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British Columbia Historical News

Journal of the B.C. Historical Federation

The Bayliff Story

Cemeteries of the Alberni Valley

Early Kootenay Travel

Peace River Jim

Convention '88 — Banff

MEMBER SOCIETIES

★★★★★★★★★★★★

Member Societies and their secretaries are responsible for seeing that the correct address for their society is up-to-date. Please send any change to both the Treasurer and the Editor at the addresses given at the bottom of this page. The Annual Return as at October 31st should include telephone numbers for contact.

Members' dues for the year 1986/87 were paid by the following Member Societies:

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BCHF — Victoria Section, c/o Charlene Rees, 2 - 224 Superior Street, Victoria, B.C.
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North Shore Historical Society, 623 East 10th Street, North Vancouver, B.C. V7L 2E9
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Nanaimo Centennial Museum Society, 100 Cameron Road, Nanaimo, B.C. V9R 2X1
Lasqueti Island Historical Society, Lasqueti Island, B.C. V0R 2J0

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The B.C. Historical News welcomes submissions of interesting and informative articles or photo essays on any subject relating to British Columbia history. Manuscripts should be typed (double-spaced) with footnotes and/or bibliography, if possible and pertinent. Length to 2500 words. Photos and illustrations appreciated and returned. Authors are asked to provide a very brief "bio" to run at the end of the article. Send to: The Editor, B.C. Historical News, P.O. Box 5626, Stn. B., Victoria, B.C., V8R 6S4.

Editorial

We are still looking for material for the Spring issue of the *News*. The focus of the next issue will be The History of the Chinese in British Columbia, but, as usual, articles on any topic dealing with the history of the province are welcome.

From the few bits of feedback that I have received, personal reminiscences are very popular with readers. You don't have to be an 'archive hound' to write this kind of material. Certainly a great many of our readers have had interesting experiences growing up in different parts of the province. We haven't heard from the North lately, or the East Kootenay, or the North Island. What about the Queen Charlotte Islands and the Gulf Islands? I know I'd be interested to know what it was like in the Gulf Islands during Prohibition when the rumrunners were active. Or what effect the war had on coastal communities. And I'd like to read a first-person account of early farming in the Peace River area or mining in the interior. Let's hear from some of you?

I do ask that your manuscripts be typed as I just do not have the time to do it. If you can't do it prevail upon a friend to come to your aid. The editorial advice that they will undoubtedly provide will almost always be of benefit!

Remember the *B.C. Historical News* is committed to serving the members of the Federation, but can only survive so long as there are enough members willing to share their research and memories.

Bob Tyrrell

Letters to the editor

To the editor:

Re: 1988 Bicentenary of Chinese Settlers at Nootka

Nanaimo Historical Society is grateful for the Federation's support to name a mountain to commemorate this historic milestone. The event will likely take place in mid-May on Vancouver Island. Final details will be announced in the next issue of the Historial News.

Efforts to persuade Canada Post to issue commemorative stamps have not yet been as successful.

John Meares' post at Nootka was of threefold import. Apart from building the first ship on this coast by craftsmen brought from China, it was the first British foothold in the Pacific Northwest. To avenge its seizure, Britain mobilised her navy, and with her Dutch and Prussian allies prepared to engage Spain in the greatest naval encounter since the defeat of the Spanish Armada. All Europe was agog over the Nootka Controversy at the time.

This indeed was the birthplace of Canada from the West. An historical event of such major importance to Western Canada should not go unnoticed in the rest of Canada. There is still time to persuade Canada Post. Members and Member Societies please write to: Mr. Sylvain Cloutier, Chairman of the Stamp Advisory Committee, Canada Post Corporation, Ottawa, Canada. K1A 0B1 — in support.

Yours truly,
Jacque Mar
Chairman, Bicentenary Project
Nanaimo Historical Society
P.O. Box 933, Nanaimo, B.C.
V9R 5N2

Editor

I am a historian of education trying to find out as much as possible about teachers in nineteenth-century British Columbia, that is, before 1901, when the province opened its first teachers' training college.

While I have been able to put together a list of teachers' names, it is extremely difficult to determine who teachers actually were — what were their responsibilities within local communities.

I would be very grateful to receive any information. Letter, diaries, written recollections or other descriptions of local schools and teachers will all help to fill in the puzzle of nineteenth-century teachers' lives. I would particularly like to hear from individuals who remember hearing about a family member — a great aunt perhaps — who once worked as a teacher.

All assistance will be acknowledged in any publications that result and I will reimburse cost for photocopying relevant materials. My address is: Dr. Jean Barman, Dept. of Social and Educational Studies, University of British Columbia, Vancouver, B.C. V6T 1Z5. Thank you in advance for any help you can give me.

Yours sincerely,

Dr. Jean Barman
U.B.C.

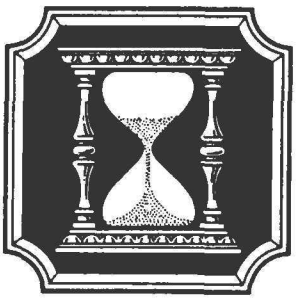
Treasurer's Report

Rhys Richardson on September 16th handed over to me the financial books and records of the Federation and I have accepted responsibility for the Federation's bookkeeping from that date. As those of you who have come to know Rhys over his long term as treasurer would expect, he has been most generous with assistance both during and after the transition and I thank him for his kindness.

I remind the member societies' treasurers that the Annual Report of the number of their paid-up members and the number of subscriptions to the *News* as at October 31st should be sent to me as soon as possible. These figures are needed as a check on our records and to enable us to prepare the Federation's reports.

And: please make all cheques sent to the Fderation payable to British Columbia Historical Federation. A note on the cheque or in an accompanying letter will ensure that the funds are assigned to the proper account or special fund. This includes cheques representing subscriptions to the *News*.

Thank you.
George Newell
Treasurer



NEXT ISSUE

Deadline for the next issue of the B.C. Historical News is March 15/88
Please submit articles and reports to:
The Editor
P.O. Box 5626, Stn. B
Victoria, B.C. V8R 6S4

The Bayliff Story

Douglas E. Harker

The Bayliff ranch house, built in 1891.

British Columbia owes much of its fame and fortune to its ranchers, a silent, anonymous breed of men who work incredibly long hours, take holidays most rarely, battle deep snow, numbing cold, vicious insects, loneliness, privation and the unpredictable pranks of the weather, who share with their wives and children a life of strenuous, often monotonous but indispensable work.

Many of these ranchers came originally from Britain. They carved their farms from the stubborn soil with infinite patience. One such man was Hugh Bayliff. Four generations of Bayliffs have ranched for almost one hundred years near Alexis Creek in the Chilcotin Valley. This is their story.

In September 1882, a tall, erect, fresh-faced, fairhaired youth presented himself to Clement Cornwall, owner with his brother Henry, of Ashcroft Manor, a stopping-house and ranch built on British Columbia's old Cariboo Road.

The Cornwall brothers had come from Gloucestershire twenty years earlier, greatly excited by reports of British Columbian goldfields. But they became so impressed with the country and its cattle ranching potential, they forgot about gold and preempted 320 acres along the Thompson River. They built a spacious, well-insulated log house with livery stables and were soon in the cattle ranching business. Substantial sums of money from their father the Reverend A.G. Cornwall, chaplain to Queen Victoria and a landed gentleman of substance, enabled them to stock their ranch and become the most successful ranchers in the district. Clement later was appointed Lieut.-Governor of British Columbia.

Hugh Bayliff, the 18-year-old youth who stood before Clement, was his new pupil. Like many others who emigrated to Western Canada at that time Hugh Peel Lane Bayliff came of good stock. His ancestors, the Lanes, had been Mayors of Hereford and owned estates there for two hundred years. Hugh's mother was a Peel, descendant of England's Prime Minister, his sister had married into the same family. But Hugh's father, Captain Richard Lane Bayliff was unable to help his six children financially. Because of ill-health he had retired from the Army aged only 37 and gone to live in Clifton where he tried to make a living by writing. It was Hugh's grandfather, the Reverend T.T.L. Bayliff, Vicar of Albury, Hants, Justice of the Peace and a widely respected clergyman, who paid the fees for Hugh at Clifton College and who subsequently arranged for him to go to the Cornwalls.

As a boy Hugh did not enjoy robust health. Illness kept him away from school for many months. His marks were too low for admission to the Army or even, in spite of family influence, to the Bank . . . considered a last resort in family circles such as the Bayliffs. Hugh's father wrote sternly to him:

". . . You have failed to come up to the mark in competitive exams. Being a poor lad with his own way to make, you must be glad to get a living how you can, so long as it is honest and sufficient."

It was Grandfather who paid Hugh's passage to the Colonies. He was not being sent away as a 'remittance man', a disparaging term reserved for wasters whose families are prepared to pay to have them stay away from home. Hugh went in search of adventure. Grandfather believed Western Canada offered great possibilities of prosperity through agriculture.

As he eyed the young man before him, Clement Cornwall felt a rapport. They came from the same background. The Cornwalls were keen horsemen with a racetrack adjacent to the roadhouse where they held the Ashcroft Derby every year: Hugh was reputed to be an excellent rider. He would probably be good at hunting the coyote, introduced by the Cornwalls as a substitute for the fox. Hundreds of visitors came to Ashcroft Manor and this well-mannered youth would help the Cornwalls look after them in a fitting manner.

Hugh learned much from the Cornwalls and there was mutual affection. But he had to make a living and there was no future for him at Ashcroft Manor. So when he received a telegram in December 1882 from W.J. Roper offering him a job at Cherry Creek, a 15,000 acre ranch near Kamloops, he accepted at once.

Like Clement Cornwall, Roper had been lured to British Columbia by the promise of gold and had switched to ranching. He was the first rancher to improve his horses and cattle by importing Clydesdales and Herefords from Britain. But Roper, though a widely respected public figure, was a tough man to work for.

"I don't like the Boss," Hugh lamented in one of his frequent letters to his elder sister Charlotte. "The more I see of him, the less I like him. And the job doesn't pay! There is much loss of cattle due to cold . . ."

The cold was intense that first winter. Hugh was no stranger to poverty but he had never experienced such privations and discomforts as at Cherry Creek. He worked from early December until March 9 before having his first day off — a Sunday afternoon.

". . . We are all much too big. I am so tall, in cold weather the ends of me are so far away from the centre of warmth . . . If there is one useless thing it's young gentlemen without money. Everything they have learned is against them . . . I am getting so horribly mean and miserly . . . I hope Mother will send me some socks. I try to hide the fact that mine are worn out."

Hugh had qualities which stood him in good stead. He had abundant common sense and good judgement. He was well-liked and able to mix easily with the assortment of characters living on British Columbian ranches in those early days. He found he had a natural talent for the many skills demanded of the rancher. He was persistent and polite.

Roper supplied beef to the CPR Construction Camps and Hugh became his cowboss.

In 1886 the summer was long and hot. There was a severe drought throughout the Interior, especially in the Kamloops area. Hugh set out on his own to find a place with a good supply of water. He decided to try the Chilcotin Plateau. It was his first visit to that country. Until then the Government's attempts to establish Indian Reserves there had kept it virtually closed to settlers. However Tom Hance had had a small trading post there since 1875. He allowed Hugh to take charge of a pack-train and go on to trade with the Indians at today's Anahim Lake.

Hugh who had developed a keen eye for country realized the Chilcotin had great potential. Bruce Hutchison writes in "The Fraser":

"The Chilcotin seems to have been designed by nature for the nourishment of beef. It has range running all the way from the river westward to the outcroppings of the Coast mountains. It has succulent bunch grass to feed the grazing herds and bluffs of timber to shelter them from the winds of spring and autumn . . ."

Swayed by the attractions of this magnificent area, Hugh decided to strike out on his own. He formed a partnership with Norman Lee, another young Englishman, who had given up work with the Hudson Bay Company to become a cowpuncher. Together they staked land between Alexis Creek and Redstone which later became Chilancoh Ranch. They would not have to pay for it until the day came when they would seek title.

They bought one hundred yearling heifers from Roper with an agreement that in five years they would return the original hundred (by then, cows), plus half the increase. Hugh drove the herd from Cherry Creek to the Fraser, made them swim the river at the Gang Ranch where the channel is narrow but rough and brought them across without losing an animal.

The two young partners wrote out an agreement on two pages of an exercise-book. The main clause stated that if one of them wished to marry they would toss and the winner would have the right to buy out the other. In 1891 Hugh found his bride so he and Norman tossed a coin. Norman won but could not raise the money. Hugh was luckier. His sister Charlotte lent him £1,000. He put in £1,000 himself, the proceeds of a legacy from his grandfather. Grand-Aunt Mary also contributed. Chilancoh became his.

Norman Lee resumed ranching forty miles away at Lee's Corner. A few years later he won fame by taking 200 head of cattle on a 1,500 mile beef drive to the Klondike gold camps. Five months later winter forced him to butcher them. He loaded them on five scows which were lost on Teslin Lake 500 miles short of Dawson City. He returned undaunted, borrowed some money and continued his career as a rancher in the Chilcotin grasslands.

Hugh hurried back to England to marry Gertrude Tindall, daughter of an executive of the London Times newspaper. She had been brought up in luxury and was totally unused to the discomforts of life on a ranch in the young province of British Columbia. When she saw her new home for the first time, she almost fainted with horror. Sitting on the split pole floor of the bare living-room was Norman Lee who had cut himself with an axe and was sewing up a large gash with needle and cotton.

It was the only time Gertrude ever lost her composure. She soon proved herself equal to any emergency. Her home, famed for its hospitality, became the centre of most of the social activities in the Chilcotin. But she had brought with her nineteen pairs of court shoes and that first winter the split poles broke the heels of all of them.

Gertrude was the first of several remarkable women who brought

civilized living into a wild area. She and Hugh now began a life of hard work and discomfort such as would have daunted many a young couple brought up in far less sheltered circumstances. A few extracts from Hugh's diary will illustrate:

(1894) ". . . I'm afraid this winter will see a good many ranches broke. I may pull through. Thank God there's lots of hay."

". . . I wish the winter would break. Terrible losses. Drummonds have lost 120 calves."

"Gertrude rather overdid her strength. She has not been out of the Chilcotin since she arrived. I wish she would go home for a visit."

"If only I could get a pupil. This would help me pull through."

Gertrude who had inherited a literary talent from her father included in her diary what she called 'amended proverbs'!

"One swallow doesn't make a summer but the mosquitoes make a Hell."

"You never miss the butter until the cow goes dry."

Gertrude was as devoted to her sister-in-law Charlotte as was Hugh and often invited her to visit them.

"Why don't you come here instead of Norway? Best for you and best for me." In 1898 several of their dreams came true. Hugh got his pupil. Charlotte came to the Chilancoh for a long visit and brought Harold Peake, the husband she had married that year. Hugh and Gertrude started a family and when their son Gabriel was one year old, Gertrude took him to England to show him off. Her mother-in-law decided he was just like Hugh, "minus the broken nose . . . Gay," she concluded, "is very, very good."

Hugh's pupil was Reginald Newton. A 24 year-old Englishman with a love for travel and adventure, Reg was good-looking, athletic, charming, rich and spoilt. The Newton fortune had come from the paint firm of Windsor and Newton. The Bayliffs and the Newtons had been friends for many years.

Reg never stayed long with any job but he loved horses and the idea of ranching in far-off British Columbia appealed to him. As a pupil he must have been a mixed blessing. Gertrude refers to him more than once as 'bone lazy'.

Christmas dinner at Chilancoh, 1908.

As the years went by, hard and good management brought stability to Chilancoh Ranch, Hugh was making money from the furs which he sold in England. Bear, fox and beaver were the most profitable. He was doing business with Douglas Lake Cattle Company, the largest ranch in the country. He made money from beef drives. But lack of capital plagued him all his life.

Nevertheless he and Gertrude improved their lifestyle. A photograph of Christmas dinner at Chilancoh, probably taken in 1908, shows them seated with their friend and neighbour Tom Young at a well-appointed table with white tablecloth and candlelabra, Gertrude in a long elegant dress, Hugh in formal attire, Sanko their Chinese servant waiting on them and holding up a small terrier for approbation. Tom Young, a bachelor, spent almost every weekend with them.

In 1901 Reg Newton decided he wanted his own ranch. He could afford it and he had learned much from Hugh. Also, he wanted to indulge his hobby of raising polo ponies. So he bought from two brothers Bill and Frank Copeland an acreage nearby. Lot 147 became the Newton Ranch. Its 196 acres adjoined Chilancoh.

Reg sent a message to Bill Bliss, a groom on his father's estate in Cornwall and an old soldier who had served with his brother-in-law Col. Louis Dyson asking him to join him. Bill was Reg's age and devoted to him.

Early in 1903 Bliss arrived with several ponies. It proved a successful venture. At that time one could ship a horsebox from Alexis Creek to Liverpool for $300 including the groom. Bill Bliss and his family became and have remained important members of the Chilcotin community.

Reg also staked a claim twenty-five miles south of his ranch where he drilled for gold. He even managed to interest Colonel Dyson in the venture.

This fortunate event led to the Bayliffs and the Newtons being united by stronger ties than business friendship. Reg was to provide a wife for Hugh's son and a ranch for Hugh's grandson.

In 1912 the Colonel, who was retired, his wife, son John, daughter Dorothy and a Nanny paid Reg a visit to see how the investment was progressing. A journey to British Columbia was a real adventure at that time. As they travelled across Canada by CPR, they saw many piled-up rails and other evidence of the hazards of railway journeys in the West. A Cariboo rancher J. Cunliffe met them at Ashcroft, drove them in the first car to go over those rugged roads to the Gang Ranch where they stayed the night, sleeping in the bunkhouse.

Next morning they drove another one hundred miles over narrow, precipitous trails to the Newton ranch. A short distance from Reg's house the car stuck in the sand. How pleased they were to see Reg and Col. Louis (who had preceded his family) striding along to dig them out and take them to the home ranch.

Dorothy Dyson celebrated her ninth birthday on the train on the way back to England.

Though the goldmine never produced much gold the Colonel came again in 1921 to work on it with his brother-in-law who was by then an established if eccentric part of the community. Dorothy was a beautiful girl of 18 and so sweet-natured that Gay, Hugh's 23-year-old son, made frequent and not always necessary visits to the Newton Ranch.

In the intervening years Gabriel Bayliff had been at school and at war, first to preparatory school in Haslemere, Surrey, then to public school at Charterhouse, where a perceptive housemaster, after denouncing his poor spelling and lack of aptitude for French and Latin, reported on him thus: ". . . a nice, fresh, rather unconventional boy with plenty of character."

During his school years it was a rare event for Gay to get back home. It was hard enough to find money for school fees. He spent his holidays with his aunt Charlotte at Boxford, sometimes with the Newtons. In 1916, when the First World War was at its terrible height, Gabriel Bayliff aged 18, left Charterhouse and enlisted. He was the same age as his father when he emigrated to British Columbia.

Gertrude Bayliff.

One year later, Gertrude received what her neighbour R.J. Bidwell described as "an infinitely troubling telegram re her very nice boy." It told her Gay had been taken prisoner.

When he returned home from his years in Pilau Camp, he was skeletal thin. Later he developed duodenal ulcers from which he suffered the rest of his life. Dorothy and Gay were married in the frame shell of a loghouse Hugh was building for them a short distance from the ranchhouse. In one corner of the livingroom was a pile of lumber, destined for shelves or cupboards when Hugh had time to build them. They covered it with a large Union Jack and used it for an altar. It was September 1923 and the trees were bright with rich, autumn colours. Dorothy's wedding dress came from Wollands of London, took months to arrive and was a beautiful blue.

At first Gay and Dorothy lived with Gay's parents in the ranchhouse. When the loghouse was completed, they all moved into it, though it was much smaller. Dorothy was married ten years before she had a house of her own. By the time their firstborn, Timothy, had arrived they had a comfortable dwelling in the old ranchhouse. In 1926 Hugh who was 62 decided it was time to hand over the reins of Chilancoh to his only son. Gertrude too was pleased to hand over her varied, strenuous duties to her daughter-in-law. She had worked hard and long and her reputation as a capable manager, an excellent rider, riding always side-saddle, and an ever-loyal support for her husband, was enviable. Sometimes Hugh, especially in the early days of their ranching, had felt unequal to the tasks destiny had thrust upon him and needed her cheerful encouragement.

". . . Dear Hugh," Gertrude wrote in one of her frequent letters to his sister Charlotte, "is so much better and has at last regained his self-confidence. His self-esteeming smile is beautiful to behold."

In spite of her multitude of domestic chores, Gertrude's horse-drawn, bearskin-lined cutter was often to be seen in that part of the ranch where Hugh was working. Without her support he might have found the creation of Chilancoh Ranch impossible.

Dorothy had been at Chilancoh Ranch for less than two years when she

became its mistress. She was the cultivator of a vast vegetable garden. She coped with the needs of dogs, cats, chickens, horses, even some tame crows. A large, ancient wood stove was the centre of her being. Here she presided for much of the day, baking and preparing meals for her family, hired men, friends, invited guests and others who just happened to drop by. All had large appetites and ate at irregular hours. She met and handled medical, social and financial emergencies. Often, when a worker failed to show up she helped Gay mend a fence or build a dam.

All these pursuits Dorothy quickly mastered. Moreover there was in her nature so much compassion, humour and modesty she was soon the friend and confidante of every cowboy, Indian and settler in the district. Though she has never returned to England from that day to this, she has remained unmistakably the very best type of English gentlewoman. A rare and revealing title was bestowed on her. She became known as "The Missis".

On a trip to England in 1910 Reg had met Kathleen Medwell and fallen in love with her. A New Zealander she came from Christchurch, the centre of a rich agricultural district. Though the daughter of a pioneer doctor, she was no stranger to ranching. She was petite but strong and determined and seemed to have all the qualities required for survival in the Chilcotin in that era. She could hitch a three-horse team unaided. She could ride for hours in the coldest weather. Life on the Newton Ranch was a delight to her and she and Reg were happily married for twelve years.

In 1922 Reg Newton died. An infection following a minor operation led to the sudden death of this adventurous, vigorous man, aged only 55. Kathleen ran the ranch for the next twenty-five years virtually unaided.

As Reg and Kathleen had no children, two nephews came from England on Reg's death to help her. The elder, Edmund Hutton, drowned in Puntzi Lake; his brother enlisted in the Second World War which broke out soon after his arrival at the ranch.

Hugh and Gertrude Bayliff enjoy a winter outing.

But Kathleen scarcely needed their help. She was fearless and it seemed no task was too much for her. Under her direction the Newton Ranch continued to flourish.

When Reg died Kathleen's sister Greta came from new Zealand to be with her and to everyone's surprise married Tom Young, the English friend of Gertrude and Hugh, who was generally regarded as a perennial bachelor. Tom had a ranch nearby at Alexis Creek. The two sisters spoke endlessly to each other on the telephone to the diversion of other Chilcotin residents who could hear every word of their uninhibited chats over the 'howler'.

In 1926 Chilancoh Ranch was thirty-five years old. No longer was its existence tenuous. It had become a substantial ranch in one of the best grazing areas in British Columbia, though its financial problems were unremitting. A fair-sized community was beginning to build up of which Hugh and Gertrude, Kathleen Newton, Greta and Tom Young, Gay and Dorothy were respected members. They retained many English customs, one of which was a formal family tea every Sunday afternoon.

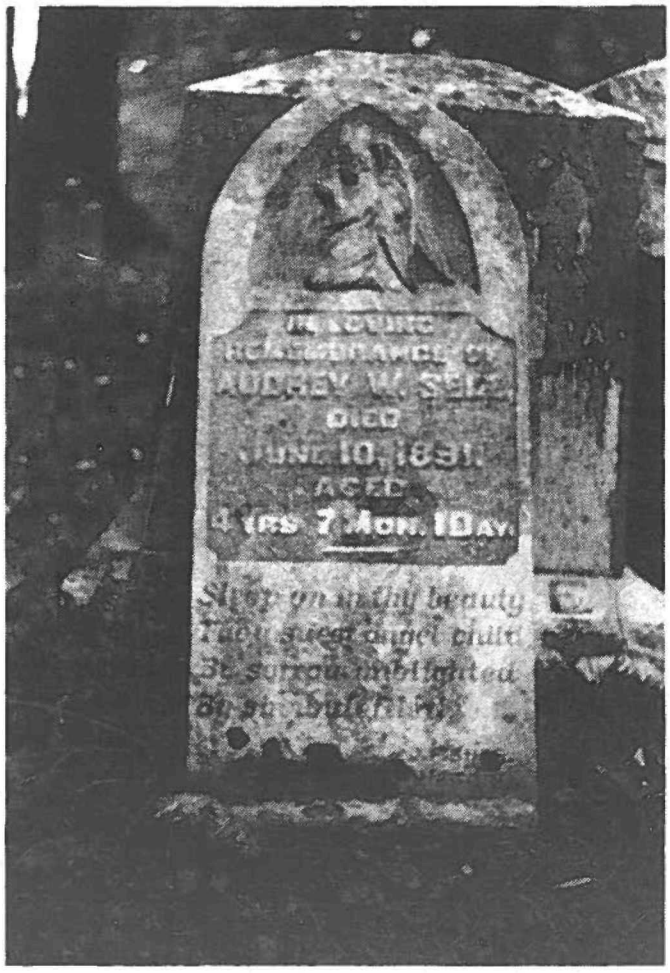
As the years went by the British Columbia weather seemed to move into a warmer cycle. In April 1898 Hugh's diary recorded: "Snow still solid: 21 inches of snow here. Two cows have dead calves. I expect to lose 50% this year." In April 1925 he wrote: "Weather is getting warmer. We shall be all right this year. No loss except for calves".

In 1931 Gertrude died and two years later Hugh. Though he had left the running of the ranch in Gay's hands, it was hard for him to divorce himself entirely from it, especially from the ever-present difficulty of making it pay. In 1934, the year of his death, Hugh had to apply to the bank for a loan of $7,500. The 'Thirties were Depression years and 1934 was the very darkest of those troubled years. It was hard for any business to keep afloat let alone a cattle ranch in such a remote, unemployment-ridden area as the Chilcotin.

Dorothy and Gay now had two sons, Tim born in 1925, Tony in 1929. There was no thought of sending them to school in England as Gay's parents had done for their son, and both attended St. George's an independent school opened in 1931 in Vancouver. To move from the tiny Chilcotin community of Alexis Creek to the big city and to a new world of boys and games and masters and lessons was a shock,

Cemeteries of the Alberni Valley

Joan Thompson



Oval shaped stone with the caption: Sleep on in thy Beauty, Thou Sweet Angel Child. By Sorrow Unblighted, By Sin Undefiled.

Gravesites are ghoulish? Nonsense! A quiet little cemetery is the last resting place for many historic pioneers, and has long been a place of fascination for the historian.

Many early private cemeteries have long since disappeared. George Bird remarks in his book "Tse-Wees-Tah" of the first cemetery in the Alberni Valley . . . "There seems to be no record or even memory locally of this little cemetery. The three graves there were close together in a tiny open space. The neat picket fence around each of them had been painted white. This preserved the wood to some extent for about 30 years. They were very near the alleyway that runs from Mar Street to Montrose Street, between 1st and 2nd Avenue." When a historian digs a little deeper, he finds that there is reference to this little cemetery regarding one of the interred. An article from the *British Colonist,* March 27, 1861 reports a 'melancholy occurrance' . . . "The death of E.H. King, agent of the Underwriters to take charge of the wreck of the "Florencia". Mr. E.H. King was commissioned by the Government to inquire into the causes attending the sale of the "Florencia" wreck to Captain Stuart of Ucluelet. After attending to the "Florencia, King and a half-breed named Charles Burnaby left the schooner and went ashore on a small island. King's gun, a double barrelled English Fowling piece, with a hair trigger, discharged accidentally, inflicting a horrible wound to King. An attempt was made to send the unfortunate gentleman to Victoria in a canoe; but a southeast gale sprang up, impelling it to return. On the same day the schooner headed for 'Somas', Cap't Stamp's settlement, on Barclay Sound (now Port Alberni), but he expired about one hour before the vessel reached Port, and while it was in full sight. The deceased was then enclosed in a coffin and decently interred in a grave dug on a mossy mound at the rear of the Mill (Anderson Mill)."

One private cemetery which contains four graves on a point of land at Sproat Lake is still in existence today and is well marked with a tombstone bearing the names of Alfred Denis Faber who died October 20, 1899, his daughter, Dorothy de Dibon Faber (aged four years) and of his two nieces, Emily Faber (aged 21 years) and Mary Josephine Faber (aged 18 years). The girls all drowned in Sproat Lake in July of 1894. The story of the drownings is worth recounting, and is taken from the memoirs by Anne Traves (M. de D. Donaldson nee Faber) in "Just One Of Us".

"Emmy and Mary were the two nieces and only Mary, the youngest girl bathed that day. She went out a little too far and lost her foothold in a dip in the lake. Mary got into difficulties and Emmy went to help her in her long skirt and she also was pulled under. Little Dorothy, nearly four years old, went in after the girls and was found in just a few inches of water where she had fallen over a stone, face downwards. My brother who was 18 months old, had the sense to go up to the house screaming at what he had seen and so attracting Mother's attention. Father was away in Alberni that

day and what a terrible tragedy for Mother to face. The two girls' bodies were found further along the shore and all three were beyond all aid. Mother always maintained that if Emmy had only stopped to take off her long skirt, both sisters might have survived because they were both quite strong swimmers. My father was buried in the ground on Faber property along with the girls. The property was already consecrated by a visiting Bishop from Victoria, who, when he had arrived at the Lake, broke out into surprised exclamations, for it was discovered that the Bishop had been contemporary with my father at Repton Public School."

The title to the lot of land where the four were buried has remained with the Faber family although the surrounding property was purchased by a Mr. Kjekstad. Mr. Kjekstad replaced the Faber headstone in 1950 and assured the family that he would look after the grave so long as he was there. He said . . . "My work in connection with it has been a pleasure . . . a sort of silent salute to the sturdy pioneers of whom I am a great admirer." In recent years the Second Arrowsmith Boy Scout troop has taken responsibility for an occasional clean-up of this plot.

Two other gravesites have joined the ranks of the unknown. That of Mrs. Eleanor Cook, who was buried on Lakeshore Road on the property now called the Maples. Mrs. Cook was buried there in 1925. That of a young girl, Aimee Rennie Armand, who drowned while crossing the Somass River on her way to school. She was buried on the bank of the river, close to the Crossing. Today, there is so sign of the exact gravesites. My husband remembers tidying up this gravesite when he was active with the Boy Scout Group many years ago.

The Beaver Creek Cemetery — circa 1886 — was never consecrated. An unsuitable site had been chosen for this cemetery. The relatives of those buried there had the bodies removed for reinterment into the Greenwood Cemetery when it was finally established. One grave was left undisturbed, resting quite near the Beaver Creek Road. The Greenwood Cemetery on Josephine Street off Beaver Creek is owned by the city. The property was bought from Dan Clark in 1892. A visitor entering the small gate of the Greenwood Cemetery will almost immediately have his eye confronted by the words on a monument . . . 'an early pioneer'; next would be the resting place of the first mayor of the once proud city of Alberni. One would then see the grave of a man who became the first recipient of the Old Age Pension in Canada. In the same locality, the grave of A.W. Neill who was responsible for the same. A.W. Neill, once a member of Parliament for this district, deeply involved in obtaining the Federal Legislation which provided for the Old Age Pension in Canada, stated . . . "So generally it was recognized at Ottawa that I was the moving spirit in the agitation for the Old Age Pension, that, when the Act was brought into being, the permanent officials, without my asking it, offered me the opportunity of having the first Old Age Pensioner come from my district, and I have a photo of myself handing Bill Derby the first cheque. It was cheque number 1 and I gave Mr. Derby the cash, and still have the cheque. Mr. Derby passed on several years ago and I saw that his grave in the Alberni Valley (Greenwood) Cemetery is marked as being that of the first Old Age Pensioner in Canada!"

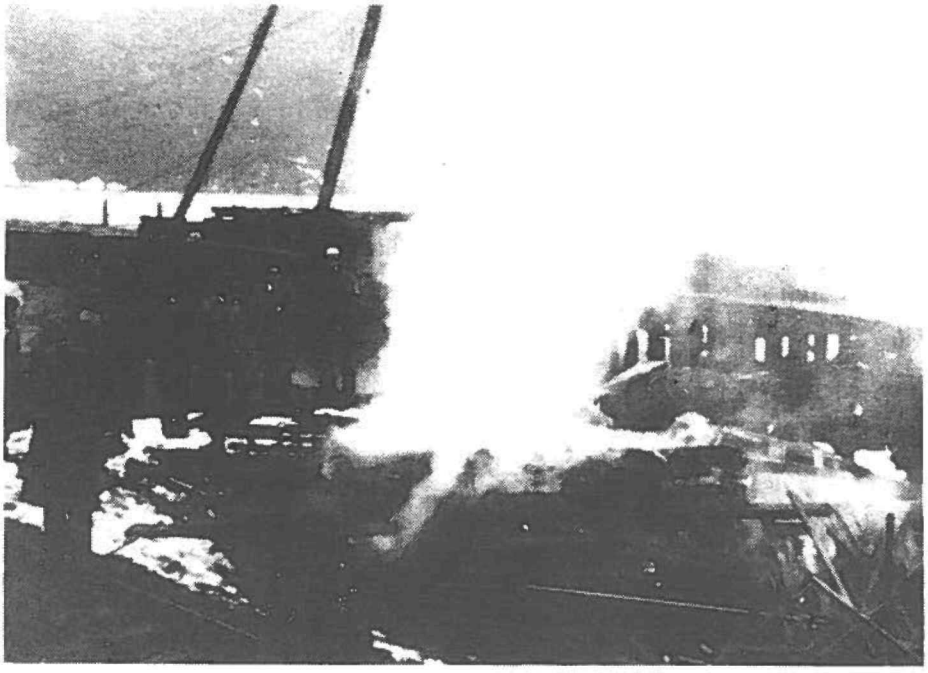
The Roman Catholic Church Cemetery is located on the hill just above the site of the First Catholic Church which was approximately on the corner of what is now River Road and Falls Road. Tse-Wees-Tah says this about that first Catholic Church . . . "Picturesque and close to the road, about 80 yards from the bridge on the Alberni side. On the opposite side of the road, was a bell on a 16 foot high timber framed stand, set up right on the bank of the river. The priest or some other settler had at some time scattered foxglove seeds here. When in bloom they made a lovely sight, for they flowered around in great profusion."

The property for the Roman Catholic Church and Cemetery was donated by Dan Clark. The Clarks, Dan and his mother, moved onto 320 acres on the north side of the Somass River, near River Bend. The Clark family became one of the first genuine settlers in the Alberni Valley. Surveyers became necessary and the westerly portion of the area was transferred to the Roman Catholic Church. The land then comprised 160 acres. Dan Clark's final resting place is here in the property which he once donated to his Church. This quiet little cemetery on top of the hill is the last resting place for many other Valley pioneers, and some of the headstones are unique. One, an attractive oval shaped stone, marks the grave of Audrey W. Sell, who died on June 10, 1891, aged 4 years, 7 months and 1 day. It has a caption:

Sleep on In Thy Beauty
Thou Sweet Angel Child
By Sorrow Unblighted
By Sin Undefiled.

After all these years, the words still portray the deep sorrow felt by her grieving family. Many tombstones lie in jumbled disarray, and some are completely obliterated by time and weather. The Roman Catholic Church records however, go back as far as the 1880's. Most of these early records are in French, and record the oldest interment as being that of A. Marchmont who died in 1876. (It is assumed that the body of A. Marchmont must have been moved to that location in view of the fact that the property that the cemetery is on was not donated by the Clarks until a few years later.) All the deaths recorded (13) between 1881 - 1885 were those of Native Indians. All denominations were buried here because it was the only piece of consecrated ground in the Valley during the 1880's.

There are many other Native Burial Grounds that are remembered by old time residents. One, just beyond Mission Road on Sproat Lake Road is no longer in existence after a logging road was constructed through it. There was a burial cave across from Holm Island, and also a burial tree on River Road, a large spruce tree, at the north end of what is now Clutesi Haven Marina. Another Native cemetery is located on the corner of Josephine Street and Beaver Creek Road. The neat wooden



East Indian Funeral at the waterfront. A pyre was created out of refuse lumber and slabs for the cremation of their dead.

fence, around the newest graves in this little cemetery, has been painted. There are many more very old graves scattered here and there in the wood around the enclosure, most of whose markers are indiscernable. Today, the Natives are using a cemetery located on Hector Road just above the Somass River.

The East Indian Community in the Alberni Valley at one time had a small settlement down near the waterfront in the vicinity of what was then known as Alberni Pacific Lumber Co. A pyre would be created out of refuse lumber and slabs for the cremation of their dead. The location of this was between the E & N Railway track and the waterfront. The East Indian people also had a cremation site at the Great Central Lake Sawmill. In 1943 they acquired 7¼ acres on Saunders Road, which has been upgraded over the years to the present facility still in use. With a donation to the East Indian committee Cemetery Fund, a person of any race or denomination may be cremated at no charge.

The Alberni Valley Memorial Gardens is a privately owned cemetery which was in use in 1953. The property for this cemetery was once Crown Land, auctioned off and bought by two brothers named Hagel. The Valley residents remember that plots for this cemetery were sold 'door to door' in its formative days. This cemetery is located just off the highway at the east entrance to Port Alberni.

The first undertaking service in Port Alberni was owned by A.W. Heath and J.J. Paul, who combined this business with carpentry. It is no coincidence in those early days that these two businesses complemented each other. The business was taken over by George Forrest in 1909 and moved to where the Clutesi Haven Marina is now. Later it was relocated on Burke Street awaiting completion of contruction on 100 Block-2nd Avenue. Mr. Forrest retired in the early 1940's. The Stephens family took over from Mr. Forrest and built the present Chapel of Memories on 6th Avenue in 1964 and it was in turn purchased by Mr. Hagel in 1972. Mountain View Funeral Home located on 4th Avenue was in business in the early 1950's. It closed its doors in 1956.

Vandalism, disrepair and desecration seems to plague cemeteries over the years, and the Alberni Valley has been no exception. We seem to have an ongoing record via newspaper articles and letters to the editor of these problems. Any changes have been fought by historians to ensure that cemeteries be restored and maintained as closely as possible to the original. Ketha Adams, writer of "Katimavik" sums up 'Cemeteries' in a few short words . . .

"To the Historian or Museologist, a Cemetery is an Artifact — material evidence of a culture — of beliefs and customs and art forms expressing the life and times of the community which created it!"

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Joan Thompson is a member of the Alberni Valley Historical Society. Her husband, Art, is a grandson of one of the Alberni Valley's early pioneers, dating back to 1886. The Thompsons currently reside on the original homestead.

Getting Around in the Kootenays

Clare McAllister

"Shanks mare", one foot put before another, was, of course, the earliest and most reliable form of transportation in the Kootenays. Stout boots counted for a good deal. One early chronicler speaks of slow decay, not only "saddle bags gone — patched with flour sacks" but "B's shoes gave out — took to his stockings." That could be sorrow, indeed! Dubbin or neat's foot oil kept boots reasonably waterproof. Wet boots, warmed by campfires or cabin stoves must be oiled to keep them from stiffening up. Hob nails, Swiss edge nails, the long spikes mysteriously known as "corks" might keep feet from slipping on rock, or snow, or glaciers, or moss-covered logs over foaming streams. However, they did not always serve, and early newspapers chronicle men (lugged in for medical care) who had broken their knee-caps, crossing a creek, or who died of falls on slipping rocks. In winter, "German socks" might be worn. Of heavy wool, they had drawstrings with metal ends, which could pull the sock tight and exclude snow from boot-tops. Melted snow inside foot gear made for no comfort on long journeys. Obliged to tramp, experienced men wisely lavished their feet with attentive care. The man who removed his socks, turned them inside out and massaged his feet at the noon stop, did not necessarily whet his fellow travellers' appetites, but was more likely to make it through to the end of the trail than those who thought elevating the foot against the packsack was quite sufficient. That newcomers did not always copy the experienced on first observation may have accounted for their being known as tenderfeet?

While a new article, "rubbers," was advertised in the mid-90's, rubbers and metal-clasped, rubberized cloth overshoes were not durable enough for the trails, so were worn mostly in towns. While they kept the feet dry, they were slippery on snow or ice, and offered no sure footing on the elevated wooden sidewalks that were replacing the old paths. "Snow creepers" were also advertised — and who could now fancy what they were, who had not seen them? — small metal prods or prickles, which clamped under the rubber insteps, ensuring traction if the foot began to slide down icy inclines.

Saddle horses and pack horses frequently companioned the booted trail walker. "Blue" (whose packs held the gold, so must have been sure-footed), "Little Roan", "One-eye George" and "Gray" were gratefully remembered by Bushby when he wrote his journal. "The swamps are dreadful, and snow on the summit — our horses are nearly starved, eat their ropes and pack-saddle strapping." In fact, the availability of fodder often determined whether man or beast would be called on to carry needed supplies. The soft blowing grass of mountain meadows above timber line, the rank growth of river verges were not adequately spaced for every journey, even in the mountain summers.

Where there were horses, there had to be livery stables and blacksmiths. Children passing to school might see the smith at work in a place cavernous and deep. How huge the dray horses were! But they lifted up the foot to be shod, when the smith gave his particular slap. And the sparks flew up high as the flight of sparrows, who were also in the strawy space, and who also flew when the smith struck the iron.

Livery stables and smithys, as base for saddle horses, pack horses and horse-drawn rigs of various sorts, brought problems other than dust for housewives. For each had its attendant piles of manure, scraped outdoors from well-kept stables, with yellow stains seeping out into winter's deepest snows, with vortices of flies in summer heat. One can understand why the old church-sponsored recipe books, in their "household hints", often had suggestions for removing fly specks from gold picture-frames; why "summer complaint" was the scourge most feared by mothers of weanling infants.

There was one other sort of transport where the horse supplied the power. Out of the cities, beyond even the most vertical, most switchbacked roads, were claims and mines being worked. This was industry. Ore must be got out for assay or for smelting. Where roads did not reach, ore shipments still went out in winter: by sacking ore, wrapping it in untanned hides and "rawhiding" out the mummylike bundles bouncing and slipping, rope trailing in the snow. Once reaching a level space, they were pulled behind horses, who braced back with all four feet on minor grades. Eventually such loads got down to where teams of heavy draught horses could haul ore-laden drays or sleighs on roads, which could get to where

steamer and rail freighting were possible.

In the days before the Kettle Valley Railway broke through the Coquihalla Pass to the Fraser at Hope, Kootenay passengers travelled by rail to the foot of the Arrow Lakes. Thence they went up the lakes by steamer, and there at lakehead took the CPR to the Coast. An alternative was to go to Spokane, Washington, and take Great Northern Railway to Seattle, and thence to Coastal B.C.

In those days, a train was a very gritty vehicle. The grit in winter consisted of small raspy coal cinders, seemingly on everything. These could scarcely have got from the panting engine's coal-car or smoke-stack, through two layers of window glass, barring out the winter mountains' cold. More likely they were produced by the stove that provided heat, at the end of each passenger car. This moloch had necessarily to be surrounded, when in transit, by its own supply of coal and its own ashes. It could, when refuelled and shaken down, emit sulphurous fumes and clouds of coal smoke, as well as grit. Passages through tunnels with the excitement of lit lamps, could, in any case, provide a choking ordeal, for somehow the engine fumes, confined by tunnel walls, got into all the cars. Further contributing to hissing and smell, could be the passage of the conductor or trainman to light the swaying oil lamps that hung from the ceiling. A flaring wick and the scent of coal oil, if not a falling drop of oil, then entered in the dark, making it harder to discern outsides' ghostly rush of trees and snow-clad stumps.

From such hot, coal-reeking passenger cars, small children, weary, nodding, jiggling, might descend into a station hack, which carried parents and luggage and child. The horse-drawn hack's black, creaking, leather-smelling depths were chill as iron. The driver's plume of icy breath, twin plumes from the team of horses frosted the winter's night, as the train's passengers were driven towards home.

From all such modes of getting about, lake travel offered luxurious relief. Better than afoot or in the saddle, alone or with a string of pack ponies, were the canoes that first stirred the lakes. The canoe of the Kutenai Indians varied much from the forward-thrusting prows of the great hollowed cedar canoes of the coastal tribes, and nearly as much again from the graciously curved bows of Eastern birch bark canoes. While, like the latter, Kutenai canoe had a criss-crossed wooden frame work, (in pre-trade times covered with alder or birch bark, and later with painted canvas) its shape was much different. Both bow and stern receded from the nose towards the water-line at a sharply declining angle. Of narrow beam, for the uninitiated they were more prone to tip than anything anywhere afloat. They were certainly intended for moccasined feet, and not those clumsily and insensitively shod. While with only two paddles they scarcely troubled the lakes' surfaces, they could make great speed, leaving an arrowy track with little wake. Certainly the early explorers Thompson, Baillie-Grohman and others must have welcomed the opportunity to glide along a 100-mile lake, rather than fight their way through mountain and valley.

Later, when the settlements developed, these Indian canoes, (glimpsed only rarely, as when shiny black mountain huckleberries were brought down for sale, in August,) were replaced by more manageable small craft: clinker-built and occasional flat-bottomed rowboats, "peterborough" and "patent" canoes, oddly brought from the East. Flat-bottomed sculls for single and team rowing competition, launches to convey fishermen, duck hunters, and family picnic parties, stirred the lakes' reflection of glacier, of green or rocky peaks. They served too for summer "idling", minnow watching, hand-trailing, a private island for talks.

But, whether for utility, commerce, transit, or pleasure, the lake steamers fed the life of the country. Their shifting skeins of stops of call, at the mining camps, at the budding fruit farms at the ends of short railways, or where roads and trails wound vertically up toward the peaks — their stops knit them all into a community, the Kootenays. Towns might be rivalrous. Nelson banqueters parodied, "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we might be in Kaslo." Hockey sports chanted, "Trail players go to heaven, Nelson players go to h----" (— which was going TOO far). Though towns might compete, they were as one in demanding wharves, from the distant coastal government of the province.

Stern wheeler cargoes can be deduced from early advertisements. Building materials had priority, along with what the miner and prospector required: doors, sash, blinds, nails, hinges, glass, putty, sheet iron pipe, terra cotta pipe, along with tinware, steel, blasting powder, caps and fuses, camp outfits. Transportation of passengers was speeding up, too, and it was noted in August of 1890 that someone had hit the lake, after only six days' travel from San Francisco. We could then find stores stocked with a wondrous variety of underwear: natural wool, canton flannel, balbriggan, cotton and all wool. There was gambling on the steamers, and the newspapers did not hesitate to allude to particular triumphs or failures. On one occasion there was a little game ashore, its outcome to decide who should take passage on the "Idaho", to reach an assayer and have the first report on hoped-for ore values. In that year, there were hopes of pile-driving starting for a wharf at Nelson, but Kaslo was reminding hopefuls that it offered "the easiest way to the Slocan". Through the years we hear of the steamers. While the Literary and Social Club was debating female suffrage, and while the meat market was announcing it sold its wares "C.O.D. and no jawbone", the steamer "Kaslo" was laid up, ice-bound. There was excitement because steamers were to have "powerful electric searchlights".

Ball teams, celebrants of 1st July and other festivals, and men content with long, snaky, black, heavy pokes of gold travelled on the boats. They were not uncompanioned by sorrow. In January of 1894 a man "chattiest and pleasantest of all on the steamer "Lytton," drew a "44 at Nakusp, call-

ed out compliments of the season" and put a bullet through his head. The steamer "Hunter" capsized on the Slocan. The new steamer "International" intended to offer a free excursion.

Indeed, events tied to the steamers kept them always in the news. They carried not only poor or sudden rich prospectors, and hopeful fruit ranchers, but millionaire investors like Count Riondel, and vice-regal parties. In 1898 Governor General and Lady Aberdeen were feted with streets lit with over one thousand Chinese lanterns, with carriages and a fire-brigade parade, with a public luncheon and toasts. In 1906 Earl and Countess Grey and their vice-regal entourage were met at Kootenay Landing by Nelson's mayor and judge. When the SS "Kuskanook" got within three miles of the city, it was met by decorated launches, canoes and rowboats, in a flotilla.

The feel of the sternwheelers' speedy, but somehow stately progress is cherished in many a still-living memory. Some may recall a small incident, like a swimming deer glimpsed from the old "Minto" on the Arrow Lakes. Kootenay Lake travellers recall a succession of views from the "Kuskanook" or later "palatial SS Nasookin", proceeding up the lake from Nelson: Five Mile Point, Willow Point, the powder house, Ten Mile Point, Balfour, Harrop, Pilot Bay Smelter, Riondel, and on through the main lake, rocky shores alternating with truly golden sand, beyond and above them the peaks, where glacial snow cooled the summer air. An evening trip, in particular, afforded scent-laden drafts of cool and warm, varying as air flowed down rockslide creek indentation, gulley and mountain flank. The bubbling wake, the steadily turning wheel had some hypnotic effect, left some special imprint.

Having a special fascination at the time, though less novel in retrospect, was Nelson's brilliant coup of setting up its own street railway system: all of two tramcars! First passengers were invited aboard in December of 1899. It is probable that people came a long way to see and ride in them. But indeed, in a city partly ascending vertical mountains, and partly extending along lakeshore to the suburb of Fairview (often in those days referred to as Bogustown) the tram cars offered considerable aid and comfort. Those who did not have telephones need no longer walk to grocer and butcher. Families who wanted to picnic on the sandy tree-shaded shore could put baskets and children on the cars, and get less wearily home from their excursion.

Before the steamboats had ceased to travel the lake, the automobile had arrived. This was not necessarily coincidental with the existence of what would now be called roads. High-standing, brass-bound Fords on narrow roads could cause horses to rear as vertically as the mountains. Back up the car half a mile to find a place to pass? No other way! Mud, dust, corduroy roads, nothing deterred the cars. They boiled easily, one must admit. Some child's job then was to run with water can to the nearest creek (pronounced "crick" and no other way). Kootenay drivers felt lucky to be in a country where streams were so handy, never less than a mile of passage affording fresh runnels and waterfalls. Hazel and alder branches impinged on the narrowing road, through the car's flapping, button-down side-curtains. In those days it might take a day to go from Nelson to Trail. The *return* journey is now only an evening's spin. As no-one had yet thought of spare tires, the seven blowouts that might occur, en route, afforded time to admire the river mists curling down the valley, along the Slocan Pool. Patching kit and hand-pump had full play. There was one supreme hill (long ago circumvented by other routes) which skunked even the car's lowest gear. All passengers descended to push, in ankle-deep, hot yellow dust. How wonderful to reach the top and bowl away again, past stands of lively-smelling tamarack and bull pine. "A car sure gets you there", people thought, superior to slow moving horse-drawn rigs, left behind in a trail of dust.

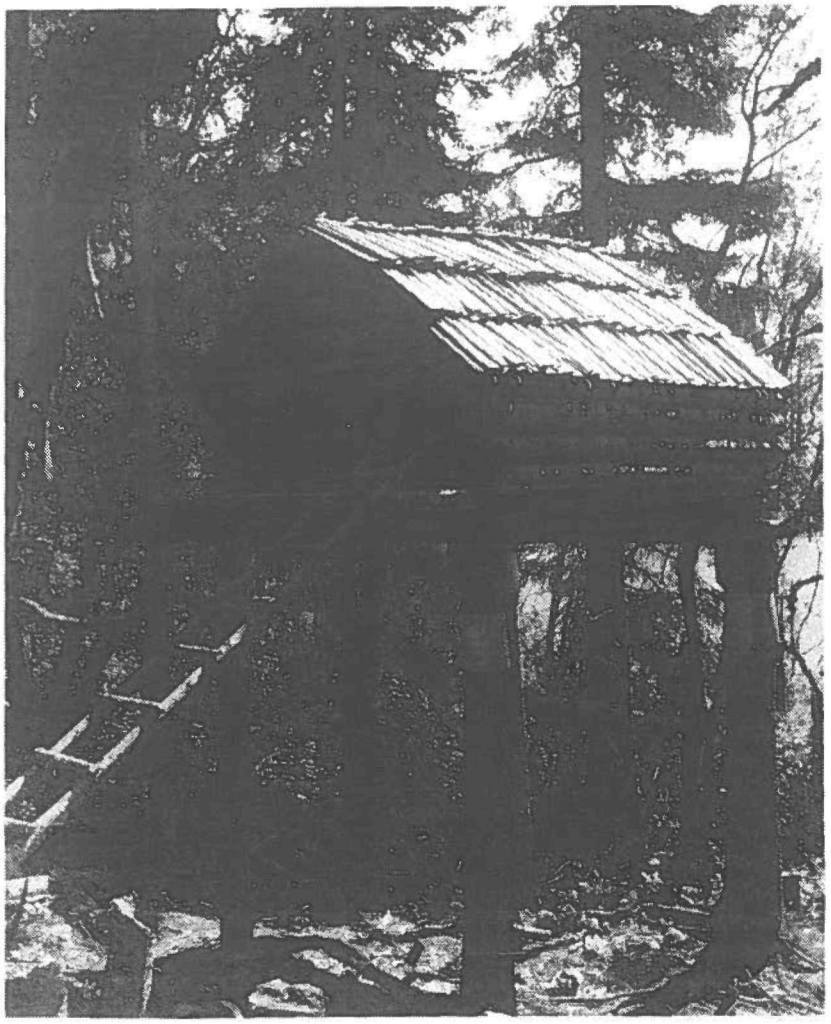
Winter had speeding pleasures, too, utility forgotten. With the short winter days came leather-squeaking snow, and flaming sunsets. Lucky children had "Flexible Fliers", a patent sled that steered well. Small fry rated only rigid sleds. Young people, even adults, might have communal ownership of bobsleds, which provided a rush of speed and thudding bumps, more impressive than that given by toboggans, that would hold only two or three. The crew of a bobsled, legs up or legs down, braking to the steersman's shout, was a vision of glory as knit toques and mittens flashed by. "Track!" the crew yelled in warning, as it sped down the slide. Winter also afforded the fun of skating, which was good in rinks, which every community boasted, but best where a sudden freeze-up brought clear black ice to a lake, lit by flaming winter constellations. This was getting about for fun, as was the skiing on Rossland's famous Red Mountain.

Snowshoeing was often for fun. Mixed parties, that is "gentlemen", and "ladies" with long skirts trailing in the snow, went for extended snowshoe hikes and came home to hot suppers, cheeks flaming from the cold air. Snowshoes could also afford the trapper or prospector a means of getting into town for mail and supplies, a long trip from a distant cabin. A paper of 1897 shows they did not always make it: "exhausted prospector frozen two miles from camp — tripped on snowshoe."

So then, as now, by whatever numerous devices men sought to ease the toil of travel, some did not come through.

SURVEY FOR THE WESTERN HIGHWAY

Geoffrey Castle



Survey party's storehouse constructed at Bowser Lake, September 1950. The metal attached to the tree trunks helped keep out marauding animals.

Each summer, between 1949 and 1951, the B.C. Government conducted topographic surveys for the proposed Western (Alaska) Highway route from Hazelton to Atlin Lake. At the end of each season, canned foods, gear and camping equipment were stored in a cache built in the trees. With up to 30 men in the party, two useful modes of transportation proved to be a Norseman seaplane and pilot belonging to Queen Charlotte Airlines, and a Bell 47 helicopter rented with two pilots and a mechanic from Okanagan Air Services, to assist in frequent movements of men and supplies.

This was a contrast to some 20 years earlier when Philip Marmaduke Monckton did some preliminary work under contract in the same area. Born in South Africa, Monckton came to Canada in 1908 and received his surveyor's commission number 144, in 1913. While working in the Kinaskan Lake area, his resourcefulness and ability to survive on local berries and small animals resulted in the Tahltan Indians dubbing him "The Wolverine."

Main camps were set up for the helicopter survey at such places as Bowser Lake, Tiegen Lake, Bob Quinn Lake, Kinaskan Lake, Eddontenajon Lake, and Buckley Lake. Sixteen miles downstream along the Stikine River from Telegraph Creek was the townsite of Glenora which, in 1898 boasted 35 saloons and was a starting off place for gold prospectors.

The area teemed with wild life such as ducks, geese, grouse, ptarmigan, and bald eagles which would feed on migrating salmon. Goats and grizzly bears usually kept to the high ground. Fairly numerous were moose, sheep and caribou (3 herds numbering 200 were observed in the summer of 1951). The lakes were abundant with Rainbow, Cut-throat and Kamloops trout up to 2-lbs. weight and it was entirely possible to catch the day's limit in half an hour with no special lure. Also in evidence were wolves, black bear, coyotes, mule deer, porcupines, chipmunks and squirrels.

The survey went as far as Atlin which, in 1899, had an estimated, though temporary, population of around 10,000 thanks to gold mining which saw 40,000 ounces of gold recovered there.

This is just part of the magic that cannot fail to be sensed when driving north along Highway 37.

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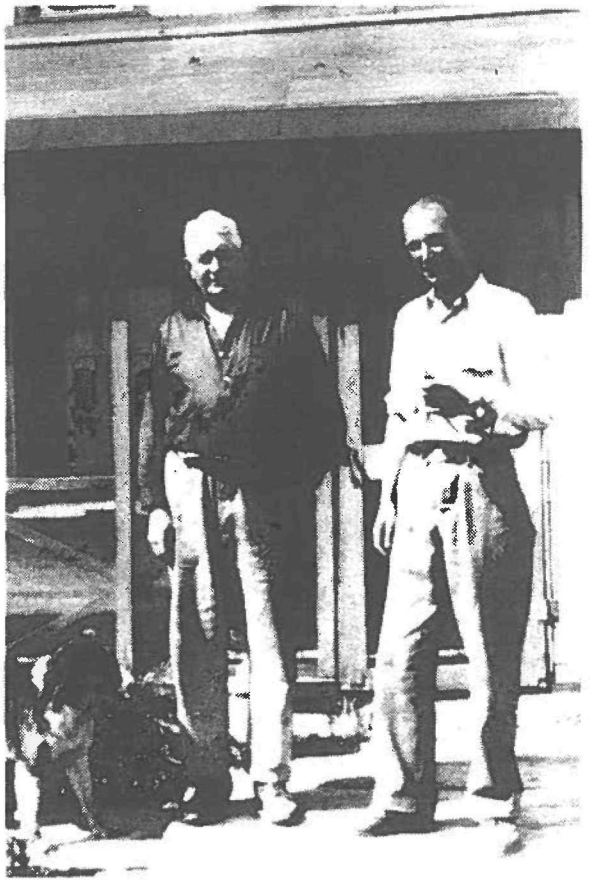
Geoffrey Castle is past president of the Victoria section of the B.C. Historical Federation and is Municipal Archivist for the Corporation of the District of Saanich.

PEACE RIVER JIM

Tom H. Inkster



"Peace River Jim" and Tom Inkster. Known for his efforts to settle the Peace River area, and one of the most colorful personalities of the Canadian North, J.K. Cornwall piloted scows through the rapids during the gold rush of '98. He commanded a battalion in France in WWI, earning the D.S.O. Owning river boats, he was a pioneer in northern transportation.

While many men have pioneered and explored Canada's northland, J.K. Cornwall had a leading role in its development. A legend in his own time, he was born in Brantford, Ontario in 1869. At the age of 27, after much travel and unusual experiences, he was working on western railroad construction before going north.

Cornwall arrived in Edmonton, then little more than a village, and struck out for Athabasca Landing, to become a trapper and fur trader among the Indians. Then George Cormack's squaw, while washing clothes one August day in 1896, found a nugget in what became Bonanza Creek. The magic word "gold" boomed out of the Klondike, and Jim found himself in the midst of fortune hunters drawn like a magnet from all over the world.

Oldtimers and tenderfeet, honest men and scoundrels, hurdled the rapids of the Athabasca, descended the Slave and Mackenzie, went up the Peel and hiked over the Divide to the Klondike, where they fully expected to find riches beyond their wildest dreams. Very few of them found their pot of gold at the rainbow's end.

Having done some freighting on the Athabasca, Jim Cornwall knew every whirl, rock and eddy in the rapids, and when best to navigate them with safety. Piloting gold seekers in scows at the beginning of the longest, and most strenuous journey in the history of the search for gold, he acquired sizeable funds.

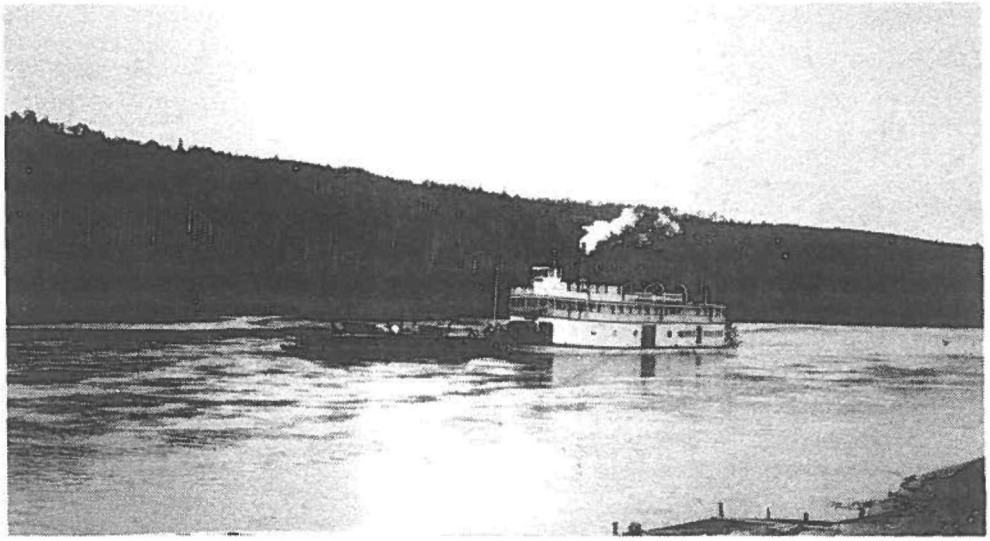
The Klondike gold rush over, Jim operated a string of Peace River trading posts in partnership with W.F. Bredin. When the company was sold to Revillon Freres, Cornwall formed the Northwest Transportation Company, which operated several steamboats on the Athabasca and Slave Rivers and on Lesser Slave Lake.

When the Canadian Northern Railway built a line from Edmonton to Athabasca Landing, Cornwall realized this could be the link needed to boost his steamship business and, at the same time, open up the Peace River area to hundreds of settlers from the United States and eastern Canada.

To publicize the Peace River country, with rich soil where grain, vegetables and flowers grew profusely, Cornwall, with the assistance of Herbert Vanderhoof, editor of C.P.R.'s "Canada West" magazine, organized 18 leading writers and agriculturists from Canada and the United States who accepted the free journey through a (then) remote part of Alberta. In later years he would campaign for a rail line from Vancouver to the Peace River district.

Under the able leadership of James Kennedy Cornwall, M.P.P. for the Peace River constituency, the party of writers and professors set off from Edmonton for Athabasca Landing on July 27, 1910. Cornwall had arranged for the perfect movement of the expedition which took four weeks and covered over two thousand miles by wagon, steamboat and foot. Good accommodation and fine food amply supplied was thoroughly enjoyed by the men who were pleasantly impressed in their travels through the land awaiting settlement.

While the expedition made the Peace River country known across Canada and the United States, it is doubtful if it helped Cornwall financially, though it did earn him the sobri-



Wood-burning paddle-wheel steamboat Northland Echo, *operating between the northern rail terminus and Fort Fritzgerald at the southern end of the 16-mile Smith Portage. Tom Inkster was purser on the* Echo *for a season.*

quet "Peace River Jim". His boats faded from the scene as the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern pushed their lines westward from Edmonton and provided an easier route to the Peace. Edson became the jumping off place for a track (later an improved highway) which led many settlers to the Peace River area.

Due to the Athabasca River rapids being safely navigable only at high water, the transportation operational base for supplying settlements along the chain of rivers to the Arctic was moved to the end-of-steel at Waterways on the Clearwater, and a few years later to Fort McMurray, where the Clearwater joins the Athabasca River.

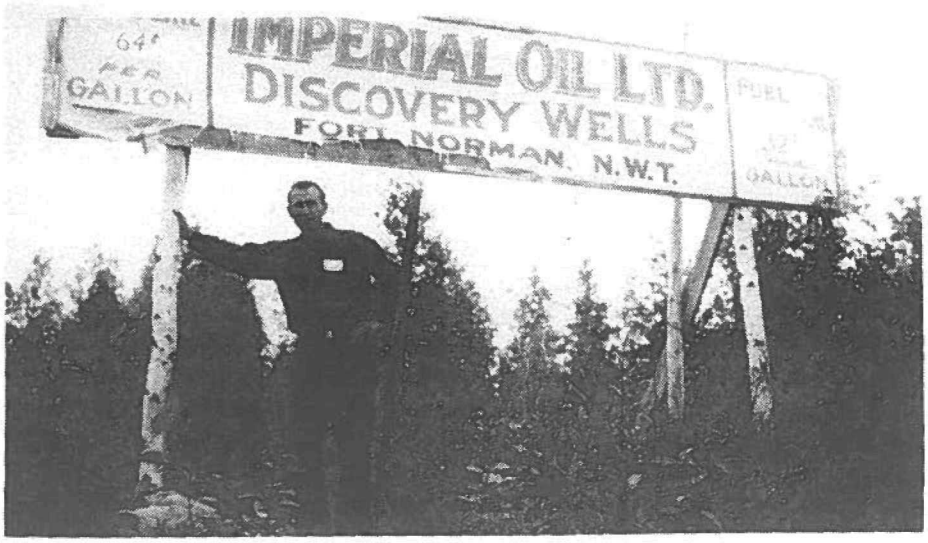
In 1905 Cornwall had formed the Athabasca Railway Company line from Edmonton to Waterways. Failing to obtain financial support, he sold his interests in 1908 to a syndicate which eventually built the scandal-ridden Alberta and Great Waterways Railway from Edmonton to Waterways and Fort McMurray. It was barely completed when a comic opera plot in the Balkans, fired by young Bosnians — who hated their new Austrian rulers more than the Turks — assassinated Archduke Franz Ferdinand and started World War I.

Peace River Jim organized a battalion and led it to France and Flanders, and was decorated by both England and France. Home again, Colonel Cornwall became involved in managing trading posts and transportation on the Athabasca, Slave and Mackenzie Rivers. He was barely back in harness when in 1920, the discovery of oil below Fort Norman cracked the Mackenzie Basin wide open with another rush of fortune hunters. I was one of them.

Having more enthusiasm than knowledge about oil, I did not stake my claim in the right place. Out of funds, I had to quickly find work of any kind and approached Jim Cornwall. I asked him for a deckhand job. "There is no opening for a deckhand," Cornwall stated with a faint touch of regret. Then, with a pixie smile, he said, "I don't suppose you would be interested in a job as a purser." And that is how I became purser on steamboats operating to the Arctic and formed a close association with Cornwall that endured through the years.

Most of the drillers were brought in from Texas and Oklahoma oil fields, and the North certainly handed them a few surprises. One time I was telling a lanky lad from Texas that he would soon be seeing the Midnight Sun and would be able to read a book by continuous daylight, to which he burst out with, "If I can go back to Texas and make them believe that, I'll be able to make them believe anything!"

Jim Cornwall stands out as the most fascinating man I have ever known. With an abounding sense of humor, honor and the theatrical, he could talk Cree with any Indian and joke with footloose prospectors like they were



The writer at the oil wells below Fort Norman.

Fort McMurray in the early 1920s, before the discovery of oil, pitchblende (radium ore) and gold. Population of the sleepy village has zoomed to over 25,000 with development of the tar sands.

old buddies. Self-educated, always with a book at hand, he could hold his own with any university professor and talk finance with bankers in New York and London. There was the touch of Barnum, but he was all man, solid as a rock, generous, kindly, and ever willing to help an unfortunate fellow down on his luck. He had that rare ability to turn a difficult problem into an amusing incident.

The Indians admired Cornwall and would double up with laughter over his amazing yarns. One day we were unloading freight for a happy Metis fellow who had set himself up as a trader at Fort Simpson. He complained about the carrying charge and Cornwall said, "I'm not making big money. Look at the patches on my pants." The trader smiled and said, "Long time I know you, Cornwall. Always you have patches on your pants." Cornwall roared with laughter.

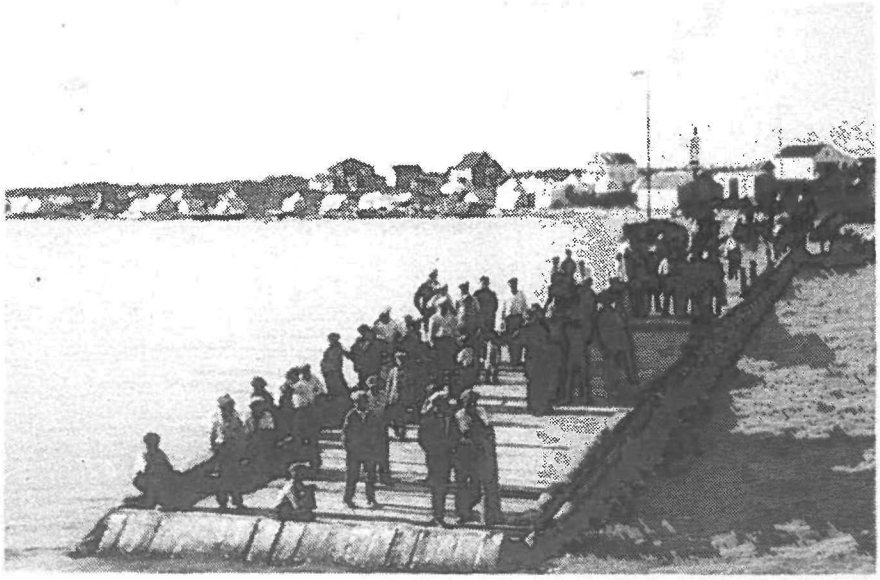
Never the touchy kind who always wanted the joke to be on the other fellow, Cornwall could laugh at himself. Like the time Captain Lou Morton was landing a steamboat at Fort McMurray. Jim had been imbibing a bit from the cup that cheers and, as he stood on the dock telling Captain Lou how and where to dock, he became excited and flopped into the river. Kidded later about the incident, he laughed and said, "The way of the transgressor is hard."

I worked on the river boats in the summer and spent the intervening winter in the "old" North. Radio and the airplane had not yet arrived and dogs were necessary for travel. I read every book I could get my hands on and was entertained nightly by the dancing lights of the aurora borealis. Next spring I was on the rivers again. In due time far-off places beckoned.

Ten years later pitchblende (radium ore), gold and other mineral finds were shaking the North. After travels to Canada's Arctic islands on the famed *Nascopie*, in Alaska, and through the Orient and South Pacific, I was again "down north", being amazed at the tremendous changes. This was the "new" North. Prospectors were being flown to likely locations and the moccasin telegraph was replaced by radio stations. Fast diesel-powered boats were on the rivers. Norman Wells was in production. Beehive activity was everywhere, but it was still a land of rugged beauty and simple philosophy, fortitude and a few luxuries interwoven with humor.

I was kept busy getting supplies pushed through, by transit down the Mackenzie, up through the Great Bear River rapids and across Great Bear

Before the advent of the airplane and, in later years, the snowmobile, all winter travel in the Far North was by dog team.



"Here comes the boat!" Planes fly mail and perishable cargo, but the MacKenzie River boat is still an important factor in hauling all types of equipment and supplies.

Lake to Eldorado Mine. For one whole summer I shared a cabin with Peace River Jim and never knew a dull moment when in his company. Night after night I laughed at his true and tall tales. When I asked him what he was doing in "Coxey's Army", a group of one hundred thousand unemployed protesting men led by Jacob S. Coxey, a businessman of Massillow, Ohio, to Washington during the Panic of 1893, he replied, poker-faced, "I was a war correspondent!".

Soon after entering the Peace River country Cornwall met a lanky aged American who had been in the California gold rush before the lure of riches led him to the Cariboo in British Columbia. His name was "Twelvefoot Davis", but not for his height. H.T. Davis acquired international fame and the nickname when he noticed that two claims at Barkerville exceeded the limit by 12 feet, which he promptly staked. His 12-foot claim yielded more than $15,000 in gold. Cornwall and Davis became fast friends and partners.

One evening when they camped atop a hill overlooking the valley of the Peace and Smoky Rivers spread out below, "Twelvefoot" said, "Jim, when I die I want to be bured here." Jim promised to fulfill his wish. Davis died some time later. Cornwall was then on his own and in a distant part of the country, but he buried his old friend at the final resting place he chose. The inscription on the stone reads:

He was every man's friend,
And he never locked his cabin door.

Cornwall's boats carried some strange cargoes, including cases of whiskey handled like Ming china with more security than a shipment of gold from Fort Knox. One unusual consignment came about through surplus plains buffalo on the broad acres of Alberta's Wainwright Park, due to be slaughtered. Through Jim's interest, 7000 of the magnificent animals were shipped by rail through Edmonton to Waterways, then moved down the Athabasca River, across Lake Athabasca and down the Slave River to Wood Buffalo National Park to mingle with their fellow creatures in one of the world's largest unfenced game reserves.

Transportation changes were taking place as the airplane replaced river boats for moving cargoes requiring quick delivery. Cornwall gave up his shipping interests and trading holdings to spread his wings over the entire northland in search of minerals. I kept in touch with him while overseas during World War II, and could never think of him growing old as he continued to search for hidden wealth in old mother mould. It was a sad blow for him when his only son was lost at sea.

Many men have been involved in developing Canada's northland, but Peace River Jim did more than any other single man in making people aware of the possibilities and opportunities awaiting there. He opened the door for entry to the fabulous Peace River country, and left his mark from Waterways and Fort McMurray to Aklavik and Coppermine on Coronation Gulf. He used to say, "Somebody has to go ahead. If you make money while doing it — fine. If not, it does not matter. There's enough thrill in blazing a new trail."

Cornwall's life was an adventure, during which he never lost faith in himself and his fellowman, while retaining a happy and friendly outlook and an ever-ready helping hand. Before he died, in 1955 at the age of 86 in the Veterans Hospital in Calgary, he saw the long awaited rail route he so ardently advocated completed from the Pacific Coast to the Peace River country, and he witnessed his dream of a prosperous Canadian Northern Empire emerge into greatness.

HISTORY FOR THE BROWNIES

Jacqueline Gresko

A few years ago British Columbia Historical *News* suggested that members of branches encourage future historians by volunteering to test Brownie or Guide History badges. When I commented informally on having done several Brownie Pack tests at the February 1987 federation executive meeting, some members suggested that I write this topic up for the *News*. One member involved with Beavers and Cubs expressed hopes such an article might be used to prod the scout movement into developing similar badges. So here, thanks to Mrs. Annabelle Cutting and the Steveston Brownies, is a report on a Brownie Provincial Heritage Badge test.

Mrs. Cutting invited me to test the Brownies at their weekly meeting in Steveston United Church Hall on February 24, 1987. The Brownies are girls aged 6 to 8 attending grades 1 to 3 in school. For the Provincial Heritage Badge the purpose is listed as "to help the Brownie discover the richness of her provincial heritage." The requirements include:

1. Learn your provincial song or a song about your province.

OR Listen to or read a story or poem by a writer from your province.

2. Know the capital of your province and tell about its beginning.
3. Visit a museum or a site of historical interest in your province. Draw a picture or tell a story about it.

OR Learn about some of the early settlers in your province. Draw a picture or tell about these people.

4. Recognize and tell about two of the following in your province: the coat of arms, the provincial flower, the flag.

The Steveston Brown Owl, her assistants and the volunteers at the Steveston and Burnaby Heritage Village museums had helped the Brownies do projects and prepare to answer my questions on these requirements. The Brownies told me about a story and poems by Dan George, the coming of fur traders to Fort Victoria, their own museum visits and their own projects. Some of their drawings and writeups are included. Their coloring of the provincial flag and dogwood craft would not transport well but were lovely to see. Mr. Andrews would be happy to know they had also constructed a salt and flour topographic model of the province including all northern mountain ranges.

I really must commend the Brownie leaders for imagination and effort. Most of the girls have as yet had no history in school. To them history comes from TV: the Pilgrims arrive for American Thanksgiving or Laura Ingalls goes West.

Suggestions for future Brownie badge work include recommending: Emily Carr, *The Book of Small* (Toronto: Irwin, 1966), paperback; Sound Heritage booklets from the Provincial Archives Victoria: No. 40 Imbert Orchard, *Growing Up in the Valley* or No. 37 *Floodland and Forest*

or No. 22 Janet Cauthers, *Victorian Tapestry.*

For members and branches of the B.C. Historical Federation I suggest our news publish reports from other Brownie or Guide heritage/history badge testers. These reports could be printed in local papers and in the Guiders newsletter so as to applaud and encourage historical work by the guiders, parents and museum people.

About Steveston

In the olden days at Steveston there were no dykes, when there was a high tide the water would come all in. Steveston would get flooded in water. The streets were muddy, the streets were made out of wood so were the sidewalks.

The Post Office was a Bank and the manager lived upstairs which was above the bank, above the bank which was upstairs there were three rooms one room was kitchen and one of the other rooms was a bedroom and the last room was a guest room where they eat like a living room.

by Diana

A Visit to the Museum

It was fun when we went to the museum! The bath tub is so small you wouldn't fit in it. I'd hate to have that kind of lamp, it's too hard to light. The curling iron is so weird. If I was a girl then I don't think I would like it because it would be boring wearing the same dress for a week. I wouldn't like to be the mom because you had to clean the toilet. The way they wash their clothes they scrub it against something put it in a tub and twist the top then you put it through two circle things to dry the clothes. They were lucky to have the can opener.

Steveston

When Steveston was old it had wood for sidewalks. Steveston was a little fishing town. It did not have any fresh water, it had to get it from Vancouver. There was a big fire and this man went with a safe on the middle of the street and a fire truck had the fire. When they saw the man they could not stop in time so the man stood behind the safe and the safe got broken and the man died.

by Dieuwke

Editor's note. Unfortunately we were unable to reproduce the artwork submitted by the children. Suffice it to say that there were wonderfully creative representations of "old brick buildings," the Steveston Post Office, a "blind pig," bath tubs, washing machines and boardwalks.

WRITING COMPETITION

The British Columbia Historical Federation invites submissions of books or articles for the sixth annual Competition for Writers of B.C. History.

Any book with historical content published in 1988 is eligible. The work may be a community history, a biography, a record of a project, industry or organization, or personal recollections giving glimpses of the past. Names, dates and places with relevant maps or pictures turn a story into "history".

The judges are looking for fresh presentations of historical information with appropriate illustrations, careful proof reading, an adequate index, table of contents and bibliography. Winners will be chosen in the following categories:

1) Best history book by an individual writer. Winner receives the Lieutenant-Governor's Medal for Historical Writing and a monetary prize.
2) Best anthology.
3) Special Award — for an author or editor of an outstanding book.
4) Best article published in the *British Columbia Historical News* quarterly magazine.

All winners will receive considerable publicity, an invitation to the Annual General Meeting in May 1989, and a Certificate of Merit.

Books should be mailed as soon as possible after publication to:
British Columbia Historical Federation
c/o Mrs. Naomi Miller
Box 105
Wasa, B.C. V0B 2K0

Please include name, address and telephone number, the cost of the book and an address from where it may be ordered if a reader has to order by mail. Deadline for 1988 book submissions is January 31, 1989.

Articles should be no more than 2,500 words, substantiated with footnotes if possible, and accompanied by photographs if available. (Photos will be returned). Deadlines for the quarterly issues are September 1, December 1, March 1, and June 1. Please send articles directly to:

The Editor
British Columbia Historical News
P.O. Box 5626, Station B
Victoria, B.C.
V8R 6S4

News and Notes

Springtime in the Capital!

National Conference on
Heritage Interpretation

"Interpretation and Tourism" will explore the relationship between heritage interpretation programs and tourism past, present and future. One strong focus of the conference will be on bringing a marketing perspective to the planning and running of interpretive programs. Another will be on identifying emerging trends in tourism related to heritage interpretation.

April 13 - 17, 1988 in Ottawa and Hull.

Interesting guest speakers, sneak previews of new museums, workshops, demonstrations and field trips in Ottawa Hull and region will allow you to enjoy springtime in the nation's capital! Interpretation Canada, Box 2667, Stn. D, Ottawa, Ontario, K1P 5W7

Port Moody Station Museum

The Port Moody Station Museum is urgently seeking the following: van (for picking up artifacts, travelling to schools, setting up outside displays, etc.), podium, microphone, slide screen, photocopier, metal shelves, paper cutter (for the dark room), small fridge (for photographic paper). Also nice would be oak barrel-type planters for our parking lot and the back porch of the Station Museum. If you can help, please contact the Curator, M. Diane Rogers, at 939-1648.

Kootenay Lake Historical Society

To the residents of Kaslo, former residents and all friends of the S.S. Moyie:

S.O.S. (SAVE OUR SHIP)

WE need your help!

Since 1957, when the sternwheeler S.S. Moyie, after 60 years of service on Kootenay Lake, was beached at the east end of Front Street in Kaslo, the Kootenay Lake Historical Society has been responsible for the ship's upkeep. As the years go on, this is becoming increasingly difficult. The structure is deteriorating; the hull needs stabilizing and a fire protection system is necessary.

The K.L.H.S. feels that preserving the ship for the enjoyment and edification of future generations is a worthy project. The S.S. Moyie is a priceless part of our history.

The Federal Government has offered to contribute $150,000.00 toward the cost of repairing the ship — provided that we can come up with a matching $150,000.00.

We earnestly seek your financial support in order to SAVE OUR SHIP from falling into ruin.

All contributions of $10.00 or more will receive a tax-deductible receipt. Please mail your cheque to:

Kootenay Lake Historical Society
S.S. Moyie Preservation Fund
Box 534; Kaslo, B.C.; V0G 1M0

B.C. Museums Association

The Museums Association will sponsor a seminar in Preventive Conservation at the Kelowna Centennial Museum and NEC in Kelowna, February 15 & 16, 1988 from 9:30 - 4:30. Participants in this intermediate seminar will study the precautions which can be taken to prevent damage and deterioration of their collection. Environmental concerns and establishing guidelines for the care, handling, storage and display of objects will also be covered. The responsibility of determining an appropriate balance between preservation of the collection and demands of access of the collection to the public will be emphasized. Instructor: Richard Fuller, Conservator, Kelowna Centennial Museum. Registration fee: $50.00 BCMA members, $75.00 non-members.

Theme Issues.

The Spring issue (Vol. 21, No. 2) of the *News* will focus on the history of the Chinese in British Columbia. The editor is still looking for material for this issue. If you have done some research in this area or know someone who has, please contribute.

The Fall issue (Vol. 21, No. 4) will focus on the role of Pioneer Women in B.C.

As usual, there is always room in the *News* for articles dealing with any topics of historical interest.

MILITARY HISTORY SYMPOSIUM

The Department of History at the United States Air Force Academy will sponsor the Thirteenth Military History Symposium from 12 - 14 October 1988 on the topic, "The Intelligence Revolution: A Historical Perspective." The symposium's first session will analyze intelligence activities before 1939. The day will conclude with the Thirty-first Harmon Memorial Lecture, which will assess World War II as a watershed in the evolution of military intelligence. Sessions on the second day will examine the effect of intelligence on the war's major belligerents, while an evening banquet address will probe the intelligence revolution's influence on counterintelligence activities. The final day will feature sessions dealing with the revolution's legacies and will conclude with a panel discussion on how the intelligence revolution has affected current military postures. For information concerning symposium registration, contact: HQ USAFA/DFH, Attn: Captain Mark Clodfelter, USAF Academy, Colorado Springs, CO 80840-5701, Telephone: (303) 472-3230 (Commercial), 259-3230 (Autovon)

Copy Needed!

The *B.C. Historical News* requires articles, reminiscences, photo stories, etc. pertaining to the history of British Columbia. Put it down on paper and send it to the editor.

Articles up to 2500 words (shorter is fine). Typed manuscripts please.

CONFERENCE '88 IN BANFF

Plan now to attend the joint B.C. - Alberta Historical Conference May 5 - 8, 1988. A diverse program will be offered in the campus style facility of the Banff Centre (formerly Banff School of Fine Art) which boasts of "a beautiful view from every window."

The program starts Thursday evening with a speaker, a get acquainted session and a social. Both the Historical Society of Alberta and the B.C. Historical Federation hold their Annual General Meeting on Friday morning. The afternoon will feature a speaker from Banff, our own John Adams on "Heritage Cemeteries", and a viewing of the Centre's Art Gallery. The evening entertainment will be a film showing.

Participants will have a choice of programs on Saturday, both morning and afternoon. There will be workshops on "Book Repairs & Simple Book Binding," "Care of Archival Material on a Limited Budget," "Helpful Hints for Would Be Writers (G.P.V. & Helen Akrigg)," "Pioneer Foods," & "The Pros & Cons of Umbrella Organizations." After lunch you may go for a guided hike, visit one of Banff's Museums or explore the neighbourhood. A banquet will be the cheerful conclusion of the day.

Members of member societies can obtain Registration forms from the local secretary early in March. Readers are invited to this Conference. Application forms may be obtained by writing or phoning Naomi Miller at Box 105, Wasa, B.C. V0B 2K0 (604-422-3594).

DEADLINE FOR APPLICATIONS IS APRIL 15, 1988

(cont. from page 7)

but both accepted it and adjusted without difficulty.

History repeated itself. As Tim's schooldays drew to a close war again broke out and as his father had done, he at once enlisted. He served with distinction in the Royal Naval Reserve and then returned to Chilancoh. In 1948 an eye infection took him to Alexis Creek Nursing Station where he had the good fortune to meet Merle, an English nurse whose fondness for adventure was taking her around the world to out of the way places like Alexis Creek. Here her travels stopped and she and Tim were married.

In 1946 Kathleen Newton died and left the Newton Ranch to Tony Bayliff. As Tony was not yet 19 and by no means sure this was the career he wanted for himself, he left the running of the ranch in the capable hands of Jack Bliss. By that time Gay was ready to hand over Chilancoh to Tim. He and Dorothy, with a sensitivity that is a Bayliff characteristic, decided they might be in Tim and Merle's way, so they moved five miles down the road to live with Tony who had by now decided ranching was in his blood and taken over his heritage.

His wife Barrie whose forebears go back in British Columbian history as far as the Bayliffs, was equally enthusiastic. She and Merle soon proved they had an ample share of the tough qualities demanded of a Chilcotin chatelaine.

The Newton Ranch today comprises 3500 acres and runs 450 head of cattle. Tony and Barrie have a son Michael and daughter Jane. Doubtless the ranch will remain in Bayliff hands.

In 1977 Gabriel Bayliff died, a man widely admired and respected by the ranching community of British Columbia.

Today, the closing months of 1987, Chilancoh Ranch comprises 5000 acres, and runs 700 head. Tim has managed it for thirty years and increased it substantially. In the family tradition he may soon hand over the reins to elder son Hugh. Indeed Hugh already shares in all major decisions.

An innate mechanical ability has enabled Tim to keep pace with the technological changes which have swept over the ranching profession. His ranch has computerized irrigation and ultra-light aircraft. Though self-taught he can handle most of the repairs and maintenance problems of his many vehicles.

Tim served as President of the B.C. Cattleman's Association from 1980 - 82 and later as Chairman of the Land Use Committee. He has helped bring about the multi-use concept of resource management, an amended grazing act and a change from one-year permits to ten-year leases.

The old ranchhouse has changed little over the years. It boasts no modern or streamlined furnishings. The rolltop desk, the skins on the walls, the cupboards under the staircase, the hassocks, the portraits of Great-Aunt Charlotte and Prime Minister Sir Robert Peel, the rugs on the wooden floor have probably remained undisturbed in the comfortable sitting room since the time of Hugh and Gertrude. In the kitchen the huge iron stove and immense cook pots bespeak vast meals and vaster hospitality. The old house, spacious and sturdy, exudes warmth and friendship. The first of the fifth generation of Bayliffs, Bryce, son of James, Tim and Merle's younger son, who was born in February 1987 and is agreed by all family members to be the finest, most talented, handsomest, cleverest infant ever, may well be a major part of Chilancoh's second century.

Help Urgently Required!

The News requires a SUBSCRIPTION SECRETARY.

Job requirements: 1) available time — a few hours most weeks; 2) the patience of Job, this is a 'fussy' job; 3) detective skills of a high, if unadventurous order. Definitely a challenge!

If we can find someone (preferably in the Victoria area) to undertake this task, I will be most willing to work closely with the new subscription secretary over the next issue or two in order to pass on my hard-won experience.

This is an important job. Can someone come to our aid?

If you would like more information, or are willing to volunteer, please contact me by mail or phone (after 6 p.m.).

Ann W. Johnston, Chairperson
News Publishing Committee
R.R. 1, Mayne Island, V0N 2J0
539-2888

Bookshelf

Book Reviews should be sent directly to the book review editor, Anne Yandle, 3450 West 20th Avenue, Vancouver, B.C., V6S 1E4.

***Second World War Memories!*, Phylis Bowman. Prince Rupert, the author, 1987. 84 pp., illus. (Available from P. Bowman, 688 Skeena Drive, Port Edward, B.C., V0V 1G0). $7.00**

In 1939, Prince Rupert, Mrs. Bowman writes, was "a quiet, rather isolated little settlement with a population of around 6,000." The coming of war changed that. The city and its environs became an important military centre, especially after the United States entered the conflict and, with Canadian approval, designated Rupert as a "sub-Port of the Seattle Port of embarkation." American forces came into and through the city in a big way — over the next three and a half years in excess of 75,000 personnel were shipped from the port as well as extensive quantities of supplies and ammunition. Construction of many large and small buildings in Rupert and in the nearby village of Port Edward transformed the communities. It is this military "occupation", by both Canadian and American forces and their support staffs, that is the subject of Mrs. Bowman's *Second World War Memories!*

As is the custom in her books, Bowman relies mainly on photographs and memorabilia and, in many respects, she compiles rather than writes. On small pages, in this instance 5¼" by 8¼", there are usually two or three or more photographs with Bowman's comments appended, and this gives the impression of an extended collage. Reproductions of club membership cards, cards announcing dinners and other social occasions, snatches of the lyrics of wartime songs and poems, and even of musical scores, are all brought in. With neither a table of contents nor an index, there is an initial impression of disorganization. There are no chapters — only two sections, one for the "Canadian" period from the beginning of the war till early 1942, and the second for the period beginning with the arrival of the first American forces in March 1942. Yet there is continuity in the narrative, and the "story" carries through clearly so that one comes away from the book with a vivid sense of the place and the occasion.

Second World War Memories! is the latest in a series of nine books written and published by Mrs. Bowman about Rupert and its immediate vicinity. Together they provide an impression of the history of the area which may not be matched for any other small community in the province.

George Newell

George Newell is a member of the Victoria Branch of the B.C. Historical Federation, and one time resident of Prince Rupert.

***Pioneer Tales of Burnaby*, edited by Michael Sone. Burnaby, B.C., The Corporation of the District of Burnaby, 1987. 496 p. $25.00**

Pioneer Tales of Burnaby is an impressive publishing achievement of Burnaby's Municipal Hall. It contains 700 photographs and 175 "first-person reminiscences" by old-timers about how they and their predecessors settled and lived in the Burrard Peninsula between 1888 and 1930.

The book could easily be called a "family album" for the District of Burnaby. Among other things, it continually surprises the reader with little asides. Gordon Haddon, for instance, mentions that his grandfather came to British Columbia via San Francisco in the 1860s:

> . . . He was an English minister who started a church on Saltspring Island after living awhile in the Nanaimo area. At that time, there was quite a large settlement on Saltspring made up largely of black slaves who had fled the U.S. in search of freedom.
>
> My grandfather's congregation was made up mostly, therefore, of black Americans. — *Pioneer Tales*, page 318.

And as Chairman of Brewery Creek Urban Committee in Mount Pleasant, I have to pause when I read in *Pioneer Tales* that before the Yorston family moved to Burnaby they lived in a house on "Front Street," which was close by Brewery Creek. Wilfred Yorston says:

> . . . We lived in the Mount Pleasant district of Vancouver when we arrived here from Moose Jaw, Sask., in 1906. Our house was right on False Creek waterfront. At high tide the water would come up underneath. — *Pioneer Tales*, page 122.

The initial idea for the book came to a former Mayor of Burnaby, now MLA, Dave Mercier, as a result of an official "tea" attended by 600 senior citizens in the summer of 1980. Seven years later, with financial help from the Government of the Province of British Columbia, it has now been published under Mayor Bill Lewarne.

As to the political side, Mercier comments:

> You might say that Dave kicked it off and Bill carried the ball. Bill was determined, and, in his persuasive way, he gained full support of Council.
>
> But there was much skepticism, and a few said that *Pioneer Tales* was a "boondoggle".
>
> There were only three of us who really believed in the book and its marketability: Bill Lewarne, Michael Sone (the editor), and myself. — Dave Mercier, MLA, in conversation with C.C., November 20, 1987.

Michael Sone, formerly on the sports staff of *The Province*, is now an independent writer; and, as editor of *Pioneer Tales*, he was working by contract for the Municipality of Burnaby. Mercier says:

> Mike did it all. He's the author, he suggested it, he spearheaded the funding, he insisted on the quality. He "sold" Mayor Lewarne on the nature and the quality of the book.
>
> He's the man that assembled it — everything: style, cover, size, format and shape.
>
> He did an outstanding job. He got the money together, prodded the successive Councils, and definitely made the book the "class" presentation it is. — *Ibid*

One has to agree: the editing, design and layout of the book are well and professionally done. Despite the usual severe restraints inherent in municipal budgeting and in producing an item within the purchasing capacity of the average citizen, *Pioneer Tales* has been a marketing success, a "best-seller" in its genre in Canada.

The book has immediate human appeal. For a person of my generation, born in Vancouver shortly after the First World War, the book evokes a reminder of a way of life and a system of values, now on the verge of being forgotten, that used to exist in the Lower Mainland of British Columbia.

From the point of view of its human content, *Pioneer Tales* is an unmistakably worthwhile achievement. It has a certain quality of almost family concern, pride, and even love. Above all, one must credit the special character and mentality of the "pioneer" writers of these stories for the sympathetic feelings which the book engenders.

The first two sections of *Pioneer Tales* contain memories of childhood and initial parental homemaking in Burnaby in the years before the First Great War. While we know that circumstances were often exceedingly uncertain for their elders, particularly in the Great Depression years of the 1890s, the writers of these *Tales* recall their early childhood in those "Golden Years" with respect. Typical is Alfred Naud's comment:

> . . .they were certainly happy and carefree times for a boy growing up in Burnaby in its pioneer days. — *Pioneer Tales* page 86.

In general, however, in their stories these senior citizens present us with the historical panorama through which they have witnessed the tumultuous violence and chaotic expansionism of the 20th century mechanized human society, a time in which tremendous social/economic forces have converted the rural "heaven" of pioneer Burnaby of a few hundred souls into today's populous metropolitan region of several hundreds of thousands.

Many of these old-timers feel that, in the rush for growth and expansion, important human values, such as simple caring and neighbourliness, have been jettisoned. They miss the "camaraderie and spirit" of Burnaby's pioneering days, some question "so-called progress".

While these senior citizens show interest in local affairs, I miss seeing a bit more highlighting in *Pioneer Tales* of municipal leadership in Burnaby's "pioneer" years, some brief mention of their alternative policies, perhaps the odd newspaper heading. I think, as well, that the fine photographs of the current Mayor and Council included in the dedication pages of *Pioneer Tales* ought to have been counterbalanced in some way by more emphasis on the few photographs of municipal politicians from the past. At least, the archival photograph of Burnaby's first Council with Reeve Charles Shaw (page 49) might have been larger and placed in a more prominent position. And why did that photograph get lesser treatment than the one of Reeve Peter Byrne and the 1910 Council shown on page 152?

As well, *Pioneer Tales* might have benefitted from two or three panoramic drawings to indicate roughly where the four major centres of Burnaby's community development were located and what their regional interrelationships were. Burnaby is a very large municipality which is powerfully bisected at its centre by Burnaby Lake and a depression of peat bogs and scrubwood lands. Professor Walter Hardwick notes, for example:

> To the north, an extension of the Hastings East area of Vancouver, called Vancouver Heights and Capitol Hill, pressed into northern Burnaby. Although this part was indeed in the municipality, the majority of residents were functionally part of the Vancouver labour force. The street-cars and buses looped near the Vancouver boundary, offering access to the city core and the industries of the harbour. — Walter G. Hardwick, Vancouver. Don Mills, Ontario, Collier Macmillan Canada, 1974, page 134.

Certainly, the "mental maps" of Burnaby's "pioneers" included jobs, high schools, entertainment and shopping in Vancouver and New Westminster. For instance, Elsie Wilson, who was born in 1898 near Central Park, writes:

> . . . Mother dealt mostly at Woodwards in Vancouver. She exchanged extra eggs and butter for groceries at Woodwards, and often shopped there on 95-cent Day. Occasionally, she depended on the local delivery services. — *Pioneer Tales*, pages 24 - 25.

And Madeling Clarke Cooper writes:

> . . . We went to the movies on Saturdays at the Edison Theatre . . . on Columbia Street in New Westminster. My two girl friends and I would pay ten cents to get in . . . The movies were silent then with a three piece orchestra in the pit. We all liked Rudy Valentino, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fair-

banks. — *Ibid*. page 176.

When she was older she worked in downtown Vancouver.

> I was working swing shifts as an elevator operator in the Vancouver Hotel when the war ended (Nov. 11, 1918). I'll never forget Armistice Day in Vancouver. — *Ibid*. page 177.

Pioneer Tales is a major book purchase for many people, and may be their only reference to Burnaby's development. Such a book as this, therefore, should be reasonably comprehensive. I miss a bibliography; even a minimal one would have been helpful.

And I continue to think that the two early maps of the Burrard Peninsula included in George Green's History of Burnaby, (pages 37 and 39) are still not all that widely known; I would have included them somewhere in *Pioneer Tales*.

A brief introduction by Sone precedes each story in *Pioneer Tales*. In most instances, the story is narrated in the old-timer's own words with only slight changes "to achieve a uniform style."

> . . . Sone said although he edited for spelling, he left the language of the pioneers alone. It's what gives the book its unique flavour. — *Burnaby Now*. May 13, 1987, page 21.

Sone made no attempt to correct for historical accuracy. He says, for instance:

> I've got (the notorious bank robber) Bill Bagley shot in six or seven different areas of Burnaby. But it's delightful, because that's the way they (the old timers) remember it. — *Ibid*.

One understands, therefore, that, while containing much valuable material, *Pioneer Tales* is edited for "human interest" rather than historiography.

Notes on the dust jacket of *Pioneer Tales* make it clear that difficulties were experienced in achieving progress on the book.

> Between 1981 and 1984, work on *Pioneer Tales* was sporadic at best . . . Work resumed in earnest in the summer of 1985 after Council voted seed money for research. With four students from Burnaby secondary schools and one from the British Columbia Institute of Technology compiling an average of fourteen stories each, the complement of tales steadily rose.

Editor Sone added stories he wrote up himself.

We habitually exclude from our thinking the Salish people who inhabited these lands for ages before the coming of Europeans, and whose trails through the woods the early European settlers undoubtedly used. We find no mention of the Salish in *Pioneer Tales*. Certainly, a true "pioneer" in the context of European newcomers would be William Holmes who is mentioned but briefly on page 17. Holmes moved his wife and six children into a cabin on Brunette Creek in 1861, long before a formal municipality was thought about.

The people whose lives are portrayed in the pages of *Pioneer Tales of Burnaby* belong to our modern era dominated by the railroad, the motor vehicle, and electric power. Even those who settled in what is now Burnaby in the late 1880's were essentially urban. As was typical for these "pioneers", George Leaf's mother, Mrs. Burgess, soon after arriving in what is now Burnaby, had her name on a petition circulated in 1891, the objective of which was municipal incorporation to insure that taxes would be used to provide the signators' properties with public services and improvements.

With his *Pioneer Tales of Burnaby*, Michael Sone has achieved what amounts to a master work in social history. In summing up, he writes:

> . . . I was astonished not only by the optimism of the pioneers but by their self-effacing humor. Here were people who had lived through the incredible deprivations of homesteading, two depressions, several recessions and at least one global war, and the phrase I heard most was, 'I wouldn't have missed it for anything.' — Preface, *Ibid*, page 8.

Charles Christopherson

Charles Christopherson is Chairman of Brewery Creek Urban Committee, member and former President of Mount Pleasant Neighbourhood Association, former member of Vancouver City Planning Commission (1977 - 1981), and member of the William Morris Society.

Honore-Timothee Lempfrit O.M.I: His Oregon Trail Journal and Letters from the Pacific Northwest, 1848 - 1853.
Edited by Patricia Meyer.
Translated from the French by Patricia Meyer and Catou Levesque.
Fairfield, Washington: Ye Galleon Press, 1985.
261 pages. Illustrations, notes, map, bibliography, index, $21.00
and
Will to Power: The Missionary Career of Father Morice.
David Mulhall.
Vancouver: University of British Columbia Press, 1986.
239 pages. Illustrations, notes, map, bibliography, index, $29.95

1985 and 1986 were remarkable years for the history of Catholic missions to the Indians of British Columbia as they saw publication of two books, on the least known early missionary and the other on the best known late-nineteenth century missionary.

The first book, Patricia Meyer and Catou Levesque's *Honore-Timothee Lempfrit O.M.I.: His Oregon Trail Journal and Letters from the Pacific Northwest, 1848 - 1853*, is a fine treatment of his work. Both introduction and translated text detail missionary practice and life on the frontier. The editor explains nineteenth century Roman Catholic practices and Latin terms. She gives us interesting insight into Lempfrit's labours among Songhees, Klallam, Sooke, Saanich and Cowichan and his departure from the field. She hints that the linguistically-able priest was valuable to James Douglas in negotiating the Fort Victoria treaties but troublesome once the Cowichan complain-

ed about him. The major problems of continental Frenchman Lempfrit seem not to have come from these Indians. Rather, his own faux pas in missionary protocol, complaining to Rome over the local superior about one of the French-Canadian bishops of Oregon, meant all hell broke loose. The French-Canadian bishop responsible for Vancouver Island manoeuvred to remove Lempfrit from his post while the embarrassed Oblate superior down at Olympia had to accede to the prelate's wishes as well as those of his chiefs in France and Rome. Meanwhile Governor James Douglas, who had had his own tussles with Anglican clerics Beaver and Staines, must have sat smiling if not chuckling in his office.

One closes the Lempfrit book feeling that the editor and translators have made every effort to take us back in time with Lempfrit, to give us a sense of the man and a sense of the country.

David Mulhall's *Will to Power: the Missionary Career of Father Morice* is less satisfying. He mentions Fort St. James and Moricetown but does not make us sense the distances of the region nor feel the heat and mosquitoes of summer travel there. Yet this published version of Mulhall's 1978 McGill doctoral thesis does present in English much research in French sources. Mulhall contends that Oblate A.G. Morice, an "anarchic individual", aimed from his youth in France to be a priest-king and scholar among a Dene people in North America. He describes how the young Morice got himself out of teaching in Mission and Williams Lake boarding schools and up to Fort St. James as *the* missionary to the Carrier 1885 - 1903. He argues that Morice outdid fur traders and agents in influence over the Indians of the Northern Interior. Aided by his strong personality, his linguistic skills and adaptation of Cree syllabics to Carrier, Morice by 1896 had become "king of the country". Mulhall, however, also notes that the natives persisted in the forbidden gambling, potlatching and drinking; and that Father Morice neglected his religious duties in the field more and more for scholarly interests in his Fort St. James office or map making treks to the wilderness. All that makes us wonder how powerful this priest-king was. The superior who withdrew Morice in 1903 and had him removed east of the Rockies also had doubts about Morice's kingdom.

Significantly Mulhall neglects what anthropologists have recently discovered or reconstructed about the native response to Morice, for example Margaret Tobey's "Carrier" in the *Subarctic* volume of *The Handbook of North American Indians* (Washington: Smithsonian, 1981). He also ignores the research of former *B.C. Historical News* editor Maureen Cassidy for the Gitksan Carrier Tribal Council and her publication *Proud Past: A History of the Wet'swet'en of Moricetown, B.C.*

In sum, the editors of the Lempfrit volume and the Societe Historique Franco-Colombienne who backed them deserve our applause. David Mulhall needs our invitation to come west for long enough to listen to the informants of Cassidy in order to fully appreciate Moricetown as well as Morice.

Jacqueline Gresko

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