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Journal of the B.C. Historical Federation

Immigrants and Adventurers

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

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Nanaimo District Museum Society	100 Cameron Road, Nanaimo, B.C. V9R 2X1
Okanagan Historical Society	Box 313, Vernon, B.C. V1T 6M3

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British Columbia Historical News

Journal of the B.C. Historical Federation

Volume 28, No. 3 **Summer 1995**

EDITORIAL

Readers of this magazine appreciate the diverse qualities, interests and capabilities of immigrants to British Columbia. No two stories of our predecessors are the same. Some of the arrivals, especially young single men, travelled by whatever means available to coastal or inland locales. Some stayed in their first chosen "home" while others moved many times before settling down. We hope the mixture of stories will make pleasant summer reading. We aim to present many more stories of hitherto unrecorded people and events in scattered nooks and crannies, as well as the heavily populated lower mainland and Vancouver Island cities.

Let us share our enthusiasm for our history and our heritage sites, museums and publications. We as history buffs can alert our family and friends to the opportunities to enjoy glimpses of the past. We happily introduce our grandchildren to history. We can go a step further by talking to their friends, frequently informally, but perhaps in a classroom where the teacher is new to your town. Happiness increases when we see our enthusiasm for history amplified by eager youngsters.

Naomi Miller

COVER CREDIT

Chinese immigrants contributed a great deal to our province in those early years before manpower was replaced by machinery. Their diligence and efficiency was appreciated by the employer but at times was feared by the white settlers. (See Chris Li's article on page 9.) Fear was increased when infectious disease accompanied the new arrivals. The cover picture shows Dr. Hunter examining coolies disembarking at William Head Quarantine Station where they were held during the possible incubation period for smallpox. (See "Chinese at William Head," *B.C. Historical News* 16:4.) Photo courtesy of H. Rundle Nelson Album, B.C. Archives and Record Service No. 95910.

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An Englewood Sequel

by Tom Barnett

The fascinating report on Englewood's early days (E.A. Harris, Winter 1994–95 issue, *B.C. Historical News*) deserves a sequel.

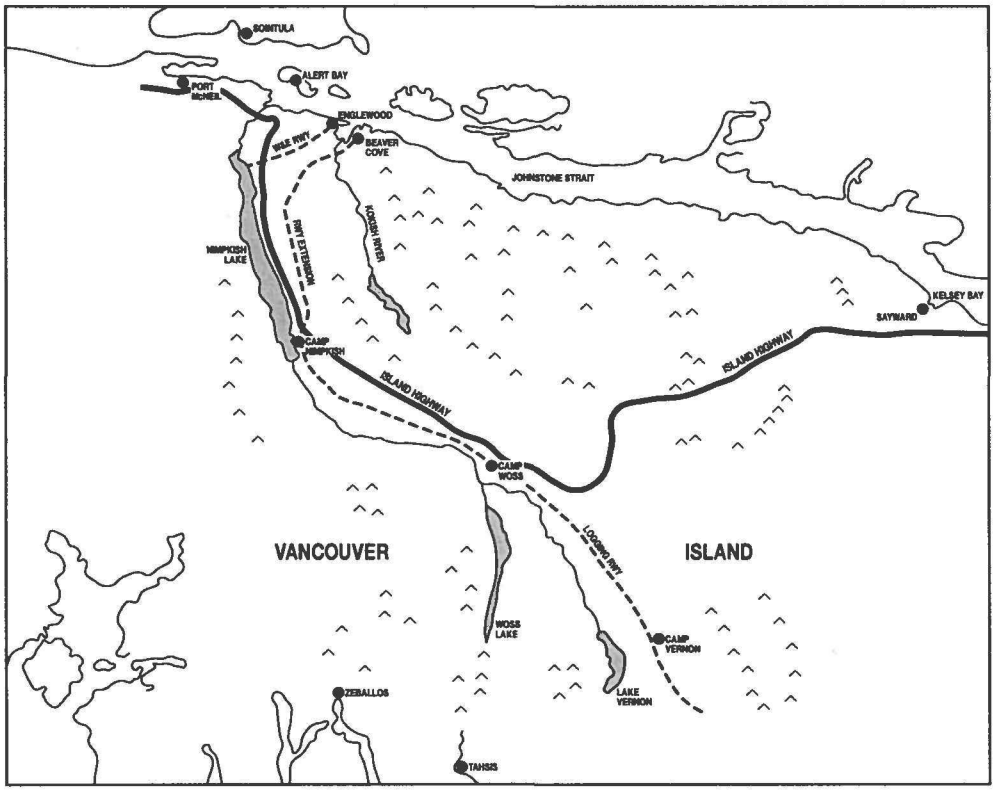
When I first arrived in Englewood in May 1945 it was once again a hive of activity. I was on my first tour as a federal election candidate, accompanied by the then-MLA for Comox, Colin Cameron. We had spent the previous day in Alert Bay (which had turned out to be VE Day, not a day for politicking!), and early in the morning caught the southbound CPR boat for the short trip to Englewood.

Canadian Forest Products had recently taken over the old Wood & English installations: the steamer wharf, the log dumping facilities, the short railway to the foot of Nimpkish Lake and the buildings of the old sawmill settlement. Survey crews for the new railway were deep in the woods up-river from the lakehead.

As was customary in a company town, we went to the office to ask about where we might hold a meeting and about accommodation for the night. We were told the only place for a meeting was in the cookhouse, and that we would have to get permission from the cook. The cook readily agreed, provided we would be responsible for arranging and re-arranging the tables and chairs. We found volunteers to help, and had a lively meeting.

Two incidents from that first Englewood visit stick in my mind. The first had to do with catching the Union Steamships boat for Kelsey Bay in the wee hours of the morning. We had no alarm clock, so had to take shifts staying awake so as not to miss hearing the steamer whistle. The second was seeing an unofficial resident, a huge black bear calmly camped just outside the cookhouse window by the garbage cans, accepted by all and sundry as one of the family. I've forgotten his name!

By 1953, when I began serving my first term as MP, Englewood had become the port of entry and booming ground for a vast integrated logging operation. The sawmill was in ruins, but everything associated with logging had been refurbished. The old Wood & English railway was a busy operation, with a locomotive shop to keep it functioning. The new Nimpkish railway ran from the head of the lake to the upper reaches of the valley. The largest remaining block of virgin Douglas fir in the province had become accessible for logging, via the longest logging railway mainline ever built in B.C.



Mind you, it was still a rather awkward access. Logs from the new railway were dumped into the lake at Camp Nimpkish. These and the production from nearby Camp A, a major truck-logging operation, were towed some twelve miles down the lake to Camp L where they were reloaded onto cars for transport down the old railway to Englewood. Up the valley were Camp Woss, the largest, and Camp Vernon at the end of the line. Logging roads extended out from the railway; and a system was developed to sling a truckload of logs directly onto a railway car. Some eleven hundred loggers were at work in the Englewood Division, most of them living in bunkhouses.

To travel up the valley from the steamer wharf at Englewood one took the Speeder up the railway to Camp L, transferred to a big old launch for the trip up the lake to Camp Nimpkish, then took another Speeder for the lurching trip up the valley to Camp Woss and Camp Vernon. When one arrived at Vernon one was at about the most isolated a spot in the heart of Vancouver Island one could get.

Nimpkish was the divisional headquarters, with radio-telephone connection to the outside world, the locomotive and car repair shops and quite a modern-looking station near the edge of the lake where passengers and freight made the transfer from water to rail.

By the end of the 1950s the decision had been taken to build a direct rail connection from the upper valley to tide-

water. It meant a major capital investment. The construction involved a lot of rock work and a major bridge crossing of the Kokish River. When it was finished the railway terminus became Beaver Cove on the opposite side of the bay. Englewood was abandoned once again; and has increasingly faded into a place of the dim and distant past, as described by E.A. Harris in his article. One thing nature will not erase, for those who care to look, is the old Wood & English railway grade.

Life in the Nimpkish valley has again changed dramatically since the main railway reached tidewater at Beaver Cove. A finely engineered extension of the Island Highway enters the valley not far from where old Camp Vernon used to be, and runs its length to link with the seacoast towns of the North Island. Camp Nimpkish is no more. Canfor has consolidated its logging operations to Woss, which has become the only settlement in the valley.

I have often thought how startled many tourists must be to find themselves suddenly zipping through the underpass of a railway they have never heard of, out in the middle of the wilderness. Even those familiar with logging would say: "They" don't use railways any more!

****

Tom Barnett, former MP for a Vancouver Island riding, is now retired and living in Campbell River. His wife Ruth was president of the B.C. Historical Association, 1978–80.

1995 British Columbia Historical Federation Annual General Meeting

Conference delegates enjoy the warm sunshine and sculptured vegetation as they assemble for a tour of Minter Gardens.
Photo by R. Millard

Editor Naomi Miller and Past President Myrtle Haslam seen here at Minter Gardens. At the AGM Miller was awarded an Honorary Life Membership in the B.C.H.F.
Photo by Doreen Millard

Ken and Mary Leeming of Victoria.
Photo by John Spittle

A young craft instructor showing her raffia baskets at the displays presented by the Stoʼlo people.
Photo by John Spittle

Vice President Ron Welwood and his wife Frances at the Awards Banquet.
Photo by John Spittle

Mayor John Les of Chilliwak.
Photo by John Spittle

R.G. (Bob) Harvey with his awards for Coast Connections 1994. Pamela Mar Writing Competition Chair presenting the certificate and cheque.
Photo by John Spittle

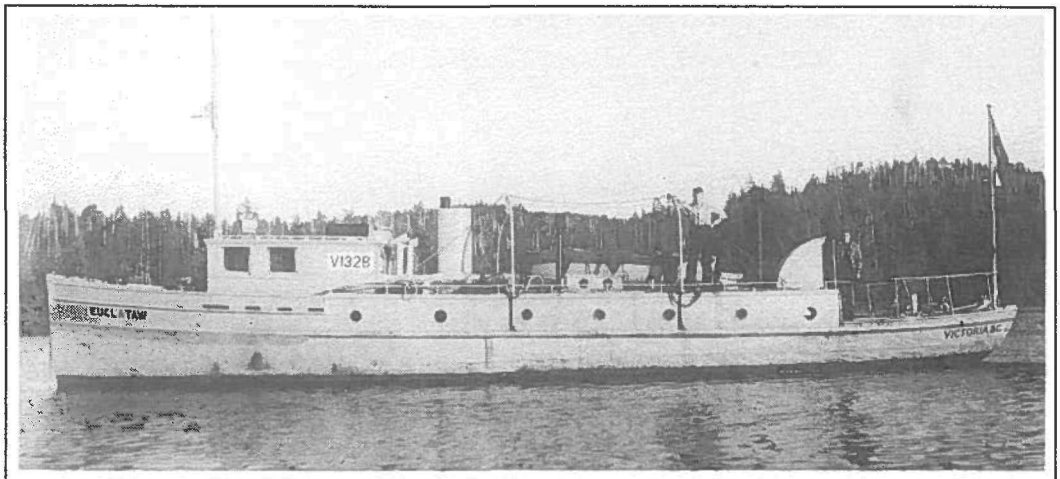
B.C.'s West Coast in 1943–45

Edited by Audrey Ward

Wartime necessitated a few changes in the lives of citizens on the coast of British Columbia. The diary kept by Mrs. Kullander records her observations of activities seen in the course of her husband's postings with the B.C. Forest Service.

Jessie "Jay" Ades and Marvin Kullander were married on October 9, 1942. Marvin was a student at the University of British Columbia and his wife a teacher at an elementary school in Vancouver. They managed to have a brief honeymoon in the South Cariboo but thereafter their lives were spent on the wet west coast. Marvin was in the ROTC as behooved every male student on campus at that time, although ineligible for regular military service due to his medical history. Upon graduation in May 1943 he was deemed more valuable as a Ranger in the B.C. Forest Service than an officer in the Canadian forces. His first posting was to Bowen Island where much of his travel was accomplished in the BCFS boat *Eva R.* This posting allowed Jay to accept a teaching position at Aberdeen School in Vancouver. Marvin, however, was transferred at the end of the fire season in October to Ocean Falls. Marvin moved to Ocean Falls where he lived aboard the BCFS boat *Euclataw.* Jay resigned as of the last school day in 1943 and her diary commences on Saturday, December 18, 1943, when she boarded the S.S. *Adelaide* to sail to Ocean Falls to join her husband.

Night sailings were instituted in wartime so the ship proceeded with blackout enforced. Jay was assigned a little stateroom where she dozed fitfully as the foghorn wailed regularly and her excitement mounted. She roused at 6:30 am at the sound of a steward announcing: "Breakfast will be served in half an hour." Jay was in the dining saloon when it opened and spent the rest of the trip on deck or in the observation parlour. The *Adelaide* stopped at Englewood (see *B.C. Historical News* Vol. 28:1), Alert Bay, Port McNeil and Port Hardy. At Port Hardy servicemen aboard loaded onto a bus to take them across Vancouver Island to the Air Force base at Coal Harbour. The sea was calm for the crossing of Queen Charlotte Sound. Lunch and dinner were nicely served in the festively decorated dining saloon. About midnight the boat docked in Ocean Falls. Although the lower mainland practised blackout (or brownout), Ocean Falls presented a blaze of lights from the buildings set compactly together in tiers up the steep rocky hillside.



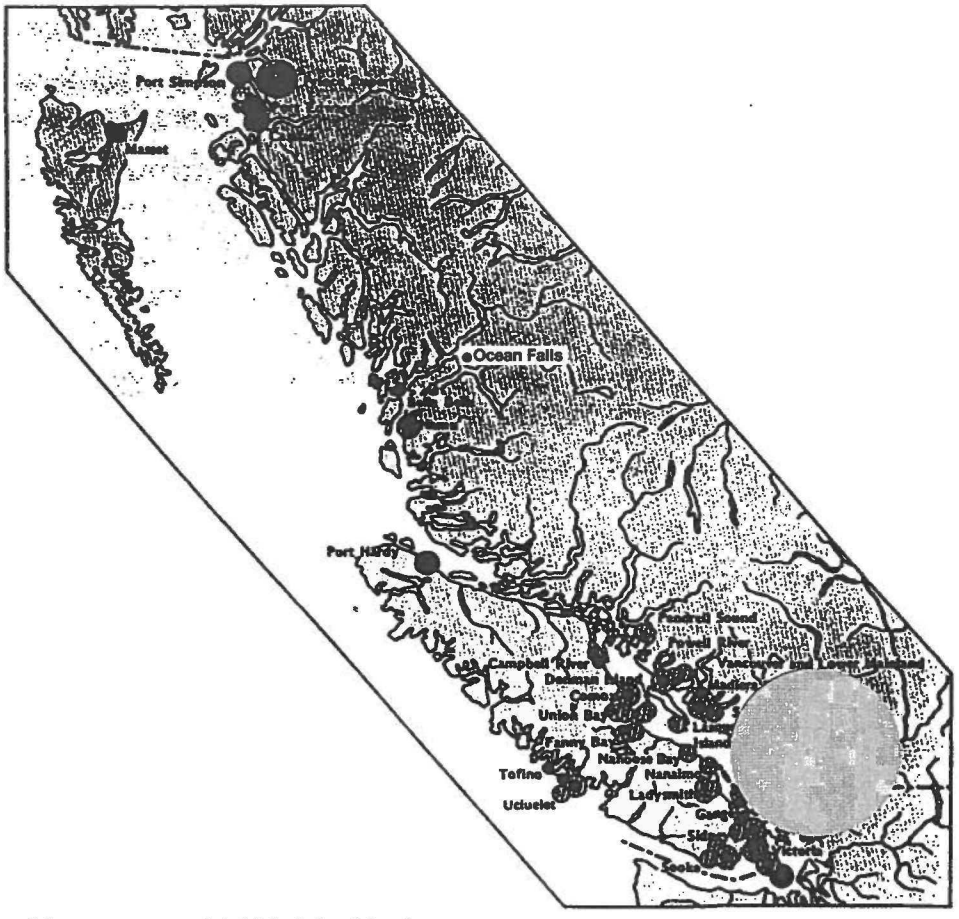
Marvin and Jay aboard the* Euclataw *in Milbrook Cove, January 1944.

All photos courtesy of the Kullander family album.

Marvin led Jay to the *Euclataw* which became their home for several weeks. Olai Urseth, Marvin's partner on the boat, discreetly moved up to the bunk in the wheelhouse. The *Euclataw* was about fifty feet long with wheelhouse and "office," large engine room, large main cabin with four bunks (two of which could be folded away during the day), a large refrigerator, a tiny washroom and toilet, and the galley aft. "Besides a sink with hot and cold water it boasts a large oil stove the like of which any housewife would be proud to set in her kitchen. The whole boat is heated with hot water and has many, many cupboards. *Euclataw* is indeed a comfortable home." The afternoon of December 20 the men took three sets of Government Liquor Ration Coupons and purchased three dozen beer for Christmas celebrations. On the 21st Olai left in a friend's launch to go home to Bella Coola for Christmas. Jay was welcomed by the wife of the senior Woods Boss for Pacific Mills and by the two Provincial Police officers and their families. Several boats tied up near the *Euclataw* and those on board partied well into the night. An Air Force plane came in from Bella Bella and tied up at the wharf. Among the service personnel was a "Mr. Stevenson"[1] who had been with the Forest Service at Alberni prior to enlisting. He had a pleasant visit with Marvin. He, with many others, was disappointed that the New Year's Eve dance was cancelled due to a major outbreak of "Flu."

Jay's exploration of Ocean Falls led her to write in her diary: "This is a company town operated by Pacific Mills. Pulp and Paper are produced here and shipped mainly to the United States. The town is well laid out. There is not much space because the mountains rise almost from the sea. Houses are set in rows right up the rocky hillsides. Wooden sidewalks twist and switchback about. There are some nice houses, many duplexes, and several large bunkhouses to accommodate the single employees, both men and women. Before the war

there were many Japanese employees but now they have been evacuated inland. There is a large Company store where you can buy just about anything. (I have even noticed some items that you cannot buy in Vancouver stores lately.) There is a large hotel, theatre, dance hall, swimming pool, and bowling alley. Tuesday afternoon the store closes and Thursday afternoon the hairdresser closes."



This map of the west coast of British Columbia shows many of the places named in Jay Kullanders 1943-45 diary.

Mrs. Urseth came down to Ocean Falls on the Union Steamship with her husband on January 6. Jay and Marvin were able to get a room in the hotel for three nights, taking meals in the restaurant, in the drug store or the hotel dining room in the company of the Urseths. At 9 am on January 9 the *Euclataw* left the mooring, carrying both couples to Bella Coola. They sailed down Cousins Inlet to Wearing Light then turned into Dean Channel. Jay observed that the mountains were covered with dense rather scrubby timber with occasional bare, clear cut patches running back from the beach. She was shown MacKenzie's rock with its famous inscription: "from Canada by land 22nd July 1793." The wind howled as they approached the wharf at Bella Coola but the men soon had the *Euclataw* safely moored. Olai and Mrs. Urseth took the Forest Service truck to reach their home in Hagensborg ten miles inland. Jay noted the quiet, dingy waterfront with the now-unused cannery close to the wharf. Next morning she saw the small village of Bella Coola some 1½ miles away. She accompanied Marvin on a drive up the valley, past small farms, a community hall, the school and the Lutheran church built by Norwegian immigrants from Minnesota in 1894. Marvin had to make an inspection while Jay admired the rugged scenery. On the return trip they paused to visit Mrs. Urseth. Conversation turned to the proposed road from Williams Lake to the coast. Mrs. Urseth and other locals claimed that they were satisfied with present connections with the outside world and they did not wish to have a road bringing in a flood of tourists.

On January 13, duties finished, the men took the launch back to Ocean Falls in record time due to a stiff tail wind. The CNR steamer landed behind them and Mr. St. Clair, District Forester, enroute from Vancouver to his home in Prince Rupert, visited to relay a message from Vancouver. The *Euclataw* was to be taken to Vancouver to be sold. Marvin busied himself transferring all files held in the boat's office to the downtown office. He also made a point of acquiring his liquor ration of two dozen beer. January 17 they were roused earlier than planned by the mill whistles calling workers to fight a fire in the mill. Their adventurous trip south started against a stiff westerly wind in Fisher Channel. They reached Evans Arm where they were pinned for thirty-six hours by the driving storm. They visited Namu and toured the B.C. Packers plant. Here herring were brought in by the scow load and put through a reduction plant where the oil was extracted and the flesh and bones ground to fish meal. In the cold storage plant, herring, halibut, cod and salmon were quick frozen, then glazed and stored "FROZEN SOLID!". The man in charge gave them three halibut and two cod for their future use. Next stop was at Safety Cove where Marvin rowed to make an inspection at the south end of Calvert Island. Jay marvelled at the starfish glowing yellow, orange, red and purple, lovely sea anemones and huge barnacles. The following morning they attempted to cross Queen Charlotte Sound but were driven back to seek shelter in Milbrook Cove at the entrance to Smith Sound. They sat there from Friday to Tuesday. (Olai told of an earlier voyage when his boat had sheltered there for three weeks!) They made it to Hardy Bay, meeting a CNR steamer and a large American troop ship going north, before they landed. The *Haida Chief*, a large Air Force boat, was tied up nearby.

The shore was very muddy as they walked to the Port Hardy Hotel for a meal, then along to the B.C. Forest Station to visit the Ranger. Port Hardy wharf was exposed to the southeaster; Marvin was out several times during the night putting bumper pads in place to save the boat from some of the punishment. Next morning they moved across the bay and tied to a boom. They had to buy groceries as supplies were running low. More and larger boats shared the bay, attesting to the ongoing storm. Saturday they accomplished a rough three-hour trip to Alert Bay on Cormorant Island. "Alert Bay is a large fishing centre with many stores and several hotels. There is a large Indian Reserve with totem poles and huge logs which must have been beams for the community houses. I noticed several Indian girls wearing fine fur coats – they did well in their fishing or cannery work I guess. Two American corvettes came and tied up in the bay; the boys are 'doing the town'." Last but not least, they visited aboard the Forestry boat *Tamarack* which was here while the *Wells Gray* was being overhauled.

Sunday, January 30, they left Alert Bay at 7 am. As they aproached York Island, a Navy Patrol boat signalled them to stop. This was a wartime checkpoint for all vessels going south; they were soon cleared to go on. Yuclataw Rapids had to be negotiated at slack tide, about 4 pm. Their boat was caught twice in a whirlpool and spun briefly before they emerged and headed for Toba Inlet where they tied up in Refuge Cove for the night at 7 pm. Next morning the sea was glassy calm and they made good time as they passed Bliss Landing, Savary Island, Lund and Powell River. They called in to visit at Half Moon Bay then went on to Gibsons Landing. They left Olai aboard and went to Marvin's parents' home for Monday night and Tuesday. Wednesday, Groundhog Day, they sailed between Bowen Island and Gambier into the north arm of the Fraser where they left the "good ship *Euclataw*" at the Forestry Boat Station.

Marvin was assigned to Prince Rupert and the Queen Charlotte Islands for a three-month survey. He left February 7 on the CNR steamer then joined Ranger Scott and engineer Elmer Rice living aboard the *Lillian D.* He received no mail while he worked on the isolated Charlottes. Meanwhile, Jay stayed with her widowed father at 909 West 18th Avenue in Vancouver. She took a night course in Placer Mining which she enjoyed very much. She undertook a major house cleaning, redecorating the back bedroom using kalsomine on the walls and paint on the trim. It was April 27 when Marvin slept in a bed ashore again, in Vancouver, preparing to assume command of the *Tamarack.*

Marvin and the geese he shot for Christmas 1944, pictured on the wharf at Ocean Falls.

Olai again served as engineer and guided the 55-foot packer-style vessel out of the Fraser, behind Bowen Island, up to Gibsons Landing. The Kullander family assembled next day to visit with Marvin and Jay. Two sisters, a brother, their families and Mr. and Mrs. Kullander Sr. made the reunion very special. Jay's diary notes: "We likely wouldn't have travelled today as a westerly is blowing." May 8 they left and made good time, joining a line of boats tied up at Stuarts Landing awaiting safe passage through Yuclataw Rapids. The passage was fast and the tide was with them. It seemed no time at all till they were out in the main passage heading up Johnstone Strait. The examination boat near York Island was noted but those travelling north did not have to report. Shushartie Bay on the north coast of Vancouver Island was their safe harbour that night. On May 10 they arrived at Ocean Falls about 6 pm. Mail was collected and then they treated themselves to supper in the restaurant.

The Kullanders finally had an apartment. In fact, they were given the choice of two recently vacated suites! They chose number eighteen because it had a better view. There was a small bedroom, a kitchen, bathroom and nice-sized living room. There was an electric stove in the kitchen and hot water heating. The walls were freshly kalsomined but the floors were in bad shape. As Jay's furniture had not arrived yet they spent many hours scraping the floors and applying several coats of varnish. Some nights they slept on the boat. Other times they used an air mattress on the floor. Marvin was busy most of the time now. Jay sometimes was alone in the apartment, sometimes she went out on the *Tamarack* with Marvin and Olai.

Jay recorded what she saw and whom she met on these trips up the arms and inlets in Marvin's district. There were bachelors, couples of all ages, and the occasional child who grew up wearing a life jacket every waking hour of the day. Up Schooner Passage they stopped at the camp of the Hoy brothers. One brother had a wife who gardened in tubs beside her house on a float. The Englishmen had been logging for a long time, and operating a trap line in winter. From Hoys they went up to Tom Goodie's camp. Jay discovered that Mrs. Goodie had been a classmate at Vancouver Normal School so the ladies had a great time reminiscing while the men climbed the hillside inspecting a block of timber. Next stop was at Dawsons Landing where there was a store and gas station. Mr. and Mrs. Dawson invited the couple in to play bridge in the evening. From Schooner Passage they went up Rivers Inlet, not-

ing deserted canneries, booming grounds, waterfalls and tumbling creeks, trees clustered up very steep mountains, many fish boats and collecting boats which took fish to Namu for processing. "Doc" Gildersleeve's camp was next. "Doc" was away but they met Mrs. Gildersleeve, her son Dick and his wife. The Gildersleeves were Seventh Day Adventists from the USA. Mrs. Gildersleeve was a hard worker, currently feeding twenty men at the logging camp. She had two sons in the Air Force, one here and a daughter married and living in Queen Charlotte City. The float home of the younger Gildersleeve was very nicely furnished. The Gildersleeves had a second camp on Draney Inlet where they were greeted by wood boss Andy Torgleson. Jay and Marvin were fed in the cookhouse after the men had gone to their logging operations ashore. The breakfast was fantastic and the cook proudly showed his kitchen centrepiece, a wood stove that cost $1,000. Some inspection here could only be reached by a rowboat, which made for a pleasant outing on a sunny day. From there they took the *Tamarack* to Goose Bay near the mouth of Rivers Inlet.

Rivers Inlet was named in 1792 by Captain Vancouver after George Pitt, first Baron Rivers of Strathfieldsaye, Hampshire, a member of whose family accompanied Captain Vancouver. The cannery here was built in 1882 by the Rivers Inlet Canning Co. of Victoria, B.C. It was the first cannery built north of the Fraser River. A sawmill known as Victoria Sawmill was operated in connection with the cannery until 1922. The property was sold in 1890 to the British Columbia Canning Company of Victoria, in 1924 to the British Columbia Fishing and Packing Co., and in 1928 to British Columbia Packers Ltd. (the owners still in 1944). The operation was continuous from 1882 to 1930. Since then it has been maintained as a fishing centre, the fish from which – for reasons of economy – are canned at Wadhams cannery. The production from 1882 to 1930 was 733,562 cases of canned salmon.[2]

In Goose Bay, Roy Gadson shot a seal as there was a bounty on these "Salmon thieves" of $2 each. Marvin had next to go to yet another Gildersleeve Camp up Smith Inlet on Burnt Island. The camp supper was so delicious and well served that the Kullanders helped wash dishes to say "thank you." From there it was a tricky course to enter Wyclees Lagoon. By the time they returned to Ocean Falls news of the war in Europe became exciting.

Olai Urseth and Jay at Alert Bay on their January 1944 trip to Vancouver.

June 6, 1944, D-Day. Marvin was out each day but home at night. Jay listened to the radio as she worked in her apartment. Her comments recorded the progress of the fighting in Europe and the Pacific front. She particularly enjoyed going to the movie "show." Her other pleasure was having her hair shampooed and set by the hairdresser. The apartment floor was refinished piece by piece. During this summer she began typing a book her grandmother had written. (This book, *Widow Smith of Spences Bridge*, was eventually published in 1989.) Cherries were plentiful that summer; she notes that she made cherry pies, canned cherries, made maraschino cherries, followed by canning peaches when they arrived. This was election year in the USA; Republicans nominated Dewey to run against President Roosevelt; Canadians tuned in to FDR's campaign speeches when he was on the west coast in Washington state and Alaska. Her cousin Meryl visited while the boat paused in Ocean Falls; Meryl was enroute to Prince Rupert where she was working for the US Engineers stationed there. The War Services Bill was passed in Ottawa; Jay commented that it should be "good for Ernie" (her brother in the navy). Summer galloped by with some warm, some hot and some rainy days. Rain came usually as "Ocean Falls special, heavy and straight down with up to 2½ inches in a day."

Bill Wright was fire warden for the Bella Coola district. Bill and Mrs. Wright lived twenty-five miles up the valley. The Wrights met Marvin and Jay at the wharf and drove them up to their home farm of two hundred acres. Wright's daughter Peggy, her husband and little daughter Jean lived on the farm to help with raising turkeys and chickens, haying and other duties. A few days later Marvin chose Wright's place to replace the brake linings on the forestry truck, a most welcome safety procedure for those who drove the steep, narrow, sometimes icy roads. One evening the Wrights joined the Kullanders at the fine big Indian hall to see a show. "All the white people sat on the right and the Indians on the left side of the aisle. Nearly everyone was there – a few boatloads came over from the Tallheo cannery. There were a couple of short features (one where the audience joined in to sing 'The West, A Nest and You'). The feature picture was *Shut My Big Mouth* starring Joe E. Brown. It was a slapstick comedy of the wild west. Not only did our hero have brushes with gun-totin' bad men but also with a tribe of Indians who, mounted on pinto ponies and clad in conventional movie Indian robes and fiercely painted, swooped about shooting arrows and scalping people. These scenes being

shown to an audience consisting largely of local Indians amused Marvin and me immensely. These locals, however, seemed to enjoy the Injun sequences tremendously."

The Northern Co-op Lumber Company requested an official test cruise of a timber block where there was rough going through bush with many streamlets and fallen logs. Marvin reported to the business manager of the company, Mr. Rouillard. Mrs. Rouillard promptly made lunch for them. Rouillards, of French extraction, had three daughters and one boy (who worked for Co-op). Mrs. Rouillard noted that she had been born in Rhode Island on the Atlantic seaboard and now was here on the Pacific coast. Mr. Rouillard was credited for clever business practices which put the Co-op in good shape; he shrewdly kept out of bad deals with Pacific Mills.

A Vancouver teacher spoke to Jay in the Ocean Falls store, remembering bowling against her in Vancouver. He was working on a seine boat for the summer and having the time of his life. (See *B.C. Historical News* 24:2, article by Frank Lightbody.)

Through the fall the young forester and his wife had frequent card games with other couples, or perhaps played bingo. They met Mr. Blake, Marine Superintendent of B.C. Forest Service, and took him on the carefully groomed and polished *Tamarack*. They attended a concert given by a visiting CWAC (Canadian Women's Army Corps) pipe band. Police Commissioner Parsons visited when the police launch tied up next to the forestry launch. Cliff Kopas, mayor of Bella Coola, sold them a picture taken in Tweedsmuir Park. Jay met a teenaged youth who seemed to be eager to talk but apprehensive at the same time; the lad was the son of Ralph Edwards of Lonesome Lake where his was the only family and school was seventy-five miles away. District Forester St. Clair, enroute home from Vancouver, advised Marvin that he could expect a promotion and a transfer within a few weeks. Rain changed to snow in time for Christmas.

The Christmas season passed pleasantly with successive dinners hosted by police or forestry staff. Marvin shot two geese for Jay to serve when she was hostess. After New Year's Kullanders packed to go south on the CNR steamer for a holiday. Mr. and Mrs. Urseth stayed in the apartment while they were away. Marvin spent much of his vacation time in Gibsons Landing helping his father to clear and fence a new piece of property. Jay spent some time with her sister Audrey, a student at the Vancouver General Hospital, cleaned house for her dad, scouted the stores for a few items of clothes, took the train up to visit Grandmother Smith at Spences Bridge, and had to drive her dad to work as it was "Tramless Tuesday" ... the streetcar workers went on strike for ten days. Barely two weeks later the Kullanders boarded the CPR *Princess Louise* to return to Ocean Falls.

They arrived in Prince Rupert on March 12, 1945. Wartime Housing coordinator Mr. Calahan told them that getting a house in Prince Rupert would be difficult. The retiring District Forester, Mr. St. Clair, offered his house (for a rent Jay considered exorbitant) and they took possession on St. Patrick's Day. They had to stay in the hotel, however, for another fortnight as it was being redecorated. Marvin and Mr. St. Clair left on the train to attend a Ranger Meeting in Smithers. Observations about Prince Rupert were: "It is bigger than I expected, a bit rough in appearance with countless American and Canadian army barracks and warehouses everywhere. The Forestry Office is in the Court House. The city is situated on Kaien Island with a deep protected harbour. At the entrance to the harbour we passed through the submarine nets and saw several Naval Patrol boats as this is still an important Military port. The Canadian National Railway (formerly Grand Trunk Pacific) follows the coastline then the bank of the Skeena River."

Jay made enquiries about teaching positions and soon was called to take the Port Edward one-roomed school for one month. She travelled to Port Edward on the train at first then was signed up as a regular passenger on the American Army Shuttle Bus. Her cousin Meryl, working in the office of US Army Engineers, visited Jay frequently. She stayed at the house when Marvin was away on extended surveys.

May 8, 1945: "V.E. Day and a Holiday!"

Their summer was plagued with illness, culminating in a gall bladder operation on Jay and a tonsillectomy for her husband. Prince Rupert club for officers of the American army was closed "in mourning" following the death of President Roosevelt. The Pacific War was progressing dramatically. Then on August 14 radio news announced "Cessation of Hostilities." People took to the streets, driving up and down and around dragging streamers of toilet paper behind them.

Marvin received an urgent phone call from the Head Forester who lived in a hotel. Forest Superintendent Gordon Abernathy from Victoria was also at the hotel (which did not have a restaurant). "Marve, can your wife cook us dinner?" So Jay thawed a turkey, baked pies, and missed out on outside activity. Marvin, meanwhile, rushed off to the Co-op store and bought a case of toilet paper. (Next day there wasn't a roll in any store in town. Citizens had to wait for a hastily ordered shipment to arrive by boat from Vancouver.) The dinner party went off successfully. Visiting cousin Meryl and sister Audrey did the dishes. The Kullanders played cards with the Foresters while Meryl and Audrey danced at the U.S.O. on Roosevelt Hill. Prince Rupert was a lively place that night.

The diary spoke of day-to-day happenings and the now-rare trip with Marvin out on a job for the Forest Service. Following V.J. Day she had a full-time teaching position starting September 4, 1945. Wartime installations and safety precautions could be dismantled. We have given our readers a first-hand account of life on B.C.'s west coast in the last few months of World War II.

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Jessie "Jay" Kullander died in 1980. Her husband died on October 6, 1991. There were no children so all records, such as the diary, photograph album and maps, went to Jay's sister Audrey Ward. Audrey now lives in Penticton.

FOOTNOTES

1. "Mr." Stevenson. This gentleman on Christmas leave may have been in civilian clothing as no service rank is given. Prior to the 1960s first names were used only by people on intimate terms. Courtesy demanded that new acquaintances be addressed with the prefix "Mr." or "Mrs." The only exception came when a large family was involved, e.g., Jay refers to Mr. Gildersleeve Sr., Dick Gildersleeve and Bill Gildersleeve to differentiate.
2. Quoted from a B.C. Packers Ltd. pamphlet handed to those 1944 visitors.

The Chinese:

A Valuable Asset to the Canadian Pacific Railway or an "Evil" to White Labourers?

by Chris Li

In 1881 , the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway in British Columbia attracted a large scale of Chinese labourers into the young province.[1] In the next four years more than 17,000 Chinese workers, also known as "coolies,"[2] entered the province[3]. The Chinese presence undoubtedly precipitated arguments within the white community. Paradoxically, the white labourers detested and deprecated the use of Chinese because they were "sojourners and cheap labour",[4] while the railway contractors considered the Chinese a valuable asset to the Canadian Pacific Railway for these same qualities.

Ever since Andrew Onderdonk, the American railway contractor, imported the first group of Chinese coolies from Oregon in 1880 to build a railroad between Port Moody and Savona's Ferry,[5] white British Columbians had possessed two contrasting images of the Chinese workers. Which of these images became preponderant solely depended upon whether British Columbians considered the Chinese as a "threat"[6]. Indeed, British Columbians' attitudes toward the Chinese were clearly divided along class lines. White labourers believed that the Chinese cheap labour depressed their wages and jeopardized the survival of their families. In addition, many white merchants regarded the Chinese as "a superior instrument in the hands of builder"[7] because of their low wage rates, high levels of transience and strong work discipline.

The Chinese willingness to accept lower wages than other workers was the main source of the whites' discontent. As Peter Ward, history professor at Queen's University, explains, "Anti-Orientalism was grounded in economic tensions created by the availability of cheap Asian labour". . .[8] The Nanaimo Knights of Labor, an anti-Chinese organization stated in the 1885 Royal Commission Report that the Chinese, being single men, were able to live on low wages and "are thus fitted to become too dangerous competitors in the labour market. . .and grind down all labour to the lowest living point".[9] Generally speaking, a Chinese labourer received $.75 to $1.25 per day compared to an unskilled white worker who earned from $1.50 to $2.50.[10] The Chinese willingness to accept long, toilsome hours of construction for minimal wages made competition for jobs virtually impossible for white workers who had large families to support. The Chinese cheap labour imperilled the livelihood of every white wage earner in the province.

In addition, many whites attributed the province's stagnant economy to the fact that the Chinese workers were *forced* to buy provisions from Chinese merchants only. The coolies' contracts stipulated that they must purchase their provisions at the "company stores".[11] (Chinese merchants controlled the "company" stores). If the Chinese coolies purchased goods from a white merchant they were to be paid only eighty cents instead of one dollar. In an angry white merchant's words, "they [Chinese] hoard their wages. . . their earnings are forever lost in British Columbia!"[12] Furthermore, the Chinese dependence on non-taxable imports such as rice led to complaints of tax evasion. One government official stated that less than fifty per cent of the male Chinese workers paid the required three dollars provincial revenue tax.[13]

The Chinese threat to the economy was also alleged to deter the settlement and development of British Columbia. Many anti-Chinese labour organizations protested that the Chinese presence depressed the white worker's wages so low that other "desirable"[14] immigrants were discouraged from settling in the province. Nevertheless, the Royal Commission Report published in 1885 refuted the accusations against the Chinese and stated that the great influx of Chinese was *beneficial* to the province.[15] As Andrew Onderdonk argued, "the employment of Chinese at low wages made it possible to hire white workers at high wages. . . without the Chinese, the development of the country would be retarded."[16] In addition, the report indicated that *more* white immigrants were settling in the province even though the Chinese presence remained.

Besides being a threat to the economy, many anti-Chinese supporters used the phrase "a menace to public health"[17] as an excuse to preclude the Chinese entrance into the province. In 1881, when more than one thousand coolies died of a "mysterious" disease in Yale, frightened local residents feared an outbreak of smallpox.[18] A Yale doctor later assured residents that scurvy and not smallpox was the cause of the high mortality among the Chinese. Nevertheless, the coolies' filthy living-quarters convinced many whites that the Chinese caused other deadly diseases such as cholera and leprosy. Since immunization was not a standard of public health procedure, many whites believed that the best remedy was to exclude the Chinese from "white"[19] British Columbia forever.

In contrast to many white labourers' opinions and attitude, wealthy contractors and employers possessed an entirely different image of Chinese workers. They valued and supported the use of coolies mainly for their cheap labour. Prime Minister Macdonald's stricture in the House of Commons in 1882 clearly emphasized the importance and advantages of Chinese workers to the Canadian Pacific Railway. He frankly told the House of Commons, ". . . It is simply a question of alternatives - either you must have this [Chinese] labour or you cannot have the railway."[20] When the B.C. Legislature passed an act to forbid further Chinese immigration in 1884 and again in 1885, Macdonald immediately

disallowed both acts to stress the importance of Chinese workers to the railway.[21] Indeed, during economically tough times, many politicians and railway contractors regarded the Chinese *not* as an inferior race but as workers who would accept much lower pay than white workers.

In addition, the shortage of white labour convinced many rabid anti-Chinese employers that coolies were "indispensable and absolutely vital to British Columbia.[22] Onderdonk stressed the importance of Chinese workers to the railway when he told Macdonald in 1882 that an exclusively white labour force would take another fifteen years to complete the construction.[23] Indeed, if the railway were not completed by 1885, Onderdonk's continuing financial troubles might result in an indefinite abeyance of construction, and the young province would suffer the consequences of no white immigrants.

The Chinese presence also acted as a damper on strikes. In 1884, when white labourers near Port Moody struck and demanded a raise from $1.75 to $2.00 an hour, Onderdonk immediately replaced them with Chinese workers.[24] Again, the Chinese were valued for their industry, docility, and willingness to work for low wages. In addition, employers supported the use of coolies because they were highly-transient, hard-working and reliable. Michael Haney, who went to work for Onderdonk in 1883, discovered that he could move two thousand Chinese a distance of twenty-five miles and have them at work all within twenty-four hours. The same task would have taken the same number of white workmen at least a week. Furthermore, Rev. George Grant, a Cache Creek sub-contractor commented, "They (Chinese) are ready for special work at nights or Sundays... and are more depended on..."[25] The dependability and frugalness of the Chinese coolies persuaded white British Columbians to accept the "evil"[26] of Chinese labour for the purposes of constructing the railway.

The whites' different attitudes toward the Chinese coolies during the railway construction were as clear as black and white. On one hand, many white labourers argued that the Chinese cheap labour and unsanitary habits "deterred and retarded"[27] white immigrants and the economic development of British Columbia. On the other hand, railway contractors and government officials regarded the Chinese as "necessary evils"[28] whose cheap labour contributed enormously to the railway construction and development of the province. As Amor De Cosmos, a Victoria MP and a strong anti-Orientalist, meekly admitted to the Parliament, "that as a choice between evils the Province would accept Chinese labour for the purposes of constructing the railway."[29] By accepting the "evil"[30] of Chinese railway workers, British Columbians avoided the other "evil" of no railway and were able to accomplish their goal of creating a "white"[31] British Columbia.

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Chris Li was a Grade 11 student at Sir Winston Churchill Secondary School in Vancouver when he prepared this essay for the Vancouver Historical Society. He won the prize for Best Essay, 1993-94 school year.

FOOTNOTES

1. Peter Li, *The Chinese in Canada* (Toronto: Oxford University Press, 1988), p.25.
2. Hugh Dempsey, *The CPR West* (Vancouver: Douglas & McIntyre Ltd., 1984), p.18
3. David Lee, "Chinese Construction Workers on the Canadian Pacific", *Railroad History*. Spring 1983, p.43.
4. Dempsey, *The CPR*, p.13
5. Pierre Berton, *The Last Spike* (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart Limited, 1971), p.198
6. Francis MacNab, *British Columbia for Settlers* (London: Chapman & Hall Ltd., 1898), p.56.
7. Dempsey, *The CPR*, p.32.
8. Peter Ward, *White Canada Forever* (Montreal: McGill-Queen's University Press, 1978), p.9.
9. Royal Commission on Chinese Immigration, *Report and Evidence* (Ottawa, 1885), pp. 66-67.
10. Ward, *White Canada*, p.17.
11. Berton, *Spike*, p.197.
12. Kamloops *Inland Sentinel*, 11 January 1883, p.2. (Obtained from Microfiche at UBC Main Library).
13. Royal Commission, *Evidence*, p.443.
14. Li, *The Chinese*, p.24.
15. Royal Commission, *Report*, p.XV
16. Lee, "Chinese Construction," p.53.
17. Henry Barneby, *Life and Labour in the Far, Far West* (London: Cassell and Company, 1884), p.115.
18. Dempsey, *The CPR*, p.16.
19. Lundin Brown, *British Columbia: An Essay* (New Westminster: Royal Engineer Press, 1863), p.10.
20. Berton, *Spike*, p. 196. (Obtained from House of Commons, *Debates*, 12 May 1882, p.1477).
21. Lee, "Chinese Construction," p.49.
22. Royal Commission, *Evidence*, p.168
23. Lee, "Chinese Construction," p.54.
24. Berton, *Spike*, p.206.
25. Lee, "Chinese Construction," p.48.
26. Dempsey, *The CPR*, p.22.
27. Royal Commission, *Evidence*, p.147.
28. Dempsey, *The CPR*, p.22.
27. Royal Commission, Evidence, p.147.
28. Dempsey, The CPR, p.22.
29. Ibid., p.27.
30. Ibid., p.34.
31. Ibid.

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Will Miller: Adventurer & Farmer

by Bertha Miller

William Morgan Miller was one of Pemberton's earlier settlers; others had come before but few stayed or left such substantial achievements or memories.

He was born in Milnathort - a town in the lowlands of Scotland east of Edinburgh and west of St. Andrews - on April 8, 1867, the year of Canadian Confederation. His father, James, was station master; his mother, Helen (nee Fotheringham). There were two brothers, James, who later farmed in England, New Zealand and Scotland and Robert who came to Canada. A sister, Nell, married in Norway.

When sixteen years old Will Miller joined the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders of the British Army to serve in the conclusion of a war against the Zulus led by King Cetywayo in South Africa. He told of long marches in hot weather, wearing warm uniforms and carrying heavy packs. His son, Morgan, is sure that in falsifying his age in order to enlist he told the only lie of his life. He spent the years 1884 - 1888 in Ceylon before purchasing a discharge from the army and moving on to Hong Kong. There he served in the police force and sailed with ships bound for the coast of British Columbia. At the end of one voyage he left ship in Vancouver.

In Vancouver he worked as a longshoreman and in the police force. He earned a reputation for excellence in sports - boxing, wrestling, weight throwing, and was captain of a Scottish team which, in 1893, defeated all comers to an International Tug-of-War competition.

By 1894 he was on his way again, this time to the Pemberton Valley. Arriving at the banks of the Lillooet River he spied an Indian canoe on the far side and swam across, hoping to borrow it to transport his pack across. No one was in sight to ask and feeling he could not face another swim in the frigid water he used the canoe anyway. The Indians were probably wary of strangers. A year or so later Miller was again by the river side and observed an Indian paddling furiously downstream. He explained that he had observed smoke farther up the valley and was hurrying home to warn his people that Chilcotin marauders might be descending on their settlement again.

William Miller in 1884 - age 17 years - taken Maritzburg, Natal, South Africa.

In 1895 Miller pre-empted D.L. 498 on the south side of Miller Creek and built himself a log cabin. Recent maps show the greater part of D.L. 498 north of the creek. This is probably due to a change in the course of the creek. In later years the Howe Sound and Northern Development Company bought D.L. 498 and other land in the lower valley, believing a railway would be built through these properties and north by Railway Pass; this would be the site of a future town. The company's agent was Eustace Bubb who sold some of the Miller land to George Groat. A friend of Groat's, Ian Nicholson, dismantled the cabin and floated it down the Lillooet River where he reassembled it near the site of Agerton for his own use. Years later it became the home of Milton and Stella Shantz. In 1983 it was acquired by the Pemberton & District Museum Society, and is now the main building of the Museum.

The next several years were spent clearing and improving the land and prospecting. Copper deposits had been found near Birkenhead Lake. Miller sunk a shaft in the area in 1897.

In early spring of 1898 he went north to Quesnel to join Jerry Gravel, a prospector, and his associates, Johnnie Blair, Stuart Adamson and Archie Knight in a plan to drive one hundred and twenty head of prime steers to the gold fields of the Klondike. (These details are taken from an article written for the Vancouver Province, August 16, 1947 by Louis Le Bourdais). Miller is not mentioned in the article but he had told his sons in later years that Gravel was leader of the drive he joined.

Cattle ranchers of the Cariboo and Chilcotin had earlier found a market for beef to feed miners of the Cariboo Gold Rush, next the builders of the C.P. Railway which reached the coast in 1885. The railway provided access for beef to the coast market until farmers of the Fraser Valley and Vancouver Island filled the demand. Several ranchers decided to try a shortcut to the Yukon, overland to Teslin Lake and on by the Yukon River, to transport beef to the goldfields. Shipments at that time were also being made by ship up the coast to Skagway or to the mouth of the Yukon River, from those points either by foot or by scow to Dawson.

In reality the drives which were organized proved much more difficult than anyone had anticipated. An account of one, taken from the journal of Norman Lee ('Klondike Cattle Drive') tells of the hardships encountered. The route taken by Lee was the same used by three other herds that summer - led by Jerry Gravel with one hundred twenty cattle, Jim Cornell with seventy-five head, John Harris with two hundred. Lee also drove two hundred steers. The herds passed and repassed each other on the trail,

each vying for rest stops which would provide pasture.

Many difficulties were encountered, rivers and swamps to cross, poison weeds to avoid, lack of grazing for horses and cattle and dwindling food supplies for the men. As far as Telegraph Creek the trail followed the, by then, obscured right-of-way slashed in 1865-67 for the proposed telegraph line which was to link New York and Siberia.

By the end of September, three herds reached the south end of Teslin Lake. Jim Cornell had bought a restaurant at Telegraph Creek and would slaughter his animals there. The other men would have to obtain lumber from a local sawmill, build scows on which to load their slaughtered beef and then propel the scows north on Teslin Lake and the Yukon River to Dawson. Harris got away first. Gravel delayed to help Lee build his scows so did not leave until about October 15th. By now there was a shortage of cash to buy food and building materials - a great deal of bartering went on. At 30 Mile River, near the end of the lake, Gravel encountered a fierce storm which battered his scows and drove them ashore. Lee also ran into a storm on his third day out, had to beach his scows and lost the beef. Harris became frozen in when two hundred miles short of Dawson and could not rescue his cargo before it spoiled. Gravel's crew was busy carrying quarters of beef to the shore when Will Miller recognized men in a passing boat as old friends. Still anxious to reach Dawson, he joined them and travelled on, with nothing to show for his summer's work.

Arriving in Dawson, he earned money cutting birch firewood for townspeople and miners and probably to supply wood to fire the boilers of the sternwheelers which plied the river. Presently he had a grub stake to take him on the next leg of his journey - a fifteen hundred mile hike on the frozen Yukon river to its mouth at Norton Sound. There was still a long walk on ice across the sound to Nome, Alaska. Gold had been found in the gravel of the shores of the Bering Sea and many miners from the dwindling diggings on the Klondike River had made the same journey using various means of transportation. There is an account in James Michener's book **Alaska** of one man who pedalled a bicycle.

At Nome, Miller probably did some prospecting until, with eight or nine hundred dollars in his money belt, he boarded a ship at St. Michael for the trip down the coast to British Columbia and Vancouver.

Returning to Pemberton, he was accompanied by his younger brother, Bob, who had first come to Pemberton in 1897. Bob had also been to Dawson City, where he worked in the same bank as did Robert Service, the Yukon poet.

In 1907, the brothers pre-empted more land, Will D.L. 189 north of Miller Creek and Bob, D.L. 188, south of the creek and adjoining Will's lot 498. Lot 189 was later owned by war veteran Joseph (Jay) Mighton and his wife, Ruby. John Arn was a later owner and his cabin has been moved to the outdoor School site in the upper valley. The lot is now owned by Al and Marti Staehli.

Will and Bob continued work on their land, clearing, building a barn and fences. The framework of the barn still stood after the big flood of 1940. Bob had brought an axle from the coast and constructed the first wagon in Pemberton. He also worked at the fish hatchery on Owl Creek.

In the meantime the Ronayne brothers had arrived, Edmond, John (Jack), and Joseph. Jack came first and purchased land for themselves and their sister, Teresa, still in Ireland. Will Miller had come close to meeting the brothers at Teslin Lake. They had been mining at Atlin, as well as hunting wild game for the townspeople and trapping between Atlin and Teslin Lake. They came upon the meat abandoned by Will's group and were able to use some.

In 1909 the Miller brothers sold their lands to the Howe Sound and Northern Development company and left for Scotland. After visiting his own family, Will travelled to Southern Ireland to meet the Ronayne brothers' family at Donickmore in County Cork. There he met and married their sister, Teresa (Ronayne) Ross. She had been widowed with three children - Vivien, Alexander (Sandy) and Gerald and returned to the family home.

The new family set out for Canada to arrive on April 8, 1910 - Will Miller's 43rd birthday. Their first home was in Lynn Valley. Miller purchased horses and established a freighting business working as far north as Quesnel. Two sons were born in those years, William Morgan in 1910, and Edmond Ronayne (Ronie) in 1912. Morgan recalls his father holding him up near their home to show him a strange object on the road below - the first car he had seen.

In 1914 Miller sold his horses, except for one driving horse and a work team and prepared to move his family to Pemberton. Don recalls his father telling of driving a buckboard with the horses following, all the way north to Fort George where they were sold. Construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway westward from the Yellowhead Pass to its terminus at Prince Rupert meant demand for horse power.

Miller, with Vivien and the four boys travelled by train to the valley in March 1915. Mrs. Miller remained in North Vancouver to await the birth of another son, Robert Joseph (Robbie) on April 2nd.

Vivien and the younger boys stayed with their Uncle Edmond and Aunt Gladys Ronayne. Will Miller and his stepsons camped on the property bought for Mrs. Miller and prepared to build a home. Lumber and labor were provided by Herbert Perkins and his employees, Andy Anderson and Oscar Johnson. Perkins had a small sawmill across from the falls near the site of Lexi and Ellenore Ross's home on Ryan Creek.

More land was purchased (the Benson Place) and the farm extended from one side of the valley to the other. The road originally followed Ryan Creek but was re-routed to cut right through the Miller property. After the 1940 flood the grade was raised considerably so that, in another such inundation, there would remain a higher, and hopefully drier, haven for the farm animals. Hard work was needed to develop the farm to what it is today, one of the best in the valley. All labor then was done by men and horses.

The completion of the railway from Squamish to Quesnel in 1915 encouraged the planting of a greater variety of crops for the coast market. The Millers established a Jersey herd and shipped sweet cream. Their barn contained the first milking machine in Pemberton, powered by a gas motor. Farmers who shipped cream also had to have a sawdust insulated ice house to cool and keep the cream for the twice weekly

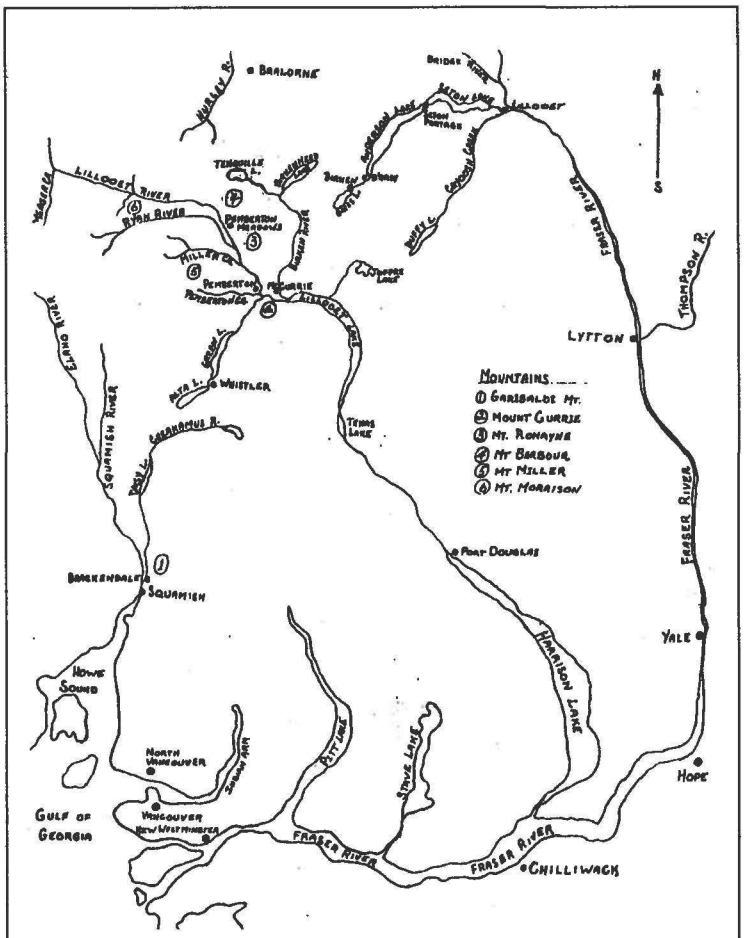
train schedule. When practical some used rafts to suspend the big cans in the icy river water. Cutting and hauling ice from ponds was a winter chore. Skimmed milk along with grain and dried peas was fed to hogs fattening for market. Other crops grown on the Miller farm were turnips, commercial potatoes, corn for ensilage, honey and black currants. Will Miller had brought in a hive of bees when he returned to Pemberton - presently he had a dozen hives, and sold honey mostly for the local market. The honey was contained in big square tins which held sixty pounds. His friends, Jack Ronayne and Jim Landsbrough, established hives and bee keeping was a hobby for the three men. A fair sized patch of black currants was planted behind and around the family home. Native Indian labor was indispensable for farmers growing row crops. A group of women would come to cultivate and harvest the currants for shipment. They were hard workers, yet good humoured and full of jokes. Will Miller was nicknamed the "Olallie (berry) Tyee".

In 1922 a government agricultural inspector had visited the valley. He noted the excellence of the soil and suitability of the location and suggested farmers grow certified seed potatoes. Walter Green was the first to obtain certified seed and grow a crop. He sold a ton of seed to Will Miller. Thus began the very important disease free potato seed industry. The number of acres and varieties grown increased as more farmers specialized in seed - carefully guarding and promoting the disease free reputation of their product until now it is the most lucrative crop.

By 1923 Sandy and Gerald Ross had saved enough money trapping marten and working in mines on the mountain side around and beyond Tenquille Lake to buy land of their own. They soon cleared and farmed the land and added more as years went by. Originally both lived in a small cabin near the north arm of Ryan Creek, close by where Gerald's house now stands. Both married in the 1930's and each built a home. Vivien married Jacob Lokken in 1923.

Miller sons, Morgan, Ronie, and Robbie, were soon able to help on the farm. Donald Paul was born in 1919.

In the mid and late 1930's stricter regulations on the shipment of dairy products and slaughtered hogs to Vancouver markets discouraged their production.



Map of Pemberton area.

Beef herds replaced dairy cattle and Will Miller shipped in a carload of Hereford heifers and a Black Angus bull from Williams Lake.

Teresa Miller died in June 1935, at age 61 years, following a stroke. She had very recently returned from her only visit to Ireland since the 1910 arrival in Canada. She had travelled by Norwegian freighter from Vancouver through the Panama Canal to Southampton, England. She was accompanied by her son Sandy, his wife Sidsel, their three month old son Lexi and Sidsel's mother Sigrid Gimse. After visiting in London with her sister Margaret, Mrs. Miller and Sandy continued to Cork, Ireland where sister Cornelia lived and to her old home, Donickmore, now occupied by brother Jim, his wife Jenny (nee Buckley) and their children. Sidsel, baby Lex and Mrs. Gimse went on to Norway.

She had been a devoted homemaker. In a pioneer situation which must have been very difficult at times, she maintained a cheerfulness and quiet sense of humour. A lovely flower garden may have reminded her a bit of Ireland.

Now Will, with sons Ronie, Robbie and Don, was left to manage the home and farm. Morgan had married and moved to his own property, one corner of which is part of the original Miller preemption. Don attended school in Vancouver as well as logging at the coast. Robbie was often in the Cariboo and eventually bought a ranch. The big flood of October 1940 occurred in these years, devastating most of the valley farms. The Millers lost the recently harvested crops of hay, turnips and potatoes, some cattle and all the bees were drowned. Freezing weather came shortly after the water subsided and made clean-up very difficult - a dreary silt-covered scene to view until new growth next spring provided a more cheerful outlook. Some farmers left but others were reassured by a federal and provincial government plan to dyke and drain the valley. No financial aid was given or expected.

These were war years. Ronie left to work in Vancouver shipyards. Don was away logging. Both enlisted - Ronie in 1942 with the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, and Don as a Sapper in the 11th Canadian Field Company of the Royal Canadian Engineers.

Morgan and Robbie continued to work

on the farm as much as possible. Mrs. Miller's niece, Phyllis Ronayne, came from Ireland in 1937 to housekeep for Miller and the boys still at home. She married Henry Erickson in 1940. After the boys left in 1941 he was really on his own except for the company and help of Morgan and Robbie and their families. Robbie had married in 1941 and had two sons and a daughter. Morgan had four daughters at that time.

William Morgan Miller. 80 years plus taken at his farm in Pemberton Meadows.

Ronie and Don were sent overseas - Ronie to England, North Africa, Sicily and Italy. Wounded slightly in October 1943 he was returned to hospital in North Africa, suffered from jaundice and caught diphteria, so did not arrive back in Italy and the front lines until April of 1944. Private Peter Williams of Mt. Currie was with him during much of the time in Italy. Ronie was killed on August 27, 1944 during the battle of the Gothic Line near Pesaro in Central Italy. He is buried in the Canadian Cemetery in Montecchio close to the battle scene. Don also spent time in England, hospitalized for a while, then went on to France and served in the liberation of the Netherlands. Arriving home in 1945, he was found to have tuberculosis and hospitalized in Vancouver and Tranquille, near Kamloops. These were sad days for their father, uncertain about the future of the farm and himself 78 years old. Still he kept working.

In 1949 Don was well enough to return to Pemberton. A first tractor and other machinery were purchased. The farm was divided so Robbie would have property of his own, Don staying with the original home and surrounding land. Don's marriage in February of 1950 and the birth of his first daughter in December of the same year were happy events for his father.

Winters in Pemberton are often cold and long. Now that he was free to leave the farm during that period, Will Miller went for an extended stay in Vancouver. He had had recurring heart problems. He became ill and was taken to St. Paul's Hospital where he died of a sudden heart attack on April 9, 1951 - the day after his 84th birthday. He was buried in the Pemberton Cemetery beside his wife. His neighbour of many years, Walter Green, read the service.

There is contrast between Miller's early years and his later life. He had returned to Pemberton twice during his travels. Perhaps this was the home he had looked for. He told his son, Morgan, that farming was "in his blood". He left it infrequently after 1915 - occasional trips to Vancouver to visit with old friends or his brother, Bob, who had returned to Vancouver with his English wife, Lydia, but no children, and had worked with the school board there. Bob died in the fall of 1944. In those days it was necessary to travel by train and steamship - using the greater part of one day each way - to Vancouver for medical, dental or eye care. There was a trip or two to the Cariboo while Robbie lived there. He did not roam the hills as his sons have done, except when it was necessary in the early years to hunt game for his family. If there was time to relax he read a great deal, keeping up with world events, cared for his bees and corresponded with his brother, Jim, in Midlothian, Scotland and his sister Nell, in Tonsberg, Norway. In letters received in the spring of his death both Jim and Nell had spoken of a possible reunion. His very good friends Jack Ronayne and Jim Landsbrough visited on Sunday afternoons. While the family was still at home he was an interested spectator at soccer games played on Sunday afternoons between teams from Mt. Currie (in those days known as the Creekside Rancherie). Two of his sons and two stepsons were players. A family, or often, community picnic by the Birkenhead River sometimes followed, other evenings a family dinner at the Miller home. In the 40's he, on several occasions, brought back from Vancouver haggises purchased from the James Inglis Reed shop on Granville - the sign on the shop proclaimed "We ha'e meat that ye can eat". He would take the haggises and his treasured book of Robbie Burns poetry to dinner at Morgan's home on the poet's birthday. The potatoes and bashed neeps (turnips) traditionally served with haggis were easily come by in Pemberton. He would read Burns' "Ode to the Haggis" to his son, daughter-in-law, and granddaughters.

As time goes on there are increasing numbers of descendants of himself and his wife, Rosses and Millers, among the population of the valley and other parts of B.C. A mountain and a creek bear his name. He is certainly one pioneer who left his mark in the community. Eric Gethen, a resident for many years, included this tribute in the obituary for the Lillooet and Squamish newspapers - "It would not be fitting to pass this occasion without paying tribute to a noble character. Mr. Miller was a man respected by all, whose word was his bond, a man whose strength of character gave strength to others to follow a right course".

N.B. In putting together this account of my father-in-law's life I have regretted very much that we had not made a greater effort to talk with him about the many interesting events which must have taken place during his travels. Now it is too late. I have used records that are available, memories of his sons, my own friendship over twenty years and research already carried out by the authors of "Pemberton - The History of a Settlement".

Bertha Miller, Pemberton, B.C.

Annie Ronayne - Pemberton Pioneer 1885 - 1966

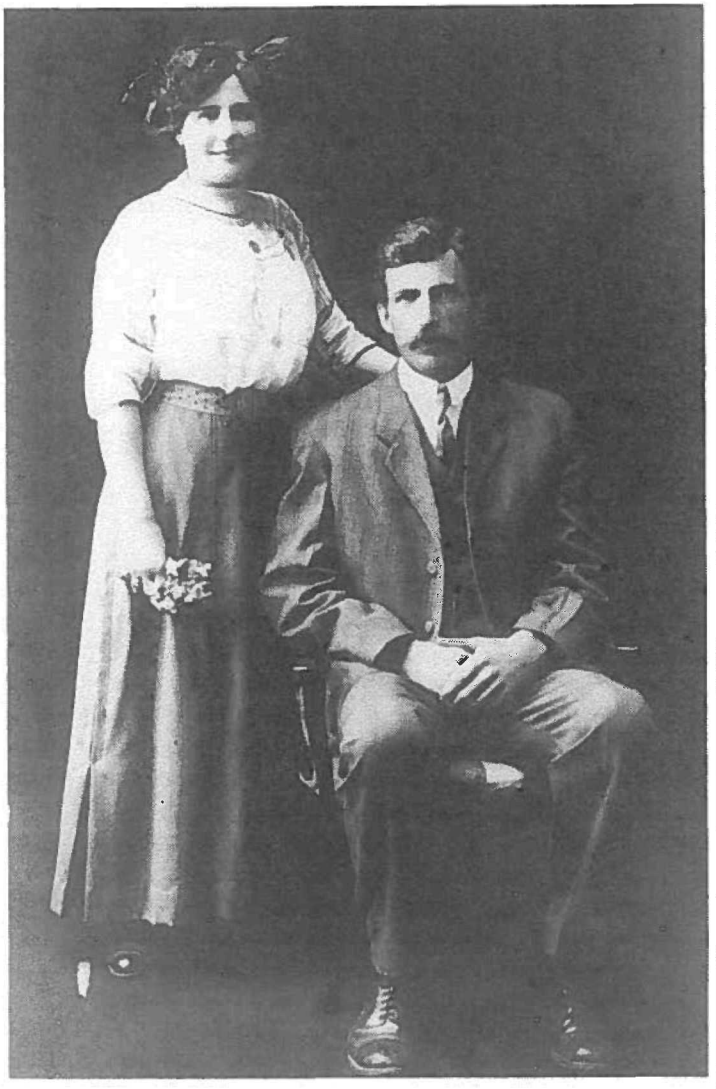
by Anita McWilliams

Anna Theodora Francesca Theodora Maria van Snellenberg was born in Amsterdam, Netherlands, on July 10, 1885, the youngest of the six children of Petrus and Margrethe van Snellenberg. Margrethe died of tuberculosis when the child was only four months old, and no one expected Anna to live, but live she did for over 80 years.

Upon the death of the mother, their grandmother came into the home to look after the children, but when Anna was still quite young, her father remarried and this woman turned out to be the incarnation of the wicked stepmother, treating little Anna with great cruelty. One of her favourite punishments was to lock the child in a dark cupboard under the stairs amongst the spiders and cobwebs, for hours at a time.

At the age of six, Anna was sent to a convent school. There she was treated little better than at home. Spare the rod and spoil the child seemed to be the guiding principle. Any minor infringement of the rules meant that the child had to stand stock still beside her desk until she nearly dropped. When it came time for Anna's first communion, she was made to wear a grey dress, because the van Snellenbergs were poor, and so white was " unsuitable." One thing about hard times, they led to the departure of the stepmother, and once again the beloved grandmother, now a frail little old lady, returned to help the family out.

As a young woman, Anna went to work in a corset factory, or atelier, above the shop where corsets were sold. Here she made two friends who were to remain in correspondence with her all their lives, sending packages of delicious Dutch treats every Christmas until World War II stopped the flow. As soon as the war was over, the parcels flowed in the opposite direction, with gifts of staples and warm clothing going from our house to Holland.



Joe and Annie Ronayne - June 1, 1911

Her brother John, next to her in age and her favourite brother, was trained as a chef. Having decided to emigrate, John did it in a way perhaps not so unusual for the times: he obtained work on a steamship and when the ship docked in San Francisco, he "put his chef's knives inside his pantlegs and walked off the ship." To avoid U.S. authorities, he made his way up the coast to North Vancouver, and soon was well enough off to send for his sister, Anna.

According to her own account published in the Squamish Times, she left Amsterdam on April 19, 1909, at the age of 24. "I came to North Vancouver where I built a small two-bedroom bachelor home in Lynn Valley on a road that was to be named van Snellenberg, but as I was married by the time the road was finished they called it Ronayne Road," which is the name it still bears today."

Annie[1] kept house for her brother, and did domestic work for some of the Lynn Valley matrons. It was at the William Miller home[2] that she met Joseph Ronayne, down from Pemberton for the winter. Joe liked the look of Annie, and proposed within a week. They were married a month later, on June 1, 1911. She was 26, he, 36. Long afterward, she told her daughter-in-law, "I didn't love Joe then, but I knew he was a good man." So it proved to be, and theirs was a happy marriage.

In April of 1913, they set out for the farm in Pemberton with their nine-month-old baby, Margaret.

"We started out... taking the train from

Vancouver to Lytton where the baby slept in a dresser drawer."

"The next morning we headed for Lillooet in a touring car but had not proceeded very far before we collided with another car. It was my first ride in a motor car..."

Annie Ronayne with Margaret, Kathleen, Ronald and Clifford (Anita not born yet). c.1921

"Small rocks were rolling down the mountainside and my husband feared a slide. There was much traffic on this road, mostly railroad workers in covered wagons drawn by four or six horses who were so frightened of our auto that they reared... or started for the brush although there was very little room on either side of the road, up the mountain on one side or down into the river on the other. One driver, hanging by his pantleg on the brake, was cursing loudly. It was all very exciting, to say the least."

"We spent the night at the Lillooet Hotel (and) from Lillooet to Seton Lake we travelled on foot. We went across Seton lake on a motor launch where I sat below next to the engine with the baby on my lap. The deck above was full of freight."

"We walked the three miles between Seton and Anderson Lakes and then by launch to D'Arcy where we slept in a cabin belonging to an Indian by the name of I Am Johnny. Baby Margaret slept on an old buggy seat. I was a bit nervous but we all slept well."

Annie's nervousness was because this was her first encounter with Indians, and of course all she knew of them was the rather frightening stuff one would find in the novels of the day.

"The next day we went on with a surveyor's outfit; I sat on a camp stove with the baby in my arms. As the horses were in poor shape the load often pulled them back when going uphill so my husband blocked the wheels at times. In the evening we arrived at Spetch on Owl Creek where we spent the night."

"The next morning we went on with the mail carrier, for a comfortable ride, comparatively speaking, in a democrat[3] and arrived at Pemberton. From April until November we lived in a tent while our log house was being built. Here we raised a family of five."

"We had much trouble with goitre during the first year and lost many of our calves. I remember helping my husband to hold up some of the foals to suck milk from their mothers. We ourselves took Churchill's Iodine.[4] I even gave the baby a drop in her bottle."

Life certainly wasn't easy those first years on the farm. The mosquitoes were frightful. The couple slept inside a mosquito netting in their tent, but before retiring, Joe would bring the horse as close as possible to the tent doorway. In a few moments the animal would be covered with mosquitoes, which Joe would kill with swipes of his hands, then quickly dive inside the tent and into the netting.

Annie adapted to the heavy load of work necessary to establishing a farm in the Pemberton Valley. She "drove the hayloads, cut one hundred tons of hay one year and raked it with horse rake and mower." She canned enormous amounts of meat, vegetables and fruits every summer, in order to provide their growing family with food for the winter. The copper boiler which could hold ten two-quart jars at a time, seemed to be bubbling on the stove the whole summer long. The heat in the kitchen was intense, so after some years she purchased a second-hand wood stove which was set up outside to be used during canning season. At night she would set the morning's cracked-wheat and rolled-oat porridge (mush, we called it) in a double boiler at the back of the stove.

That wasn't the end of her evening, though. She would sit in the living room with Joe, mending or knitting, reading and listening to records or to the radio after that came into their home about 1929. She could knit a sock in an evening, while at the same time reading a book or periodical.

Our parents were very interested in current events and politics, and their reading could not be described as light. Annie liked to lend books and magazines which argued the political views she held herself, and visitors rarely left without carrying some reading matter with them.

By the time her second child was to be born, the Pacific Great Eastern Railway had pushed its tracks north from Squamish and Annie went out to Vancouver by the first train, to await the birth, allowing lots of time and staying with friends in the city. When Kathleen was four weeks old, the railway had been snowed in for weeks, but the PGE would not give any information as to when the trains might run again.

For one whose native tongue was Dutch, Annie had an excellent command of the English language:

"...my husband, Mr. Sampson and I, with my baby in my arms, left Squamish for Pemberton. Daddy carried the handsleigh on his shoulders as there was no snow on the ground there."

"Travelling on a pump car, we started north from Squamish with $7.60 worth of provisions. I sat on top of the suitcases with baby whilst four men pumped."

"Sixteen miles from Squamish there was a tree across the track and we had to leave the pumpcar. We stopped the night in an abandoned railroad shack as we did farther along the way. Daddy put some runners on the sleigh, and a man gave me a pair of mackinaw pants to wear which was a great help."

"On the second day we set out on foot. I had snow shoes but could not manage them as they were too tiring. I was carried pickaback by my husband across the trestles, using the sleigh when we could. We arrived at Brandywine Falls late in the afternoon and slept there in a large cabin with a few rats scurrying around."

On the third day as they tramped up the track alongside Green Lake, (near present-day Whistler) they saw the house of the Rougers family on the far side. The Rougers had built there, expecting the railway to come their way. (Highway 99 now passes right by the

site of Rougers' homestead.)

The little party set out across the lake on the ice. Sampson went first, Joe behind the sleigh, and Annie astride the sleigh with the baby under her wrapped in a goatskin robe.

"The ice started cracking. Daddy shouted to Sampson to swing off, but it was too late and the sleigh went down in a few inches of slush. I got a real fright for I thought the baby was drowning. But all went well. We got across."

"Next morning we finally reached the train which was snowed in. We ate in the caboose and Sampson slept there. Daddy and I and the baby went on to a deserted cabin nearby. The floor was covered with ice but my husband cut fir branches and we slept in the big robe."

"On the morning of the fifth day we reached Pemberton, where we had dinner at the hotel. I had little appetite because of lack of sleep. The trail up the valley was very narrow so I was pickabacked again part of the way until we got to (Millers) and I had the first good sleep since leaving Vancouver."

"Next day, the sixth, Daddy fetched us home. Mrs. Sampson had dinner ready. My four-year-old daughter did not recognize me. To top it all, the railroad opened in another month. Had we known this would happen, I would have waited in Vancouver."

Their fourth child, Clifford, was born in November, 1918, when the Spanish influenza epidemic was raging worldwide. Again, Annie went to Vancouver to have her baby. Although there were so many sick people in Vancouver General Hospital that they were lying on mattresses in the corridors, Annie and her baby escaped the dreaded disease and returned to Pemberton after the ten-day hospital stay that was required for childbirth in those days. There are no stories about the births of Ronald (the third child) and Anita, the fifth, perhaps because both were born in May.

In the summer of 1925, Annie's brother Piet and his wife and eight children arrived in Canada and spent several weeks with the Ronaynes before settling in Vancouver. The crowding must have been difficult enough, but things were made infinitely worse by the onset of whooping cough, which affected all but the two mothers and Joe.

Annie was a good businesswoman. She kept the accounts and managed the money. She was thrifty but not frugal. She knew how to trade with the Indians who came up the valley in their wagons with huckleberries or baskets. The old women with kerchiefs tied over their heads, speaking slowly through younger women, sometimes wanted clothes in trade, sometimes "glease" (lard or tallow) which Annie always rendered and kept in old creamers. Sometimes they wanted cash, which was a rarity even among the farmers. Annie knew a good basket when she saw one, and some of the baskets she acquired, still in the family, are of museum quality.

She was fair - when in the depths of the Great Depression a family came with huckleberries and asked eight cents a pound, she paid instead ten cents, knowing the long and arduous process that was involved in picking the berries up in the mountains and transporting them the 20 miles up the valley.

Annie loved the arts. She accumulated a considerable collection of records and allowed the children to play them whenever they asked, but the handling of the brittle "78s" was always supervised. "Popular" records, such as those by Harry Lauder and Frank Crummit had black labels, and both sides could be played with the same steel needle, but the red seal recordings of such greats as Caruso and John MacCormack would be placed on the turntable by Annie herself, and the steel needle would be used once only. In

Joe and Anita Ronayne with granddaughter Sylvia Furey, about 1942.

this way she preserved the quality of the records and taught the children something about proper care of valuable articles. She admired, and attended whenever she was in the city, concert performances and legitimate theatre. In Holland, she had seen the great Sarah Bernhardt, at the time quite an old woman with a wooden leg, which Annie said was undetectable. Every Saturday during the season, she would listen to the Metropolitan Opera broadcast, and on Sunday to the New York Philharmonic concert. These times were sacrosanct, but in fairness, we were allowed to listen to the Hit Parade on Saturday nights.

She loved to dance, and attended the local dances well into middle age, although her husband did not dance at all and rarely attended.

When Joe died in 1943, at the age of 68, Annie was devastated. A few years later, in her loneliness, she married James Walsh, a man younger than herself, a veteran of the Spanish Civil War. Apart from political views, the couple had little in common, and after about four years they divorced and Annie resumed the name of Ronayne.

In 1950, Annie returned to Europe for the first time since 1909, accompanied by Anita. About a month was spent in Holland. Subsequent to this, Annie made other trips abroad, by polar flight, even travelling to the Soviet Union in 1956 and 1962, when it was not considered fashionable nor even safe to do so. A tourist's every move in the USSR was plotted and accompanied by an Intourist guide. Being well up in years, Annie found this convenient. She attended the ballet, saw the famous Hermitage Museum in Leningrad, travelled to the Black Sea resorts of Yalta and Sochi. She noted that Russian textiles were shoddy, and that Russian parents seemed to be very relaxed and permissive with their children.

In her later years, she usually spent the winters in Vancouver, as she tried to escape the cold and loneliness of Pemberton, but she always returned to her log house in the spring.

During the years before her final illness, she was much involved in life of the farm, particularly the garden, helping with canning and freezing fruits and vegetables. She was a very willing baby-sitter, particularly of her retarded granddaughter, enabling her son and daughter-in-law to take part in community activities. "Her greatest virtue was her loyalty," says her daughter-in-law.

As she says in the Squamish Times article, "It was all worth it and we had a good life."

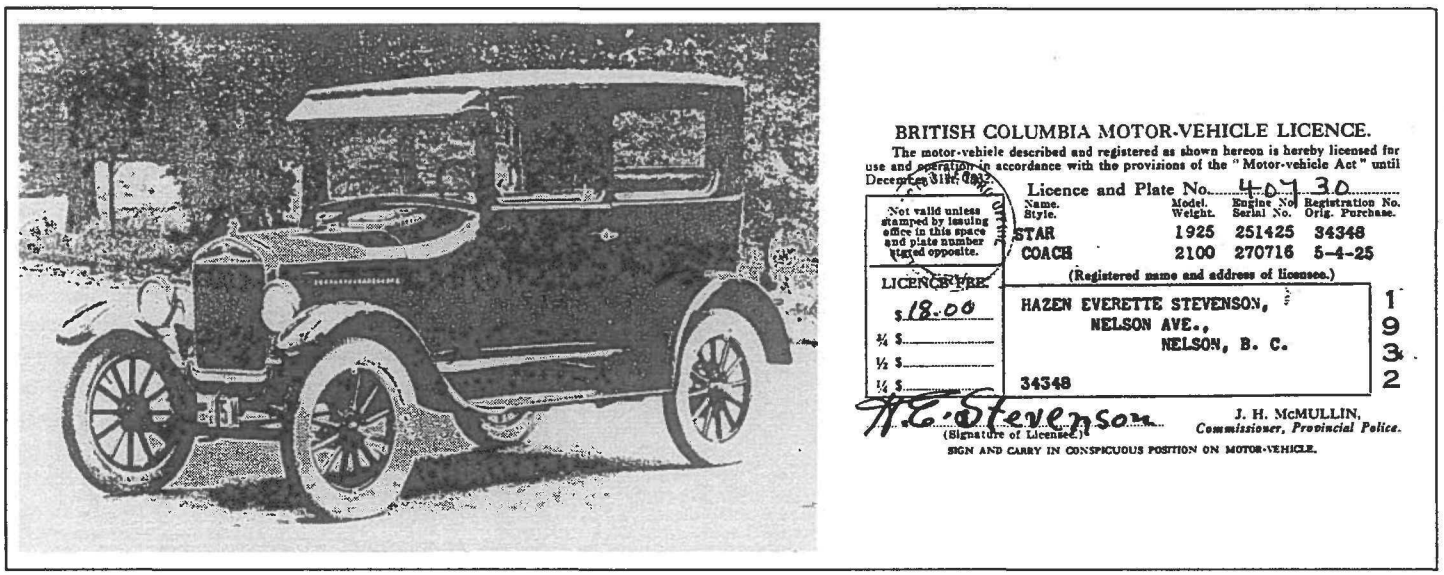
Bio Note: Anita McWilliams makes her home in Hudson's Hope, B.C. The story of her father appeared in the Fall 1993 (Vol. 26:4) issue of this magazine.

Footnotes

1. Anna in Holland, Annie in Canada.
2. Mrs. Miller was Joe's sister Teresa. The Millers later moved to Pemberton.
3. A type of buggy.
4. A few drops in milk or tea.

The Vyse-Stevenson Special Hybrid c.1932

by Henry Stevenson



My initiation to driving a car began when I was about 5 years old. That was in 1921 when cars were fairly scarce and fifteen miles an hour was the acceptable speed on our dirt roads and streets. I stood on the seat cushion in front of my father so I could follow his every move on the steering wheel.

By the time I was 10 I was able to drive Dad's model T Ford with him alongside me as co-pilot. I was barely able to reach the clutch and brake pedals, but would slide forward on the seat in order to exert enough foot pressure on the brake to stop the car.

That type of driving would be impossible for a kid at this time due to the amount of traffic we daily encounter now. In 1926 we seldom met another car on the streets of Nelson, and the police never bothered us. When I reached the age of 14 I was able to qualify for a drivers license but was restricted to drive only my father's 1925 Oldsmobile.

In 1931 driving regulations changed to a 16 year old limit, I was 15 then. A B.C. Police officer challenged me asking me to surrender my license, but I refused. He allowed me to drive home informing me that he would return with a warrant. Fortunately, he never came back.

Due to the depression in 1932 I had to quit school and go to work for my father in his machine shop. The shop had been operating with a Star Continental engine driving the line shaft that was connected to all the machinery. At this time he had changed over to an electric motor which left the Star engine as surplus equipment.

My friend Alfred Vyse and I approached my father to let us have the engine and car frame to build a car. Dad agreed, providing we completed the project without leaving it a mess for him to clean up. He also told us that he would pay for the licensing if the vehicle would pass a roadworthy test.

The next day was Saturday so we were up early spending the day salvaging a **1926 Ford** car body from a landfill at the corner of Falls and Silica Street in Nelson. That old car had been dumped over a bank and someone had cannibalized nearly everything but it still had its original gas tank and its two side doors intact. Our whole day was taken up using a block and tackle anchored to a tree to pull the body up to the street where we could load it onto a truck and haul it to the machine shop on Vernon Street.

We set the engine onto the frame, then came the exasperating job of fitting the Ford body on the Star frame, the two vehicles were of different lengths and widths so brackets had to be made to bolt the body to the frame. Fortunately we had plenty of machines and equipment to work with.

Some of the local garage mechanics heard about our endeavours and offered their assistance when we required parts. We were told where we could obtain a **1926 Overland** rear axle assembly complete with wheels. Our front axle came from a wrecked **Studebaker** of questionable vintage, but that was alright by us when we got it for free. The front wheels had belonged to a **1926 Oakland** which had holes that were much larger than the wheel hubs on the **Studebaker**. To overcome that minor problem we melted lead in a ladle, then poured the molten metal into the void, that took care of the difference in size of the wooden-spoked wheels and the hubs.

Back at the landfill we found a pair of headlights that had been on a **1928 Chrysler** which had been wrecked. We also dug up a steering gear and wheel from a **1927 Chevrolet**. Mickey McEwan, one of our friendly mechanics, wired the instrument panel, the engine wiring, and connected up the lights for us. He also gave us a tail light from a **1925 Oldsmobile** as well as four used tires.

John Learmonth gave us a rear seat from a **1916 Packard**, also a double wicker seat, a "left over" from one of his buses. The wicker seat served the driver and front seat passenger. When all the parts were assembled the car looked a little strange, especially the engine hood, because the Star radiator was about two inches higher than the Ford cowl giving the cars' appearance a little "droopy". However, we were proud of our vehicle in spite of its collection of many makes.

When the day came to license the vehicle, the same B.C. Policeman who had challenged my drivers license the previous year arrived to test drive the car. I was apprehensive, thinking that he would remember our controversy just a year before, but he chose to ignore it. After driving the car around the block he congratulated us on our work, passing it for licensing. He suggested that we use the original 1925 Star registration because it contained the engine and serial numbers required. The license had to be kept in my father's name because regulations at the time restricted anyone under 18 years of age owning an automobile.

The accompanying photo is not that of our actual car, it is a 1926 Ford Tudor sedan which is the identical body of our "Vyse-Stevenson Special Hybrid."

We put a lot of miles on the car by touring around the district. We chose not to get too far from home with it, mainly because we did not have the money for gasoline and our tires were pretty thin. Another thing, the carburetor had a badly worn needle valve and parts were unobtainable due to obsolescence. So long as the engine was running we had no problem, but when we stopped, it was necessary to turn the gas valve off at the tank, otherwise it would not be long before we would be out of gas.

I taught Alfred Vyse to drive allowing him to shift gears for me from the right hand seat. When he became proficient at that phase, we changed seats and he drove like a veteran.

Now whenever Alfred and I get together, we recall many of the pros and cons regarding our pride and joy automobile. The whole project was a great learning experience for both of us. Our mechanical marvel eventually met its demise in a scrap yard, my only regret, I never took a picture of our machine.

Mr. Stevenson is a retired machine shop owner living in Nelson. He is also an aviation history buff who wrote "Planes Over the Kootenays" for this magazine in 1991 - Vol. 24:4.

Favorite Family Prescriptions.

The following comprise a choice collection of special prescriptions from the most successful physicians of our land, which have been in family use for many years.

ASTHMA.—Tincture of lobelia and wine of ipecacuanha, each an oz. Take one-half teaspoonful every half hour until expectoration or nausea occurs.

2. Iodide of potassium, two drams; decoction of senega, five oz.; tincture of lobelia, one oz.; paregoric, one oz. Take a teaspoonful three times a day.

BILIOUSNESS.—Take a powder of rhubarb root, magnesia, and prepared charcoal powder, each a teaspoonful; powdered ginger, one teaspoonful. Mix, and divide into three parts. Take one every morning.

2. Tartar-emetic, four grains; powdered ipecac, twenty grains; water, four oz.; one tablespoonful every twelve minutes, until vomiting.

To act on the Liver.—Dandelion root, sliced and bruised, one ounce; water, one pint. Boil for ten minutes in a covered vessel, strain as above, and add sufficient water to make a pint. A wineglassful three or four times a day.

BRONCHITIS.—Nitrate of potassa, two drams; oxymel of squills, one oz.; tincture of digitalis, a fluid dram; vinegar, a tablespoonful; sugar and gum arabic each two drams; water enough to make in all six oz. Mix. Take a tablespoonful every three hours.

Bronchitis, with Dry Cough.—Tartar-emetic, one grain; syrup of squills, three oz. Take a teaspoonful every four hours.

CATARRH.—Saturated tincture of bloodroot, or sanguinaria, two oz.; wine of ipecac, two oz. Take fifty drops every four hours. An excellent febrifuge.

2. Decoction of senega, four oz.; iodide of potassium, two drams; wine of antimony, four drams; syrup of tolu, two oz. Mix, and take a teaspoonful four times a day.

CATHARTIC.—Resin of jalap, thirty grains. Divide into three parts. Give one every four hours till they operate.

Powerful Cathartic, in Rare Cases.—Croton oil, five drops; crumb of bread or conserve of roses, a sufficient quantity to make four pills. Mix, and divide. Take one every four hours, until they operate.

Prompt Cathartic.—Mix a tablespoonful each, of castor oil and molasses, with a pint of warm water in which a little Castile soap has been dissolved. Inject into the rectum with a syringe.

CHAPPED HANDS AND FACE.—Bay-rum and glycerine, each half an ounce; quince-juice jelly, one ounce. Mix.

The Cottage Physician, 1898

THE

DRUGGIST'S HAND-BOOK.

PHARMACEUTICAL DEPARTMENT.

ELIXIRS, OR ELEGANT PREPARATIONS.

1

AROMATIC ELIXER

(A common base for medications)

Tincture of Cardamom, 2 drachms;
Tincture of Angelica, 2 drachms;
Spirit of Vanilla, 2 drachms;
Oil of Cloves, 3 drops;
Oil of Cinnamon, 3 drops;
Oil of Coriander, 3 drops;
Oil of Sweet Orange Peel, 5 drops;
Oil of Lemon, 2 drops;
Oil of Caraway, 2 drops;
Oil of Bergamot, 2 drops;
Spirit of Rose, 2 drachms;
Spirit of Neroli, 2 drachms;
Syrup, 44 ounces;
Water, 56 ounces;
Alcohol, 95 per cent., 24 ounces.

The Druggist Handbook, 1881

The Fashionable Woman's Hat

by Thelma Reid Lower

The Calèche 1765-1790 provided protection for milady's elaborate coiffure. A copious quilted bonnet, padded with white fleece. The cavernous hood of the calèche (calash) was vaulted and framed like a cage from strips of cane and slippery silk. When not in use the calash was collapsed into folds about the shoulders forming a shawl-like collar of great proportion.

When we think of early fashion, the images in our mind are based on a mixture of memories taken from surviving clothes and accessories, theatrical costumes, family photographs, illustrations in history books, and perhaps the most vivid of all, fashion magazines of the time. Although source information available about fashion is rich and varied, there has never yet (1979) been published a systematically arranged series of **all** types of women's costumes. A very large work would be necessary, which would include samples of wearing apparel from every source and cover every class of the population. Such a large publication is outside the resources of most researchers and publishers. It was therefore all the more appreciated when Ivan Sayers, then Curator of History at Vancouver's Centennial Museum, mounted a fashion display entitled **Les Chapeaux – The Fashionable Woman's hat, 1750-1950**. This exhibit spanning two hundred years of the fashionable woman's head apparel was shown through to January 1980.

Women's magazines have always promoted their public image as being the latest authority on fashion. Granted fashion designers in salons of **haute couture** created new fashion trends; women's magazines, nevertheless, made their own editorial selection of fashions which would appeal to their subscribers. A far larger population of women consult magazines than attend seasonal salons of fashion. It becomes apparent, therefore, that fashion is a two-way street, reflecting an imaginative designer's creation and the mores of the society in which he creates.

Periodicals of the past which have had influence on what women chose to wear were part of the display. Mr. Sayers selected pages from **Fashionable Woman** c. 1790; **The Ladies Cabinet**, 1835; **Godey's Ladies Magazine**, 1856; **English woman's Domestic Magazine**, 1864; **Dame Fashion**, 1881; **La Mode Illustre**, 1886; **Ladies Home Journal**, 1895, 1912, 1915; **The Woman at Home**, 1906; **Caricature Magazine**, 1909; **The Modern Priscilla**, 1910; **Grand Album de Chapeaux**, 1911-1913; **The Designer**, 1914; **Elite Style Magazine**, 1921; **Art-Gout-Beaute**, 1923; **Eaton's Mail Order Catalogue**, 1925; **Vogue Magazine**, 1932-1934; **Liberty Magazine**, 1940 (War & Women's Hats); **Vogue Pattern Book**, 1942; **McCall's Magazine**, 1942; **Pictorial Encyclopedia of Fashion**, 1968.

Fashion illustrations show what the designers are putting forth as the ideal to be aimed at by women even though the majority of them cannot afford it. In practice fashion illustrations are followed by only a few women, partly imitated by many and often - with a year or two's time lag - echoed by a large number, the echoes growing fainter as the time lag increases.

Fashion in head covering has often been dictated by a contemporary hair style. Before 1750 hair was curled tight to the head with perhaps heated curling irons or paper or rag curlers. This coiffure was particularly susceptible to damp weather. When madam was required to venture outdoors she donned a copious quilted bonnet, padded with white wool fleece. To protect the fringe of curls across her forehead she poised her bonnet gingerly forward almost to her eyebrows.

Daily curling of the hair by whatever means was a tedious and time-consuming affair so that after 1750 milady took to wearing dainty lace caps and wigs. For formal occasions she would mount a gloriously elegant and powdered wig of the style established by Marie Antoinette at the French court of Versailles. To protect her lavish hair style, milady required a cavernous hood vaulted and framed like a cage made of strips of cane and slippery silk. It was called a **caleche** (calash). When not in use the calash was collapsed like an accordion into folds about the shoulders, forming a large shawl-like collar.

Summer weather, too, had its problems, for the fashionable lady needed to shield herself from tanning her delicate skin and from unwelcome attention. Coyly, she hid her face under the brim of a straw bonnet which extended so far forward that it resembled the pro-

The Spoon Bonnett 1863-1866. All bonnetts, anchored securely on the head by lavish ribbons tied under the chin in wide bows could survive gusty weather or a dash in a horse drawn cutter.

truding lip of a coal scuttle. From its flower bedecked edge, a lace veil dangled which she could raise or let fall as she pursued her coquettish intentions.

All bonnets, anchored securely on the head by lavish ribbons tied under the chin in wide bows, could survive gusty weather or a dash in a horse-drawn cutter. Bonnets have always been looked upon as sentimental treasures as the popular song tells: "Put on your old grey bonnet with the blue ribbons on it and we'll hitch old Dobbin to the shay. Through the fields of clover we will drive to Dover on our golden wedding day."

Religious services had required the formality of a bonnet but by the late 1860's hats became, for the first time in many years, acceptable at church. Hats were small like bonnets with flowers, ribbons and lace cascading down over the back of the head to cover chignon and long ringlets.

The "Chip" Boater, 1910. Circular hats, called "boaters" drew attention to the face by framing it as though looking through a ship's porthole. Some boaters were braided from wood shavings in a wide weave and were called "chips". Hat pins, a foot long held the "boater" secure. In World War I they were decorated with buttons from soldiers uniforms.

The Motoring hat with veil, 1905-1910. Since early automobiles were open to all kinds of weather, dusty roads, and polluting gases practical covering was essential. The motoring peaked hat with its long head scarf and goggles.

When bustles were in style, hats and bonnets were worn on the back of the head or tilted forward to emphasize the swan-like shape of the fashionable woman's figure. The museum displayed a "flower pot" hat trimmed with white silk and daisies worn with a graduation dress in 1884. A brown felt hat called "three stories and a basement" for obvious reasons was trimmed with an ostrich pinwheel.

After 1900 large hats, profusely decorated with flowers, fruit and feathers were worn at a rakish angle to accentuate the S-shaped silhouette of the Edwardian woman's figure. The slimmer the skirt, the larger the hat! Circular hats, called "boaters" drew attention to the face by framing it as though looking through a ship's porthole. Some boaters were braided from wood shavings in a wide weave and were called "chips".

The motoring peaked hat with its long scarf and goggles was an eye-catching accessory for a passenger (no lady would ever drive) in a motor car. Since these early automobiles were open to all kinds of weather, dusty roads and polluting gases, practical and protective covering was essential for an enjoyable Sunday drive. During WWI hat pins a foot long were decorated with buttons from soldiers' uniforms. Wartime restraint prompted women to make turbans as simple head covering. After the war the newly enfranchised woman "bobbed" her hair and wore a close fitting hat called the cloche, which made her figure appear taller and more slender.

During the 1940's home-made and utilitarian head gear such as bandanas and fabric turbans made a comeback when women directed their energies into war industries. For special occasions such as entertainments associated with fund raising for war efforts, tiny hats were trimmed as ornately as possible with available materials. A small hat or a cluster of flowers, perhaps draped with a sultry veil, was **de rigeur** for cocktail parties in the late afternoon before "lights out" when dancing often continued in the candled dark.

Cocktail Hat 1949-1950. A tiny hat or cluster of flowers, often draped with a sultry veil ws "de regeur" for cocktail parties to keep the war effort (WWII) by fund raising and recruiting.

Gradually the dressy hat has been abandoned. Neither the carefully permed head nor the boyish short style is topped for church or street or visiting. Even Brownies and Guides no longer wear the beret with its badge. The liberated woman may wear a Tilley hat while outdoors or a baseball cap at a barbecue but designers are a long way from convincing her to adopt a hat for every combination in her wardrobe.

Mrs. Lower wrote this article while Ivan Sayer's display was being shown at the Vancouver Museum. It appeared in the December 1979 PLAYBOARD and is reproduced here with permission from the present publishers, Harold and Irene Scheil of Burnaby.
Ivan Sayer is currently developing a private museum of Textiles and Fashion.

Penny!!

A former resident is looking for the origin of the name of a settlement called Penny, a station on the railway line between Prince George and McBride, probably started in 1914 when the railway first went through. Penny had a peak population of almost 700 in the mid 1950s' now it has shrunk to nine hardy souls. Pennyites, however, are holding a reunion on August 18 - 20, 1995 and are researching their history before this gathering. Please convey your information on this name to A.I. Persofsky in Vancouver, Phone (604) 734-3751.

Balloon Bombs: Japan to North America

by Henry Stevenson

The Japanese sneak attack on Pearl Harbour, Hawaii, December 7, 1941 triggered the United States to declare war in the Pacific.

For a number of years prior to that invasion the Japanese army and navy had been studying upper winds of the stratosphere. They had discovered a "Jet Stream" at about the 30,000 foot level, a river of air, travelling in the general direction from Japan eastward toward North America. Sometimes the flow reached speeds up to 300 miles an hour. Our allies apparently knew nothing about this phenomenon until several years after. It was a well-kept secret by the Japanese army.

Col. Sueki Kusaba was in charge of the Japanese army's science research center at Noborito, where the experiment on free-flying balloons was taking place. The project was given the code name "Fugo". It was shelved, due to higher priorities, by their military in favor of more important branches of the army and navy.

Shortly after Col. Jimmy Dolittle's B-25 bombers wreaked havoc on the Japanese homeland in April 1942, project Fugo was revived. Experiments began with the building of 20 foot diameter balloons. They were only able to remain airborne for about 30 hours, travelling 180 to 600 miles at an altitude of nearly five miles.

By 1943 Col. Kusaba had been promoted to the rank of General. He continued to work on his project experimenting with 30 and 32 foot balloons. These gas bags were equipped with a radio capable of transmitting information back to Japan automatically giving code messages of flight course, altitude, internal bag pressure, etc. The radio was produced by the Japanese 5th army technical laboratory. The released balloons ascended into the jet stream. One balloon had been airborne for three days when it landed at 130 degrees west longitude, near the North American coast.

The concept of the free-flying balloons was to carry incendiary bombs into forested areas and farmlands in western Canada and the United States.

The 30 and 32 foot diameter balloons were constructed from several laminations of tissue paper held together with hydrocellulose adhesive, then lacquered to waterproof the bag. Tests were also made with balloons made of silk and rubber. The bottom of the sphere had a pressure-operated valve that kept the bag from overinflating when hydrogen inside expanded from the heat of the sun in daytime and then the cooling at night when the temperatures reached the lows of -50 degrees centigrade in the thin atmosphere at high altitudes.

Nineteen shroud lines were attached at even spaces around the perimeter just below center of the bag. The free end of the lines (about 45 feet in length) were tied together allowing plenty of distance between the bag and its cargo. The payload included a solar heated wet battery to power the radio, an aneroid barometer to maintain fairly constant flight elevation, plus the sophisticated apparatus that carried incendiary bombs and the "chandelier" ring that held 32 bags of sand ballast.

When the balloon sank to a 25,000 foot elevation the aneroid barometer triggered a mechanism that would automatically release a sand bag allowing the balloon to rise again to 30,000 feet. According to the scientific calculation, by the time the last sand bag was released, the balloon should have reached the North American continent at which time the incendiary bombs would be ready to be dropped one by one and the balloon would be losing altitude due to loss of hydrogen while enroute. Finally a high-explosive bomb would drop setting off a small charge of flash powder, which in turn ignited a fuse line attached to a block of picric acid on a magnesium charge. That would destroy the balloon blowing up all parts, which the Japanese hoped would set fire to our forests and farm fields. The only remains would be in such small fragments as to leave hardly a trace.

The most favorable weather, for launching in Japan, was from November to April when the jet stream was strong enough to carry the balloons over the Pacific Ocean in three to four days. Fortunately for us, that time of the year, the target area of North America is snow covered and wet. Also, the high-velocity winds during the remainder of the year in Japan made filling of the balloons with volatile hydrogen difficult and dangerous.

The 93,000 balloons were launched from the east coast of Japan during the winter months of 1944 and 1945. Only 297 were found in the United States and Canada. The first remnants of a Japanese "weather" balloon was picked up by a U.S. Navy patrol boat on November 4, 1944 about 68 miles southwest of San Pedro, California.

Shortly after this episode several other reports were received by Allied Western Defence Command. It was quickly noted that they were not weather balloons, as at first thought, but were anti-personnel and incendiary bombs.

A few balloons were found in Mexico, two went as far east as Michigan, 57 landed in British Columbia with the remaining scattered from Alaska to the middle states and provinces.

Four were found close to Nelson (the author's home town). The nearest was just north of Salmo and others at Kitchener, Yahk and Kettle River Valley.

The Salmo balloon (incident number 280 in the bomb landing file) was discovered by Irwin Butcher and Chet Bush near Hidden Creek, high up on a heavily wooded mountain slope on the east side of highway 6, on July 16, 1945. The

two men climbed to the site over rocks, underbrush and windfallen timber to reach the object. The climb had taken a lot of time and realizing that the hike back to the highway would take until near darkness, they merely cut a few strands of shroud line and took it back to Salmo, where they reported their find to Corporal Don Pye of the British Columbia Police. Corporal Pye immediately confiscated the pieces of rope and told them to refrain from discussing the event any further due to wartime restrictions.

When the writer interviewed Mr. Butcher a few weeks ago regarding the balloon he said, "Do you realize that you are talking about an event that happened about 50 years ago, I had forgotten all about it." He was surprised to learn that he and his partner were within a few feet of a live bomb and was happy that they did not check any closer to the wreckage.

Incident number 240 on the bomb file was a fatal one. A Sunday school group in Oregon, on May 5, 1945, were not as fortunate. Reverend Archie Mitchell, Pastor of the Christian and Missionary Alliance Church in Bly, Oregon, and his wife Elyse were taking five of their Sunday school class children on a picnic and fishing outing. They drove up a forest service road, on Gearhart Mountain past Klamath Lake, until they came across a forestry work crew where the road was blocked. Rev. Mitchell stopped the car to let his passengers out while he turned the car around and parked it. As Rev. Mitchell got out of his car, his wife called to him, "Look what I have found, dear." He called back, "Just a minute and I'll come and look at it." Mrs. Mitchell and the children were about a hundred yards from him. At this point there was a terrific explosion, dead branches, twigs, pine needles, dirt and dust filled the air.

Rev. Mitchell was first to arrive at the scene, followed by the four forestry workers. The mangled bodies of Mrs. Mitchell and the children were scattered around a hole about a foot deep and three feet across. Mrs. Mitchell was barely alive, her clothes were ablaze. Her husband ran to her and managed to beat the fire out with his hands, but could do nothing to help her, she died quickly. The children had been killed instantly.

Two men stayed with Rev. Mitchell, the other two took a pick-up truck and rushed to the district ranger's office at Bly, where one man got off and phoned the county sheriff at Lakeview. He remained there to stop any traffic that might be heading up the road.

Examination of fragments from the explosion proved to be that of a balloon bomb from Japan. It had been on the ground for some time, several parts were rusted. Paper covering of the balloon was mildewed and six inches of snow lay beneath the paper, while the surrounding area was devoid of snow. Bomb disposal officers from Lakeview Naval Air Station were brought in to disarm and remove the remaining bombs. The military personnel and the FBI kept the disaster cause a secret by stating that the explosion was from an undetermined cause. For weeks school teachers, churchmen, police officers and other officials warned people that if they found any strange objects to leave them alone and report them to authorities.

A mass funeral was held for the victims on May 6, 1945 in the Klamath Temple in Klamath Falls, Idaho.

The "Jet-Stream" was the tempestuous wind that carried a weapon, which claimed the only lives lost in the United States resulting from enemy action during World War II.

There is still a possibility that somewhere in the forests of North America there may be live bombs lying in the wreckage of Japanese balloons. Should anyone come across any object that looks like a balloon bomb, they should keep clear of it and report it to police or an army base so that it can be disposed of safely.

From the Caricature Magazine, 1909

Those Legendary Leasks

by Lynn Ove Mortensen

At the turn of the century and just after, the serpentine waterways of the B.C. coast must have seemed like the last bastion of available wilderness to people scuffling along at the tail of the westward movement. Not impossibly far from burgeoning cities and railheads, even served by frequent steamer service, unclaimed land lay at the foot of towering mountains, lapped by the bounteous waters of an inland sea.

Much of this land offered small prospect to farmers and cattlemen, strangled as it was by rocky precipices at every turn. But giant trees swished their green hems in the high tides and pranced right up the mountains, endless fodder for swaggering lumberjacks. And the sea released salmon, halibut and cod for the taking to support a thriving fishery. Small settlements studded the shoreline in spots like Shoal Bay, and Port Neville and Minstrel Island, outposts for mail and dry goods. In many such ports, rowdy hotels offered bed and bar and Saturday night revelry for the lonely coastal dwellers. Floating lumbercamps rose up and down on the tides and in a hundred nooks, smoke rose from the chimneys of solitary cabins.

About the year 1913, three brothers named Leask found their way among this maze of islands and peninsulas, inhabited mostly by loggers and fishermen, miners and trappers. They were not young nor did they take their living from land or sea. Each had been well-educated and had followed a professional career in earlier times.

The brothers must have explored the region carefully. When they settled, they chose an ideal site in a crescent cove near the mouth of Bute Inlet, thoroughly protected from the howl and harangue of the notorious wintertime "Bute wind." Their bay looked across treed mountains to the setting sun. Steep hills rose behind them, folding a fresh water lake in their union. The Leasks were about as far from their homeland as they could be, not only in physical distance but especially in atmosphere.

Tom Robertson, Alfred Leask, and Maisie Leask taken by a special tree in Orkney - 1935.

Frequent mention has been made of this unusual trio, most often in classic west coast cruising accounts. But these occurred in passing, a sentence here, a paragraph there; never enough to satisfy curiosity piqued by questions of who these men really were, and why they chose such an isolated spot. Even their ultimate fate has remained a mystery.

In June of 1851, in the treeless and windswept Orkney Isles, Scotland, Henry Graham Leask had been born to the sea captain James Leask, and his wife, Isabella Logie Leask. Eleven years later brother Charles Hardyside was born, in January of 1862. Alfred, the youngest of their family of eight children, arrived in March of 1863.

Their father James Leask was raised on a farm at Quinamoan, several miles from Kirkwall, but by the 1861 census, the family was recorded as living at 8 Main Street, Kirkwall. Later, they owned **Westbank** near Kirkwall, and their sons enjoyed growing up in the country.[1] Their uncle, Henry Leask, J.P., of Boardhouse, Orkney, was a genealogist and the leading authority of his day on translating old Orcadian documents into modern English. A section of the Kirkwall, Orkney archives is devoted to his work.[2]

The brothers were educated in Kirkwall, and, according to their great niece Maisie Rannie who now lives in Manitoba, "grew up with a love of books and nature."[3] Both Charles and Alfred learned to paint, capturing local scenery in realistic watercolor renderings. Yet their personalities were different. Charles wrote poetry and was described by his nephew Alexander as having been very gentle and loving.[4]

The energetic, curious and enthusiastic Alfred "always wanted to be involved in some project."[5] He learned to build boats, perhaps from his father, and built craft for himself and friends. He entered his own gaff-rigged sloop "Walrus," at least once in an 1897 race off Kirkwall. Says niece Jean Crerar, "Uncle Alfred loved racing his yacht round the Orkney points in wild weather" and "raced with his gig and pony in daring fashion" as well.[6]

Blue-eyed Henry, the eldest by eleven years, was described as a "gentleman, dignified, brave and steadfast."[7] Following in his father's wake, he soon commanded a ship of his own. Alfred became a banker in Kirkwall while quiet Charles found employment as an accountant in the Register House (archives) in Edinburgh. When failing eyesight forced Henry to abandon his seagoing career, he homesteaded in New Zealand. Eventually, both Charles and Alfred and their nephew, Alexander Leask, joined him there. What prompted their departure is not clear though family members recall suggestions of "a love affair that did not prosper,"[8] James Leask, born in 1846, attempted to persuade his brothers to move closer to Scotland, and his urging may have been the reason they

landed on the B.C. coast.

Early coastal missionary, John Antle, notes in his memoirs the phenomenon of well-educated men living as hermits along the coast "not uncommon," citing both an ex-professor from a large eastern university and a former Supreme Court justice. He drew the conclusion that, "All of them gravitated to this simple life via the whiskey road."[9]

But it is extremely doubtful that this was true for the Leasks. Not known to drink, adventure proved their heady elixir. Bute, despite its isolation, must have attracted the trio for many reasons. Not only did it appeal to their aesthetic sense and offer challenging sailing, but at the time, the inlet teemed with wildlife increasing a settler's ability to live off the land. Olaf Holtz, Game Warden for North Vancouver Island, names a diary reference to a brief trip up Bute in the fall of 1914 in which he "got three grouse . . . (a) doe and 3 goat."[10]

The Leasks set about developing a homestead and brand of hospitality which became rather famous throughout the cruising journals of their contemporaries. According to the account of Johnny Schnarr, a notorious coastal bootlegger whose brother also lived up Bute, in 1930, after sixteen years of residence, the Leasks had managed to build, beyond basic habitation, rock walls and a rock walkway out to the point, a net shed in the middle of the bay, and a set of ways capable of hauling a forty-five foot boat. They had also piped water in wooden pipes from the lake to power a small sawmill, built a stone kiln and poured and were grinding a large piece of glass to be used as a lens for a telescope.[11] Neighbors remember their installation of a Pelton wheel to generate power.[12] For a time they used a large log for a float, though their goal was to construct a substantial pier of boulders from the property. Throughout all this industry, they managed to post regular letters to those at home in Scotland.[13]

Inside the humble exterior of their home, bookshelves covered the walls, holding "hundreds of ancient books – whole sets of Ruskin and Shakespeare . . .The shed at the back was another storehouse of old literature, old newspapers piled in great heaps and preserved as treasures of great price."[14]

The nearest post office and store, run by Kelsey Moore lay on the far side of Stuart Island at Kelsey Bay. The brothers could row or sail, choosing between two routes to round the island, though passage to the north required penetrating two sets of swirling rapids. During spring floodtides the first, Arran Rapids, is known to spawn overfalls as large as eight feet. Given the right combination of tides however, the current could sometimes have carried a small boat right to the store float.

And, beyond staples and specialized hardware for some of their inventive creations, the Leasks must have had few needs. They nurtured a large garden among the rocks behind the house and an orchard with apple and cherry trees. A stone rootcellar dug into the hillside preserved turnips and potatoes and carrots throughout the winter. Goats roamed the hill above, though they became nuisances when they got into the garden and wrecked it.[15]

Mrs. Barbara Snellgrove, guest on the yacht **Ivanhoe**, visited the Leasks at Fawn Bluff when she was an impressionable teen. She remembers the elderly gentlemen scurrying to greet their visitors clad in old jeans held up by suspenders. She described them as dedicated beachcombers who "used everything they found." The yachting party left with fresh cherries and strawberries for their supper.[16]

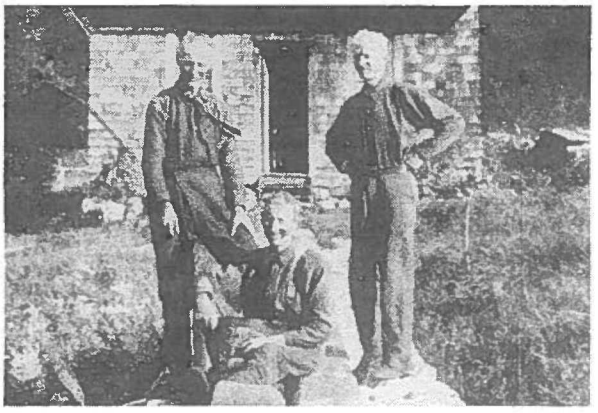
Canon Alan Greene, pastor of the Columbia Coast Mission boat **Rendezvous**, visited the brothers on trips up the inlet. The recollections of Doug Morton, **Rendezvous** engineer, preserved in the ship's log, indicate the by-then-octogenarians were vegetarians and food faddists.[17] Leask relatives, though, speculate that was not the case. They attribute the oldsters' unusual eating habits to a healthy upbringing of hard oatcakes and cheese, and barley bannocks. As boys they had gathered gulls eggs from the Orkney cliffs and carageen sea weed to thicken rich blanc mange custards. In the bush, all things gain new perspective, and another niece, Jean Crerar, remembers Alfred's description of crow pie as tasting "just like chicken."[18]

What the brothers did for hard cash is a matter of question. Relatives believe they sometimes cut and sold timber from the property.[19] We also know Alfred earned some income in 1925, by constructing a "splendid Norwegian praam"[20] for the ten-year-old daughter of cruising authors Robert and Kathrene Pinkerton.

The Orkneys had been held by Scandinavian rulers for centuries before being presented as dowry to King James III of Scotland and it is likely that Alfred learned Norwegian boatbuilding techniques in his homeland. The lightweight and seaworthy dinghy as well as its oars were custom-made to match the young girl's height and weight. Its cedar planking had been milled in the brother's own millworks and rib knees were natural bends found in the forest. Only the mahogany for the transom ends was of non-native materials.

Sometime in the early 1930's, Charles died at Fawn Bluff. His nieces do not know the cause of his death but speculate that the hardships of the upcoast lifestyle took their toll. The quiet and gentle Charles had been "a painter, not a farmer or a pioneer."[21]

Henry and Alfred probably would have remained at Fawn Bluff forever were it not for a string of tragic accidents. Sometime during the winter of 1933-4, Alfred was hard at work on an outdoor project when a heavy cable snapped, breaking his legs and causing internal injuries. Henry, partially blind and much older, cared for him as best he could. Then, in an early spring windstorm, a huge Douglas fir toppled to the ground pinning him, breaking a leg and



The Three Jolly Bachelors of Bute Inlet - The Leask Brothers.
Pictures courtesy of Maisie Rannie

Bute Inlet - Leask Brothers

bringing on further blindness from a blow to the head. Already crippled himself, Alfred crawled to his rescue, splinting his legs with kinding and torn clothing.[22]

The two old Orkneymen were found by a chance visitor, possibly Kelsey Moore who sometimes delivered supplies to remote cabins and lumber camps. They were ferried to the hospital at Powell River where their injuries and condition of near starvation was found to be so serious that their return to Fawn Bluff was unthinkable. Kelsey Moore sent a telegram to nephew Alexander Leask, then residing outside of Edinburgh. It read only, "Come. Alfred."[23]

Alexander left immediately, arriving in early June to fetch his uncles back to their homeland. They travelled across Canada by train and lounged in special "gyroscopic hospital beds" aboard the **Duchess of Bedford** during their Atlantic passage.[24]

Alexander settled the pair at his small farm, Mayfield, Drem, East Lothian, about twenty miles from Edinburgh. With them came a trunk of treasured belongings including a lynx fur, a walrus tusk and a large volume of wild animals of North America. Later, Alfred was to buy his niece Jean the book **All About Animals** by Lydia Gaff and "put a check mark by all the North American ones, marking PUMA 'cougar' in his own firm writing." He delighted in his nieces' and nephew's projects and urged them into new endeavors they hadn't contemplated. Alexander's children have fond memories, especially of the wonderful stories the uncles told in broad Orkney accents. While Henry's voice seemed more cultured with a London or New Zealand influence, Alfred's speech was "more jerky, excited, enthusiastic."[25]

Following cataract surgery later in 1934, eighty-three year old Henry died. Alfred, permanently crippled from the accident at Fawn Bluff, remained with the family until Alexander's wife Nettie became ill. He next went to live with other relatives, the Tom Robertson family of Edinburgh. Though the gregarious and friendly Alfred enjoyed being with his relatives, including short visits back to Orkney, niece Jean Crerar contends that "his heart was in Canada."[26]

Today, Fawn Bluff has returned to wilderness. In summer, the gently curving cove, cobbled with small gravel, still welcomes an occasional overnight yachtsman. The brook still gurgles down from the lake to the calm seawater, a green mirror of alders and evergreens. Though the main dwelling and sheds are gone, an old apple tree struggles for light through the undergrowth. And, in the woods, a thick layer of moss forms rounded cushions along the old housepath, made of cemented stones to last forever, nearly, by three enlightened, industrious brothers.

The author, a U.S. citizen, has been cruising B.C.'s west coast for over forty years. She has written over a hundred articles for boating and travel magazines, including many on campfire cookery. This story of the Leask brothers took considerable ingenuity to research and we thank this Bainbridge Island resident for sharing her findings with us.

FOOTNOTES

1. Letter from Maizie Rannie to Mortensen, Nov. 30, 1994.
2. Letter, Rannie to Mortensen, March 19, 1994.
3. Ibid.
4. Letter, Rannie to Mortensen, May 24, 1994.
5. Noted, Jean Crerar, May, 1994.
6. Ibid, p. 4.
7. Ibid, p. 3.
8. Rannie letter, March 19, 1994, p. 3.
9. Antle, John, **"Memoirs of John Antle"** 1905-36, p. 25/6.
10. Diary, Olaf Holtz, Campbell River Archives # 77-52, Oct. 30, 1914.
11. Parker, Marion & Tyrell, Robert, **Rumrunner**, Orca Book Publishers, Victoria B.C., 1988, p. 148.
12. Phone interview, Brimacombe, Bert, March 18, 1994.
13. Letter, Rannie to Mortensen, May 24, 1994, p. 4.
14. Johnson, Lukin, **Beyond the Rockies**, London, Dent, 1929, p. 63.
15. Ibid.
16. Phone Interview, Snellgrove, Barbara, March 24, 1994.
17. Anderson, Doris, **The Columbia is Coming!**, Gray's Publishing, Ltd. Sidney, B.C. 1982.
18. Crerar, notes, p. 5.
19. Rannie, letter, Nov. 30, 1994.
20. Pinkerton, Kathrene, **Three's A Crew**, Horsdal & Schubart Publishers, Ltd., Ganges, B.C., 1991, p. 114. (A praam was a type of dinghy, a small rowboat).
21. Crerar, notes.
22. Scotsman, June 25, 2934.
23. Rannie, May 24, 2994, p. 4.
24. Scotsman, June 25, 1934.
25. Crerar, notes.
26. Ibid, p. 5.

How British Columbia Got Its Roads

by Winston A. Shilvock

British Columbia is one of the most atrocious pieces of real estate on the North American continent when it comes to building trails, roads and railways.

For decades the rugged mountains and rivers rushing through narrow gorges deterred such men as Alexander Mackenzie and Simon Fraser from establishing any kind of trade route, by land or water.

It wasn't until 1826 when the Hudson's Bay Company, following a path explored by David Stuart in 1811-12, laid out the Fur Brigade Trail. Furs were collected from all over New Caledonia (northern B.C.) at Fort Alexandria and sent by pack horse south through Kamloops and the Okanagan Valley to Fort Okanogan where they were shipped by canoe down the Columbia River to Fort Vancouver.

Edgar Dewdney, roadbuilder and future lieutenant-governor of British Columbia. Keeping all-British routes to the gold fields was basic to the colonial government's control of British Columbia. Dewdney was a chief figure in building the trails and roads that connected the coast with the mushrooming mining towns of the interior.

Pack horses were changed at Kamloops and that place became the first major trading centre in the interior. This was the beginning of routes opened up for commercial purposes.

In 1858 gold was discovered on the Fraser River at Yale and some 30,000 men stampeded into the area. When they tried to follow the river north the hazardous canyon proved a major obstacle so Governor James Douglas built a 100-mile trail from the top of Harrison Lake to Lillooet on the Fraser River and from there to Clinton, meeting with a trail to the Cariboo.

So great was the influx of miners needing supplies that this trail soon proved inadequate. To meet this need, in 1860, Douglas ordered the building of a wagon road through the canyon and north to Barkerville. This stupendous job was completed in 1864 and for the first time the interior was opened up for the large scale movement of supplies and equipment.

In 1859, coincidental with this activity, gold was discovered at Rock Creek on the Canada-U.S. border just east of the Okanagan Valley. The following year hordes of miners rushed in and supplying and collecting taxes from them became a problem.

Although he was desperately short of money, James Douglas charged Edgar Dewdney to build a four-foot-wide mule trail from Fort Hope on the Fraser River over the rugged Cascade Mountains and though the Similkameen Valley to Rock Creek. The objective was reached in the fall of 1861.

It wasn't long, however, before another problem arose. In 1863 gold was found at Wild Horse Creek, far to the east through rough, uncharted country. Dewdney was again called upon to continue his trail from Rock Creek to Fort Steele. When work was completed in September, 1865, the southern part of the country had a narrow, 290-mile communication trail crossing it.

The country was now beginning to open up. Transportation of goods on a large scale was available from south to north over the Cariboo Wagon Road and smaller amounts could be moved from west to east by mule train over the Dewdney Trail.

These two arteries laid the groundwork for the network of roads that would eventually encompass the entire province.

Vancouver Island had been formed into a Crown Colony in 1849; in 1858 New Caledonia became a Crown Colony and in 1866 both were united as the Crown Colony of British Columbia. Five years later, in 1871, this unit entered the Dominion of Canada as the Province of British Columbia on the understanding that a trans-continental railway would be built to link east and west.

After blasting its way through several mountain chains the Canadian Pacific Railway reached Vancouver in 1887 and great things were looked for. Most of the 36,000 odd provincial population was centred at the coast with a concentration of economic activity being carried on there.

By 1912 the population of the province was about 400,000, a number that began to demand more lines of communication. In 1914 the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway was built across northern B.C. and the Canadian Northern Railway tapped the north and ran south to reach Vancouver in 1915. Both these lines proved unprofitable and in 1922 they merged to form the Canadian National Railway with terminals at Prince Rupert and Vancouver.

The boundary country in the south was also opened up. In 1916 the Kettle Valley Railway was built from Midway

to Princeton to Hope where it linked up with the CPR. Rail lines to the east were brought in and B.C. had transportation across the south into Alberta.

While the railway activity was going on little attention was given to roads. By 1900 it's been estimated there were only 1000 miles of roads and trails, mostly trails. By any standard the roads were pretty crude affairs to which I can personally vouch.

In the mid 1930's going by car through the Fraser Canyon was a scary ride. The road was narrow and at various intervals an indent was made in the canyon wall where a car could pull over to let another pass. The road base was gravel and one had to be careful not to skid over the edge and fall into the canyon below. Since there were no guard rails many drivers did just that.

Even in the early 1950's a trip on gravel roads from Kelowna to Prince George required 12 hours of hard driving and on almost every occasion a windshield had to be replaced when it was smashed by rocks thrown up from passing trucks.

This was the condition of roads throughout the whole interior until 1952. That year W.A.C. Bennett was elected premier of B.C. and chose Phil Gaglardi from Kamloops as his minister of highways. It took these two men from the interior to grasp the necessity of opening up the hinterland to large-scale resource development.

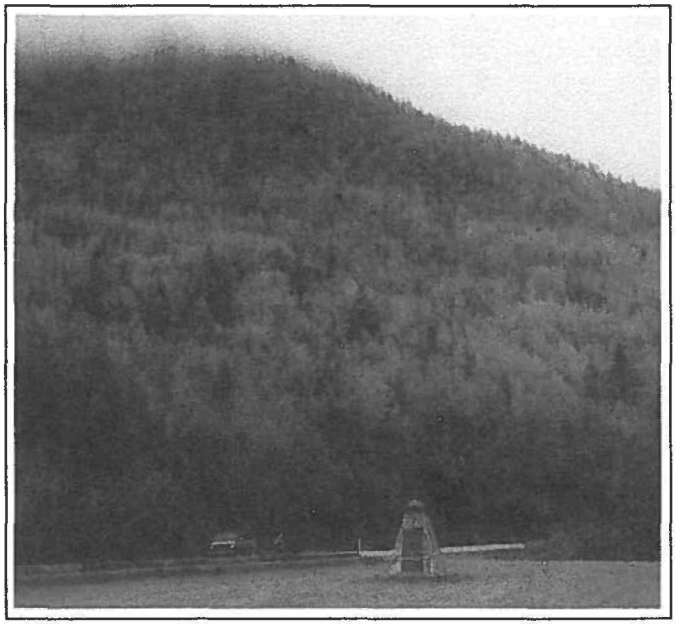
A frenzy of road construction soon began and it was everywhere. Narrow roads were widened and four-lane expressways came into being. They were blacktopped for speed and smooth riding and commerce expanded rapidly. The government soon became known as the "Blacktop Government." With road expansion came a need for improved and new bridges and 1955 became known as the "Year of the Bridges."

Cece Bennett considered the B.C. ferry system which ran to Vancouver Island as part of the highways and it took only two decades to build a fleet of two dozen ships which became known as "Bennett's Navy." The system was efficient and quickly became known as ". . . the world's largest and best run ferry service."

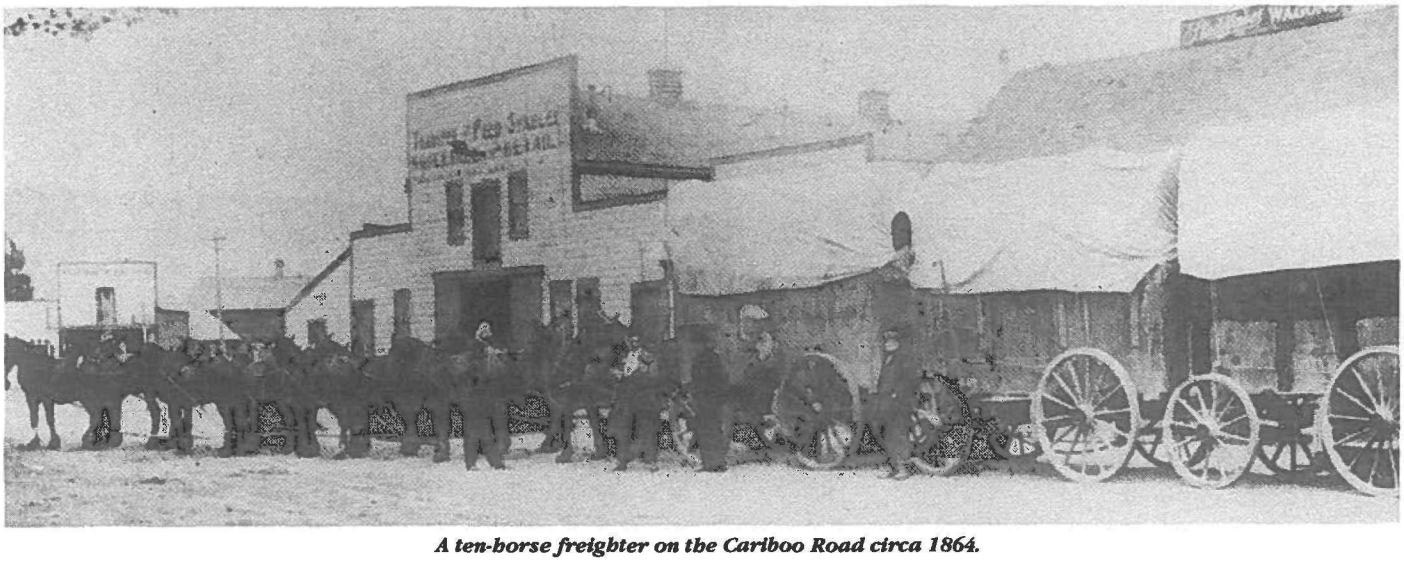
During the first six years of the Bennett regime more money was spent on roads, bridges and ferries than during the entire history of the province to date. The effect was to create a boom such as had never been seen before.

Phil Gaglardi succinctly summed it up when he stated, "When we became government the province of British Columbia stopped at the Pattullo bridge: the City of Vancouver had the parochial idea that they were the sum total of everything. Jumping Jehoshaphat, we made the province of British Columbia! We wanted highways in places where there was absolutely nobody because we knew that they would be arteries that would carry the wheels of industry to all the four corners of the province. And that's what they did."

But more was to come. For several years people in the Okanagan Valley had agitated for a shorter, faster route to the coast than the long drive to Kamloops, Cache Creek and down the Fraser River to Hope, or through Washington State.



Site of opening of Rogers Pass road by Premier W.A.C. Bennett on July 31, 1962. 19 km east of Revelstoke.



A ten-horse freighter on the Cariboo Road circa 1864.

In 1949 a tortuous road, following in part the old Dewdney Trail, was opened between Hope and Princeton. A good two-lane road was later built through the West and East Kootenays to the Alberta border and became Highway 3.

For about two decades a miserable road called the Big Bend had followed the Columbia River north from Golden to Mica Creek and south to Revelstoke. Only the very hardy traveller made the trip. Most opted to ship their vehicles by rail from Golden to Revelstoke.

In the mid 1950's Premier Bennett decided that if the interior of B.C. was to attract immigrants a proper road must be made available for people to travel easily from east of the Rockies. He cajoled the federal government into cooperating and in 1958 the task of constructing a 92-mile road from Golden to Revelstoke was begun. The going was tough and it took four year, but on July 31, 1962, Premier Bennett cut the ribbon and an estimated 7,000 people streamed over the Rogers Pass.

It was like opening a flood-gate and in the years that followed hundreds of thousands of people drove the road and the population of the interior, especially in the southern half, soared.

Phil Gaglardi had built a good speedroad from Vancouver to Hope to Cache Creek to Kamloops to Revelstoke and with this final link, Highway No. 1, the Trans-Canada Highway came into being.

The population in the southern interior grew and grew and demand accelerated for a shorter, faster route to the coast other than the Kamloops-Hope or Hope-Princeton roads.

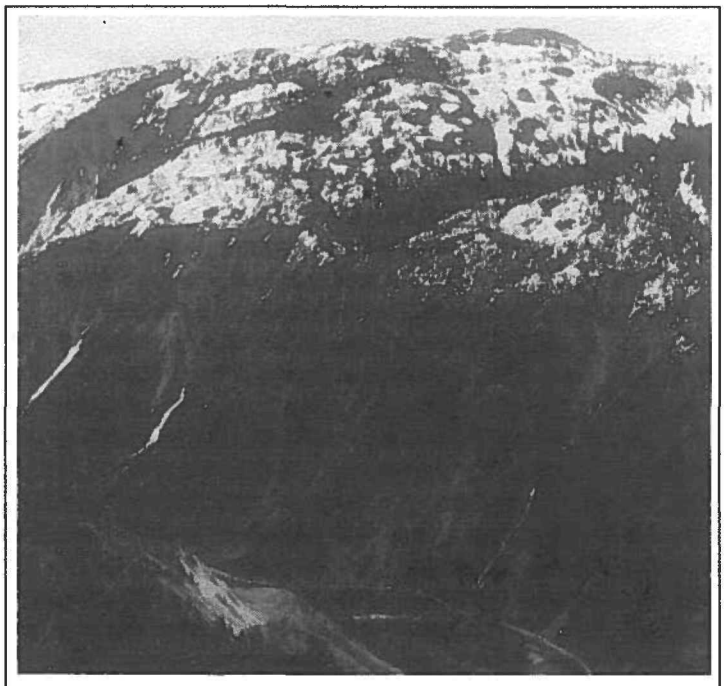
Like his father, premier Bill Bennett understood the needs of the interior and during his ten-year tenure (1975-85) he constructed the four-lane Coquihalla Highway from Hope to Merritt to Kamloops to link up with the Trans-Canada (No. 1) and Yellowhead (No. 5) highways.

This didn't solve the demands of the Okanagan Valley residents, so in 1990, during the term of premier Bill Vander Zalm, "The Connector" was built to give access from Peachland to the Coquihalla at Merritt.

Today access has been given to almost every populated centre in the province and there isn't much left to do except to improve and maintain our wonderful system of roads.

The dreams of British Columbia's two great road builders, Sir James Douglas and the Honorable W.A.C. Bennett, have come to pass. British Columbia has become the fastest growing area in Canada and there seems to be no end in sight.

Map showing Indian Trails.



Coquihalla Canyon from the Coquihalla Highway. Kettle Valley Railway site at bottom.

Motoring From Nelson to the Cariboo - 1926

by Edmund C. Wragge

In October of 1926 Hugh and Mary Robertson asked us if we would like to go with them up to the Cariboo Country on a joint trip. Early in the month therefore we headed off to Rossland and the road "over the Hump" (the infamous Cascade City wagon road). After we had gone a few miles on the Hump road we came to a small tree across the road and Hugh got out to get the axe to cut it when he discovered "no axe"! He then remembered that the head was loose and he had put it in a pail of water to tighten it up, and forgot to take it out! Well it was a smallish tree and we had no trouble in moving it and were off again. As we climbed the weather got colder and on the highest part we ran into ice and a very narrow winding road and then around a corner, where it was almost impossible to back or turn, we came on a real tree solidly across the road! No axe, an icy winding road to back down until a turning place could be found, and getting quite late. Then, "oh joy", a truck pulled up behind us with two drunken Swede loggers in it. The driver got out, his partner was too tight to move, and looked the situation over. Then he took charge and had Hugh and me heaving and prying, now here and now there, and after about half an hour's work the tree, which was heading down hill, was eased along little by little until it could be slid off the road and down the bank. The Robertson car, which was an open Ford with side curtains that could be put up, was none too warm for Ursula and Mary while these operations were going on. There was some snow on the sides and on the road further on, as we followed the weaving tracks of the truck which had gone ahead of us down to Grand Forks. When we arrived there after dark we had not passed a single car on the way over from Rossland.

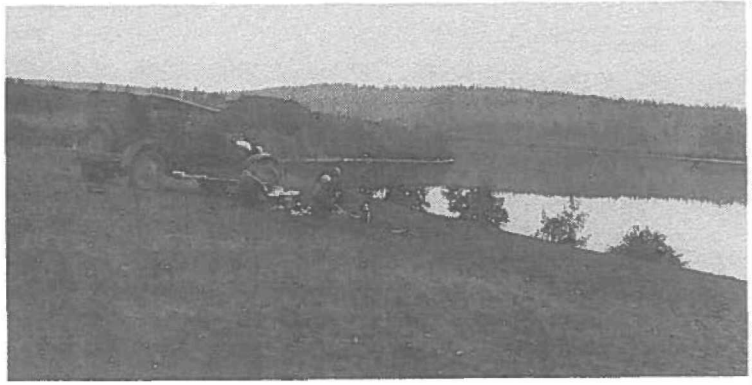
Mary Robertson, E.C. Wragge & Ursula Wragge at Vernon Golf Course.

The next day we drove to Kelowna, where the following morning we played golf at the very nice little course and then went on to Vernon. That day we tried the golf course there, but it was dry as a bone and full of sage brush, so we drove on to Ashcroft. The real Cariboo road started for us then, rough and very dusty but dry. After leaving Ashcroft we stopped to visit Mrs. Cornwall on the old time Cornwall ranch, a few miles east of Cache Creek, where we entered the Cariboo road and drove on to Clinton. We stayed at the old Clinton Hotel of the "Cariboo Rush" days, the oldest hotel in B.C., and went shopping for heavy long wool undies, gloves and such like, as it was quite chilly driving in the open car. I may say these items were very much appreciated in the days ahead. The toilet facilities and such like in the hotel were pretty crude and next morning when Ursula was wandering around looking for Mary, she heard her talking to someone and following the sound and on opening a door, she came on an old timer shaving at the basin and carrying on a conversation with Mary who was in a partly partitioned off corner of the same washroom - quite a sociable arrangement !!

Our next stop was at 150 Mile House and it looked like a storm of some sort was brewing, so I suggested to Hugh that it might be wise to drain the radiator but he thought nothing of it and nothing was done. 150-Mile House Hotel was unchanged from the stage coach days, but clean and with good meals. Our room had one small window, opening inwards with mosquito netting on

The Wragge - Robertson Motor Route in the fall of 1926.

it, and in the morning when we woke up it was pitch dark and when I got up I found the window full of snow which had banked up against the netting. When Hugh went to the car he found the radiator frozen and what more he could not tell, nor whether it had burst or not! However, after cranking for some time he got the engine to start and ran it for a minute or so before steam came from the radiator. Then by feeding snow to the radiator the engine began to run for longer and longer periods. It looked as if the radiator and engine were intact so we started off, running for a quarter of a mile and then feeding more snow, then half a mile for additional snow, and then everything was all well again. After that the radiator was drained at night. In those days there was no antifreeze and cars were not what they are today. There was not too much snow but we were now in the gumbo country and going down hill to Soda Creek where the very greasy road runs down the bank of the Fraser to a lower level, we took a very nasty skid and just avoided going over into the river. That night we stopped at Quesnel which we all found quite attractive.



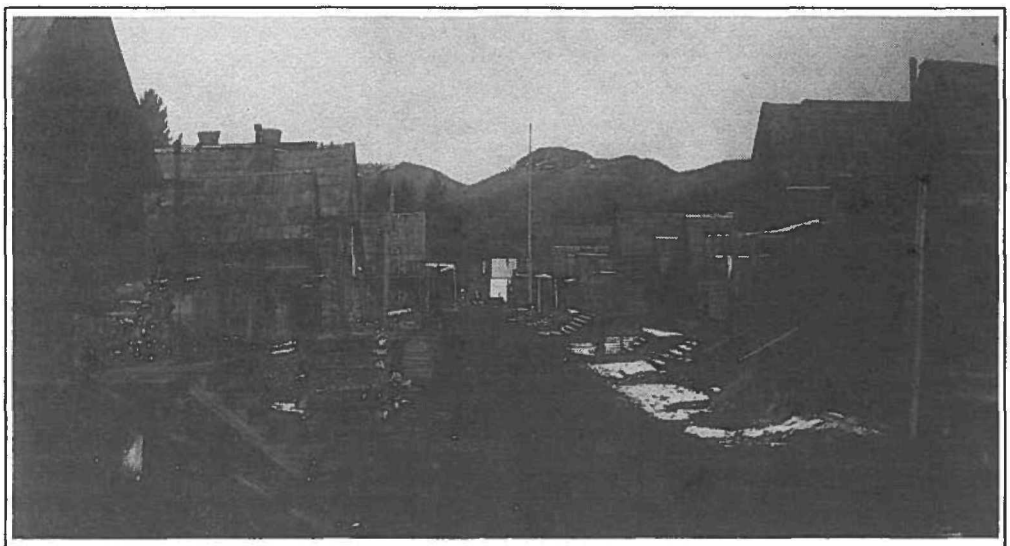
Picnic lunch at Lac La Hache, 1926.

From Ashcroft to Soda Creek we had been in pretty rolling cattle country and admired attractive Lac la Hache, and now were getting into a more timbered country, out of the gumbo and onto sandy gravel roads and we could speed up, though when Hugh did this on gravel Mary always sat down on the floor where she felt safer!

The following day we drove from Quesnel to Prince George which we did not think much of. Spent the night there, saw Pete Wilson, a former Nelson City Solicitor, and then back to Quesnel. On the way down we saw our first moose on the road. I got out and walked towards him to take a snap but when he began to wave his head around I took my picture and retreated to the car. The fall is the mating season when the bull moose is "Monarch of all he surveys" and brooks no trespassers!

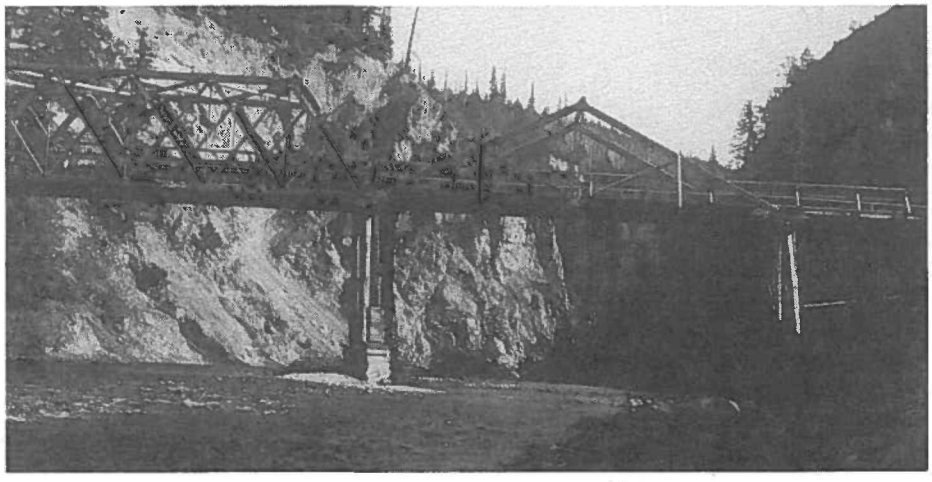
Knocking the icy mud off car on the Cariboo Road in September, 1926.

Our next day saw us on the Barkerville road, passing on the way a farm where two moose were feeding in a meadow with three or four horses. This was quite an interesting road as we passed a number of the old placer camps like Stanley, also places where some placers were still being worked in a small way. We arrived in Barkerville and went to the old original log hotel which we were told was unchanged from the sixties when it was built. Meals were served at a long table as they always had been , the piano, which had been packed in during the golden days, was still there, and some beautiful glass that no doubt had come around the Horn by sail, was still to be seen. The room we had was quite a good size. My bed was by an inside wall and Ursu's by the outside log wall. In the morning Ursu could hardly get up as she was very cold during



Barkerville, 1926

the night and now had a bad attack of lumbago. There was snow at Barkerville when we arrived and it was quite cold and when Ursu was out of bed you could see out onto the snowy street where the chinking had come out from between the logs!! The next day we called on a brother of Al Tregillus of Nelson and were received with open arms. He invited us to his home that evening to meet some of the few old time residents still there. This was some years before reef gold mining was started in the camp and the only real placer mining being carried on was by Placer Industries dredge on Antler Creek and some small workings here and there. Tregillus arranged with a real old timer named Joel Stevens, to take us up Williams Creek, passing a number of the old workings, to show us the first cabin built on the creek and to the old Court House where there were still old printed forms of one sort or another scattered around. The building was not in bad shape though it had not been used for a good many years. The valley of Williams Creek is now a conglomeration of boulders, largely brought up by the old miners when sinking shafts and tunnelling along bed rock, where the placer gold, owing to its greater weight, had been concentrated. We also drove down to see the old cemetery, which was very interesting as most of the names on the memorials could still be made out, one described as "Overlander from the East", having been one of those who came by way of Edmonton, the Yellowhead Pass and the Fraser River. We had a very interesting evening with Mr. and Mrs. Tregillus and their friends, all of whom had been in Barkerville for quite a long time but none going back to the boom days. The next day we drove up Antler Creek and were shown over the Placer Development Company dredge, quite interesting but they were not doing as well as they hoped as when they got down to bed rock they found where the old timers had tunnelled and taken the cream off about sixty years ago. A nice drive back to Quesnel, pretty country by Devils Lake and Jack of Clubs Lake and nice weather.



Cottonwood River Bridge, 1926.

The next day was a long one back to Clinton as the road was in terrible shape, the car sinking to the hubs in gumbo for miles on end and arriving well after dark and glad to be there!

The following day, instead of going south the way we had come, we headed south west over Pavilion Mountain to the Fraser River Valley and Lillooet and Lytton. The road, if it could be called one, was a one-way track, very twisty and near the edge of the cliff or river bank, where Mary Robertson sat on the floor of the car, not because of the gravel surface, but so as not to see the sort of tight rope road we were driving on.

From Lytton we drove down the Fraser Canyon, a poor road but beautiful drive, before all the timber had been logged and the modern highway had scarred the hillsides.

After a night at Chilliwack and a day in Vancouver we headed south for Seattle but stopped for the night at Bellingham as there was quite a lot of traffic and car lights in those days could not be dimmed, and driving into a glaring string of lights was far from pleasant. After a short stop in Seattle we drove over the Snoqualmie and Blewett Passes, through very pretty Cashmere Valley to Wenatchee and then on to Spokane where we stayed over night at Davenport and had a very nice, if expensive, double suite, and home the next day.

We had a most interesting trip and, with the exception of the snow storm in the Cariboo, had wonderful weather all the time and of course got lots of pictures along the way.

Hugh & Mary Robertson with E.C. Wragge, at Cottonwood River, 1926.

Edmund Wragge was a lawyer in Nelson from 1899 - till the late 1960's. He was assisted in writing his memoirs at age 93. He died in 1972 at age 99. We have been granted permission to print this excerpt from his memoirs by his daughters, Mrs. J. Cannon of West Vancouver and Mrs. Aloise Cameron of Ottawa.

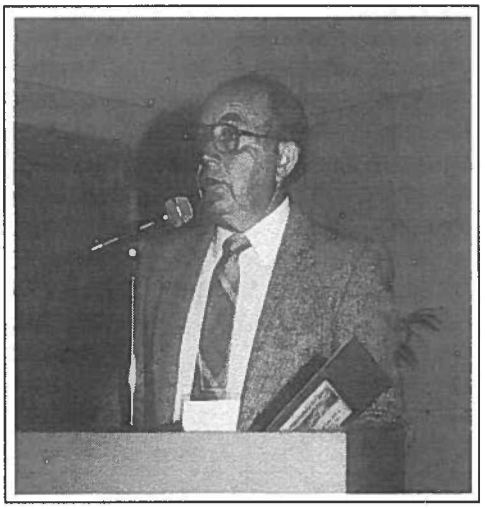
B.C.H.F. Conference 1995

The Chilliwack Museum and Historical Society hosted delegates from twenty organizations across the province for an enjoyable May weekend. Visitors were welcomed by Major John Les, Society President Fred Friesen and Museum Director Ron Denman. A crisp and cheerful commentary with a slide show gave listeners "A Brief History of Chilliwack." Attendees then selected three of six presentations by district heritage specialists. The topics offered were "The Euro-American in Sto:lo History" by Keith Carlson; "Land Beneath the Lake: The Sumas Lake Story" by Lynn Wright; "The Mountain Project" by Neil Granger; "Clayburn Village: Preserving a Company Town" by Lynn Wright; "Forest, Farms and Floods: The Changing Life of Harrison Mills" by Bob Parliament (Curator of Kilby Store & Farm); and "The Restoration of Fort Langley Historic Kitchen Garden" by Wendy Johannes. The afternoon concluded with displays by Sto:lo artisans. For 10 minute intervals visitors learned about beadworking, bannock making, raffia basketry, weaving, cedar root baskets, drum making, playing a traditional game and mask carving. Modern carvers must start by making their own set of carving tools while the resulting masks can be used to illustrate a parable or legend.

The Heritage Singers, under the leadership of Jean Scott (winner of the Govern-General's Person Award in 1990) entertained at the Friday luncheon while the Chilliwack Community Band played during the prelude to the Saturday Banquet. Two busloads of sightseers were conducted through Chilliwack and Rosedale to the lovely Minter Gardens. Saturday afternoon was devoted to business at the Annual General Meeting. All officers remain the same.

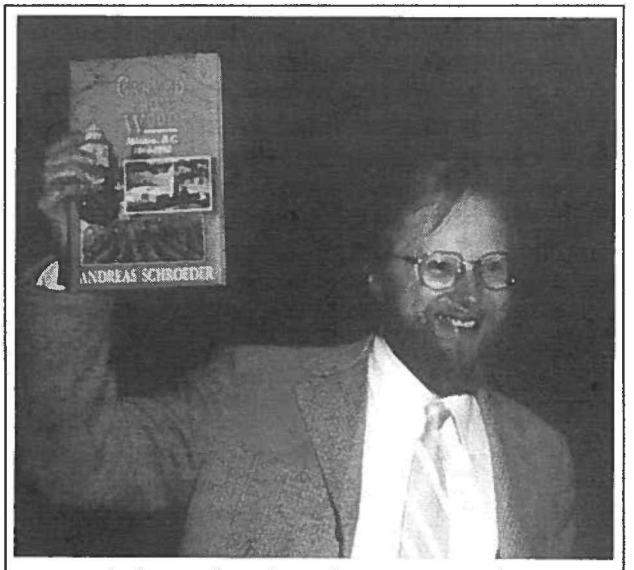
The Awards Banquet was attended by the winners of the 1994 Writing Competition. Chair Pamela Mar asked President Alice Glanville to present the Lieutenant-Governor's Medal to Tom Henry for **The Good Company; An Affectionate History of the Union Steamships**. Henry acknowledged Art Twigg as the collector of the material and thanked many others for supporting his preparation of this book. R.G. "Bob" Harvey was honored for his **Coast Connections** and Alf Bayne for **A Candle on the Coast**. Best Article Winner, Lesley Cooper of Victoria, received recognition in absentia because she was busy at a Cub Camp. Gordon Mitchell earned many a chuckle during his introductions as M.C. Then the after dinner speaker Andreas Schroeder invoked smiles, giggles and side-splitting roars of laughter as he described the real estate deals, 6 mile railway, and smallpox quarantine in his "Outrageous Stories from the History of Mission."

Thanks to the organizers. They deserve a medal for the well balanced program with a very happy conclusion.



Neil Granger - who visited local mountains named for servicemen lost in WWII.

An attentive audience - including Tony & Mrs. Farr, Mary Rawson, Barry Cotton & Wayne Desrochers.



Andreas Schroeder - After Dinner Speaker May 6, 1995

1995 Annual General Meeting of the B.C. Historical Federation

President Alice Glanville ran a most efficient meeting in the Fraser Room of the Rainbow Inn in Chilliwack. Treasurer Doris May reported a slight decrease in membership as one society failed to renew. Ron Welwood presented a planned and BALANCED budget for the coming year. Workshops funded by the new Canada's National History Society will add an extra day to the 1996 Conference.

Pamela Mar reported on the 1994 Writing Competition and advised us that Pixie McGeachie will chair the committee in future. Anne Yandle stated that seven applications for the scholarship have been received and await adjudication. Tony Farr reminded all Federation societies that their member subscriptions will increase to (still a bargain price) $10 per year commencing January 1,1996.

John Spittle gave us a satisfying message that the Church of St. Andrew the Great in Cambridge, England has been saved from destruction or possible commercial use; the Round Church raised £2,000,000 for remodelling and restoration to make it their place of worship. St. Andrews holds a memorial to Captain James Cook, 1728-1779, the earliest recorded white visitor to Vancouver Island, and the grave of Mrs. Cook and two of their children.

Some very interesting reports from branches were presented:

Boundary Historical will hold its summer picnic at Carmi on June 18. Cowichan Historical reports that 8700 came to the museum in Duncan, mainly during the summer of 1994. This Society is now in the Dogwood/CHIN Index. Arrow Lakes Historical reports progress on Volume 3 of their history; it will feature Arrowhead, Galena Bay, Comaplix and Beaton. New volunteer staff has assumed duties at the Nakusp Museum.

Kootenay Museum Society reported that Volume 1 of the History of Nelson is being produced by Oolichan Press; the Forestry Launch **Amabelis** is being restored and a special exhibit on West Kootenay Loggers and Small Sawmills is now available for display in other museums.

District 69 have acquired more Craig family artifacts to add to their Museum complex at Craig Bay in Parksville.

Koksilah School Historical Society will hold a reunion for all former students on August 29th - the date for opening the displays in this renovated school.

Surrey Historical Society has interested high school students in volunteering to interview pioneers for an oral history project.

Victoria Historical has created a new $500 scholarship for a student at the University of Victoria. Recent guest speakers included Peter Baskerville on "The Women of Victoria 1860-1916." and Robert Turner on the **S.S. Moyie**.

Alberni Historical Society members work regularly in the Archives. They have been consulted by city council to suggest names of new streets in the expanding community.

Princeton hosted a group of 26 members of the Vancouver Paleontological Club and are active in the research promoting Rails to Trails in B.C..

Chemainus Historical Society has custody of the Kuper Island cemetery. This cemetery has a central mound which marks the mass gravesite of Kuper Island native peoples massacred by raiding Haidas in the 1880's; there are also graves of 22 white settlers buried in later years.

Aldergrove Heritage Society has a few copies left of its 600 page history book, selling at $55.

Nanaimo registers 84 members currently and Vancouver 185.

Two major resolutions were passed. Daphne Paterson urged all present to become "Advocates for Archives." Archives are used increasingly by real estate agents and general public. More than genealogists and researchers of history need accessible archives. The Provincial Government has been lobbied to pass Archival Legislation (B.C. is the only province in Canada without these guidelines.)

Leonard McCann won a sympathetic ear when he reported that Canadian Forces Base, Chilliwack was soon to close. The Military Museum at this base has been built for a B.C. audience. We must lobby each M.P. and the Minister of Defence to request that all exhibits remain in British Columbia . . . preferably in its present building but if this is not possible, transfer contents to some other exhibition area.

Williams Lake is to host the 1996 Conference April 26-28. Nelson will host the 1997 Conference May 29 - June 1st.

Mr. & Mrs. Fougberg of Bowen Island with Helen Akrigg of Vancouver & Celesta.

Wendy Johannes in period costume, talks of her students and the restoration of the Historic Kitchen Gardens at Fort Langley.

Burnaby delegate Jack Roff and Margaret Matovich.

Photos by John Spittle

NEWS & NOTES

Nanaimo's Adam Grant Horne

Adam Grant Horne became storekeeper for the Hudson's Bay Company in 1852 in Nanaimo. He was one of those welcoming the new arrivals on the Princess Royal in 1854. He married 19 year old Elizabeth Bate, sister of the future mayor, Mark Bate, in February 1859. Captain Charles Edward Stuart, chief HBC Factor in Nanaimo gave as a gift the family Bible which is still extant. When the HBC left Nanaimo, Horne built a store on the waterfront opposite today's Dorchester Hotel. In 1865 he rejoined the HBC and served at the posts at Port Simpson and then Comox. He returned to Nanaimo when the Comox post closed and again opened a store; this time on Victoria Crescent. He became an Alderman in 1886 and was active in other aspects of community life. He died in 1901 and his wife passed away in 1905. Adam and his wife had a large family. In 1994 the Nanaimo Historical Society requested that the lane between Bastion Street and Wharf Street be named Adam Grant Horne Lane. On March 24, 1995 this became official. Almost 40 relatives of Adam Horne attended the ribbon cutting. This was followed by a party in the Museum at which the present manager of the Hudson's Bay Company cut the cake and publicized the HBC's 325th birthday. (The HBC came into being in May 1670). The party was attended by the Mayor, a few out of town guests, and about 70 citizens.

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1997 Conference in Nelson, B.C. May 29th - June 1st.

This event will be a joint meeting with the Heritage Society of B.C.

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Victoria Archaeology Post Contact Era

Recently it was decided to examine a midden created in 1891 close to the nursing wards and kitchen of the earliest phase of the Royal Jubilee Hospital. Most numerous items were fragments of plain white dishes, cups and saucers but there were also fragments of patterned dishes. Most of these fit the 1891 date of British manufactured ware. There were also Lea & Perrins Worcester sauce bottles, a marmalade jar, wine bottles, a dinner fork and a carving knife, plus a large Holland gin bottle. Medical items included several thermometers, medicine glasses, an inhaler and a great many safety pins. Medicine bottles included patent medicines such as **"Maltine - a beef, iron and wine restorative."** Personal items included an ebony comb, brooch, brass thimble and parts of clay pipes. These collected items unearthed by the Victoria Archaeologists were shown to members of the Victoria Historical Society at a meeting.

by Shirley Cuthbertson

Columbia River History II

History buffs with particular interest in the Columbia Department of Hudson's Bay Company operations take note. There is to be symposium held at Fort Vancouver National Historic Site on September 29-30 & October 1, 1995. Actually the conference will be held in the Red Lion Inn at the Quay in Vancouver, Washington. Those wishing more information or registration forms should contact:

Fur Trade Conference, Centre for Columbia River History, 802 C Officers Row, Vancouver, WA 98661. Telephone enquiries to: (360) 737-2044.

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Haig Brown House

For those of you travelling on Vancouver Island a treat awaits at the Roderick Haig-Brown property, now under the Heritage Properties Branch with Curator Jennifer Iredale supervising all activities. There is now a resident manager in the person of Kevin Brown who has long been interested in educational programs in heritage sites. There is a B&B (bed & breakfast) for devotees of this literary legend. The head gardener stayed on after Anne Haig-Brown relinquished the property. The Campbell River Museum is working very closely with the documentation of books and artifacts held in the house. The fishing tackle collection is supervised by Ban Egan of the Kingfisher Creek Society.

For information or reservations call (604) 286-6646 or write to: The Haig-Brown House Education Centre, 2250 Campbell River Road, Campbell River, B.C. V9W 4N7.

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Costumes at Craigflower

The Canadiana Costume Museum & Archives presents interpretation and displays of period clothing at historic venues in Victoria. They served in Helmcken House in the early part of this year. They have traditionally been at Craigflower Farm House during the Christmas season and summer holidays. Starting with weekends in May they will be representing the residents of the farmhouse then in the summer season they will also open Craigflower Schoolhouse.

The Canadiana Costume Museum is a carefully supervised collector of clothing artifacts. Anyone wishing to make a donation of historic garments should contact Mrs. Iris Emerson, 1195 Portage Road, Victoria, B.C. V8Z 1L3. Phone: (604) 479-5202 or Gwen Spearman at (604) 642-6953.

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North Shore Field Artillery

President Roy Pallant of the North Shore Historical Society and his wife visited Britain last fall. They made a point of contacting families of former residents of North Vancouver. From the Cosgrove estate they were given a trunk containing WWI memorabila, 107 lbs. of artifacts from the 6th Field Artillery Regiment which was commanded by Captain Cosgrove.

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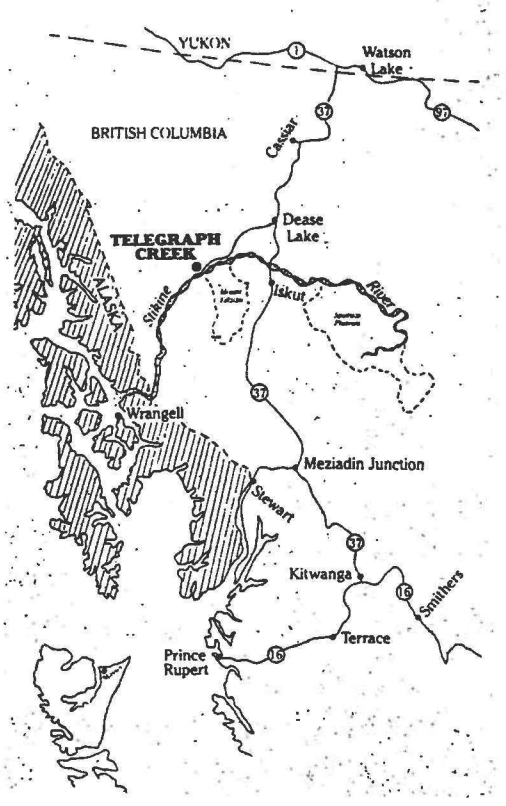
Stikine RiverSong

Dan Pakula of Telegraph Creek happened to start his subscription to **The B.C. Historical News** with the Winter 1994-95 edition. He read "Navigation on the Stikine River 1862-1969" with great concentration. He wrote to inform us that there are still boats navigating the River from Telegraph Creek to Wrangell. There are two charter companies, Trina Anne Boat Charters and on the bank of the Stikine River his own RiverSong Boat Charters, plus local and nonresident river users. The Stikine RiverSong Cafe, Lodge and General Store operate out of a historic building, the renovated Hudson Bay Post, built originally at Glenora a few miles down river. This was moved in 1903 to its present location. Pakula has lived in Telegraph Creek since 1975 and with his partner David Fisher offers wilderness exploration experiences from that base.

Telegraph Creek used to be as remote and inaccessible as Timbuktu but now it is possible to drive into this community by a gravel road off Highway 37 which goes through the top of Mount Edziza Park. Anyone who would like to make reservations with RiverSong should phone (604) 235-3196 or Fax (604) 235-3194.



BOOKSHELF

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

First in the Field; the pioneer years of Garden, Hermon, Burwell, Civil Engineers and Land Surveyors in the Province of British Columbia 1890-1920.

By H. Barry Cotton, BCLS (ret'd) 180 p., illus., index, paper cover. Salt Spring Island, Cranberry Eclectics. (1994) $20.00 plus $3 postage.

There are remarkably few books on the history of civil engineering in British Columbia. Fortunately, we now have Barry Cotton's publication, which chronicles British Columbia's first big industrial expansion, and the start of large scale natural resource extraction. This surge began with the arrival of the Canadian Pacific Railway, 1887, and continued until the end of the First World War. These three decades were the Garden, Hermon and Burwell years, when much of the early infrastructure of British Columbia - particularly Greater Vancouver, was put in place.

Their names appear as civil or consulting engineers and surveyors for such well known local agencies as the British Columbia Electric Railway and the Greater Vancouver Water District. All three men had graduated as civil engineers in Ontario; Hermon also as a mining engineer.

To British Columbia, they each brought commissions as Dominion Land Surveyors and Ontario Land Surveyors, which validated their work in B.C. until Provincial Land Surveyors were authorized in 1891. Garden, Hermon and Burwell was the only firm to be authorized as Provincial Land Surveyor. All other entries were as individuals.

Civil and other professional engineers formed a self-governing association in 1920. H.M. Burwell was a founding member, registration No. 10. Barry Cotton, BCLS, as one of the partnership that inherited Garden, Hermon and Burwell's records, is uniquely positioned to describe their activities.

For the B.C. Electric Railway, Buntzen (Trout) Lake was harnessed for hydroelectric power in 1903, then in 1905 water from Coquitlam Lake augmented Buntzen Lake via a 2-mile tunnel. These projects required topographic mapping and surveying, feasibility studies, contract documents and site supervision, and, as ever, good provincial and federal political connections.

Burwell in particular was closely connected with what became the Greater Vancouver Water District, designing the systems for the Seymour and Capilano Watersheds, the pipe crossings across the beds of the First and Second Narrows, and the balancing reservoirs at Stanley Park, Little Mountain, Vancouver Heights and Point Grey. Any movement of water interested the partners, whether sewers, dykes, ditches, flumes, pulp mills, placer mining or power development.

On the land surveying side of their business, apart from routine lot surveys and subdivision, the partners recorded the "as-constructed" location of the Canadian Pacific Railway across B.C., and numerous mineral claims and timber berths.

Barry Cotton's book gives us 27 photos of personalities and projects of those days, and extracts of 14 plans and maps made by the partnership. His book is recommended to all those who would know more of the early days of civil engineering and land surveying in British Columbia.

R.C. Harris, PEng.
No. 2202

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A Dedicated Team: Klohn Leonoff Consulting Engineers 1951-1991.

Cyril Leonoff. Vancouver, B.C., Klohn Leonoff, 252 p., illus. $49.95 (available from BiTech Publishers, 11860 Hammersmith Way, Richmond, B.C. V7A 5G1 (277-4250) $50.

Would you think a book about the history of a local consulting engineering firm written by an engineer could possibly be a good read? I didn't. Which goes to show you how wrong we can be!

Cyril Leonoff's secret is the use of his candor and intelligence to broaden the telling of a corporate history to encompass the more intriguing human aspects of the story.

Reading this book evokes an image of sitting in front of an after dinner fire and listening to a revered grandparent explaining the most interesting parts of an interesting life, thoughtfully peppered with insights gained along the way.

While B.C. had a tremendous growth spurt after the turn of the last century, construction never really speeded up again until the 1950's when this book begins. Charles Ripley, recently graduated from the first soil mechanics school in Canada, started his pioneering consulting business in Vancouver in 1951 when soil mechanics was essentially an unknown field, but nevertheless very relevant to the business of heavy construction. Thus the firm got work on many important construction projects, from the huge Aluminum Company smelter project at Kitimat, to many of the massive pulp mills, mines and dams that form the basis of B.C.'s industrial economy today.

It certainly is compulsory reading for any person associated with the business of civil engineering and any student considering entering the field. You can't get information like this anywhere else.

Despite the occasional technical content of the book, the scope of the book is such that it will appeal to readers interested in the post-war history of western Canada and in the realities of work life in a growing B.C. company.

Leonoff skillfully touches on many intimate details of corporate life a lesser writer would not have dared to explore. For example, he carefully explains how Ripley, Klohn, Leonoff, founded by Ripley, prematurely became Klohn Leonoff. In explaining Ripley's early departure, he quotes Ripley's three reasons, goes on to offer three of his own and concludes "As it is with most people, [Ripley's] greatest asset sometimes led to his greatest liability. His profound interest in integrity and quality contributed to what some employees believe was a certain lack of business acumen."

For long-term B.C. residents the story telling will doubtless range over some memorable moments of their own personal histories. Describing field work in the 1950's, Leonoff quotes an employee: "when you got up the Fraser Canyon there was actually one stretch around a

vertical cliff where you went out on a wooden boardwalk that had been built hanging out over the edge of the cliff." Similarly a ferry from Nanaimo to Horseshoe Bay in a winter storm is forced back to Nanaimo after eight hours of rolling seas and sliding furniture.

A Dedicated Team contains a wealth of career and business anecdotes. The writer makes a point of describing as much as he can about the family history and background of each of the main players, their strengths and weaknesses, and their context in the scheme of things. We observe the career developments of a fascinating variety of individuals, including secretaries and draftsmen. We see the importance of this firm's close association with Karl Terzaghi "the father of soil mechanics, the unchallenged leader in the world." We follow the company through growing pains, through years of losing money, through economic slumps and changing circumstances to the present Klohn-Crippen, a successful firm of 350 employees in five Canadian cities doing work around the world.

This book is a unique, quality product. It contains many photographs, many footnotes, a glossary of technical terms and series of organizational charts (but for some reason, no index). It is a rare sharing of a life spent in a major sector of the B.C. economy about which there are few books of any kind. It is a good read.

Bruce Macdonald

Bruce Macdonald is a Vancouver researcher and writer.

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Riding the Skyline,

M.Allerdale Grainger. Edited by Peter Murray. Victoria, B.C., Horsdal and Schubart, 1994. 118 p., illus. $22.95

No true British Columbian is ever entirely an urbanite. Our mountains are always within reach and our forests not far away. In 1928 Martin Grainger took time from his business hustle to write to the Province and his fellow Vancouverites:

> You can take the train out of town any Friday evening, have two great days east of the mountains on trails, sleeping in camp, shack, ranch or hotel (whichever you prefer), and be back Sunday night. Bright sunlight and fine dry air up there are the right holiday change for anyone living on the Coast. You can ride horseback, drive around in cars, fish, picnic and wear old clothes, all in completely different surroundings. With three days for your weekend trip instead of two, you can reach the great open region above 6,000 feet, with scenery equal to the world's best – real unspoiled old-time West. Take two or three days more (as in a summer vacation) and you can travel the alpine meadows at 7,000 to 8,000 feet.

We can still enjoy that high "great open region" and "scenery equal to the world's best" – thanks to Martin Grainger. Historians Jean Barman and George Woodcock mention him as a handlogger whose novel *Woodsmen of the West* (1908) yields invaluable source material. But he was also one of the drafters of British Columbia's first comprehensive forestry legislation (1910), Chief Forester of British Columbia (1916-1920), a manager of the Alberni-Pacific mill, and a lumber tycoon with an office in Vancouver. Most important, at least for the purposes of this book, he was a major lobbyist for the preservation of the Hope-Princeton mountain country, later named Manning Park after another Chief Forester, and for its access by highway.

On weekends he travelled by the Kettle Valley Line from Vancouver to where his horses waited to take him over the old Skyline Trail. On the way home, he wrote the letters and essays which Peter Murray has collected into an attractive volume exactly the right size for a backpack (or the arm of a garden chair). If he were a poet, Grainger said, he would write of:

> the ascetic urge, the ceaseless effort to reduce food and covering to their bare essentials (so as to travel light), the perception of elegant simplicities, as in going to bed on hard ground underneath a tree by the mere act of taking off one's boots.

More of a poet than he gave himself credit for, he caught not only the ascetic urge, but the human element: "characters" with names like Podunk, Buck, and Brass Jaw; the Depression as seen from Princeton and the rails; friends in the Chilcotin; and the spirit of our West contrasted with the spirit of the Western States.

This is a timely little book. It's about our past, and the past of our land. It's also about our future, and the human reasons for looking after our land:

> I lit a small fire and toasted the wholewheat bread that, with warm water, made my supper. The stars came out bigger and more brilliant than when seen from lower country. I sat in my shirtsleeves brooding over space and stars and dark looming stupendous mountains, with a lump in my throat at the magnificence of it all. All I remembered of the agitated city life 100 miles away and far below shrivelled to pinpoint size. That is one reason why I make these mountain trips, it cools one's mind.

Phyllis Reeve

Phyllis Reeve is a co-editor of *Witness to Wilderness: the Clayoquot Sound Anthology* (Arsenal Pulp Press, 1994).

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Reflections: Thompson Valley Histories.

Wayne Norton and Wilf Schmidt, eds. Kamloops, Plateau Press, 1994. 198 p., illus. $16.95 (P.O. Box 283, Kamloops, B.C. V2C 5K6)

The collection of essays, *Reflections: Thompson Valley Histories* accomplishes what the editors set out to do, namely, to draw attention to an era of British Columbia where the writing of history has been largely neglected up to now. Kamloops has always been the centre of research, while the smaller surrounding communities such as Savona, Barriere and Chase have rarely been mentioned.

The twenty-seven articles included in this volume have historical information about fifteen locations from Lytton to Chase and Kamloops to Blue River, in

other words, the North and South Thompson Valleys. Here again Kamloops has the largest number of articles.

The authors of the articles are often individuals who have moved into the area since World War II when the population of the region began to increase rapidly. They have realized the importance of researching the history of this interesting part of the province. Short biographies about the authors which follow the articles substantiate this.

In the section on sources and acknowledgements which appears after the articles and includes the footnotes, references are frequently made to people who have lived their lives in the region. They have assisted the authors in their research by giving local information unobtainable elsewhere.

A selection of well-chosen photographs accompanies each article which adds considerably to the text. The identification of the photographs could be a little more complete, since only the location or name of the collection is given. Individual accession numbers, if available, are not included. The use of gloss paper produces a work of high quality both for text and photo reproduction.

This collection will be welcome to all who are interested in British Columbia's local history and the Thompson Valley region in particular.

Melva Dwyer,
Librarian Emerita, Fine Arts library,
University of B.C.

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The Eternal Forest,
by George Stanley Godwin. Edited by Robert S. Thomson. Vancouver, Godwin Books, 1994. 320 p. (available from Godwin Books, P.O. Box 4781, Vancouver, B.C. V6B 4A4) $29.95 cloth - $19.95 paper.

The Englishman George Godwin set his novel *The Eternal Forest* in the Lower Fraser Valley between 1912 and 1916 and first published it in 1929 through Appleton's of New York City; his grandnephew, Robert S. Thomson of Vancouver, edited and republished the novel through his own local company, Godwin Books, in 1994. Dr. Thomson has included a table of contents, an introduction by George Woodcock, a short biography of Godwin himself (1889-1974), a map of the north side of the Fraser River from Ruskin to Port Hammond and Vancouver, including Sapperton, footnotes, extracts from Godwin's journal, and many photographs, old and new, for a total of 320 pages. Finely crafted as it may be, this novel is not a great one, but is nevertheless one that every person interested in the social history of the area should read because, reminiscent of Susanna Moodie's *Roughing it in the Bush* with her picture of life in a rural Ontario enclave ink the 1840's, it gives a picture of life in the Valley early in this century.

Godwin carefully introduces the story lines of the murder, of the young couple who separate but eventually find each other, the parson who comes to his senses when meeting a whore with a heart of gold in a brothel in Vancouver. Unfortunately Godwin often takes so much time to tell these fairly standard western stories that he makes moving from season to season and year to year difficult to follow. A modern reader also has difficulty with those florid passages at the beginnings of so many chapters, and with those many wildly romantic 19th-century descriptions of landscapes or the arrival of spring, or the sound of rain, and of the sinful city which destroys the true nobility of the well-adjusted country man, illiterate, brutal, crude though he may be.

The real strength of this novel is in its depicting of the frontier. Like most such communities, this one in the Lower Fraser Valley is also made up of adventurous, restless, often troublesome people who have left someplace in search of something they had not had and feeling that they had not had it because they had been hemmed in and restricted by an indefinable something in the homeland, in Sweden or Norway or Italy, in England's London or Manchester, in various parts of the United States, in eastern Canada. Once here they are happy and successful only if they adapt to reality; the ones who fail to adapt pine for a lost homeland, romanticise a past that they had never really had, dream of going "home", forgetting why they had left home and creating in their minds a "home" they had never known.

In one sense all frontier communities are made up of misfits, of people unable to cut it in civilisation and who have moved away to escape their own inability to adjust. They also often fail to adjust to their new environment. Those who failed in the city now mistrust the city and think that city people did them in. The major character here, Godwin himself perhaps, had changed jobs and positions, had ignored opportunities offered at home, and had failed to adjust in the bush beside the river. At the end of this novel, going to Vancouver to sell his property, he presents the 19th century Romantic anti-city view that the eternal forest would eventually triumph over the decadent but wealthy upstart metropolis, would be "rooted fast in the shattered money of a forgotten city."

The central characters, an unnamed couple, "The Newcomers", arrive at Ferguson's Landing (Port Haney) in search of land and there meet the community one by one in natural order as they stepped from the train, first Tom Preedy, the station agent homesick for London, then Bob England, the always-late real-estate salesman, and Blanchard who runs the small general store and the post office. Like the Newcomers, readers meet the people one at a time, and at each later meeting learn a bit more about them, about their natures and their aspirations, and about the frontier on which they live.

Godwin knows that the work ethic - Protestant or not - is all important on the frontier. He knows that respect on the frontier goes to the man of action, to the efficient logger, to men like the Olson brothers who know exactly how to cast their nets into the Fraser and when to haul them in full of salmon. When feeling hemmed in, when feeling anxious or restless, Kurt Olsen temporarily takes off to another frontier but returns because he does not necessarily succeed elsewhere. Johansson, a jack of all trades, a realist who knows enough to buy a cow, survives because he could also skilfully "turn his hand to any of the crafts that a good peasant is master of". And stubborn Old

Anderson knows how and where to build a solid house and why to build it exactly where he does build it. Such work-conscious people, both men and women, succeed in the world in which they live; Heggerty and others who do nothing, and can do nothing, fail, are losers.

On the other hand the work-conscious frontier is certainly not Puritanical in its attitude toward any intellectual life. Books are the first objects taken by people moving from civilization to where civilization is not, and on arrival, within one generation, self-sufficient settlers who can do everything themselves except read begin to look suspiciously and jealously upon a reader because they must always rely to some extent upon those who can read. Old Man Dunn, educated, and worse, self-educated, passes on his book-learned knowledge to the others but because he does not work his land effectively they hold him in contempt, call him The Sage, not respectfully but sarcastically. The Newcomer himself reads Shelley while sitting on a log in the bush, but what else could you expect from a man who, with his wife, dressed each night for a candle-lit dinner! Until he needed his dress-suit pants to go out to work.

Godwin paints his characters with a bold brush. Blanchard is a crafty fellow, an unpleasant man who knows and uses the backgrounds of all the others. The Newcomers, the Cheechako, also sizes up the others and cleverly informs us about them. Godwin does not state flatly, but only hints that the stipend from home allows one deadloss-but-arrogant remittance man to have no need to be "punctual, uncharitable, thorough, or in a hurry." He does not denounce Agnes, the unhappy wife of the Anglican preacher in this godforsaken bush, but realistically shows her living behind a facade of upper-class snobbery while trapped with a husband who is on the edge of disaster. In general, Godwin recognizes the terrible plight of women in this world of men hacking out a living by grubbing in the soil and felling the trees in order to support those women they are slowly undermining.

And throughout Godwin shows us that the frontier is more money-grubbing than idealistic: always optimistic, everything for sale, powered by every money-making idea that comes along - land speculation or the possibility of oil discoveries across the river or gold farther north, or money in shingles or strawberries. From his reading, Old Man Dunn knows that frontiersmen with such boom or bust mentalities eventually fail, and those who do succeed face the jealousies of those who do not. Even more galling than the success of others is the fact that after working endlessly to produce something to sell - shingles or fish or berries - fluctuating prices, seemingly controlled down-river or in the city, prevent the valley men from making any headway at all. They cannot even sell their apples in a market glutted by cheap American imports.

Godwin also modifies the myth of the frontier's being made up of a collection of egalitarian noble savages. He occasionally writes about how Christian white men have stolen the Indian's land, but he usually sees native Indians as worthless drunks who will steal you blind, and he gives the impression that he would like to see each and every one of them bite the dust. But his attitudes toward the Chinese, the Sikhs and the Japanese are just as extreme. The Chinese he somewhat accepts because they come as indentured labour, but the Japanese he detests because, presumably Japanese government sponsored, they are buying land and settling in as equals while raising better produce than anyone else. Heggerty faces social damnation because he was the first to sell to Japanese, a step our hero refuses to take. The editor admits to having toned down some of his great uncle's racist slurs, but to be true to the era he should really have left them intact.

All in all Godwin's book is a satisfying read. Its basic realism, while somewhat undermined by the romantic view, should force modern British Columbians to adjust their thinking about much of the past, about the attitudes toward money and work, about education, about periods of boom and periods of bust, about attitudes toward Orientals and Indians, both native and Asian, about snobbery and hypocrisy. It should force British Columbians to think about how much their society has changed over the past ninety years.

Gordon R. Elliott.
Gordon Elliott is a member of the Vancouver Historical Society.

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Vancouver Voters 1886; a biographical dictionary.
Ed. & Comp. by Peter S.N. Claydon and Valerie Melanson and members of the British Columbia Genealogical Society, Richmond, B.C. 1994. 892 p., illus., map. $65 (Available from the B.C. Genealogical Society, P.O. Box 88054, Lansdowne Mall, Richmond, B.C. V6X 3T6).

The B.C. Genealogical Society is to be commended for the monumental task they undertook to publish this book. I'll admit I have not read the book from cover to cover but have browsed through looking for names I recognize.

The information forthcoming from families and the lack of same from others is fascinating. Divorces, second marriages, adoptions, deaths, burials, etc., are included. Those who chose to talk about their families give a personal view to Vancouver's history lacking in many general histories.

The price is a bargain considering many coffee table picture books cost the same or more. For a researcher this book has many hidden gems of information.

The Society chose not to imitate Burke's Peerage, for which I'm grateful; in *Vancouver Voters 1886* the surname is always used for the family's descendents.

Vancouver has not had a general history since Alan Morley's *Vancouver* in 1961 and Eric Nicol's *Vancouver* in 1970, neither an in-depth overview of the city. With *Vancouver Voters 1886*, Chuck Davis' *1976 Vancouver Book* and the forthcoming revised edition, the Vancouver Historical Society's *Vancouver Centennial Bibliography*, and Bruce Macdonald's *Vancouver A Visual History*, the research tools are available for someone to start writing.

Peggy Imredy.
Peggy Imredy is a member of the Vancouver Historical Society.

Joseph Baker; Lieutenant on the Vancouver expedition, British naval officer for whom Mt. Baker was named.
Robert C. Wing, Lakebay, Wash. Gray Beard Publishing, Seattle.
120 p., illus. 1992 Cloth US $39.95

One of the most interesting additions to the historiography of the Northwest Pacific is to be found in Robert Wing's *Joseph Baker*, a companion work to his earlier book on the life of Peter Puget. The same high production standards have been applied to this latest work and make *Joseph Baker* a most worthwhile addition to any library in spite of its rather high price.

The author has recorded Baker's early sea experiences, beginning as a thirteen year old cabin boy with Capt. Vashon in the sloop, *Alert*, in December of 1781 and a year later as an Able-bodied Seaman at the Battle of the Saints, in a lively description of the action under Admirals Hood and Rodney. When Capt. Vashon transferred to the *Prince William* in 1782, Baker followed and was promoted to the rank of Midshipman to begin his career as an officer in His Majesty's Navy. In December, 1786, Baker joined the *Europa* and made the acquaintance of Peter Puget, a fellow Midshipman, and one of the ship's Lieutenants, George Vancouver. They would shortly be joined by Midshipman Zachary Mudge and become members of that band of brothers who in 1792 began the monumental task of charting the coasts of Washington, British Columbia and Alaska in His Majesty's Sloop, *Discovery* and the Armed Tender, *Chatham*.

Baker's service as one of the Discovery's Lieutenants is noted in a most concise recap of Vancouver's voyage and the text is augmented with a fine selection of charts, many prepared by Joseph Baker, with a natural emphasis on the Pacific Northwest coast. In addition, numerous illustrations and photographs, including excerpts from John Hamilton Moore's *The New Practical Navigator*, give the non-expert on surveying matters a better grasp of the procedures involved with this great enterprise. A series of maps showing the locations of the family homes and the naval actions that influenced Baker's career, together with illustrations of the *Discovery* and *Chatham* at places along the coast and during the course of the voyage, make the story come alive for the modern reader. When the voyage was completed in 1795, Vancouver turned the command of the *Discovery* over to Lieutenant Baker who brought the ship home from the Shannon to the Thames, his first command.

In the section of Joseph Baker's life that follows, the reader is introduced to the relationship between the families of the Bakers, Vashons, Rainiers and Pugets, names that are so familiar to those living on the coast. The second wife of Capt. (later Admiral) James Vashon, Baker's patron, was Sarah Rainier, sister of Capt. (later Admiral) Peter Rainier. Capt. Vashon also had a young niece, Elizabeth Weyerman, living in Ludlow, Wales and it was possible through that family connection that Joseph Baker made her acquaintance. Early in 1797 they were married and took up residence in Presteigne, Wales, a short distance from Ludlow. Robert Wing's careful research gives a most moving account of the life of Elizabeth and Joseph Baker and recalls the close association with Peter and Hannah Puget.

The Epilogue to *Joseph Baker* includes a most moving letter by Elizabeth Baker written in 1828 to her son William Erskine, then serving in India. It is a farewell letter in which she offers guidance and religious counsel for a life in a country in which Christianity was largely unknown and is a testimony to the strength of character that shaped the lives of her 10 children and the life that she shared with Joseph Baker until his death in 1817 at age 51.

Baker's active naval service ended with the unfortunate loss of the frigate, *Tartar* then under his command, which ran aground in 1811 off Dago Island on the Estonian coast in an action against Danish forces, in circumstances that matched the near loss of the *Discovery* in 1792 in Queen Charlotte Strait. An appendix includes a transcription of the court martial held into the *Tartar's* loss, in which Baker was completely exonerated of any blame. Included in the lengthy investigation are charges brought against Marine Private Thomas Browne, for behaving in a blasphemous and insolent manner to his Captain after receiving punishment of 36 lashes for insolence and disrespect to the Lieutenant of Marines. In an action that must astound those of faint heart who take exception to the punishments inflicted by ships's captains, Vancouver among them, the Court Martial found Private Browne guilty of the additional offence and sentenced him to be stripped of all pay and to receive 150 lashes!

Five generations of Baker offsprings are diagrammed on a family tree that includes Andrew Daniel Twiddy, M.A., a great-great-great-grandson of Joseph Baker, who has provided the Foreword to Robert Wing's work. At the time of publication, Mr. Twiddy was an instructor at Malaspina College in Nanaimo.

Robert Wing's research has uncovered much that is new and adds to the enjoyment of learning of the life and character of one of the more quiet men whose devotion to the sea gave so much to his country. There are but few typographical errors, one noting the builders of the *Discovery* as Ramdall and Brant (p. 25) which is a carry-over error from Peter Puget, which in turn had its origin in an illustration in the **Pacific Northwest Quarterly** Vol. 44, No. 3 of July 1953. The builder's Randall and Brent, are correctly shown on the painting of the ship (p. 28). However, the author and artist have improperly included the expression "H.M.S." with many of the ships' names which is a convention that did not appear until after the end of the century. It is a bit galling to see it on a painting of a brig, the *Chatham* (p. 31). These complaints barely make nit-picking and should not dissuade an interested reader from the chance to learn of the life and times of the man commemorated by Mount Baker, from the hand of one of the best writers of local history.

J.E. Roberts

Mr. Roberts is a Victoria resident and an enthusiastic student of British Columbia's early exploration.

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Other Publications

Rainstorm and Flood Damage in Northwest British Columbia 1891-1991

By Dirk Septer and J.W. Schwab 1995. 200 pages. This is available from the Production Resources Group, Research Branch, B.C. Ministry of Forests, 31 Bastion Square, Victoria, B.C., V8V 3E7.

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