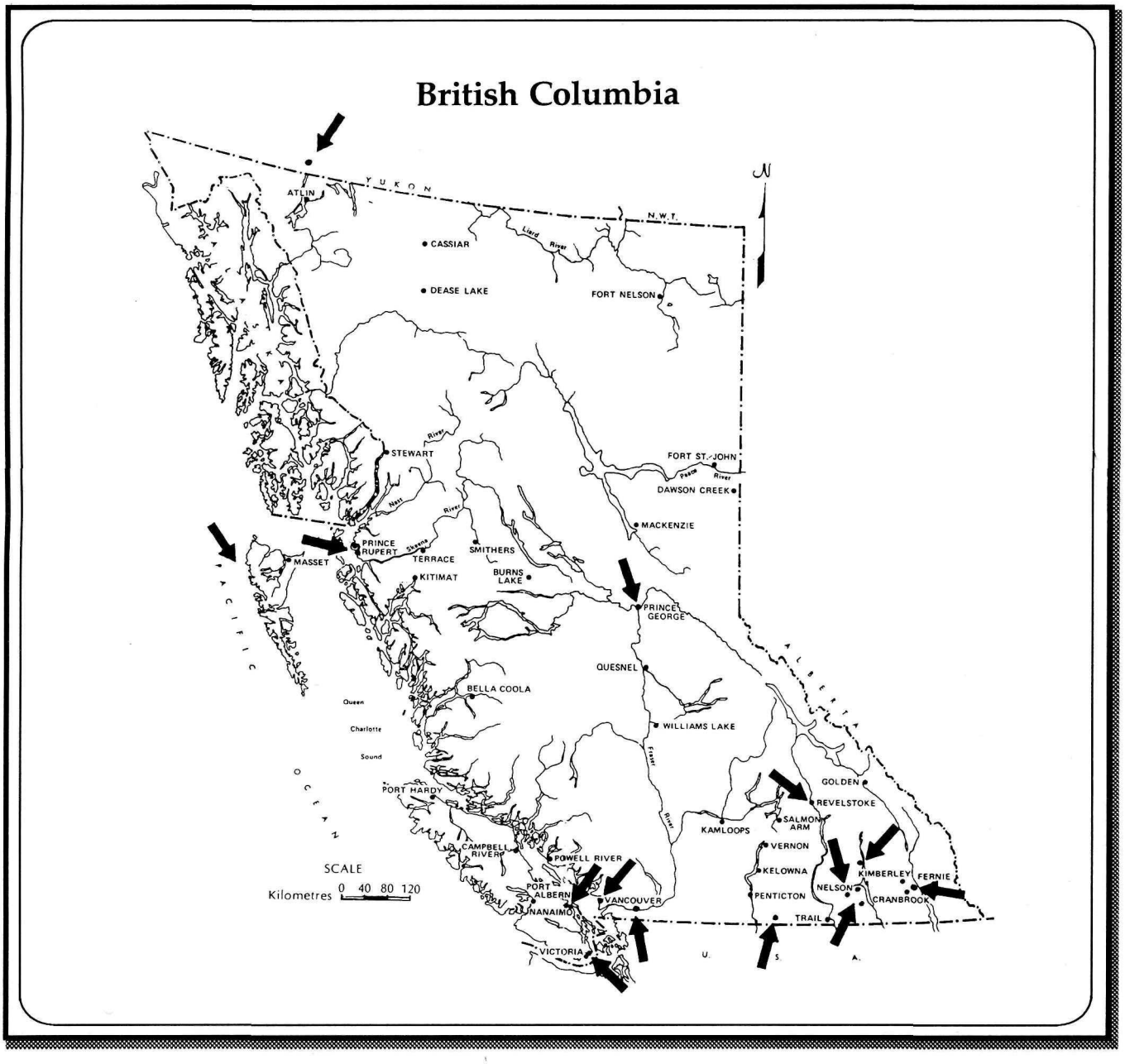
$4.00
Volume 26, No. 1
Winter 1992-93

ISSN 0045-2963

British Columbia Historical News

Journal of the B.C. Historical Federation



STORIES FROM ACROSS THE PROVINCE

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Members' dues for the year 1990 - 91 were paid by the following Societies:

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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 3014, Parksville, B.C. V0R 2S0
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Gulf Islands Branch -BCHF- c/0 Wilma J. Cross, RR#1, Pender Island, B.C. V0N 2M0
Koksilah School Historical Society - 5203 Trans Canada Highway, Koksilah, B.C. V0R 2C0
Kootenay Lake Historical Society - Box 537, Kaslo, B.C. V0G 1M0
Kootenay Museum & Historical Society - 402 Anderson Street, Nelson, B.C. V1L 3Y3
Lantzville Historical Society - c/o Box 274, Lantzville, B.C. V0R 2H0
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Nanaimo Historical Society - P.O. Box 933, Station A, Nanaimo, B.C. V9R 5N2
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North Shuswap Historical Society - Box 22, Celista, B.C. V0E 1L0
Princeton & District Pioneer Museum & Archives - Box 687, Princeton, B.C. V0X 1W0
Qualicum Beach Historical & Museum Society - 444 Qualicum Road, Qualicum Beach, B.C. V9K 1B2
Salt Spring Island Historical Society - Box 1264, Ganges, B.C. V0S 1E0
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
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Publications Mail Registration Number 4447

Published winter, spring, summer and fall by the British Columbia Historical Federation, P.O. Box 35326, Station E, Vancouver, B.C. V6M 4G5. A Charitable Society recognized under the income Tax Act.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: Institutional, $16.00 per year; Individual (non-members), $12.00; Members of member Societies – $9.00; For addresses outside Canada add $5.00.

Financially assisted by the Ministry of Municipal Affairs, Recreation and Culture, through the British Columbia Heritage Trust and British Columbia Lotteries.

Back issues of the **British Columbia Historical News** are available in microform from Micromedia Limited, 20 Victoria St., Toronto, Ont. M5C 2N8 (416) 362-5211 • Fax (416) 362-6161 • Toll Free 1-800-387-2689 – Micromedia also publishes the **Canadian Magazine Index** and the **Canadian Business Index**.

Indexed in the **Canadian Periodical Index**.

BRITISH COLUMBIA HISTORICAL NEWS

Volume 26, No. 1 **Journal of the B.C. Historical Federation** Winter - 1992-93

EDITORIAL

We are beginning a new year with this issue. Your editorial staff wishes each reader a Very Happy 1993, and, as long as manuscripts are being submitted, we promise to produce a worthwhile quarterly journal into the foreseeable future.

We hope that potential writers with loosely assembled notes on a favorite event (or character) in local or provincial history will take advantage of the winter season to finish off their story, then to send it in as their contribution to our magazine.

What is considered historical? History does not have to be long, long ago; it is merely a recounting of what has happened in the past. A few eyebrows were raised when (in 1989) I set "Memories of the 1930s" as a theme. Since then many histories of the 1940s have appeared, so I am not alone in considering stories set in relatively recent years as "history."

I quite enjoy being dubbed as "historical" first as a volunteer, wearing 1898 garb, at Fort Steele Heritage Town; secondly for persisting to hang laundry on a clothesline despite having an electric clothes dryer indoors!

A ***Thank You*** goes to all the writers who contributed work in 1992, to those who sold subscriptions, to Nancy Peter for maintaining the subscription list, the production staff at Kootenay Kwik Print, and the hard working proof readers.

Naomi Miller

COVER CREDIT

The cover of each B.C. Historical News, as far as possible, is an illustration for one of the articles contained therein.

This issue has references to a great many communities within British Columbia. There are four Kootenay stories, two set on Vancouver Island, one in Vancouver, and two on Coastal shipping. And there is the story of a remarkable person who walked through British Columbia to Alaska. We have chosen to flag a map of B.C. to indicate most of those places referred to in this magazine.

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Manuscripts and correspondence for 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)

Printed in Canada by Kootenay Kwik Print
Cranbrook, B.C.

Nelson Club.

List of Members--September, 1898.

A	
Alexander, George	Kaslo
Applewhaite, E.	Nelson
Arthur, Dr.	Nelson
Ashpitel, W. S.	Nelson
Archbold, T. R.	Nelson
B	
Barrow, A. R. M.	Nelson
Barton, H. A.	Nelson
Bodwell, E. V.	Victoria
Beasley, H.	Nelson
Bostock, H.	Ducks
Bowes, J. H.	Nelson
Braden, W.	Pilot Bay
Brainerd, Dr.	Montreal
Brelich, H.	Last Chance Mine
Brougham, W. F.	Nelson
Brown, C. M.	Nelson
Brown, Geo. McL.	Victoria
Brown, G. Noel	Three Forks
Buchanan, A. H.	Nelson
Busk, C. W.	Kokanee Creek
Butcher, H. T. E.	Nelson
C	
Campbell, J. J.	Nelson
Corbin, D. C.	Spokane
Corbould, W. H.	Rossland
Criddle, P.	Nelson
Croasdaile, H. E.	Nelson
D	
Davys, M. S.	Toad Mountain
Day, Robert	Cork
Day, R. W.	Nelson
Dennis, O. C.	Nelson
Dick, Alexander	Rossland
Drummond, C. S.	London
Duncan, Capt.	Nelson
E	
Elliot, John	Nelson
Evans, H. J.	Nelson
F	
Farwell, A. S.	Nelson
Fell, E. N.	Nelson
Finch, H. Wynne	London
Finucane, F. J.	New Denver
Fletcher, Frank	Nelson
Fowler, S. S.	Nelson
G	
Goepel, W. J.	Nelson
Gore, Capt.	Nelson
Griffith, C. G.	Spokane
H	
Hamilton, C. R.	Rossland
Harris, H.	Nelson
Heathcote, C. W. B.	Nelson
Hedley, R. R.	Nelson
Heginbottom, G. A.	England
Herrick, R. D.	Pilot Bay
Hirsch, J.	Nelson
Hodgins, A. E.	Nelson
Holdich, A. H.	Nelson
Holt, G. V.	Nelson
Hutchison, W.	Nelson
I	
Innes, F. C.	Spokane
J	
Johnson, A. M.	Nelson
Johnston, R. C. Campbell	Nelson
Johnstone, George	Nelson
Jowett, W. A.	Nelson
K	
Keen, John	Kaslo
Kinghorn, R. S.	Nelson
Kirk, G. A.	Victoria
Kurtz, D. G.	Kokanee Creek
Kydd, George	Nelson
L	
La Bau, Dr.	Nelson
Lawford, L. C.	Nelson
Lendrum, T. J.	Ainsworth
M	
Macdonald, W. A.	Nelson
Macdonell, H. E.	Nelson
MacLaren, J. B.	Vancouver
Mara, J. A.	Kamloops
Martin, G. E. C.	Nelson
Mathews, E. J.	Pilot Bay
Maunsell, R. E. H.	Nelson
McArthur, J. B.	Rossland
McCune, A. W.	Salt Lake City
McFarland, D. A.	Nelson
McGregor, J. H.	Victoria
McKillop, A. L.	Nelson
Macleod, N. T.	Nelson
Milbourne, C. K.	Nelson
Mountain, F. A. R.	Nelson
O	
O'Reilly, F. J.	Nelson
P	
Pearson, S. G.	Nelson
Peters, F. W.	Nelson
Procter, T. G.	Nelson
Q	
Quinlan, Dr.	Nelson
R	
Race, C. E.	Rossland
Retallack, J. L.	Kaslo
Richardson, G. W.	Rossland
Robertson, J. R.	Nelson
Robson, G. R.	Nelson
Rolfe, W. N.	Nelson
Rudd, H. V.	Nelson
S	
St. Barbe, C.	Nelson
Selous, H.	Nelson
Senkler, E. C.	Nelson
Sherwood, A. R.	Nelson
Sword, J. D.	Rossland
Symonds, Dr.	Nelson
T	
Taylor, W. J.	Victoria
Thomson, H. B.	Nelson
Thomson, J. A.	Vancouver
Troup, Capt.	Nelson
Trutch, Sir J.	London
W	
Ward, T. M.	Nelson
Whalley, E. P.	Nelson
Whealler, A.	Kaslo
Wilson, D.	Nelson
Wilson, E. G.	Nelson
Wilson, H. J.	Nelson

Nelson Club. List of Members – 1898

Gone, But Not Forgotten: The Nelson Club, 1869 - 1925

by Ron Welwood

PREFACE

While renovating an old Nelson house, the new owner uncovered a single sheet of paper in a partition: Nelson Club. List of Members — September, 1898. He gave this list to David Scott, local historian (deceased) who, in turn, presented a photocopy to his friend, the Hon. Judge Leo S. Gansner. At Judge Gansner's suggestion a Nelson old-timer, Violet Greyson who remembered the Nelson Club building and some of its members, began to research and prepare short biographies on the members listed. Mrs. Greyson died in October 1983 and, shortly afterwards, her son removed these files (including the Club's Committee Minute-book and Suggestion Book) to London, Ontario. The author began the long process of repatriating this material for the Kootenaiana collection at David Thompson University Centre in Nelson, but it was discovered that Mrs. Greyson wished to have her files deposited at the Provincial Archives in Victoria. Fortunately, her son agreed that by letting the Archives microfilm her files and by depositing the originals in Nelson the spirit of his mother's wishes would still be fulfilled. This process was completed by February 1986.

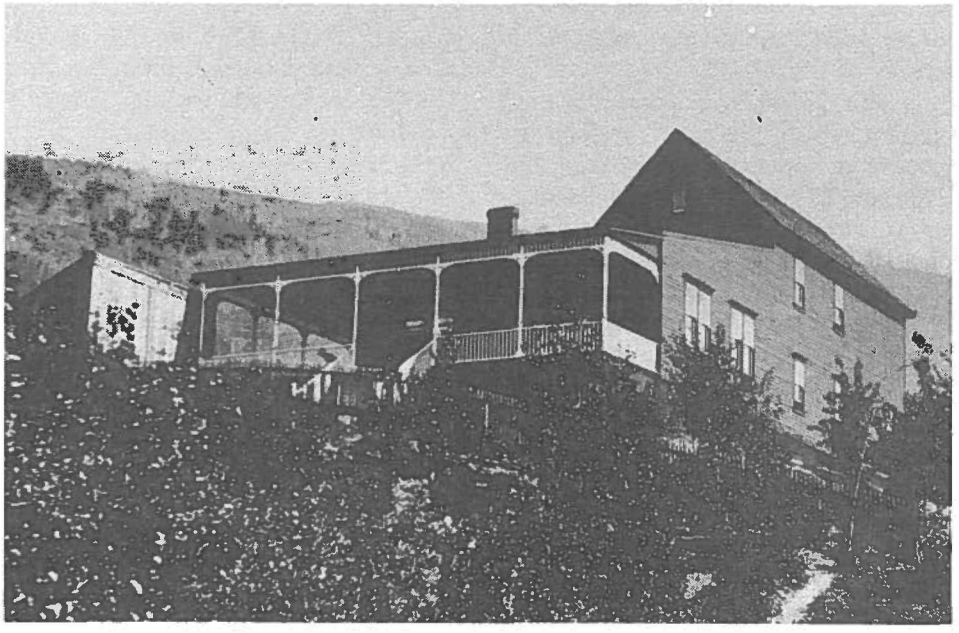
* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

At the turn of the century, social activities often centred around the church or various community organizations. The Nelson Club, located on the northeast corner of Silica and Kootenay Streets and a short walk from the city centre, was a rather exclusive gentlemen's club with a difference. This conveniently located establishment provided a refuge in which men could relax by reading contemporary newspapers and magazines while enjoying their favourite cigar or drink, playing cards or billiards, or even lawn bowling during the fine summer weather.[1] Its early membership list reads like a who's who of the Kootenay business establishment. If a gentleman was Conservative in politics, Anglican in religion and connected to the mining industry in one way or another (engineer, banker, lawyer, supplier, etc.) then, in all likelihood, he was also a member of the Nelson Club.

There is no information available on the club's early history, but the Nelson Club was probably formed sometime in 1896.[2] It quickly became a well-established organization with 112 members in September 1898. Annual elections for President, Vice-President and five "Committeemen" were held to oversee the affairs of the club. These trustees were assigned to one of three standing committees: Finance, House, or Wine. The club had a paid staff which varied in size but, basically, consisted of a steward, two assistants and two Chinese workers (a houseboy and a gardener). The club secretary, who was also a member, was paid a monthly stipend.

Income to run the club was generated by an entrance fee ($30.00) and quarterly membership dues. Charges used to help defray costs included hot water baths (25¢) and payment for playing various games. At the February 1910 meeting, the secretary was instructed to post the following House rules: "Hereafter the charge for 'Life Pool' will be at the rate of 10¢ a cue" and "The minimum charge for the use of the card rooms shall be 10¢ per player — In addition the price for cards shall be — new 30¢ a pack and 'old' 10¢ a pack." During its heyday the Nelson Club's revenues had to be rather substantial in order to maintain the building and to help defray average monthly expenditures of just over $940.00.[3]

Prior to prohibition, the sale of liq-



Nelson Club Building, Nelson, B.C. c. 1896. Photo courtesy of B.C. Archives and Record Service EP13050

uor generated the largest source of revenue as well as the greatest amount of debate. In December 1903, Frank Fletcher, a charter member of the Club, suggested to the Wine Committee ". . . that the Committee consider the proportionate values of drinks & refreshments — viz; If Two (2) Oyster Cocktails cost 25 cts — Why should a glass of Beer cost 15 cts!" Three different entries in 1904 (two signed by Fletcher) "Suggested that it is unreasonable to charge 65 cts for 5 drinks when one can get the same at any other decent saloon for 50 cents." The secretary's response to these suggestions was that the Wine "Committee do not consider it advisable to change present prices."

These "unreasonable" prices did not inhibit the consumption of alcohol by the members. In fact, a few outstanding bar tabs were getting so high that the club discussed the possibility of placing a limit on bar credits. This prompted Frank Fletcher to remark on 15 December 1903,

". . . that if a Member's Credit is only worth $5.00 what [is the] advantage of being a member of the Club?" By April 1906, matters between the club and Fletcher were getting desperate and the club executive felt

That no action be taken at present towards asking Mr. Fletcher to resign but that he be notified that in the future he will be given no more credit at the Bar — Also that he be notified that should his arrears of subscription amounting to $30.00 not be paid forthwith his name will be posted.[4]

Frank Fletcher, a provincial land surveyor by profession,[5] served two terms as alderman on the Nelson City Council (1897, 1899) and two terms as mayor (1901, 1902). This distinguished-looking gentleman constructed his own magnificent residence directly across the street from the Nelson Club. In spite of this convenient location, Fletcher was reprimanded for sleeping in the club all night (August 1906). In December 1908 it was recorded "That on account of the innumerous [sic] complaints that have come to the Committee regarding the conduct and language of Mr. Frank Fletcher. . . that should these complaints be continued the Committee will be compelled to take action . . . ." By March 1909 the Nelson Club did take action by unanimously passing the following motion:

That in the opinion of the Committee the conduct of Mr. Frank Fletcher has been injurious to the interests of the club and should any of the offences complained of be repeated a quorum of the committee is hereby authorized to ask for his resignation. . . . .

In most cases resignations, either volunteered or requested, were not accepted until such time as the individual's "subscription" (outstanding club debts or arrears) had been paid in full.

Over the years vast quantities of alcoholic beverages were consumed at the Nelson Club. Recommendations for a new set of dice and more poker chips to replace well-worn sets suggested frequent use and also implied that gambling was a popular pastime among club members. This is confirmed in the minutes of 16 February 1912 where it was resolved to adopt a new house rule: "Any member incurring a debt of honor in the club premises and not paying same within thirty-six hours, the Committee shall on the matter being brought to their notice either directly or indirectly invoke the provision of section 3 of the rules." In response to a letter received from F.L. Rhodes, the Committee decided that this new house rule ". . . was not retrospective and applies only to debts contracted after Feb. 16th 1912. . . ." It is interesting to note that Mr. Rhodes' resignation from the club was accepted at the very next meeting!

The Nelson Club not only provided a bar and gaming facilities but also, space for reading and writing. The club subscribed to a large number of magazines and newspapers for its members and many suggestions were made for specific, contemporary titles. Although these rooms were designated for quiet contemplation, some rather delightful entries in the Suggestion Book give a different impression.

8 Aug. 1902: "Suggested that some measures be devised to stop the infernal chatter that goes on in the reading room when certain members get together there."

4 Dec. 1903: "Suggested that the Committee pass a Rule that no refreshments in the way of tea or crackers be allowed to be served in the Reading Room. The annoyance of hearing members eating should not be tolerated."

7 Nov. 1904: "Suggested that the Writing Room be left for those members wishing to use same and not used as an office. . . ."

27 March 1905: "Almost every evening the Reading Room is used by certain members as a dormitary [sic], and their sterterous [sic] snoring is an intolerable nuisance and has not infrequently driven myself and others from the Room. It is suggested that the Committee take steps to prevent one or two individuals from annoying and discomforting a large number of members."

28 March 1905 (Fletcher): "Suggested that the Committee take steps to prevent the Reading Room being turned into a Night Restraunt [sic], as the dissapointed [sic] Bridge Players invariably drink Beef Tea and 'munch' Krackers [sic] which under ordinary 'peaceful' conditions would drive any person to sleep."

(undated): "Suggested that the Committee form a spelling class for 'Silver-haired' members."

All of these recorded events happened during the Nelson Club's very active and formative years preceding the outbreak of the Great War in 1914. These halcyon years were not to be repeated. The war and, subsequently, the declaration of the British Columbia Prohibition Act (1916) altered the club's activities and membership forever. Although the Act came into force on 1 July 1917, it was just over two months later on 18 September 1917 that the Wine Committee reported

> . . . wines and liquors on hand at date are valued at $430.00, more or less, and recommending that a list of these goods be posted and bids asked for same, no bids less than cost to be considered. No bids to be received after September 26th, and all stock remaining on hand after bids have been accepted to be sold by auction on September 27th, at 8 p.m.

To add insult to injury, the committee was renamed the Recreation Committee.

With vastly decreased revenues the club had to resort to drastic cost-cutting measures in order to continue operations: stop work on the garden, cancel

milk delivery, cancel newspaper and magazine subscriptions, and negotiate with the city to reduce electric light, water and scavenger rates. Staff hours were at first cut back and, eventually, only the steward was retained. By September 1917, he was asked to perform duties both inside and outside the building until the end of the year for $130.00 per month. Matters may have slightly improved for the next twenty months, but by September 1919 it was agreed that ". . . the new arrangement with the Club Steward made by the President of $100 per month, the services of the Chinaman to be dispensed with come into effect as from October 1st." These measures did not seem to help the once prestigious Nelson Club and interest continued to decline.

By 1920, the steward was also acting as secretary for the club. Ironically, this expedient move created a golden opportunity for unscrupulousness. In June 1905, the Secretary of the Nelson Club had been given extraordinary powers ". . . to draw, sign, make, endorse, negotiate and dispose of all or any Cheques. . . ." This was precisely what happened for some time prior to the Labour Day weekend of 1920 except, in this case, the bank transactions were unauthorized. Two cryptic entries about this incident were entered into the daily police logbook by Constable T.D. DesBrisay:

Sept. 7th Wm. Matthews Steward of Nelson Club reported fled with Funds.

Sept. 8th Went to S.S. Nasookin for Sergt Stewart and learned that Wm. Matthews Steward of the Nelson Club had purchased [a] Ticket to Spokane in his getaway.

The 10 September issue of the Nelson Daily News reported this incident in greater detail:

Matthew's operation was one of the most completely organized coups ever heard of in this part of the country. Very few business houses in the city escaped his attentions, and many private citizens also were among his victims. It is estimated in banking circles that his worthless checks [sic] have a face value of around $2,000. . . . Matthews used checks of the Nelson club, as well as his own checks, in his operation. How he managed to put over his cash raising operation, dealing with forty or fifty people, without tripping up, is one of the remarkable features of the case. . . .

Frank Fletcher
Nelson Club members including Frank Fletcher considered themselves part of "the better class", whereas John Houston of the Nelson Tribune sarcastically referred to them as "white-shirted hoboes". (Nelson City Hall)

It is altogether improbable that Matthew's cash assets when he boarded the Crow boat Sunday morning were limited to nearly the amount he had obtained on his checks, as his position as club steward gave him an opportunity to indulge in other forms of liquidation. Various annual subscriptions, at $30 each, obtained on Saturday or at the end of the week, are said to be unaccounted for.

The Labour Day weekend gave the swindler plenty of time to escape before his operation was discovered and by then it was too late. The Nelson Club soon published notices in the local newspaper announcing that

> An extraordinary general meeting of this club is called for Sept. 24, at 8 p.m. All members are urgently requested to attend. In consequence of the disappearance of the late steward and the loss or destruction of the Club's books all members in arrears for subscriptions and all persons having accounts against the club are requested to forward same to the undersigned.
>
> J.S. Carter,
> Hon. Sec.

At the meeting a brief summary of the club's financial position was circulated to the 29 members in attendance:

> Your committee regrets to report that on Sunday 5th of Sept. our Steward, who was also Secretary, took his departure unannounced for parts unknown. A hasty examination of the Club affairs proved matters to be in a chaotic state. It was necessary to force the various locks and employ a professional to open [the] safe. Up to present the books cannot be found and it is assumed they have been destroyed. Thru [sic] our Auditor and from other sources we have an indefinite list of members. . .
>
> There are on the list at present about 140 active members. If all members will come forward with dues for next quarter, use the Club and take an active interest we can survive, if allowed to go on as at present the Club is doomed.

Obviously William Matthews, who apparently lived in utmost rectitude, knew exactly what he was doing. His plan was too well executed to conclude otherwise. Why did he do it? Did he foresee that his increased duties and decreased salary indicated that there was no future as an employee of the Nelson Club? Was he a disgruntled employee tempted by his trusted position? Nobody will ever know because his disappearance was complete.[6] By fleeing the country he not only escaped the law but he also deserted his wife and young children. Even this abandonment must have been premeditated.

The members made a valiant effort to save the club but it was, indeed, "doomed." By March 1922 the Nelson Club property was conveyed to its debenture holders and the building was vacated for premises leased ". . . at [a] maximum of $65.00 per month including heating, — heat to be kept to [a] minimum temperature 60 to 70 degrees Fahrenheit." In April 1924, the club again applied for a liquor license but by then it was too late; and by 1925 after a great deal of discussion and consideration of the membership list and accounts[7] it was decided ". . . to close the Club as from the last day of October, owing to the lack of support."

Ever since its formative years the Nelson Club served as a popular refuge for Kootenay entrepreneurs and many business deals were probably concluded behind its walls. The club members often met within its comfortable and secure confines for a drink, for a friendly

game of poker or billiards, or just to relax with a good cigar and some reading material. The club saw many Nelson and Kootenay characters come and go. To outsiders the Nelson Club had a mystique about it.; and it was precisely this mysteriousness that has enshrined the club in Nelson folklore. Those bygone days will never be duplicated.

* * * * * * * * * *

Ron Welwood is a Librarian at Selkirk College and currently the chairman of Nelson's Heritage Society.

ENDNOTES

1. According to E.C. Wragge, the Nelson Club ". . . was very comfortable with [a] large billiard room, bar, reading and writing rooms downstairs, card rooms upstairs, and a nice garden with [a] bowling green at the side."
2. The Nelson Club is first recorded in the 1897 volume of **Henderson's British Columbia Gazetteer and Directory** (it is not listed in the 1895 directory). Also, the Nelson Club plumbing application No. 42 of May 5, 1898, to install 1 wash bowl and 2 urinals has a notation that "this plumbing is addition to old plumbing put in before [the] Plumbing By-Law came into force" in 1897.
3. Monthly expenditures between 1905 - 1913 varied from a low of $445.88 (March 1913) to a high of $2,001.93 (Aug. 1910). But not all income was used to help defray club costs. For instance, on 5 Nov. 1914, $85.00 was raised from a Smoker and Billiard-Snooker tournament and donated to the Canadian Patriotic Fund.
4. The club made every attempt to recover bad debts before posting a member's name. In fact, the secretary sent a form letter to the member reminding him of his unpaid tickets and requested payment to clear this outstanding balance. Posting a member's name for oustanding debts was the club executive's last resort to collect arrears. Such a move could dishonour a member's good name (and credit rating?), so this matter was not taken lightly. On 21 May 1906, it was resolved "That Mr. Frank Fletcher be posted for arrears of subscription."

   To solve this kind of problem a new ticket system was implemented in November. Once the ticket system was in place several members "Suggested that the Club tickets be exchangeable with Revelstoke, Rossland, Greenwood & Fernie Clubs."
5. Frank Fletcher compiled the **Map of the East and West Kootenay District** (January 1894) and, according to the **Nelson Tribune** (22 May 1897) he ". . . has his new map of the Nelson and Salmon river district about ready for sale. The map takes in all the country between the Columbia river and the heighth [sic] of land between Salmon river and Kootenay lake, as well as the adjacent tributaries of Kootenay river. . . The mineral claims are placed upon the map approximately. There are 1417 claims shown. The map should be very useful to mining men."
6. The **Nelson Daily News** (15 September 1920) reported "So far nothing has resulted from the telegraphic inquiries sent out by the police, and merchants and others sharing in the distribution of his checks, which ran close to $2000 in face value, are taking it out in making humorous application of his souvenir scraps of paper. One of the checks for $25, is exhibited in a Baker Street window, with the appropriate comment, 'Gone, but not Forgotten'."
7. According to the **Cash Statement Nelson Club** Oct. 3, 1925 there was an overdrawn balance in the bank of $29.88. With cash in hand of $30.00 this left a cash balance of 12¢! The club also had outstanding accounts of $181.65. What an incredible letdown from the extravagant and heady days of the early 1900s.

WORKS CITED

British Columbia Provincial Police. Nelson. **Minute-book.** 1920. (Nelson City Hall Archives)

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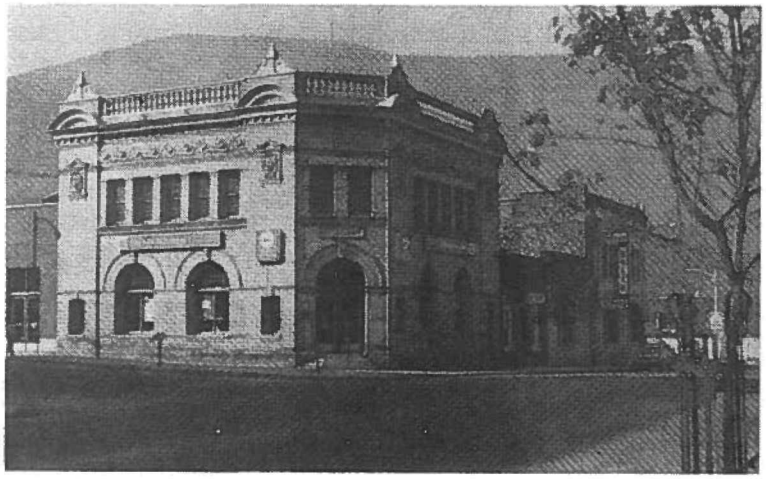
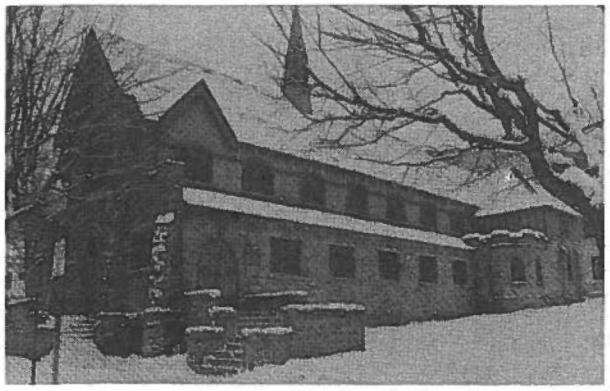


Bank of Montreal - Baker Street, Nelson, B.C.
This building was designed by F.M. Rattenbury - and built 1899-1900.

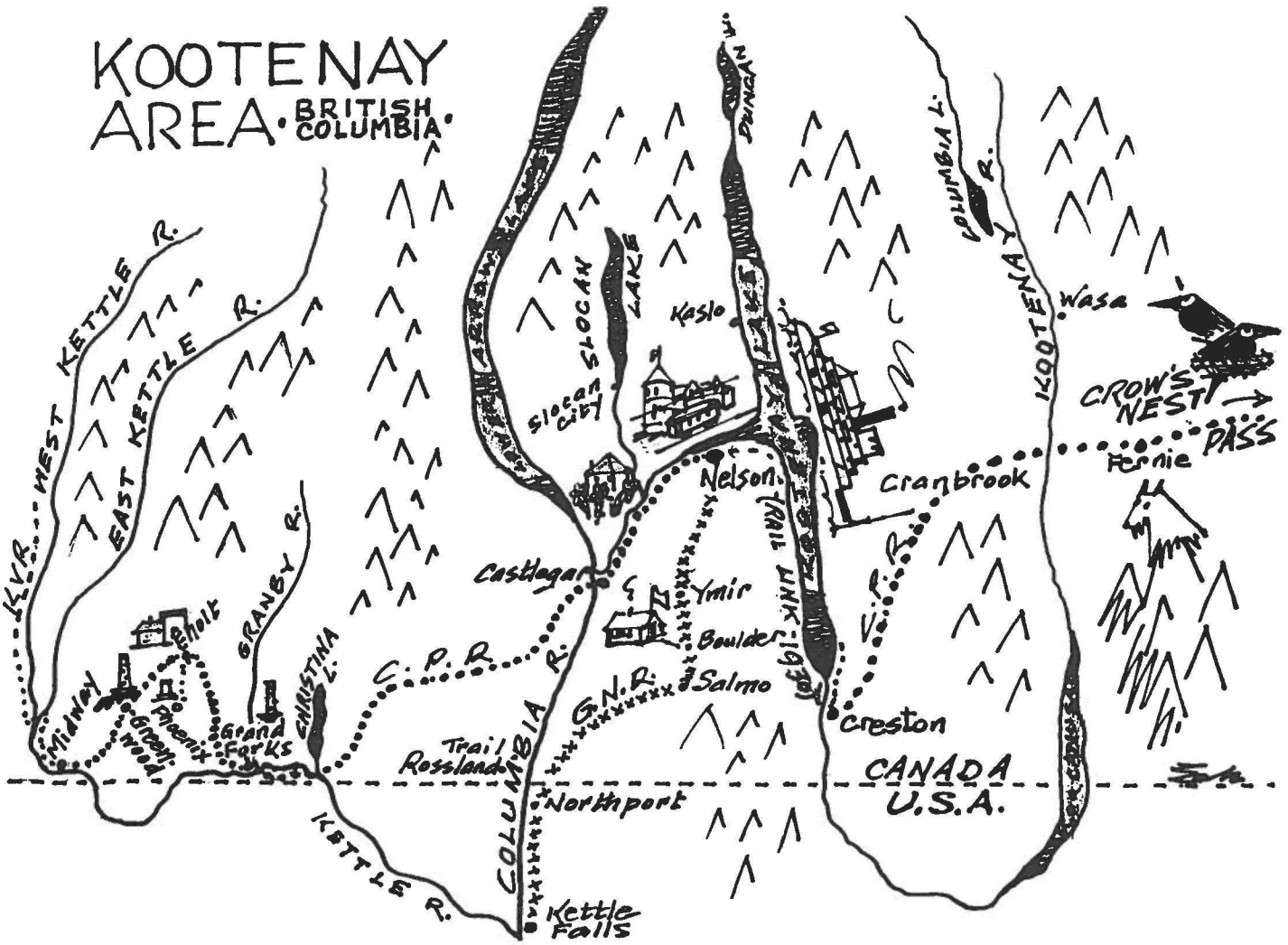


Anglican Cathedral of Our Saviour
Nelson, B.C. 1898-1900

Kettle Valley Rail Ride

by E.A. Harris

The Kettle Valley Railway has a most interesting history. Reading recent books about it brought back memories of the trips I made over that line. That very special rail link left a proud heritage for us to enjoy.



"The Kettle Valley" was not a nickname even though there might be a suggestion of Puffing Billy locomotives, not too far removed from James Watt's steaming tea-kettle. The Kettle Valley line, a wholly owned subsidiary of the CPR, was a standard railway that tunnelled and trestled, switch-backed and shunted over the rugged terrain of southern British Columbia to cross the Rockies via Crow's Nest Pass and re-join the CPR's mainline near Lethbridge, Alberta. The railway derived its name from the fact that for part of its route the line followed the Kettle River, a tributary of the Columbia. In B.C. the Kettle begins as two southward flowing streams in parallel valleys that merge to meander along the international boundary in the Grand Forks area. The river then crosses into the United States to join the Columbia at Kettle Falls. Over many centuries the falls created a deep cauldron, or kettle, that gave the river its name.

The discovery and subsequent development of rich mineral deposits – gold, silver, lead, zinc, copper and coal – in the Kootenay and Boundary areas of southern B.C. spurred railway construction. Transportation was a vital necessity of the mining boom that began in the late 1880s. This was also the great railway building period in North America – no competition yet from motorized highways and air transport was only a dream. The railway builders were eager to participate in the profits all this development would produce.

While there were a number of lesser operators the main contenders for transportation control of the region were the Canadian Pacific Railway and James J. Hill's Great Northern Railroad that crossed the northern tier of American states from St. Paul, Minn. to Seattle on Puget Sound. The CPR, completed in 1885, used the Kicking Horse Pass through the Rockies, which was rather too far north for easy access to the Kootenays. It was much easier for the Great Northern to extend acquisitive fingers up into Canada and pick the profits off into the United States. The result was a bitter rail-running battle, that lasted for more than twenty years, with the Canadian Pacific finally emerging as the winner.

In 1896 the CPR met Hill's challenge by securing a charter from the Canadian government to build a branch line from Lethbridge through the Crow's Nest Pass to Kootenay Lake. Stern-wheel steamers would provide a connection with Nelson on the lake's west arm. By 1900 the CPR, after buying out some local railways and rights-of-way, had extended its southern branch lines as far west as Midway, which as the name suggests is about half-way to the west coast.

J.J. Hill continued his invasion of Canadian territory, which the CPR regarded as its own special turf. On one occasion in 1908 at the so-called "Battle of Midway" work-crews of the two rival companies actually engaged in violence – that ended in a draw. The CPR had plans to continue westward to Penticton, Princeton, and Merritt and then via the Nicola valley re-join the main-line at Spence's Bridge.

The ultimate objective of both railways was to attain west coast terminals at Vancouver but there were many obstacles, political as well as physical, to overcome before this could be achieved. The rivalry between the two companies remained intense especially as James J. Hill added several new extensions to his GN railroad.

In 1910 the CPR acquired control of the as yet unbuilt Kettle Valley Railway which its promoters had planned to construct from Midway to Merritt. It would serve the fruit-growing centres of Penticton and Summerland as well as the coal-mining region near Princeton. Also in 1910 the CPR was fortunate to secure the services of a very competent and dedicated engineer named Andrew McCulloch. It was in large measure due to his skill and determination that the line was successfully completed. By the end of 1912 the KVR had been pushed as far west as Princeton but it was not until May 1915 that the first through train ran from Midway to Merritt. This was still a round-about route to the coast. The most direct was down the narrow valley of the Coquihalla river that made a steep descent to join the Fraser at Hope.

Both GN and CPR fought for control of the Coquihalla. J.J. Hill had considered avoiding the most difficult sections by following the Tulameen river and building an eight-mile tunnel to the lower reaches of the Coquihalla but the high cost was a deterrent. By 1913 when Hill had resigned from direct management of the GN and with a change in economic conditions the two rail-rivals agreed to bury the hatchet. Construction of the Coquihalla section was allotted to the CPR with the Great Northern being allowed running rights – which soon lapsed.

Building a railway through this rugged cleft demonstrated Andrew McCulloch's supreme ability as an engineer. By constructing a series of tunnels, steel bridges, and rock cuts he brought the rails down a stiff but acceptable grade to Hope, where a bridge across the Fraser provided a connection with the CPR's main-line into its terminus at Vancouver. On July 31, 1916 the Kettle Valley line was completed and regular direct train service from Vancouver to Nelson began.

Completion of the KVR did not mean that all problems were over. Maintaining a regular service through the Coquihalla was especially difficult in winter because of heavy snowfall. Slides and washouts sometimes blocked the line for lengthy periods. With snow-sheds, snow-plows, and man-power the company struggled against these natural hazards to keep the trains running. However in 1960 the CPR decided to abandon the Coquihalla Pass route. The Kettle Valley trains then travelled via Spence's Bridge and Merritt for another four years but traffic continued to decline and on January 12, 1964 ceased entirely. Rails that had been laid with such optimistic determination were torn up and the road-bed abandoned.

My first Kettle Valley rail ride occurred in January 1927. Train travel was not a new experience for me because, with my family, I had previously crossed Canada twice by rail. However my Kettle Valley journey was something of an adventure because, at age 18, I was setting out on my first teaching assignment to a dot on the map called Boulder, in the West Kootenay area – a part of the province I had never visited before.

The letter, dated January 5, 1927, from Registrar J. L. Watson of the Education Department in Victoria offering me this small ungraded school stated: "Inspector P.H. Sheffield, Nelson, has asked me to secure a young man for the Boulder School, just recently re-opened. This school is three miles from Salmo, which is on the Great Northern Railway about 34 miles south of Nelson." (This was one of J. J. Hill's extensions into Canada) "All the residents of Boulder are Independent Doukhobors. There will be about nine pupils in attendance." (Actually there were twelve – two who were not Doukhobors. Pupils ranged from ages 6 to 15 and in grades from One to Seven) "The annual salary is $1020. It is just possible the snowfall in that district is quite heavy." (Fortunately I was able to board with the Chernenkoff family and did not have to make a daily 6-mile trek through deep snow – I just walked to Salmo on Saturdays to get my mail). A job was a job so I accepted the offer, packed my trunk, and bought a ticket to Nelson via the Kettle Valley to leave Vancouver on January 10, 1927.

The Kettle Valley trains left Vancouver at 7 pm from the CPR station, a busy place at departure and arrival times. I checked my trunk through to Nelson and with suit-case in hand found my seat in the sleeping car. The conductor called, "All aboard" and we were on our way. After leaving the lights of Vancouver it wasn't possible to see much in the dark world outside as the train clicked over the rails along the north bank of the Fraser. The porter soon made up the berths and by the time the train reached Hope I was in my upper bunk only vaguely aware of where we were. I remained in the dark,

punctuated by numerous jars and jolts, until dawn at Penticton.

On that first Kettle Valley ride I saw nothing of the Coquihalla and it was not until a later daylight journey that I could appreciate the achievement of building a railway through this scenic but rugged pass. A rail-line truly described as "McCulloch's Wonder."

I knew from the time-table that stations in the Coquihalla section were named after Shakespearian characters but I was not aware that McCulloch was also a Shakespeare fan. These stations were not settlements but merely provided facilities for operating the railway - sidings, water-tanks, etc. with accommodation for employees. The only exception was Brookmere, a divisional point just east of the Coquihalla summit, and a junction with the line to Merritt.

On that January journey the train also passed through Princeton during the night. On a later trip in September 1927 (when I went in the day-coach to save the price of a berth) I remember seeing the dark shapes of buildings in the old mining towns of Tulameen and Coalmont. The 4-story Tulameen Hotel, a square wooden structure, ghostly in the early morning darkness, had only a dim light in a ground floor window to show it was still occupied. At Princeton another GN branch line ran south through Hedley and Keremeos into the United States. A Kettle Valley spur line wriggled its way up to Copper Mountain, perched high on the summit of a perpendicular cliff.

On January 11, 1927 it was daylight when the train pulled out of Penticton, rounded the south end of Okanagan Lake past Naramata, to begin the long tortuous climb up the steep hillside. About 9 am I went into the sparkling dining-car for breakfast. The train had stopped, probably to get up steam for the ordeal ahead, and I could observe the outside scene. A pale Okanagan sun shone on a snowy hillside that sloped down to the lake below. The only sign of human habitation was a solitary station named Arawana.

The waiter brought me a pot of coffee which I proceeded to pour into a cup. Just then the locomotive gave a sudden snort and the car – with my coffee-cup – lurched forward, resulting in a spill and a brown stain on the spotless tablecloth. When the waiter returned he commented I must be a little nervous this morning to which I replied, "Don't blame me – the engineer did that." The train began moving again and chugged doggedly up the stiff grade. After several switch-backs it reached the summit at an elevation of more than 4000 feet. The station there was appropriately named McCulloch.

I overheard a Knowledgeable Passenger say that we were not very far from Kelowna – half-way up Okanagan Lake but over a vertical half-mile above it. At McCulloch the line turned south, gradually working its way into the valley of the Kettle River. The scenery had changed from the more open Okanagan vistas to a dense forest of spindly pine trees on either side of the track. There were two settlements at Carmi and Beaverdell but most of the other stations seemed to be replicas of Arawana. At Westbridge there was a general store but not much else and at Rock Creek, where the railway turned east, there were no visible traces of the gold-rush camp of 1860.

The train now rolled along over an easier grade. The sky was overcast and there wasn't much to see except snow and trees. I heard the porter tell a young passenger there were bears out there but I imagined all sensible bruins were snoozing winter away in their warm dens rather than wandering about in the cold forest.

By afternoon the train had reached Midway, a divisional point and legal terminus of the Kettle Valley railway. Midway had a station and other railway buildings set in a wide expanse of snow. There must have been a townsite but I didn't see it. When the train resumed its journey over Canadian Pacific rather than Kettle Valley rails the only visible difference was that the train crew now wore caps with the initials CPR instead of KVR.

The train rattled along during the afternoon with nothing to see except snow and trees on one side of the track and trees and snow on the other when suddenly, to my amazement, there on the floor of the valley was a city. A real city with a grid of streets, a compact business section of two and three-story buildings, one of them boasting a brick clock-tower. This was the City of Greenwood.

As the train drew into the station I saw that Greenwood was a city that had seen better days. It had a generally shabby appearance with a number of vacant buildings. I knew that Greenwood had once been a busy mining town and as the train moved on I heard the Knowledgeable Passenger say that it was once a city with a population of 7000 (with 29 saloons) but both had declined drastically when the mines closed down. He pointed out some abandoned mine workings but didn't indicate, and I didn't see until a later trip, the tall brick chimney of the derelict smelter with its immense black slag-heap.

In 1927 Greenwood's chief claim to fame was that it rated as the province's smallest incorporated city. However in 1942 it had an influx of Japanese residents, displaced from their homes on the coast because of the war. More recently Greenwood has turned to its history and the restoration of its heritage buildings. Tourism and some local industries have fortunately saved Greenwood from becoming a ghost town.

East of Greenwood the train halted briefly at a settlement with a large general store bearing the name Eholt. The Knowledgeable Passenger explained that Eholt was a former junction with a branch line that twisted its way up a steep mountainside to the rich copper mines at Phoenix. Established in 1900 this mountain-top community, with a population that peaked at 4000 (no pun intended) also became an incorporated city, and at elevation of 4600 feet the highest in Canada. It was a booming town for nearly twenty years but in 1918 copper prices collapsed and mine closures followed. The city of Phoenix soon died and with no ore to process so did the smelters at Grand Forks and Greenwood. In 1927 the shell of the abandoned city was still there but today few traces remain. One exception is the cenotaph erected in memory of Phoenix men killed in World War I – still a memorial for them and for their city too.

As the train moved on from Eholt daylight was fading and it was dark by the time it reached Grand Forks. I was enlightened to learn that Grand Forks had two stations – one called Columbia was about a mile from the town station.

This was because of the rail rivalry during the construction period. Although the loss of its smelter was a serious economic blow Grand Forks, located in an open area of the Kettle valley, had extensive farm-land that provided a solid agricultural base. Some of the farmers settled there were Doukhobors living in communal villages. However not until a later daylight trip did I see their square two-story brick houses with gardens that usually included sun-flowers.

East of Grand Forks the railway and the river parted company. The Kettle turned south, crossing the border to join the Columbia at Kettle Falls. The railway swung north-east to reach the Columbia at Castlegar and then along the Kootenay river to Nelson. As the train began this route the Knowledgeable Passenger pointed a knowing finger into the outer darkness and said Christina Lake was out there and the old boom town of Cascade City was over there. Years later I visited Christina Lake but Cascade City had long since disappeared. Beyond Castlegar it was too dark to see anything of other places along the way, like South "silvery" Slocan or Doukhobor communities around Brilliant, but the power plant at Bonnington Falls was brilliantly lighted. A few more miles and the train reached journey's end at Nelson, by the west arm of Kootenay Lake.

Passengers continuing east could spend the night aboard the stately sternwheeler Nasookin (or Kuskanook) and next morning be ferried across Kootenay Lake to continue their rail journey. However I was staying in Nelson and on the advice of the porter I opted for the Savoy Hotel, whose taxi took me there in a 3-minute uphill drive from the station. The Savoy was a new 2-story brick building where I was alotted an excellent room, with a shower, for three dollars. Conditions were much more conducive to sleep than on the previous night's upper berth.

Next morning I saw Nelson by daylight – a small compact city in a snow-covered world. Most of the buildings in the downtown area were brick and stone structures with the decorative cornices, towers, and columns typical of late Victorian architecture. I noticed one of Nelson's (two) street-cars turn off Baker Street to zig and zag its way up steep hillside streets to the GN's Mountain station from which I would depart next morning.

I had phoned Inspector Sheffield from the hotel and arranged to meet him at 9 a.m. in the post office, an ornate stone and brick building with a tower (it now serves as Nelson's city hall) and which was easy to locate. From there I accompanied Mr. Sheffield to his office in the Court House building across the street. This was another imposing stone structure with a decorative turret having some resemblance to a medieval castle - but built in 1909.

Inspector Sheffield, who was official trustee for Boulder School, gave me some basic supplies - a box of chalk, a package of foolscap, drawing paper, pen-nibs, and a bottle of powdered ink. He also gave me a letter of introductions to a Boulder parent, Fred Chernenkoff, and then, hospitably, an invitation to the Sheffield home on Silica Street for supper that evening.

Next morning I was conveyed by the hotel's taxi to the GN's mountain station. (When I knew Nelson better I took the street-car – the fare was 5 cents). Departure time was 8 a.m. and a fair-sized crowd was waiting on the frosty station platform.

The GN "train" was actually a single-car day-liner, which becuase of its rolling gait and raucous hooter, was known locally as "The Galloping Goose." From Nelson it was an uphill climb to Apex after which the Goose galloped over an easier grade beside the southward flowing Salmon river. The first settlement was called Porcupine where there was a small saw-mill and several dwellings built of raw lumber. A signboard proclaimed in large letters: CHRISTIAN COMMUNITY OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD. This was a recently established Doukhobor colony. The residents at Boulder were Independents, who had broken away from communal living.

A short time later when the conductor called out, "Wy-mer, Wy-mer next," I new how to pronounce Ymir. I also knew the stop after that would be Boulder. Ymir was an old mining town with a row of dilapidated wooden hotels along its main street. One mine, the Yankee Girl, atop the mountain opposite, was still active with an aerial tramline in operation, its ore-buckets moving up and down.

Five miles later the Goose, after emitting one of its sustained honks, slowed to a stop at Boulder. It halted long enough for me and another passenger (a log buyer) to get off and for my trunk to be dumped on the snow beside the track. The Goose galloped off to Salmo, three miles down the line, and then on to Northport, south of the border.

The deserted sawmill stood beside the track but off to the right a group of men, with horses, were loading poles on to a freight-car parked on a siding. One of them called out to me to leave my trunk and the boys would take it up to the school. I waved in reply and proceeded up the snow-road to the settlement, a scattering of unpainted buildings on either side of Boulder Creek. The mountain slopes in the creek area, largely denuded of trees by logging and a forest fire, were covered by a deep white blanket of snow. The resident families had moved into three of the larger houses but most of the other buildings, mainly shacks, were vacant. There was a large abandoned mess-hall, two long low horse-barns built of logs, and a double row of a dozen empty shacks – one of which had been converted for use as the school. In his report Inspector Sheffield described it as "a rough but comfortable classroom." It was comfortable enough when the wood-burning heater was radiating some warmth but on many a below zero morning it was cold enough to freeze more than the ink-wells.

Entering the building I found there was basic furniture in addition to the stove – two rows of desks, a teacher's desk, and a blackboard. There was also a bell and a flag – the Union Jack – to raise on a short pole fastened to the outside wall. During the day I met most of the residents, including pupils, and made boarding arrangements with the Chernenkoff family. On the following day school assembled and for the next year and a half Boulder was the centre of my educational endeavours and my home away from home.

From January 1927 until June 1928 I made a half-a-dozen trips over the Kettle Valley so that it became familiar territory. The terrain displayed a much friendlier face in the spring, summer

and fall months than it did in bleak wintry January. Even after sixty-five years unblurred memories still remain – such as coming in from Boulder at dusk and from Nelson's mountain station looking down on the bright lights of the mini-metropolis below, a sparkling jewel in a mountain setting.

I can still see the meandering Kettle river at Grand Forks, a beautifully clear gentle stream flowing across a wide fertile valley. However I know it is not always so quiet and through some rocky canyons the Kettle boils madly. I can't forget the visual impact of the old mining town of Greenwood with its dead smelter. The tall brick chimney and huge black slag-heap are relics of past production (and pollution) but also memorials to an era of pioneering enterprise.

In June 1927 I saw Arawana again, no longer snow-bound but sun-drenched, with an orchard oasis around Okanagan Lake from Naramata through Penticton to Summerland. I can recall the glimpse of an angler casting a fly on the glassy waters of Osprey – or was it Otter Lake – and the Tulameen and Similkameen rivers, with names that sound like rippling streams.

Above all is the memory of riding over the Kettle Valley rails through the Coquihalla in daylight and marvelling how this railway was built. As a sculptor works with, not against, his material so Andrew McCulloch planned the grades, built the bridges, bored the tunnels by maintaining a kind of harmony with the rugged Coquihalla. In spite of winter avalanches and spring wash-outs this rough rapport continued for over 40 years – until 1962. Perhaps McCulloch's entire Kettle Valley line may be regarded as an immense, extended sculptural achievement – a work of art.

Andrew McCulloch was a practical hard-headed engineer but he had a romantic side too – he named his Coquihalla stations after Shakespearean characters with Juliet and Romeo at the top of the list – and the whistles of his steam locomotives were never discordant. The Kettle Valley Railway is now history but for all those who worked to keep the trains running, for all of us who were sometime passengers on those trains, and for present-day hikers who explore sections of its abandoned right-of-way the Kettle Valley is indeed a railway to remember.

* * * * * * * * * *

Ernest Harris happily adapted his skill as an artist to illustrate his writing. This Vancouver octogenarian prepared this piece especially for the B.C. Historical News.

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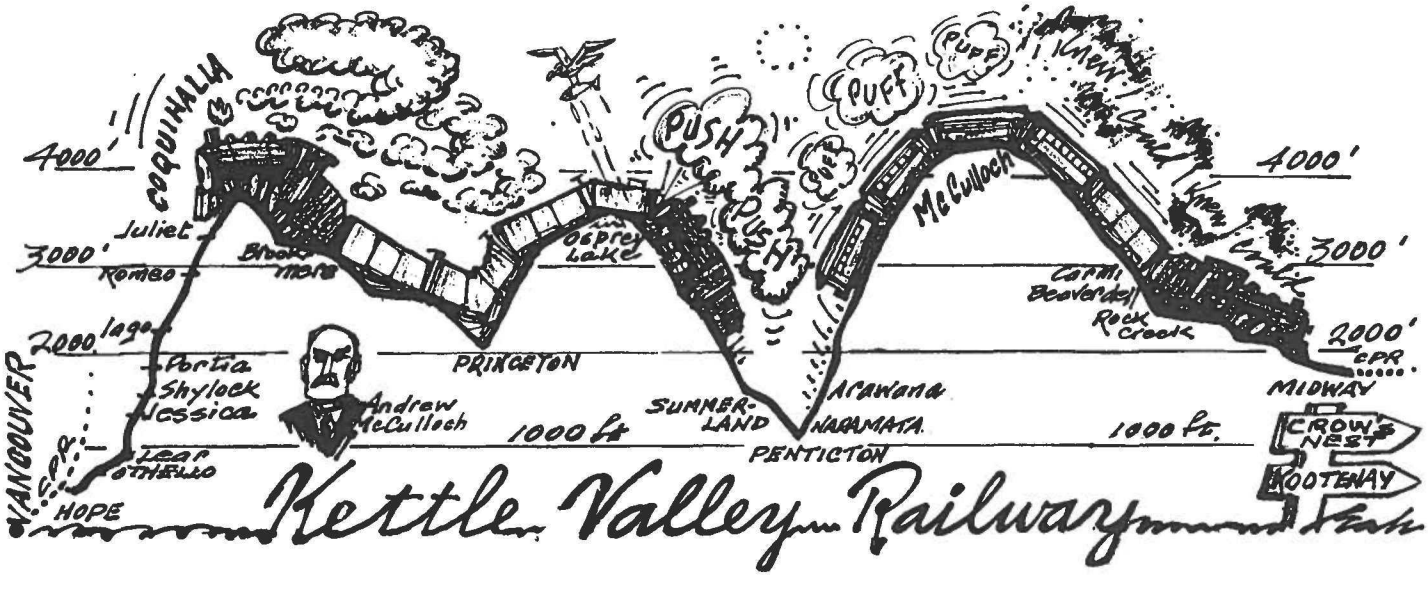


The Reverend Mr. Procunier
A Kootenay Pioneer

by Naomi Miller

Rev. Charles Ault Procunier served pioneer congregations for thirty years, twelve as a Methodist minister and eighteen as an Anglican. He was born in Ontario in 1863 and arrived in British Columbia in 1893. His first posting as a Methodist probationer was in Springford, Ontario in 1885. In 1886 he was assigned to Oxford Centre, in 1887 to Townsend, and in 1888 he was in Cobourg as a student at Victoria University. (This university had amalgamated with the University of Toronto a year earlier, agreeing to become exclusively a Theological College and ceasing to award degrees in Arts, Medicine, Law and Science.) In 1889 he served in Napinka, Manitoba then, "with full connection" was in Edmonton, North West Territories, from 1890 to 1892.

He married P.E.I. born Jessie Maxfield in Edmonton. The newlyweds arrived in Revelstoke early in 1893. One of the highlights of his incumbency as Methodist minister was officiating at the wedding (on May 17, 1894) of his sister-in-law, Margaret Maxfield to Rev. Ernest Hardwick of Salmon Arm, B.C. He was assisted by Revs. J.F. Betts and W.J. Hall. Mrs. Procunier enjoyed that wedding then delivered her firstborn, Charles Adam, a few weeks later. Mr. Procunier was awarded his Bachelor of Philosophy in 1894 then promptly enrolled with Illinois Wesleyan University. This university offered degrees through a program of directed reading and mailed examinations proctored by a reputable person near the student's home. After reading Kant, Bosanquet, Descartes, Berkeley and others, he was awarded an M.A. in 1896. Mr. Procunier was evidently a good speaker because he was asked to host church parades for various organizations such as the Orange Lodge, Masons, Foresters and others. In fact, it was arranged that he return from Kaslo in July 1897 to preach at an open air service held between the Methodist and Presbyterian churches at 7:30 pm. Other churches would hold no evening service so that their choirs could unite and all citizens could hear "the popularly known Rev. Mr. Procunier."

Rev. C. A. Procunier
Rector St. Peter's

In 1895 the Procuniers moved to Kaslo where the Reverend had charge of Ainsworth and Kaslo. Methodists had built a parsonage and were building a church. There was good rapport between all Protestant ministers at that time as news items reported participation in concerts to raise money for the school, or to share in the building of one church hall or other. The **Kootenaian** of July 30, 1897 told of "The steamer **Kokanee** returned last evening with a load of happy children. They were members of the Church of England and Methodist Sunday Schools on their annual Outing." In February 1898 Rev. Procunier assisted with the induction of Presbyterian pastor, Rev. A.D. Menzies. Vesta Elizabeth Irene Procunier was born in Kaslo in 1896. The various ministers joined in the citizen's welcoming committee when the Governor-General, the Earl of Aberdeen and his wife visited Kaslo.

Topics of sermons were printed in the weekly anouncements of services. Some were a Bible text, others philosophical such as "Dedication", "Esteem", "Reverence and Worship", "Are Angels' Visits Few & Far Between?", "Prayer" or "The Use of Speech." One subject advertised for a sermon came in March 1898, "Doubt In Relation to Religion." A few weeks later, Charles Ault Procunier submitted what he hoped would be his Ph D thesis to Illinois Wesleyan University: its title, "Philosophy and Psychology of Doubt." At the May 3, 1898 meeting of Kootenay District of the Methodist Church, he resigned his position as a minister of the Methodist Church with the intention of taking orders in the Church of England. He requested letters of standing. It was moved by Bro. Morden, seconded by Bro. Calvert that the communication be received and that the District recommend to the ensuing Annual Conference that Bro. Procunier's resignation be accepted and that he be granted credentials of standing.This had fallen unexpectedly onto the agenda so the usual 'accepted with regret' was omitted. Neither, however, was 'accepted in silence' appended as was the custom if a scandal surrounded the departing member.

Mr. Procunier left the conference and continued enroute to Chicago. He returned to B.C. expecting to be welcomed into the Anglican Church on June 5 but the Bishop of New Westminster (and all British Columbia) was detained in England. Alternate arrangements were made for Wednesday, June 22, 1898 at 10 a.m., in St. George's Church, Rossland where Bishop Lemurl Wells of Spokane inducted C.A. Procunier as a Deacon.

The Procuniers' third child, Iona Maxfield, was born in Kaslo on July 5th. It is not indicated whether the Procuniers travelled elsewhere to spend the inter-

vening weeks until Mr. Procunier received his appointment to Fort Steele. The **Prospector** newspaper noted on August 20 that "Rev. C.A. Procunier, M.A. has been appointed to the charge of Fort Steele Missionary District. He was recently ordained, being previously one of the ablest ministers in the Methodist Conference. He will assume charge shortly, and hold services in Cranbrook and Moyie. His family will not move here until the Crow's Nest Railway is running."

Fort Steele was booming at the time the Anglicans received their minister. The Presbyterians had built their own church, and the Catholics were constructing St. Anthony's. Prior to this any services had been held in the one-roomed schoolhouse. Catholic Mass in the morning, Anglican and Presbyterian congregations, using Lay Readers, alternated with afternoon and evening services. In January 1898 a new two-roomed school was opened. The Anglicans inherited the one-roomed school, naming it St. John's Church, and installing an organ earned from a ball held in the new Opera House. Fort Steele had a bank (with a burglar proof safe), a Government Building, a Customs Office, a bridge replacing the original ferry across the Kootenay River. It had nine hotels, several stores and livery stables, assay offices, a small hospital, a weekly newspaper, three newly created lawyers, weekly mail service and jitney connection with the railway. In short, it had much to offer new citizens and old.

Fort Steele Anglicans heard but two of Mr. Procunier's sermons before voting to build a vicarage. Mrs. Procunier arrived in October. She soon established herself as a good hostess, first in their interim home, then in the neat little vicarage. Commencing November 3 a reading club to study Shakespearian literature was opened to all ladies and gentlemen every Thursday evening at their home. A few weeks later a chapter of the Masonic Lodge was instituted, with the Anglican Reverend as Senior Warden. The couple's name appeared in guest lists published when reporting social events in their new hometown. For example, they played progressive euchre weekly with citizens such as the Government Agent, his wife and two clerks; the Duricks of the Mercantile Store; the postmaster and his wife; the druggist, A.W. Bleasdell and Mrs. Bleasdell; the school teacher; Dr. Hugh Watt M.D.; two real estate brokers; the lay reader from the Presbyterian church; and others. Rev. Procunier resumed his studies but no degree was awarded either because the thesis was not accepted or other requirements were not met. Meanwhile he coached the pharmacist's son, Willie Bleasdell, for entrance examinations to McGill University. Willie passed with honors and the whole community rejoiced. In the fall of 1899 Mr. Procunier acted as teacher when needed in the school. He became a member of the new lodge of the Independent Order of Foresters. He was raised to priesthood by Rt. Rev. Dr. Perrin at St. Saviour's Cathedral in Nelson on September 30, 1899. During his tenure Sunday School flourished; for some reason Presbyterian youngsters met at 2 pm. while the Anglican Sunday School was held at 2:30. He watched young neighbours sign up to fight in the Boer War. Early in 1900 this gentleman became Master of the Masonic Lodge, and attended the provincial meeting in Vancouver in June. When Mr. Procunier was giving services in Cranbrook or Moyie, Lay Readers would lead the worship at St. John's in Fort Steele. The accredited Lay Readers were R.L.T. Galbraith, Indian Agent and wealthy landowner, and J.F. Armstrong, Government Agent and Gold Commissioner. A small number of parishioners were prepared for confirmation in June 1900. (These included his wife Jessie.) Fort Steele was losing some of its citizens to Cranbrook since the railway was routed through the latter community, but it did remain viable until 1904 when the Government Office closed at "Steele".

Fate decreed, however, that the Procuniers were not to stay in Fort Steele until the demise of the town. St. Peter's Anglican Church, Revelstoke lost Rev. F.W. Ford in a fatal accident. Rev. E.C. Paget was about to take over this church (in the hometown of his brother) when he was elevated to Dean of Calgary. Parishioners eagerly adopted their former neighbour, C.A. Procunier. The family moved to Revelstoke in September so that young Charlie could start school there. Fund raising started immediately to improve and enlarge the rectory, not only for the comfort of the minister and his family, but because travelling Anglican dignitaries chose Revelstoke as a likely place to break a train journey.

Charles Ault Procunier became a member of the Masonic Lodge in Revelstoke in 1893. He transferred to Kaslo Lodge where he was JW and SW. Next he became a charter member of North Star Lodge No. 30 at Fort Steele. He commuted back to Fort Steele for monthly meetings till his term of office was up. This meant leaving Revelstoke Monday morning by train to Arrowhead, boat to Robson, train to Nelson, boat to Kootenay Landing, train to Eager near Cranbrook, and stage to Fort Steele late on Tuesday. He had to leave Fort Steele no later than Friday morning to be home late Saturday evening. He reestablished himself with the AF & AM Kootenay Lodge No. 15 in 1902 and was elected Worshipful Master for 1903-04. He became active in coordinate bodies becoming First Principal of the Royal Arch and a charter member of the Preceptory. He acted as secretary of the Masonic Lodge for several years, resigning when tragedy struck his family in 1909.

Rev. Procunier was officially instituted at St. Peter's on Wednesday, November 21, 1900 by the Venerable Edwyn S.W. Pentreath, D.D. Archdeacon of Columbia. The following week the church committee rented Tappings Theatre for a fund raising evening of entertainment. (Gross proceeds $180.) Church programs continued for all age groups with little extras such as, "St. Peter's Church Ladies Guild will hold sewing meetings during Lent every Monday afternoon at the Rectory. Any member not attending will be find 10¢." During the Procunier incumbency the church walls were reinforced and a pipe organ installed (a cast off from a Calgary cathedral.) The popular preacher sometimes exchanged pulpits with other ministers, and he was invited to take services in other communities such as Vernon, Nakusp, and Nelson.

The Procuniers became involved in community life. Rev. Procunier was on the school board for some years. He joined the fledgling Alpine Club of Canada-Revelstoke Branch, assisting them

with the construction of a small chalet atop Mt. Revelstoke. Both Mr. and Mrs. accompanied groups of young people on hikes to this summit. Four Reverend gentlemen registered as a rink during the curling season. The rectory garden was kept bright with beautiful flowers, and a vegetable garden was cultivated at their 'ranch' just north of town. Honey from their hives won prizes regularly in the Fall Fair, as did some of their garden produce. On October 1, 1907, Rev. C.A. Procunier sustained a very serious injury while chopping wood at his ranch. The axe hit a knot, glanced off and cut deeply into his right ankle severing an artery and damaging the joint. He very pluckily bound his wound himself (for he was alone), limped home and was assisted from there to the hospital. A portion of the bone had to be removed. He was hospitalized for 12 days, then made good progress in recouping his agility. They hosted Christmas parties and sleigh rides, organized family picnics, masquerade parties and stereoptican shows, and assisted with a snowshoe club for teens. The two Procunier daughters took piano lessons and became medal winning performers. There certainly seemed to be more to life than Sunday services, weddings, baptisms and funerals.

A Kootenay Oldtimers Reunion was held in February 1909. Membership qualification – "males with residence in the Kootenays prior to 1894, or their male descendants over 21 years of age." The most senior of this group had arrived in 1866, and Procunier was among the juniors, but was appointed to arrange future annual gatherings. Headlines a few weeks later told of flooding in the district, some of which washed out road and railway bridges across the Illecillewaet River. School resumed in mid August; Irene Procunier commenced high school; Iona "Max" Procunier was rushed to hospital with appendicitis and died early on the morning of Sunday, August 22 at age 11 years, one month and 17 days. Her funeral was arranged for Tuesday and the school dismissed for the afternoon. Children filled most of the church. The hearse was covered with flowers. The school children walked in a body behind the hearse to the cemetery. A long procession of vehicles also followed. The pallbearers were young schoolmates representing all denominations. Devastated by their loss, Mr. & Mrs. Procunier went away for a holiday, returning to service early in October.

Meanwhile Revelstoke citizens watched the unravelling of the two Presbyterian churches. In July Rev. J.R. Robertson of Knox Church handed in his resignation, even though he had no other call or opening in sight. In October Rev. W.C. Calder preached his farewell sermon at St. Andrew's, and moved across the river to expand his little ranch into an experimental farm. Both wished to force amalgamation. Knox Church was renamed St. John's. Lay readers conducted services for a few months, alternating between the two buildings. Later St. Andrew's was eagerly appropriated by the school board to become an annex to an overflowing school. Rev. Robertson attended the Alpine Club Camp as a staff member then sat in Revelstoke considering alternatives. Finally he transferred to St. Andrew's, Nanaimo. Rev. N.G. Melvin, B.A., formerly of Arrowhead, returned from postgraduate studies in Glasgow, accepted the call to St. John's Presbyterian. He took his place in the pulpit in January 1910, saying that the troubles of the Presbyterian church in Revelstoke should be buried, and he wished to hear nothing about the past. Concurrently the Baptists changed ministers only to lose the newcomer fairly quickly when his wife became ill. The Roman Catholics bade farewell to Father Pecoule and welcomed Rev. Coccola to St. Francis; Fr. Coccola delivered sermons first in English then in Italian.

Revelstoke was always a railway community. Its life was touched by the successes, changes and accidents on the rail line. One conductor killed at Field, B.C. came home to be buried with services by the four fraternal organizations to which he belonged. On March 5, 1910 a massive snowslide in Rogers Pass took the lives of 75 workers attempting to clear an earlier avalanche. The dead included many Hindoos and 37 Japanese. A public memorial service was held at the opera house on Sunday afternoon with choirs from several churches joining together. Mr. Procunier took a funeral service, for those without lodges or church affiliation, at the YMCA on Monday. Virtually every issue of the **Mail-Herald** noted a derailment, bridge washout, runaway train, workers or trespassers killed or injured, or the building of new spur lines; if there was nothing on the CPR they found some railway news from a foreign country!

At this time British Columbia was considering sites for the planned university. Rev. Procunier became the Kootenay delegate (in 1910) on the committee preparing for a theological college. He served until 1916.

Miss Hall, Revelstoke's respected music teacher had her pupils give a recital annually and participate wherever appropriate. Her last recital before she left the city was in July 1910. Miss Hall noted to the audience that Irene Procunier, winner of a Gold Medal for Pianoforte, was the youngest church organist in British Columbia. Mrs. Procunier presented Miss Hall with "a handsome fountain pen" as a farewell gift.

Charlie Procunier finished high school and passed entrance examinations for McGill University. He stayed home, finding work locally until early in 1914 when he moved to Comaplix, on the upper Arrow Lake, where he was placed in charge of the office of the Forest Mills Company. The news item concluded, "Charlie will be missed among the young people of our city."

Everything appeared to be "business as usual" at St. Peter's Church except for correspondence noted in Vestry Minutes but no longer extant. Mr. Procunier resigned in April 1914, but continued to serve. In August 1915 parishioners asked the People's Warden to write to the Bishop of Kootenay protesting his letter requesting our Rector to resign. When the war started Mr. Procunier was on every local committee to recruit, to encourage the troops, to meet every troop train, and to arrange for an insurance policy on the life of every Revelstoke boy going into service. Daughter Irene started as a substitute teacher in the fall of 1914, and likely found other part time employment. Fire in October 1914 damaged some of the buildings at Comaplix, but 50 men were retained to load lumber as orders came in. Then the arsonist finished the destruction in April 1915. Every build-

ing except the school was destroyed, 14 million cubic feet of lumber went up in smoke, the steamer **Revelstoke** was burned to the waterline because the flume bringing water which could have fought the blaze had been severed in three places. Charlie Procunier was out of a job, except for appearing at repeated police and insurance investigations. For her wartime preparedness Mrs. Procunier completed a St. John Ambulance course. Rev. Procunier was master of ceremonies for a great patriotic meeting (June 2, 1915) to aid recruiting for the 54th Kootenay and Boundary Battallion. His son was one of 62 young men who signed up that day. A special train took Revelstoke citizens to Vernon to visit their boys at the completion of basic training. Australian cadets were hosted by Revelstoke families for a few days before continuing east. The big adventure for recruits at the front was gradually recognized as the horror it was. Casualties were reported frequently and one of the earliest recruits was invalided home at the first of the new year. Things became increasingly tense even in places like Revelstoke.

Rural Dean (a promotion) Procunier submitted his resignation from St. Peter's as of April 24, 1916 "PROVIDED that all his salary to date was paid." A month later a meeting was held to authorize the Wardens to borrow money from the bank "to pay off the indebtedness to the Rector." Also tabled at that meeting was a letter from Irene Procunier tendering her resignation as organist effective 24 April. Mr. Procunier went teaching at nearby Skeene to finish the school year. He then made the home on his ranch comfortable for all seasons, bade his wife "good bye," and joined the army. He became Captain (chaplain) in the Engineers. Charlie Procunier was wounded in action and taken prisoner by the Germans. He returned in May 1919 as Sergeant Procunier. He was welcomed at the Revelstoke railway station by his father, Captain Procunier "who had come down from Roger Pass where he was teaching school."

Mr. Procunier taught school on letters of permission until his two children were married and away from home. Irene wed George Hardy at St. Peter's in July 1922. At age 59 he went to Victoria to attend Normal School for the 1922-23 academic year. He continued to teach as long as his health permitted, visiting his children and grandchildren in Ontario and Nova Scotia from time to time. He passed away in Kamloops on March 6, 1940.

* * * * * * * * *

The writer spends many hours as a volunteer at Fort Steele Heritage Town. The extended research for this story did not answer the question, "Why did this gentleman switch from the Methodist to the Anglican church?"

SOURCES

Anglican Archives – Provincial Synod, Vancouver
– Diocese of Kootenay, Kelowna

United Church of Canada – B.C. Archives

Victoria University (United Church Archives), Toronto

Illinois Wesleyan University Archives

David Procunier – Grandson, at Celista, B.C.

Kaslo Claim – 1895-1898

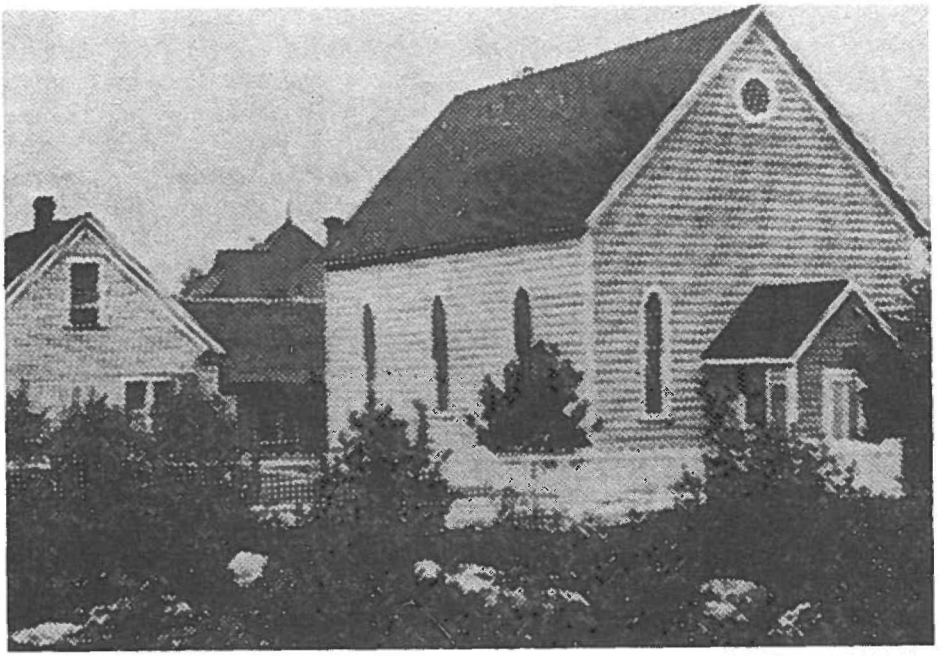
Revelstoke Mail-Herald 1900-1916
Revelstoke & District Museum staff..

The Prospector (Fort Steele) – 1898-1900

St. Peter's Anglican Church 90th Anniversary Booklet – 1988.

Special thanks to Derryl White of Fort Steele Archives.

Day Dress 1890's
The leg-of-mutton sleeves, high waist, corsetted torso and very full skirt were favored by Mrs. Procunier and her friends at Fort Steele.



Methodist Church and Parsonage in Kaslo, B.C. 1895. Photo courtesy of Elsie Turnbull.

Bailiff Macaulay

by C.J.P. Hanna

Donald Macaulay was a servant of the Hudson's Bay Company and its close affiliate the Puget's Sound Agricultural Company for more than thirty years until his death in 1868. Well-regarded by such prominent fur trade figures as Hudson's Bay Company chief factors John McLoughlin and James Douglas, Macaulay is best known for his service during the 1850's as bailiff of the Puget's Sound Agricultural Company's "Viewfield" farm near Fort Victoria.

Macaulay was a Scot, born in 1805 on the shores of West Loch Tarbert, Harris, on the Isle of Lewis in the Outer Hebrides. Little is known of his early life. Later described as having been a crofter, Macaulay reportedly worked as a shepherd in Scotland before entering HBC service. At some point in his life Macaulay received a rudimentary education as he could read and write, though his grammar and spelling were often peculiar and sometimes a source of amusement to others.[1]

In his **British Columbia Coast Names** Captain John Walbran states that Macaulay crossed the Rocky Mountains about 1834 and then served aboard the HBC coastal trading brig **Llama** (or **Lama**) under Captain William H. McNeill.[2]

Donald Macaulay was probably the "Macaulay, a Lewisman" with whom Dr. William Fraser Tolmie went on a hunting expedition in July 1834 near Clarence Straits during the removal of the first Fort Simpson from the Nass river.[3]

By 1839 Donald Macaulay was employed as a labourer at the second Fort Simpson (now Port Simpson) on the northwest coast of British Columbia. The only surviving records of Macaulay's work at Fort Simpson mention him preparing bear skins for storage and attending natives bringing seaweed to the fort's vegetable garden. By 1841 Macaulay was one of three assistants to John Work, the officer in charge of Fort Simpson.[4]

Shortly after his arrival at Fort Simpson Macaulay married Margaret Snaach, a native woman, probably from the Tlingit tribe on the Tongass river. Like most marriages in the fur trade territory, the marriage was done "in the fashion of the country" without clerical blessing. While at least six daughters were born to Macaulay and his wife, the lack of records renders it uncertain exactly how many children they had.[5]

Macaulay remained at Fort Simpson until the late 1840's. The few remaining portions of the Fort Simpson journal reveal very little about Macaulay's life there, save that on one occasion he chased and wounded a large shark seen offshore and shortly after Christmas 1842 was caught in the fort storeroom tapping rum from a cask he had bored with a gimlet. Since Christmas day had been "gloomy and dismal with heavy rain all day" and the men's "Christmas regale" consisted of molasses, rice, flour and grease, Macaulay's theft of rum was perhaps understandable and apparently soon forgiven for no record of any punishment appears in the Fort Simpson journal.[6]

Despite the occasional transgression, Macaulay's reputation among his superiors was such that HBC chief Factor John McLoughlin described him in 1844 as one of the Hudson's Bay Company's three "Best common men" serving on the Pacific coast.[7]

By the summer of 1850 Macaulay had moved to Fort Victoria where HBC chief factor James Douglas, the Puget's Sound Agricultural Company agent at Fort Victoria, appointed him bailiff of the new PSAC "Viewfield" (or "Viewpoint") farm. While the Puget's Sound Agricultural Company (PSAC) was legally distinct from the Hudson's Bay Company, the two companies were very closely linked and Macaulay transferred from one to the other without difficulty.

Writing to the PSAC management in London, Douglas justified his appointment of Macaulay by describing him as "honest, careful and industrious" though "not a very active person."[8] In view of the crippling shortage of non-native labour at Fort Victoria during this period Macaulay was probably the best choice available for the position as he was semi-literate, had previously worked as a shepherd and was experienced in dealing with natives.

Under the initial unwritten terms of his appointment Macaulay received the use of the lands, buildings and livestock of Viewfield farm in return for providing the PSAC with half of any increase in the farm's livestock and half of the farm's profits.[9]

Viewfield farm was located at the southern end of the Esquimalt peninsula, at the mouth of Victoria harbour, and comprised about 600 acres of woods, rocks and grassland. While the PSAC later brought out bailiffs and settlers from Britain for their Craigflower, Esquimalt (or Colwood), and Constance Cove farms, Viewfield farm remained under Macaulay's control throughout its existence and received virtually no settlers from Britain.

Due to the great shortage of white labour at Fort Victoria, native labourers, usually hired at the rate of 2 blankets per month, were essential to the development of Viewfield. In addition to supplying their labour, natives also traded salmon, halibut, potatoes, shingles and canoes to the farm in exchange for clothes, blankets and firearms.[10]

In the early 1850's James Douglas was too busy with his responsibilities as colonial governor, HBC chief Factor and PSAC agent to devote much time to the close supervision of Macaulay who, as a consequence, was rather left to run Viewfield as he saw fit.

Sheep-rearing was the main activity of Viewfield farm, but it also had about two dozen cattle and a small herd of

horses by the mid-1850's. Unfortunately many of the sheep at Viewfield in the early 1850's died from lack of food, shelter and attention while scab often caused much of their wool to be lost.[11]

Instead of concentrating his efforts on providing food and shelter for the farm's large flock of sheep, Macaulay expended time, energy and resources breeding a herd of horses which were useless for the PSAC farms as they were too small to serve as draft animals.[12]

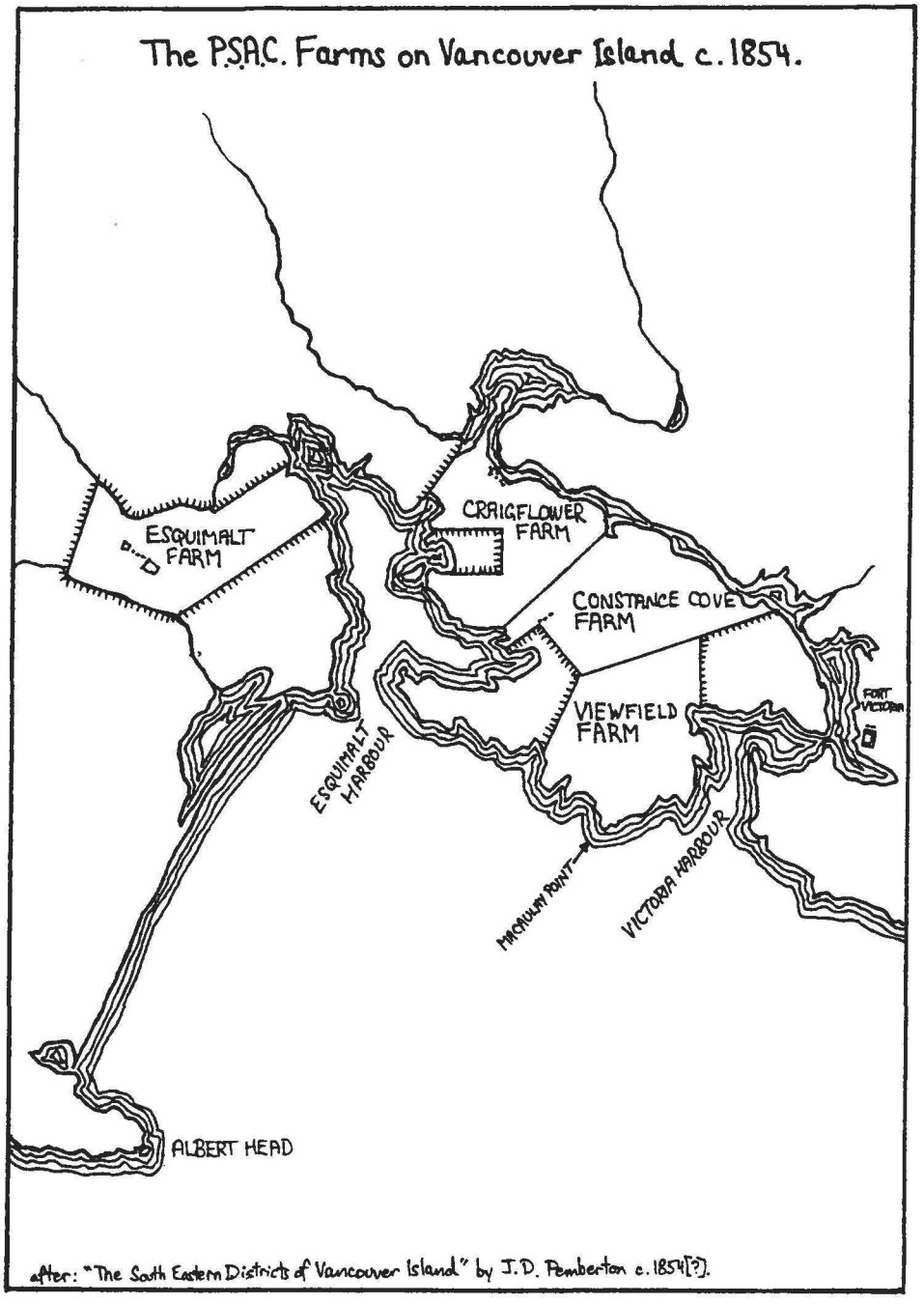
Though Macaulay's insufficient industry and attention hampered the development of Viewfield, his superiors in the PSAC, particularly James Douglas, bore some responsibility for the sorry state of the farm. After choosing a farm site with little land suitable for crops, Douglas placed a large flock of sheep on Viewfield farm before adequate shelter, food and care could be provided. The choice of the Southdown breed of sheep which required particular attention to their feed and shelter only increased the difficulty of caring for the flock.[13]

As bailiff of Viewfield Macaulay did not wine and dine his visitors as lavishly as did other bailiffs, such as Captain Edward Langford at Esquimalt farm, but his kindness and hospitality to visiting naval officers from H.M.S. **Thetis** in 1853 was such that they gave him a silver cup in appreciation. Since Viewfield farm had the only stable of horses on the PSAC farms at that time, the officers' gratitude probably stemmed in large part from Macaulay providing them with mounts during their visits to Fort Victoria.[14]

As an individual Macaulay appears to have been rather a local character. in his **Reminiscences** Doctor John Sebastian Helmcken described Macaulay as "a most trustworthy man," "long and spare" in build, who spoke "peculiar English."[15] Among the anecdotes Helmcken recorded about Macaulay were a court case in which Macaulay suddenly became more "deaf" than usual when called upon to submit evidence, and an incident when he claimed to have cured Helmcken's horse of the grip [sic] by placing a roasted shoe over its muzzle.[16]

After their arrival at Fort Victoria Macaulay and his wife had been officially married and their daughters Margaret, Mary Ann, Catherine and Sara baptized by the HBC chaplain Robert John Staines. During Macaulay's time at Viewfield two more daughters, Margaret and Mary Ann, were born. The eldest, Mary, was married to William Henry McNeill, Jnr. in June 1853 and Flora married James Tod in October, 1857.[17]

Macaulay's family, like many other HBC families, straddled both white and native societies. While Margaret Macaulay continued to visit her relatives on the Tongass river until the early 1860's and her brother Joe worked on Viewfield farm in exchange for clothes and blankets, her daughter Mary insisted upon a band and wedding procession around the little settlement of Fort Victoria when she married McNeill in 1853.[18]



In April 1854 James Douglas was succeeded as PSAC agent at Victoria by Kenneth McKenzie, bailiff of the PSAC's Craigflower farm. Described as "well meaning" and "thoroughly honest," McKenzie was also said to possess a "hasty temper and unsound judgement."[19] Five years after McKenzie's appointment a senior HBC officer, Alexander Grant Dallas, was moved by McKenzie's record as PSAC agent to report to the PASC management in London that "a more unfit man . . . could not have been selected to exercise the control and direction" of the PSAC farms.[20]

Mckenzie soon found much to fault with Macaulay, describing him in private as "a very stupid ignorant man and not one at all adapted to have charge of a farm" and Macaulay's flock of sheep as "the most deplorable looking stock (he) ever saw . . . "[21]

In an attempt to rectify the poor state of Viewfield farm McKenzie held a public auction of horses from Viewfield farm in July 1854 and cut off Macaulay's supplies from Fort Victoria in early 1855 until Macaulay ceased to kill Viewfield sheep for food.[22]

The 1855 census of Vancouver Island provides a dismal portrait of Viewfield farm. Only 35 of the farm's 600 acres were under cultivation and the total agricultural production of all crops in 1854 came to less than 200 bushels which was clearly inadequate to support the 675 sheep, 24 horses and 35 cattle on Viewfield farm in 1854.[23]

In the summer of 1855 McKenzie had the flocks of Craigflower and Viewfield farms combined at a new sheep station located north of Fort Victoria at Lakehill in an attempt to provide better forage for the animals and reduce the incidence of scab among the flock. The new sheep station was a success until the fall of 1856 when Macaulay accused McKenzie of taking the best lambs from the Viewfield flock. When McKenzie then permitted Macaulay to drive the Viewfield flock back to Viewfield farm Macaulay instead drove it to the farm of Captain William H. McNeill where it promptly got the scab again. McKenzie then refused to provide Macaulay with a loan to pay off his debts while Macaulay refused to provide monthly reports on Viewfield farm, failed to send 100 Viewfield ewes to Constance Cove farm, and mislabelled his wool shipments to McKenzie.[24]

Macaulay was aided in his disputes with McKenzie by the absence of explicit written agreements regarding the terms of his employment. Also important was the support given Macaulay by members of the local HBC hierarchy, such as Governor James Douglas, whom McKenzie had antagonized. McKenzie was placed in the difficult position of having to discipline a rebellious subordinate and social inferior who was able to state that the Governor was his "friend and advisor in all cases."[25]

Despite complaints about his management, Macaulay remained in charge of Viewfield farm until his contract as bailiff ended in September 1857. Viewfield farm was then combined with Constance Cove farm while Macaulay rejoined the HBC as an "Indian Trader" at Fort Victoria and took up residence on Humboldt street in the village of Victoria.[26]

In October 1859 Macaulay professed to be greatly offended when one of his acquaintances, the Attorney General of British Columbia, George Hunter Cary, became embroiled in a personal dispute with another local lawyer and politician, David Babington Ring. Claiming that Ring had "stigmatised" Cary, Macaulay publicly challenged him to a duel with a variety of weapons, ranging from rifles at 80 yards to Bowie knives in a dark room. Ring prudently ignored the challenge and Macaulay quickly abandoned his blustering challenge as unbefitting his position as "a gentleman and a man of honour" when Cary was sent to cool his heels in Victoria jail for inciting violence.[27]

Whether Macaulay was acting alone in this ridiculous affair or serving as a "stalking horse" for Cary's supporters is unclear, but the erudite language of Macaulay's challenge and its revocation indicate that Macaulay was probably assisted in their composition by persons better educated than himself. The incident can only have helped to cement Macaulay's reputation as a bit of a character.

By early 1860 Macaulay had apparently overcome the debts he amassed while serving as bailiff of Viewfield as he owned a lot in the James Bay district of Victoria which enabled him to vote for George Cary in the March 1860 elections to the Vancouver Island House of Assembly.[28]

At the end of May 1861 Macaulay returned to his old post of Fort Simpson. Apart from a brief note in the fort's journal that he had become drunk on liquor traded from a coastal trading schooner, Macaulay's service at Fort Simpson was apparently without incident. In July 1862 his daughter Catherine married Pym Nevins Compton, an HBC officer serving at Fort Simpson. When news of gold finds on the Nass river reached Fort Simpson in August 1862 Macaulay reported the news to the Colonist newspaper in Victoria.[29]

Macaulay's report to the Colonist is the last known account of his whereabouts until his death six years later. Macaulay apparently remained at Fort Simpson until the late 1860's when he returned to Victoria and was placed in charge of the HBC floating powder magazine. In September 1868, six months after the magazine was moved to Esquimalt harbour during a Fenian raid scare, Macaulay died while fishing in Esquimalt harbour when his hand became entangled in the anchor line of his small skiff and he was pulled overboard and drowned. Macaulay's wife, Margaret, survived him for only a few months and died in July 1869.[30]

Though a relatively unimportant figure in British history, Donald Macaulay is an excellent example of the class of men who with their native wives played an invaluable and often overlooked role in the society and economy of the fur trade by serving as interlocutors between white and native societies. Despite his failings, Macaulay's loyalty to Hudson's Bay Company and his general reliability caused him to be repeatedly given positions of responsibility in Hudson's Bay Company service. The accolades he received during his life outweigh the often-merited criticisms he also received.

At least 48 children were born to Macaulay's daughters Mary McNeill, Flora Tod, Sarah Mordaunt, Catherine Compton and Margaret Hankin/Loring. No records have yet been located for Mary Ann Macaulay.

Mary McNeill and Flora Tod (later spelt Todd) bore at least ten and fourteen children, respectively, and lived out their long lives on the large McNeill and Tod(d) farms near Victoria. Catherine Compton and her husband had three children, but she and her husband died within nine months of each other in 1879 and 1880 with the unfortunate result that their children were left destitute and a least one was placed in the Protestant Orphanage at Victoria. Sarah Macaulay married one Alfred E. Mordaunt in 1869 and bore four children before she and her husband died in 1880 and 1882, respectively.[31]

Margaret Macaulay married the pioneer Hazelton merchant Thomas Hankin and bore seven children before his death in 1885. In 1889 she married one Baron Alfred von Wilke – better known as Richard Ernest Loring – the Indian Agent at Hazelton, and three children were born to them. Fluent in the local native languages, Margaret Loring accompanied her husband on all his official trips in order to serve as his interpreter. In the early twentieth century her daughter Constance Cox, née Hankin, continued the family tradition as interlocutors between white and native societies through her recording of the history and traditions of natives in the Hazelton area.[32]

Macaulay Point, Macaulay Plains, Macaulay Road and Macaulay School within the former boundaries of Viewfield farm commemorate Donald Macaulay and his family.

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Christopher Hanna is a recent graduate of the University of Victoria with a special interest in British Columbia's colonial period.

FOOTNOTES

1. Brian Charles Coyle, "Problems of the Puget's Sound Agricultural Company on Vancouver Island: 1847 - 1857," Simon Fraser University, M.A. Thesis, 1977, p. 12; Doroth Blakey Smith, ed., **The Reminiscences of Doctor John Sebastian Helmcken**, (Vancouver: University of British Columbia Press, 1975), p. 153; Christ Church Cathedral, Marriage Register; Saint Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Victoria, Burial Records, information from Dr. Allan O'Neil, archivist. The spelling of Macaulay's varies. Macaulay signed the marriage register as "McAulay," but Macaulay is the form adopted by geographers and used in this paper.
2. John Walbran, **British Columbia Coast Names**, (Ottawa: Government Printing Bureau, 1909), pp. 309-310. "Log of the HBC brig Lama, 11 Dec. 1832-02 Dec.1833," BCARS, notes a "John McCaulay, Assist't Steward" who was "Sent on shore at Fort Simpson" c. 1833. The other sources cited in this paper almost certainly refer to Donald Macaulay.
3. (William Fraser Tolmie), **Physician and Fur Trader**, (Vancouver: Mitchell Press, 1963), pp. 286-287.
4. Hudson's Bay Company, Columbia District, "Establishment of Servants: Coasting Trade Establishment, Outfit 1839," BCARS, lists "Donald McAulay" at Fort SImpson; E.E. Rich, ed. , **The Letters of John McLoughlin from Fort Vancouver to the Governor and Committee, Second Series, 1839-1844**, (Hudson's Bay Record Society, 1943), pp. 372-374; "Fort Simpson Journal," 1 March and 10 April 1843, BCARS.
5. Christ Church Cathedral, Marriage and Baptismal Registers; "Fort Simpson Journal," 15 November 1842.
6. "Fort Simpson Journal," 24, 25, 26 and 29 December 1842, 1 March and 10 April 1843, BCARS.
7. Rich, ed. **The Letters of John McLoughlin . . .**, pp. 372-374.
8. Coyle, p. 12.
9. Ibid. pp. 12-13.
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28. Vancouver Island, Sherriff, Poll Books, Victoria Town, 22 March 1861.
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30. **Colonist**, 21 September 1868, p. 3, and 31 July 1869, p. 3.
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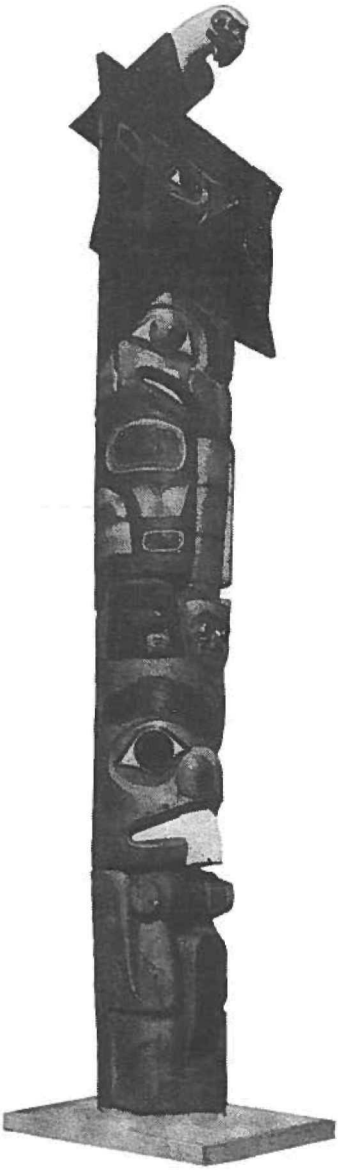
32. Canada, 1891 Census, British Columbia, New Westminster District, Nominal Roll; BCARS, "Vertical Files;" Christ Church Cathedral, Baptismal and Marriage Registers; St. Luke's Church, Baptismal, Marriage and Burial Registers; **Colonist**, 5 July 1871, p. 3, 13 January 1991, p. 6; **Times**, 13 January 1911, p. 7.

(BCARS = British Columbia Archives and Records Services)

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Thanks to Mrs. J. H. (Madge) Hamilton for the use of her notes on Donald Macaulay; Dr. Allan O'Neil, archivist of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Victoria for checking church registers; and the staff of the (Bishop) Cridge Centre, Victoria, for checking records of the Victoria Protestant Orphanage.



Haida Mortuary Pole in Thunderbird Park, Victoria, B.C.

Croatians Killed in Ladysmith Mine Blast

by Zelimir Bob Juricic

Extension Miners. c.1909. They were a cosmopolitan mix. Thirty-two of them lost their lives on October 5, 1909.

Photo courtesy of B.C. Archives and Records Service. #HP80599

In the northwest corner of the Ladysmith cemetery, in the Roman Catholic section, a cosmopolitan mix of people are buried. They include Irish, Scottish, Belgian, Finns, French, Americans, native Indians, and a number of Croatians. The majority of plots of the latter are well preserved. A few have been desecrated by vandals; pieces of broken crosses, marble tablets and columns lie scattered about. Many tombstones have Slavic names inscribed on them: Kulaj, Hocevar, Popovic, Mrus, Badovinac, Keseric, Berdick, Bulic, Grubacevic, Bucar. One inscription reads: here lies a "native of Croatia, Austria." On another, a "native of Crotia," a carver having misspelled the name of the country of the deceased. Or "here lies 36 year old Native of Kroatia," Croatia having been spelled with a K. Many graves are of the young, 20 to 30-year-old Croatian miners who worked, and died, in the Dunsmuir Wellington-Extension Collieries mines. Along the main pathway, two unassuming graves stand out. They are unlike any other in the cemetery. On truncated obelisks, the epitaphs are written in the Croatian language. They read:

Ovdje pociva Geo Badovinac, clan Dr. Orel, No. 109 SNPY, Rojen u Zumberku, umro 5 Oct. 1909 u Explosinu. (Here lies Geo Badovinac, member of the SNPY, born in Zumberak, died 5 October 1909 in the Explosion).

And, on another, also in Croatian:

Ovdje pociva Tade Ranilovic, clan Dr. Orel, No. 109 SNPY rojen u Socica, Croatia, umro 5 Oct. 1909 u Explosinu. (Here lies Tade Ranilovic, a member of the SNPY, born in Socica, Croatia, died 5 October 1909 in the Explosion).

Who were these two men and how did they come to be buried here, in Ladysmith, thousands of miles away from their native Zumberak, the picturesque area in northwestern Croatia?

On Tuesday morning, October 5, 1909, at between 8:30 and 8:45, the mining community and coal-shipping port of Ladysmith was awakened with news that an explosion had occurred at levels two and three of No. 2 mine in the new Extension site where most of Ladysmith's miners worked.

A somber crowd assembled on the Ladysmith railway station platform to find out details about the tragedy. Al Lund, the perturbed treasurer of the company, told the assembled wives, mothers, brothers, sisters, and anxious relatives, "All we know is that an explosion has taken place and that the men working in No.2 mine have been entombed."[1]

Croatian miners on a picnic at Shell Beach, Ladysmith. c.1905. Photo courtesy of Tom Kilial, Naualuo.

For the wives of Croatian miners, many of whom had only recently come from the old country, and could neither speak nor understand English, finding out about their loved ones was an agonizing experience.

In an interview that's on tape in the Provincial Archives the son of one of the miners says:

> My mother was only here just a week when that happened. She pretty near went nuts! Yes, she come here, and, there's this store man come to the house, fella that had a store, and he is tellin' my mother's brother-in-law he was stayin' there, talking in English – and she seen him turn pale. Right away she knew there was somethin' wrong, see. She kept buggin' him, he wouldn't tell her. See. She kept buggin' him, what was wrong. And he said well there's an accident in Extension, you know, but – my father was all right. And that calmed her down.[2]

The force of air, caused by the explosion, was so powerful it blew out some of the stoppings (airtight walls built across passageways and cross-cut tunnels), and unhinged doors, thus short-circuiting the flow of air in the mine.

> My father was lucky he got out. Him and another young fellow, my father was timberin' at the time, and timber broken in the level, see, in one place. It had to be repaired. They had to put a new post there. It was just a low place, six feet high. He told the young fella; go up the slope and bring him that six foot post. Which is not heavy, you could pack it under your arm. Young fellow goes, and father says now wait a while. I'll go and help you carry that in. He got his head – in the slope, see. And comin' back in, at the side they had trap doors. Dividin' air. You heard of trap doors? They're not like this – they're darn heavy doors, you know. And fella went to open the door, and whangst! Gee, it blew that door to smithereens. And knocked him and his helper down, on track. They had open lights at that time, see a pitlamp. And my father got cut here (pointing to head) where he fell on the rail, you know, and the blue mark from the coal. And that's how they got out. Everybody that was on the inside of the door got killed. If he and his partner were on the other side of the door, they'd got it too. That was how close.[3]

By mid afternoon, on Tuesday, the first five bodies had been recovered. Joseph James Mullin, Extension's 29-year-old doctor, examined and identified the bodies as they came out of the mine. Among the victims were some of Ladysmith's most renowned citizens: Robert White, a 40-year-old father of six and a member of the local school board, his brother-in-law Thomas O'Connell, the well-known fullback of the Ladysmith football club, and his friend James Molyneaux, a popular young tenor in the town's Welsh Glee Club and a presiding officer of the Ladysmith Aerie of Eagles.[4] The three were working partners. Rescuers expressed little hope that any of the 28 miners still trapped in the levels where explosion occurred, would be found alive.

At 7:30 in the evening, the first train reached Ladysmith yard with the bodies, swathed in linen shroud and placed on the floor of the caboose. There, as each stretcher with a body was lifted off and name called, wives and mothers of the victims, or some relation or representative of a society to which the dead man belonged claimed it and took it home. Orders were given by the trainmen to have the stretchers returned so that they could be taken back at once to the mines.

The rescue work continued late into the night. By midnight, five more bodies were found. These men had all strayed away from the others and went towards the explosion, instead of from it, until they were overcome by the deadly afterdamp, a gaseous mixture re-

sulting from the explosion. They all fell together, clinging to each others' coattails, their bodies found in a heap.[5]

The bodies of the first group of Croatian miners were brought out in the morning of the following day. Each one, as he was found, had the number corresponding with the order in which he was found, chalked on his clothing. He was then wrapped in sacking, placed in the bottom of a coal truck and shipped to the surface and on to a temporary morgue. A fearfully burned and mutilated body of William (Croatian-Vasilij) "Bill" Keserich (Keseric), a miner, and his loader-partner Geo Badovinac, were found near foot of stall 27 off 2$^1/_2$ west level. Two shovels, a drill, a hammer, an axe, and a safety lamp were uncovered under a pile of coal. On a half-loaded car, found turned up on its edge near their stall, was blown the front part of the mule. Keserich's "was the only body, where the hair and mustache was singed, which probably would indicate that there was flame at his place of work."[6]

The 30-year-old Keserich was well-known in the district and highly respected among his countrymen. Born in the village of Keserici, in the province of Zumberak, in Croatia, he came to Ladysmith from the U.S. with his brother Juraj. They'd worked for poor wages: 10 hours a day, 11 cents an hour in Chicago steel mills. When they heard the Dunsmuirs were looking for miners for his newly-opened mines in Extension, they decided to try their luck in the wilds of British Columbia. They arrived in Oyster Harbor, as Ladysmith was then called, in 1898. Bill became very active in social and trade union activities. He was founder and president of the The Croatian Fraternal Union (Hrvatska Bratska Zajednica), lodge No. 268, named "St. Nicholas," which was an affiliate of the Croatian Fraternal Union of Pittsburgh, Penn., the first Croatian fraternal benefit society of mutual aid on the American continent. Formed in 1903, with eighteen members, the Ladysmith branch was the first Croatian Fraternal Union lodge in Canada.[7] As a delegate from British Columbia, Keseric attended the 1904 CFU national convention in St. Louis, Missouri.[8] It was at that memorable conference that the delegates decided to dispense with the use of private newspapers for the publication of official notices and for publishing the official lodge directory, and open its own publication facilities for the purposes of publishing its own official organ the Zajednicar (Fraternalist) as a monthly newspaper. It continued as a monthly until 1909 – the year of Keseric's tragic death – when it became a weekly of four pages. It has continued as a weekly to this date, although in an expanded format averaging 20 pages with both Croatian and English pages.

As a trade unionist, Keseric served on the executive of the first Miner's Union on Vancouver Island, called Enterprise, branch #181, of the Western Federation of Mines.[9]

The body of Bill's brother James (Juraj) Keserich, mistakenly reported in the local press as Alex,[10] was found near the foot of the stall No. 25, pitched over, face downwards, with hands clutching his face in a futile attempt to protect himself from the afterdamp, which chokes out life quickly. James was single. Bill left behind a wife and three children.

John (Janko) Bulich (Bulic), who worked close to James' stall, died either from afterdamp, or injuries received from the force of the explosion. At his stall there was no sign of real fire; the timbers were only slightly scorched.

A reporter, who was present as the bodies of the two men were being laid on stretchers, wrote: "The faces were unrecognizable except to their nearest friends."[11]

By Thursday night, all the bodies had been recovered. Among the last to come out were those of John (Ivan) Wargo (Vargo), Alex Milos (Milos), and Tedd (Tade) Ranilovich (Ranilovic).

The body of John Wargo, 39, an experienced Croatian miner,[12] was lightly burnt on face, and back of hands. The coroner's inquest decided he, too, died of afterdamp.[13] Known all over the district as "the Prince of Sports," Wargo was an experienced marksman and an enthusiastic hunter. As a result of an accident some years ago he lost his sight in one eye. He therefore had a special gun made with a special front sight so that when he held the gun to his right shoulder he sighted with his left eye. He had just received a new gun and only started work in the morning of the accident after a week's hunting trip with Bill Keserich to Wolff mountain. Both had intended to hunt another day but changed their minds at the last moment and went to work instead. Wargo left a wife, nine children,[14] and a brother at Extension.[15]

The body of Alex Milos, Wargo's carpusher, was found further down the level of stall No. 26, having been blown there by the full blast of the explosion. His head was badly smashed and his face and hands so badly blackened and scorched that for a long time he was taken for a colored man.[16] When found, his right boot was missing and it was found twenty eight metres away from the body. The sole had been torn clean away from the uppers and there was not a sign of lace having been used in it.[17] Milos was single.

The greatly disfigured body of Tedd (Tade) Ranilovich (Ranilovic), was found at the cross-cut to left stall 22. He had first degree burn on his face and upper body.

It was a custom among the Croatian miners' families, when a man got killed, to "put him in a corner of the sitting room for several days before he was buried. Sometimes, maybe a week. In their own house. And they used to have a big black ribbon come down on the door, maybe four feet high. And then they used to wear black bands. But he used to be in the corner in the sitting, or, the dining room, before he was buried. Not only that. They used to embalm them on front room table. We, as kids, used to watch them through the window, takin' the blood out of them. They've done that right in Ladysmith. At the day of the funeral, the undertakers would come and put the coffin in the wagon and take 'em to the cemetery."[18]

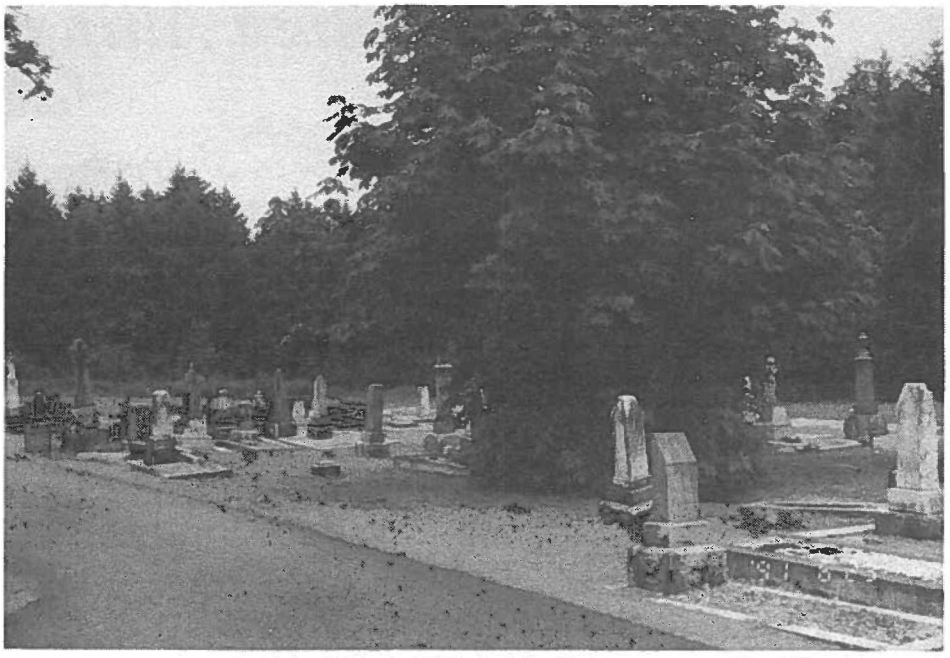
Toll of death was now complete: 32 men had lost their lives in the explosion. Fourteen of the men were said to be married, but of that number two or three had their wives in the old country. The number of children who were orphaned by the event was estimated to be around 40.[19] It was decided that the

widows would receive the sum of $300 from the miners' sick and burial fund, and that under the Workmen's Compensation Act, each family was entitled to the sum of $1,500 from the company.[20] The beneficiaries of deceased Croatian miners, those who belonged to the Croatian Fraternal Union, received additional compensation. The maximum amount of insurance was $800, a sufficient sum to cover funeral expenses and provide for the victims' families immediate necessities.

The cause of the explosion was never satisfactorily explained. Six young Croatian miners lost their lives in the disaster. They are gone but not forgotten.

* * * * * * * * * *

The writer is a professor and former chair of the Department of Slavonic Studies at the University of Victoria. The author of five books and many scholarly articles, he is presently involved in the preparation of a book on the history of Croatians in British Columbia.



The Roman Catholic Section of the Ladysmith Cemetery where most of Croation miners are buried.

FOOTNOTES

1. "Terrible Disaster in Mine at Extension," Victoria Daily Times, (Victoria, October 5, 1909), 1.
2. Interview, Myrtle Bergen with George Badovinick, February 9, 1979. B.C. Provincial Archives, Coal Tyee History Project #4051:14.
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4. "Extension mine explosion. 25 to 30 men are imprisoned," The Nanaimo Free Press (Nanaimo, October 5, 1909), 1.
5. "Bodies of five victims found today," Victoria Daily Times (Victoria, October 6, 1909), 12.
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7. Interview, Zelimir Juricic with Drago Balaban, Nanaimo, June, 1991.
8. "Local items," Ladysmith Ledger (Ladysmith, December 24, 1904), 4.
9. The Minute Book of the Enterprise Union #181, March 15, 1903. Ladysmith Historical Society Archives.
10. "Thirty killed in mine at Extension," Victoria Daily Times (Victoria, October 6, 1909), 1.
11. "Bodies of five victims found today," Victoria Daily Times (Victoria, October 6, 1909), 12.
12. M. Wargo, a relative of John, worked for Canadian Collieries (Dunsmuir) Ltd., from 1900-1918. See Canadian Collieries (Dunsmuir) Ltd. Record Book, in Ray Knight Private Collection.
13. Coroner's Inquisition, Extension mine disaster, the County of Nanaimo, Province of British Columbia, October 20, 1909. B.C. Provincial Archives, #GR 431, vol. 8, 18.
14. "Thirty killed in mine at Extension," Victoria Daily Times (Victoria, October 6, 1909), 1.
15. Nanaimo Free Press (Nanaimo: October 7, 1909), 1.
16. Nanaimo Free Press (Nanaimo, October 6, 1909), 5.
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18. Interview, Zelimir Juricic with Tom Kulaj, Nanaimo, August, 1991.
19. "All bodies of mine victims recovered," Victoria Daily Times (Victoria, October 7, 1909), 1.
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The acronym SNPY stands for Slovenska Narodna Potporna Yednota (The Slovenian National Benefit Society) which had its headquarters in the U.S. and a number of branches in Canada, including one in Ladysmith.

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Lillian Alling

by Win Shilvock

Lillian Alling with her dog Bruno at the 6,000 foot Summit Pass.

The Far North in Canada holds many secrets of mysterious, unsolved happenings, but one of the strangest is the story of Lillian Alling who walked, alone, 6,000 miles from New York to the Bering Sea.

She spoke little to people en route and accounts vary concerning her. However, it's generally conceded she was Russian; was well educated and spoke English; was 25 years old; 5'4" tall and had arrived in New York in 1925. Unable to save enough money to return home, she decided to walk back to Russia via Siberia. To prepare for the trip she studied maps and books in the New York Library, and for one untrained in cartography, drew a remarkable map of her proposed journey across the North American continent.

Lillian started her trek in the early Spring of 1927, neatly dressed in a brown skirt and shirt waist, jacket, headscarf and stout walking boots. Marching westward at a speed of 30 miles per day she passed Chicago, headed north to Minneapolis, then west through North Dakota and into central Montana. Turning north she entered Alberta and passed Medicine Hat, Red Deer and Jasper. At Prince George in British Columbia she veered north again and on September 10, 1927, arrived at Number Two lineshack on the Telegraph Trail, about 50 miles north of Hazelton.

The journey had taken its toll and a startling sight greeted Blackstock, the astonished telegrapher at the line post. Lillian's neat skirt was in rags, her shirt torn to shreds and the walking boots had been replaced with running shoes through which her toes poked. A gaunt look portrayed her physical condition so the first thing the operator did was feed her.

When Blackstock asked where she was going Lillian replied, "Siberia." Winter was just starting to get a hold on the north and he knew that any attempt to travel in the condition she was in would be suicide. But when Lillian remained adamant about going on he wired Constable J.A. Wyman of the Provincial Police in Hazelton for help. After some persuasion Lillian agreed to return with Wyman and on September 21st she was charged with vagrancy by Justice of the Peace, W.Grant. However, the legality of the charge was doubtful for she had $20 and was on a peaceful walk.

Among Lillian's possessions was an 18" thin iron bar which she said she carried as "protection against men." The humane Grant was trying to keep her from travelling north to sure death so the iron bar provided a solution. He changed the charge to "carrying an offensive weapon" and fined her $25 and costs. Since her cash was limited to $20 the fine couldn't be paid so an alternative sentence of two months in Oakalla Prison in Vancouver was pronounced. Thus the headstrong Lillian was saved her $20 and assured free food and lodging until the weather got so bad that even she knew it would be impossible to travel in the north.

From the middle of November when she was released until the end of May, 1928, Lillian worked in a restaurant in Vancouver and saved enough money to start out again. By now the story of this mysterious girl had spread throughout the Provincial force and Sergeant A. Fairbairn at Smithers was alerted when Lillian left Vancouver. He was therefore amazed at her speed when she arrived on July 19th. When asked if many people had given her a ride on the 750-mile jaunt she proudly replied, "I walked all the way and I go to Siberia."

The Telegraph Trail was a very tough one to traverse. It wound up and down valleys, crossed gigantic mountains and meandered through mud and swamp land. By the time Lillian reached Cabin Number 8, some 160 miles along the trail, on September 12, she was in a frightful state. Her clothes were in shreds and her shoes were falling apart. Her face was badly burned by sun and wind and was swollen from continuous bites by mosquitoes and black flies. Still she insisted on going ahead.

For three days while she rested, Jim Christie and Charlie Janze who manned the station, tried to arrange for clothing. Janze was the smallest so a pair of his work pants was remodeled and he also gave two shirts and a felt hat. A pair of his stout shoes were found to fit if two pairs of heavy socks were worn. Just before hitting the trail again Lillian was given a dog named Bruno, her first and

only companion on her incredible journey.

When Cabin 8 was left on September 15, Jim Christie accompanied her to see that she got safely over the treacherous 6,000 foot Summit Pass on the way to Telegraph Creek. At the summit he took the only known picture of Lillian, along with Bruno. Somewhere between Telegraph Creek and Atlin Bruno fell into a river and was drowned.

When Lillian reached Whitehorse the end of September she was extremely weary but nevertheless pushed on over the 300 mile stretch to Dawson, arriving October 5. This leg of the journey took 39 days and it has remained a mystery how she survived without adequate food and clothing. As far as is known she had only a loaf of bread to sustain her.

Even Lillian realized it was now too late in the season to travel on for winter was rapidly closing in. During the next several months she worked as a waitress in Dawson and devoted her off time to repairing a small, old battered boat.

When Spring breakup arrived in 1929, Lillian loaded her dinky little craft with supplies and set off down the mighty Yukon River. For 1,600 miles she bobbed along, carried by the current to the river mouth on the Bering Sea. Here she abandoned the boat, and tugging a small two-wheeled cart she had brought with her, headed north, following the shoreline.

She must have passed Nome for about 75 miles north of there near Teller, an Eskimo later reported seeing her trudging along with her cart. She was now almost at the narrowest point of Bering Strait and just ahead, across a narrow strip of water, was her goal. Then she vanished.

It's difficult to imagine that a very small woman who had traversed 6,000 miles and had overcome so many bizarre hardships in a lemming attempt to reach home would not be capable of crossing a mere 75 miles of water. It's nice to think she crossed the strait in a kayak and made it safely home and that she didn't, as some suppose, drown in a river at Teller. But whatever happened to Lillian Alling we will never know for sure.

* * * * * * * * * *

This writer is a longtime friend of this magazine. He delights in researching and sharing interesting stories from B.C.'s past.

Captain Batchelor and the Crimps

by Suzanne Spohn

Marked from birth with a temperament to match his fiery red hair, Bob Batchelor was one of those courageous Scotsmen who helped knit together the vastness of the British Empire with the skeins of commerce. Born with 6 brothers and 6 sisters in the coastal town of Montrose, he went to sea as a green hand in 1885 at the age of 15 aboard the barque **Sidlaw**, carrying gin and pianos to New Zealand.

Batchelor was able and ambitious. He climbed the ladder of success quickly, becoming a second mate at 19 and receiving his papers as first mate at 21. He served as first mate on the clipper **Glenfarg** and later on the ship **Lord Kinnaird**.

In 1901 at the age of 31 he was given his first command, the barque **Clydebank**. As captain of a sailing ship he exercised supreme power. He could remove his officers from their posts and assign them to do the duties of seamen. He kept himself in complete isolation from his officers and crew and his only permissible companionship would be that of the passengers.

Of medium height and square build, Batchelor believed strongly in physical prowess. When he was at sea, he would get his exercise each morning by climbing the ratlines of the mainmast. Then, 60 feet above the deck, he swung across the ratlines on the down side and ran hand under hand down the ratlines to the deck. Attired in his shorts, he walked to his cabin for breakfast.

Captain Batchelor found time to take a wife, Ariadne. She must have been a woman of considerable courage and stamina, since she accompanied her husband on sea voyages. It was on one of these voyages that tragedy struck. Ariadne gave birth to a daughter, also named Ariadne. It is sad, but not surprising, that she died in childbirth. Conditions on board ships were extremely primitive. One can only imagine the anguish of being alone at sea, responsible for a ship and her crew during that most private of experiences, the death of a spouse. He may have even put himself and his crew through more rigorous paces than ever. Did he believe that Ariadne might have survived childbirth if she had been on land? If so, the combination of grief and guilt must have tormented even a man of Batchelor's stoic countenance.

Captain Batchelor on his appointment as a pilot c. 1910 Photo courtesy of Vancouver City Archives

Young Ariadne did survive and was taken to an aunt in Ontario to be raised. Perhaps because of the trauma associated with her birth, Batchelor was never very close to his daughter. Even when she married, had children and settled in Vancouver where he was retired, they spent very little time together.

It was on board the **Cedarbank**, a grand four-masted steel sailing barque that Bob Batchelor first did battle with crimps, the scourge of many a port and the bane of many a captain's life. Organized racketeers, crimps would often entice the entire crew from a ship and then charge the captain exorbitant amounts of money to replace them. The liquor offered freely by the crimps was a bad brew indeed.

One day shortly after dropping anchor in New York harbour, the first mate found a crimp on board the **Cedarbank**, urging seamen to join him in a small boat moored alongside. The mate informed the Captain. Batchelor lost no time in confronting the situation directly. He picked up a departing seaman by his trousers as he was going over the rail and threw him across the deck. Turning to the remaining crew he said, "Who's going ashore?" The men made no reply but simply turned and went back to the forecastle. Batchelor looked over the side to see a boat with another of his men and two crimps in it. He ordered the crew member to return only to be met with a stream of waterfront profanities from the two crimps in the boat. Batchelor held out the ship's 150 pound anvil and threatened to drop it into the boat. When the crimps refused to let the seaman aboard Batchelor let the anvil fall. It tore out the stern of the row boat and stuck in the shattered wood. The crimps reluctantly helped the seaman to reboard the **Cedarbank**.

Politically powerful, the crimps had charges of attempted murder and damage to property laid against Captain Batchelor. Batchelor consulted a lawyer in port who advised him to say the anvil slipped from his grasp. Batchelor replied that, "My mate saw me throw it, two apprentice boys behind me heard me say I would, and saw me do it. What chance would such a defense have with them, pledged to tell the truth? Also, I intended to throw the an-

vil and would do it again." The lawyer declined the case and Batchelor conducted his own defense. He pointed out that the seaman had signed on for a period of two years, which he had not yet completed. He asked the judge, "If a man rode up to you, as you stood on the curb, and took your watch, your honour, wouldn't you shove a cane or an umbrella in his bicycle wheel to make him stop?" Batchelor was acquitted of all charges. He carried the anvil, which had been used as evidence, from the court room and went straight to the shipping exchange. He was greeted by cheers when he announced the verdict and his peers asked him to leave the anvil on the floor of the exchange as a reminder of his victory over the crimps. Batchelor refused, saying "I'm going to other ports where crimps are active, and maybe I'll need it again."

His next encounter with the crimps occurred in Callao, Peru. The **Cedarbank** had sailed from India with a crew hastily assembled from the inhabitants of an Indian port. On arrival in Callao, the entire crew deserted — much to the relief of Batchelor and his mates, and he was forced to hire a crew from the local crimp king. On delivery, it was discovered that the roll was short two men. The wily crimp king had filled in his own name and that of his cook. Batchelor invited them to his cabin for a drink to celebrate the successful completion of the deal. When they rose to leave, Batchelor called out to his waiting first mate, "Turner, iron these men, they are attempting to desert." It required the threat of Batchelor's favourite weapon, the ship's anvil, to dissuade the crimp king's men from liberating him. The anchor was raised and sails set for a voyage to England via Cape Horn. That voyage the cry "all hands ahoy" included two very infuriated seamen.

It was also on this voyage that the **Cedarbank** ran into a storm off Cape Horn. Her sails were tattered, upper masts broken, and the cargo shifted. The cargo was, unfortunately, bird guano used for fertilizer. Batchelor ordered his crew into the hold. The crew, led by the rebellious crimp king, refused and proposed to abandon the ship. Batchelor lifted the king over his head and threw him into the foul smelling hold. The crew reluctantly followed, shovelling guano while the ship rolled in a heavy sea. One by one they became unconscious from the gases, they were revived with fresh air and coffee and then sent back into the hold. After 48 hours, the ship was trimmed on an even keel and enough canvas could be spread to get her under way. Upon reaching Plymouth the crimp laid charges of assault against Batchelor. Batchelor was acquitted, and the crimp only missed being charged with mutiny as a result of Batchelor's intercession on his behalf.

Captain Batchelor's final tangle with the crimps occurred in the harbour at Portland, Oregon. As soon as the **Cedarbank** had dropped anchor, the crimp boats came alongside. A message was passed up to the Captain demanding £60 for each seaman provided to the short-handed ship. Batchelor's response was to drop his favoured anvil into the crimp boat, which this time sank immediately. The occupants were picked up by the other crimp boat. The **Cedarbank** raised anchor and proceeded to her moorings at the wharf. Immediately, two of Batchelor's crew were arrested on trumped up charges from a fictitious earlier story in Portland and taken into custody. Batchelor immediately took matters into his own hands. He confronted the crimps on the wharf. Two hours later he was arrested on charges of assault and attempted murder. In preparation for going ashore he gave his revolvers to his officers and left instructions that no one was to go ashore under any circumstances.

When his trial commenced he discovered that the crimp who had been assaulted and the sheriff who had arrested him were brothers. The charge of murder was dismissed but Batchelor was sentenced to one month in prison without the option of a fine for ill-treating the sheriff's brother. After serving his sentence Batchelor returned to find his ship and crew loaded and ready to sail. The next morning when she was towing to sea, the still angry sheriff and his brother followed the ship in a launch. They ordered the ship to return to port on the grounds that she was too short-handed to be seaworthy. They also showed warrants for the arrest of two crew members on charges of stealing greatcoats. Neither of the crew had gone ashore. The wily Batchelor told the sheriff that he would look for the stolen items and interrogate the crew when his ship reached the bar. Once there, he immediately ordered all sails set and outran the angry brothers.

Batchelor later returned to his native Scotland where he was given command of the SS **Imeric** and continued for a time in the Pacific trade. He was eventually forced to resign from deep sea service due to ill health and chose North Vancouver as his home. Unwilling to abandon the sea, his remaining years were spent on coastal steam ships. He joined the Union Steamship Company and served aboard the **Capilano** I. Then, having gained his coastal experience, he was assigned as captain of the **Camosun** I with a complement of 38 crew and 199 pasengers. It transported hundreds of Chinese, Indian and Japanese workers during the main fish canning season (July to October) to Prince Rupert, stopping at 25 fish plants.

Batchelor became a prominent figure in his adopted community. He was a member of the pilotage service from 1910 onward and in 1923 he became president of the B.C. Pilotage Association. By 1928 he had joined a masonic order and moved to West Vancouver, and in 1930 a local cove was named Batchelor Bay in his honour. He went on to become the first president of the Canadian Merchant Service Guild and died at West Vancouver on January 9, 1934. He was described in the Canadian Merchant Service Guild Year Book as "one of the most highly respected men in the marine circles on this coast."

Captain Batchelor was a man of strong character: fearless, decisive and quick-witted. He was an able captain and a formidable adversary.

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Suzanne Spohn is a biologist living in Vancouver, B.C. She is the great-granddaughter of Bob Batchelor.

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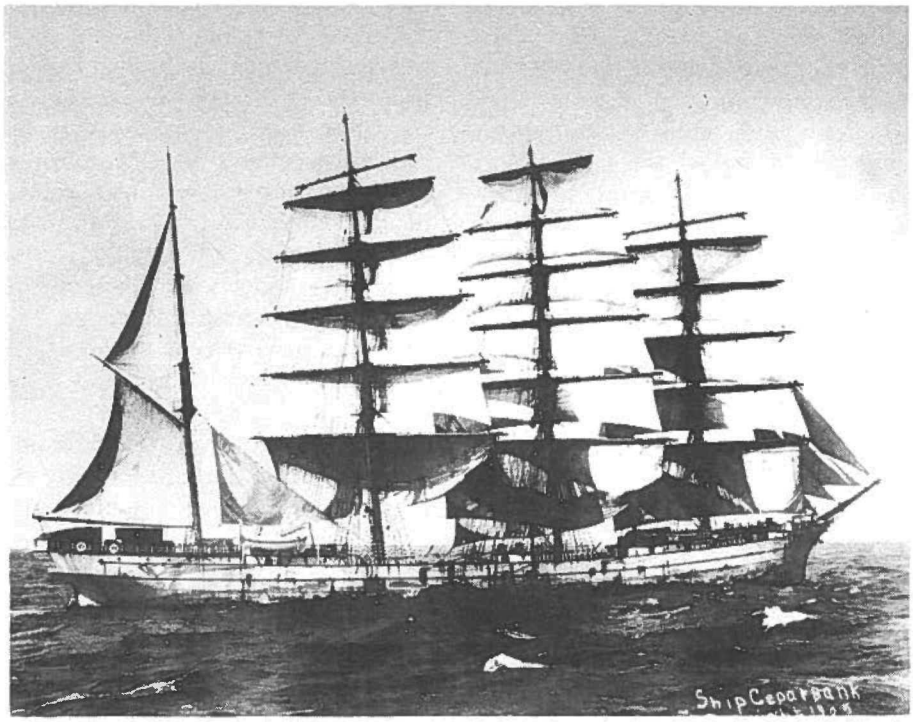

The Cedarbank (1905) with her canvas spread before the wind.

Photo courtesy of Puget Sound Maritime Historical Society.

Those We Have Honored

The British Columbia Historical Association/Federation has given Honorary Life Membership to various individuals who have made rich contributions to the province and to our organization. Our archivist has provided the following list. There are some gaps in the records available, so if a reader spots an omission please notify the editor. Latterly the Federation limits itself to the nomination of one person, or one couple, per year. The date of presentation is listed before each name, and the year of death, if known, follows.

Oct. 1, 1923	(1st AGM) Mrs. McMicking, Lady Douglas Chap. IODE.	1944
	Dr. C.F. Newcombe	Nov. 1923
Mar. 28, 1928	Mrs. Henry Spencer Palmer	
	Jason Ovid Allard	Jan. 1932
	Dr. Mark S. Wade	1929
	Capt. Robt. Barkley – Grandson of C.W. Barkley, discoverer of Straits of Juan de Fuca.	
Oct. 11, 1929	A. Bruce McKelvie	
	C.C. Pemberton	
Oct. 1930	Beaumont Boggs	
July 14, 1933	A.H. Maynard	
1936	James Buie Leighton	
	Mrs. Cree	
	Major J. S. Matthews	
1938	Judge Howay	1944
Feb. 1939	Dr. W. Kaye Lamb	
Jan. 6, 1942	Mrs. G. Fay (nee Hutchison.)	
Jan. 17, 1947	Mrs. Curtis Sampson	
Jan. 15, 1954	Miss Madge Wolfenden (Later Mrs. J. H. Hamilton)	1992
May 2, 1960	Alfred Carmichael	
	Major H. Cuthbert Homes	
	Major F.V. Longstaff	
	Major Harold T. Nation	
May 11, 1963	Hon. Frank Mck. Ross	

Minutes 1963 to 1978 are not in the archives.

1974	Donald New	d. 1989
1976	Philip and Anne Yandle	
1977	Mrs. George W.S. Nicholson	
1981	Ken Leeming	
1983	Ann Stevenson	
1985	Barbara Stannard	1990
1992	Margaret Stoneberg	

The Aylmer Family of Queens Bay

by E. L. Affleck

The great orchard land development boom which took place in the Kootenay District between 1905 and 1912 caused a major upheaval in the lives of many families from Britain, Eastern Canada and Manitoba who migrated to the Kootenay with high hopes of making a fortune in the west in the fruit growing industry. The water-shy benchlands at Queens Bay near the Kootenay Lake outlet, however, eroded the hopes and vitality of more than one settler. We can only conjecture on the extent to which the move from Ottawa to Queens Bay in 1909 altered the lives of the five children of Sir Matthew, Lord Aylmer, 8th Baron of Balrath and his wife Amy Gertrude, members of the "Canadian Establishment." As this account will show, the Aylmers were "movers and shakers" who might well have taken a prominent part in the political and economic life of the Kootenay District. Instead, they lived in a state of semi-seclusion.

The Aylmers were members of the Anglo-Irish gentry who had held land at Balrath in County Meath, Ireland since pre-Tudor times. The Stuart Restoration of 1660 spurred on the fortunes of the family. In 1662 a baronetcy was conferred on Christopher Aylmer of Balrath. Sir Christopher's second son, Matthew, became a distinguished naval officer during the reign of James II, but, emulating the Churchills, later turned his support to the Whig party and held a seat in the British House of Commons from 1695 to 1718. In 1718 he was elevated to the Irish Peerage as 1st Baron of Balrath. As the fortunes of the Whig party waxed and waned in Britain during the 18th century, so did those of the Aylmer family. Sir Matthew, Lord Aylmer, who succeeded in 1785 at the age of ten as 5th Baron of Balrath, pursued an active army career and attained the rank of General in 1825. From 1830 to 1835 he served as Governor of Lower Canada and gave his name to the settlement of Aylmer, Quebec. Although reasonably popular, he did not have the political acumen to stem the tide of rebellion engineered by Louis Joseph Papineau, so he was recalled to London. He died there in 1850 and was succeeeded by a bachelor brother. Upon the death of this brother, the title moved to a distant Canadian branch of the family.

John Aylmer, a British Naval Officer descended from a younger son of the 2nd Baron of Balrath, had accompanied his second cousin, Sir Matthew, Lord Aylmer, to Canada in 1830 when the latter had taken up his gubernatorial duties, and had settled on land in the Township of Richmond, Quebec. It was John's son, Udolphus, who succeeded as 7th Baron of Balrath in 1858. Sir Udolphus played an active part in the public life of Quebec, particularly in furthering the cause of secondary and post-secondary education.

Four sons and two daughters were born to Sir Udolphus and his wife Mary-Eliza. The eldest son, Matthew, born in Richmond on March 28, 1842, succeeded to the baronetcy and the title as 8th Baron of Balrath in 1901. The second son, Henry, after a career in the Royal Marine Artillery, was called to the bar in Quebec and held the Federal Seat of Richmond & Wolfe as a Liberal from 1874 to 1878. The fourth son, Frederick Whitworth, after serving as an engineer in the Canadian Militia, came west in 1882 to work on the survey of the Canadian Pacific Railway through the Rocky and Selkirk Mountains and later pre-empted land in the Lake Windermere area of the East Kootenay District. Subsequently, Frederick was appointed first Chief Engineer in Kootenay District for the Federal Department of Public Works.

Sir Matthew, Lord Aylmer, 8th Baron of Balrath, attended McGill and Dublin Universities before embarking on a distinguished 35-year career with the Army in Canada, seeing service in the Fenian Raids of 1866–1870 and in the Boer War. From 1904 until he retired in 1907, General Lord Aylmer served as Inspector-General of the Canadian Forces. In 1875 he had married Amy Gertrude, daughter of the Hon. John Young, for many years Chairman of the Montreal Harbour Board. Both Lord and Lady Aylmer were decided "achievers." In addition to his military interest, Lord Aylmer was an outstanding sportsman and played an active part in many public and political causes. Lady Aylmer was not only a competent concert pianist, but also an outstanding gardener, having at one time won first prize in the Ottawa Beautiful Garden Competition. Five children were born to Sir Matthew, Lord Aylmer and his wife: Winnifred, John (b. 1880), Kenneth (b. 1883), Basil (b. 1887) and Gwendolyn (b. 1891). These children spent their earliest years in the rural surroundings of Melbourne, P.Q., but with a move to Ottawa they were exposed to all the advantages the capital city had to offer. They were a striking fivesome, possessed of dark flashing good looks, likely an inheritance from one of Lord Aylmer's French Huguenot ancestors. (There was later much conjecture in the Kootenay District that the inheritance also included a strain of Iroquois blood.)

At the time of his retirement, Lord Aylmer was advised to seek out a new climate which might alleviate a chronic bronchial asthma condition. Some enthusiastic words from his brother Frederick about the climate, the scenery and the hunting and fishing in the Kootenay District prompted Lord Aylmer to get in touch with an assiduous land agent in Nelson, B.C. In a trice, Lord Aylmer became the owner, sight unseen, of a property in the new Queens Bay orchard development. Early in 1909 the contents of the Aylmers' commodious house in Ottawa were packed and shipped west. By the time of this uprooting some of these sons

and daughters had already lingered long in the familial nest. None appeared to have established ties in the east which could not readily be broken. The entire family entrained for the Kootenay Lake outlet port of Procter, B.C. Several days later, after a transfer to the C.P.R.'s Crows Nest branch at Medicine Hat, Alta. and a further transfer to a C.P.R. sternwheeler at Kootenay Landing, they disembarked at the outlet point and put up at the Outlet Hotel.

A primitive highway connection between Queens Bay and the outlet was still a couple of years away. The day after their arrival in Procter, the father and his three sons set out by rowboat for Queens Bay, three miles distant, avid to set eyes upon the lush hillside which had been described to them by the spellbinding Nelson land agent. As the ragged, fire-blackened benchlands swung into view, they were all dumbstruck. The young men then and there tried to persuade their father not even to bother setting foot on Queens Bay's blasted shore, but to turn back to Procter, order their household effects forwarded to Victoria, and to make their way without delay to the Vancouver Island city. Aylmer, Sr. was made of sterner stuff. They landed and struggled up the uncleared slope to the rocky blackened bench on which the Aylmer property was situated. With his usual military despatch, Lord Aylmer soon had his sons "under canvas" engaged in a furious battle to clear their land of rocks and burned over stumps. The young Aylmer men fortunately all had husky constitutions. Jack and Basil had played football for the Ottawa Rough Riders, and they were all skilled axemen, having worked on survey parties in the Rideau area. When a small amount of land had been cleared, their brawn and brain was put to the task of erecting a barn which was to house the family and the carload of furniture and household effects pending the building of a house.

As soon as the barn was built, their carload of furniture was unloaded at Procter, barged over to Queens Bay and dumped on the shoreline. As the lake level was rising rapidly in the spring run-off, the furniture had to be hauled up the slope forthwith. A stoneboat and a team of horses was employed for this purpose. Nelson architect and builder Alex Carrie was hired to supervise construction of a large residence which was erected and roughed in expeditiously. Until some foliage took root on the ravaged Queens Bay bench, this large house stood out like a bastion. For the next four years, the parents and the five children all lived together in the well-appointed dwelling, bending their efforts towards orchard development and the creation of some really fine gardens. Were these eminently nubile prospects destined to remain forever immured in father's castle?

In a taped interview given in his old age, Basil Aylmer conceded that his family had "gone to seed" in Queens Bay.

In the same interview, Basil Aylmer recalled that one morning while the house was still under construction, the C.P.R. sternwheeler **Moyie** made an unscheduled call at the Queens Bay shoreline and idled there as a party disembarked by footplank. It was none other than Lord Aylmer's old friend Earl Grey, Governor-General of Canada and his retinue, who had chartered the **Moyie** to visit Lord Grey's lakeside land holdings at Boswell and were calling on the Aylmers en route.

"My word, Aylmer, what in the world are you doing in a place like this!" was Earl Grey's greeting as he appeared at the top of the slope.

"God only knows," was Lord Aylmer's reply.

Basil Aylmer recalled that the Governor-General and his party sat down to an impromptu luncheon in the barn, which proved acoustically kind to the strains of a Beethoven sonata played by Lady Aylmer on their concert piano. Lord Grey left the Aylmers a case of rye whiskey, probably figuring that it would come in very handy.

Lord Aylmer's bronchitic condition did improve markedly after the move to Kootenay Lake, and the fishing on the Lake surpassed his fondest hopes. A good army pension enabled him and his wife to make frequent trips back to the convivial city life in Ottawa while the younger generation struggled manfully but in the long run unsuccesfully to make a paying fruit ranch out of the Queens Bay property. Basil Aylmer described the first futile efforts to grow potatoes on the burned over soil now denuded of stones and stumps. The district horticulturalist enlightened them on the virtues of working humus into the soil, so the following season they not only had a bumper crop of potatoes, but grew prime crops of tomatoes and strawberries as well. These latter were expressed to a fruit broker in Calgary. In the years before the growers associations were established in the West Kootenay, it was a regular ploy of certain prairie brokers to report the arrival of produce in poor condition and thus make no payment on it. Lord Aylmer was not a man to be treated in this fashion. He sued the broker and got a prompt settlement. Other struggling settlers were not so fortunate in this regard.

In 1913, both Basil and Kenneth Aylmer embarked on developing their own properties in Queens Bay. The first real break in the Aylmer household, however, came with the marriage in June, 1914 of Gwendolyn to Arthur Scott-Lauder, a neighbouring rancher who had come out from Edinburgh, Scotland to Queens Bay with his brother in 1908. It took World War I, however, to shake the young Aylmer men out of the nest. Basil Aylmer went overseas and married a nurse while on active service. Kenneth Aylmer later married a friend of Basil's wife. After World War I Basil and his wife homesteaded in the Peace River area, but eventually returned to Queens Bay. Winnifred, the shyest member of the seclusive fivesome, married in 1918 Henry Perry-Leake, a civil engineer, and settled with him in nearby Balfour.

Jack Aylmer became 9th Baron of Balrath in 1923 on the death of his father. In 1928, at the age of 48, he married the local school teacher, Gertrude Black, and settled with her in obscurity down the West Arm of Kootenay Lake at Willow Point. The Dowager Lady Aylmer in Queens Bay maintained some remnants of her life style until her death in 1935, but her children faced a diminished existence as the fruit market dissipated during the depression years. With others, the Aylmers worked off their taxes by joining road construction and maintenance crews. Basil Aylmer later became a purser on the Kootenay Lake ferry. Kenneth Aylmer served as

postmaster in Queens Bay from 1928 until the office closed in 1964.

No children were born to either Jack or Kenneth Aylmer. One son, Matthew, was born to Basil and Bessie Aylmer. This promising young man inherited all the quiet charm and good looks of his parents, but he was killed on Active Service during World War II. In the post World War II period, Basil Aylmer's life in Queens Bay became increasingly bleak as his wife's health failed, and after her death in 1956 he seemed destined to become a morose recluse. A turn in the wheel of fortune, however, brought Helen, the widow of Fred Riseborough and mother of muralist Douglas Riseborough into Basil's life. They were married in 1960 and spent eighteen happy years together.

The 1970 decade was to witness three nonagenarian Barons of Balrath. In 1971, Kenneth Aylmer succeeded as 10th Baron, and was in turn succeeded by Basil in 1974. With the death of Basil in 1978, the title passed, as it had in 1858, to a distant branch of the family, and it is now held by Sir Michael, Lord Aylmer of London, England.

The conundrum of the Aylmer family remains unsolved. To what extent might the five children of Sir Matthew and Amy Gertrude Aylmer have flourished had their roots been transplanted from Ottawa to some soil other than that of isolated Queens Bay? Had the Aylmers moved on in 1909 to Victoria, would they still have remained somewhat underachieving children of overachieving parents? Would one or more of them have responded to some call which did not sound in Queens Bay?

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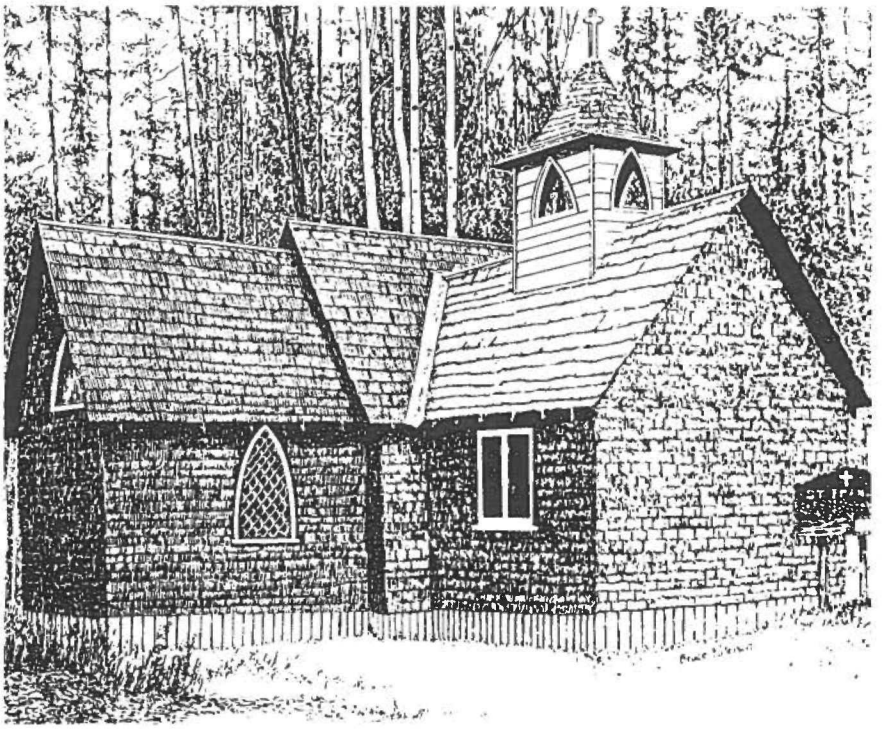
The author grew up in Nelson, attended U.B.C., served in the army in WWII, was teacher, librarian and accountant before retiring in Vancouver. He, like your editor, knew members of the Aylmer family in the Kootenays in the 1940s and '50s.

Two workers clearing trees for a future road north of Queens Bay – c. 1912.



The Anglican Church at Queen's Bay. Courtesy of Bruce Paterson.

Nurse Brigid of East Vancouver

by Betty Vogel

In 1930 Violet Maria Nairn came to St. James' Church in Vancouver from England. She had conducted her own school in Ireland, but sold the school when she felt called by God to become an anchoress. Arriving during the depths of the depression, however, she noticed the plight of the poor, and felt moved to serve them. While searching for a convenient location, Fr. Whitehead arranged for her to live at the convent operated by the Anglican Sisters of the Society of the Love of Jesus.

In his memory sketch of Fr. Whitehead, Fr. Cooper says:

"It was not long however, before she found a double row of cabins to suit her purpose on the east boundary of St. James' parish. They were mostly inhabited by men: there were two old lady tenants. The place was grimy and unsavoury. Nurse Brigid gave all the men notice, but not before she had found a new abode for every one of them, and paid a month's rent for each. She had the place fumigated and painted: and, naming it the "Little Haven", she then opened her door for old lady tenants. But it was old gentlemen who applied! So the heroic soul accepted the inevitable: for clearly it was the Divine Will. The place soon filled . . . . Father Whitehead became the Spiritual Visitor of the Little Haven, as well as the business manager for many of the poor and disabled pensioners."[1]

After her death Fr. Whitehead wrote:

"Wishing to hide herself in her work, she took the name of Nurse Brigid, by which she could easily be addressed, and the nature of her work was made clear to the simple. Though English, she had a great devotion to the saint and people of Ireland, in which country she had done notable educational work.

Her life was one of the simplest. Her room was the least desirable and all but unfurnished. Gifts to her were quickly passed on. Her food allowance was based on the lowest scale for city relief cases. Though she was of the highest intellectual attainments, having amongst other distinctions passed in the honors school of modern languages at Oxford, she undertook as a matter of course the lowest menial work which ministered to the needs of those she served for Christ's sake."[2]

Fr. Cooper adds:

"She nursed the sick, scrubbed the toilets and generally served her very mixed company of friends."[3]

"She was not known far outside of the East End except at the relief office and the hospitals, for she took no holiday and declined to have anything which any of her people might not have."[4]

"Nurse Brigid herself was rather lame: but she rode a bicycle (till someone stole it) and almost never missed Mass morning by morning. Her firm ascetic principle was that she would allow herself no amenities that her tenants could not afford to possess so the bicycle was never replaced."[5]

"Bright, gentle, gracious, cultured, courteous, unafraid, she was unable to bear any hardness or discourtesy to children or to the poor. The strength and inspiration for it all came from a hidden life of prayer, for she was a mystic who day and night was in the presence of God."[6]

Five years later, over-worked, she caught a virulent infection which she was unable to conquer. Two days later she died at the General Hospital on Sunday, Sept. 22, 1935.

"Her body was brought to the Church on the Wednesday evening. There Fr. Whitehead, with the help of Fr. Pollinger of Prince George, held a "Memorial Service" with nearly all the old folk of Little Haven; a simple and very moving occasion – just such as Nurse Brigid would have loved. Later in the evening came Vespers, and at 9:30 on Thursday morning the Burial Office and Requiem. She was laid to rest by her own wish in the pauper section of the Mountain View Cemetery where so many of her friends have been laid."[7]

"There Harold and George Buxton set a beautiful Calvary to sanctify the spot. Some years later an undertaker was heard to say – "That used to be a dismal part of the cemetery: but it's altogether different now since Nurse Brigid was buried there, and the Calvary placed on her grave."[8]

After her death the work of Little Haven was taken over by Nurse Marguerite Philips. According to Fr. Hulford "Nurse Philips continued to care for the old men who lived at Little Haven with the same selfless devotion and poverty of life as did Nurse Brigid for about twenty-five years."[9] Her work was taken over by Charles Grinnell, Jr. in 1960 who "lived an heroically simple life there for two or possibly three years."[10] At this time the building was condemned and sold by 1964. Both Charles and Fr. Hulford ensured that the residents were able to obtain suitable alternative housing. The proceeds of the sale was used to buy the property across Cordova Street from St. James, and is now the site of Cooper Place, a medium care facility.

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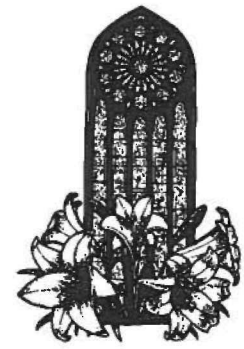
The writer is a librarian working at the Revenue Canada office in Vancouver. She is also volunteer librarian and archivist at St. James Church on Cordova Street.

FOOTNOTES

1. Wilberforce Cooper. Father Whitehead of St. James', Vancouver: a memory sketch. (s. 1. : s. d.) p. 18.
2. St. James' Occasional paper, Michaelmas 1935.
3. Cooper, p. 18
4. Occasional paper, Michaelmas 1935.
5. Cooper, p. 18
6. Occasional paper, Michaelmas 1935.
7. Ibid.
8. Cooper, p. 18
9. Letter from Fr. Edward J. Hulford, January 28, 1992.
10. Ibid.



Competition Between Princesses and Princes on the B.C. Coast

by Norman Hacking

After the Canadian Pacific Railway acquired control of the Canadian Pacific Navigation Co. Ltd. in 1901 from the Hudson's Bay Co., there was rapid expansion of what was to become the British Columbia Coastwise Service of the C.P.R. Under the dynamic leadership of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, president of the railway company, and Capt. J.W. Troup, general manager of the service, the fleet of Princesses they built were to dominate the coastwise scene for more than half a century. At first, the only major opposition on these routes came from the Union Steamship Co. of British Columbia Ltd., which specialized in serving the minor outports, and the Puget Sound Navigation Co., which ran a mediocre service between Seattle and Victoria.

Real competition only appeared in the offing when the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway was incorporated in 1903 to build a second transcontinental railway to rival the C.P.R.. Charles M. Hays, general manager of the Grand Trunk, was a man of vision, and he dreamed of a fleet of transpacific liners to rival the famous C.P.R. Empresses, and a fleet of coastal passenger vessels to challenge the C.P.R. monopoly. The ocean liners were never built, but with the choice in 1906 of the new townsite of Prince Rupert as the western terminus of the G.T.P., he set out to build a competitive shipping company to serve the new port.

Mackenzie Brothers Steamships Ltd. of Vancouver, who had a small fleet of coasters, began to serve the new port of Prince Rupert with the chartered passenger ship **Powhatan**, which they renamed **Rupert City** in 1908. Later that year the Grand Trunk bought the tug and barge operation of MacKenzie, which they used to transport men, machinery and equipment from Vancouver to Prince Rupert.

Meanwhile the C.P.R. had developed a flourishing service to Alaska with the **Princess May** and **Princess Beatrice**, while in 1908 Captain Troup established the 'triangle' service between Victoria, Vancouver and Seattle, with a sailing daily each way with the speedy three-funnelled steamers **Princess Victoria** and **Princess Charlotte**. The **Amur** maintained a Queen Charlotte Islands service.

Charles M. Hays coveted these routes for the Grand Trunk, and Grand Trunk Pacific Coast Steamship Ltd. was incorporated on May 26, 1910, to fight the C.P.R. on the coastwise runs. His company received a government contract to provide steamship service between Prince Rupert and the Queen Charlottes and the Steamer **Prince Albert** was purchased for this route. The new company thus deliberately copied the C.P.R. with the prefix 'Prince', instead of 'Princess'.

An order was placed with the Swan, Hunter yard of Newcastle-on-Tyne for two three-funnelled flyers that were markedly superior to the C.P.R. ships on the northern run. The **Prince Rupert** and **Prince George** arrived from England in 1910, to begin service between Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle and Prince Rupert. New dock facilities were constructed at each port that year, including the extensive G.T.P. pier in Seattle and a new pier at the foot of Main street in Vancouver. These fine twin-screw steamers were 307.6 feet long, 3379 tons gross, and had a maximum speed of 18$^1/_2$ knots. They were the first merchant ships of any size to have cruiser sterns.

Not only did the two new ships operate a fast service between Vancouver and Prince Rupert, they also competed with the C.P.R. ships on the triangle run. Thus the **Prince Rupert** would leave Prince Rupert at 9 a.m. on a Monday and arrive at Vancouver at 4:30 p.m. on Tuesday, sail at 6 p.m. for Victoria; arrive at Victoria at 10:30 p.m. and sail at midnight for Seattle, arriving at 6 a.m. Wednesday; sail at 9 a.m. for Victoria, arriving at 1:30 p.m., and leaving for Vancouver at 4 p.m.; arriving at 8:30 p.m. and sail for Prince Rupert at midnight, making 17.5 knots; arriving at Prince Rupert at 9 a.m. Friday.

It was an exhausting schedule and had a disadvantage on the triangle route, for while the C.P.R. could make two sailings daily, the Grand Trunk could make only two sailings a week. The service was discontinued in 1923. Service to Skagway, Alaska, commenced in June, 1916, but was discontinued in 1918.

Charles M. Hays, the dynamic force behind the Grand Trunk system was lost in the **Titanic** disaster in 1912, and the company went downhill thereafter. The big shipping and real estate boom on the west coast ended in 1913 and the outbreak of war in August, 1914, was disastrous to business. The high hopes for the new railway and the port of Prince Rupert vanished in a deep depression. On March 7, 1916 the Grand Trunk Pacific was forced into receivership and operations were taken over by the Canadian government. On August 23, 1920, the G.T.P. was turned over to the Canadian Northern board for operation, and on January 30, 1923, both railways became part of the Canadian National Railways. On February 26, 1925 Grand Trunk Pacific Steamships became a part of the Canadian National System.

The **Prince Rupert** and **Prince George** were highly successful ships and continued to provide keen competition for the C.P.R.

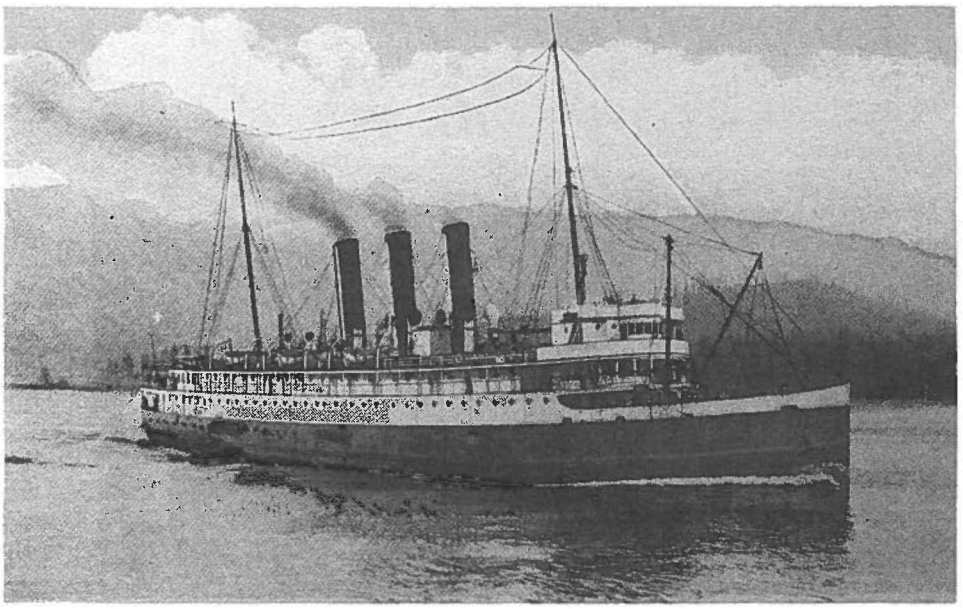
In 1929, during an expansionist boom, Sir Henry Thornton, president of the Canadian National, decided on

tougher competition on the Pacific coast. Like Captain Troup, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy and Charles M. Hays, he was American-born, and was a man of big ideas. He ordered the grand new Hotel Vancouver and three new superships, hoping to put the C.P.R. in the shade. But he failed to recognize the cloud of depression that was hanging over the land. First of the trio was the **Prince Henry**, which arrived in Vancouver in 1930 from the Cammell Laird yard at Birkenhead, and was placed on the Alaska run. She was named, not after the royal prince of that name, but after Sir Henry himself. Her sister-ships, **Prince David** and **Prince Robert** were named after his vice-presidents.

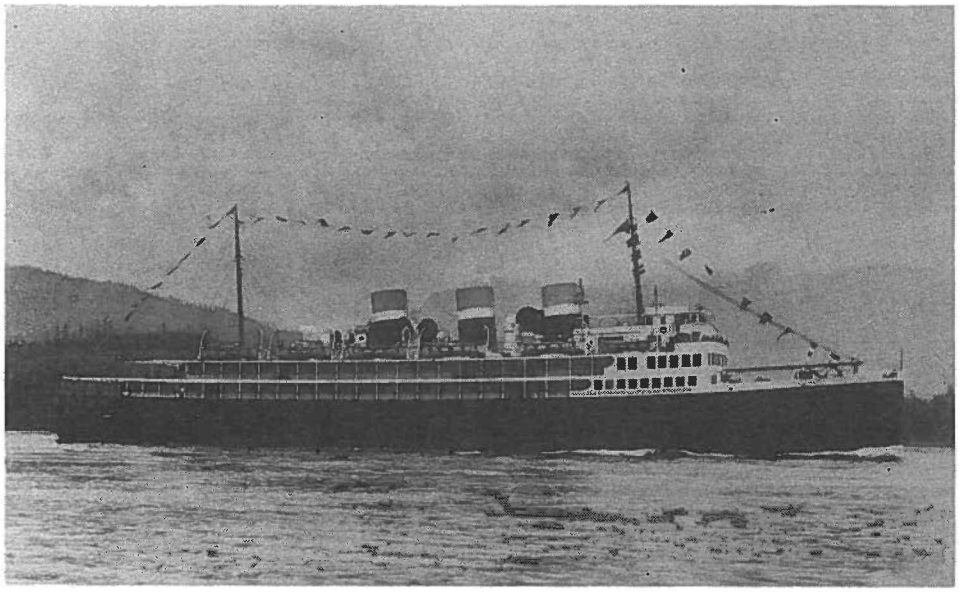
In 1931 the Canadian National opened a triangle service in opposition to the C.P.R. with the **Prince Henry** and **Prince David**. It proved a disaster. The two were fast and luxurious, but expensive to operate. They were much less manoeuvreable than the Princesses and found it difficult to enter and leave Victoria harbour without tugs. After only a year in service they were sent to the east coast to operate cruises. The **Prince Robert** was laid up for a time, and then entered summer cruise runs to Alaska until she was taken over by the Royal Canadian Navy in 1941.

Meanwhile the veterans **Prince Rupert** and **Prince George** continued to operate very successfully on the run to Prince Rupert. The **Prince George** was lost by fire at Ketchikan, Alaska in September, 1945, leaving her sister to carry on alone. She was replaced by a second **Prince George**, built at Esquimalt and placed in service in June 1948. By 1955, with the extension of the road system and enhanced travel by air, there was no room for competition on the northern route. The venerable **Prince Rupert** was sold for scrap in Japan, and the C.P.R. and C.N.R. made an arrangement for a joint service with the **Princess Norah**, under the name **Queen of the North**. This arrangement lasted only until 1958 when the **Queen of the North** was sold to Northland Navigation Co. and renamed **Canadian Prince**.

The new **Prince George** operated on cruises to Alaska until the end of the 1974 season, when she was laid up and offered for sale. Her subsequent career was full of vicissitudes, and she is still afloat in poor condition. Thus ended the last of the magnificent Princes on the Pacific coast. With the withdrawal of the second **Princess Patricia** from the Alaska run in 1981 the famed British Columbia passenger service of the C.P.R. also came to an end.



S.S. Prince Rupert - 1910 - 1955



S.S. Prince Robert built in 1929, and named for a Vice President of the Canadian National Railway.

* * * * * * * * * *

Norman Hacking has lived in Vancouver all his life, always attentive to the shipping in Vancouver Harbour. His B.A. thesis at U.B.C. in 1934 was on "Early Marine History of British Columbia." From 1935 to 1977 he was on the staff of the Vancouver Province where many of his columns "Ship to Shore" were featured on the business pages. He co-authored The Princess Story with Dr. W. Kaye Lamb in 1974.

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The Saga of Lieut-Col. C.F. Houghton

by Win Shilvock

The weirdest federal constituency election ever held in Canada was conducted in the Yale-Kootenay riding in British Columbia in December, 1871, five months after the province entered Confederation.

The new riding was geographically huge. It covered all of southern B.C. from the Cascade Mountains to the Rockies but encompassed a population of only about 400. It boggled the mind as to how an efficient election could be conducted in so vast an area, so in the interest of expediency the action was confined to Yale on the Fraser River where potential voters were close at hand.

The key figure in the election was Captain Charles Frederick Houghton. He was born in Ireland in 1838 and spent several years in the British army. In September, 1863, he arrived in Priest Valley (Vernon) along with his friends, the brothers Forbes George and Charles A. Vernon and for a time the trio mined for gold at Cherry Creek. In 1865 Houghton explored and opened up a pass from Cherry Creek to the Columbia River.

In 1866 the three men pre-empted land in Priest Valley in the area that later became known as The Coldstream, but in May 1869, Houghton sold out to the Vernons and the partnership was dissolved. Extensive holdings held by Houghton on Okanagan Lake were later sold to Cornelius O'Keefe.

By 1871 Captain Houghton was unencumbered in the Okanagan Valley and free to go where he wished. It's not clear exactly how he became mixed up in politics and whether or not he sought the nomination for the Yale-Kootenay riding. However, the late journalist, B.R. Atkins, ferreted out a story that he claimed was true concerning events that happened on election day in Yale.

The December day was very cold and the returning officer, Arthur T. Busby, whose claim to fame was that he was married to a daughter of Sir James Douglas, found that the population was loath to venture out, preferring to stay at home or remain in one of the numerous bars.

It was necessary to have someone to whom he could read the election writ so Busby sent a constable to round up some bodies. The officer finally brought in two men and after the writ was read a discussion ensued as to who might be nominated to run in the election. Several names were considered, but when one of the men said, "I nominate Captain Houghton. I think he's a rancher in the Okanagan," the second man, anxious to get the matter settled, happily seconded the motion. There were no further nominations and Captain Houghton won the election by the decision of two electors.

Back in 1868, in the the Priest Valley, Houghton had married an Indian princess, the granddaughter of the Great Chief N'Kwala. She gave birth to a daughter in December, 1870, but when a son was born in 1872, she died soon after. Houghton, who adored her, was devastated and soon after gave up his seat in Parliament and returned to his first love, the army.

A promotion to Lieutenant-Colonel in 1873 saw him take over command of the British Columbia Military District No. 2 in Victoria. Here, in 1879, he married Marion Dunsmuir of the famous Vancouver Island coal-mining family. Unfortunately, she too died at an early age in 1882.

An appointment as Deputy Adjutant-General of Manitoba took him to Winnipeg in 1884 and the following year he participated in the Northwest Rebellion and won a decoration for bravery in action.

His final posting was to Montreal in 1886 where he became Officer Commanding Military District No. 5, the largest military post in Canada. Ill health caught up to him in 1897 and he was obliged to resign from the army. Retiring to Victoria, he lived only a short time after and died August 13, 1898, age 60.

Lieut-Col Charles Frederick Houghton contributed much to the early development of Canada and British Columbia, but for some reason history has treated his efforts in a most casual manner. Nowhere is his name honored or remembered in a permanent way.

One thing is certain, however. He set an election record in 1871 when he won a seat in Canada's new parliament for the constituency of Yale-Kootenay with the votes of only two electors.

* * * * * * * * * *

The Kelowna author of this story has discovered many tidbits of history in our province. We are most grateful that he has written this and other stories to share with our readers.

Lieut-Col. C. F. Houghton

NEWS & NOTES

LOGO ? ? ?

What do you think would be a suitable logo and/or letterhead for the B.C. Historical Federation? We feel sure that some of our readers must be inspired to create a logo. Even if art or lettering are not your forte, just sketch your idea and mail it to:

Ron Welwood,
RR#1, S22, C 1, Nelson, B.C. V1L 5P4

Deadline for this competition February 15, 1993. Prizes to be announced later.

THE QUEEN CHARLOTTES AND BEYOND

Two long-time members of the Federation have added yet another book to their impressive list of publications. Watch for H.M.S. Virago in the Pacific, 1851-1855: To the Queen Charlottes and Beyond by Philip and Helen Akrigg. Sono Nis Press. The Akriggs discovered a log book written by an officer of the Virago while they were in Australia, then they found the "Private Remark Book" of navigating officer Inskip in England, and further records in Canada.

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(011-7-095) 336-8565 [Yelena].

BCHF SCHOLARSHIP WINNER 1992

Jeffery W. Locke

Jeffery W. Locke now lives in Victoria, but his family lived in virtually every province while he was growing up. Jeffrey was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia in 1967 where his father was serving in the Canadian Armed Forces as an air traffic controller and his mother had recently left the navy. Living on both coasts, the prairies and northern Ontario gave him a valuable appreciation and perspective for the vastness and diversity of Canada. But attending eleven different schools in as many years left him struggling through his high school studies, followed by an aimless year in Red Deer College. He then worked for a year to save money and set goals for himself.In 1987 he commenced a two year mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, doing volunteer work in Oklahoma and Missouri.

Shortly after returning from the U.S., he became engaged and soon married to the 'girl next door' (actually she lived across the street.) He had had a crush on her since junior high but needed a few years to muster up the courage to do anything about it.

He enrolled at the University of Calgary in 1989, with the goal of law school in his mind, and enjoyed four semesters on the Dean's list. in 1991 he transferred to the University of Victoria working towards a double major in history and political science. One of his courses was "Fur Trade History" given by the new PhD., Richard Mackie. (Mackie was a winner of the 1985 BCHF Writing Competition.) Dr. Mackie inspired this year's scholarship winner to further interest in research and history.

Jeffrey Locke was presented with his $500 BCHF Scholarship at a meeting of the Victoria Historical Society.

REMITTANCE MEN

British Columbia history is full of allusions to certain immigrants whose successes, failures or eccentricities were explained by offering the definition, "He is/was a remittance man." A lady on staff of the History Department at the University of Aberdeen is researching the careers of British (especially Scottish) remittance men in B.C. If you would like to tell her the story of your community's favorite remittance man please send your papers to:

Dr. Marjory Harper
Department of History
University of Aberdeen
OLD ABERDEEN AB9 2UB
Scotland

ENCOURAGEMENT

"After discovering your publication in Victoria's Museum and subsequently buying three issues on display, I simply must subscribe to this fine publication. Please find enclosed a cheque for $10.00. (What a bargain!)"

P.G.V. August 1, 1992

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BOOK SHELF

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

Valley of Dreams: A Pictorial History of Vernon and District

Greater Vernon Museum and Archives, 3009 32nd Avenue, Vernon, B.C, V1T 6N7, 1992, 251 p. $29.95

ISBN 1-55056-148-0

This is a local history in a large pictorial format. The photographs are nicely reproduced, giving crisp and clear images. For anyone in the business of history **Valley of Dreams** is particularly useful in presenting 18 or so interior commercial views. The detail in these photos alone earns this volume a place on my bookshelf. The wild linoleum patterns employed by F.B. Jacques and W.C. Pound(pp. 70-71) are enough to give any reader pause to consider a different time period, a different world.

The rich complexity of detail in the photographs is enhanced by the generous size of the reproductions. Things such as cots, bicycles, baby buggies, bathing suits, posters, parasols, ice tongs, tiaras and tin ceilings pop out with excellent clarity, paying rich dividends to inquiring eyes. I only wish the photographs were dated, an action which would have elevated this work to prominence in the library of every museum and antique dealer in British Columbia.

This volume works best as history when the text both articulates and informs the image. The picture of Price Ellison on p. 20, with his growing family gathered around him, speaks directly to the extract printed on p. 21. Under a large photo of a well-developed farm is part of a letter from the brother of Price Ellison's wife, three months before their marriage:

> "(Mother) says you will not be happy as a farmer's wife, you are fitted for better things than 'cooking good suppers'. . . She says you must not marry that man. . "

Supported by quotes from two published sources, the photographs play to the letter fragment, proclaiming the success of the union and the ability of the bride to follow her own heart. The presentation works to combine the five sources open to the reader into one internal reality, a total construct within the larger story of Vernon. We are given "interactive" history, creative and informative.

Valley of Dreams uses archival material to good advantage, and in doing so hints at a richness and diversity of source material. In reading through the volume I kept expecting the compilers to burst forth in an in-depth exploration and analysis of these sources, but unfortunately this does not occur. Checking the bibliography reveals that archival sources are not as numerous as first impressions indicate. Skillful combining of extracts with appropriate photographs gives the reader a feeling of greater depth and diversity, a tribute to the skill employed in putting this book together.

I expected to learn more about who the people were that inhabited this "Brand New Country." In particular I anticipated discovering the links between the new settlers and the land they occupied, what brought them and why fruit became the crop of choice. I looked forward to learning about the new social order a **Valley of Dreams** would bring forward. My thirst in this area was never really satisfied, but my interest was certainly whetted.

Occasionally an image appears apparently unanchored. It does not tie in with the quotation, nor does it make an immediate link with the photograph on the adjoining page. The reader is left to derive whatever intrinsic value exists in the image, but continually wondering what the contextual relationship might be. This could have been corrected with some brief editorial comment.

Sometimes there arises a situation where one questions why a particular arrangement was decided on. Such a case is the picture of the Vernon Jubilee Hospital and Mrs. W.F. Cameron on p. 52. The fact that Mrs. Cameron was unable to get City Council involved in furthering the establishment of the hospital may ring faint bells of memory in the reader. Scrambling back to p. 44 one can rediscover the fact that W.F. Cameron was Vernon's first Mayor. The unspoken possibilities here are quite wonderful. He took no heed of his wife! He was unable to command his Council! She was a strong-willed woman who would have her way! Of such unspoken possibilities comes an unquenchable thirst for more historical knowledge.

There are many statements and images in **Valley of Dreams** which yield a strong sense of place. One of my favourites occurs in discussing Luc Girouard (p. 15), Vernon's first postmaster:

> "When the mail sack arrived he invariably emptied it out in the middle of the floor and then proceeded to sort the mail by tossing the letters and newspapers into piles with each man's mail thrown in the direction in which his land lay. When the settlers became so numerous that his floor was not large enough for sorting, he resigned."

Such is the feeling of rootedness that each of us still longs for, that simplicity of life which allowed intimate knowledge of one's neighbourhood.

While evoking this sense of nostalgia the volume at the same time cleverly capitalizes on some of the cliches of modern culture, targeting the antics of cartoon characters in passages such as the following from Dreamland on p. 120:

> ". . . There is a large mirror at the exit so that ladies can see to adjust their hats before leaving. It is requested that ladies remove their hats when visiting this place of entertainment, and that men refrain from spitting on the floor."

The reader's eye, bouncing from the image of the theatre's exterior, cluttered with period advertising posters, across to the image of the large-hatted ladies, rests for a moment on the text. A bridge is built in the reader's mind and, hopefully, a chuckle or two is elicited. This is what I meant earlier by "interactive" history. The volume so-

licits you to combine and recombine the facts presented, all the time involving you more in the history of Vernon. Give **Valley of Dreams** a try, you won't be sorry.

Derryll White

Derryll White, historian at Fort Steele Heritage Town, is the author of Fort Steele: Here History Lives.

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One Hundred Years of Singing: Arion Male Voice Choir of Victoria

R. Dale McIntosh. Victoria,
Arion Choir, Beach Holme Publishers,
4252 Commerce Circle, Victoria, B.C.
V8Z 4M2. 1992.
78 p. $9.95

To celebrate their 100th anniversary the Arion Male Voice Choir of Victoria has published a meticulously definitive history of their numerous activities during a century of singing 1892-1992. In accordance with its strict tradition the title page is enhanced with the choir's musical signature tune which the men have sung in harmony at the beginning of every rehearsal, every performance, indoor and outdoor, and every regular monthly meeting since their inception in 1892. The musical motto is worth examining because it gives the clue to the Arion Choir's amazing success – it is the oldest continuously singing choir in Canada:

Ecce quam bonum
Quamque jocundum
Habitare fratres in unum

This portion of Psalm 133 translates as "Behold how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity".

The Arion Choir's history has been compiled by Dr. McIntosh from a wealth of records kept by the Arion Choir, some of which have found their way into the Provincial Archives and private collections. Herbert Kent, a founding member of the late 19th century Arion Club can rightfully be called British Columbia's first music historian. He was president of the Arion Club for 4 years, conductor for 7 years, assistant conductor for 12 years and historian for more than 50 years. A record almost as extensive as Kent's is that of Kyrle W. Symons who took over the role as historian in 1953 and still maintains the choir's records to date. Appropriately this history **One Hundred Years of Singing** is dedicated to Kyrle W. Symons "For his deep devotion and touching generosity to the choir".

In 1893 Herbert Kent began his "Roll of Members". Their attendance sheets at rehearsals and concerts have been used to formulate an impressive name list of close to 600 members which reads like a "Who's Who" of British Columbia's musical families.

The first concert of the Arion Choir took place in May 1893 and it was soon acclaimed as Victoria's ceremonial choir participating in the frequent occasions of pomp and circumstance required by a capital city. Since then the choir has sung all over the Pacific Northwest with many fraternal and festival interchanges with choirs in Seattle, Tacoma, Portland and Eugene. Abroad, the Arion Choir has sung in England, Scotland and the Eisteddfodd in Wales.

It is said every choir has a personality of its own. Dr. McIntosh has chosen to avoid the standard chronological approach. Instead he has chosen a topical examination of the choir's activities and in the course of this method he has uncovered the secrets of the choir's successful longevity.

The subject index lists some eighty topics by which one can see the connecting links between the choir and its surrounding community as it adapts to the changing times of one hundred years.

The story of the Arion Choir is a story of adapting to change and a triumph of discipline. Dr. McIntosh states: "What of the future? Members of the choir wonder if there will be a bi-centenary in 2092 unless more interest is taken in male choir singing. But here is the value of history. The same doubts and concerns were expressed in 1914, again in 1939, and at many times throughout the 1950s and 1960s. In the latter decades the club almost collapsed on several occasions due to a lack of interest and an aging membership. But it didn't. Through the interest and initiative of key members of the organization and concentrated recruitment drives to strengthen the membership the organization grew and flourished. And it is still with us, celebrating 100 years of singing.

Thelma Reid Lower
Vancouver Historical Society

Thelma Lower, a music historian, is author of many articles on Opera and Choral Music.

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Boats, Bucksaws and Blisters.

G.W. "Bill" Thompson, Powell River,
Powell River Heritage Research Association, 1990.
410 p., illustrated, maps. $34.95

Imagine a gab fest round a fire listening to all the old-timers of the Powell River area telling of life in the early days. Bill Thompson's **Boats, Bucksaws and Blisters** gives the impression of just such an occasion. Rather than interview, research and then re-write the recollections of the loggers, fishermen, and settlers of Powell River, Bill Thompson lets the pioneers speak for themselves. Audio tapes, newspaper stories and interviews from various sources are quoted in whole or in part and these give the book the aura of fire-side conversations. The plethora of photographs in the book adds to the atmosphere as though family photo albums are being shared as the stories unfold.

Divided into fifty-two chapters – thirty-seven of which are interviews with pioneers – and moving geographically northward up the north side of Malaspina Strait from Jervis Inlet to Lund the book describes the origins and major occurrences in each community along the peninsula. Texada Island to the south is also included.

Logging and saw-milling attracted people to the area and the huge Brook, Scanlon and O'Brian railway-logging industry in the Gordon Pasha Lakes behind Powell River at one time employed over 1000 men at the turn of the century. Chapter 16, "Logging", gives a particularly fine history of the logging industry in British Columbia

outlining the equipment used, the conditions in the logging camps, the logger's lifestyle, the contract system, and finally the record trees found and cut in British Columbia. Fascinating tidbits gleaned from the chapter reveal that signs existed saying, No Englishmen Wanted, simply because they generally tended to be such greenhorns that they were a danger to themselves and others; the wood preservative Creosote comes from Creosote, Washington; that cedar trees which weren't in demand, other than for shinglebolts, were simply cut down and burned.

A modern-day ecologist might view **Boats, Bucksaws and Blisters** as the story of an environmental nightmare. "When second growth fir began growing up in our stump ranch . . . we used to light fires in the fall, as early as we could, with the idea that the fire would run and kill these damn trees off." (p. 156) One family, the Padgetts, hunted wolves and cougars to extinction in the area and in his later years Roy Padgett said, "We had this fond idea: kill the predators off, and there will be more for the real predators – man." (p. 147) In fact he reveals; "looking back the deer did not increase when the cougars decreased. Things tended to balance out." (p. 146) Little attention to any kind of conservation killed-off creeks which once supported huge runs of coho and other salmon.

Boats, Bucksaws and Blisters contains tales of hardship, resolve, ingenuity, kindness, and tenacity. One particular story about Fred Fletcher relates how when he lost his boat propeller fifty miles from home he spent a day whittling a new one out of red fir with his hatchet, attached it, and headed home. When the 100 m.p.h. storm swept through Stillwater and Lang Bay in 1921 wiping out the places, the Rev. George Pringle valiantly attempted to conduct a service of worship until forced to quit when his congregation became too "jumpy". Rachel Dickson thought nothing of walking the 22 mile round trip to Powell River to shop.

Thompson intersperses the personal recollections with chapters on important aspects of community life. As already mentioned there is one on Logging. Others include Bears, Cars and Roads, Steamers, Radio, Women, The Native People, and the communities of Stillwater and Lund.

While Thompson provides some very useful maps on the inside front and back covers, persons familiar with the Powell River area would gain more from reading the book than an outsider. **Boats, Bucksaws and Blisters** is very much a local history. A very fine index facilitates readers and the photographs illuminate and fascinate.

A number of problems manifest themselves when relying on interviews and pioneer reminiscences. Firstly, annoying repetitions crop up and secondly, while the stories can be fascinating one wonders how much they have been embellished and enhanced by the tellers over the years of telling and how historically accurate they really are.

Apart from these limitations, **Boats, Bucksaws and Blisters** is the kind of book every B.C. community should have to preserve the memories and stories of the past.

Ian Kennedy

Ian Kennedy is the author of Sunny Sandy Savary and A Guide to Neighbourhood Pubs in Greater Vancouver

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Land of Destiny: The Golden Age of British Columbia.

Charles Lillard & Michael Gregson,
Vancouver Pulp Press, 1991.
162 p., illustrated $32.95

"1945 to 1975. That's when we had it all. That was the Golden Age of British Columbia," says the introduction of this unusual book.

The compilers have indeed captured the essence of those years, which now seem so prosperous, yet innocent. To document the era, they have assembled a collection of archival photographs; reproductions of advertisements, book jackets, posters, and other printed items; and short quotes from various textual sources.

This book is a feast for the nostalgic. Veterans of highway travel in the province will see a picture of a Garbage Gobbler, that ubiquitous bug-eyed guardian of roadside viewpoints; and Old Wooden Head, who cautioned drivers on the Big Bend Highway. For sports fans, there's a picture of Nancy Greene and the photo-montage of the Trail Smoke Eaters. There's even a picture of the waiters at this reviewer's favorite Chilliwack pub, who dared to defy the stern LCB inspector by wearing roller skates while serving beer in 1952.

Generic west coast totem poles with outstretched wings were used to promote nearly everything. The gnome-like Century Sam was the mascot of four Centennials. Phil Gaglardi's "Road under construction, sorry for any inconvenience" signs decorated every highway.

And the smiling face of W.A.C. Bennett seems to appear on nearly every other page of this book, radiating eternal optimism for a province of unlimited prosperity.

Indeed, it was a prosperous time. We see a picture of the B.C. Electric Building under construction on Nelson Street, surrounded by Victorian rooming houses. Advertising by Bloedel, Stewart & Welch Ltd. promised "regeneration of the forests" and "maximum utilization of waste products of the industry." Charles Lillard tells of his first trip by VW through northern B.C. in the '60's, being offered jobs everywhere he stopped.

The weakness of this book is that it doesn't really contain enough information to be of value to the scholar. Nor are the illustrations sumptuous enough to make it a compelling coffee table book. Still, it provides an enjoyable evening's reading, and it says something about the culture of the province we have inherited. **Land of Destiny** is recommended as a gift for nostalgia-lovers.

Jim Bowman
Chilliwack Archives

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Now You're Logging.

Bus Griffiths, Madeira Park,
Harbour Publishing, 1990,
119 p., illustrated $16.95

Spilsbury's Coast: Pioneer Years in the Wet West.

Howard White and Jim Spilsbury,

Madeira Park,

Harbour Publishing, 1991,

190 p., illustrated $14.95

These engrossing works by two of the west coast's Living National Treasures have been re-released in paperback form by Harbour Publishing.

Now You're Logging is a "comic book novel" set on the remote B.C. coast in the 1930's. Its hero, a young logger named Al, is a little larger than life. He's courageous, handsome, resourceful, and a gentleman in spite of the rough "brush-apes" he works with. After a series of hair-raising adventures, he gets promoted, and he gets the girl of his dreams, too. The value of this book does not rest on the intricacies of its plot, but on the visual representations and footnotes which explain the logging technology and jargon of the times. Griffiths has a justifiable pride in the skill and ingenuity of the forest industry in those days before it became controversial.

Spilsbury's Coast is the autobiography of one of B.C.'s most creative entrepreneurs, who developed a boyhood hobby into a successful radio repair business. He hit upon the idea of visiting his remote customers by boat, then by float plane. This led to the formation of Queen Charlotte Airlines, which is chronicled in his book **The Accidental Airline**. His radiotelephone manufacturing business, Spilsbury & Tindall, meanwhile, became a world leader in the electronics field. Spilsbury is also an accomplished visual artist and photographer, and the book's illustrations add to its appeal.

Jim Bowman
Chilliwack Archives

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A Fruitful Century. The British Columbia Fruit Growers' Association 1889-1989.

Kelowna, B.C. Fruit Growers' Association, 1990.

207 p., illustrated $35.95.

A Fruitful Century was written to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the British Columbia Fruit Growers' Association, and was commissioned and financed by the Association. Dendy, the principal author, notes that the Association "allowed me a free hand in its preparation and did not assume the role of censor." While the book is a history of the Association it is, as Dendy writes in his "Author's Note", "also a history of fruit growing and marketing in British Columbia."

The text of the book is divided into eight chapters, the first "Introduction: Preparing the Ground", gives a useful short account of the beginnings of fruit growing in British Columbia. The following six chapters survey, chronologically, the activities of the Association, the first five being written by Dendy, the sixth, "Harvest, 1973-1989", by Kyle, and the final chapter, "Afterword: Next Year's Crop – Looking on to the Second Hundred Years", being the musings of five recent presidents of the Association. Three appendices list (1) the presidents of the Association, with biographies of most of them; (2) the dates and venues of the annual conventions; and (3) "The Industry Companies", some details about B.C. Tree Fruits Ltd. and Sun-Rype Products Ltd.

Although the authors attempt to concentrate on the history of the Association, this they cannot do in a vacuum and they are obliged to provide some general background material for the fruit growing industry. In a number of "vignettes", short articles set aside from the text in boxed off areas, they deal with various components of the industry and, as far as it goes, this is an effective solution. However, of necessity, there are many elements which receive little or no consideration. Numerous photographs provide additional details – but those not closely informed about fruit growing may well find the legends for the photos somewhat cryptic. There is one perfunctory map which adds little.

Dendy writes that in the 1890s the Association was "a forum to exchange information among horticulturists and as a collective voice for them", and, essentially, those have been the primary functions throughout the "Fruitful Century." Unfortunately, as Dendy expresses it, those growers best served by the Association were often "not men enlisted by the philosophical conviction that cooperation was the proper and inevitable form of organization", and the Association has seen continual struggling between those who felt that the federal and provincial governments ought to control markets for fruit, those who wanted the growers themselves to control their marketing, and those who wished to act independently. The persistent problem of those growers who marketed outside the aegis of the Association and yet took the benefits of the Association's efforts is a prominent theme. It required major international events, in particular the great depression of the 1930s and the Second World War, to bring some order to the marketing of fruit – the Second World War, Dendy writes, "was a godsend to the cause of central selling." The overall impression, however, is of an industry plagued by overproduction and with little control over its markets.

The fruit growing industry is not one with the glamour and mythology for the general public of, say, the cattle or the lumbering industries, and its history has received meager acceptance in popular writing. This book will not change the situation – it will appeal primarily to those with some familiarity with the industry in central southern British Columbia. There is a lengthy bibliography which provides a useful introduction to those wishing to read further about the industry, and altogether it is a well made book with the photographs carefully reproduced, the text clearly printed with few typographical errors, and a solid binding.

George Newell.
Victoria Historical Society

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P. O. Box 35326, Stn. E
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