZwart, 1991). In British Columbia she was responsible for standardizing home economics throughout the province; while she still travelled extensively, visiting every home economics teacher in the province, her carefree days were long gone. Jessie's diary remains as a social commentary.

Bio Note: The author is a Home Economics teacher in Kamloops. She read and transcribed Jessie McLenaghen's diary while researching for her Masters degree (which she received in 1991 from UBC.).

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Forty years ago, July 16, 1902, Grouse Mountain conquered. (1942). **Vancouver Daily Province**. City of Vancouver Archives, Add.MSS 54, Vol. 13, Microfiche 01912

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Social and personal column. (1906, July 21). **Vancouver Daily Province**. p. 9.

Social and personal column. (1906, July 28). **Vancouver Daily Province**. p. 20.

SUGGESTIONS FOR HIKERS

1. Wear well-nailed boots and take extra food.
2. Carry a light and a waterproof match box filled with matches.
3. Tell someone where you are going and when you are coming back.
4. Have a leader and stay with the party.
5. Put out your fire—with water where possible—and make sure it is out.
6. Start back early, darkness comes quickly in the woods.
7. If lost, (*a*) keep cool—stop and think; (*b*) in snow, back track; (*c*) in woods, look for blazes on trees; (*d*) in darkness, light a fire and watch; (*e*) when you start again leave marks as to which way you go. If you have to give up, stop in a conspicuous place and stay stopped so search will not be wasted. Build a fire, making it smoke by day and blaze by night and watch for relief.
8. Do not eat too heartily before a climb.
9. Never start a boulder or rotten log rolling down hill—there might be someone below you.
10. A trip should never be undertaken with less than three in a party.

Excerpt taken from an information pamphlet published March 1934.

S.S. Beaver and Elsie G. Turnbull

by Ron Welwood

In the latest issue of **B.C. Historical News** (Spring 1996), I was struck by the ironic link between two items on opposite pages: "A Bit of the Beaver" by Terry Julian (p.34) and the obituary of Elsie Grant Turnbull (p.35). It just so happens that over the past several months, I have been compiling a bibliography of EGT's published and unpublished works which are now located at Selkirk College in Castlegar.

More specifically, I had been attempting to verify an unidentified newspaper clipping found in her files. It is captioned "'Beaver' Medal Has History Full of Drama" and is addressed "Dear Mr. Editor of 'Odds and Ends'." After a great deal of research it was discovered that Fred H. White of the **Rossland Miner** had written a short item about the Beaver medal in his "Odds and Ends" column (8 May 1958); and Turnbull had responded with a detailed description of these medals in her letter to the editor (15 May 1958). Quotations from her letter provide a detailed complement to Terry Julian's **"Bit of the Beaver."**

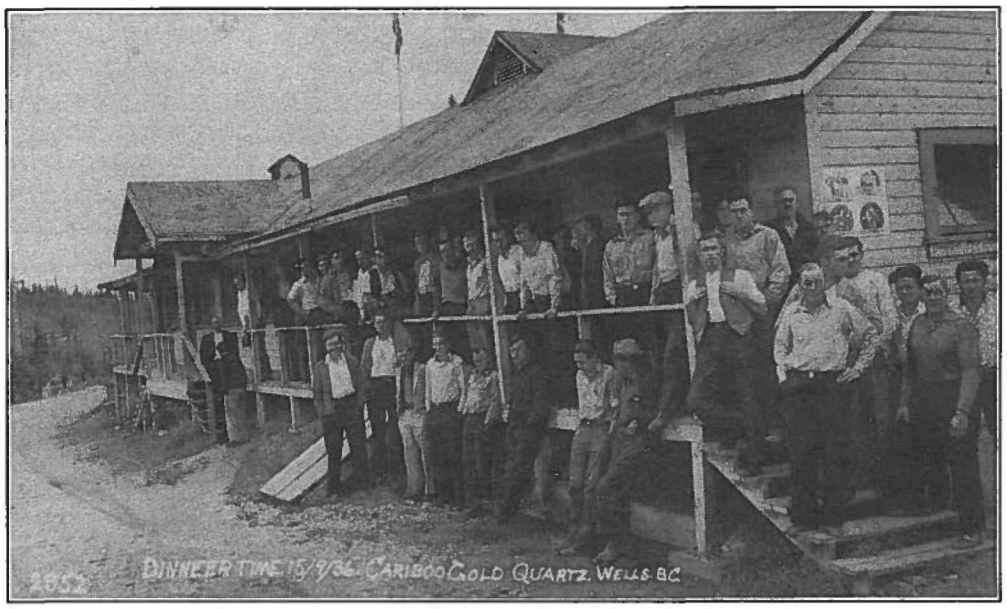
"....C. W. McCain, salvaged 1,050 pounds of copper from the wreck and decided to manufacture medals in commemoration of the little ship. He obtained a patent and copyright and stamped most of the medals himself. One side had a picture of the **Beaver** on the rocks and the inscription: "Wreck of H. B. Co. **S.S. Beaver**, Vancouver, B. C., 1892. Built 1835." The reverse side bore the words: "This copper was taken from the wreck of H. B. Co.'s **S.S. Beaver**, the first steamer on the Pacific, also crossed the Atlantic in 1835." The first issue measured 1 11/16 inches in diameter and weighed about 1 1/4 ounces and sold for $1.00 and $1.25. After 226 medals had been cast the dies were spoiled in an accident. McCain made a second lot, 1 3/8 inches in size, weighing 3/4 of an ounce. This group also commemorated the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America, so the reverse side showed a picture of the **Santa Maria**, Columbus' ship of 1492. These sold for 75 cents each. He then decided to use the rest of the copper in a smaller size of medal. This weighed 1/4 of an ounce and was some what smaller than a 25 cent silver coin. In order to establish authenticity McCain stamped his name on each medal and placed a number on the edge in sunken figures. In the first two issues the "C. W. McCain" was conspicuously placed near the periphery in raised letters, but in the smaller medals it was embossed in very fine lettering upon the portion of the design representing the rocky cliff. Mr. Spatari's medal belongs to the third group and a magnifying glass is necessary to distinguish the maker's name along the outer circle of the coin.

McCain's project had a tragic sequel. On the evening of Dec. 31, 1892, he set out with a friend, E. A. Brown, to secure some further relics from the **Beaver**. From a boathouse at the foot of Carrall Street they selected a four-oared skiff and were soon gliding along on the strong tide. The: darkness of the night obliterated the shoreline and prevented them from realizing the strength of the current until suddenly rounding the point of the narrows they were faced by a snowy wall of hissing foam - the dreaded tide-rip. The boat shot broadside into the breaking wave and capsized. McCain and his friend clung to the boat but the rough seas swept Brown away and he sank to his death. McCain astride the upturned boat was carried on to calmer waters in English Bay. A breaker turned the boat over and then he found an oar still hanging in a loose rowlock. Although the gunwale was below the surface of the sea the bow rose above the water and he was able to paddle himself to shore and save his life."

Wells: Sixty and Counting

by Tom Barnett

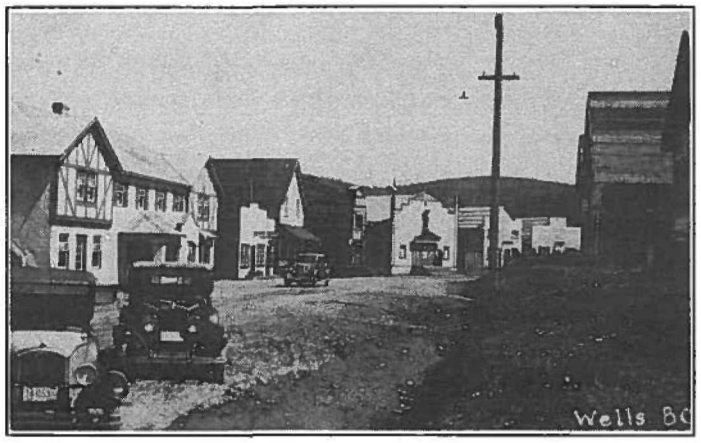
In the summer of 1994 the people of Wells staged a 60th Anniversary Party which I was not able to attend. I was at the 50th, where a surprising number of us who had been around in 1934 showed up among the throng of succeeding generations of Wells dwellers. We had a ball!



Crew outside the mess hall, Cariboo Gold Quartz Mine. Wells, B.C. 15/9/36.

The photos are courtesy of Betty Ruhl.

Wells is a product of the time when the only prosperous industry in the Province was gold mining; and was added as a place name along with several others. Bralorne and Zeballos come to mind. In a sense Wells is the step-child of Barkerville, historic capital of B.C. gold-mining. Pouring of the first gold brick at the Cariboo Gold Quartz in 1932 set the stage for Barkerville to become once again a bustling boom town.



Main Street. Wells Hotel, S. Cafe, Barber Shop, Theatre, Pool Hall.

In the staking frenzy of the winter of '32-'33 the country for miles around was plastered with mineral claims by agents of big mining companies and greenhorn snowshoers. The old timers in Barkerville knew that most of the claims were worthless, but that ground that had gold-bearing quartz, though fruitless in the stamp mill era, with new milling technology might bring a new bright future to the old town as the centre for a number of hard rock mines.

In the late Fall of 1933, the snow still not being too deep, I hiked from Barkerville up Stouts Gulch and down Lowhee Gulch to say hello to Fred Wells, manager at the still new Cariboo Gold Quartz mine. It was located at the lower end of Jack of Clubs Lake on the far side of Cow Mountain from Williams Creek. A quite modest operation, it was continuing to pour its gold bricks quite regularly.

I had already learned that Fred Wells, even before the first Cariboo gold brick was poured, had become a legend among the prospecting and mining fraternity. He had combed the hills from the Boundary Country to Alaska, following that dream of one day bringing in a mine. Now, as he approached old age, the dream had come true. I quite looked forward to meeting him.

The first thing he said to me when I introduced myself at the door was, "You can't come in here with your boots on." I hastily took them off on the porch and entered, clad as he was in heavy socks. He had just moved in to the brand new manager's house; and was obviously uncomfortable with all this finery: shining waxed floors, gauzy curtains, fancy chesterfield in the still rather sparsely furnished front room. Fred had a housekeeper whose husband acted as chauffeur and general factotum. It was quickly apparent who ruled the house - and her husband, and

Jack of Clubs Hotel & Pool Hall.

Center of town - Wells Hotel.

Fred. Now that he was a mine manager with some money he needed housebreaking! My conversation with Fred would have been much more relaxed in an old log cabin.

New ore was being blocked out which justified enlargement and improvement. A stable future for some time to come seemed assured. In addition the Newmont Mining Corporation of New York was bringing a second mine into production on Island Mountain, just across the end of the lake. The directors of Cariboo Gold Quartz, Dr. Burnett of Vancouver, President, Sollibacke of Seattle and Fred Wells decided they didn't want just a mining camp; they wanted a full-fledged town close by, causing some consternation in Barkerville. The remote directors of Newmont Mining wanted no part of it, though quite prepared to accept the community benefits it would bring.

So it came about that a wholly-owned subsidiary of the Gold Quartz was formed called The Wells Townsite Company Ltd. and a new town was born called simply "Wells". Fred probably regarded this as the highest accolade he ever received.

The Townsite Company wasted no time in getting to work on the chosen site, a nearly flat piece of benchland about a mile from the mine. Roads and lots were surveyed, a water system installed and a line built across the Lowhee tailings from the mine powerhouse. By the end of 1934 the town was becoming a reality.

The two business streets were laid out as a T. At head of the T rose a general store and post office, with a Mr. James as the first postmaster. Kitty-corner across, Paddy McDonnell erected the town's most imposing structure, the Wells Hotel. On the other corner a garage and gas station sprang up. At the foot of the T, at its junction with the last residential crossroad, a two-room school was built. All this reflected the orderly mind of the townsite manager, a young civil engineer from West Vancouver named Eddie Richardson. In this day and age he would have become a town planner!

A Townsite Office was built in the business section, which became the nearest thing to City Hall. That was where the water bills and the light bills were paid. That was headquarters for the Wells volunteer fire brigade, and the townsite maintenance department. Rental accounts were dealt with for a substantial number of houses built by the Company to help get things started.

The new citizens of Wells rather gloried in the fact it was not a company town, while recognizing a sort of fairy godmother in The Townsite Company. And there was some realization that behind it all loomed The Cariboo Gold Quartz and R.R. Rose who became its managing director and lived in that big house across the way at the mine.

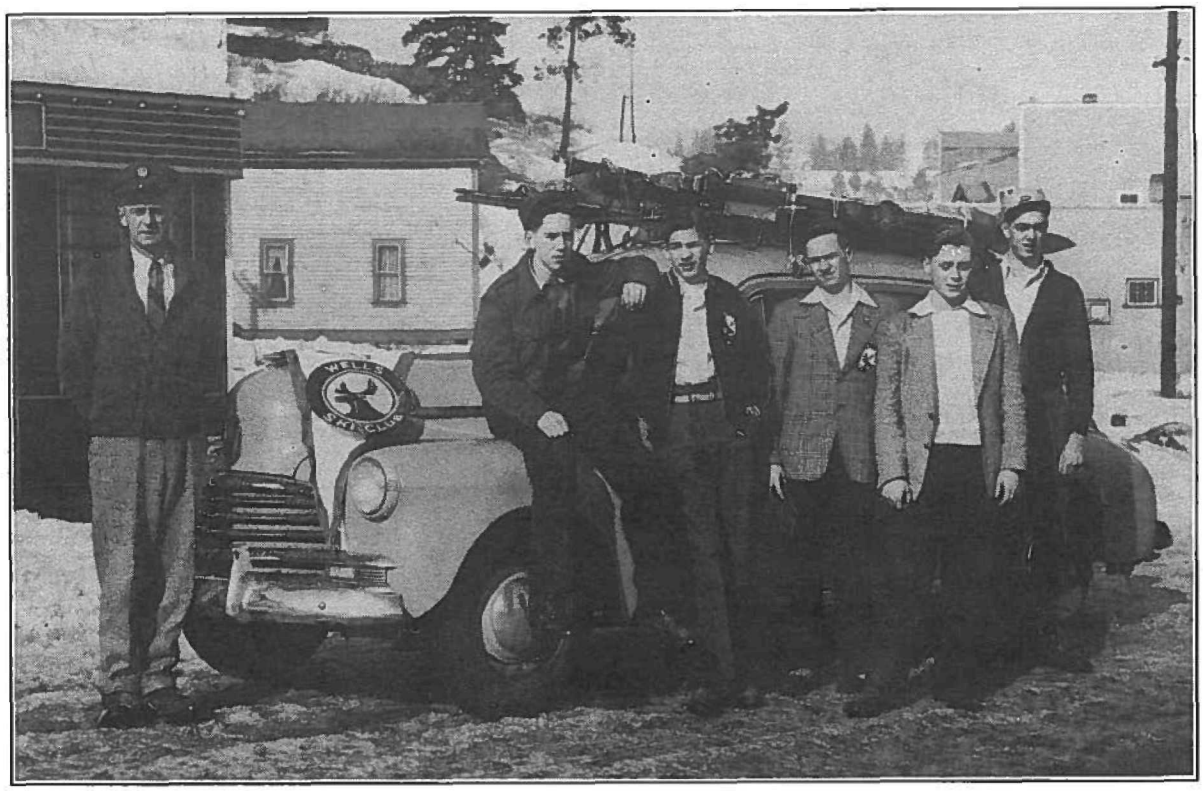
The town continued to grow apace. The Royal Bank opened a branch. A movie theatre was built. Buckley's Drug store opened. MacKenzies, long established in Williams Lake and Squamish, started a mini department store with a full-fledged food section. A second hotel, the Jack of Clubs, appeared. The United Church sent in an ordained minister. The hall they built also became the location of the Wells revolving book allotment from the Prince George headquarters of the provincial Open Shelf Library. The Anglicans built a church which was served from the Quesnel parish. Volunteers constructed a curling rink and a hockey rink. The hockey league had teams from Williams Lake, Quesnel, Wells and Prince George. (The year the finals came to Wells there was a sudden chinook, so the puck got lost in the ice before the game was over!)

Starting line for a cross country race, in front of Wells Hotel, early-mid 30's.

The old Ski Jump built by the Swedes and Norwegians in the early 30s on the Lougheed Gulch.

A hiatus in growth occurred in 1936 when the employees of both Island Mountain Mines and Cariboo Gold Quartz were on strike for a lengthy period. The basic issue was union recognition; and against this the employers were adamant. In the end the strike was lost. A qualified miner at the time was paid $5.00 per day.

Things returned to normal fairly quickly after the strike. Rounding out town facilities



Wells Junior Skiers ready to leave for a tournament in Princeton, B.C. Jack Riley - taxi driver, Jack Barton, Jack Anderson, Bryce Meausette, Don Green and Don Juan.

the Townsite Company built a fine community hall. Wells and Bralorne basketball teams travelled to play each other. A Dr. Sutherland moved in from Prince Albert, with some sort of guarantee from the mining companies; and a hospital was built. Employees at the mines paid $1.00 per month towards support of these services. The **Wells Chronicle** was established; and in part of the newspaper building the historic Government Telephone & Telegraph Service installed a telephone exchange. An old music teacher moved into town and established what was vaingloriously called the Wells Symphony Orchestra, with all of six to eight pieces. For concerts the conductor was resplendent in an old tail-coat. The B.C. Ski Jumping Championships were held in Wells one year. The original two room school was more than outgrown, so the school board decided to look to the future by building a new eight-room, two-story edifice, leaving the top floor unfinished. This provided the six working classrooms needed at the time. Construction of this school could be described as the end of the first chapter in the story of Wells. The town had reached its zenith.

Outbreak of World War II in 1939 had an almost immediate effect. Many of the younger men quickly enlisted. Many of the family men found more attractive opportunities on the "Outside", some returning to areas from which they had been banished by The Depression. Gold mining ceased to be an economic magnet. The mines carried on for a good many years; increasingly, after the war, with aid from the Emergency Gold Mines Assistance Act, enacted by Parliament to help cope with the problems of a fixed-price product ($35/oz. US) and rising costs. The EGMA Act was renewed several times; but eventually the mining towns were told they were on their own. In the end, as it must to all mines, first Island Mountain and later Cariboo Gold Quartz ceased production.

Now, in one of those ironic twists of fate, Wells has become much dependent on the "stepmother" it helped to destroy. It is the entry to the ghost of Barkerville, now a historic park of the 1860's, and to the magnificent wilderness of Bowron Lake Provincial Park.

Bio Note: Tom Barnett went to Barkerville in October 1933 and from 1935 lived in Wells until W.W.II began. When researching the present status of Wells, he learned that the monthly WELLS COMMUNITY NEWS is published in the same building where he started the WELLS CHRONICLE.
For those interested in more about Wells: Wells Museum, c/o Wells & Dist. Chamber of Commerce, Box 123, Wells, B.C. VOK 2R0. Tel. 994-3489, Fax. 994-3237.

The pictures are from the collection of Mrs. E. Ruhl of Summerland. Betty Ruhl lived in Wells with her husband and young children during W.W. II.

Mills in the West Kootenay, 1890 - 1950

by Charles Jeanes

History deals in past events, but historians define what is interesting in the past by what is interesting in the present. Canadians find the level of unemployment today a subject of anxiety; they also think and talk a lot about the natural environment. So the history of sawmill employment, and the impact of government policy for forest management, should be of concern to many. This paper concerns West Kootenay industrial history; I was recently curator of the Nelson Museum's exhibit entitled "Loggers, Mill Owners, and Communities."

The crew at the J.B. Winlaw sawmill in 1909. * Andrew Nelson "Nels" Winlaw worked for his father. x R.A. Bell is believed to be son of John Bell, the builder of many mills.

Courtesy Kootenay Museum

A major source of information was the three-volume oral history of the West Kootenay, **A Life in the Woods.** (Kootenay Museum Association and Historical Society, 1993/94). To begin the investigation of sawmill employment in the West Kootenay, it is instructive to start with the words of some men who worked in the industry in the period between the world wars.

"...I'm a log scaler from back in 1920, and course it was different then. When your sawmill ran out of logs, they shut her down. You rustled another job, went someplace else. And when that shut down you would go someplace else ...Mills don't shut down for anything — unless they got a breakdown. Well, if they cut out of timber or the timber burns or something like that, that does them off, which happens a lot of times." (Russ Fletcher, quoted in volume one, pp. 3 and 7)

"And then in 1921 I started in the sawmills around and I worked in the different sawmills. In those days you never had to worry about a job. You could walk out of this sawmill and walk down the road to the next sawmill and they'd give you a job.

"...But there is a big difference now, although some of the smaller sawmills are starting to come back now. ...As far as I'm concerned, the big sawmills spoilt the — how should I put it? When all the small sawmills were all working, there seemed to be jobs for everybody. Since the small sawmills have closed down and they have the big saws, they haven't got half the people working..." (Al Wilson, quoted in volume three, pp. 56 and 46)

The recollections of these two woodsworkers indicate the same thing about the interwar era of sawmill operations and logging in the Kootenays: the structure of the industry then meant many small sites for milling lumber, and a corresponding ease for the worker when changing his place of employment. It is clear too that there was no certainty that jobs would always be available, when and if a worker did quit one mill, or a mill shut down.

Mills powered by steam were "portable" in the way boilers could be moved by the transport facilities of the period from 1885 to 1925 (rail and steamboat, then by horse over rough terrain). At the site where the steam engine was housed, the logs were almost always congregated in a pond, and they got to the pond by flumes, by chutes, or by horse-drawn vehicles, or simply floated by river or lake. This fact of their operation accounts for the high number of mills in the Kootenays, a region abundant in waterways, and yet the requirement for water transport was still a limitation on where mills could be set up profitably. A steam-powered mill needed a boiler, an engine turned by the steam, and a shaft turned by the engine and running the length of the mill. Saws and belts could be run from the turning shaft; a skilled millwright was needed for this set-up.

Steam technology needed a millwright; gasoline mills did not. In the 1890's, throughout the West Kootenay, there was one wright who erected more mills for pioneer industry than any other - John Bell. Bell was the millwright for the Genelle brothers at Nakusp and Wesley, for the Hill brothers at the north end of Slocan Lake, for Shook and Arnott at Lemon Creek, for Dewar at Nelson, Ymir, Rossland, and Trail, and for Feeney at Salmo, to name some of his enterprises. His own mill, in partnership with Alexander Lambert, was at Taghum from 1905 to 1913. George Lambert, son of Alexander, recalled that Bell "was a builder, and he was not interested in the routine of business of sawing lumber", so in 1913 Bell sold his share to Lambert "because it had got to the stage where it wasn't mill building." (George Lambert, quoted in volume one, p. 14) .

Bell was the type of individual who started businesses for the pleasure of his craft as a millwright, installing the steamdriven mill machinery, and then looking for a new mill to erect. The story of how Bell and Lambert brought their mill plant to Taghum illustrates well how the technology of the day lent itself to a multitude of mills existing throughout the region. "Plant", as the machinery for driving mill saws was called, naturally was not produced in the Kootenays in the 1890's; the foundries for ironwork were all in the USA or Central Canada. Dr. Arthur Hendryx, for example, brought his plant from Bonner's Ferry to erect at Pilot Bay sawmill. Bell and Lambert got their first sawmill from Willow Point, recounts George Lambert:

"All the machinery for this mill was prearranged down at the lakeshore [Willow Point] . Dad made a deal with Captain Seaman of the **Moyie** [a sternwheeler boat] . After they came back from the Kaslo run, they would take a barge from Nelson and go up and push it against the beach at Willow Point. They loaded it all on the barge, took it down to the CPR wharf [Nelson] ... unload it off that onto flat cars, and then out to Taghum, and then up the creek [Sproule] all by four-horse teams, a piece at a time. They put it together, built the whole framework, and put it into operation. The mill was capable of cutting about fifteen thousand feet of lumber per day

and was a steam mill - a steam boiler and steam engine." (quoted in vol. one, p. 15-16).

The mills operating on steam, then, were relatively portable with the transportation methods available before WWII. It was also not complicated for an entrepreneur to get the proper governmental approval to set up as a mill operator. There was a simple process for a pioneer to set himself up as a miller in the region in this era. First he "cruised timber", looking for trees of merchantable value, and approached the government Lands Ministry for a lease. The essential next step for any prospective mill owner was to find a seller of plant, preferably already on the ground in the Kootenays, and a millwright to erect it on the site where the owner had acquired timber "limits", as an area of timber rented from the Crown was called.

In the era after WWII, the numbers of mills in the woods did not decline. When gasoline-powered engines came into the industry during the 1940's, "portable mills" were even more abundant because all operators needed was a place to collect logs, and the legal right to cut timber. The construction of roads for logging trucks moved into high gear after WWII, making the portable gas mills even more easy to move to their logging sites. Gasoline powered mills were very portable, cheap, easy to set up, and had ready markets. There was a home-building boom after the second world war; mills thrived. The period of many small mills ended when consolidation into few large ones occurred in the 1950's and '60's.

The reasons for consolidation are not far to seek. First, improved transportation technologies allowed for the centralisation of log supplies at, and the distribution of product from, one location. The coming of pulping mills to the Kootenays, which maximized the utilisation of trees of all sizes, was another factor favouring big mills which could afford the new saws and chippers. Then there are the "market forces": consumers favour the lowest priced lumber that is produced by the economies achieved by largescale operation, economies that small lumber mills can't match.

Not least of the reasons for concentration of milling into large corporate structures has been the policy of the owner of BC's timber, the Crown. Government decisions about the management of the timber resource have promoted consolidation of mills. This process of politically-originated change is outlined by Ranger Buster Ross, recalling a new government "edict":

"When I started [in the 1940's] there were close to a hundred, believe it or not, a hundred little logging operators and two or three large outfits... Some of them had sawmills, small ones. A lot of them had heavy equipment, but then, an edict came from the coast. [government]. They said there will only be so many large operations in the valley and all those little fellahs with their machinery and sawmills and that, they were dropped, and there was three left: Creston Sawmills, Wynndel Box, and Huscroft." (Buster Ross, quoted in volume one, p. 64.)

Inquiry into consolidation in the mill industry divides naturally into two channels: the tendency of market forces in the industry to agglomerate many milling operations into dramatically fewer locations, in mills whose production of lumber could surpass the sum of all the older small mills' output; and the effect of government policy to consolidate mills into fewer and bigger operations.

Touching on the governmental level, BC provincial timber policy has been the subject of several monographs. (see bibliography in Marchak, 1983). Policy as it affected the West Kootenay is as much a part of the story as technological change: both factors promoted concentration into big mills.

Timber revenue for the BC government was an early bone of contention. Before the first Forest Act of 1912, the Crown got revenue from the timber as ground rent, rather than as stumpage fees. George Buchanan, who had timber limits in the area of Harrop in 1889, became a stern critic of this policy of ground rent, for he said it "cost the Province millions of dollars of lost revenues." (Buchanan, 1908). Buchanan made an observation about the need for competitive bidding for timber sales in 1908. His judgement was widely supported, and the idea was effective in the formulation of the Forest Act of 1912.

"...under the different forms of leases and licences that have been issued, ground rents are payable annually of from $96 to $160 per square mile, with no competition for the acquisition of the licences, and a royalty of 50 cents only payable when the timber is cut." (Buchanan, 1908)

Buchanan's point about stumpage, or royalty, is that stumpage was paid only for trees cut, not for the actual standing timber on the land, which led to wasteful cutting practices because good wood was smashed and left when timber-lease holders had nothing to pay for trees that were not brought out as logs. In the Forest Act of 1912, inspired by a report by the Cambridge graduate and one-time Coast logger Martin A. Grainger, BC moved to tax the actual standing trees in a lease-holder's limits. Revenue from timber would now bear some relationship to the density of the timber leased to an operator, and operators were theoretically bidding competitively with one another for timber sales.

The Forest Act created the British Columbia Forest Service (BCFS). Its mandate was to enforce policy for the use and revenue of timber. (Grainger was Chief Forester from 1914 to 1920.) A timber inventory was ordered; minimum tree diameters were established, to prevent high-grading and over-cutting. With the legislation enforced by the BCFS began the debate on forest use which has never abated to this day. Environmentalist opinion was pitted against industrial users' demands from the start, with the BCFS in the middle. Technological change determined the context of the debate; the type of machines and their productivity set limits to what could be used or preserved.

A Forest Ranger relates how logging was regulated in the 1930's, before clear-cutting for pulpmills was introduced:

"In the Interior, for one thing, the clearcut didn't exist. Slash burning didn't exist. The machines were all much smaller then they are today. ...The logging was all selective logging... you weren't skidding tree-length stuff, you were skidding already-manufactured logs... So, in a lot of these stands, you didn't get a lot of other stuff knocked over, because [trees] were selectively cut and logs were manufactured in the bush." (Les Stilwell, quoted in volume three, p. 101-102)

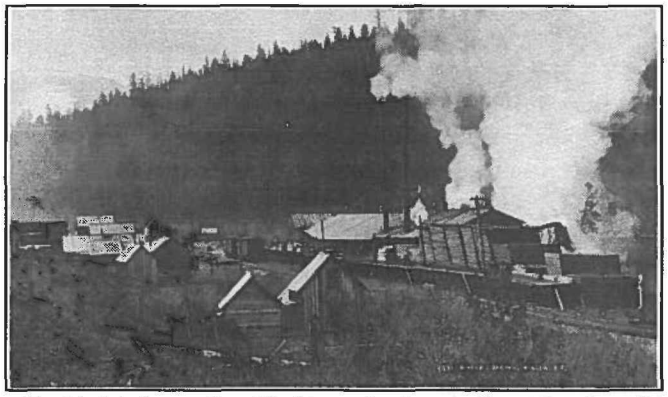
This Ranger's opinion about "selective logging" is contradicted by a logger's recollection of what he saw on the job in the same era:

"Now-a-days they talk about 'raping the old-growth.' All the companies have done for a hundred years is rape the forest. They took the best and they burnt up the rest. There were no pulp mills to utilize the small wood. Everything that was left, they just bulldozed over with Cats, getting out the logs. Then the Forestry said to burn it, because if you didn't, the lightning would." (Oscar Schmidt, quoted in vol. one, pp.25 - 26).

Schmidt called the old way of logging "absolutely highgrading" (p.26) but the Ranger, Stilwell, replied to the suggestion, that highgrading was the practice, in this way:

"No. There was nothing wrong with a lot of those smaller trees except that they were younger, and the standard in those days was fourteen-inch-diameter stump... That was the size of tree that was classed as merchantable timber in the early days." (vol. three, p. 102) .

Schmidt, the logger, also recalls that he and his peers had to try to satisfy both their mill owner, who bought the timber loggers' cut, and the Rangers; the mills wanted trees of bigger girth and the Forest Service stipulated that the logger must cut trees smaller than the mill wanted. (Schmidt, p. 26).



The J.B. Winlaw Mill, at Winlaw in the Slocan Valley. When this mill burned down operations were moved to Wynndel near Creston.
Courtesy Kootenay Museum

These conflicting testimonies about the effectiveness of early Forest Service regulation on the proper management of the forests were omens of the debates to come. After the Act of 1912, the BCFS had its own experience to direct the next study which resulted in a new Act in 1946.

Another concern with timber revenues was Buchanan's point in 1908: the lack of competition among bidders for timber sales. The concern was not properly addressed by the 1912 Act's regulations. William Waldie, junior, whose father's company had timber limits under the Act of 1912, all up and down the Arrow Lakes, recalls no competition during his bids. He also remembers receiving help from the BCFS to locate timber for his mill at Robson.

"The Forest Service cruised it [timber sale land] for you. You apply for a certain piece of timber, they cruise it for you. You know what they think before you put up any money. We would make an application for a timber sale — that's all."

[Interviewer asks Waldie: "Would they decide the boundaries?"]

"Oh yes. You couldn't just bite out a few acres of the choicest.... We were never working on just one sale. We were working on dozens of different places at the same time. Timber sales were active for many years. They advertised that it was offered for sale, and the date of the sale was mentioned — See, we never had any competition on any sale that I remember. No, never any competition on any sale. I say this now. I could be wrong. There might have been one or two cases, but I don't remember any others turning up at our sales. (Waldie, quoted in volume two, p.25)

It was no concern of the owner of timber limits whether he replanted the trees cut down by his logging crew; government policy did not require it, and "expert" opinion in that era did not yet think that replanting was a responsibility for human agencies. Nature would take care of the reforestation, was the attitude, and it must be said that in this age, forests were not clear-cut. Lumber mills took only the best timber out. Clear-cutting of all trees was pointless when there were no mills to pulp all timber into useable product. The first Kootenay pulp mill came in 1951.

In 1912, BC's Forest Act had not addressed the issue of reforestation. Academic opinion was beginning to see the need for replanting, as the remarks by George Buchanan to the Nelson University Club in 1908 illustrate:

"In all civilised countries, efforts are now being made to save what is left of the natural forests and to aid nature in the reforestation of part of what has been destroyed... the timber on these reserves [in the USA] is regarded as a crop, to be harvested when ripe. The stumpage of market timber is sold to best advantage, and the under-size trees are protected."

It was not until 1946 that BC legislated a new Forest Act which was based on the premise of "sustainable yield" forestry. Now the Forest Service began to enforce regulations on operators to ensure timber supply in the future by creating Public Sustained Yield Units which were leased to large corporations. The BCFS professional foresters and civil servants favoured large corporate licensees, believing "that larger timber holdings and longer-term harvesting rights would allow them to plan, and therefore to implement sustained-yield policies." (Marchak, p.32)

It was during the implementation of these timber-licensing policies that small operators were slowly squeezed out of the market by fewer and bigger corporations who bought the small ones for the timber licences the latter had obtained. Waldie tells how Celanese America (later to be Celgar) bought his company in 1952:

"...they approached us... and financially we might get the worst of competing with them. They didn't want to be competing with us, having any trouble with the government saying 'you're squeezing out these small fellahs.' They didn't want that." (Waldie, v. 1, p. 32)

The new regulations had an effect on the work of Forest Rangers, as Buster Ross attests. Recalling how the multiplicity of mills had to be regulated by the Forest Rangers, Ross had this to say:

"... we used to inspect them every chance we got. ... You came around and they figured you were looking for trouble. They had that attitude. Not whether you were just looking to see if they had their fire tools or whether they were following the rules of the timber sale contract, but they had a chip on their shoulder all the time. ... Made a few enemies doing it, but they managed to weasel around the [regulations] ... Lots of times, they had friends in high places, these loggers." (vol. one, pp. 64 and 66-67)

This paper has been concerned only with mills producing dressed lumber for construction uses, not with products such as sashes, doors, stairs and railings, office furnishings, clothespegs, boxes, matchblocks, and custom-ordered wood products. Kootenay towns, in particular Nelson, were noted for this sector of the wood industry. "Value-added" factories abounded before the 1960's, but the necessary research for a history of value-added industry has not been done. This paper can only raise some questions about why wood "re-manufacturing" underwent drastic reduction in the Kootenays. Some of the answers might be similar to the reasons mills were consolidated after 1950.

Bio Note: Charles H. Jeanes, B.A. (history, Trent University) and curator of Nelson Museum exhibit "Loggers, Millowners, and Communities" in 1994-95.

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Doc English

by Pat Foster

Research by Helen Forster

At the age of five he rode bareback from Missouri to Oregon; at fifteen he returned to Missouri to lead a group of settlers over the same trail; at seventeen he was part of a wagon train heading for the B.C. gold fields that was forced back by hostile Indians; at nineteen he moved to B.C. where he spent the rest of his life. And this was just the beginning of the life of Doc English, horseman, veterinarian, packtrainer, rancher, gambler, lawman, husband and father.

Pauline English lived with her son 'Doc' for the last few years of her life.
Courtesy Ashcroft Museum

To survive and prosper in the early west, a man had to be a special breed - had to have an overriding drive to try new things and see new places - had to think on his feet and react with lightning speed - had to have a lot of common sense and keen powers of observation - and being good with a gun didn't hurt. Such a man was Doc English, born Benjamin Franklin English Jr. on March 19, 1841, in St. Louis, Missouri, fifth of the eleven children of Benjamin Franklin and Pauline (Durbin) English.[1]

Benjamin Franklin English Sr. is listed as farmer, horse-raiser, wood chopper, Pauline as mother, housewife, homesteader, but they were much more than this. They were bona fide pioneers, and Doc followed in their footsteps.

Benjamin Franklin English Sr. was born in Madison County, Kentucky, September 8, 1815, the son of Mr. & Mrs. Charles English. The family moved to Missouri in 1818, and lived in several counties in that state. In 1833, he met and married eighteen-year old Pauline Durbin in Clay County, Missouri, starting out on a life that is usually only heard of in the movies or wild west fiction. Their first home in that county was on the extreme frontier, only Indian hunting grounds to the west, and, of necessity, the young couple both became proficient Indian fighters. They stayed here for thirteen years, during which time they became parents of five sons and two daughters. Ben cleared land, farmed, chopped wood, and hunted to support his growing family. Both he and Pauline had numerous encounters with hostile Indians during this time. In one of his many confrontations with the natives, he was struck in the eye by an arrow, and suffered a partial loss of sight, but this never deterred him from carrying on his chosen way of life.

Benjamin English Sr. moved many times within the U.S.A.
Courtesy Ashcroft Museum

In 1846 the family of nine set out on the long and arduous trek on the inhospitable Oregon-Applegate Trail to Polk County, Oregon. Through heat and dust, cold and snow, across plains and mountains, through swift and deep rivers, harassed by hostile Indians, the intrepid family struggled for several months, but they finally won out and arrived in Oregon, settling near the Luckiamute River in Polk County. Here they took up a homestead, but were still victims of Indian attacks, inclement weather, and food shortages until they could build their home, plant their garden and crops, and increase their livestock. They lived in Oregon for seventeen years, during which time four more children were added to the family, a daughter and three sons.

In 1863, Ben and Pauline and some of the younger children moved to California, living in Solano County until 1870, and in Lake County until Ben's death in 1883 at the age of sixty-eight years. His headstone in the Middletown Cemetery bears, below his name, the inscription "I go to prepare a place for you."

Young as he was, Ben Jr. rode bareback almost the entire trip west from Missouri to Oregon. He experienced one of his very early encounters with the natives when he and his father stopped to pick berries to supplement the food supply. Ben's horse was struck by one of the poisoned arrows used by the attacking Indians, and the animal survived barely long enough to get him back to the wagon train.

Ben Jr. lived and worked with his parents until 1856, when he left Oregon, at the tender age of fifteen, to return east. Undeterred (or maybe lured) by his memories of the first trek west, he led a train of friends and relatives from Missouri to the Rogue River, bringing the entire party in safety to its destination.

Ben II acquired his nickname 'Doc' when he was still in Oregon because of his ability from a very early age to calm and care for ailing animals, and, wherever he lived, he was called upon by neighbors to tend their sick or injured livestock. Throughout his life he had a consuming interest in horses, particularly racehorses, and became an authority on many ailments peculiar to that animal.

There is little information available about Doc's three sisters, but the saga of his seven brothers is a storey in itself. Three of his younger brothers, Harmon (Ham), Lawrence (Buck), and Eugene (Gene), spent some time in Canada with or near Doc. While here, Buck worked as a cowboy, a scout for the Canadian Army in the Riel Rebellion in which he was seriously wounded, a whisky smuggler, and a gambler. On his father's death, he returned to California and brought his mother to live with Doc. He later returned to the U.S.A. where he drove a stage coach for a while, but spent five terms in jail for highway robbery and rustling, the last being a life sentence, of which he served seventeen years before being released. The other brothers remained in the U.S.A. They were a free-

ers remained in the U.S.A. They were a free-spirited bunch, often in trouble; David was hung for highway robbery, Daniel was killed by a bullet to the head in a dance hall fracas, Charles' body was found in the Columbia River, Warren was shot in an English-Durbin family feud. Suffice it to say that Doc has been accurately referred to as the "white sheep"[2] of the family.

The discovery of gold along the Fraser River was a signal to Doc to head north. He was part of a two hundred man wagon train from Oregon to British Columbia in 1858 that was ambushed by a party of eight hundred Indians in the Okanagan. Knowing that the Indians in this area were hostile, the train leader sent out a small party to scout a canyon they were approaching. Just at the mouth of the canyon, they saw a roll of blankets and shot at it to make sure it was harmless. It wasn't. An Indian concealed in the bundle was killed. The fight was on. Had the party entered the canyon with the pack animals they would surely have been massacred, but outside the ravine they had a chance. McLachlin, the leader of the party, and his brother led the fight, tying bunch grass around their heads and crawling through the grass, Indian style. After a fierce three day battle the party finally beat off their native attackers, but felt it wiser to return to Oregon. In 1860 Doc again went north from Oregon, arriving without incident in B.C. where he spent his remaining sixty-two years.

Doc drove cattle for H.O. Bowie north from Oregon until he started up his own pack train to Barkerville in the 1860's. Here he met O. Tom Hance, from Pecteconica, Illinois. The two men side-tracked up the Chilcotin when they heard of the rich fur trade there. Here they established the TH Ranch. They packed in millstones from the coast and ground their own flour, brought in a saw, and built a water wheel on upper Withrow Creek to cut lumber for their ranch. Any surplus supplies, flour, potatoes, etc., were loaded on packhorses and, with beef cattle, taken to Soda Creek where the foodstuffs were crossed on a boat while the animals swam across the river, and then on to the mines at Barkerville. Once a year, one of them took their pack train on the two-month trek to Yale with the year's take in furs, and would return with trade goods and supplies for the store that they operated.

Doc always had a reputation for reliability and honesty. On seeing an opportunity to make a good deal of money in fur, he approached the Hudson's Bay Company manager in Victoria for supplies worth $10,000. When asked by the company representative if he was prepared to pay for the provisions, Doc replied "Yes, certainly, I am always prepared to pay for what I get. But not right now." He got his order, which was taken by train as far as possible, then hauled by bull teams the remaining three hundred miles to the Chilcotin. Although he was in Victoria on one or two occasions, the debt was never mentioned to him until eighteen months later when he returned to Victoria with $40,000 in furs. He gave the Hudson's Bay Company the first chance to bid on them, but they were outbid by $6,000. He sold to the highest bidder, and paid off his debt immediately.

From L to R: Ben English, Arthur English, Nellie Baker (nee English), Ruby English (nee Phillips). Front Row: Brian Arthur English and Sharon Ann English. Taken at Nellie Baker's ranch in Quesnel, 1946.
Courtesy of Ashcroft Museum - 994.37.1 OB818

Doc never took up gold mining despite the time he spent in the Cariboo, but was knowledgeable about the subject from observing others who were bitten by gold fever. Some areas that he predicted held large gold deposits were ignored by the miners at the time, but years later were found indeed to hold a wealth of gold.

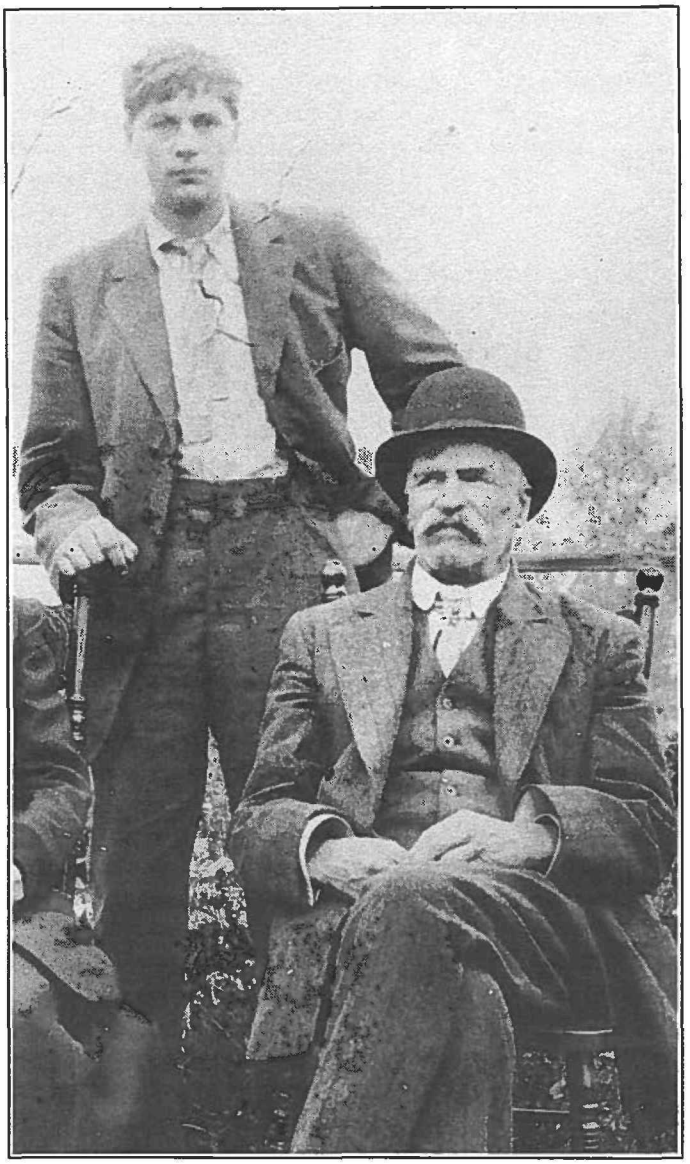
All his life Doc was involved with horse racing, winning many races on his own and other people's horses. On one notable occasion he was in a relay race with a string of his own horses, which he knew were outclassed by the competition. Doc had his companions hold the horses in readiness, and when it was time to change mounts, rather than stopping, jumping off and remounting the next horse, he leaped from the moving horse to the back of the next one, thus winning the race.

On one of his pack-trips to Yale, riding a part quarter horse, Doc was challenged to a race by traders from Oregon. Never a man to turn down such a dare, Doc raced, won and collected five hundred dollars. Two years later these same traders were waiting for him, but the results of this race were not so happy. Doc lost all the money he had, some three thousand dollars that belonged to the ranch. Always an honorable and honest man, on his return to Chilcotin, Doc turned over his share of the TH Ranch to Tom Hance to make up the loss, and went to live at Deer Park Ranch where, in 1873, he pre-empted 320 acres.

In the early days in the West, citizens often assisted the widely separated lawmen in apprehending outlaws, and Doc, who was very low-keyed and never bragged about his exploits always seemed to be in the right place at the right time. After the massacre of the Waddington party at Bute Inlet, Theodore Davie, Governor of British Columbia, asked Doc if he could capture three Indians who had taken part in the murder, but had so far eluded every attempt to capture them because they were being protected by their tribesmen in the Chilcotin. Doc agreed on the condition that he be given a free hand. He went to the three chiefs of the district, and offered pardons to all Indians charged with horse stealing and other minor offenses if the three outlaws were handed over to him the next afternoon, warning the chiefs that if they refused, he would hang them in place of the miscreants the next day at sundown. Knowing Doc and his reputation, the chiefs agreed to hand over two of the outlaws, but told him he had to capture

the third, the most menacing, himself. Doc agreed. That night, Doc crept to the desperado's tent, carrying his shot gun in front of him. The Indian suddenly stepped out of the tent, gun in hand. Doc was immediately on him before he could fire a shot and next day took the three outlaws back for trial. They were found guilty, and hanged in Quesnel.

Doc and a cattle man from Savona, Johnny Wilson, became suspicious of an old prospector at Scotty Creek who seemed to have struck pay dirt, making between one and two hundred dollars a day in an area where more experienced miners could find only minute traces of gold. It also seemed odd that this man, Rowlands, always collected the gold when his workers were at lunch, never when anyone else was around. Two days before he had set up his claim, an elderly highwayman had committed the biggest robbery in the history of the BX Stage. A chest of gold valued at $15,000 from Barkerville area had been taken. One day, English and Wilson followed Rowlands when he was taking gold to Ashcroft, where he deposited it in the F.W. Foster Store. They approached the local authorities with their suspicions, a warrant was issued, and Rowlands was arrested by Chief Constable J.W. Burr. Gold from any specific area is easily recognizable, that from each location having a distinctive appearance. This gold of Rowlands could not possibly have come from Scotty Creek; but was from the claims that had sent their gold on the recently held up BX Stage. Although the evidence was circumstantial, Rowlands was found guilty of the robbery and sentenced to seven years in the penitentiary at New Westminster. English and Wilson were given the reward offered for the capture of the highwayman.



Doc English and his son Bus of Ashcroft.

Courtesy Kamloops Museum Archives

Doc had a near thing with one of the infamous McLean brothers, Archie, who was to ride Doc's entry in a race at Williams Lake against a mount owned by Tom McDougall. Doc was told that McLean was going to throw the race, on which Doc had bet all of his own money and all he could borrow. Just as he was being weighed in at the starting gate, McLean was pulled from his horse by Doc, and another rider put in his place. McLean swiftly drew a small derringer and would have shot Doc had a bystander not grabbed him. These McLeans were a dangerous crew. All three of them, Allan, Charles and Archie, and a friend, Alex Hare, were hanged at New Westminster after terrorizing the countryside and murdering a provincial policeman, John Usher, a couple of years after this incident. Happily for Doc, even with an inexperienced rider, his horse easily won the race.

Doc had three sons from his first marriage to a young Indian girl, Ann Fontaine: Frank, Chris, and Fred. When only fourteen years old, Frank (Franklin Benjamin) took his father's pack train on its regular two-month trip to Yale, taking furs down and bringing trade goods back. Quite a responsibility for a boy of that age. Frank obviously inherited his father's adventurous spirit and good common sense. He married and bought a ranch in the Chimney Creek area where he lived until his death.

Cris (Charles William) was an athletic young man, strong and daring who served with valor in W.W.I as a sniper and raider when he wasn't fighting in the trenches, but his health was severely affected by his military service. Cris drove a freight team in the Omenica District for many years, and was killed in 1930 when he fell from a sleigh and was kicked in the head by one of the horses he was driving. There is little information about the youngest son, Fred. All we know is that he died at Alexis Creek in 1920.

Doc also raised Willie Frank English who was probably the son of Doc's brother Lawrence, better known as Buck, who worked for Doc in the 1880's, and then returned to the United States. Willie Frank was a well known character, a teamster on the Cariboo Road, and a racehorse owner. His wife was a descendent of the legendary Indian, Diable, of Pavilion.

It was on the trip to Victoria to sell furs that Doc met the woman who was to become his second wife, Ellen Martin, the daughter of a sea captain. Born in London in 1858, she had sailed with her father around the Horn to Victoria. She and Doc were married in 1884, and settled on the Deer Park Ranch in the Chilcotin. Ellen was reputed to be the most handsome woman in the province at that time.

In 1896 their big ranch in the Chilcotin was sold to Beaumont and Drummond, and Doc, Ellen, and family settled on the lower Bonaparte, a few miles north of Ashcroft where they lived for several years, raising cattle and horses. In 1902 he bought R.P. Rithet's racing stock for $900. In 1904 he sold many of his racehorses, 'Reciprocity' for $500, Ben E for $500 (taken to California for training), Kamletta for $400, Creole Bell for $300, and other stock to the value of $1200, and he still had as many horses as when he made the 1902 purchase. For Doc, raising racehorses was a paying proposition.

The English family sold the Bonaparte ranch to a man named Doxat, and moved to

This 1994 picture shows the grandson and great-grandson of Doc English posed with the Ashcroft Derby Cup which now rests in the Ashcroft Museum.
Courtesy Ashcroft Museum

the Venables Valley, between Spence's Bridge and Ashcroft, where they tried sheep-farming, but after about a year and a half they saw that sheep did not fare too well in this area, so went back to cattle ranching. Doc sold this property for $20,000 in 1919 to the Marston brothers, returned soldiers, and bought another ranch in the Upper Hat Creek area, and finally moved to Ashcroft in 1919. He lived an active life until he died in the Ashcroft Hospital May 6, 1922. Ellen moved to live with her daughter Nellie for some time before her death in Quesnel in October, 1927.

The couple had five children: Lily, Alice, Nellie, Thomas (Buss), and Ben III. (Benny), all born in the Chilcotin. Little is known of two of the daughters of Doc and Ellen. Lily, born in 1886, was the first white child born in the Chilcotin. She and Alice married and moved out of the district. Ellen Elizabeth (Nellie) was born in 1888. She travelled a great deal with her father, and shared his ability with and love of horses. After her second marriage to Dr. Paddy Baker of Quesnel she became a legend in her own right in that part of B.C.[2]

Both of Doc's sons also displayed outstanding horsemanship. Thomas, better known as Buss, was born in 1887. In his earlier years, despite a nearly fatal attack of typhoid fever in his youth which left him with a heart condition, he was one of the top bronc busters in British Columbia, winning in the early 1900's a $200.00 first prize in the Bucking Contest at the Victoria Fair, the only rider able to "sit the gay and festive bronco" as the horse was described in a newspaper of the time. The next year, he was the runner up for the world championship bronc rider title. Much of his life was spent riding the range for ranchers in the Chilcotin. While chasing wild horses on the D.B. Hutchison cattle ranch near Green Lake in September, 1940, he suddenly slumped in his saddle and slipped from his horse - death due to heart failure was instantaneous. He was fifty-three years old. He was buried in the Quesnel Cemetery.

Doc's youngest son, Benny (Ben III) was also a very fine horseman. In September, 1909, while still a teenager, he won the "World Championship Cup" donated by Doering's Vancouver Breweries for being the outstanding bronc rider at the Ashcroft Derby.

The English family is typical of the hardy pioneers who settled western Canada; people who faced hardships every day of their lives and overcame them with courage and strength; people who could be relied on for honesty and integrity; people who were always ready to take on a new challenge and see it through; people who cared for and helped those in need of their assistance; people who knew how to enjoy life to the full; they have left us a legacy to be proud of.

Bio Note: The author is a retired teacher from Alberta. From 1982 to 1993 she and her husband enjoyed living in Chemainus (where they learned to sail). Then, craving yet another experience, they moved to Ashcroft where they enjoy golf and researching local history.

Footnotes:
1. "Grandmother and Granddaughter: the Pioneer Spirit", **British Columbia Historical News**, Spring 1995.
2. From notes of Michael Chegwyn, biographer of Lawrence (Buck) English.

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Panelists Howard White, Jean Barman, Helen Akrigg and Gordon Elliott are shown here during question period following their talks.
Photo courtesy of Skip Fennessy

Ron Welwood exchanges an aside with Myrtle Haslam at the Friday evening reception.
Photo courtesy of John Spittle

A Surveyor's Story

The Autobiography of Arthur Frederick Cotton[1]

by H.B. Cotton

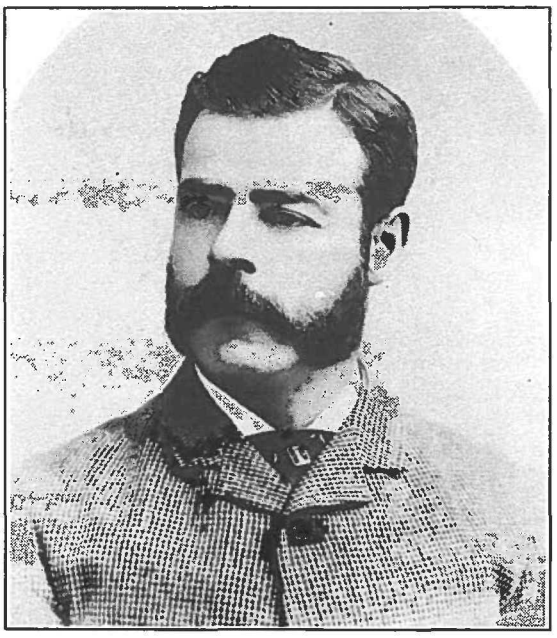
The practice of surveying in Canada has always been physically demanding, and never more so than in the late 1800's and early 1900's when exploration and mapping were the order of the day. Surveyors, who spent their working lives amongst the mountains, rivers, lakes and swamps of our hinterland, developed qualities of resourcefulness and hardihood which may well be unknown in this modern age. One such man was A.F. Cotton D.L.S. O.L.S., who underwent several noteworthy experiences both before and after coming west in 1886. His autobiography, with footnotes to explain some of the more obscure references, is given here...

"In the following pages I have tried to give a brief outline of my experiences as a Surveyor, from 1866 to 1924. Also a meagre description of the mode of travel and living which prevailed in my early surveying days.

I was born on 8th August 1852, in the City of Quebec. My parents moved to Toronto in 1855, and returned to Quebec in 1859. In those days the only means of travel was by steamboat in summer, or by sleigh in winter, as the Grand Trunk Railway was not completed.

In 1864, a company of Royal Engineers began the survey for fortifications on the Point Levis side of the river, opposite Quebec. It was then that I, as a boy, saw a survey party for the first time, and I think I can say it was that that led me into the profession. I was with them every chance I could get. They had been about three weeks on the work, when they woke up to the fact that it would be better in every way to employ local axemen; their own men were continually cutting themselves, felling trees along the line, and finally killing one man. Then they hired French-Canadians to do the axework.

When I look back and think of the labour that chaining[2] entailed then, I am greatly impressed. Gunter's chain was the only one in use. The chainmen were armed with that and a set of 10 iron pins, with a brass one to mark the end of the 10 chains or tallies. I wonder how the chainmen of today would enjoy it, 80 times to the mile, and if the country is hilly, many times oftener. I have very often chained 15 miles a day with an 8 Ib link chain. Try it and see how laborious it is!



Arthur Frederick Cotton, 1852 - 1925.
Courtesy BCARS #A 07634

The seat of government was moved to Ottawa in 1866 and I went with it. I went to school there, and in 1870 passed my preliminary examination in order to become an Ontario Land Surveyor.

The second Fenian Raid[3] broke out on the 24th May 1870, on which day the militia of Ottawa, which consisted of the Ottawa Brigade of Garrison Artillery, "G" Battery, and the six companies of the Civil Service Rifles, had held the usual Queen's Birthday parade. My brother, who later on was a Brigadier-General, was in command of No 2 Battery, in which I was a sergeant.

We had just got home and were eating lunch, when a messenger came with orders to turn out at once and proceed to Cornwall. I was sent out to notify all the men, and by 3 pm we were assembled in the drill shed. Equipment was served out, and by that evening our Battery left on the Ottawa and Prescott Railway for Prescott, thence by boat to Cornwall, where we arrived on the morning of the 25th. We then had to set to work to locate billets for ourselves and others that were to follow.

Cornwall, the county town of the United Counties of Dundas, Stormont and Glengarry, was a thriving manufacturing town of about 3000 at the foot of the Cornwall canal. Great excitement prevailed, and rumours of all kinds were floating around. The feeling was very tense; the people being glad to see how promptly the call had been responded to. In three days there were 1000 men of various units stationed there. Sentries were posted on both sides of the canal for its entire length. We remained there about a month, but nothing of any importance took place. The heaviest work was in the Eastern Townships in the Province of Quebec. Incidentally, about 40 years later we received our medals! Then about eight years later the Ontario Government gave 160 acres to everyone who had served in that Province, and some years after that the Dominion Government gave everyone a grant of $100.

The lumbering business in Western Quebec and Eastern Ontario was very brisk in my time, and surveyors had a great deal to do with it. It is only those who were then in practice that know what had to be contended with.

As I stated before my digression about the Fenian Raid, I passed my preliminary in 1870, and in 1871 was articled to W.R. Thistle. The winter of 1871/72 I was sent out on a timber limit survey with the late John McLatchie. We went up to the head of the river Coulogne. A few days before completing the work we ran across a fresh moose trail. Now the snow was very deep that winter, between four and five feet, and two crusts,

and this track showed us that the moose was having a hard time of it, and was bleeding freely. Our crew of five Indians said: "Catch him quick, good meat". McLatchie said: "We have no guns or rifles; how will you kill him?" "Kill him alright". So he let them go after him. We followed up, and it was not long before we got to them. Two of the Indians were teasing him with poles, and the other three were felling trees on him, and at last broke his back with one, after which they cut his throat. This sounds a little like a fish story but it is not!

In May 1872, John McLatchie had a Government Survey in Manitoba, and took me with him as assistant. We left Ottawa on May 14th and arrived in Winnipeg, then Fort Garry, on June 13th. Travelling those days was no pleasure. We sailed from Collingwood to Duluth, then took a work train on the Northern Pacific to Moose Head, thence down the Red River to Fort Garry on the **S.S. Selkirk.**

We ran the Third Correction Line and Fourth Base Line[4] about 80 miles and over the Riding Mountains and subdivided eight townships. We returned to Winnipeg in November, and there I found a mutual friend, J.H. Gray, who was on one of the C.P.R. survey parties. You can imagine my delight at meeting my old school friend in a strange land. (He then came to B.C., and I afterwards returned to Ottawa). We left Winnipeg in December, by four-horse stage, and drove to within a few miles of St Paul, Minn.

That winter, my chief and I went up the Ottawa River and over to Lake Nippissing, and examined a number of timber limits that were to be sold by the Ontario Government. We took a team of horses and drove from Ottawa and back, as there were no railroads then.

In the summer of 1873 I was on the subdivision of a 200 Acre lot which is now in the centre of the present city of Ottawa. In those days chains and links were the unit of measure, and naturally broken distances came in very often. To show what some people thought of accuracy in land matters then, let me tell you a short story...

We had a Civil Engineer, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, as a draftsman in the office making the plan. A great number of lots had frontages varying from 1.00 to 1.05 - 15/16. Now putting that on the plan was tiresome work, and the draftsman, in his Irish brogue, exclaimed: "What the divil mathers a couple or three perch[5] in the mile in Canada, anyhow!"

I became a P.L.S.[6] for Ontario in July 1874, and six months later passed as P.L.S. for Quebec, and opened an office in Ottawa and practiced there until 1886.

The Ottawa River country was the centre of the lumber business in those days, and Timber Limit surveys kept us pretty busy during the winter seasons. I have been to the head of every river running into the Ottawa back in Ontario and Quebec.

Manson Creek north of the 55° parallel, in the Omineca district. Cotton had a survey crew here in 1895. It is still a tiny mining community.

BCARS #F-09943

What a change has taken place since then, more especially in the boarding of men! Then, all we had was Chicago prime mess pork in barrels, pilot bread and dried apples. Tea was supplied free on surveys, but in the lumber camps the men were charged $1 a month for the luxury. Wages ran from $11 to $15 per month for axemen. Camp stoves were a thing unheard of. Three pairs of blankets to every two men were supplied, and I can assure you it was not a tropical climate - often 30 or 40 below for a week at a time; but we enjoyed it, or thought we did!

In 1880 I became a D.L.S.[7] and was given a subdivision contract south of where the city of Brandon stands today, and from 1881 to 1884 I was employed on Township outline work.

The second Riel Rebellion, breaking out in the spring of 1885, put all surveying out of the question. This rebellion is now history and has often been written about, at least most of the causes have been told, but not all. Here is one very few know anything about...

In 1884 my instructions informed me that I was likely to rub shoulders with Chief Picau and his outfit, and I was warned to be very careful. In August I found myself in the heart of what he claimed as his Reserve, that is north-west of Saddle Lake and south of White Fish Lake. I knew that Picau had been to Regina to see Lt. Governor Dewdney,[8] who was also an Indian Commissioner. On his return he found me running Township outlines, and he was naturally wrathful, for he had secured the Lt-Governor's promise that no surveys would be made until his Reserve had been allotted to him. He and his tribe came to camp, and we had a three day pow-wow. He suggested that he and I go to Regina, and while we were gone his men would live at my camp. I refused to do so, and told him that I would not stop my work until forced to do so. Well, the next day he DID stop me. In my absence next day, the chief and a couple of his followers forcibly stopped the survey by folding up the instrument, and handing it to the transitman. Nothing more happened, as I had told my men not to resist should the Indians show hostility. I went to Edmonton and wired Lt. Governor Dewdney. It took three weeks for a reply to reach me, and then all it said was: "Take Mounted Police if necessary". I then went to Fort Saskatchewan and saw Inspector Greisbach. We decided that he and I go back to White Fish Lake and interview Chief Picau, which we did.

I know the Indian Commissioner never went to see Chief Picau or send anyone to quiet him until October,[9] when it was too late. The seeds of rebellion had taken root. The Frog Lake massacre April 2nd 1885, was the beginning

of the rebellion, and it was instigated by the Indians with whom I had had the trouble.,

After finishing my work we drove to Calgary, stored my outfit and took the C.P.R. to Ottawa. After completing my returns and reports, I went to the head of the Ottawa River on a timber limit survey. Returning, I reached the C.P.R. at Mattawa on the 12th of May, 1885, and heard of the rebellion and the battle of Batoche. You can imagine how I felt! I then realized how closely I had been connected with it. A slip on my part might have started it in August 1884. But as I had looked upon it then, it was a matter of "safety first", or to use the words of an old westerner, "It is better to be a live surveyor than a dead hero".

The survey of the North-West Territories was more like a picnic than anything else. There were no hardships or privations to endure.[10]

We would gather at the outfitting depots in the month of May, there generally being from eight to ten parties. After putting the chainmen through a course of "sprouts"[11], we would start for our various locations. It was quite a sight to see five or six parties of from seven to ten carts and a buckboard each. It made a nice impression.

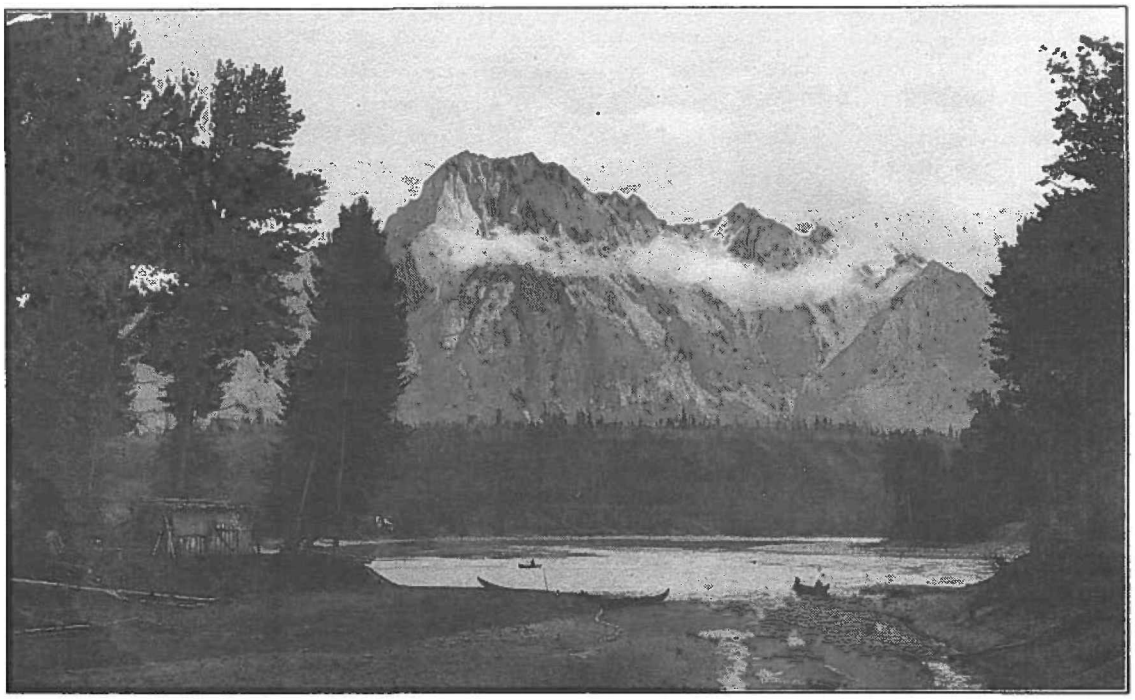
Now we had to be careful in guarding the health of our men. It would be no joke to have a sick man on your hands out in the wide outdoors, so every precaution was taken. Should a horse get mired in a mudhole or creek, the men had to get in and help him out. Now very often the men would get their feet wet! As soon as we saw that, we, the chiefs of the parties, would immediately take a drink to prevent the men from catching cold.

The summer of 1885 gave me a chance to be with my wife and family, which I greatly enjoyed. To fill in the time that was not engaged in local practice, I took up my old hobby, rifle shooting. I attended all the principal matches in Ontario and Quebec, and achieved a goodly amount of success. Paid expenses anyway, and had a good time.

The winter of 1885/6 I made a survey of a mineral claim on Lake Timagami. It was the first to be taken up in that section, and was not far off from the famous Cobalt country. Lake Timagami is a beautiful lake, with deep bays and numerous islands, and has a shore line of about 3000 miles. Today the Ottawa Government Railroad touches a great part of it, and it is one of the famous summer resorts.

In the spring, I, in company with Thomas Faweett and the late J.F. Garden, left Ottawa for British Columbia,[12] to carry on surveys in the Railway Belt.. I was posted to the New Westminster District and the others to the Interior; my first work being the subdivision of the land lying between the Fraser River and Harrison Lake. I shipped my camp outfit by boat to what was known as Agassiz's Upper Landing, where there was a store house. I followed in a day or so by rail, and there I met Mrs. Agassiz, and she said: "So you are the surveyor whose supplies are in our warehouse?" I asked her how she knew they were surveyor's supplies. "Why it is perfectly plain - there is a keg of whiskey on the top of the pile". I tried to make believe it was vinegar. She replied by telling me this story...

During the construction of the C.P.R., the Resident Engineer was located on my property, and one day another Engineer, whose section was further up the line, was on his way to New Westminster and stopped at the Agassiz camp. He looked about, and then asked the (Chinese) cook where Mr. So-&-So was. "Out", was his reply. "Well then, where does he keep his whiskey?". When the Agassiz Engineer returned, the cook said: "An Engineer man come see you." "What was his name?" "Not know". "Well, how do you know he was an Engineer?" "Him wear bad clothes and ask for whiskey!"



Junction of Skeena/Bulkley Rivers.

PABC 59764

I continued in the service of the Department of the Interior until the fall of 1888, when I accepted the office of Engineer for the City of New Westminster. I resigned in 1892, and then went into the service of the Lands and Works of B.C., and worked for them on surveys up the Coast until 1894.

Hard times hit the Province in 1895. That year I did not do a day's work, so took to the rifle again. I attended the meeting of the Provincial Rifle Association, and won a place on the Ottawa team, and went to Ottawa and competed in the Dominion Rifle Meeting. In 1895 a syndicate of Ottawa men had formed a company to operate a bunch of claims on Manson Creek in the Omineca District, which they had secured. This company was named the 43rd Mining and Milling Co.

When I returned home, I had the appointment of Engineer in Charge, and began preparations for my trip in. The route was to be up the Skeena River by H.B.Co boat to Hazelton, then on foot to Manson Creek - 200 miles. We left Port Simpson about the 6th of May. The water being high, it took us ten days to reach Hazelton. There I hired Indians to pack the outfit. It was too early to take horses, snow being still deep. After a hard trip we got to our destination early in June with hardly any provisions left.

I began the survey and location of ditch line, and put men to work building camp and clearing mill site. I remained with the Company five years, built saw mills, nine miles of ditch and flume and several miles of wagon road, installed electric light plant and telephone line.

I had finished my work by July 1900, and then had the misfortune to break my leg. There being no doctor in the country something had to be done, and someone had to do it, and do it quickly. I had a box made, and after getting the bones in place and bandages on, put my leg in the box and poured well-puddled blue clay in, and left it there until set. I thought I might not have made a success of it, and might have to have it rebroken and reset, so decided to come to the Coast.

I got to Fort St James on Stuart Lake on horseback, and from there to Quesnel by canoe, and then B.C. Express to Ashcroft. I immediately had the leg examined by the doctors, who pronounced the set perfect. Prior to the breaking I was subject to rheumatism, and since then I have not felt the slightest twinge - strange but true.

1901 I spent up the Naas and Stikeen River country, which is about as rough and wild a country as I was ever in.

1902 we spent on the Bulkley Valley and around Hamilton, having to travel the Skeena River by canoe, which was very dangerous.

1903 and 1904 I was with the location party on the Grand Trunk Pacific around Port Simpson, as the latter place was originally intended for the terminus for the Grand Trunk Pacific. For two years Mr. A.E. Hill and myself were on this work.

1905, I went into Northern Ontario as Location Engineer for the National Transcontinental Railway, starting from Abitibi River west, 250 miles or more. This work continued five years until the location was finally settled and construction was under way. During this time, the town of Cochrane came into being as it was at the Junction of the N.R.C.[13] and T.N.O.[14] Railways.

1910, I went up the Montreal River to Elk Lake and Gou Ganda which were two mining towns in the making.

1911 found me once more back in New Westminster where my family lived, and in the spring of the same year I went out again for the B.C. Government up to Stuart Lake, where we worked the summer and part of the fall, when we moved south. As we had a large party, and the travelling was bad on account of snow, I bought a canoe from the Hudson's Bay Company. This canoe was a dug-out fifty-five feet long, and four-and-one-half feet wide, the largest canoe ever built in the country. This was big enough to take the complete outfit and all the men with Jimmy Alexander as guide and captain.[15] Jim Smith was also coming out with his party, who were travelling in a large scow. We travelled down the Stuart River into the Nechako River, and finally reached the Fraser at Fort George,[16] where we found the river full of pancake ice, which made canoeing very hard, but as we had no other way to travel we continued. The Fort George canyon was frozen solid, and we had to spend nearly one day dragging our canoe and outfit over the rough ice and stones. The Cottonwood Canyon was open as the water was too fast and rough for ice to form, so this we ran and finally arrived at Quesnel. I then discharged half of the party and the remainder went into Harper's Camp,[17] east of 100 Mile House to work and traverse Horsefly Lake, but the weather became so cold we had to get out, after waiting for the cold to lessen so the horses could come to move us back to Harper's Camp. The Government Recorder recorded 61 below zero for nine days.[18]

1912. The spring of this year I was again sent out to Harper's Camp to finish the work we had had to give up the previous winter, and after completing this work, we went to Fort George and walked in to the Nechako country, where we spent the remainder of the season.

1913. Again I returned to the Cariboo country, and worked from William's Lake to Little Timothy Mountain, but spent a short season this year.

1914. I went up to Masset Inlet and spent the summer amongst the cedar swamps and flies, and when war broke out, I returned home, and Government work was finished for some time. From the end of the season spent at Masset until 1920, I did very little work other than local surveys, of which there were very few.

1921. I was Municipal Engineer for Surrey, and continued on this work until I went to Bull River as Construction Engineer. Here I stayed two years until, the work being completed, I returned home.

Mr. Cotton's autobiography closes with the year 1921. Subsequently to that he did very little work. He was taken ill and entered the hospital at New Westminster about the beginning of April 1925, and died there August 6th, 1925. He was buried on his 73rd birthday. Many of his descendants are alive and well and living in British Columbia, the Province of his adoption.

Bio Note: H.Barry Cotton B.C.L.S. (Ret'd) lives on Salt Spring Island. Despite the same surname he has not found any family connection to A.F. Cotton.

Footnotes:

1. Originally published in Proceedings of the British Columbia Land Surveyors Corporation 1929, and reprinted by courtesy.
2. Horizontal measurement was (and still is at times) known as chaining, since it was done with a Gunter's Chain. A chain was 66 ft long, and consisted of 100 links, each of 0.66 ft. There were 80 chains to a mile (49.709 to a kilometre - an unused equivalent at that time).
3. The Fenian Brotherhood was organised in New York in 1859 to assist the movement for Irish Independance by a diversionary invasion of Canada. The first raid in 1866 was repulsed by Canadian (mostly volunteer) forces, as was the second in 1870. The country was, however, kept in a chronic state of alarm during these years.
4. Base Lines and Correction lines are surveyed lines on the ground controlling the layout of Townships in the vast Dominion Government Grid system of survey that eventually covered Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and parts of British Columbia.
5. A rod, pole or perch was 16 1/2 feet long (four to a chain).
6. Provincial Land Surveyor.
7. Dominion Land Surveyor. The commission of D.L.S. was the authority to act as a surveyor of Public lands in Canada. During the 1870's and 1880's the extension of the survey system across the (then) North-West Territories, required the services of a great many such land surveyors.
8. Edgar Dewdney was appointed Commissioner for Indian Affairs of the North West in 1879, and Lt/Governor of the North-West Territories in 1881.
9. My italics.
10. Readers will probably conclude otherwise.
11. Training.
12. A.F. Cotton was 33 years old.
13. Northern Rly of Canada (originally Ontario, Simco & Huron Rly, now part of C.N.R.)
14. Temiskaming & Northern Ontario Rly (now Ontario Northland Rly)
15. Jim Alexander was a Hudson's Bay Co man, born in Fort St. James 1868. He was well-known throughout B.C. as an expert canoeman, and the party were fortunate in having him as a guide. In the party also were two of A.F. Cotton's sons - W.H. and E.M. Cotton - who had been working on the survey with their father. For E.M. Cotton (who was 20 years old at the time) it was a hair-raising adventure, particularly the running of Cottonwood Canyon. The people of Quesnel turned out in force to welcome them on arrival there. Later, after they had gone, the townsfolk erected a shelter over the canoe and it was preserved for viewing until the 1940's, but has since rotted away. - B.C.Hist Qly July 1945 "The last voyage of B.C.'s largest canoe". E.M. Cotton.
16. Now Prince George.
17. A centre for hydraulic mining since the 1890's.
18. Degrees Fahrenheit.

James Ferguson Armstrong:

Provincial Employee 1893 - 1926

by Winnifred A. Weir

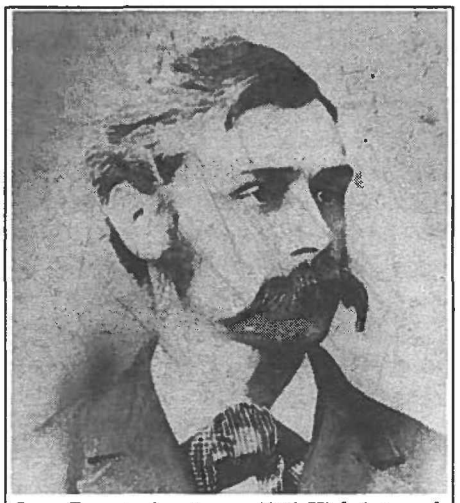
Grandparents today see more of their grandchildren than in pioneer years. Not only is travelling simpler but also grandparents are younger and more active than their predecessors. Fashions for grandparents have changed, too. Grandmothers no longer wear floor length black dresses (over restricting corset) and shawls like my grandmother did. My English grandmother put on a little white lace cap after her marriage to denote her matrimonial status; she was never seen again without her head covered. Now grandmothers wear shorts on the tennis court, bikinis on the beach, slacks on the golf course and smart pant suits to business. Grandparents take cruises, bus tours, plane trips to faraway destinations or drive their own cars where they will.

But something has not changed. That is the deep-lying affection that is a magnet between grandparents and the grandchildren they dote on.

My clearest memory of a grandparent is of my mother's father, James Ferguson Armstrong, elder brother of Captain Frank Armstrong of Columbia River paddlewheeler fame. (See **BC Historical News** Spring 1995, Vol 28:2, p5-10.) These brothers spent most of their working lives in the East Kootenay.

James Ferguson Armstrong, born February 14, 1847 at Sorel, Quebec, was the eldest in a family of sixteen descended from United Empire Loyalists who came to Montreal in 1783. His father was the Hon. James Shearer Armstrong, CMG, Chief Justice of St. Lucia and Tobago. His grandfather was a St. Lawrence River pilot, Captain Charles Logie Armstrong. By marital agreement between his parents the twelve sons were brought up as Anglicans and four daughters raised as Catholics. Grandad's devotion to his church was passed on to his daughters. That is why I am Anglican today.

James was married in 1871 to Gertrude Maud Ranney, the daughter of General Nathan Ranney, a U.S. Army officer who ran riverboats out of St. Louis, Missouri. They had six children. Maud Ferguson was born in 1872 and died in 1877. In 1875 twins, Gertrude Ranney and Louise Olivier were born and lived briefly. Three more daughters followed; Edith Shackford in 1876, Winifred Heber in 1882, and Marjorie Frances, my mother, in 1889.



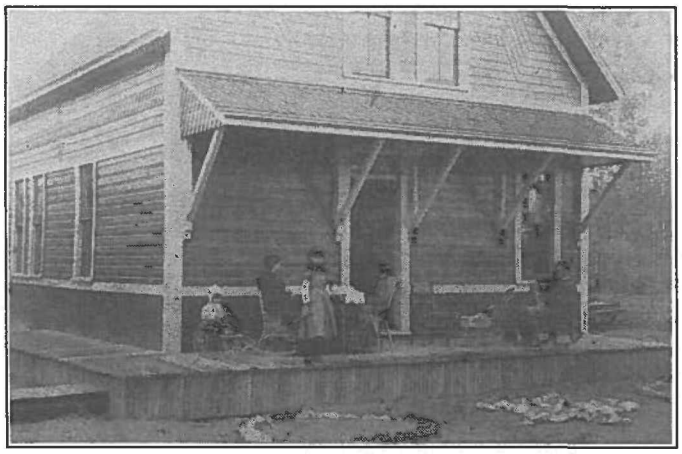
James Ferguson Armstrong c-1885. His hair turned white shortly after this.
Courtesy Fort Steele Heritage Town

The family came west in 1892 after James left his work in the Montreal office of the Ohio and Mississippi Railway. He first became secretary for his brother's Upper Columbia Transportation Company in Golden. The following year he commenced service with the government of British Columbia, serving both Donald and Golden. He had his home in Golden where he was a leading figure in the building of St. Paul's Anglican Church. Church records name him as Secretary as well as Lay Reader. His duties took him south to the emerging community of Fort Steele with visits every two or three months; by 1897 it was necessary to go down once a month, at which time he would conduct Divine Service on a Sunday evening in the schoolhouse, assisting R.L.T. Galbraith who was also a Lay Reader.

His transfer to Fort Steele was announced in August 1897. Tenders were called for the construction of a Government Office... even before the site was finalized. Four lots were purchased and J.J. Lamont erected a two story building with offices, court room, jail cells, with a gaolers' residence added as a wing. The editor of the **Prospector** newspaper declared that the government agent had chosen "a slantindicular position to hide the prison yard from the street." On September 18, 1897 Mr. Armstrong returned to Golden. He put his daughters, Winifred 15 and Marjorie aged 8, on the train to Yale where they became students at the Anglican Girls Boarding School, All Hallows. (See **BCH News** Vol 22:2, p.6-9.) Mrs. Armstrong then boarded an eastbound train to visit family near Montreal. Armstrong's eldest daughter Edith, 21, had married Dr. Norman Taylor of Golden shortly before the move to Fort Steele. Mr. Armstrong brought their household furnishings to Fort Steele and arranged to live in a wing of the government office while his new house was readied.

Fort Steele may have been deemed too rough for Mrs. Armstrong's daughters but it was adding amenities such as an Opera House, hospital, a book store and a bank. The Kootenay Men's Club held an inaugural tea on the afternoon of December 13, 1897 followed by a "smoker" in the evening. **The Prospector** listed the honored guests who attended in the afternoon; the first named were Mr. & Mrs. J.F. Armstrong. A week later the newspaper reported that the new club was accused of violating liquor laws; the president, vice-president and secretary appeared before Magistrate Armstrong pleading that they were unaware of any wrongdoing. The secretary was M.A. Beale. Magistrate Armstrong did not know what legislation applied so adjourned the case for one month. Nor did he know that M.A. Beale was destined to be his son-in-law, my father.

In January 1898 the officers of the Kootenay Club appeared again in court and the paper reported, "Magistrate Armstrong ruled that, because the club was not selling liquor for a profit, there was no violation of the law."



The Armstrong home in Golden, June 1892. James Ferguson Armstrong with his wife Gertrude and daughters Marjory (b. 1889), Winifred (b. 1882), Edith (b. 1876).

Courtesy Winn Weir

Duties as Government Agent, Gold Commissioner, registrar of births, marriages, and deaths, deputy coroner, commissioner of lands and public works, as well as being Stipendiary Magistrate kept this civil servant busy. Presentations in court sometimes took an almost humorous vein. " Two young males were charged with discharging firearms within the city about midnight. The charge was admitted but the plea was set up in extenuation that a rabbit had been espied prowling about the rear of the quarters occupied by the young men. This dangerous rodent had to be removed at any hazard and a fusillade with a rifle was begun upon it. The rabbit escaped. Not so the young men for they were mulcted in the costs of the prosecution, though otherwise they went, like the rabbit, unscathed except for a severe lecture by the magistrate on the iniquity of nocturnal pot shooting generally."

Although my grandfather always used the name James and the initial F, he was known to family and close friends as Fergie. I have a letter written by my grandmother to him in 1917; she addresses him as "Dear Fergie" and signs herself, "Your loving wife, G.R. Armstrong." Charlotte and Ruth, daughters of Captain Frank Armstrong, always referred to him as "Uncle Fergie." He was active in the Masonic Lodge - rising to Deputy District Governor. In that role on December 27,1905 he installed M.A. Beale as Master of the lodge at Fort Steele. In November 1899 he became an officer in the newly formed lodge of the Independent Order of Foresters.

Fort Steele began to fade when the Crow's Nest Railway bypassed the community and was routed through the infant city of Cranbrook. The government office was closed and the staff transferred to Cranbrook in May 1904. Armstrong and seven others were consigned to a small schoolroom. He reported to the Provincial Secretary that there was not sufficient storage space so he had rented a room on the opposite side of the street at $10 per month. In that same letter he appealed for an increase in salary for two young staff members. Both Mr. Clark and Miss Taenhauser had lived with their parents while working at Fort Steele. Miss Taenhauser found that she could not afford room and board in Cranbrook with her pay of $30 per month. "I do not think I could secure another stenographer at $30. Her services are worth $50 a month," wrote Mr. Armstrong. His letter concluded, "In case they leave the government will you authorize me to employ temporary assistance until their places are filled.?" Herbert Clark's dilemma was solved by appointing him Deputy Mining Recorder to remain at Fort Steele. Miss Taenhauser apparently received an increase in remuneration.

An elegant building was erected in 1907 to house offices of both provincial and city administrators. This landmark, at the end of Baker Street, was demolished years later to allow for a commercial mall. Armstrong headed staff there until May 1912 when his colleague Alfred Clement Nelson replaced him at the Cranbrook office.

Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong moved to Victoria where James F. was with the provincial water board. My own memories are of his visits to my childhood home in Cranbrook. Those memories are vivid and happy. His arrival was heralded with joy, partly because his suitcase yielded a gift for each of us three grandchildren. Mine was always a book in which I would get him to write my name and the date in his beautiful Spencerian handwriting. I still have those books and treasure the inscriptions as much as the books. Grandad was a "fixer" while my father scarcely knew one end of a hammer from the other. My mother used to save all the broken articles accumulated since his last visit. He would whittle down empty sewing thread spools to make new knobs for saucepan lids; shorten frayed cords on lamps; set picture frames that needed glue; mend broken china and chairs that had broken rungs. He would have had a fit at today's throw away society.

The three daughters of Government Agent Armstrong are shown here on the verandah of their Cranbrook home c.1907. Edith was visiting from Golden. Winifred, with an unidentified male friend, worked and played in Cranbrook. Marjorie (right) walked across the street on the morning of her wedding to scrub the floor of Christ Church - where she was married in August 1908.

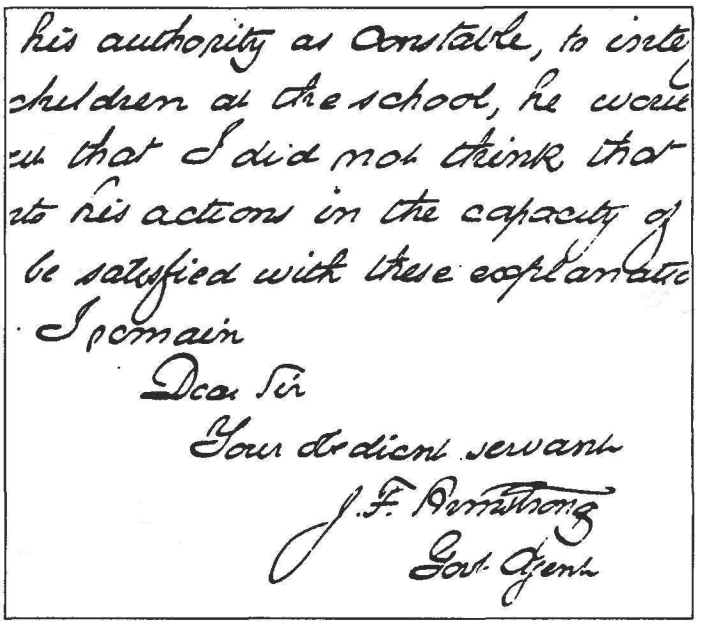
Photo courtesy the author

Grandad was an early riser. When he visited we children would come down in the morning to find him, wearing an old grey cardigan, standing at the McClary coal and wood range, stirring his porridge. His Scottish ancestry was evident in the way he ate his oatmeal. He wouldn't have deigned to put sugar on it. He had a glass of milk beside his bowl; each spoonful of porridge was dipped into the milk then conveyed to his mouth.

One of grandfather's good deeds left a legacy to his daughter and grandchildren. When travelling to Fort Steele from Golden by stage coach fellow passengers were a diminutive Japanese couple, newly weds not long in Canada. When the stage reached Windermere at dusk travellers were tired and dusty. My grandfather was assigned a room for the night. The clerk at the Windermere Hotel told the Japanese couple, the Futas, that there was no room left for them . In indignation J.F.A. said, "You will give them my room !" Apparently accommodation was

This is a staff picture taken on the steps of the Government Office in Cranbrook c-1910. Government Agent Armstrong is at the far right. Back row is A.C. Nelson, John Fingal Smith, ? , Herbert Clark. Seated: Miss W. Armstrong and R.L.T. Galbraith. N.A. Wallinger stands between Galbraith and Armstrong.

Photo courtesy M. Fennessy



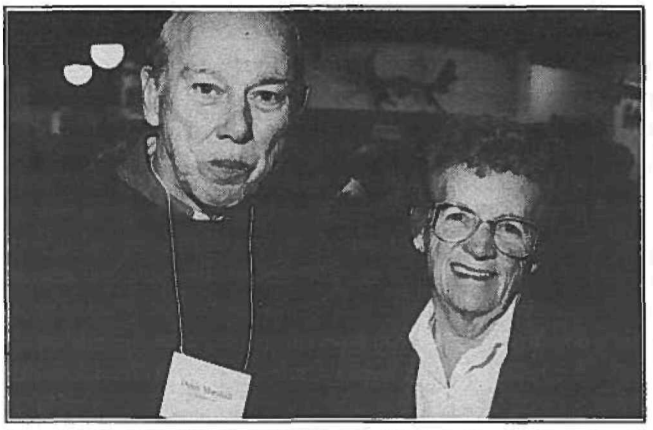
his authority as Constable, to inte
children at the school, he wou
u that I did not think that
to his actions in the capacity of
be satisfied with these explanatio
I remain
Dear Sir
Your obedient servant
J.F. Armstrong
Govt. Agent

Sample of James Armstrong's fine Spencerian handwriting.

found. The Futas established a small grocery store in Cranbrook. Each Christmas he presented gifts to Mr. Armstrong. Later when Mr. Armstrong had moved to Victoria the gestures of appreciation continued for daughter Marjorie and her family. Mr. Futa would arrive at our back door with a large box laden with fancy silk embroidered handkerchiefs for my mother, sister and me, tobacco for my dad, boxes of oriental nuts, Japanese lily bulbs for spring flowering, candy and biscuits. Then my sister and I would be sent to the grocery with a box of homemade cookies and jam that our mother had prepared.

Mr. Armstrong did not take retirement until he was 80. His wife died and he moved in with his daughter Winifred, Mrs. Arthur Pope. He died in Victoria on December 10, 1930. The **Cranbrook Courier** outlined his working years in the East Kootenay and noted, "He was a man of splendid education who spoke French as well as English fluently. He wrote a fine Spencerian hand and his signature would remind one of script copperplate. He was not much given to levity but would tell a good story on occasion." He was predeceased by his brother Frank in 1923. Grandfather was a gentle man, quiet, conscientious, reliable while Uncle Frank was noted for his indomitable energy, enterprise, perseverance and determination (which sometimes carried him over obstacles in disregard of laws.) Both were respected for their generosity to church and community.

Bio Note: Winn Weir is known as the historian of Windermere and the Columbia Valley. She still resides in Invermere.



Two delegates from the Okanagan Historical Society Denis Marshall and Yvonne McDonald of Salmon Arm at the Museum of Cariboo Chilcotin.

Photo courtesy of John Spittle

Peggy Imredy and Jean Barman of Vancouver pose here with one of the Williams Lake hosts.

Photo courtesy of John Spittle

Drawing the Line: The Boundary 1846-1996

bys Jim Glanville

For those of us privileged to live in the "Boundary" we know it means that area of British Columbia stretching from the Anarchist summit to the summit east of Christina Lake and comprising the drainage area of the Kettle River with the southern boundary being the 49th parallel. For the purpose of this article, however, the emphasis will be on the line which delineates the border between British Columbia and Washington State.

June 15, 1996 marks the 150th anniversary of the Oregon Boundary Treaty.[1] By this treaty of 1846 it was agreed that the boundary would be the 49th parallel until it reached the Pacific Coast and then it would dip south through the Strait of Juan de Fuca, leaving Vancouver Island within British territory.

Surveyors attempting to mark a line in a bad piece of bush full of windfalls.
BCARS #D-7311

Prior to the establishment of this common border, travel by native Indians and fur traders was unrestricted between the two territories. The discovery of gold in 1856 suddenly created an urgency to survey this vast wilderness. The United States and Britain agreed to a joint survey and to the subsequent creation of the Boundary Commission. The Americans began the survey in 1857 and the British started a year later.

While the Boundary Survey was in progress, Lieutenant Palmer of the Royal Engineers was given instructions on September 8, 1859 "to gain information on the country lying between Fort Hope and the 49th parallel where it meets the route to Fort Colville"[2] Carrying out these instructions, he reached Grande Prairie (Grand Forks) on October 2, 1859. At the same time as Palmer was exploring from the west, Captain Palliser was heading a scientific expedition which would take him from the Red River to Grande Prairie. At Grande Prairie he was welcomed to the camp of the American Boundary Survey Commission.[3]

The British Boundary Commission was surveying the border and spent the winters of 1860 and 1861 at Fort Colville. The Commission established base camps along the Kettle River, one of which was in the vicinity of Gilpin, 6 miles east of Grand Forks and was named Statapoostin.

To quote Gerry Andrews, former B.C. surveyor general and director of surveys and mapping, "It's all right for diplomats to sit down in a palace and decide that the boundary will be the 49th parallel, but it's something else to get out in the wilderness and decide where the 49th parallel is".[4] Although accuracy was striven for, the survey line from the Rockies to the Pacific deviates from the 49th parallel. This line was located with the survey equipment of the day. Gerry Andrews explains, "Theodolites used to establish latitude depend on gravity to establish the vertical. However, gravity varies slightly from place to place, depending on the density of the earth's crust. A nearby mountain range or a buried mass of basalt will result in a deviation of the vertical. When this happens, astronomical sightings are thrown off"[5] The international peace arch at Blaine is actually one fifth of a mile north of the 49th parallel.

Access to property is sometimes impeded by the geographical terrain along the Canada-USA border. At Carson the boundary line climbs Galena Mountain for a short distance, then drops down to head east across the valley bottom and gathers in 285 acres of agricultural land before climbing Galena Mountain again and heading east toward Cascade. Access to this American farmland can be attained only through Canadian territory. Similarly, the American Point Roberts can be reached by land only through Canadian territory.

Following the boundary survey monuments were erected at selected sites along the demarcation. These monuments are used for survey purposes. A 1904 map shows monuments with the numbers 155 to 166 from Carson to Cascade.

Custom points, at designated crossings and staffed by customs officers on both sides of the line, control traffic north and south. It is interesting to note that today there are three border crossings on the Kettle River. One is at Midway (Ferry, Wa.) where the Kettle River flows south into American territory. The second crossing is at Carson (Danville) where the Kettle River flows north and returns to the Canadian side and the third is at Cascade (Laurier) where the Kettle again heads south to join the Columbia at Kettle Falls.

At Carson, the early customs building was located beside the Great Northern Railway crossing and the Danville (American) customs was across the Kettle river. In the early thirties a general store was built on the border with an entrance from both the American and the Canadian side. A sign on the store read, "Save money, save time, shop at Joe's on the line". Needless to say this situation was not tolerated for too long.

The Carson-Danville border crossing and the one at Noyan, Quebec were the first joint

customs facilities to be built in Canada. These dual customs offices in one building are located on the border with check points on either side.

There were many unofficial border crossings during the days of American prohibition. Trails existed at various locations through the hills where "rum runners" delivered liquor to their thirsty counterparts on the American side. High powered cars loaded with liquor also ran the border at high speed and the confrontations with the law enforcers were frequent.

A unique feature of the Boundary area was the establishment of the Avey International Airport in 1963 at Cascade. B.C. and at Laurier, Wa. This airport, one third of which is in Canada and two thirds in United States, accommodates aeroplanes that want to clear customs more quickly.

History tells us that the Columbia basin could have been a part of Canada or we could have lost to the Americans much of British Columbia, at least as far as the 54th parallel. The 49th was a compromise, but a compromise that has lasted 150 years. That slashed and blazed trail, heading off into the sunset does, however, indicate a barrier. As Canadians, we have adapted. We have American friendships and commerce flows both ways across the line, but the boundary is there as a reminder of our different loyalties.

Bio Note: Jim Glanville is, with his wife Alice, the resident historian of Grand Forks and the Boundary area. He has noted tourists posing to have their picture taken as they stand with one foot in U.S.A., the other foot in Canada.

Footnotes:

1. In American history it is known as the Treaty of Washington. George F.G. Stanley, **Mapping the Frontier between British Columbia and Washington**, Toronto, Macmillan, 1970, p.7.
2. "Copy of Instructions" from Captain Parsons to Lieutenant S. Palmer, September 8,1859.
3. Palliser Papers, 1860
4. Daily Colonist, 1967, **"U.S.-Canadian Boundary," Boundary History, Report #12, 1992** p.57
5. Ibid.

Head table at the B.C.H.F. Awards Banquet in Williams Lake, April 27, 1996. Lori Hudson-Fish, Vicki Sale, Jim Glanville, Alice Glanville, Melva Dwyer.

Photos courtesy of John Spittle

Tony Farr, Thelma Lower, and Inez Farr admire the mannequin at the piano at the Museum in Williams Lake. April 26, 1996.

Helen and Philip Akrigg – Coffee time at Quesnel Forks, April 28, 1996.

Jill Rowland on B.C.H.F. tour at Quesnel Forks, April 28, 1996.

The Pacific Coast Logging Industry in the 1930s

by Daryl Wong

The forest industry has always played an important part in the development of British Columbia. An advertisement in **Forward**, a monthly magazine published in 1937, emphasized this point by stating that the "lumber industry is building with British Columbia" and that a "greater industry means a greater British Columbia."[1] In a predominantly resource extractive economy, the lumber industry ranked high. Like all industries, logging started out with the human-driven power of the handlogger and eventually mechanized with the emergence of technology such as steam donkey engines and logging railroads. However, while other industries were becoming larger, more like factories, and consolidating labour into unions in the early twentieth century, logging did not incorporate collective organization for workers in the form of unions until the mid-193O's.

Roderick Langmere Haig-Brown's novel, **Timber: A Novel Of Pacific Coast Loggers**, is a representative portrayal of logging on the Pacific Coast. It is set following the 1934 strike on Vancouver Island and deals with the period leading up to the establishment of the International Woodworkers of America (IWA) in 1937.[2] Haig-Brown, once a logger himself, gives an authentic and colorful first-hand account of the tensions and conflicts of logging on Vancouver Island during this highly charged period. The characters in the novel are living in a transition period where many are ambiguous about whether to continue to live a logger's life of transient freedom and independence or to begin to consolidate and form unions. In his story, Haig-Brown brings a unique perspective on unions. As his personal notes reveal, "I have not been concerned to write a tract in favor of unionism" but that "my book is conceived primarily to give an account of the life of one particular and very fine type of working man."[3] Therefore, this paper will argue that Haig-Brown's novel gives a more liberal than socialist view of logging unions in the 1930's, a view more reflecting the perspective of working men than of union organizers.

Timber is a story about logging society on Vancouver Island and deals with the turmoil and problems of the industry during the 1930's. Three characters bring out the mood or ethos of this interesting period. The main protagonist in the novel is Johnny Holt, who is generally portrayed as the stereotypical logger. Johnny is characterized by his "catty" (cat-like) actions on the job as a loader, and by his physical prowess. He also represents the predominant logger mentality towards unions at this time. Johnny admits that "I know there's lots of good things about unions... if the average working guy could keep control of them. But it don't happen that way."[4] He feels that unions are effective during strikes but, as Johnny's friend reminds him, "in good times there's always a bunch of bohunks gets control of it and the ordinary guy who's minding his own business gets nothing but grief."[5] In other words, Johnny believes that unions will end up being controlled by nonloggers and will benefit them instead of the "ordinary guy". Simply put, most of the loggers believe that "unions will come but not right now."[6]

Alec (Slim) Crawford, Johnny's best friend, who is also a logger (a surveyor), represents a more optimistic attitude towards unions. Throughout the novel he is constantly debating with Johnny and other loggers that unions will be to their advantage. One of Alec's main concerns is that "a union could get better safety regulations and make sure they were enforced."[7] In fact, the novel opens up at an inquest in Vancouver over the death of Charlie Davies, a fellow logger. It is accidents like this that Alec is trying to prevent from happening. Alec also feels that unions will bring "a decent wage and decent treatment"[8] as well as social stability, as "right now the companies do everything they can to keep a man from getting married."[9] Basically, Alec feels that unions will only help the situation of the loggers, who are being continually exploited by the logging companies, by giving them a collective voice.

Julie Morris, Alec's cousin, eventually falls in love with Johnny and marries him. Julie is a very beautiful girl who is "overflowing with herself and full of life...fresh and strong and full of colors."[10] Her decision to move up to live at the logging camp with Johnny foreshadows the growing sense of family and community that would establish itself in the logging community. Johnny's friend Eric and his wife, Marion Denton, are also a couple who have chosen to live close to the logging operation and represent a trend to end logger transience.

Haig-Brown's novel reveals many components of the growing and changing logging industry during the 1930's. I will use **Timber** as a vehicle to draw out certain aspects of the logging industry to show Haig-Brown's authentic vision of logging. The remainder of this paper consists of three parts. The first part deals with Haig-Brown's vision of logging, the second part discusses unions, and the final part talks about social organization and living conditions.

As mentioned earlier, **Timber** presents a unique view of unions and the logging industry on the Pacific Coast. Haig-Brown states that the only function of unions ... is the ultimate good of the individual. Unions must help the individual, but they must be only incidental to his life, a convenience and measure of security... If unionism demands too much of the individual, too great a share of his concern, his rigor, his strength, his earnings, his happiness... unionism defeats its own purpose—that of benefiting and increasing the stature of the individual, who is the single ingredient of the mass.[11]

In effect, Haig-Brown is taking a more popular liberal approach to the issue of unions. He sees them as empowering the loggers by being a "convenience" and not a burden to be dealt with. The novel revolves around the unsure position of the loggers who feel that if a union was formed it would be controlled by "a lot of foreigners that never saw a pair of caulked shoes except in a Hastings Street store."[12] Dal, one of Johnny's friends, sympathizes with the transient freedom of the loggers by saying that "this country's too near pioneering. A man likes to think

he's his own boss and can work how he wants and where he wants."[13] Haig-Brown paints a powerful picture of loggers caught between the luxury of movement and the desire to stay rooted by settling down with a wife in a logging community. Dan, one of the loggers, points out that "young guys... ought to get married and live in camp. Instead of that you make a stake, then go to town and let some goddamn chippy clean it off you before you've even taken up her skirts."[14] Pete, a good friend of Alec, advises him that "a man's only half a man without a woman."[15] In short, women mean stability.

Roderick L. Haig-Brown, a noted conservationist, was once a logger himself. He began his logging career in 1927 as a scaler, someone who identified, marked and appraised the logs to go to the mill.[16] Bennett E. Metcalfe, who wrote a biography of Haig-Brown, states that "even in his later years, when he was beginning to understand the imperatives of conservation, he would still retain a certain ambiguity about logging out of nostalgic respect for the young man of action he had been in this time."[17] Therefore, even when Haig-Brown's attitude changed from falling trees to saving them, he still respected the turbulent life of the logger. He sympathized with the loggers and adopted a working man's point of view especially concerning the issue of labour and the question of unions. Haig-Brown's view on unions will be divided into safety conditions, blacklisting, the idea of collective consolidation (unions) versus individualism, and a history of unions on the Pacific Coast with reference to the 1934 strike.

The novel starts and ends with two fatal accidents. The victims of the forest are Charlie (mentioned earlier) and Johnny's best friend, Alec. Although Charlie's death is mostly attributed to his own heroism, Alec dies because of slack logging regulations and standards. The issue of safety was a strong incentive to organize as a union. The lack of safety practices goes back to the pre-World War I period where logging operators established their own working conditions.[18] During this time, safety and the concern for loggers' welfare was unknown as "workers were a dime a dozen" and "burial procedures took place when it became convenient."[19] Even during the interwar years with the introduction of new equipment, increased production also meant increased injury. Many of the logging companies saw their workers as "expendable and easily replaceable items of equipment."[20] It was not until the establishment of the IWA in 1937 that the operators began to implement standards and regulations for the logging industry. For Johnny, the death of Alec definitely caused him to think more about the role of unions to prevent this type of tragedy from happening in the future.

Blacklisting is another important issue to consider when dealing with unions. In **Timber**, some time after the 1934 strike, Johnny, Alec and some of the loggers at the Bryan and Assalt Timber Company get together and organize a small union meeting.

Unfortunately not all the loggers from their camp show up to support the union efforts and as a result, Johnny and his friends get blacklisted by all the big major companies. Johnny admits that "we were just plain sticking our necks out"[21] and wonders why more loggers did not show up to the meeting. Alec explains the small turnout by saying that "mostly they're just scared. Jobs have been scarce a long time now and most of them are just beginning to get a little ahead."[22] Shortly after, Eric gets fired, partly for mouthing off to Dachnan (the superintendent) but mostly for participating in the union meeting. Eric explains his plight by saying that blacklisting occurs "when one of the big outfits ties a can on you."[23] Following Eric's lead, both Johnny and Alec quit and head for Vancouver to look for work. They soon realized that none of the big firms will hire either one of them as Johnny and Alec are seen as radical union agitators. The logging companies are truly afraid of union organization. As Alec states, "the way they're scared of unions they'd put an old-age pensioner to load Johnny's logs sooner than a good union man."[24]

The blacklisting that the Bryan and Assalt Timber Company used in the novel parallels the reality of the 1930's. Any union sympathizers were seen as a threat to the logging company and were blacklisted and fired. In Vancouver, as early as 1919 the logging operators created a Loggers' Agency that kept track of every man by a well-organized filing system of cards which kept track of a logger's employment, his work ability, and especially his conduct with regard to union sympathy."[25] During this period, most of the blacklisted loggers had no other choice but to work for the smaller "haywire outfits" who were more lenient and acceptable to unions. This is what Johnny and Alec did as they were unable to get on with the larger, more respectable firms which took a "hard-line position"[26] about unions. However, many of the blacklisted loggers got jobs in the bigger firms under "assumed false names... and continued to spread the union word."[27] The company's response to union persistence was to broadcast anti-union messages and drop propaganda leaflets by plane to warn of the 'Red' takeover of the province's number one industry."[28] Clearly, the big companies did not want to deal with unions and would do anything to stop their formation...

One of the key themes in the novel that oscillates primarily between Alec and Johnny is the loggers' identity—that of collective consolidation (unions) or independence. Throughout the story, Alec is continually championing the cause of unions and how they will solve all the problems of the loggers: problems such as safety, wages and better living conditions. Initially Alec's solution is for the loggers to take some action to get the unions started and also to guarantee that they have a hand in running the union. Alec takes this position because he understands what is happening in the logging industry... His job as a land surveyor puts him in a position above the common logger as he is more educated and knowledgeable. He states that "it's going to come and if good guys would get in at the start and keep busy in the thing they could control it."[29] Therefore, Alec represents the pro-union stance.

On the other hand, Johnny feels that the only ones to gain from unions will be the "bohunks and bums"[30] from Europe who will dictate the loggers' actions anyway. He represents the common loggers' attitude that things are fine the way they are, therefore do not try to make things worse... Johnny is not as knowledgeable as Alec and admits that "I'm too dumb to do anything except tag along."[31] Simply put, Johnny does not understand his position in the formation of unions. Aside from his ambiguous position on unions, Johnny also represents the loggers as a community. There are good examples in the novel that demonstrate comradery and how loggers look out for one another. In an early part of the book, Johnny and Alec deal out loggers' justice by beating up Farley, a card shark, and his crew to get back several loggers' company cheques that were lost in a card game.[32] Both of the protagonists feel a responsibility to make sure that loggers are treated fairly and are not cheated out of their hard earnings. A second example of loggers' justice deals again with Johnny and Alec breaking up a "chippy joint" where crooks lure log-

gers there and beat them up and take their money. Johnny does not think much of these people and releases his anger by saying that "I hate these goddamn suckers... sitting in town getting fat off guys that have been out working in rain and filth for six months."[33] In both cases, there is a feeling of community among the loggers somewhat similar to an earlier period of logging where the Georgia Strait was seen as a "main street" and the coastal area of the logger's world was referred to as the "jungle."[34]

Although Alec and Johnny take different positions on unions in the end they both agree that unions should be handled by the "real organizers, professionals that know the job and get paid for it."[35] The job of the logger then is simply to keep doing his job and help when he can but leave most of the work to the hired organizers. By having everyone do their own job efficiently, unions will come to benefit the logger. As Haig-Brown notes, "unionism can be a valuable servant of the working man... Above all, unionism is not... achieved by sacrifice of the independence and integrity of the individual man."[36]

The final part of my analysis of unions deals with a history of the union movement up to the period covered by the novel and concluding with the formation of the International Woodworkers of America (IWA) in 1937. The 1934 strike on Vancouver Island in the Campbell River area, mentioned in **Timber**, was an important stepping stone for the Pacific Coast loggers, and the Interior loggers as well, in encouraging unionization.

The background to the 1934 strike reveals the mentality of the union organizers. The nature of the logging industry in British Columbia is important to explain why it was so difficult to organize. Gordon Hak states that the geographical separation of the logging industry into coastal and interior regions was partly responsible for collective organization. The coastal industry was dominant because of higher quality trees (Douglas fir and Cedar), its moderate climate allowing year round operation, mechanization. and its ties to Vancouver as a reference point for the loggers as well as a source of labour.[37] On the other hand, the interior had smaller trees of poorer quality, seasonal and transient labour, horse-drawn power, and a labour base in the Prairies.[38] Because of these differences, it was harder to organize.

Due to its advantage in mechanization, the coast began to industrialize in the 1910's which resulted in a breakdown of personal contact between logger and owner that had previously prevailed.[39] By 1918, the divide between labour and capital was so great that the B.C. Loggers Union was formed with 15,000 members to address grievances such as wages and unsanitary living conditions.[40] The secretary of the union was Ernest Winch, who had joined the Socialist Democratic Party (SDP) in 1911 (which changed its name to the more radical Socialist Party of Canada (SPC) in 1918).[41] Winch, who identified himself as a '"practical socialist,"[42] followed SPC belief that "their primary commitment was to the political struggle and the furthering of 'scientific socialism' through education."[43] He seemed to have a different agenda for the union as a way to prepare the workers for the "impending revolution" where "industrial organizations could be used for political purposes."[44] In 1919 the B.C. Loggers Union changed its name to the Lumber Worker's Industrial Union (LWIU).[45] However, the strikes and walkouts which were organized failed and by 1926 the LWIU had disappeared.[46] Much of the resistance was due to a ruthless anti-union campaign by employers, strong action by the state, and a post-war depression.[47] Another major problem was internal within the LWIU between leaders and members. The leaders had revolutionary socialist political motives while the loggers were leaning towards "economic struggle and militant industrial unionism."[48] Haig-Brown supports this working-class view later on in the 1930's as part of his liberal vision of unions helping the workers to improve their position relative to capital.

Myrtle Bergren offers a good description of the logging industry in the 1930's. She states that bv 1929, "Vancouver and British Columbia in general were in the mainstream of the North American labour movement, through such unions as the printers and building trades, coal and hardrock miners—yet the lumber workers of the province had not as yet succeeded in becoming organized."[49] This lack of organization was due to camp isolation meaning little communication, the transient nature of the work, the number of small operators, and the rough conditions in the camps.[50] Therefore in 1929, the Lumber and Agricultural Workers Union (Lumber Workers Union) was formed in Vancouver with initially 25 members who believed that the "conviction... to organize the union was the most important thing in their lives, next to survival."[51] This union was a re-emergence of a militant industrial union, led by revolutionary socialists.[52] However, the leaders corrected their previous approach by combining both political and economical forms of struggle. By the early 1930's, many of the organizers set up their "soap boxes" and spread the "word of trade unionism" to the loggers and millworkers.[53] Another form of union propaganda was the secret distribution of the "union rag," the B.C. Lumber Worker newspaper.[54] The logging operators were so strict that "if they seen you distributin' it, it wasn't just that you got fired there. You was blacklisted in every camp."[55] This newly reformed union was definitely taking a more active stance in spreading the idea of unions.

The 1934 strike was a large collective effort by the west coast loggers to stand up against the logging operators and voice their demands. In December 1933, during the annual shut-down, a wage-scale conference was held on Vancouver Island to discuss proposals for an increased wage-scale.[56] By January 1934, the "fighting spirit" of the conference had spread outwards as loggers everywhere were angry at the "autocratic treatment" of the operators.[57] The loggers had many grievances such as wages being based upon "the whim of the employer—what he wanted to pay" and also the "high rate of accidents" that the operators made no attempt to prevent.[58] On January 26 of that same year, 62 loggers at the Bloedel, Stewart and Welch Company at Menzies Bay were fired.[59] However, the union was prepared. The union organizers held a series of meetings to stress the unfair conditions of working in the logging camps. One of the speeches emphatically exclaimed that "you are not a man at all—you are a serf!"[60] The union demands consisted of a wage increase of 15 percent, $3.20 a day minimum, recognition of union camp committees, and an end to Sunday work.[61] By this time, the union had organized several of the large railway camps in the Campbell River area to walkout.[62] The logging operators, who had formed the B.C. Loggers' Association in response to the Lumber Workers Union, exclaimed: "you will never work in the B.C. woods again!"[63]

Public support in Vancouver was overwhelming as union publicity campaigns canvassed the city to make the citizens aware of the loggers' cause. The loggers reinforced the justice of their cause by keeping "strict cleanliness" in the picket camps and making certain that there was "no drinking whatsoever."[64] The public sympathized with

the loggers and donated food to keep the loggers going. In April 1934, the Bloedel, Stewart and Welsch Company reopened with strikebreakers.[65]

The union organized a massive 500 man march to harass the strikebreakers, preventing them from moving any logs.[66] The march was successful. The B.C. Loggers' Association "fought a losing battle on every front."[67] They tried to churn up public support by claiming that the union was Communist-inspired and Moscow-led."[68] The operators did not succeed, and by this time there was an increased demand for government intervention to step in and salvage the province's most important industry. On April 26, 1934, the strike ended with the union satisfied with their demands, including the raised minimum wage to $3.20 a day.[69] Union activity continued and in 1937, a legally recognized union was formed—the International Woodworkers of America (IWA) which included logging and sawmill workers.[70] The struggle was finally over.

This analysis on the contribution of unions in the logging industry helps to reveal one of the central unifying themes in **Timber**. The novel seems to revolve around this crucial issue that the loggers had to face. Even after the 1934 strike, which was a tremendous effort to help establish the IWA in 1937, Haig-Brown reveals through his characters that there was still some doubt as to whether the loggers wanted unions or not. Although Johnny eventually realizes his proper role (to just do his job), he still symbolizes the ambiguity among the common logger. For Johnny, he "merely [wanted] a better deal without any political affiliation."[71] Johnny represents the average logger and reinforces my argument that the establishment of unions for the loggers were motivated more by "bread and butter"[72] issues than by political ones. The IWA, led by socialist organizers, gave the loggers the best chance of getting a "better deal," and that is what they got. The socialist influence in unions dating back to the LWIU in 1919 remained a dominant presence after the legalization of the IWA in 1937. Hak states that "the communists established a close relationship with the workers, a relationship which was extremely important in building the strong International Woodworkers of America and in maintaining a powerful left-wing presence in British Columbia circles."[73]

The second part of this paper deals with the living conditions and social organization as seen in the novel. This section of the paper will be broken down into two parts. The first part will look at living conditions and the second part will evaluate social organization dealing with logging communities versus logger independence. These two parts are interconnected with unions, which had a hand in shaping the loggers' social landscape in the 1930's.

The living conditions of the loggers gradually improved over the years. In the pre-World War I period, there were crowded bunkhouses, few or no windows, no ventilation, and no mattresses or bedding.[74] The camps were also known for their bad food which was often "served on battered enamel plates which housed all manner of bacteria."[75] Many of these conditions were partly due to the transient nature of the workforce. With so many loggers coming and going the operators did not pay too much attention to the loggers' living conditions and therefore provided the minimum necessities of life. These conditions improved in the period after the war as there emerged "smaller, steam-heated, electrically lit bunkhouses...with individual rooms for two to four men" along with bedding bullcooks (who did the cleaning) and the establishment of dining rooms accompanied by improved meals.[76] Many of these living conditions are seen in **Timber**. At the Bryan and Assalt Timber Company camps, the bunkhouses had several wings to house small groups of loggers. The camps also had steam heating, as Johnny enjoyed the "warmth of the boiler."[77] Regardless of these improved conditions, many of the loggers still moved around with their "suitcase under the bunk,"[78] ready to leave at a moment's notice. As industrialization progressed in the industry, there was a need for more reliable, skilled, stable workers.[79] One of the most significant changes was the establishment of the logging community. Richard Rajala points out that "the logging communities which the operators hoped would provide a permanent solution to the problem of an independent workforce ultimately allowed the unionization of the industry."[80] Therefore, this attempt to provide worker stability was directly connected to the establishment of unions.

The second part of this section deals with social organization. As mentioned in the previous part, the logging community emerged in the post-war period as a way to stabilize the workers. This is where the role of women in the novel is emphasized. Julie and Marion (Eric's wife) both live at the logging camp with their respective husbands. In a sense, they are pioneers of the logging community as they enforce morality upon the men. Marion "straightened" Eric up as he was getting to be "quite a booze-hound."[81] Just by doing this, Eric was "steadier and a whole lot more sure of himself" on the job and was "getting ahead."[82] Johnny was also affected by Julie's presence at the camp as he was "so sure of himself all the time, always one jump ahead of whatever is happening."[83] Rajala verifies the point that women affected the logging communities by stating that the "new industrial villages would domesticate the logger."[84]

The flipside to the logging community was logger independence. Before Johnny married and settled down with Julie, he embodied the popular loggers' attitude. He once used to be caught in the loggers' cycle: "they'll work like hell in camp for six months, then go to town and spend everything they've got in a couple of weeks on booze and chippies... then go back and do the same thing over."[85] Johnny also talks about the freedom of movement of the logger as he leaves one job to get another or just quits and goes to town to drink. He compared this independence to "living like a goddamn animal."[86] As the size of the logging communities grew, many of the loggers realized that they should get married and settle down as Johnny did. By providing a sense of place for loggers in a rooted environment, unionization was more possible as many loggers hoped to give up the transient lifestyle in favour of a stable one.

Roderick Langmere Haig-Brown's novel **Timber** offers an excellent representation of the logging industry on the Pacific Coast during the 1930's. Haig-Brown brings out many aspects of logging life within the camp but also outside the camp in places such as Vancouver as well. Unions are the key to the novel as most of the events revolve around this constantly pressing issue. As I argued in this paper, Haig-Brown takes a liberal workingman's approach to unions and expresses sympathy for the loggers as they struggle to better their position in the logging industry. The alternative view emphasizes socialism which progresses from a political revolutionary form to a more moderate rhetoric which recognized both political and economical issues. It was this mutual understanding that resulted in the forming of the IWA in 1937. The IWA continued to represent loggers in the late twentieth century. During the late 1980's, the IWA was concerned with serious issues such as preserv-

ing the environment while at the same time keeping jobs. As we enter the middle of the 1990's, the IWA is still going strong as one of the strongest industrial unions in Canada.[87]

Haig-Brown was primarily known as a conservationist and his attitude toward the logging industry is interesting and revealing. He was once a logger himself and as Metcalfe noted, Haig-Brown had a "nostalgic respect" for the men of the woods. This was partly due to his love of the outdoors, which brought to him a "touch of romance."[88] Also, Haig-Brown enjoyed the nature of the work which he described as "hard but exhilarating."[89] In his later years, Haig-Brown reflected on the logger in the forest going through a "pioneer's struggle." but "as soon as survival is assured he turns from his hatred of trees and begins to plant trees."[90] Even though Haig-Brown develops a conservationist attitude, he still acknowledges the loggers' struggle with the land and accepts this. He truly sees the logging industry as initially one of destruction, but eventually one of conservation.

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Bathing Suits

by Iris Emerson

When it came to swimming, gentlemen led the way. They enjoyed a dip in a lake or river or the seaside waves. Ladies preferred to sit on the beach but the more adventurous donned bathing costumes and waded up to their knees... or waists with never a thought of actually swimming. As more and more ladies took to the water, bathing costumes became a fashion item. When both sexes were assembled at a popular beach gentlemen adopted a suit of wool that was very like their underwear except the colors were dark, frequently striped. The ladies in Victorian and Edwardian times could not reveal their bodies so they were clad in calf length dresses, also wool, that had long sleeves, high necks and long bloomers tucked into stockings and worn with bathing shoes. How cumbersome these must have been especially if they got wet ! Little by little the costume was modified until the 1890s when some dared to remove the skirt. Without that extra nuisance they might actually be able to swim. In the swimming baths (as pools were then designated), one could always touch the bottom and stand up if necessary; at natural beaches the use of "water wings" kept milady afloat.

Bathing dresses followed the popular dress styles. Sleeves were puffed at the shoulders, the bodice had ample gathers and some even sported sailor collars.

As time went on the bloomers shortened and sleeves eventually disappeared. Knitted bathing suits became very popular with men, women and children. The skirt was now very short on all suits but ladies retained their long stockings and bathing shoes. It was 1920 before it was acceptable for a lady to appear bare legged on the beach.

In 1930 a "Sun Tan Bathing Suit" was designed for men. It had large cut out sections back and sides. The cut out back was quickly adopted by women as well. Some suits were still itchy wool; some knitted cotton suits, mainly in children's sizes, appeared. The wet cotton bagged when wet and worse, if white or light colored, wet cotton became virtually transparent! By the late 1930s the two piece bathing suit had emerged for women. Men were now discarding the top half of their suits in favor of trunks only. But many public swimming pools insisted that men's suits with tops were mandatory. Designers obliged with a swim suit with a detachable top.

This girl is modeling a 1902 navy blue bathing suit of very fine wool. The skirt is removable. There is a sailor collar. The bathing shoes are authentic. The little boys suit (with buttons on the shoulder) is dated 1900.

Picture courtesy Canadiana Costume Museum

Wartime economies meant no elastic and very few buttons so styles changed to accommodate these problems. Bathing suits were now made with cotton and some very attractive designs blossomed. After the war elasticized rubber bathing suits molded the figure and were very "dressy" for the beach. (They were also very hot to wear.)

With the introduction of nylon into the fashion world, swim suits took on a new look and built in bras gave everyone a terrific figure. Cole of California created some fabulous swim wear known as their "Scandal Collection." These were made in beautiful color combinations together with flesh toned net. Very low cuts could be revealing and yet covered at the same time.

1965 brought the bikinis to the beaches for both men and women, shocking the general public. The new sensations were obviously here to stay... and stay they have !

Bio Note: Iris Emerson is a coordinator of most of the displays arranged by the Canadiana Costume Museum in Victoria. Currently see displays at Craigflower Farmhouse and School.

Swimsuits popular in 1884.

Smithsonian photo 58466

The Terrible Tempered Joseph Irwin

by Edward L. Affleck

The one-room school began to mushroom in British Columbia during the last decades of the nineteenth century and continued to proliferate until the time of World War II. The task of a teacher in a one-room school was always a challenging one. The successful teacher in such a school required not only uncommon powers of creativity and leadership to provide stimulating learning situations in classrooms virtually devoid of learning resources, but also uncommon powers of diplomacy to cope with parents and other adult members of the little school district. Fortunate was the teacher who arrived in a community not already divided over some educational or taxation issue. Heaven help the teacher who, in an effort to mitigate a certain amount of community strife, succumbed to "taking sides."

The teaching career of Joseph Irwin, one of the early teachers in the British Columbia interior, epitomizes the wretched lot which could befall an individual who, however intelligent, lacked many of the essential diplomatic skills. Born in Ontario on Christmas Day 1856, Irwin followed in the footsteps of his older brother Archibald by qualifying for a First-class Ontario teaching certificate then seeking a teaching career in British Columbia. Archibald Irwin began teaching in the Nicola Valley in 1875, married into the well-regarded pioneer Woodward family, and then served briefly as Principal of the Cache Creek Boarding School, a political bed of red hot coals. Archibald later became active in politics in the Kamloops district and served as Indian Agent in that area.

Joseph Irwin began teaching in British Columbia in August, 1882, when he was appointed @ $60.00 / month to take charge of the one-room school in the rough and ready railway construction settlement of Yale. Of Irish Protestant descent, Irwin seems to have inherited a potent Irish temper. His experiences with the rough, tough kids in Yale over a period of five years likely encouraged him to develop a somewhat summary approach to the meting out of punishment. Joseph Irwin had not been long in British Columbia before he further followed faithfully in his brother's footsteps by espousing Alice Ann Woodward, sister of Archibald's wife Eleanor. In August, 1887 the younger Irwins again emulated the older couple by taking charge of the Cache Creek Boarding School, Joseph as Principal and Alice as Matron. Steadily dwindling enrolment marked their tenure there, but this development seems to have arisen partly because after a decade as the victim of political scrummage the reputation of the school was in shreds, and partly because local one-room schools were opening up all over the B. C. interior.

In August, 1890, the sudden decision of the Provincial Government to close the boarding school left Joseph Irwin, now the father of three, with the unenviable task of seeking a teaching post after the school year had begun. A term at Lulu Island was followed by two years in his wife's home district of Lower Nicola. It was in August, 1893 that he made his fateful move to take charge of the one-room school in the burgeoning agricultural and railway community of Salmon Arm. Settlement in Salmon Arm did not really begin in earnest until the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1885.[1] By 1893, however, the community was already somewhat divided between "old-timers" who had taken up land before 1890 and "latecomers." Population increase had been so rapid that the log school erected in 1890 had already been replaced by a frame building 20' x 34'. By August, 1893 this building was pressed to house 31 pupils, triple the 1890 enrolment, and would be more severely taxed by further increases in the next two years.

Joseph Irwin apparently lost little time in establishing law and order in the classroom, then turned his attention to straightening out the community. When an Orange Lodge was started in 1894, Irwin was elected Master. The baseball craze having penetrated to the Interior, Irwin was elected chairman of the baseball club. The equally active temperance movement also found him an ardent supporter. One surmises that Alice Irwin, now the mother of five, was housebound at this time. This participation was an exemplary measure on Irwin's part, but unfortunately he began to extend his influence in community affairs to the point of pressing for a change in the make-up of the three-man school board. Algernon Joseph Palmer (secretary), J. Stace Smith and Thomas Shaw had struggled to establish the school district in 1890 and had served on it ever since. The trio seem to have worked hard and to have been acceptable to the settlers until sometime in the spring of 1894 when Irwin touched the match to the fuse by claiming that since Shaw was Palmer's son-in-law, a broader representation of settlers on the three-man board was required.

During 1894 battle lines were drawn in Salmon Arm School District, with teacher Joseph Irwin actively campaigning against the incumbent trustees. His efforts were successful, as three new trustees were elected that summer. The election, however, proved to be but an opening skirmish in a community bombardment of S.D. Pope, B. C. Superintendent of Education in Victoria. Letters, petitions and counter-petitions winged their way to the Capital City into the spring of 1895. The "old-timers" faction wanted Irwin fired, while his supporters larded their communications with praise. Irwin, too, swelled the post with long effusions of explanation and justification. Among complaints levied against Irwin were abusive language, fisticuffs with C. B. Harris, a parent, closing the school to attend a shooting match, undue punishment of ex-trustee Palmer's daughter Mamie, undue favouritism towards his own children, and being a cause of annoyance and trouble in the neighbourhood. The current trustees attempted to hold a public enquiry, but no one would chair the meeting which seems to have deteriorated into a shouting match.

The current trustees continued to uphold Irwin's management of the school with the result that in January, 1895 Harris and Palmer proceeded to keep their aggregate of nine children at home and other dissidents proceeded to do likewise. Pope's efforts at peace-making by post proved fruitless, so in March, 1895 he sent William Burns, later the first principal of the Vancouver Normal School, to Salmon Arm to conduct a proper public investigation of the situation in the school district. Burns seems to have made a thorough job of listening to everybody, including the children, who dutifully took

whatever side their parents were on. He found that there was obvious exaggeration on both sides, but despaired of arbitrating an agreement. He found Irwin himself to be violent in his words and quite unconciliatory in manner. Pope accordingly ordered Irwin's dismissal. The current trustees would not carry out this order, so that finally the B.C. Council of Public Education, which had control of payment of teachers' salaries in "assisted rural districts," advised Irwin that he would receive no salary after the close of the 1895 spring term. Irwin appealed to the Minister of Education, but to no avail.

The continued increase in population offered Irwin another chance. A new school district of Upper Salmon Arm (popularly known as "Dolan's Corner") opened in August, 1895 and he was appointed teacher. Alas, dissention did not die down, and Irwin was ousted as at March 31, 1896. A Legislative Hearing followed this last event, culminating in Irwin being deprived of his First Class B. C. Teaching Certificate. The family left the district in April, 1896. The bevy of reports and correspondence offered as evidence at the Hearing were enshrined in the 1896 Sessional Papers of British Columbia. Perhaps the most gruesome event to be recorded for posterity was the dropping of a dead dog in Irwin's well. The dissidents were not lacking in resourcefulness.

Having a wife and five children to support, Irwin set himself up as a notary public and mining and real estate broker in the Slocan mining settlement of New Denver, while continuing to lobby for the restoration of his teaching certificate. Eventually his certificate was restored, so in January, 1899 he started teaching at the remote Okanagan Lake settlement of Short's Point (now Fintry). One surmises that the fact that four of Irwin's children were still of elementary school age and could thus swell a skimpy enrolment may have served as an enticement to the Short's Point school board. In August, 1899 Irwin secured a position in the school at New Denver. This was a fortunate break, as New Denver showed promise of urban growth, and only urban schools offered much chance of advancement for teachers, as the salary offered a teacher in an assisted rural school usually remained year after year at minimum scale. Alas, however, Irwin's vicissitudes had done nothing to ameliorate his formidably short temper. He was wont to berate pupils and to beat them violently on little provocation. Two years of this behaviour sufficed for parents in New Denver, so that once again it was time for Irwin to move on.

August, 1901 found Irwin ensconced at the former Kootenay Lake smelting settlement of Pilot Bay, which was in a somewhat moribund state, as its sole remaining industrial unit, a large sawmill, was in the process of winding down. Once again, Irwin's three children still of elementary school age served to make up the quota necessary to stave off a school closure. In 1965 your author had occasion to interview Mabel (Davis) Fay, who was a pupil in Pilot Bay during the Irwin regime. The passing years had not impaired Mrs. Fay's memory of the "reign of terror" that ensued with Irwin's arrival. His paroxysms of fury, which prompted him to lash out with a heavy hand and a fiery tongue, vitiated his teaching ability.

When the Pilot Bay school closed in 1903, Irwin moved to the Hume Extension School serving an area east of the Nelson City Limits, which two decades later was incorporated into the City as the suburb of Fairview. He survived at the Hume School for three years, but by August, 1906 a move 17 miles south to the somewhat tough mining settlement of Ymir was warranted. One year in the turbulent Ymir school sufficed, and it seemed now, at the age of fifty, Irwin and teaching had reached the final parting. He secured a job as freight clerk at the Nelson City Wharf.

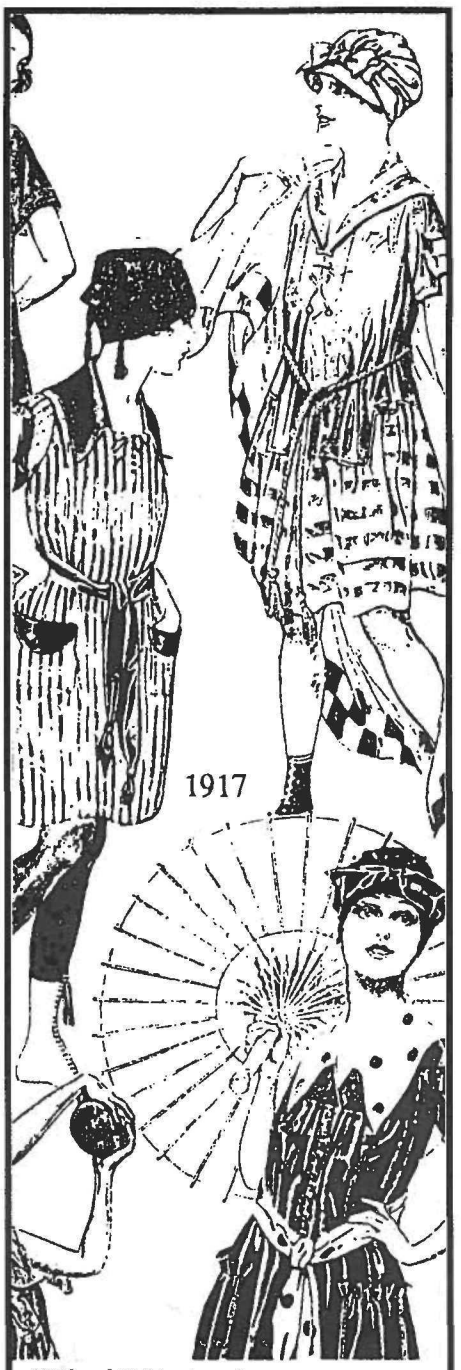
World War I, with its attendant teaching shortage, re-opened the classroom door for Irwin. In September, 1914 he embarked on three years in the one-room school at the now vanished mining settlement of Erie, southwest of present-day Salmo, where he earned the sum of $75 monthly, thanks to wartime inflation. His last teaching berth was in the small Slocan Valley community of Perry Siding.

Joseph Irwin's death in Nelson in 1918 brought to an end his turbulent days in the teaching profession. He was a man of considerable intellectual and organizational ability, but ill-suited to a teaching career. Weighed down by the responsibilities of a large family, he seems to have had few options outside of the classroom. It would be consoling to think that Irwin's life represents an isolated example in the saga of the one-room school in British Columbia. The early Public Schools Reports, however, indicate that Irwin was not the only "Flying Dutchman" constantly searching for the school district which would offer him some respite. The other side of the coin offers examples such as pioneer teacher Adelaide Bailey who was dearly loved and valued in the various communities where she taught. Even such a teacher as Miss Bailey, however, scarcely found life in the one-room school to be a rose garden.

Bio Note: the author read the article "The Cache Creek Provincial Boarding School" in the previous issue of this magazine then quickly reactivated his file on the last teacher at that school. We thank this energetic researcher for presentations on a great variety of topics.

Footnote:

1. Doe, Ernest. **The History of Salmon Arm, 1881-1912.** Salmon Arm, **The Observer**, 1947. Page 4.



1916 and 1917 swim suits.

Report of Conference - 1996

Eighty-five history buffs arrived in Williams Lake to attend the Annual Conference of the B.C. Historical Federation April 26-28. Friday a new, helpful package was offered. The morning workshop featured Lee Boyko and Greg Evans of the B.C. Museums Association talking on accessioning materials by small museums while the second workshop was a panel of three, moderated by Helen Akrigg, presenting helpful hints to writers of local history. Jean Barman and Gordon Elliott concentrated on researching and writing while Howard White gave advice and explanations on the mechanics of getting one's book into print.

The Museum of Cariboo Chilcotin was the site of a welcoming wine and cheese party. Delegates circulated meeting old friends and new while admiring the beautifully laid out displays.

Late arrivals swelled the attendance on Saturday to 110 eager participants. George Atamanenko, 150 Mile House resident and president elect of the Heritage Society of B.C., introduced the speakers. The first speaker, John Roberts, chose some examples of "Litigation in the Cariboo" as his topic which was delivered in a very lighthearted manner. "The Tale of a Chilcotin Rancher" was told by Tim Bayliff of his grandfather Hugh on the spread now being worked by a fourth generation member of the family. Gerry Bracewell, cowgirl and guide-outfitter, told of many of her adventures in the Chilcotin. This lady met each challenge from the time she arrived as a teenager to now when she is proud grandmother of three preschoolers. After a catered lunch, Branwen Patenaude, author of **Trails to Gold** showed slides of many of the roadhouses built to cater to foot and horse traffic in the days of the Cariboo gold rush.

Next came the Annual General Meeting and the evening Awards Banquet. Master of Ceremonies for the dinner was Barry Sale, principal of Anne Stevenson Secondary School in Williams Lake and son of our Corresponding Secretary Don Sale. After saying a memorable grace he directed diners to the laden buffet table. Pixie McGeachie, chair of the annual BCHF Writing Competition announced and introduced the winners for 1995. Paula Wild, author of **Sointula: Island Utopia** and Ken Drushka, author of **H.R.: A Biography of H.R. MacMillan** were honored in absentia. Co-authors of **Atlin: The Story of British Columbia's Last Gold Rush** received the Lieutenant-Governor's medal. Christine Dickenson of Houston and Diane Solie Smith of Atlin had cooperated by phone and fax to polish the writing of this book. Howard White of Harbour Publishing was honored for publishing **Sointula** and **H.R.** and many other excellent books on B.C. history. The winner of the Best Article in **B.C. Historical News** in 1995 was Esther Darlington of Cache Creek. She was presented with a certificate and cheque for "Fabulous Fanny Faucault". Next introduced was Richard Thomas Wright. It is said that laughter is good for digestion and laugh we did at his embellished history which contained subtle admonitions about the care and management of our heritage sites. The evening ended on a musical note. Geoff Patenaude of Horsefly has composed songs about the Cariboo. He plays guitar to accompany his three daughters in the rendition of these ballads.

Sunday morning two buses left Williams Lake about 8:30 am. Branwen Patenaude pointed out specific lakes and roadhouses along the way. When we approached Quesnel Forks we were stopped and encouraged to go to a viewpoint to observe a mudslide on the far bank of the Quesnel River. We then trekked through the Quesnel Forks (Likely) Cemetery which has explanatory signage and restored grave markers. Among the remaining log buildings we found students serving tea, coffee and doughnuts to fortify us. These students from Likely Secondary are keen supporters of their teacher Dave Falconer in his bid to preserve as much of Quesnel Forks as possible. They eagerly explained the reconfiguration of the river beside us, lamenting the loss of a calm swimming hole behind a now vanished island. They dressed in period costume as they stirred the campfire under the waterpots, and joined in answering questions about the decaying log buildings on this point at the confluence of the Quesnel and Cariboo Rivers. The bus ground up steep hills and along a narrow gravel road back to Likely where a tasty repast awaited us at the Likely Hilton. (That's right, folks. The **Likely Hilton**.) The bus was now back on tarmac but the 85 km. to 150 Mile House is very winding and reaches an elevation much higher than Williams Lake.

We extend a great big THANK YOU to the committee who organized this 1996 conference.

Branwen Patenaude - shown here at the conclusion of her slide show and talk on Cariboo road houses.

Photo courtesy of John Spittle

Mayor Walt Cobb and his wife - Head table at B.C.H.F. Awards Banquet. Williams Lake, April 27, 1996.

NEWS & NOTES

BCHF 1996 Annual General Meeting

The Annual General Meeting was conducted in a businesslike manner by President Alice Glanville. Forty-five voting delegates represented many of the thirty-two member societies. Correspondence included notices of [1] meetings being held across the province to prepare long term plans for the B.C. Museums Association and the Heritage Society of B.C. and [2] pending changes in the structure of B.C. Archives and Records Service in Victoria. Committee reports were presented by Tony Farr on the **B.C. Historical News** publication; Pixie McGeachie on the mechanics of handling the 34 books entered for the Writing Competition; Anne Yandle giving notice that Frances Gundry will succeed her as Scholarship Chairman; John Spittle pleased to announce that the first streetcar on the old Interurban is returning to Vancouver; Publications Assistance has had no recent requests for funds; and Melva Dwyer reported that the special workshops were within budget.

Our new Honorary President, Len Nicholls of Nanaimo, was introduced and welcomed. Then a very deserving (and very surprised) John Spittle was declared to be now an Honorary Life Member.

Reports from member societies were subjected to time restraint but the following tidbits were gleaned. Aldergrove Historical Society is opening a museum on June 22. The North Shuswap Historical Society has produced its fifth volume of **Shuswap Chronicles.** Victoria Historical Society has expanded its executive council and finds the "share the work" philosophy has improved participation tremendously. District 69 in Parksville reports increased attendance at its Craig Bay Museum site; visitors stopping at the Chamber of Commerce (now immediately adjacent) walk through the museum before driving onward. Our Archivist from Princeton notes that considerable material used in four separate histories of the Kettle Valley Railway came from her hometown archives. Arrow Lakes Historical Society is upgrading their archives so five members attended a Basic Archives course recently. The Okanagan Historical Society announced that Dr. Jean Barman was scheduled to be guest speaker at their May 5th meeting in Salmon Arm.

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A Recollection in Stanley Park

__Interchange '96 was held on February 16-17 at the Stanley Park Pavilion. This annual meeting, sponsored by Heritage Trust, is a gathering of representatives of the umbrella organizations, namely: B.C. Museums Association, Heritage Society of B.C., B.C. Historical Federation, B.C. Archivists, Archaeological Society of B.C. and the Underwater Archaeologists. Several of those present mentioned a special memory of an earlier visit to this Stanley Park building. We would like to share the memory of John Bovey, Provincial Archivist, from Victoria.

"I attended a French kindergarten and the graduation of my kindergarten class was held in this Stanley Park Pavilion. I was a five year old, garbed all in green as a pixie with a little green hat. (That hat was prominent in my mother's house until she died.) The guest speaker that afternoon was the French consul. He started to address the group then burst into tears. He had learned, minutes before leaving his office, that France had fallen to the Germans, June 22, 1940. Seeing a grown man weep printed the memory of that day indelibly on my mind."

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Eleanor Hancock's Newsletter

December marked the final issue of **Thompson's River Post**, thrice-yearly newsletter of the Kamloops Museum Association. Eleanor Hancock finished up 11 years as editor/manager, probably a record - editors do come and go!

Eleanor Hancock laughs about the end to her job. She and her partner gave one year's notice but were terminated early in favour of a short, more frequent publication initiated by KMA president Wilf Schmidt.

Later, on behalf of the Association, president Schmidt presented them with handsome pens, with a reminder that there was always additional volunteer work at the museum.

Eleanor says that during those 11 years, she worked with six Association presidents, two curators and numerous other supportive board members and staff. She served twice on the board. Three years ago she was joined by Mel Rothenburger, editor of the **Kamloops Daily News** and author of four books.

Mel Rothenburger undertook to paginate the newsletter, ending the cut and paste work. The result was a classy looking publication. And a new name. **'Thompson's River Post.'**

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Balloon Bomb Defense

Douglas Patten of Saanichton recently read the Summer 1995 issue of this magazine. He wrote to tell us: " My brother Gordon was decorated for shooting down many of these balloon bombs before they reached the coast. He flew a Kittyhawk P40 #N1051 on March 10, 1945 over Salt Spring Island. He flew with Fighter Squadron #133 Royal Canadian Air Force. The aircraft he flew is now at the Planes of Fame Air Museum in Chino, California. It is still flown and last flew in a Sony TV commercial in October 1995. Gorden now lives in Roseville, California."

Do you Happen to Know ?

• A reader in Coquitlam wants to know whether anyone can provide information on the Sun Ray Radio Club, or Uncle Billy Hassel, or a character known as "The Kootney (Kootenay) Kid. Write or phone the Editor - address inside the back cover.

• Father Chris Thomas, University Chaplain, University of Liverpool, Mount Pleasant, Liverpool, England L3 5TQ is trying to trace relatives who emigrated to Canada sometime after 1918. His great uncle Sam Lloyd married and came to Canada, fathered two daughters, one of whom was called Doris. Doris had a son who lost touch with the family in England. Can anyone help Father Chris get in touch with any descendant(s) of Sam Lloyd ?

• Residents of Elko in southeastern B.C. are trying to learn more of their early history. They are denied information normally gleaned from tombstones in the old cemetery. Most of the wooden grave markers were burned by a grass fire in 1947. This community once boasted a sawmill and two railway lines (C.P.R. and Great Northern Railway.) If you had family or friends who lived, worked or may be buried there please supply the name and any remembered facts to: Mrs. Carolyn Haarstad, Box 1068, Elko, B.C. VOB 1J0, Phone (604) 529-7637.

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Constitutional Frustration ?

It used to be that any group wishing recognition as a non-profit society decided local aims and objectives then enlisted the help of a lawyer to draft a constitution and by-laws. This then was registered with a government department. It was kept current by annual payment and report to the Registrar of Companies. Process was described for amending your constitution as needed.

North Shore Historical Society had attempted to update their constitution. Each altered clause cost an individual fee... if the wording was accepted by officials in the provincial office. After several rejections of attempted revision, a member of the Society (a Solicitor and Barrister) recommended that this North Vancouver Historical Society cancel its old Constitution, obtain a refund for so doing, then reapply for Incorporation, using the basic Constitution and Bylaws provided and preferred by the Ministry.

Details of this, should you need this for any local non-profit society of which you are a member, are available from:

Ministry of Finance and Corporate Relations
Registrar of Companies
2nd Floor 940 Blanshard Street
Victoria, B.C. V8W 3E6

Cranbrook Archives, Museum and Landmark Foundation

This organization, locally referred to as CAMAL, celebrated its 20th anniversary on February 21,1996. At the annual dinner many of the past boards of directors were present and acknowledged. While the initial thrust concentrated on Archives it quickly expanded to landmarks. Garry Anderson, while a student in the faculty of Architecture, had done a Heritage Study for Cranbrook City Council, of older buildings in town.

The Museum facility has grown from the Dining Car Argyle which was acquired in 1977 - to twenty-three railway cars, a railway station, and a water tower. Under the energetic leadership of Garry Anderson most of the on-site cars have been restored and opened to the public during visiting hours. Six units of the Cranbrook Railway Museum were displayed at Expo '86. By 1993 this Cranbrook based display was granted the name "The Canadian Museum of Rail Travel." This unique railway museum is a recommended destination for history buffs. There are great plans for the future - more units and two engines are promised. Fund raising is underway to build a giant roof to protect these gems.

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North Pacific Cannery Museum

The oldest cannery still standing in British Columbia is now a museum. It is a wonderful place. And, if you time your visit right, you will be treated to a fascinating history of the development of canning and canneries at the mouth of the Skeena River. Curator/actor/teacher David Boyce portrays dozens of the characters who left their imprint on North Pacific Cannery. You can almost feel their ghosts trotting along the wooden walkway in and out of the buildings standing on pilings near the village of Port Edward, a few minutes east of Prince Rupert.

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Haunted House??

Have you heard bumps in the night? or had doors opening when no one was there? Author Robert Belyk is seeking local ghost stories for a future book. If you know of eerie happenings please share them with Mr. Belyk by letter. Write to him c/o P.O. Box 78052, Port Coquitlam, B.C. V3B 7H5.

Canada-Wide Health and Medical Archives

Telephone Information Network
1-800-281-INFO
(1-800-281-4636)
Metro Toronto: 416-978-6738

The Centre for Research in Information Studies at the University of Toronto, in association with the Hannah Institute for the History of Medicine, has established a new non-profit toll-free reference, advice and communications service specifically designed to help practitioners, researchers, custodians of archival materials, and others find answers to research problems and get advice on practical issues associated with keeping healthcare and medical archives.

The Network uses a menu-based voice-messaging system to route callers to recorded information on specific topics, and also allows callers to record personal messages requesting advice and assistance about specific problems and issues - to be answered by Network administrators or referred, as appropriate, to various consulting advisors.

Callers may also use the Network to record messages announcing events, programs and activities of interest to the archival and medical history research communities in Canada - new publications and work-in-progress, upcoming meetings and conferences, professional archival education and training opportunities, and new acquisitions - which will be made available to other Network users. In addition, callers can use the Network to request copies of research resources, such as a bibliography of research tools used by health archivists and medical/healthcare historians.

For more information, or to contribute an announcement for distribution through the Network, please contact Barbara Craig, Director of the Centre for Research in Information Studies, Faculty of Information Studies, University of Toronto, 140 St. George St., Toronto ON, M5S 1A1; (416) 978-7093, fax (416) 971-1399, email: craig@fis.utoronto.ca.

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Silverton Site of Workshop

Linda Wills of Vernon conducted a workshop on April 13 and 14, on Basic Archives for 16 volunteers from several Kootenay museums and community archives. Five members of the Arrow Lake Historical Society in Nakusp drove over for both of the two days of sessions. Others who attended the course came from Cranbrook, Greenwood, Rossland, Nelson, New Denver, Kaslo and Silverton.

?, Gerry Bracewell, and John Roberts - Williams Lake reception for B.C.H.F. April 26, 1996.

The Patenaude Singers from Horsefly entertained after the Awards Banquet.

Photo courtesy of John Spittle

BOOKSHELF

Books for review and book reviews should be sent directly to the Book Review Editor:
Anne Yandle, 3450 West 20th Avenue, Vancouver, B.C. V6S 1E4

Trails to Gold. Branwen C. Patenaude. Victoria, Horsdal & Schubart, 1995. 201 p., maps, illus. $12.95. Paperback.

Branwen C. Patenaude fills her **Trails to Gold** with misplaced or forgotten material, every bit of it of interest and importance, some bits more than others and each bit appealing to the tastes of different readers. She often reveals her own Quesnel connection by pointing out people who also had Quesnel connections: John McLean, there early; Roddy Moffat, a freighter; W.A. Johnson, or Fred and Florence Lindsay, people with business interests.

Though never pressing the point, she also inadvertently shows us the variety of peoples hustling northward to the new goldfields, the Americans, the Germans, the Englishmen, the Frenchmen, the Italians, the Mexicans, the Scots, the Welsh, and the many Eastern Canadians. One of the most interesting aspects of this book is its introducing us to people long before they had become names well-known in the history of the Cariboo and to the "networking" going on amongst them. In 1858 the "keen edged" Franklin Way was at Spuzzum, in 1862 he is a partner of Gustavus Blin Wright; in 1859 Wright was at Port Douglas in a freighting partnership with Thomas Davidson; later that same year those two ran a "transportation company" at Bridge River. Davidson builds a farm and stopping house at Williams Lake and then develops a couple of easy trails from there to Deep Creek where Wright and Way had bought property and through which Wright built the road to the Fraser at Soda Creek where he had steamboat interests.

She introduces them effortlessly, often through items from newspapers - even advertisements - through letters and comments of government people like Lieutenant R.C. Mayne of the Royal Navy, and even of Governor James Douglas himself. She uses the letters and the diaries or books of educated travellers: Dr. William D. Cheadle: Sarah Crease, William Higgins, journalist and later author of **The Mystic Spring**; and Bishop George Hills. These and lesser lights describe the roads and inns and people encountered on the trail to gold, and their comments and asides are often more interesting than the facts.

With such material, this should be an exciting book to read; unfortunately it is not. And for many reasons. For one, the title is misleading and the introduction fails to indicate that the book is only about trails to Cariboo gold, not to Omineca gold or Big Bend gold, not even to gold at Stud Horse Creek. The text does mention a road being under construction from Cache Creek to "Savannah's Ferry" or to "Savannah steamboat landing", but gives no reason for its being built; a map does indicate a road to "Savona", but the text fails to explain the difference between Savannah and Savona. While struggling to discover the main topic of the book, while trying to decide whether it is about the trails to gold, or about the inns on those trails, or about the people met at those inns on those trails, the reader becomes picky, unresponsive, and exasperated.

Unnecessary detail also helps deaden this text. Great story tellers increase the power of what they write by ignoring any material irrelevant to their themes and by heading directly to a punchline when they see one. Too often writers of local histories are unable to throw out their hard-come-by notes and by failing to do so weaken their texts by including material that has no direct bearing on the stories they are telling. Here, the story about the pig stealing Moberly's boot is a good story, but because it does not further the forward movement of the book it merely becomes distracting detail. The same is true of the one about William Jones and the blasting powder, and the one about Mrs. Carson and the liquor. Interesting, but elsewhere.

In spite of the many problems with this book, and because of the great array of interesting material that should be dug out bit by bit and not gone after in one or two long sessions, **Trails to Gold** should be on the bookshelves of every patient reader interested in the Cariboo gold rush. Regardless of its clumsy organisation, its lack of focus, and its ability to drive a reader mad, it fills in many details, particularly about obscure roadhouses, forgotten Places, and lesser People, and leaves a reader more alert to the history but still wanting to dig for answers to questions raised by subjects not fully developed. And that surely is a recommendation in itself. For example, Judas goats are well known, but a "Judas cow" is surely a phenomenon known only to the Cariboo. Or is it?

Gordon Elliott.

Gordon Elliott is the author of Quesnel, Commercial Centre of the Cariboo Gold Rush.

Salmonopolis; the Steveston Story. Stacey, Duncan and Susan. Madeira Park, B.C. Harbour Publishing, 1994. 152 p. illus. $29.95. Hardcover.

Those interested in the history of Canada's west coast fishing industry will already be very familiar with the Stacey name, so will not be surprised to learn of the publication of this book on the history of Steveston, the important fishing industry community at the mouth of the Fraser River. Yet, despite this reviewer's prior knowledge of Duncan Stacey's extensive previous work on the industry, I have to say that I found **Salmonopolis** to be even better than I had anticipated.

A survey of **Salmonopolis** illustrates that the volume begins with a rich account of the origins of the Steveston area as a farming community that eventually served the growing nearby cities of New Westminster and Vancouver. It then traces the maturing agricultural community, which occupied some of British Columbia's richest soil, but then turns to focus on the emergence of Steveston as B.C.'s premier salmon canning centre, a "Salmonopolis" as the graphic title suggests.

This change brought a total transformation to the area, where a small farming settlement was pushed aside by a fishing industry town, as cannery after sprawling cannery lined the nearby banks of the Fraser River. At the same time, the local population boomed as workers arrived to build fishing boats, operate huge fishing fleets, and toil in the canneries. Other businesses such as banks, cafes and chandleries arrived to service the industry and the growing town. It also brought a demographic change, as natives, who had once congregated in the area on a seasonal basis to fish, now returned each season to labour in the canneries.
Asian Canadians also found ready work in the area, and it became the major centre for Japanese Canadians on the British Columbia coast, as they became more and more prominent in fishing and boat building.

The book has a special strength because it is not just a local history, only focusing on issues of parochial interest. It certainly provides a readable and informative overview of the history of the riverside community, but it also reaches out, showing Steveston's transformation by a large industry. It illustrates how Steveston fitted into that wider coastal and even international context. Furthermore, while it also concentrates on the significant arrival and activities of the pioneer European settlers, **Salmonopolis** also provides insights into the earlier use of the area by aboriginals, and their later seasonal presence and work in the canneries. The authors also provide an extensive account of the Chinese and Japanese presence in Steveston. Reflecting the increasingly important role that Japanese Canadians played in the industry, and in the community of Steveston itself, much of the book also focuses on that community. As such, it provides a very concrete or specific picture of the growing influence and contributions that Japanese Canadians have provided to British Columbia, despite often arduous lives passed in a province that was racist and openly hostile for decades.

Salmonopolis is enriched by the extensive quotations from a wide range of archival sources which the authors have included, both at the beginning of each chapter and within the body of the text. Those statements, by pioneers, the press of the day, or other observers, bring life - in the sense of the opinions or accounts of actual individuals - to the book, adding to its value. It is not a superficial overview, but a detailed picture of life at one point on the British Columbia coast. The book is also strengthened by a lavish number of photographs that have come from the holdings of the authors, and

other private and public collections. They are well labelled and add to the depth of the portrait of Steveston that the authors and publisher intended to provide readers. It also made the book and its subject extremely accessible for the many readers who may only wish to acquire an introduction to Steveston.

My only criticism of **Salmonopolis** is the absence of maps, both archival and recent; much valuable information could have been added by the inclusion of some early maps of the community, such as an early fire insurance map, and a more recent map of the area perhaps just inside the front and back covers. I would urge the authors to consider this suggestion in any future editions.

Otherwise, get out and buy yourself a copy of **Salmonopolis**.

William McKee.

Bill McKee is the Pacific Historian at the Canadian Museum of Civilization.

Historic Nelson; the early years. John Norris. Lantzville, Oolichan Books, 1995. 319 p., illus., maps. $21.95 paper; $36.95 bd.

The publication of John Norris's **Historic Nelson** is like the raising of a curtain before a stage play. Even to most Kootenaians the early story of Nelson prior to the discovery of the Silver King claims on Toad Mountain in 1886, overlooking the site of the present City of Nelson, seems to have been lost in shadow. In an unusual, if not at times a quaint style of prose, Mr. Norris writes fluently, and with obvious enthusiasm, about some of the drama and excitement of the early exploration and prospecting of the Kootenays between the time of the gold rush on Wild Horse Creek and the building of the Dewdney Trail, in 1863-64, and the incorporation of the City of Nelson in 1897.

The chapter headings are reminiscent of 19th century British travel books about western Canada, and the author will interrupt an interesting account of historical journey to reflect, Thoreau-like, on the beauties of primordial spring on Kootenay Lake:

"Already the light-sleeping squirrels had left their winter nests; in a few weeks bears - the mothers with newborn cubs - would emerge from caves and hollow cedars to feed on multifarious stems and roots that awakening plants were quickly providing."

Anyone familiar with Nelson will be fascinated to read of the early characters whose names are perpetuated in street and place names: Anderson Creek, after an early settler who pre-empted the eastern half of the town first known as Bogustown and latterly as Fairview; Ward and Josephine Streets after an easy-going man and his aggressive wife; Hendryx Street after the Grand Rapids physician who turned entrepreneur and built the Pilot Bay Smelter; and Baker Street, named after Col. James Baker, a Cranbrook resident who was MLA for the area. Nelson Power and Light was the second utility company incorporated in Canada (1893), though not necessarily the second to produce electricity as there was a delay till 1896. The Nelson Street Railway was likely the first electric trolley in Canada, as is claimed. The author, who grew up in the eastern half of the city now called Fairview, has done a lot of original research as have some of his colleagues to whom he gives full credit. Edward L. Affleck, son of a long-time Clerk of the City of Nelson, is credited with discovering an obscure passage in a Spokane newspaper of the 1880s which may well force the reinterpretation of the story of the conviction and hanging of Robert Sproule for the alleged murder of Thomas Hammill in 1885 at the Bluebell Mine near Riondel. Sproule always maintained his innocence but was nevertheless convicted and hanged after several delays.

Nelson, formerly called Stanley, emerged as the definitive city, over previous starts by Ainsworth and Kaslo, probably due to its more central location to service the many mining and prospecting activities which flourished in the Kootenays in the decade prior to the turn of the century. Norris's book weaves an interesting story of the interplay between American population pressures, the building of the railroads and the last vestiges of British colonialism in the area, all determined in the end by the north-south geography as it affected the westward expansion.

Coming soon after the publication of Jeremy Mouat's **Roaring Days - the story of Rossland**, this book adds a major contribution to the history of the Kootenays which in many ways repeated the effects of the great gold rush to California and the silver frenzy of Colorado in the latter half of the nineteenth century. However, it is unique in that the quality of its prose is outstanding.

Adam C. Waldie.

Adam Waldie, a retired physician, grew up in Trail.

Geology of the Kelowna Area and Origin of the Okanagan Valley, BC. Murray A. Roed, with contributions from Don A. Dobson, George Ewonus, John D. Greenough, Brian Hughes, H.A. Luttmerding, Peter Peto and Norman Williams. Kelowna, Published by the Kelowna Geology Committee, c/o Geology Dept. Okanagan University College, Kelowna, BC , 1995. 183 p., illus. $14.95 paper.

The fields of expertise of the eight authors range widely: college teacher, geological and engineering consultant, archeologist, hydrologist, soils expert and exploration geologist. Consequently they are able to provide an unusually complete and wide-ranging account of the geology of the Kelowna area.

The volume begins with a discussion of geologic time and includes a useful time-table and geologic column. The chapter describes rock units ranging from ancient gneisses, 2 billion years in age, to scarcely cold lavas poured out less than one million years ago.

After a brief account of the physiograhic divisions of southern British Columbia, the main geological events are summarized. This involves consideration of plate tectonics as it involves the Kelowna area, faulting, numerous volcanic episodes and the origin of sedimentary strata ranging in age from Triassic to Recent.

There follows a discussion of the ice age, starting some 1.6 million years ago and marked by several separate glacial episodes. Valley glaciers scoured the bedrock floor of present Okanagan Lake to a depth of 640 metres below sea-level. During the waning stages of the ice-age, silts accumulated in a vast glacial lake, and are now seen as forming silt bluffs and terraces up to 100 metres above the level of Okanagan Lake.

A description of soils and agriculture of the area is illustrated by a useful map. An interesting chapter on the ancient peoples of the area calls for further investigation of some 350 archeological sites.

Chapter 8 is entitled "geologic landscapes of the Kelowna area." Thirty-five easily accessible sites, marked on a handy full-page map, are described and many of them illustrated with photographs or sketch maps. The features described range widely, some, for example, are panoramic scenes, others are views of lava columns or close-ups of coal beds and fossil trees. This account is complemented by two appendices: Appendix A consists of directions for a one-day motor trip to nine of the sites described in chapter 8; Appendix B, a field trip designed for serious students and which covers earlier topics in more detail.

Of particular interest to the general public is a chapter on geologic hazards, including landslides, sinkholes, floods, earthquakes and volcanoes. This is followed by an appraisal of local geotechnical conditions and a description of the difficulties of building bridges and large buildings on the highly compressible sediments that underlie parts of the Kelowna area.

Final chapters deal with watershed management and groundwater resources. A very complete bibliography, a useful glossary of geological terms, and an index round out the book.

The success of a book of this sort depends largely on the quality of the illustrations. The maps are numerous, bold, strongly coloured and easy to follow. Cross-sections and sketches are well integrated with the text. The photographs are generally excellent.

The reader encounters a few difficulties: profiles distorted because of the use of different horizontal and vertical scales (figure 14) will mislead some lay-reader. Where is Okanagan Centre (figure 11)? Why put figure 20 upside down? A visitor from Texas might find sightseeing easier if the city of Kelowna had been marked on some of the maps and he might be puzzled by the references to Ogopogo. A glance at the photo of Layer Cake Hill (plate 17) shows

that it cannot be a geotectobolt (p.150) - they invariably have a left-hand thread!

The authors are to be congratulated on turning out an interesting, useful and up-to-date guide-book.

K.C. McTaggart.
Dr. McTaggart is a retired professor of geology.

Kanaka: the untold story of Hawaiian Pioneers in British Columbia and the Pacific Northwest. Tom Koppel. Vancouver/Toronto, Whitecap Books, 1995. 152 p. $14.95, paper

This is a book that is long overdue. The Hudson's Bay Company and its predecessors depended heavily on the Hawaiian Islands as a source of labour for their posts on the North West coast of America from at least 1812 to the end of the fur trade era. They employed approximately 500 Kanakas (the term used for Hawaiians in 19th century British Columbia, which actually is the Hawaiian word for "people or mankind") scattered among their various posts.

By the 1830s a number of these employees had married native wives in the custom of the country and a resident Hawaiian colony was beginning to grow. Sojourners were becoming settlers. The Hawaiians were an essential source of labour, and their presence was crucial to the success of the colony. Without them it is doubtful that this coast would have remained a British possession in face of American expansion.

Koppel has provided as complete an overview of the history of Kanaka settlement as probably can be done on the basis of English language sources alone. To gain further and different insight into the world of the Kanakas and their relationship with the Hudson's Bay Company and colonial society it would be necessary to go to Hawaiian language sources. This will have to await another researcher, as it would appear that Koppel does not read Hawaiian, or at least has not cited any Hawaiian texts in the original.

In 1831 there were 1100 "common schools" in the Hawaiian Kingdom, so that many of the Kanakas had likely received some education in their own language, but with the exception of William Kaulehlehe, and possibly a very few others, they were illiterate in English. (Heneri Opukahaia, 1787-1818, who translated the Book of Genesis into Hawaiian, claimed it was easier to translate between Hebrew and Hawaiian than it was to translate between English and Hawaiian. If this was true for a scholar, English would have been a greater barrier for semi-educated labourers.) However, the existence of Hawaiian Bibles in British Columbia, which would have hardly been imported by people unable to read them, and the fact that William Kaulehlehe and Mary Kaai's departure from Honolulu in 1845 was the subject of an article in the newspaper **Ka Elele Hawaii** suggest that research in Hawaiian sources may prove fruitful.

One small example will suffice to illustrate where reliance on English language sources is a weak reed to rely upon. In 1860, Prince Lot Kamehameha, Heir Presumptive to the Hawaiian Throne, visited Victoria. The English language press made no mention of the Kanakas' reaction to this visit, which is not untypical of coverage of ethnic communities either then or now. Koppel suggests that "perhaps" the visit instilled pride in the Kanakas' hearts, but the word "perhaps" implies that they may have ignored the visit. That would be totally contrary to the place of the Alii (nobility) in Hawaiian culture. The actions of Mele Kainuha Kela Azbill when King David Kalakaua visited the United States in 1887 are much more culturally consistent and in character. Thus, it would be safe to assume that the visit of Prince Lot was one of the most significant events in the Kanakas' lives. The likely place to look to find evidence of this would be the papers of Prince Lot Kamehameha (later King David Kalakaua) and Governor, the Hon. Mateil Kekuanoao (Governor of Oahu), all of whom were in Victoria at the same time and all of whom had reason to both have interest in and be of interest to the Kanakas.

Koppel shows the many ways in which the Kanakas were a typical immigrant community. Many of their experiences have echoes in the lives of other communities of new Canadians who have arrived in more recent times. A happy example of this is the description of the luau held in 1865 to celebrate the birthday of Pilipa Kaoo where poi, imported from Hawaii for the occasion, was one of the dishes served. Many people can probably relate to this, where something which was very everyday in the "old country" becomes a special dish for festive times here. In a more sombre note, the story of the hanging of Peter Kakua, has echoes with other minorities in other times, as it can be argued that someone in the English speaking majority community might have received a lesser sentence under the same circumstances.

Koppel traces some Kanaka families to the current generation, and shows the one way that the Hawaiian community has been an atypical immigrant group. Descendants in the female line have tended to assimilate into the general population whereas in some families descendants in the male line have tended to assimilate into the First Nations, possibly the only immigrant group to do so to a significant degree. This bears further study. The Hawaiians were one of the four non-western cultures to respond to the threat of western imperialism by rapid westernization in an attempt to confront the West on its own terms. The other cultures to do so were Japan, Siam and Madagascar. The two Asian nations succeeded, and the others came very close to succeeding. Has this cultural background had an influence on the struggle for First Nations rights?

Kanaka: the Untold Story... is a book which belongs in any collection which deals with British Columbia history or Canadian immigration. It is very readable and should be a starting point for further research on a community which has been ignored too long.

Michael F.H. Halleran.
Michael Halleran is a member of the Victoria Historical Society.

Faces of British Columbia; looking at the past, 1860-1960. Rosemary Neering and Joe Thompson. Vancouver/Toronto, Whitecap Books, 1995. 166 p., illus., index. $24.95, paper.

The authors caution in their introduction to **Faces of British Columbia** that the book "is neither an illustrated history of British Columbia nor a history of photography in the province... It is, rather, a photographic album chosen from the several hundred thousand photographs in the photo files of the British Columbia Archives and Records Service." They also point out that "the carefully posed nature of most photographs often meant reality was devised by the photographers." Readers must bear these considerations in mind.

The format for the book is straightforward - an introduction of 9 pages, then 10 chapters, each of which deals with a decade beginning with one for the 1860s and ending with one for the 1950s. Each chapter commences with a short essay outlining the major historical events and developments of its decade with some comments on contemporary photography, and is completed with about a dozen photographs, usually one to a page, with a short legend for each. There is a concise bibliography and an index.

Altogether **Faces of British Columbia** is a commendable effort. There are many good features to the book. The overall design is appropriate and effective, and the binding stands up to rough usage. The photographs are beautifully reproduced; they are clear and in a good size. The text, both in the introductions and in the legends which accompany the photographs, is well written. The authors have a good control of their materials.

Readers of the province's history will find this a useful publication.

George Newell.
George Newell is a member of the Victoria Historical Society.

Flapjacks and Photographs. Henri Robideau. Vancouver Polestar Press, 1995. 204 p., illus. $24.95. Paperback.

Flapjacks and Photographs is a book of considerable originality and charm. Although it will likely appeal principally to photography enthusiasts, it also provides a considerable amount of background history on the Lardeau Mining Division of British Columbia not readily available elsewhere.

Young Will Gunterman from Iowa met and married Mattie Warner from Wisconsin in 1891 in the brash frontier town of Seattle, Washington. Both Will and Mattie were rovers and dreamers. In search of a climate which would

be congenial to Mattie's chronic lung problems, the two with their young son Henry visited in 1898 a relative who had settled on the north-east arm of Upper Arrow Lake at Beaton, the western gate-way to the then booming Lardeau mining country.

The enchanting scenery and salubrious climate of the Lardeau country cast its spell over the Guntermans. For more than four decades, Beaton was to remain their home base as they lived a somewhat peripatetic existence of prospecting, logging, trapping and above all, as camp cooks extraordinaire, flipping mountains of flapjacks in the cookhouses of many different mining and lumber camps. Mattie Gunterman, a compulsive photographer of no mean skill, left a legacy of superb photographs depicting their working and leisure life. The engrossing pictorial record of the early 20th century days in the backwoods of the Kootenay District reproduced within the covers of Robideau's book is a veritable bonanza.

To present Mattie Gunterman's photographs in context, Robideau has researched not only the family history of the photographer but also the history of the Lardeau Mining Division in West Kootenay, the setting for the majority of the photographs. Not satisfied with merely supplying captions to the photographs, the author spins an interesting narrative which provides aspects of family history, social history and industrial history, all skilfully interwoven. A collection of photographs by Gunterman related to the topics discussed in the chapter follows each chapter, and the occasional photograph not by Gunterman is to be found within a chapter to illuminate Robideau's narrative. One gathers that the Guntermans did not amass many material possessions in a lifetime, but they certainly wove a patchwork quilt of varied and colourful experiences.

Given the attention devoted to the layout of pictures and maps, and the general high quality of this book, the lack of an index is to be regretted. The work, obviously a labour of love, does, however, contain some useful bibliographical material. An epilogue, relating the discovery of a store of Mattie Gunterman's photographic plates sixteen years after her death, reads like a realization of every archivist's fantasy.

Edward L. Affleck.

Ted Affleck, a Vancouver resident, is a member of the West Kootenay Historical Society.

Home from the Hill: three gentlemen adventurers. Peter Murray. Victoria, Horsdal & Schubart, 1994. 214 p., illus. $14.95. PB.

The "Three Gentlemen Adventurers" of Murray's **Home from the Hill** are Warburton Pike, Clive Phillipps-Wolley and Martin Allerdale Grainger. Each of these men was, as Murray puts it, "a product of the English public (i.e. private) school system," and was "at home with nature," and while their backgrounds and interests were somewhat similar, their lives naturally took different turnings. Each came to play a distinctive role in the affairs of the young province, in Grainger's case at least, a not-insignificant role.

What separates these men from the great run of immigrants to British Columbia, and piques our interest, is that they wrote and published articles and books. In his bibliography Murray lists two books for Pike, thirteen for Phillipps-Wolley, and two for Grainger, one of which, **Riding the Skyline**, is a recent compilation by Murray of some of Grainger's articles and letters (published in 1994 and reviewed in this magazine, Summer 1995 issue). Pike's books, **The Barren Ground of Northern Canada** and **Through the Subarctic Forest** are among the classics of northern travel literature. Phillipps-Wolley's larger production has left him with, as Murray expresses it, a reputation that "has not survived other than as a curiosity of his time." Grainger's reputation, however, has enjoyed a different fate for, as the critic George Woodcock observed, **Woodsmen of the West** is "a fine small work which marks an almost unrecognized transition point in Canadian writing."

Quite apart from their writings, these men's lives will interest those who read the history of the province. Phillipps Wolley who, of all things, was for a short time sanitary inspector for British Columbia, a position which "he plunged into.. .with more energy and enthusiasm than expertise," was "a vain, often abusive man." Grainger, "gentle, soft-spoken, unprepossessing," Chief Forester and later Vancouver businessman, and regarded by one authority as "the father of rational forestry" in British Columbia, worked hard for the preservation of the region which became Manning Provincial Park. And Pike, for years caught in marginal mining and business adventures in the Stikine-Cassiar region, was described by the Duke of St. Albans, his major business backer, as a "hero and the best traveller I ever knew. . the most unselfish and modest man I've ever known."

The author and publishers of **Home from the Hill** are to be thanked and congratulated for bringing these biographies together. The narratives move well; the writing is crisp. There are numerous helpful notes with references to the sources, and a very adequate index. The title is an appropriate one. It is taken from the "Requiem" which Robert Louis Stevenson wrote for himself, and the peripatetic life of that great Scottish author is reflected (albeit to a somewhat lesser degree) in the lives of Phillipps-Wolley, Grainger and Pike.

George Newell

George Newell is a resident of Victoria.

Also noted:

The Geology of Southern Vancouver Island; a field guide. C.J. Yorath and H.W. Nasmith. Victoria, Orca, 1995. 172 p., illus. $14.95. Paperback.

Recapitulation; a spiritual and artistic journey. Sveva Caetani. Vernon, Coldstream Books, 1995. 128 p., illus. $70. Series of 56 watercolours painted for the Alberta Foundation of the Arts, along with an account of Italian-born Caetani who lived in Vernon from 1921 until her death in 1994. Hardcover.

Richard Wright - the after dinner speaker at the 1996 B.C.H.F. conference in Williams Lake.
Photo courtesy of John Spittle

John Woodworth of Kelowna, left, receiving the Gabrielle Leger Award from Chairman Sheldon Godfrey at Heritage Canada's 1995 Annual General Meeting at St. Boniface College, Winnipeg.

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