British Columbia Historical News

Journal of the British Columbia Historical Federation

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Courtesy Eileen Sutherland

Above: *Port Essington on the Skeena. Page 6.*

Murdered by a scab

The British land claim at Nootka

Worries about BC's archives

Summers on the Skeena

BC Tree Fruits challenged

A significant inspector of fisheries

The Orpheum celebrates 75 years

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"Any country worthy of a future should be interested in its past."
W. Kaye Lamb, 1937

WANTED

The British Columbia Historical Federation is looking for a volunteer to take over as editor of *BC Historical News* starting in September.

Previous editing experience could help but more essential are interest in local history, sustained dedication, and a lot of energy and enthusiasm.

It's the editor who creates the journal, sets its standards, and decides its contents. The editor needs imagination, judgement, vision, and the courage to make decisions.

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Yes, there are uncertainties around the editorship but that should not cause anyone to hesitate submitting manuscripts for future publication, nor should anyone hesitate to extend their subscription.

We know that there will be a succesor. We only don't know yet who it will be. I am confident that a new editor will be selected long before the fall, but I invite you, our readers, to help finding more canditates.

If you think that someone would be interested or could be the one to do the job, please let me know. Don't be bashful submitting your own name.

Suggestions, enquiries, and applications will be kept confidential.

the editor

A Working Man's Dream

The Life of Frank Rogers

by Janet Mary Nicol

Janet Mary Nicol is a teacher, writer, and former union organizer, living in Vancouver.

This spring marks the 100th anniversary of the death of labour organizer Frank Rogers

On 18 April 1903, as a heavy rain fell, the longshoremen's union led more than eight hundred mourners to the old city cemetery above the blue inlet and overlooking mountains around Vancouver. They came to bury union organizer Frank Rogers, placing an anchor-shaped wreath with the word "martyr" inscribed at his grave. The funeral was the largest gathering of trade unionists the city had experienced. Rogers was only thirty years old when he was shot late at night on a waterfront picket line a few blocks from his rented room. He died two days later in hospital. A strikebreaker hired by the Canadian Pacific Railway was arrested for his murder but later acquitted in court. Rogers's murder remains unsolved.

Many aspects of Frank Rogers's life are a mystery. No photos exist of him, and details of his personal life are sketchy though his exploits as a union organizer made the front pages of local newspapers. His next of kin are not recorded in official documents and his funeral, which was paid for by union members, was not attended by family.

Rogers immigrated from Scotland to the United States as a young man. He was a seaman in the American navy and merchant service. In 1897 he followed hundreds of eager male adventurers to Vancouver, most en route to the Klondike in the last great gold rush of the continent's history. Rogers chose to stay in the city, moving in and out of rented rooms in its oldest section, Gastown, and working seasonally at the Burrard Inlet docks. Over the next six years Rogers helped build the longshoremen, fishermen, and railway unions. He appeared like a shooting star to the city's labour movement; his entrance coinciding with a burst of new organizing and his death followed by its temporary collapse.

The working port attracted a diverse and unconventional group of labourers: "all of that breed of men the world nails to its crosses," observed an anonymous writer in a March 1911 *British Columbia Magazine* article. These workers including French, Swedes, Punjabis, Asians, and First Nations, "knew the harbor and its ships as a suburbanite knows the houses on his own street." Longshoremen formed a union in 1888 and had been on strike ten times by the century's turn, yet their basic rights were far from assured. It was this world Rogers first entered at age 24.

A fedora shading his eyes, Rogers walked to work, we can imagine, along a wood-planked sidewalk, dressed in grey pants with wide suspenders and a long-sleeved white shirt. Passing hotel saloons, shooting galleries, and warehouses, he turned off Gore Street, crossed the CPR tracks and joined a long queue of men standing on the wharf beside a moored sailing ship. The head stevedore selected men for the day's work at 35 cents an hour. If Rogers made the cut, he fell in with the chosen gang, unloading cargo from the ship's hold, ropes and pulleys creaking. A foreman's whistle directed the gang's movements. The Alhambra hotel saloon, situated in Gastown's oldest brick structure still known as the Byrnes Block, was a popular place for waterfront workers after a ten-hour shift. Surely Rogers would be there, leaning against its bar, holding a beer, and talking union.

Longshoremen moved exotic, difficult, and dangerous cargo. They unloaded bales of silk off ships from Asia to train cars heading for New York. Two workers were needed to lift a single sack of sugar. "There were a lot of men who couldn't stand up to that kind of work," according to retired stevedore Harry Walter in an oral account, "Man Along the Shore." "[Sugar] was worse than lead and lead was tough too." Handling sulphur could be hazardous and so was exposure to dust from wheat. "A lot of grain boys died from that wheat," retired longshoremen Frank McKenzie remembered. "Used to use handkerchiefs around their mouths and nose[s]."

"At first we had nothing," Axel Nymen recalled of his time in the longshoremen's union. "It was a ship side pick." The foremen arbitrarily selected men for a day's work and assigned tasks unevenly. "We had a union with the general cargo people," Alex said, "but it all went haywire when they shot the president of the Fishermen's Union [Frank Rogers]."

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BC Archives A-03941

Left: *Salmon Fishing on the Lower Fraser. Rogers helped unite more than four thousand immigrant European and Japanese as well as a few hundred First Nations fishermen in seven union lodges along the rivers and inlets of BC.*

Mike Vidulich was a young fisherman when he met Frank Rogers on the picket line in 1900. He described him to labour historian Hal Griffiths as "stocky" and "quite short but broad in the shoulders, with a strong, open face and dark hair beginning to grey at the sides." "He was a good speaker, but quiet, not like Will MacClain [another strike leader] who used to shout and storm when he spoke," Vidulich recalled. "Rogers was an organizer, one of the best the fishermen ever had. The canners could never buy him." Vidulich said Rogers wasn't ambitious for himself but committed to the rights of the rank-and-file workers. "He believed in unions and socialism," he said.

Cannery employers took a different view, calling Rogers an outside agitator and socialist from the United States who wasn't even a fisherman by trade. But their accusations were no match for a socialist's passion.

Rogers was hired by the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada in the winter of 1899 to organize the Vancouver local of the BC Fishermen's Union. When the salmon season opened the following July, fishermen voted to strike against cannery owners for union recognition and a uniform price on fish at 25 cents each. Rogers helped unite more than four thousand immigrant European and Japanese as well as a few hundred First Nations fishermen in seven union lodges along the rivers and inlets of BC. An old farmhouse served as key union headquarters in Steveston, then a distant village from Vancouver on the Fraser River.

Rogers sensed which groups would withhold their labour, as reported in the *Daily World:* "Secretary Rogers said that there would be 1000 white fishermen and all the old-time Japanese who would not go out at all." First Nations groups supported the strike but the vast majority of recent Japanese immigrants, organized separately in a benevolent society, were less sure, knowing they had few employment options in a racially antagonistic province dominated by citizens of British origin. With the help of a translator, Rogers worked hard to convince Japanese fishermen to withdraw their labour.

During the first three weeks of picketing all were united. Strikers in patrol boats carrying a white flag with the number "25" in red, effectively cleared the Fraser River of strikebreakers. The canners in turn threatened to evict strikers in Steveston bunkhouses and withhold food. The union retaliated by organizing Vancouver shopkeepers to donate bread, potatoes, and tents. Japanese strikers were permitted limited fishing and the union urged all citizens to purchase their catch as a show of support.

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But on 20 July Japanese fishermen broke from the strike, agreeing to 20 cents a fish and returning to work. Asamatsu Murakami defended this action in the book *Steveston Recollected, A Japanese-Canadian History.* "We are settled fishermen," he said, "and if we are left without any link with the company, each family will be as helpless as troops without provisions." Murakami said those who defied the union had their nets cut, sails torn, and their life threatened. "At 6 AM," he recalled, "two white men came to the wharf and spoke to K. Maeda on his boat. He could not speak any English and they beat him up."

The government agreed to call out the militia to protect the returning Japanese fishermen so the canneries could re-open. This was the third time in the province's history the militia was used in a labour dispute. It was likely no coincidence that Rogers was arrested and jailed in Vancouver overnight on picket-related charges just before the militia arrived in Steveston on 22 July. As a testament to Rogers's leadership, strikers were at a loss until he was released on bail the next day and travelled the fifteen miles to Steveston by stage along forest-lined Granville Street. The union stubbornly continued negotiating for another week despite the show of force. They settled at 19 cents a fish and did not win union recognition, returning to work 30 July. Though their gains were intangible, for a short time a diverse group of workers had felt a collective strength. The union membership elected Frank Rogers president.

No clues indicate a woman in Rogers's life. Romance did find his political ally, William MacClain. With Rogers's help, MacClain was the first socialist to run (unsuccessfully) for office in BC in 1899. He married local woman Mary Ellen Dupont the same year. She volunteered by MacClain's side as he helped lead the fishermen's strike—a role that cost him his job as a machinist with the CPR. The couple left the province sometime after the dispute ended, possibly moving to MacClain's previous residence in Washington State.

The next summer, union fishermen were ready to strike again. The canners pounced, arresting Rogers 12 July with eight other fishermen on picket-related charges. The press noted with alarm some of the accused men were well known in the city and had families. Justice Drake was less sympathetic, calling all the strikers "thieves" and "robbers", making special reference to one black and two Chilean strikers as "foreigners" not familiar with "British ways." While Rogers was in custody the union settled and its members were back fishing 19 July, still without gaining union recognition.

Meanwhile, the Vancouver Trades and Labour Congress set up a defence fund and faithfully brought food to the nine strikers in the New Westminster county jail. Four months later all but Rogers were tried, acquitted, and released from their prison ordeal. Rogers was last to be let go on $10,000 bail with his trial held over to the next spring, at which time charges were dropped. "I am going off for a week's recreation now," he told a *Daily World* reporter after his release. The reporter observed Rogers was as keen as ever in speech but crunched up slightly in appearance. "I am going to have a little sport shooting and then shall come back to work here for the winter," Rogers said.

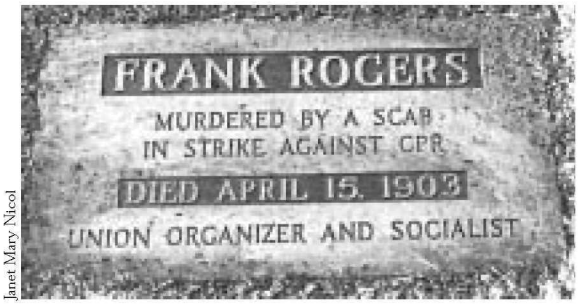
Rogers returned to the rank and file of the longshoremen's union and kept a low public profile until the winter of 1903 when railway workers walked off the job 27 February after a clerk was fired for organizing employees into the United Brotherhood of Railway Employees. The CPR vowed to spend a million dollars to break the picketers, employing special police and spies. Also undermining strikers were the railway craft unionists who refused to strike in support of less skilled workers. But across western Canada, workers in other unions boycotted "scab" freight. Rogers helped organize a sympathy strike of longshoremen as the dispute moved into spring.

The fateful night of 13 April began innocently enough. Rogers finished eating a late supper at Billy Williams' Social Oyster and Coffee House and stepped out onto Cordova Street around 11:20 PM, breathing in fresh night air cleansed by an earlier rainfall. Turning on Water Street, he met up with two acquaintances, also labourers, Antonio Saborino and Larry O'Neill. All were heading to nearby Gastown lodgings. As the trio approached Abbott Street, they saw figures in the darkened distance beyond the railway tracks. Interested in the CPR picket activity, the men decided to investigate.

Less than an hour earlier a fist fight had occurred between CPR strikebreakers and strikers. The strikebreakers fled to the moored steamship, *Yosemite,* a makeshift sleeping quarter provided by the CPR during the labour dispute. Two of the strikebreakers had lost a hat and umbrella and were returning to the tracks just as Rogers, O'Neill,

and Saborino appeared. The men were accompanied by a pair of armed special police hired by the CPR. Also in the vicinity was a lone strikebreaker in a small office shed, who spotted Rogers standing near the tracks directly beneath a light and pulled his gun. As shots rang out in the dark, the two special policemen responded by firing their guns several times.

Rogers was hit by a bullet almost immediately and fell to his knees. O'Neill and Saborino ran for cover, then seeing Rogers fall, they rushed to his aid and pulled him back to the street. Passers by helped them carry the wounded Rogers to the Great Western Hotel on Water Street. Rogers was laid out on a table until a hack arrived and he was driven to the old city hospital at 530 Cambie.



Janet Mary Nicol

Rogers survived the night bandaged with the bullet still lodged in his stomach. The next morning he told the police: "I did not have any trouble or row with anyone that night, neither did Larry O'Neill, nor the other man who was with me, that I know of. I do not know who shot me, but I think it must have been someone off the *Yosemite* or some of the special police. I had had no trouble with anyone for some time past. I did not see anyone else going down on to the wharf with us. When the shots were fired there were others [people] who came running to the end of the street. I do not know where they came from." Rogers told news reporters he would recover as he was young and strong. The doctor later disclosed the wound was inoperable. Rogers died the next afternoon, 15 April.

Members of the VTLC executive recognized "the high esteem in which the late brother was held by organized labour in this city and that the cause has lost a useful and ardent worker and faithful champion of unionism." They arranged a funeral service at the Labor Temple and burial at Mountain View Cemetery. An anonymous "intimate friend" of Rogers told a *Daily World* reporter: "His was a daring soul, but he evidently was born under an ill-omened star, as he seemed to get into trouble very early—and on a number of cases innocently." And the editor of Winnipeg's labour newspaper characterized Rogers as a "warm unionist."

Tuesday night following the funeral, union members and sympathizers crowded the old City Hall auditorium to protest Rogers' murder. Speakers condemned the CPR and called on the government to forbid employers from arming strikebreakers. The VTLC posted a $500 reward for Rogers' murderer.

Two CPR strikebreakers were charged. One was released and the other, James MacGregor, a strikebreaker brought in from Montreal by the CPR to work as a clerk, was tried three weeks after the shooting in a New Westminster court. Conviction depended on a key witness, strikebreaker William F. Armstrong, who had been one of the men returning to the tracks with two special police. At the preliminary hearing Armstrong testified MacGregor admitted to firing the fatal shot from the office shed in the direction of Rogers. However at the trial, Armstrong changed part of his testimony, which cast doubt on his entire statement. MacGregor was acquitted by a jury 7 May, due to lack of evidence. A news reporter observed the accused had not been the least anxious throughout the trial. The CPR had hired a top lawyer to defend MacGregor, and some say the employer paid MacGregor to leave town after the trial. The coroner's report concluded Rogers was "murdered by person or persons unknown."

The union movement was outraged justice was not served. For a time, employers in the city held the upper hand and when the UBRE strike ended two months after Rogers's death, the union failed to achieve recognition or employer guarantees to hire back strikers. Other unions involved in sympathy strikes were dismantled, including the longshoremen's.

Trade unionists acknowledge Frank Rogers's contribution, hopeful the province's first—but not last—labour martyr will be remembered. In 1978 a local labour history group placed a commemorative stone at Rogers's grave. It reads, "Frank Rogers / Murdered by a Scab / In Strike against CPR / Died April 15, 1903 / Union Organizer and Socialist." This epitaph tells us how Rogers died. His life tells us what he dreamed for working people.

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My Skeena Childhood

by Eileen Sutherland

Eileen Sutherland was born in Prince Rupert. She is interested in the author Jane Austen, social history, and archeaology. From 1988 to 1991 she was president of the Jane Austen Society of North America (JASNA) and for 18 years she was regional co-ordinator of the Vancouver group of the Society.
She has not been back to the Skeena for twenty years or more, but still thinks of the North Coast as "home."

THE Royal BC Museum in Victoria has a series of displays commemorating the important industries in BC—forestry, mining, and fishing. The fish cannery exhibit consists of a small part of the processing line of a cannery, where the cans of salmon jiggle along on a conveyor belt to have lids put on, and then go into a steamer box to be cooked and vacuum-sealed. The walls of the exhibit are rough boards, with a floor of planks. The designer could not replicate the fishy smell, the slime on the floors, the cold draft that swept the whole building, and the constantly dripping water everywhere in an operating cannery. However, for a visitor it is a good indication of what an old cannery building had looked like. One wall of the exhibit has a small window, and the painted "view" from it is of a river, a couple of islands, and wooded hills beyond: this was exactly the view over the Skeena River from the windows of my childhood home in Port Essington.

In the early 1860s, Robert Cunningham, a former missionary and Hudson's Bay Company trader, decided to start trading for himself. The site he chose was a historic Native camp called Spokeshute ("a fall camping place"), where the Ecstall River flows into the Skeena near its mouth. The upriver First Nations people came down each year to meet and trade with the coastal tribes. Cunningham founded a settlement, which he named Port Essington. He granted a portion of the land as a reserve for the First Nations people, in the hope they would stay and trade with him. The rest was divided into lots and sold to settlers. He built a store, and eventually a hotel and town hall, a cannery, a sawmill, and a sternwheeler steamship to carry goods and passengers upriver. A little town grew up with these structures at its centre. In time, there were four churches, other stores built by Japanese owners, and the cannery stores. Four canneries operated at one time, but only one of them lasted into my childhood. This was the Anglo-British Columbia Packing Company (ABC), owned by the Bell-Irving family, who purchased the Skeena Commercial cannery when its own British American (BA) cannery burned down in 1926.

In its heyday, the turn of the century, Essington was a lively, booming place, nicknamed the "Metropolis of the North." The town stretched out a

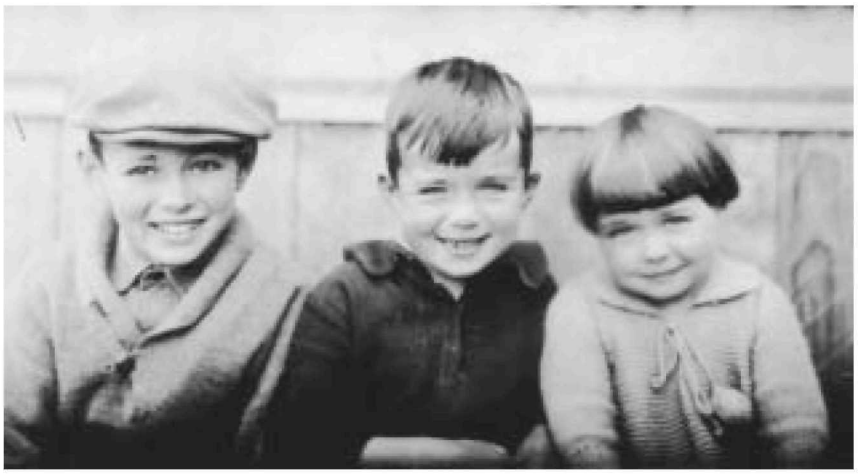
Right: *At Port Essington the Ecstall River (to the right) flows into the Skeena River.*

couple of miles along the shores of the rivers. Since the land was mostly rock or muskeg, the streets were boardwalks following the contours of the land, built up on posts, sometimes ten to twenty feet high, other times just above the ground. The "streets" were given pretentious names: Dufferin, Wellington, Lorne, and so on. There were several hotels by that time, a restaurant, a pool room, a small hospital, and a permanent population of several hundred people. In the fishing season, this number more than doubled as fishermen and cannery crews arrived in early spring.

It was in the winter, however, that most of the social events took place, as the people made their own entertainment. House parties, dances at the town hall, community concerts, a Christmas party for the children, and other amusements occupied almost everyone. At various times there were four newspapers, but none lasted very long. The town was not incorporated, but a mayor and council were elected (with great ceremony but no power); there was a parks commissioner, but no parks.

The coming of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway just before the First World War was expected to provide the final cap to Essington's good fortune. However, the ultimate decision sited the railway on the opposite side of the Skeena, and the town's prospects gradually diminished, as Prince Rupert became the major city of the north coast.

By the time of my childhood, there was a varied ethnic population in the town. About half the "Indians" lived in permanent homes in the reserve area; the rest stayed in houses on the hill behind the cannery for the fishing season, and returned upriver to their home villages, Kispiox, Kitwanga, and Kitwancool, after Labour Day, for the children to start school. The Chinese cannery workers were contracted labour, with a "boss" who made all the decisions. They lived in a big dormitory building behind the cannery, with their own cook and mess hall. The Japanese were mainly men with families who lived in several different sections of town—around each store, and in neat rows of houses at our end of town. In a small settlement ten minutes or so walk along the Ecstall River, a group of Finns had their homes and a steam bath hut. There was one Swedish and one Norwegian family, both with several near-grown up children, and quite a few families with British backgrounds. The "white" population was divided between "town" and "cannery" and lived at opposite ends of the main street. These groups did business with each other but didn't get together much otherwise. There were no housing restrictions in the town, but the groups kept distinctly to themselves, with no social mixing. I never heard of any fights, or racial slurs, or derogatory names. The segregation seemed to be voluntary and mutually acceptable.



Above: *Donald, Charlie, and Eileen Moore.*

A few years after their marriage in 1917, my mother and father came to Essington, where Dad had a job as bookkeeper at the ABC Packing Co.'s BA Cannery. They remained for over twenty years, at first year-round, when Dad had the job of caretaker during the winter months, and later, from around 1928, spending the winter in Vancouver, and the fishing season—about April to October—in Essington. I never went to school in Essington. My older brother Don was not doing well in the local one-room school. He and his special friends didn't pay much attention and the teacher lacked strong discipline. Mom and Dad decided to move to Vancouver for good schooling for all of us. We spent most of the year in Vancouver and the summer in Essington—two entirely different ways of life. The boat trip north, at the end of May—Dad had gone earlier when the cannery operations started—was like coming home, and we happily took up our Essington amusements again.

Our house was built on the top of a little hill—a big, square, two-storey building made to seem even larger by wide verandahs on front and side, and attached sheds and out-buildings at the back of one side. It looked down on the cannery property at the foot of the hill and beyond. The house had been built in the 1880s or 1890s for one of the cannery managers, and like the homes of all important people in town it was above and iso-

All photographs are from the author's collection.

Right: *Two "collectors" towing fishing boats to the fishing grounds.*

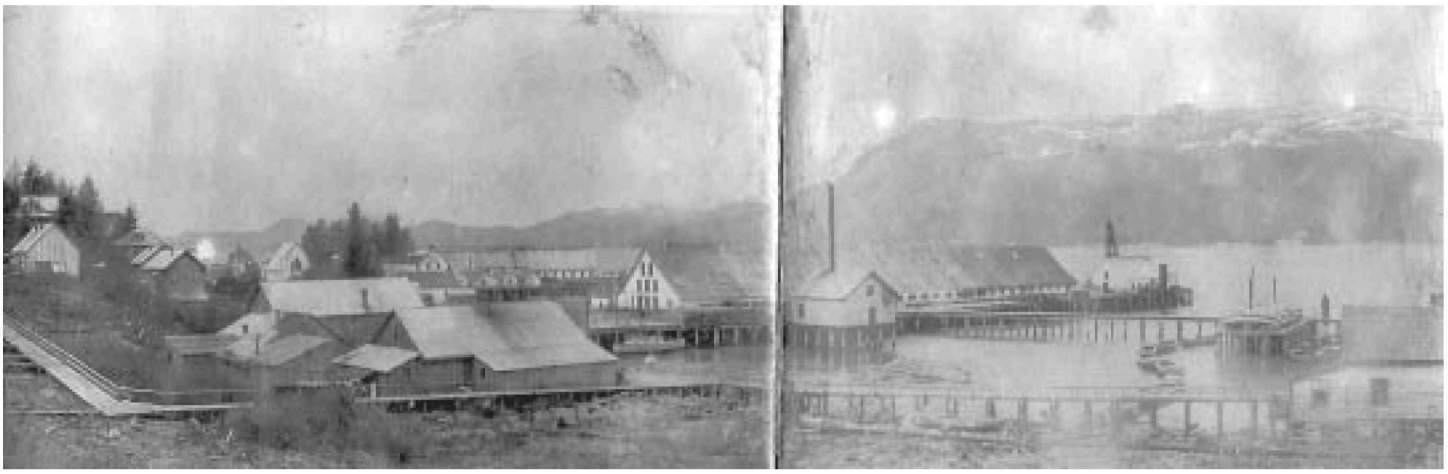
lated from all the others as much as possible.

In our time the house was considered too big and old-fashioned for the current manager, who chose instead the largest and highest of three houses built on a hill behind the cannery buildings. (The other two were occupied by the foreman, Stan Kendall and his family, whose daughter Fredda was my constant companion, and two bachelors, senior cannery employees). Our hill was covered with tall evergreens, cedars, firs, spruce and hemlock, and densely overgrown with salmonberry and blueberry bushes. A steep trail led down behind the house to the rocky shore of the Ecstall River, and one went down in another direction to the Japanese houses below, and several floats for their boats. Fifty-two steps led up to the front entrance of the house. We went down these stairs two at a time whenever we went out, and came up as fast as we could, but I could manage two at a time only part way up—and arrived breathless at the top.

There was just enough flat land at the top of the hill around the house for a small yard where we played—a bar for swinging and chinning ourselves, a heavy rope hanging from a large spruce tree, knotted at intervals for climbing and with a big loop at the end for swinging. Down the bank behind the house (we always spoke of "down the bank" instead of "down the hill"), a long—30 feet or more—rope was fastened high up one of the big trees near the water. There was a loop in the end, and the boys could take the rope up the hill to a place where they could put one foot in the loop, hang on tightly, push off, and swing away out over the rock and the river, gradually "dying down" until they came to a stop at the foot of the tree. It looked wonderful, but I was too scared to try it.

Below: *Panoramic view of Port Essington looking accross the Skeena. The ABCP Co takes centre stage.*

ABCP Co. cannery building and wharf.



Path leading to the houses of the "Indians" *Kishimoto store* *Boiler house* *Cannery mess house*

Left: *The company store at the end of the wharf. On the hill to the left is the house in which the author lived with her family.*

On rainy days—and there were lots of them—the wide verandahs made excellent places to play. Mum had clothes lines strung on the side verandah, but we could ride kiddie-cars and tricycles back and forth for hours, and play on swings hung from the ceiling.

Three bedrooms were upstairs, all with a minimum of furniture. The walls were covered in old, faded, and in some places water-stained papers, and the floors were a dark oiled wood, with a braided rag rug beside each bed. Both the upstairs and downstairs hallways had wood-burning stoves, but I don't remember them ever lit. What I remember is the downstairs rooms kept warm, and the halls and bedrooms cold. Dad had cut a hole in the bathroom floor over the kitchen stove and boxed it in with boards and wire screens, which provided a constant source of warm air.

BA netloft at the left wih the dark roof.

BA store and office *Bunkhouse for workers*

When the house had been built, it was the fashion to have a fairly small parlour and a much larger dining-room. In one corner of the living-room was a cast-iron stove with an open front, the metal equivalent of a fireplace. Shortly after my parents moved to Essington, they were visited by Henry Bell-Irving, the head of the cannery firm. Somehow the conversation turned to stoves or heating, and Mum happened to say how much she liked a real fireplace. In a few weeks, this open stove was sent up to her by Mr. Bell-Irving. We all enjoyed it. Almost every evening we sat around reading, watching the flames, and soaking up the heat. The room was furnished with a small square table in the centre—great for piling up books and newspapers (we were all avid readers) or playing crib or other card games. The table was also necessary because it sat under the low hanging gas light and prevented anyone walking into the lamp. We had no electricity and this gas light was our main light. We also had half a dozen coal-oil lamps that we could carry from room to room, and upstairs to the bedrooms.

Essential repairs were done to the house, but not much in the way of decoration. It was an ideal home for a family with children. We didn't do any damage, but we didn't have to be too careful—there wasn't much that could be broken or damaged. My earliest memories are of processions around the house—my older brother Don on a large tricycle, my other brother Charlie on a scooter, and myself on a small kiddy-car—around the table in the middle of the living room, into the dining room and around the table there

a couple of times, into the kitchen and to the pantry at the back, in one door and out the other, and then back to start again, with appropriate loud noises. All the time Mum was busy trying to get a meal, or clean up. As we grew older, we changed to larger or more complicated vehicles, but it was a delightful game that kept on for years. Charlie was less than two years older than I, but Don was six years older—he was soon off with his own friends rather than playing at home with Charlie and me.

The kitchen at the back of the house was long and narrow, with a big black stove at the centre, literally and emotionally. Fuelled by wood and coal, and later by oil, the fire was kept going almost all the time, banked down at night. The fire heated the oven at one side, the "warming oven" at the top, and a tank of water beside the stove. When we came in cold and shivering, we stood with our backs against this warm tank or sat in front of the oven with the door open.

We had good meals, although the foods available lacked variety. Almost all fruits and vegetables came from cans, except fresh root vegetables, and apples, oranges, and bananas. A couple of times a week we had a piece of salmon from the cannery, poached and served with an egg sauce. Every Friday, a butcher from Rupert brought meat to sell in Essington. We had no refrigeration, but a "cooler"—a box nailed to the north side of the house just outside one of the kitchen windows—kept things fairly cool. Mum baked bread, cookies, gingerbread, and other sweets; there was always dessert, often sliced oranges and bananas, or apple cobbler. I could pick enough blueberries from the bushes on our hill in half an hour, whenever Mum asked for them and blueberry pudding was always a favourite.

We drank evaporated milk mixed with water and were quite accustomed to its taste, until we moved to Vancouver and tasted fresh milk. That turned us against canned milk a bit. We made delicious cocoa with undiluted canned milk, and had melted butter and brown sugar on our breakfast porridge instead of milk. For a year or two a Japanese farmer kept cows a short distance down the Skeena River. He brought milk into town to sell, in pails hung from a yoke over his shoulders. But the cows grazed in a meadow with skunk cabbage, and the milk had a strange taste, so we really preferred the canned.

Across the back end of the kitchen was the pantry, a long narrow section with two doors usually standing open. At one end were the sink and washtub; at the other was a wall of open shelves for dishes, small staples, pots and pans, and all the other necessities for cooking. In the middle was a work table, and on the floor beside this were several sacks of sugar, flour, oatmeal, etc. It was in the pantry one day that a calamity occurred that turned into a hilarious story passed on to our children and grandchildren. Mum was busy with preparations for the next meal. Charlie and I, in our pre-teens, were hanging around, putting in time. He began to boast how strong he was, how he could lift...could lift...that sack of flour on

Right: *The cannery end of the main street. The windows on the right are from Kameda's store. To the left is the post office and the three buildings behind are probably bunkhouses for Japanese workers.*

the pantry floor. It was probably 25 pounds, and I promptly said he couldn't do it. He marched over, grabbed the sack firmly around the middle and, giving a great heave, triumphantly put it over his shoulder.

What we didn't know was that the flour sack had been opened, and the top edge folded back in place. There, before my eyes, Charlie suddenly disappeared in a cloud of white. We were horrified. Mum took a deep breath, and very quietly and firmly suggested we go and play somewhere else. We scuttled outside, and got rid of most of the flour dust. It was a long time before we could see anything funny in what had happened, and I don't think Mum ever did get any amusement out of it. We knew it must have been a lot of work for her to clean up, but it was years later when I realized that not only was there a pile of flour all over the floor, but on the open shelves every dish and plate, every glass and bowl, every small container and bag had to be washed clean of dust—and without the help of a vacuum cleaner. But now we think it's a funny story.

As we grew older, Charlie played with two boys his own age, and I was with Fredda almost every day. When the cannery was running, we usually began the day with a tour around it to see how things were going. I can still remember my child's view of the cannery: very cold and wet at one end, very hot and scary at the other. We were surrounded by restrictions and cautions: "don't get in anyone's way, watch where you are going, look out, don't touch." Older and braver, we realized how fascinating it was.

We started at the far end of the wharf, looking down at a scow filled with fish. The fishing boats stayed out on the fishing grounds for several days, and "collectors"—bigger boats with lots of storage space—brought in their fish each day to the cannery. Men with pike-poles (long poles with a sharp, curved steel prong at the end) poked the prong into the gills of each fish, and flipped it onto a conveyor belt with mesh baskets. When each basket got up to the wharf level, just before it turned over to start down again, it would tip the fish onto the wharf floor. Often there were so many they formed a big slithering pile. But usually another worker or two with pikes lifted each fish again by the gills and tossed it onto a bench or table where each fish was guided, head first, into a noisy, powerful block of machinery, the "Smith Butchering Machine." When it was introduced about 1905, it was so efficient that it took the place of dozens of Chinese workers (who were given other jobs in the cannery), and was always referred to as the "Iron Chink." The machine cut off the head, tail and dorsal fin of each fish, slit up the belly, scraped out the entrails, and partially cleaned the cavity.

Above: *The company store.*

The fish next went along another moving belt between two rows of "washers." These were mostly Native women, wives of fishermen, who stood in front of tables and sinks, with constantly running cold water, and thoroughly scrubbed each fish inside and out. The women wore rubber gloves, oil-cloth aprons, boots, and heavy sweaters to keep warm, and had their hair gathered up into caps or scarves. The cleaned fish were put back onto the moving belt, and went through another machine, which cut them into sections the same size as the height of the can. The next stop was at the "fillers," another group of women, mostly Japanese, again well wrapped up against cold, and with long aprons to try to keep their clothes clean. Since the fish were moving along the "line" at a steady rate, both washers and fillers had to work fast to keep up. In front of each filler was a stack of empty cans, replenished when they got low, several chunks of salmon, and a pile of cut-up pieces. So quickly it looked impossible, the filler picked up an empty can, jammed in a section of salmon, filled any spaces with the small pieces, and pushed it all down firmly. Then the filled can was put on a tray beside her. When the tray was full, a man punched her card and took the tray to the next stage. Washers were paid by the hour, but fillers were paid per tray of filled cans and had to be quick and skilful to make a good wage.

The male worker, a "lineman", took each tray and shook one row of cans at a time onto another conveyor belt. Here the cans were weighed, had a measured amount of salt added, and a cover placed on top—all by machine. The cans then

jiggled along the belt into steam ovens—"retorts" (which we stayed well away from)—where they were carried in a long sinuous path that took them several hours to finish cooking. As they were finally spilled out at the far end, they went through another machine that crimped and sealed their lids on; then into a cold water bath, and finally the cans were labelled and packed in boxes. The labelling was another job that looked impossible—a wad of glossy labels was fanned a bit to expose the ends, which were swabbed with a brush of glue; a Chinese worker picked up a can with one hand, a label with the other, and rolled the can into the label, smoothed it down, and put the can into the box, almost faster than I can tell about it.

At the end of each day, the whole cannery area, especially the front where the fish were worked on, was hosed down and all the slime and bits of fish were swept through cracks between the boards, or down a hole left for the purpose, into the water below. Flocks of screaming gulls snapped up each bit, and on the beach crows salvaged anything edible that had come ashore. Twice a day tides came in and washed away anything the birds missed. No matter how many times we saw it all, it was fascinating to watch, and we spent a lot of time just wandering through the cannery.

"Boat Day," when the steamer arrived, was the highlight of the week. The Union Steamships was the company that serviced the coast, calling weekly at logging camps, fish camps, private floats, and canneries all the way from Vancouver to Rupert, and on to Alaska. The boat we knew best was the *Cardena*. It was a challenge for the captains to get into the Skeena River and estuary. The one or two deep channels shifted as the river changed course over the years. Captains often had to "feel" their way, listening to sand scraping against the hull; in fog they could judge their position using the whistle and listening for the echo: if they could hear the echo in three seconds, they were a quarter mile off shore. We children were severe critics of the landings: a good captain could ease his boat (we never used the term "ship"—all were boats) alongside the wharf; others got close, had lines thrown ashore, and pulled the vessel in. We were scornful of this, but high winds, swift tidal currents, and fog could make difficult conditions. Additional hazards were fishing boats and nets drifting in the river.

The boat usually arrived sometime on Friday. She would broadcast approximate times of arrival at the half a dozen canneries in the Skeena area. The tides affected the order of docking. A heavily loaded boat could manoeuvre into some docks only at high tide, and had to get into the estuary, go to several canneries in turn, and get out again before the tide dropped too much. If the boat arrived at night after we had gone to bed, it was a bitter disappointment. Otherwise we were on the watch for hours. The first indication would be the sight of the *Cardena* rounding the point at the river bend. Then the Union whistle sounded—one long blast, two shorts, and another long—and she would come steaming in and tie up. It seemed as if the whole town came down to the wharf. Any man who was handy took the lines and fastened them to cleats at the edge of the wharf. It was interesting and exciting to watch the freight loaded on pallet-boards hung from the booms, winched out of the hold, and swung ashore. Boxes and barrels and bales of all kinds were sorted at once into piles—some for the cannery store and the other stores, and odds and ends for individuals. Then some freight would be loaded on board. In no time, the whistle would blow, the gangplank be hoisted on board, the lines cast off, and the boat would slowly and majestically turn and sweep on her way. It was over for another week.

One day Fredda's father borrowed a rowboat and she and I went for a row. We sat side by side on the middle seat, one oar each. We had both rowed before and we soon got accustomed again to the rhythm. All went well and we were enjoying ourselves, so we got ambitious and decided to row out into the river and go in front of the cannery wharf before turning to shore again. The tide was falling and we misjudged the strength of the flow. Rowing at our full strength we couldn't make any headway for several minutes, and if we relaxed for a moment we drifted quickly backwards. To make matters worse, we had acquired a small but fascinated audience at the end of the wharf, who shouted encouragement and laughed at us. At that, pride came to our aid, and with the utmost effort we got ahead, turned towards shore and out of the force of the current, sheltered by the wharf. Cheers from the group of spectators. We could then relax and take our time making our way to shore, to tie up the boat. It was quite a little adventure—we had mixed feelings: we were proud, but a little scared.

During my childhood, badminton was a popu-

lar adult game, played in the net loft of one of the Japanese boathouses. Young men connected with the cannery, nurses from the hospital, and others enjoyed playing in the evenings several times a week. Mum and Dad played quite often and we went to watch, and to take a turn playing when the grown-ups wanted a rest. In my early teens, we discovered badminton lines painted on the upper floor of the cannery, now no longer in operation. Over them were skylights and the rafters in the centre had been raised. We were delighted to find this old forgotten court, and Dad agreed to move the fishing nets stored there. Our group of five or six friends now played almost every day; the game was especially welcome as something we could do rain or shine. The ceiling was low, and we had to develop fast low serves and volleys, and a new rule: "If it hits the rafters, take the shot over." Visitors had a hard time adjusting to the low ceiling, but we found we were the ones at a disadvantage in a regular court—the long high shots away over our heads were a challenge we weren't used to.

Dominion Day, the first of July, was a big celebration. The "Indian band" played rousing tunes as they marched from the centre of town along the main street to the BA Cannery store. Here they had a rest and were treated to soft drinks, then played and marched back again. After that there were all sorts of races and contests for all ages, a baseball game against a visiting team, and later a dance in the community hall. During the night we occasionally heard a late reveller happily singing his way home.

Fishing was a favourite pastime for fine days. Our equipment was simple: we had a line, wound around a stick to keep it from tangling, with a hook on a short piece of line tied to the end, and a lead weight. Bait was usually a small piece of salmon begged from the cannery. We fished from the big rocks behind our house, or from the cannery wharf. We didn't always have luck in our fishing, but caught something just often enough to keep us interested. The common catch was either bullheads (small ugly fish with a big head and horns, no use to us and always thrown back immediately), flounders (also thrown back until we found we could sell them to the Chinese cook for a nickel apiece), and Dolly Varden trout. We didn't catch the trout often, but they brought great excitement, and we took them triumphantly home. We learned early to clean and prepare them ourselves, and then Mum coated them with cornmeal and fried them in butter—they were delicious.

Above: *After the fires. What was left of Port Essington.*

Rainy days did not deter us. Dressed in raincoats and rubber boots, we roamed around the town, with five or six other teen-aged friends. Many days, at one home or another, we played card games for hours, with fierce competition and great gales of laughter. There was always something to see or do.

In the early 1940s, the BA fish camp and store were closed, my family moved away, and our connection with Essington came to an end. Disaster came many years later. 1961 had been an exceptionally dry year. Bright June sunshine glinting off a broken piece of mirror set fire to one of the houses. Strong winds whipped up the flames and drove sparks to kindle new fires all through the town, fed by stores of gasoline and ammunition, racing down the dry wooden sidewalks. Most of the men were away fishing and the women were busy with children and chores. By the time help arrived, it was too late to save the town. In the late evening it was all over—only a few isolated houses remained. The town could never recover.

A few years ago my brother Charlie hired a boat to go and see what remained. Buildings and boardwalks were gone. The site of the town was covered with bush and young hemlock trees, perhaps thirty feet tall. The whole impression was of lush growth, which had completely taken over. There were still rotting piles in the long curved bay that had once held four canneries, but no sign of wharfs or buildings. Essington was gone, but not our thoughts and memories of life there.

John Meares

BC's Most Successful Real Estate Agent?

by John Crosse

Marine Historian John Crosse presented this paper at the Northwest Coast Fur Trade Symposium at Fort Langley in August 2002.

In the spring of 1790 the fur trader John Meares landed from an East Indiaman at Portsmouth and hotfooted it to London. He had an urgent mission to fulfil. Far on the other side of the world a Spanish naval officer had seized four of his ships. Notified in Macau of this outrage, he was determined to seek redress from the British government. He had powerful friends. Through Richard Cadman Etches he was soon presenting his memorial to the British House of Commons. The then prime minister, William Pitt the younger, in need of a campaign platform, called out the British fleet, and, in what became known as the Spanish Armament, cowed the Spanish government into submission.

Among the claims Meares made was that he had been dispossessed of some land and buildings at Friendly Cove in Nootka Sound, a Mowachaht village now known as Yuquot. Meares claimed not only that he had been deprived of this property, but also of two other pieces of land, one at Tofino and the other at Neah Bay, on the south side of the entrance to the Strait of Juan de Fuca. He demanded restitution.

Thus was concocted the Nootka Convention, signed in Madrid in October of that year. In this Spain agreed to restore to Britain the buildings and land so precipitously seized in 1789.

But what was this land, and what were the buildings? Nobody really had time to check. Captain George Vancouver was dispatched from England to find out and take possession. And Spain for its part sent its commandant at San Blas, Juan Francisco de la Bodega y Quadra, to make restitution.

All this took time and it was not until the summer of 1792 that events started to unfold. Bodega y Quadra arrived early and had plenty of time to settle in and make himself comfortable before turning his inquiries to the land claim. By the time Vancouver arrived he had uncovered sufficient information to present Vancouver with some unpleasant evidence. To the best of his determination, Bodega y Quadra could find no record of a land purchase, and what building had been erected was quickly demolished. Chief Maquinna emphatically denied ever having sold Meares any land. Bodega had also the testimony of Vianna, a Portuguese merchant and of two American fur traders, John Ingraham and Robert Gray, who had been present at the time.

Vancouver, only just arrived, had no counter, and contented himself with affirming that he was only here to accept from Spain whatever land Meares had acquired. In vain Bodega y Quadra argued that Maquinna had never sold anything to Meares. After a lengthy exchange of letters the two agreed to refer the matter back to their respective governments. Bodega y Quadra departed, and Vancouver made ready to leave.

Just as he was about to do so, there arrived in the bay a Portuguese trader, the *Felice Aventureyra*, on board of which, as supercargo, was a certain Robert Duffin, who had been with Meares in 1788 and also the mate on one of Meares's ships seized in 1789. Duffin told Vancouver a very different story.

He averred that Meares had bought the whole of the land that forms Friendly Cove for eight or ten sheets of copper, and that the building erected there was a substantial one, consisting of three bedchambers, a mess room for the officers and proper quarters for the men. The building was raised some five feet above the ground, the underpart serving as a warehouse and workshop. There were also several outhouses and shops, and the buildings had been in good repair when they left. This building had been designed to house the workforce required to build the *Northwest America*, a small schooner that Meares intended to use locally.

Duffin made a sworn statement to this effect, but Vancouver apparently made no attempt to notify Bodega y Quadra of this new, important, and conflicting bit of information. Had he done so the outcome of the Nootka Settlement might well have been very different.

Both Vancouver and the British Government pooh-poohed Bodega y Quadra's evidence, saying it came from unreliable Native, Portuguese, and American sources, and seized on Duffin's evidence as being far more trustworthy. But were they correct? Spain never had any opportunity to dispute Duffin's claims. Bodega y Quadra was

Opposite page: *John Meares. Detail of an engraving by C. Bestland.*

never notified of Duffin's last minute additions, and therefore had no opportunity to verify his statement. Bodega y Quadra, far out of reach on the other side of the world, was left ignorant of the new evidence being presented by the British ambassador in Madrid. Had he known, Bodega y Quadra would have been able to counter Duffin's assertions, for Duffin was not quite such a reliable witness as Vancouver had assumed.

Duffin, as I have said, had been First Mate of Colnett's *Argonaut* when she first arrived off Friendly Cove in 1789. Martinez had lured the *Argonaut* into port, but Colnett, smelling a rat, had given orders for Duffin to anchor. But Duffin did not do so, with the result that both ship and crew were arrested. Martinez claimed that under the Papal Bull of 1493 Spain had exclusive right to all territories of the Pacific. Colnett, Duffin and the *Argonaut* and her crew were taken as prisoners to Mexico and only released after nearly a year. Colnett blamed Duffin for all his misfortunes and never afterwards had any use for the man. He refused to take him aboard again when he regained possession of his ship, and Duffin was left to find his own way back to Macau via Acapulco and the Manila Galleon to the Philippines, fortuitously reappearing at Nootka at just the right moment, undoubtedly well primed by Meares beforehand.

Bodega y Quadra would certainly have known of Duffin's deficiencies, as they were readily apparent in his relationship with Colnett while at San Blas. Had he also known of Duffin's sworn deposition to Vancouver, he most certainly would have forwarded his own appraisal of Duffin's character to his government in Madrid.

In point of fact, all Duffin's tale jibes ill with his boss's own description of Friendly Cove, written in Meares's account of his voyages, published in November of 1790, i.e. only weeks after the Nootka Agreement was signed. Ample time indeed for any minister of state to read not only Meares's very different account from his memorial, but also before Vancouver could report back with Duffin's wild tale more than two years later.

In his book Meares never says that he *purchased* any land from Maquinna, let alone the whole cove. Only that he was *granted* a spot of ground on which to build a house. This was in exchange for two pistols—somewhat different from Duffin's 8 or 10 sheets of copper, and very different from Duffin's "whole cove." Duffin said Maquinna wanted to move his people away and leave Meares's shipwrights to build the little craft in peace. But Meares specifically stated that he hired Indians to fell the timber and cut the planks and that he paid them to do so. Maquinna must certainly have agreed to this.

Meares's description of his building is also different from Duffin's. While the ground floor is similar, his upper floor had only space for eating and chambers for the craftsmen. A breastwork to protect the site, with a cannon for defence, surrounded the whole.

Ingraham and Gray's evidence to Bodega y Quadra was that when Meares departed at the end of the 1788 season, the cedar planks of the house were loaded aboard one of Meares's ships and the roof given to the American John Kendrick for firewood.

George Vancouver could not permit himself the indignity of accepting just the tiny triangle of beach that was all that Bodega y Quadra would offer him. But Spain was in no position to bargain. After a third round of negotiations the British flag was finally hoisted over Nootka in 1795. Thus we are here today.

BC Archives PDP-05179

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A Palace of Entertainment

Vancouver's Orpheum Turns 57

by Chuck Davis

Chuck Davis has been writing on Greater Vancouver historical events for 30 years. He is the author of more than a dozen books.

VAUDEVILLE was already dying when Orpheum Circuit, based in New York City, opened the New Orpheum Theatre in Vancouver on 7 November 1927. The forty-year-old circuit controlled more than fifty theatres across Canada and the United States, and hundreds, even thousands, of vaudeville performers. But now movies had begun to share the bill with the singers, jugglers, magicians, acrobats, and comics that had made vaudeville so popular in both countries for more than fifty years. The advent of sound in film, which had been around for a few months but first caught the public's imagination in 1927—the same year the Orpheum opened with Al Jolson's feature "The Jazz Singer"—, pounded another nail into vaudeville's coffin.

Vancouver's New Orpheum, like thousands of theatres around the world, began a transition to "photoplays," and by the mid-thirties was virtually vaudeville-free.[1] The form hung on for a few years more: on 8 November 1935 a stage show at the Orpheum, a Major Bowes Radio Amateurs production, featured a group called "The Hoboken Four," one of whose members was a 19-year-old Frank Sinatra.

The Orpheum Circuit, like its counterpart the Pantages Circuit, was known for the lavish style of its theatres, but tickets into these palaces of showbiz were cheap: some 1,800 of the theatre's 3,000 seats were available to adults for 50 cents for evening admission, or you could reserve one of the remaining 1,200 seats for 80 cents. And for your 50 cents—or 25 cents in the afternoon—you got a movie and eight or nine vaudeville performances, some with very large casts. Children's tickets were cheaper still.

Wages in 1927 were low, it's true, but, to pick one example, the "lathmill men" who were sought in one advertisement for 40 cents an hour "and better" that year could have attended an afternoon show in the new theatre for the equivalent of 38 minutes' work.

The Orpheum was the biggest theatre in Canada when it opened. It was also one of the more opulent: paintings and hangings adorned every wall; imported chandeliers dazzled the crowds below. Ladies had their own lavish lounges, with attendants, while men lolled about in smartly outfitted smoking rooms.

Benjamin Marcus Priteca, the man who designed the theatre, was born in Glasgow, Scotland, on 23 December 1889. He took architectural training in Edinburgh—beginning as an apprentice at age 14 and earning the degree of "Master Architect" by age 20—and received a travelling scholarship to study architectural forms in the United States. He decided to stay there. By July 1909 he had settled in Seattle, where he immediately went to work as a draftsman with architect E.W. Houghton. (Priteca's drawings are superb.) Then, in 1911, the 21-year-old Priteca met Alexander Pantages, a Seattle resident and theatre owner. The young architect was delivering some illustrations he had made to a local architectural firm and met Pantages there. Pantages was fuming over a theatre design he considered to be inadequate, and that led to a discussion of theatre design with Priteca.

Pantages was impressed by the superior quality of Priteca's drawings, and the stocky little entrepreneur commissioned the young architect to design his next theatre, the San Francisco Pantages. The site presented challenges, but Priteca overcame them, and the theatre opened in December 1911. Pantages was so pleased with the results he commissioned Priteca—now all of 22—to design all his theatres from that time on.[2] But Pantages wasn't the only source for Priteca's theatre work. During his career he worked for four different theatre chain clients, and designed more than 150—some say 200—theatres, including Vancouver's Orpheum. When Priteca designed the Orpheum he had been engaged in similar work for more than fifteen years.[3]

Priteca referred to the elaborate style of Vancouver's Orpheum and other theatres as "conservative Spanish Renaissance." But he borrowed from a dozen different places: the ornate ceiling of the Orpheum lobby, for example, is apparently based on one he saw and admired in India. The organ screens are Moorish North African; the ceiling arches in the auditorium are Gothic;

[1] By 1928 there were four theatres left in the United States presenting live variety only.

[2] Oddly, Priteca ventured into other design areas, too: he designed a body for the Locomobile car, and crafted a raked grill and windshield for the Paige, forerunner of the Graham-Paige automobile.)

[3] In fact, Priteca had been in Vancouver before. The now vanished second Pantages Theatre on Hastings Street was Priteca's first venture into Vancouver. That 1,800-seat theatre, which opened 17 June 1917, was later called the Majestic, then the Beacon, and finally the Odeon Hastings. Architectural writer Miriam Sutermeister says it "was considered at the time to be the most richly embellished and efficient theater of the Pantages chain." Its demolition in 1967 outraged Vancouverites. The architect of the earlier 1907 Pantages, also on Hastings Street, which is still there and being restored, was Edward Evans Blackmore.

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Chuck Davis's book *The Orpheum: A Palace of Entertainment* will be a picture-rich history of the theatre, along with many stories connected with its 75 years of actvity. The book will appear later this year.

the ceiling itself and its dome and the chandeliers are Baroque, and the wall coverings imitate those of nineteenth-century France.

The man who designed his theatres to both dazzle and welcome was not lavish with his clients' money. "When Mr. Pantages asked me to design him a theater," Priteca once said, "he told me that any darn fool could design a million-dollar theater for a million dollars, but that it took a smart man to design a theater that looks like a million dollar theater and cost half that much."

We know, thanks to the 5 December 1926 issue of the *Journal of Commerce,* that Priteca was in Vancouver on 3 December, with his associate architect F.J. Peters and an Orpheum vice president, to look at bids made by local construction firms. The winning bid was put forth by Northern Construction Co. Ltd. and J.W. Stewart, the oldest construction firm in the city. We have also learned that because the bids were so much higher than had been anticipated for that aspect of the work that Priteca and his associates decided to scale back some of the more elaborate features he had planned.

The 1927 cost of the Orpheum is difficult to pin down. I've seen figures ranging from $500,000 to $1.25 million. The man who put up the money was a German-born Vancouver entrepreneur named Joseph Langer. Information on Langer is also difficult to find. There's nothing on him in the City of Vancouver Archives, nothing in the Special Collections Division of the Vancouver Public Library, precious little elsewhere. We know he came to Vancouver in the 1920s and built several suburban theatres—the Victoria Road Theatre, the Kitsilano, the Windsor, the Alma, and the Kerrisdale, then sold them to raise the money to build the Orpheum. The Orpheum Circuit, in its usual practice, leased the theatre from its owner. Most of what we know about Langer comes from a solid little booklet on the Orpheum's history written by Doug McCallum (not the mayor of Surrey) and published in 1986. Langer was, apparently, rather flamboyant and liked being taken around the city in a maroon limousine driven by a chauffeur in maroon livery.

The magic of what Priteca created for theatre-goers in the Orpheum was captured poignantly in a Denny Boyd tribute to long-time Orpheum manager Ivan Ackery.[4] In that column Boyd paid simultaneous tribute to the building over which Ackery had presided for so many years. Boyd begins, with a comparison that would have mightily pleased the architect, by remembering

[4] Published in the *Sun,* 31 October 1985, the day after Ackery died.

his first view of India's Taj Mahal and writes:

> I think the only other time I felt such a hammer blow of awe, was when I was seven and I approached the box office of the Orpheum Theatre for the first time with a King George V dime in my sweaty little fist. If you grew up in Vancouver through the mean, bleak '30s, movies were the common escape and a dime was the key. If you lived in a 2 ½-room flat, your family on relief, that dime took you up the lushly carpeted stairway of the massive Orpheum foyer into the world of imagination where animals spoke, Tarzan roared, children squealed with laughter and bad guys always got it before the closing credits.... The rose-red carpeting led to the dramatic split stairway to the upper foyer, light cascading down from the chandeliers and the wall sconces. There were balustrades and ornate arches, pillars and colonnades, coffered and domed ceilings....

During the Great Depression, with sound movies and radio adding to its grief, the movie industry had to redouble its efforts to fill its huge theatres. The Orpheum, like many theatres in North America, was kept open by cutting staff, reducing ticket prices and bringing in double features. It even closed its doors for a time in 1931.

Then in 1935 the Orpheum got a new manager who gave it new life. His name was Ivan Ackery. He was born "Ivor," but said so many people called him "Ivan" that he decided to go along with them. Movie theatre managers in the 1930s were more than just administrators. They frequently chose the films they would show, they were expected to promote them—and, boy, did Ackery promote them—, and they devised special attractions to make their theatres stand out and bring customers in. Ackery was so good at all of this, and he was good for so long (35 years), that it's fair to say he is the single most influential person in the Orpheum's history.

Bristol-born Ackery had his first taste of show business 7 May 1921 as an usher in Calgary's brand-new Capitol Theatre. The Capitol was on the Pantages Circuit, and was, like the others, an elaborately decorated and opulent show house. "The manager," Ackery recalled in his autobiography *Fifty Years on Theatre Row*, "wore a tuxedo and the assistant manager a frock-tail coat; the cloakroom attendant wore a white uniform as did the matron of the ladies' rest room. Everything was spotless."

The young Ivor was already beginning to be

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influenced by the elements that would mark his later career: spectacular events, lavish surroundings, elegantly attired staff, and personal attention. He had found his niche.

By 1923 he was the head usher at the Capitol Theatre in Vancouver. Five years later Famous Players bought several theatres in Vancouver and Ackery was made manager of one of them. "All the big shots' sons were promoted to the management of these new theatres we owned," he wrote in his autobiography, "and I was the only 'little' fellow promoted from the ranks. I had been made doorman at the Capitol earlier in the year, but now was to manage the newly-acquired Victoria Road Theatre at Victoria and 43rd at a salary of something in the neighborhood of $25 a week." In 1930 he was promoted to be the manager of a more prestigious theatre, the Dominion on Granville Street.

From the very beginning of his career as a theatre manager, Ackery showed a flair—no, a genius—for promotion. When his theatre was broken into and robbed one night, he dragged the little safe that had held the

receipts onto the sidewalk, its door sagging open, and propped a sign against it plugging the theatre's current movie, a crime picture.

By 1924 he was manager of the Strand, one of the city's showcases. "It was a grand theatre, the third largest in the city, and I was extremely proud." The first thing he did as manager of the Strand was to get Scott's Cafe to bake a huge cake, a gigantic confection that stood as tall as a man, to celebrate the theatre's fourteenth birthday. Every patron was given a slice of cake during "Birthday Week." The famed Fanchon and Marco shows, huge and elaborate productions famous in their time, were brought in and Lily Laverock booked the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo into the theatre.

Ivan was edging into the Big Time. And in 1935 he stepped into it. In the summer of that year he was informed he was to become manager of the Orpheum Theatre. "It was such a thrill for me, and I can remember how excited my mother got." His mom's excitement was justified: the Orpheum was the largest theatre in Canada, and her son was now running it. "I recall how tickled I was because I'd be getting a $10 a week raise!"

Famous Players was getting a lot for that extra ten bucks a week. "At the Strand," Ivan recalled, "I'd had to fill 1,600 seats and deal with a staff of about 25. At the Orpheum I was looking at almost twice that number of seats and much more staff, and I had two important obstacles to overcome—the Depression and the Competition."

For the next 35 years Ivan Ackery was to prove that nothing could dampen his promotional fervour and his love of the Orpheum Theatre. He was the first Canadian to win the Quigley Award, given annually to the North American theatre manager who did the most for his theatre's promotion. In one famous instance (of dozens) he paraded a cow down Granville Street with a big sign on its flanks, marked with an arrow pointing to the cow's udder. "There's a great show at the Orpheum Theatre," the sign read, "and That's No Bull!"

In 1969 Famous Players, now controlled by Gulf & Western Industries, a United States corporation, introduced a policy of compulsory retirement at 65. Ivan had turned 65 five years earlier, on 30 October 1964.

Overnight, he was out. After 48 years in the business, and an unparalleled record in getting crowds into theatres, he was gone. "For me," he reflected eleven years later, "it came as a sorry and sudden end to the career I'd devoted my life to and expected to carry on in until old age and ill health rendered me incapable.... There's no justice and little sense in putting a healthy, experienced individual to pasture just because he's had a birthday.... Still, the company had been wonderfully good to me, and I was always proud to be associated with it and with the fine men I worked with over the years, who gave me so much encouragement." His last day was 28 December 1969, two months past his 70th birthday. He died at St. Paul's Hospital 30 October 1989, the day before his 90th birthday.

He was still around, however, to take part in the mid-1970s campaign to save the Orpheum.[5] Famous Players had announced that it intended to either sell the Orpheum or gut it and install a multiplex cinema as they had done earlier with the Capitol. By December 1973 Famous Players had granted the City an option to buy the Orpheum for $3.9 million. In return, the City would give the company permission to redevelop (i.e., convert to a multiplex) the Capitol. The estimated cost of renovation of the Orpheum after purchase was $2 million.

A number of people, including Rhonna Fleming of the Community Arts Council, impresario Hugh Pickett (who had, at 14, been at the very first show held at the Orpheum 7 November 1927), and Vancouver's mayor Art Phillips were involved in the campaign to raise funds to buy the theatre as a home for the Vancouver Symphony Orchestra.

The VSO, which had often appeared at the Orpheum, was ensconced in the Queen Elizabeth Theatre, but had never been happy with the acoustics there. "The worst seat in the Orpheum," said one musician, "is better than the best seat in the QET [Queen Elizabeth Theatre], acoustically speaking."

Tours of the theatre were organized, lotteries were held, and benefit performances featured notables such as Jack Benny and Buddy Rogers. Most events were well attended, and $432,000 was raised. The campaign was successful, with funds from the federal and provincial governments, the City of Vancouver, and private and corporate donors combining to buy the theatre from Famous Players.

The Orpheum remained closed for a year-and-a-half while Thompson, Berwick, Pratt directed the renovations. Architects Ron Nelson and Paul

[5] Priteca died at 81 in Seattle 1 October 1971, too soon to see that one of his greatest creations, Vancouver's Orpheum Theatre, would—unlike many other of his creations—survive and thrive.

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Merrick were in charge of the rehabilitation. Recommendations were made to extend the stage over the orchestra pit (which resulted in the removal nearest the stage of more than 100 seats), remove the proscenium arch and install a permanent orchestra shell. Backstage, the stage loft (from which backdrops could be lowered for shows) was to be abandoned in favour of two additional floors for rehearsal areas, dressing rooms, a lounge and a library. "It was assumed," said a study at the time, "that shows requiring a large stage, a stage loft or an orchestra pit could be accommodated at the QET."

After half a century, the Grand Old Lady of Granville Street needed a lot of repairs. There was broken plaster to recast, gold leaf to be renewed, carpet to be replaced, lobbies and other public spaces to be repainted. The absorbent acoustic material that had been installed for movies was taken out, unsuitable for a concert hall. New acoustic panels were installed over the stage to better reflect the sound of the orchestra.[6] One of the most delightful stories associated with the redecoration of the theatre concerns an artist named Tony Heinsbergen, who was an associate of the original architect, Marcus Priteca. Paul Merrick had gone to Seattle to get more information on the late Mr. Priteca, and discovered to his delight that Tony Heinsbergen, now in his eighties, was still active as an artist in Los Angeles. Merrick went to Los Angeles and asked Heinsbergen to get involved in the Orpheum's rehabilitation. He did. The next time you're in this beautifully appointed palace of entertainment look up to the huge mural surrounding the central chandelier. That's Tony Heinsbergen's work.[7]

The first performance of the VSO in the newly shaped Orpheum was Saturday, 2 April 1977.[8] But the orchestra is not the only user of the renovated theatre. It's busy more than 200 nights a year with special events, comics, speakers, and more. The Vancouver Bach Choir, the Vancouver Chamber Choir, and the Vancouver Cantata Singers all make their home there. And, in one of the more interesting of its features, the theatre is also the site of the BC Entertainment Hall of Fame. Photos of more than a hundred artists, impresarios, management and the like are on display in the StarWall, counterparts of the stars in the sidewalks out on Granville Street, the famous StarWalk.

Free tours of this gorgeous building are given regularly. After 57 years the Orpheum is still busy, still beautiful and—most important—still here.

[6] It had been discovered that in some areas of the theatre, particularly under the balcony, certain instruments couldn't be heard. Someone sitting here might not hear the piano, while someone over there couldn't hear the cellos.

[7] That mural was painted, panel by panel, by Tony Heinsbergen in his Los Angeles studio. Then the panels were shipped to Vancouver and pasted onto the ceiling. The orchestra conductor shown in the mural is architect Ron Nelson; the little cherubs in another corner are Paul Merrick's children (now all in their 30s); and the tiger in the mural is an affectionate nod to Heinsbergen's wife, whom he called his "little tiger." The Orpheum's largest chandelier, suspended from the auditorium dome, is a dazzling masterwork imported from Czechoslovakia for the theatre's opening. A local hotel recently offered $65,000 for it, but was turned down.

[8] The orchestra appears to have missed the opportunity April 2002 to mark its 25th anniversary at the Orpheum.

We Can't Dispose of Our Own Crop ....

Challenges to BC Tree Fruits and the Single-Desk Marketing System

by Christopher Garrish

To read the records of the Royal Commission on the British Columbia Tree-Fruit Industry one must wade through twenty-two boxes and literally hundreds of files at the British Columbia Archives in Victoria. The subject matter ranges from the mundane to the very useful, yet, it is the files that deal specifically with the upstart Canadian Fruit Growers' Association (CFGA), and its un-elected leader, Alfred Beich, that are the most interesting. It is here that one is presented with some very candid views from a significant cross-section of growers in which personalities come to play as great a role as competing philosophies concerning co-operative marketing. It is the transcripts of these meetings, at one time confidential, that form the basis of this article and shed light on a period of great soul searching within the Okanagan fruit industry.

For Okanagan fruit growers, the first three decades of the twentieth century had been characterized by economic turmoil, crises of production, and the paramountcy of the individual over the collective health of the industry. The dynamics of this situation inevitably proved to be both socially and financially harmful, as well as unsustainable over the long run. With the waning effectiveness of yet another marketing agency—Associated Growers[1]—in 1925-1926, growers found themselves forced to seek market stability in the form of provincial legislation. It was believed that only legislation could ensure fairer treatment as a "single desk" and "orderly marketing" would check unnecessary and cutthroat competition amongst local growers, while directing the flow of produce to markets in quantities that would avoid unnecessary gluts.[2] Only in 1939, after a decade of court challenges, was BC Tree Fruits (BCTF) designated as the sole selling agent for the Okanagan fruit industry. Although BC Tree Fruits' authority was derived from the Tree Fruit Marketing Scheme, an agreement negotiated under the Natural Products Marketing Act, the reality was that BC Tree Fruits was administered as a branch of the British Columbia Fruit Growers' Association (BCFGA). It was, after all, BCFGA members who determined the policy of and elected the executive for the BCTF at their annual convention.[3]

It must be kept in mind, however, that the single desk was never an attempt to abolish the law of supply and demand, to institute a monopoly, or to establish artificial price levels. At all times in their history the growers had to contend with supplies from other producing regions on the continent, and to do so with only a minimum of tariff protection. Compounding matters was the flawed settlement philosophy of the Valley, wherein many growers had been left on land of only marginal capacity. The single desk offered the possibility to growers of uniting their economic power within institutional and corporate structures that would provide stability for the orchard unit, and give them, as a whole, most of the benefits of the modern agricultural corporation.[4]

By the early 1950s, the fruit industry had again found itself operating within very turbulent conditions; wartime price restrictions had been removed in 1949, exposing growers to intense competition, while freezes in 1949–1950 and 1955 had caused significant damage to the trees, lowering grower returns by as much as fifty percent in some cases. The economic uncertainty engendered by these events lead to the emergence of two distinct counter-movements within the industry; a reformist "Ginger Group" centered within the BCFGA's Penticton local, and the rebel Canadian Fruit Growers Association (CFGA), a loose coalescence of dissidents generally operating along the geographic margins of the industry. Ironically, it would be the efforts of the Ginger Group to unseat the incumbent BCFGA leadership, by calling for an industry-wide investigation that would present dissidents with their greatest opportunity to free themselves of compulsory single desk selling. The eventual appointment of Earle Douglas MacPhee, Dean of the Faculty of Commerce at UBC, to head a provincial Royal Commission in December of 1956 gave dissidents a legiti-

Christopher Garrish recently completed his MA in history at the University of Saskatchewan. His thesis explored the impact of changing land use patterns upon the co-operative marketing structures of the Okanagan fruit industry.

[1] Associated Growers was founded out of Vernon in 1923 following the visit of Aaron Sapiro, a Californian and the great evangelist of co-operation, to the Okanagan on a tour designed to bring a broader awareness to growers on their ability to influence their terms of trade through co-operative organization.

[2] A single desk-marketing system is one in which producers are compelled, generally through legislation, to sell their product through a single agency (in this case BC Tree Fruits). The agency acts as sole selling representative for these producers when negotiating the delivery of the product to the market. The purpose of a single desk is to increase returns to farmers by removing middlemen, and eliminating destructive local competition. Orderly marketing represents the regulated movement of a commodity to market in a way that will avoid gluts or scarcities. This is especially important for a crop as highly perishable

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Right: *Executive of the BCFGA and other delegates at the 1953 convention in Vernon.*

Courtesy Christopher Garrish

as fruit, as growers demonstrated on a number of occasions between 1908 and 1939 the consequences of rushing a crop to market; prices crashed, and overall returns were diminished.

[3] Profound changes reshaped the face of the Okanagan fruit industry in the early 1970s when the provincial government removed the compulsory aspect of the single desk. Since 1974, the BC Fruit Marketing Board, which used to routinely designate BC Tree Fruits as the sole selling agent, has become dormant, while ownership of BC Tree Fruits has been assumed by the four large co-operative packing houses that now dominate the industry. The BCFGA has been reduced to the role of an advocacy group.

[4] Ian MacPherson, "Creating Stability Amid Degrees of Marginality: Divisions in the Struggle for Orderly Marketing in British Columbia 1900-1940", *Canadian Papers in Rural History*, Volume (VII), Gananoque, Langdale Press, 1990.

[5] Arthur Garrish to E.D. MacPhee, *Proceedings of the Royal Commission Investigating the Tree-Fruit Industry of British Columbia*, 13 March 1958, Box 5, File #15. British Columbia Archives.

[6] *Oliver Chronicle* 27 February 1958.

[7] Joan Lang, "A History of the Fruit Growing Industry in the West Kootenay District of British Columbia 1905-1950," Unpublished M.A. Thesis, University of Victoria, 1996.

mate venue in which to pursue their agenda before other growers.

Shortly after the 1958 BCFGA Convention, the Oliver local met to present its report of the proceedings to the membership—a meeting that was subsequently related to the Royal Commission in a private hearing. A relatively routine gathering, it was to be punctuated by what the local's President called a rather "amusing incident."[5] A letter, written by Alfred Beich, a local grower with a long history of agitation and involvement in the Oliver area, was read aloud wherein he indicated that he was resigning from the local and that the BCFGA would no longer be representing him. This was, of course, essentially impossible under the structure of the industry and the nature of the three-party contract, but Beich was making a principled stand. The response, according to Gordie Wight, an Oliver grower in attendance that night, was a loud cheer from the crowd upon word of the resignation. Beich's maverick status within the BCFGA and involvement with the Farmers Union, a radical farm group that had tried to organize growers in the Valley on the basis of language following a large influx of German immigrants after 1945, had not won him many followers amongst those who supported the current marketing system.

Recent events within the industry, however, had been bolstering the resolve of dissidents like Beich, who were determined to test the strength of the BCFGA. A delay in the proceedings of the Royal Commission the previous year had been interpreted by the dissidents as a sign that there was truly something amiss with the marketing system, and that an opportunity to have the shackles of compulsory co-operation removed had arrived. These dissidents began a preliminary campaign of spreading falsehoods and rumours to aggravate discontent amongst growers. It was related to the Royal Commission during the course of another private hearing that the appointment of the Commissioner's assistant to the post of Provincial Horticulturalist, the appointment of the Manager of BC Tree Fruits to a separate Royal Commission on Education, combined with the resignation of an Executive in the BCFGA, had all been interpreted as signs of a sinking ship. All of which was pure conjecture on the dissidents' part, as they conducted a sort of phony war against the BCFGA, relying on circumstance and grower discontent to mobilize support for their position.

The first direct challenge to the BCFGA came with word that the previously unheard of Canadian Fruit Growers Association had formed a local in Salmon Arm. The fact that the CFGA first emerged in the north was not surprising. That end of the Valley had been hit hard by the 1955 freeze, and, as Gordon DesBrisay, a Gov-

ernor on the Fruit Board, testified in a private hearing, the Salmon Arm local had no tonnage, their packing costs were as high as $1.95 when a box of apples was selling for around $2.00 and, simply put, their position was impossible and they were lashing out. News of this first CFGA local received only sporadic coverage throughout the Valley. The *Oliver Chronicle*, whose readers were the most familiar with Beich, ran an article that week critiquing the motivations for the creation of the Association.[6] The reception that the CFGA received to the east in the Kootenays was alltogether different. Growers in the Creston area had endured a particularly rough period since the single desk had been introduced in 1939. Okanagan growers dominated the marketing system, and the pooling returns were based on their lower costs of production—Kootenay growers simply could not economically exist under this regime.[7] By 1958 these growers had become a fertile group for dissent and outright rebellion on the single desk. The vast majority of members that Beich would claim to have would be found around the Creston area, as growers' failure to attain a division of marketing upon geographic lines was leading them to embrace the CFGA, even if this move entailed a policy split with Okanagan growers.[8]

In dealing with the Salmon Arm local the industry leadership in Kelowna called in the three to four members that comprised the group to discuss their position. In relating this meeting to MacPhee, BCFGA President Arthur Garrish—my grandfather—conceded that he could sympathize with Salmon Arm's position. Many had bought their orchards "after the War when things were rosy," but following the fallout from the 1949-1950 freeze they found it heavy going and this was an inevitable reaction.[9] Despite the deceptively reformist approach of Beich's platform with the CFGA—control from the grassroots, elections on a regional basis by mail ballot, and open accounts of tree fruit industry officials—it was made clear to the rogue local that central selling could not operate in the way being proposed. In short order, the Salmon Arm group announced that they had not realized what they were getting themselves into with the CFGA, and opted to fold after only two weeks in existence. Beich, in typical fashion, responded through the media that BC Tree Fruits had worked out some secret deal with the group, nevertheless his CFGA appeared to be on the verge of collapse. The only person that still seemed to be taking note was MacPhee who felt duty bound to meet with the CFGA in light of its claims to represent three hundred growers.

Of great concern to MacPhee was the possibility that his investigation might lend undue credibility to the CFGA. He was unsure whether they were "a little dissident group who are always going to arise in any situation and to whom one does not give an opportunity for public appearance."[10] If indeed they were a group representing a significant percentage of the grower population they were entitled to a public hearing. In attempting to resolve this, MacPhee met privately with the Executive of the BCFGA and leaders of the Ginger Group. Both the President of the BCFGA, Arthur Garrish, and the President of BC Tree Fruits, Gordie Wight, were Oliver growers who had a long history of confrontation with Beich at the local level. And both men were completely dismissive of Beich and his abilities to organize a credible challenge to the BCFGA. When asked if he thought any responsible growers were joining the CFGA, Wight responded: "I think most of them rather laugh about it when you ask them what they are going to do.... Of course in our area—most people know Beich so that to some extent eliminates his factor."[11]

Both men maintained the opinion that with the collapse of the Salmon Arm local the CFGA had been effectively broken. Wight further questioned Beich's claims to have the support of 75

[8] *Oliver Chronicle*, 27 February 1958. Editorial Wally Smith. Arthur Garrish was my grandfather.

[9] Garrish to MacPhee, 13 March 1958.

[10] E.D. MacPhee to Gordon DesBrisay, *Proceedings of the Royal Commission Investigating the Tree-Fruit Industry of British Columbia*, 13 March 1958, Box 5, File #17. British Columbia Archives.

[11] Gordie Wight to E.D. MacPhee, *Proceedings of the Royal Commission Investigating the Tree-Fruit Industry of British Columbia*, 13 March 1958. Box 5, File #16. British Columbia Archives.

Below: *The reformist "Ginger Group" centered within the BCFGA's Penticton Local. Photograph from an undated (1959?) cutting from the* Penticton Herald.

Courtesy Christopher Garrish

growers in the Oliver–Osoyoos area, believing the number to be closer to two. To the question of whether the Royal Commission should worry about making the CFGA a more credible organization through a public hearing than it might otherwise be, Garrish responded by relating Beich's current agitation with the CFGA to his activity in the Farmers Union. "I said to them then that Beich could kill the Farmers Union far more effectively than I ever could, and I proposed to leave it to him to do it. As far as I'm concerned, he's the kiss of death for any organization."[12]

Gordon DesBrisay was from the Penticton area and admitted that he was not as familiar with Beich as Garrish and Wight, but knew of him through reports to the Board that he had been bootlegging fruit to the Coast. Although DesBrisay admitted that he didn't "understand the man's type of mentality,"[13] he disagreed with both Wight's and Garrish's assessment of the CFGA. While he did not feel a public hearing was warranted, he did recommend to MacPhee that Beich be questioned in a private meeting as to exactly what it was he was doing. DesBrisay further added that Beich was "...a man who wants to be elected to office and he can't make his neighbours elect him so he is seeking another method of trying to get a position of power within the industry."[14]

DesBrisay was of the opinion that if Beich felt that the Commission was listening to his views, it was possible that a lot of wind would be taken out of the CFGA's sails.

The Penticton Ginger Group were the only ones who felt that the CFGA constituted a real threat to the industry—which was due in large part to the overlapping constituencies that both groups appealed to. Herb Corbishley, the de facto leader of the Penticton group, was especially concerned over Beich's manipulation of the language division amongst growers. He felt that the CFGA was attempting to pick up where the Farmers Union had left off by claiming there was a clique of growers organizing and in office, while the "foreign element" was being marginalized.[15] It had of course been the Ginger Group's main argument that the Executive had become complacent and was not doing enough for growers. Corbishley testified:

> This may not be in line with a lot of growers' thinkings, but there are a lot that have lost confidence in Mr. Garrish, mainly because of his overbearing attitude and open opposition to the growers' requests.... He's a very capable Chairman, but where we differ is that he's not down to the farmer's level. He used to be but now he's above it. He's getting arrogant.[16]

He also pointed out that it might be internal industry problems that were allowing the CFGA to potentially appeal to so many growers. The United Co-op packing house in Penticton had misread their crop and paid out too much to their growers. In separate meetings with the Commissioner, both Corbishley and Garrish agreed that United's troubles stemmed from managerial problems. To compensate, United announced that it was going to be a poor crop year in the hopes of getting their growers conditioned to either no returns, or even potential red ink. Since this forecast had come out so early in the season, it became the yardstick against which all other growers in the Valley began to determine what their returns for the year might be. The discontent this spawned was precisely what the Ginger Group feared Beich and his followers might tap into.

Based on this advice MacPhee ultimately decided to hold a private meeting with the CFGA in June to find out what they were advocating and telling growers. When he finally met with the dissidents it would prove to be the only meeting between the two sides. Under questioning it was revealed that not only was the CFGA an unincorporated association, whose very name was in doubt, but it was revealed that they were operating without a constitution or by-laws. The CFGA was turning out to be nothing more than a shell that Beich and other dissidents were using to push their own political agenda. In all likelihood, had these individuals achieved their objectives it was quite possible that the CFGA would cease to exist even in name! MacPhee, therefore, attempted to establish where exactly the CFGA stood. Beich's response was that he envisioned it operating as an alternative to the BCFGA within existing industry structures. To the dissidents it was no different than a two-party political system whereby the two associations would compete for control of the Fruit Board and BC Tree Fruits.

The merits of this proposal where at best dubious, as single desk selling could never survive the different policy objectives of two separate and opposing associations. Once orderly marketing was dismantled to accommodate the

[12] Garrish to MacPhee, March 13, 1958.
[13] DesBrisay to MacPhee, March 13, 1958.
[14] Ibid.
[15] Herb Corbishley to E.D. MacPhee. *Proceedings of the Royal Commission Investigating the Tree-Fruit Industry of British Columbia*, 27 February 1958. Box 5, File #13. British Columbia Archives.
[16] Ibid.
[17] Canadian Fruit Growers' Association to E.D. MacPhee, *Proceedings of the Royal Commission Investigating the Tree-Fruit Industry of British Columbia*, June, 1958. Box #6, File #6. British Columbia Archives.
[18] British Columbia. Department of Agriculture. *Report of the Royal Commission on the Tree-Fruit Industry of British Columbia*. E.D. MacPhee (Commissioner). Victoria: Queen's Printer, 1958.
[19] Ibid.
[20] Ibid.
[21] Ibid.

CFGA's desire to "sell to anyone that would buy,"[17] it could not be easily re-instituted again. There would be no turning back if the CFGA ever achieved any form of power within the industry, so MacPhee tried to determine where the CFGA stood on the issue of central selling. Only one of the half dozen growers representing the CFGA that day, claimed outright not to support the concept, as even Beich claimed that he supported it in theory. In light of this seeming contradiction, MacPhee asked if any of them had ever done any marketing of their own. Apart from admissions of illegal bootlegging to the Coast, not a single person testified that they had ever done any commercial marketing, and not one of them had been growing in the Valley before 1940. This was the new vanguard of growers opposed to central selling seated before the Commission that day; they were, as a group, unaware of the industry's history and guided by individual opportunism. They did not realize or accept that the prices they received from bootlegging bore a direct correlation with the presence of the orderly marketing system, a system they did not understand. If the BCFGA had not been actively regulating the flow of produce to markets on the Coast it is unlikely that bootlegging would have been as profitable as it was.

The remainder of the hearing consisted of MacPhee querying the dissidents on how they proposed to dispose of the six million boxes of apples the Okanagan produced annually. To each question he posed the dissidents allowed themselves to be caught in an inconsistency with their platform. Their inability to comprehend the costs and challenges of erecting a marketing structure coloured the rest of the hearing. From offering discounts to wholesale purchasers, to constructing branch warehouses, MacPhee challenged all of the dissidents' assumptions. By the end, MacPhee made it clear to those assembled before him that he expected them to make it abundantly clear to growers exactly what it was they were proposing and the exact costs involved.

When the final report was presented to the provincial government that November, MacPhee had come down strongly in favour of the industry leadership—the Canadian Fruit Growers' Association was finished. The head of the Royal Commission commented that what he saw in the fruit industry were aggressive and progressive organizations, with no evidence of wasting or extravagance.[18] The BCFGA, which MacPhee believed had borne the brunt of the growers' criticisms during the investigation, was not the undemocratic beast it had been portrayed as and had done much to aid the work of the Commission.[19] If there was a centralization of power occurring under Garrish it was not something that could be rectified through legislation, and there still remained the fact that growers had just re-elected him for the eighth time as president that January.[20] If there were any major imbalances that had to be corrected with the utmost haste it was the reluctance of the industry leadership to better publicize its actions on the behalf of growers. The only references MacPhee made to the actions of dissidents were indirect. He identified the Creston area as a "special problem," but suggested that if those growers were to withdraw from BC Tree Fruits, as Beich would have it, they would be committing economic suicide.[21] He also encouraged the Executive to deal with rumours as soon as they started, be at it at the local level, in the press, or at the packing house.

Courtesy Christopher Garrish

Above: *E.D. MacPhee and Arthur Garrish at the 1985 BC Federation of Agriculture convention in Victoria.*

In the end, the Canadian Fruit Growers' Association would appear to be nothing more than a footnote within the broader history of the Okanagan fruit industry; an organization hardly worthy of mention, other than as a minor irritant during a period of economic volatility in the lives of many growers. In light of later events, however, the CFGA's importance can be found in its role of a cautionary tale for the Okanagan fruit industry. As the BCFGA entered a new decade that would bring new challenges from urbanization, the fruit industry would endure a repetition of the events that defined the grower unrest of the 1950s. Unfortunately, where the Canadian Fruit Growers Association had failed, dissidents would achieve success in the early 1970s as the provincial government abandoned its responsibilities to the fruit industry in enforcing the principles of the system of single desk selling. What the CFGA did was demonstrate how a small minority of growers could wield influence far in excess of their numbers, and ultimately change the course of the industry.

The Demolition of the BC Archives

by Reuben Ware

After last fall's demolition of the BC Archives, much was written about the deleterious effect on government archives, records management, privacy, freedom of information, and similar issues. These are serious issues to be sure, and the developing situation needs to be monitored closely. But there also needs to be attention given to impacts of this action on the various types of users of the BC Archives, including historians and historical researchers. This article only highlights some of the factors that touch upon historians as users of the archives. It is not exhaustive and is a call for a more thorough treatment by those directly affected.

Scrapping the Community Archives Assistance Program.

The first blow at the BC Archives and province-wide archival services was the hacking of the Community Archives Assistance Program (CAAP) from the 2002-2003 budget. When the Provincial Archives of BC and the Records Management Branch were integrated in 1989, one of the top priorities was to develop local and community archives in BC through a funding program. The Provincial Archives could not do everything nor acquire everything; it needed a strong and vibrant archives community. This idea was fundamental to the expansion of archives available to the users and researchers. In its ten years CAAP strengthened acquisition and preservation by private and local archives and helped build a stronger archival base throughout the Province.

The loss of this program will negatively affect the quality of archives resources available to historians. Its quick restoration is necessary to the nurturing of a province-wide archives network and without it research resources for historians are lessened.

Organizational disconnection of the flow of government archives from records management programs to the BC Archives could mean less availability to researchers.

Government records have always been one of the main types of archives used at the BC Archives and, in this, there was symmetry with the actual mandate of the BC Archives as the government archives. Records management was a natural extension of this; indeed it was a required extension if researcher needs for access to government archives were to be met. Improving the flow of archival government records and access for users motivated the Archives to play a leading part in the development of records management programs, and since the mid-1980s this involvement has had direct benefit for historical research. But management of the records life cycle is now truncated, thereby making it more difficult to assure the identification and preservation of government archives. Over time, this may have a profound and negative effect on history and historians.

Discontinuation of transfer of records to local archives.

In the recent issue of the *AABC Newsletter* (Volume 13, no.1, "Provincial Archivist Report"), it was stated that the Crown Trust (the term used for the integrated Royal BC Museum and the remnant of the old BC Archives) had placed several repatriation programs on hold. The repatriation program involved transferring archival holdings from the BC Archives to community archives, and it was an important extension to the Community Archives Assistance Program. It could be a method to increase resources for archival holdings and to expand availability to them. At this point, it is important to clarify the status of this program. Will it be continued and will funds be available to support the repatriations? And are the records being imaged or digitized before their transfer to local archives?

Overemphasis on display and archival exhibits to the detriment of the expansion of archival holdings and improvement in access to them.

Loss of profile for archival programs. We have gone from a flagship archives to one that is part of a museum mandate.

These two factors—shift in emphasis and loss of profile and mandate—are related and raise a variety of issues for the historian. It is not just that expenditure of resources on exhibits rather than expanded holdings will reduce resources available for researcher services. It is a wider, deeper issue with the future of archives as historians now know them at stake.

The BC Archives has now entered into a museum and exhibit world with a far different mindset than that of research and historical documentation. The emphasis on public programming and revenue generation threatens to turn the Archives into a tourist kiosk. Historians want to see and research the entire series of records (for example land settlement subject files or land registry deeds) or they want a specific file or document on a specific topic or item; they do not want merely an exhibit of types of deeds and a physical reconstruction of a land registry office. Or, they want a photograph of *the* specific family being researched, not a selection of settler family photographs framed as part of an exhibit or Web site. The museum notion turns primary source documents into secondary, interpretive presentations. The kiosk approach makes both broad-based survey research and specific item search difficult, if not impossible. In their place, we are given "info-tainment;" mass access, but access manipulated by Crown Trust selection; slick video presentation of an officially sanctioned "cultural memory."

In the words of the director of the archives under the Crown Trust, the archive will be in the Cultural Precinct's Living

Landscape and part of its "showcase for displaying. . . the culture(s) and history of our province." But an archives is not a showcase, it is a storehouse. It is neither bombast for politicians nor glitter for troupes of foreign tourists. Rather it is a holding place for the preservation and use of the evidence and memory of past activities and contexts. It is not a cultural precinct; it is a sanctuary of functions and documented actions. Archives are not a "Landscape." They are the bedrock, subsoil, and geological substance for all the landscapes. Conflating the nature, role, and services of archives with the exhibit mentality is a disservice.

I suggest that these two approaches are mutually exclusive and pose many questions for the historian. There are questions about how historian approach their subject and how archives are available and presented—questions about the role of the historian in society. Is the historian to be another type of exhibit curator or Web site fashioner? One thing for sure, more showcase "goo-gahs" will mean less hard-core archival resources, in their contextual completeness, available to historians.

Loss of a critical mass of staff and resources that could be allocated or re-allocated as archives, not museum priorities, dictate.

It should deeply concern historians that the Province's main public archives has lost the ability to plan for and concentrate resources and staff on its own initiative. It can no longer focus its critical mass on preservation and availability of archival records and on services for the users of these records.

Some argue that now the archives will find new groups of users and revenue that it never had before. This is a big stretch, and the revenue part is a kind of recurring Treasury Board mania unsupported by market surveys or studies of potential user groups, not to mention surveys of the needs of current users. The Cabinet presentation of the CEO of the Royal BC Museum given at the outset of this amalgamation is replete with "business case" terminology and one gets the idea that "business" is somehow what this is about. But if we get "business" over this amalgamation, we get only bad business, poorly supported and based on deep misunderstandings of archives and their role in society. Others offer up the possibility of fundraising under the aegis of the Crown Trust as a justification, or at least a mitigation, of the Museum takeover. But surely a way could have been found for the BC Archives to benefit by fundraising and sponsorship on its own so that non-government records, community archives programs, and researcher services were directly benefited. My question is, did they even try?

I conclude with an issue concerning the ability to adapt to changing situations and needs and to re-allocate resources as required. Some now suggest that the archives can redress the imbalance between government and non-government records and reverse the "downsizing" of the acquisition of manuscript collections. This criticism of past BC Archives programs belies a misunderstanding, or misstatement, of the intention of the Community Archives Assistance Program (CAAP) and its effort to build a network for non-government records. This effort had three essential components: (1) a long-term funding program to develop local archives as full partners with the BC Archives, (2) a common database or union list of holdings, and (3) a provincial acquisition plan.

The funding program did much good, but there is much that still needs to be done and it needs to be re-established. The automated union list was also built and is part of BCAIN, the BC Archival Information Network, (See, <http://aabc.bc.ca/aabc/bcain.html>). This is a gateway to archives and archival resources in British Columbia. It includes access to archival descriptions on the BC Archival Union List, information about archival institutions, and links to Web sites.

But what is lacking in this provincial archives network is a coordinated acquisition strategy with a specific plan identifying subjects, persons, groups, regions, and timeframes of BC's history that are important for acquisition. This plan should go on to assign responsibility for each type of record to a certain archives or groups of archives. Once CAAP was running, the BC Archives should have led the development of this plan and nurtured its implementation. The success of such a plan was not only important to the growth of community archives; it was fundamental to the expansion of archival resources and access to them for users of all kinds. The BC Archives should have been a major partner in the plan and accepted responsibility for major areas of acquisition.

The lack of a provincial acquisition plan was an egregious shortfall, and a very sad one because it was unnecessary. It is especially unfortunate that those responsible for this shortfall over the past ten years now blame it on an overemphasis on government records. Rather than take responsibility for their own short-sightedness and failure to allocate the resources to develop a province-wide archives system and to improve the acquisition of non-government archives, they imply that somehow the fault lies with government archives and records management. And they now suggest that the Crown Trust will fix this by acquiring archives related to society's under-represented groups. This in itself is fine, but insufficient. What is necessary is a coordinated provincial strategy that has a detailed plan, participation by the archives community, and is funded.

BC history and its practitioners deserve a full-fledged, fully coordinated archives system. Doing what has been done to archives programs in the past year is NOT the way to get such a system. The program confusion evident in the Cultural Precinct, tangled explanations of past practice and poor priority-setting, and the lack of a "Total Archives" in Victoria to lead us to this system all make it less likely that we will see one.

Reuben Ware is a former director of records management at the BC Archives and he held a similar position in Nova Scotia.

In a letter published in *ACA Bulletin* of November 2002 titled: "Change at the BC Archives: The death of the life-cycle?" he expressed his concerns about the dismantling of the BC Archives.

He kindly agreed to write this article for historians, historical researchers, and readers of *British Columbia Historical News.*

Alexander Caulfield Anderson

An Ideal First Inspector of Fisheries

Rod N. Palmer

Rod Palmer is a retired Fisheries and Oceans, Canada biologist and fishery manager, with an interest in the history of fisheries research and management in British Columbia.

ALEXANDER Caulfield Anderson is well known to British Columbia history enthusiasts for his exploits with the Hudson's Bay Company but little has been written about his service as Inspector of Fisheries for British Columbia. As the first fisheries inspector appointed for the province, Anderson had a significant impact on the development of fisheries management in the region. When British Columbia joined confederation, the Dominion of Canada assumed jurisdiction over fisheries in the province and, in April 1876, Anderson was appointed inspector. He held that post until his death in 1884.

As early as 1860, Anderson was writing about salmon and other fish species and providing detailed descriptions of aboriginal fishing techniques.[1] His writings illustrate that he was a keen observer of the natural world. In particular, during his tenure with the Hudson's Bay Company, Anderson recorded considerable information about the various species of pacific salmon and other fishes essential to the fur trade. During his twenty-two years with the HBC, Anderson served in several posts where trade with the Native people for salmon was necessary for survival. During the period 1842–1848, while he was in charge at Fort Alexandria, for example, his journal entries included many references to the salmon trade.[2] Much of the information presented in papers he wrote in later years came from records he kept during his time in the fur trade. Most of these observations were made at a time when he would have had little or no access to the very limited scientific knowledge of the day.

In 1867, Anderson produced a map showing parts of British Columbia, Alberta, and Washington State. Several pages of notes including, among other information, descriptions of salmon and other fishes were appended to the map.[3] He identified six varieties of salmon in the Fraser River system using the names commonly in use at that time, i.e. *Sa-quai* or *Kase* (chinook salmon), *Paque* (white chinook salmon)[4], *Suck-kai* or *Ta-lo* (sockeye salmon), *Sa-wen* (coho salmon), *Qua-to* (chum salmon), and *Hun-nun* or *Hoan* (pink salmon). He correctly concluded that Pacific salmon return to their natal stream to spawn and that they die after spawning. In reference to the latter phenomenon he stated, "long incredulous of a fact so opposed to natural habits of the fish elsewhere, it was only after careful observation that I became convinced of its reality". He was in error, however, when he concluded that this phenomenon applied only to the large river systems and that salmon in small coastal streams survived after spawning.

In 1872, Anderson wrote a description of the province of British Columbia that was selected as the government prize essay for that year.[5] In that paper, he devoted several pages to a description of both freshwater and marine fisheries resources of the province. He identified many of the species of fish available for harvest and provided information on their life history and distribution. He also described Native fishing methods and referred to the large number of salmon purchased from the Natives by the Hudson's Bay Company. With reference to the salmon canning industry, then in its early stages of development, he concluded that a successful export market would be developed.

It is apparent from his publications and manuscripts that Anderson came to the position of Inspector of Fisheries with a good understanding of the fisheries resources of British Columbia. He was, perhaps, the most knowledgeable person about fisheries matters in the province at that time. During the first two years of this assignment he also served as the Dominion representative on the Dominion-Provincial Indian Reserve Commission. His travels in that position allowed him to deal with fisheries issues concurrently with his commissioner duties and, as he was quick to point out to the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, this was done at very little cost to the Department. He also visited many areas of the coast, sometimes travelling on HMS *Rocket* in the company of Indian Superintendent I.W. Powell.

Annual reports to the Minister of Marine and Fisheries provided descriptions of the fisheries resource and the developing commercial fisher-

1. Anderson, A.C. c. 1860. British Columbia. Unpublished Manuscript. PABC Add Mss Vol 2 File 8. Note: This manuscript contains personal observations and conclusions concerning salmon migration, distribution and physical characteristics as well as descriptions of aboriginal fishing methods. Unfortunately, several pages are missing from the manuscript and the section on salmon is incomplete.
2. Extracts from the Hudson's Bay Company Archives documents on Search Files, Folder No. 1 - Salmon fishery - Fraser River. Fort Alexandria Journals, 1843-47.
3. Notes associated with a map produced by A.C. Anderson in 1867. Compiled from various sources including original notes from personal explorations 1832 to 1857. From writings of A.C. Anderson and other historical material. University of British Columbia Library, Special Collections Division.
4. Most stocks of chinook salmon are red-fleshed but a few are white-fleshed. For example, there is a run of chinook

ies.[6] By the time Anderson assumed his appointment, the salmon canning industry was expanding rapidly and the demand for sockeye salmon was increasing. Also, at that time, there was a lucrative dogfish[7] fishery for production of fish oil, which was used as a lubricant for steam engines and other machinery as well as lamp oil and as a lubricant in the logging industry for skidding logs. Other species harvested included herring and eulachon plus various species of marine fish for the local market. At that time there was also substantial exploitation of fur seals.

In his annual report for 1880, Anderson referred to the cyclic abundance of sockeye salmon in the Fraser River. Since the early years of the nineteenth century, fur traders in the Fraser River watershed had observed that the all important sockeye runs varied considerably in abundance in four-year cycles. The cycles included one year of great abundance followed by a year of moderate returns and two years of relatively poor returns. From these observations, Anderson correctly concluded that the majority of sockeye stocks in the Fraser River had a four-year life cycle.[8]

Anderson was a strong proponent of salmon propagation and transplants. In 1867, for example, he proposed the introduction of Pacific salmon eggs to tributaries of the MacKenzie and Saskatchewan Rivers east of the Rocky Mountains. His idea was that an abundance of salmon east of the mountains would provide a source of food for the expected settlers in the west.[9] Although that idea did not come to reality and would not now be considered scientifically practicable, many transplants of Pacific salmon were attempted beginning in the 1870s.[10]

Several times in his annual reports, Anderson proposed transplantation of chinook salmon eggs from the Arrow Lakes at the headwaters of the Columbia River to the Thompson River, a tributary of the Fraser River. He was of the opinion that Columbia River fish were a different and superior species which would benefit the Fraser River fishery. The chinook salmon from the two river systems are now considered to be of the same species by fisheries scientists and no transplants were ever attempted.

In his annual report for 1877, Anderson proposed the construction of the first salmon hatchery in British Columbia. For this proposal he had the strong support of the cannery owners who saw it as a means of increasing fish production. Anderson was of the opinion that a hatchery on the Fraser River system would serve to improve sockeye salmon fishing by increasing abundance in the low years and would also facilitate introduction of Columbia River chinook salmon to the Fraser River. By the 1870s, hatchery technology had been developed for Atlantic salmon in Europe and on the east coast of Canada. In the western United States, Pacific salmon hatcheries had been in operation on the Columbia River since 1877. Anderson proposed that a hatchery expert be sent out from eastern Canada to find a suitable site on the Fraser River. Finally, in 1883, after several years of requests to Ottawa, Thomas Mowat was sent out from New Brunswick to find a hatchery site. Mowat, an experienced hatchery man, selected a site on the Fraser River at Bon Accord about four miles above New Westminster, on the opposite shore. The plan was to produce salmon fry for release in various Fraser River tributaries. Construction was underway in the spring of 1884 but, unfortunately, Anderson died in May of that year and never saw the project to completion. The Bon Accord Hatchery was completed in 1884 and Mowat stayed on as Hatchery Superintendent.[11]

Perhaps Anderson's most significant influence on the development of fisheries management in British Columbia was in the regulation of the Native fisheries. He was well aware of the dependence of Native peoples on salmon and other species of fish both for food and trade. In fact, he was a major buyer of salmon during his employment with the Hudson's Bay Company. From the beginning of his tenure as Inspector of Fisheries, he advised his superiors in Ottawa that the Native fishery was "in all respects unobjectionable and economical." He recommended that it not be interfered with unless they broke some general law such as the use of explosives.

In a letter to A. Smith, Minister of Marine and Fisheries dated 3 January 1878, Anderson clearly stated his position with respect to Native fisheries:[12]

> I have, from the first, been alive to the necessity of affording every protection to the interests of the natives in this important particular, and I have carefully watched, in as far as practicable, that no infringement of these hereditary rights should be permitted. The exercise of these rights, unfettered by wanton or ignorant interference, is to many of the tribes an object of prime importance; and as a matter of

salmon to the Harrison River, a Fraser River tributary that are white-fleshed.

[5] Alexander Caulfield Anderson, *The Dominion at the West. A brief description of the province of British Columbia its climate and resources.* (Victoria, BC: 1872).

[6] Reports of the Inspector of Fisheries for British Columbia for the years 1876–1883. Appendices to the annual reports of the Department of Marine and Fisheries, Ottawa.

[7] The dogfish, *Squalus acanthias (Linnaeus)* is a species of small shark, which is abundant on the BC coast. In later years, particularly during the 1940s, dogfish were harvested for the vitamin-A-rich liver oil. The fishery collapsed after 1950 when other sources of vitamin A became available.

[8] This cyclic pattern of abundance continued until in 1913 the dominant run suffered a catastrophic decline when rock debris, which was dumped in the river during railway construction, blocked salmon migration through the Fraser Canyon. The 1914 run was also severely impeded by further rock slides. After many decades of low abundance, Fraser River sockeye numbers have increased and, with some modifications, the pattern of high and low years has continued.

[9] Notes associated with a map produced by A.C. Anderson in 1867. (See note 3.)

[10] While most attempts failed, a few transplants of Pacific salmon, outside their natural geographic range, have been achieved. For example, coho and chinook salmon have been

successfully introduced to the Great Lakes and chinook salmon have been transplanted to New Zealand. See: C. Groot and L. Margolis, ed. *Pacific Salmon Life Histories* (Vancouver: UBC Press, 1991)

[11] The Bon Accord Hatchery, which operated until 1915, was the first of 14 Dominion government hatcheries built in British Columbia between 1884 and 1920. Eggs from local stocks of sockeye and chinook salmon were incubated in this hatchery, but Anderson's plan to introduce Columbia River chinook salmon to the Fraser River was never implemented. In 1936, after a scientific review, it was concluded that the hatcheries were not significantly adding to natural production and most were closed at the end of that season. With the last hatchery closed in 1937 this first era of British Columbia salmon hatcheries ended. See: K.V. Aro, *Transfers of Eggs and Young of Pacific Salmon Within British Columbia. Fisheries and Marine Service Technical Report No. 861.* (Ottawa: Department of Fisheries and Oceans, 1979).

[12] Letter from Alexander Anderson, Inspector of Fisheries for British Columbia, to The Hon. A Smith, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, 3 January 1878. Public Archives, Canada. RG10, Volume 3651, File 8540. This letter was also printed in Anderson's annual report for 1878.

[13] W. Kaye Lamb, "Biography of Alexander Caulfield Anderson" in *Dictionary of Canadian Biography*. Vol. XI. (Toronto: University of Toronto Press. 1982).

> expediency alone, omitting entirely the higher consideration of the moral claim, their protection demands the earnest care of the government.
>
> It was with a view to this that I have on several occasions, in addressing your Department, pointed out the economical and satisfactory nature of the native modes of fishing, fearful lest, under representations of others less fully cognizant of the subject, the Department might be led to take a different and erroneous view.

Anderson went on to recommend to the Minister that the provisions of the Fishery Act not be applied to "the Indians, working to supply their own wants in their accustomed way." In his 1878 report, Anderson further clarified his position in regard to the Native fisheries:

> I may add, that by the letter of the Minister of the 8th August, I was duly authorized to suspend the application in regard to the Indians, of the fishery enactments. Previously thereto, however, I had in anticipation of the support of the Department, given directions that the Indian population should not be interfered with, save in cases of obvious abuse, while fishing for their own use in their accustomed way. At the same time, it was stipulated that, where fishing with white men and with modern appliances, the Indians so fishing should be considered as coming in all respects under the general law.

Anderson's frequent references to the Native fisheries in his reports to Ottawa reflect the pressure he was under from the canning industry and other business interests in the commercial fishery to restrict the fishing activities of Native people. The expanding commercial fishery was harvesting increasing numbers of salmon and the Native fishery was seen as unwanted competition. The exemptions achieved by Anderson for the Native fishery remained in effect until new regulations were enacted in 1888. In later years, after Anderson's term of office, and when the demands of the commercial fishery were greater, Department of Marine and Fisheries policy for the Native fishery became more restrictive. Whereas Anderson referred to the Native fishery as a "hereditary right," later policy assumed the fishery to be a privilege granted by the government. It is interesting to note, however, that recent decisions of the Supreme Court of Canada have tended to verify Anderson's original opinion.

Anderson's position with respect to the traditional sale and barter of salmon to the fur traders and others in the interior is less clear. There is no indication that he restricted that business but he did prohibit the sale of fish to canneries. It would appear that he saw nothing wrong with the traditional trade in salmon, with which he was familiar, but was of the opinion that Native people who participated in the expanding commercial fishery on the coast should be regulated in the same way as other fishermen. In any event, the open sale of fish caught in the traditional fisheries continued for many years even though regulations prohibiting such activity were in force after 1888.

Recognizing the skills of Native people as fishermen and boatmen, Anderson promoted their involvement in the commercial fishery and recommended that their employment should be encouraged by the government. He felt that the participation of Native people in commercial fishing and processing would benefit not only the industry but also the Native communities. In fact, during his time in office, Native people were actively involved in the commercial fishery especially in northern areas such as on the Nass and Skeena rivers.

After suffering severe exposure in 1882, when he was stranded overnight on a Fraser River sandbar, Anderson never fully recovered his health and died at the age of 70 on 8 May 1884.[13] Without the record he left behind there would be little to tell us about the history of fisheries management during that period. Most of the Department of Marine and Fisheries records and correspondence concerning British Columbia, prior to the 1890s were lost in a fire in Ottawa and we are left with only the published annual reports and a few letters and memoranda copied to other departments such as Indian Affairs. Fortunately, Anderson was a prolific writer who produced detailed annual reports with many appended copies of important correspondence and statistics. His practical but imaginative approach to fisheries management and his sensitivity to the needs of the Native people made him an ideal first Inspector of Fisheries for British Columbia.

Candidates for the 20th Writing Competition

Winners will be announced at the British Columbia Historical Federation Conference in Prince George in May

A Curious Life: The Biography of Princess Peggy Abkhazi. Katherine Gordon. Sono Nis Press.

Bluesprint: Black British Columbian Literature and Orature. Wayde Compton (ed.). Arsenal Pulp Press.

British Columbia 100 Years Ago: Portraits of a Province. Fred Thirkell and Bob Scullion. Heritage House.

Constance Lindsay Skinner: Writing on the Frontier. Jean Barman. University of Toronto Press.

Daggers Unsheathed: The Political Assassination of Glen Clark. Judi Tyabji Wilson. Heritage House. .

Discovery by Design: The Department of Mechanical Engineering of the University of British Columbia Origins and History: 1907–2001. Eric Damer. Ronsdale Press.

E. J. Hughes. Ian M. Thom. Douglas & McIntyre/ Vancouver Art Gallery.

Flying Colours: The Toni Onley Story. Toni Onley and Gregory Strong. Harbour Publishing.

Fort Steele: Gold Rush to Boom Town. Naomi Miller. Heritage House.

From Fjord to Floathouse: One family's journey from the farmlands of Norway to the coast of British Columbia. Myrtle Siebert. Trafford Publishing. [1]

Harbour Burning: A Century of Vancouver's Maritime Fires. William A. Hagelund. Hancock House Publishers Ltd.

Heritage Hall: Biography of a Building. Marian Gilmour & Gail Buente. Heritage Hall Preservation Society, Vancouver. [2]

Historic Shipwrecks of the Sunshine Coast. Rick James and Jacques Marc. Underwater Archaeological Society of British Columbia. [3]

Impressions of the Past: The Early History of the Communities of Crawford Bay, Gray Creek, Kootenay Bay, Pilot Bay and Riondel, on the East Shore of Kootenay Lake, British Columbia. A. Terry Turner and Susan Hulland. Riondel & Area Historical Society. [4]

In Veronica's Garden. Margaret Cadwaladr. Madrona Books & Publishing. [5]

Indian Myths & Legends from the North Pacific Coast of America. Edited and Annotated by Randy Bouchard & Dorothy Kennedy. Talonbooks.

Land of Promise: Robert Burnaby's Letters from Colonial British Columbia 1858 – 1863. Anne Burnaby McLeod and Pixie McGeachie. City of Burnaby. [6]

Launching History: The Saga of Burrard Dry Dock. Fancis Mansbridge. Harbour Publishing.

Making Native Space: Colonialism, Resistance, and Reserves in British Columbia. Cole Harris. UBC Press.

Old Stones: The Biography of a Family. 230 pp. A. S. Penne. Heritage House.

One Man's Justice: A Life in the Law. Thomas R. Berger. Douglas & McIntyre.

Phyllis Munday Mountaineer. Kathryn Bridge. XYZ Publishing. [7]

Preserving What is Valued: Museums, Conservation, And First Nations. Miriam Clavir. UBC Press.

Professing English: A Life of Roy Daniells. Sandra Djwa. University of Toronto Press.

Rusty Nails & Ration Books: Great Depression and WW II Memories, 1929–1945. Barbara Ann Lambert. Trafford Publishing.

Tales of Ghosts: First Nations Art in British Columbia. Ronald W. Hawker. UBC Press.

The Coasts of Canada: A History. Lesley Choyce. Goose Lane Editions.

The Journey: The Overlanders' Quest for Gold. Bill Gallaher. Heritage House.

The Judge's Wife: Memoirs of a BC Pioneer. Eunice M.L. Harrison. Ronsdale Press.

The Life and Times of Marta and Dragan Zaklan: Pioneer Stump-Farmers, Strawberry Hill, Surrey. George L. Zaklan. Self-published. [8]

The People's Boat. HMCS Oriole*: Ship of a Thousand Dreams.* Shirley Hewett. Heritage House.

Tong: Tong Louie, Vancouver's Quiet Titan. E.G. Perrault. Harbour Publishing.

Tracking Amelia Copperman. Sarah H. Tobe. Issue of *The Scribe*, publication of the Jewish Historical Society of British Columbia.[9]

Voyages of Hope: The Saga of the Bride Ships. Peter Johnson. Heritage House.

War on Our Doorstep: The Unknown Campaign on North America's West Coast. Brendan Coyle. Heritage House.

When the Whistle Blew: The Great Central Story 1925–1952. Margery Vaughan and Robert Vaughan, eds. Great Central Book Project Committee/Alberni District Historical Society, Port Alberni, BC.[10]

Wildfire Wars: Frontline Stories of BC's Worst Forest Fires. Keith Keller. Harbour Publishing.

Wish You Were Here: Life on Vancouver Island in Historical Postcards. Peter Grant. Touch Wood Editions (Horsdal & Schubart).

Women and the White Man's God: Gender and Race in the Canadian Mission Field. Myra Rutherdale. UBC Press.

[1] Available on-line at <http://www.trafford.com/robots/01-0464.html>, or by mail from Trafford Publishing, Suite 6E, 2333 Government St., Victoria BC V9T 4P4, toll-free: 1-888-232-4444.

[2] Distributed by: Heritage Hall, Mezzanine, 3102 Main Street, Vancouver BCV5T 3G7.

[3] Available from UASBC Product Sales, David Johnstone, 821 Chestnut Street, New Westminster BC V3L 4N3, phone 604.521.0029, e-mail: <davidjuopmba@shaw.ca>, or at the Vancouver Maritime Museum or the Maritime Museum of BC in Victoria.

[4] Available from the Riondel & Area Historical Society, Box 201, Riondel BC V0B 2B0.

[5] Available in some bookstores and by e-mail <inveronicasgarden@shaw.ca> or by telephone 1-800-866-5504.

[6] Available at Burnaby City Hall and Burnaby Village Museum. Order by mail from: City of Burnaby, 4949 Canada Way, Burnaby BC V5G 1M2, Attention Jim Wolf, Planning Department.

[7] Distributor: Fitzhenry & Whiteside, but also available directly from Rhonda Bailey, XYZ Editorial Office, PO Box 250, Lantzville BC V0R 2H0.

[8] Available from: G. Zaklan, 13278 84th Ave., Surrey BC V3W 3G9.

[9] Available from the Jewish Historical Society of BC, Suite 206, 950 West 41st Avenue, Vancouver BC V5Z 2N7. Free with membership in the society.

[10] Alberni Historical Society, PO Box 284, Alberni BC V9Y 7M7.

Book Reviews

Books for review and book reviews should be sent to:
Anne Yandle, Book Review Editor BC Historical News, 3450 West 20th Avenue, Vancouver BC V6S 1E4

Terrace Regional Historical Society
20th Century Anecdotes from the Terrace Area,
reviewed by Kelsey McLeod.

Emily Reynolds Baker
Caleb Reynolds, American Seafarer,
reviewed by Philip Teece.

David Finch
R.M. Patterson: A Life of Great Adventure,
reviewed by George Newell.

Helmi Braches, ed.
Brick by Brick: The Story of Clayburn,
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Myrtle Siebert
From Fjord to Floathouse: One Family's Journey from the Farmlands of Norway to the Coast of British Columbia,
reviewed by Ellen Ramsay.

Judith Williams
Two Wolves at the Dawn of Time: Kingcome Inlet Pictographs, 1893–1998,
reviewed by Phyllis Reeve.

Adele Perry
On the Edge of Empire: Gender, Race, and the Making of British Columbia,
reviewed by Donna Jean McKinnon.

Helen Piddington
The Inlet,
reviewed by Ian Kennedy.

The Corporation of the Village of Ashcroft
Bittersweet Oasis: A History of Ashcroft and District, 1885–2002,
reviewed by Esther Darlington.

20th Century Anecdotes from the Terrace Area

Terrace Regional Historical Society, 2002.
98 pp. Illus., maps. $20 paperback.
Available from Terrace Regional Historical Society, PO Box 246, Terrace, BC, V8G 4A6

Reviewed by Kelsey McLeod

This collection of reminiscences about the Terrace area contains nothing startling or unusual—it could be any small town in BC. Yet it is well worth a read, enabling older people to remember what it was like years ago, and younger people to envision a very different society that did not depend on the government for everything, whether for schools, transportation, or other needs. The book takes in the time from 1900 to 1988. One questions if it was necessary to go as far as 1988, but perhaps this permits an overview of the passing of time and the inevitable changes. One-room schools, long walks to school through snowbanks, crossing rivers on ice, ferries across rivers—short and long memories of those who lived and grew up in the area.

The book deals with a considerable area, which includes not only Terrace, but also Nass, Rosswood, Usk, New Remo, Old Remo, Lakelse Lake, Kitimat, and Kwinitsa.

There are nine chapters in all, each dealing with a decade, beginning in 1900. There are many pictures, which in some cases are more intriguing than the accompanying stories. That of a public school at Kitsumkalum, for instance, could be a prototype for most early BC schools. On page 9 is a picture of the Skeena Bridge, a landmark in the area, officially opened in 1925. Tom Marsh's story on page 10 tells of working a 10-hour day for the sum of $2.50, the going wage for a sixteen-year old.

Chapter 3 gives Archie Hippsley's memories of Depression days. Amazingly his story mentions that the local sawmills ran all through those dark days in many places. Tales of local dances, when the entire community gathered—there seemed always to be some individual or individuals who were willing and eager to play music for these affairs. Schoolteachers tell of their joys and tribulations, teaching in such isolation. The celebrations held on 24 May, and 1 July—Dominion Day it was then called. One of the facts that emerges is how young the men went to work, and how eagerly they shouldered the responsibility of their own lives.

The greatest changes, after the initial arrival of settlers, came with the Second World War, when an airport and army barracks changed the community for ever.

The Terrace Regional Historical Society is to be commended for the publication of this book. It is to be hoped that other towns and villages will follow their example, and set about preserving their everyday history as well.

Reviewer Kelsey McLeod is a member of the Vancouver Historical Society.

Caleb Reynolds, American Seafarer

Emily Reynolds Baker,
Kingston, ON: The Limestone Press, 2000.
Alaska History No. 50, Distributed by: University of Alaska Press, Fairbanks.
213 pp. Illus., map. US$28.00 hardcover.

Reviewed by Philip Teece

This book is the kind of historical project that derives considerable interest from its access to primary records that have been long hidden and, until now, unseen in publication. For a century and a half the personal logbooks, letters and even a substantial body of poetry of Captain Caleb Reynolds have remained as a private collection in the hands of his family and their descendants. Finally, in the present work, the Captain's great-great-great granddaughter has made fascinating use of her family's literary treasure.

The revelations that we discover in this correspondence and in the logbooks are especially exciting because they deal with our own West Coast at a truly crucial period in its history.

For many of us on the British Columbia coast our period of historic focus is the great summer of 1792, when Vancouver, Galiano, and Valdes were all simultaneously engaged in their groundbreaking surveys of our local

maritime neighbourhood. By contrast, many following years seem a bit of a blank—an anticlimax, perhaps. Yet only about a decade after Vancouver these waters were thronging with "The Boston Men," shiploads of New England fur traders who came to Nootka Sound (and northwards to Alaska) to buy sea otter pelts from the Native people, for trade in a lucrative market that had opened across the Pacific in Canton. Caleb Reynolds was one of these trading seamen.

Reynolds's first voyage to what is now the British Columbia coast was as early as 1804, just a dozen years after the great 1792 exploration. He sailed here again on a trading venture that began in 1815, and here is the astounding fact about that voyage: already, so early in that rapacious pelt-hunting enterprise, the sea otter "gold rush" had so heavily depleted the species that the trade at Nootka was ending. Thus, the New Englanders' attentions were turned away from our Northwest Coast and, after about 1817, diverted to other kinds of trade in the South Pacific.

In *Caleb Reynolds, American Seafarer* we find no explicit comment about the significance of these facts to British Columbia's subsequent history. Yet clearly we are shown a critical turning point on our coast. The "Lords of the Pacific" (as their contemporaries called the New England sailing captains) turned to the Sandwich Islands rather than to Nootka for their trade goods, and it was eventually Hawaii rather than the BC coast that became American territory.

What makes Emily Reynolds Baker's work a real treasure is the personal and social insight that she extracts from the captain's logs and especially from his letters to Mary Williams, who was to become his wife. The richly varied life in our region of the Pacific during the couple of decades following George Vancouver's survey is revealed in Caleb Reynolds's record of social evenings with Russian Governor Alexander Baranof in Alaska, of encounters with the Native traders of Nootka, of clashes with mutineers and privateers.

Among the most intriguing of the captain's papers is his memoir that records one of the earliest meetings with the residents of Pitcairn Island, the community that comprised the remnant of the HMS *Bounty* mutineers.

The many letters that found their way to Mary in New England from wherever Reynolds happened to be in the Pacific region show the captain to have been a modest, gentle and sensitive man. They record the anguish of separation that a seaman on our exceedingly remote coast felt during absences from home and family that lasted typically four or five years. Especially revealing are the intervals between the writing of a letter and its arrival in its recipient's hands. One letter, dispatched from Brazil in November of 1815, was received in Boston in August of 1816. Another of Reynolds's letters to Mary awaited a reply for over two years. Will the outer-space voyages of some future era ever place travellers into an isolation so complete as those ventures to British Columbia at the beginning of the nineteenth century?

Emily Reynolds Baker has made excellent historical use of the fascinating personal archives that have fallen into her possession. Caleb Reynolds's long sequestered papers have much to tell us about what was going on in our British Columbia waters in the three or four decades before settlers began to occupy what is now Victoria.

Reviewer Philip Teece, a retired librarian, is author of A Shimmer on the Horizon, *a book about a part of BC's upper coast on which he lives nowadays.*

R.M. Patterson: A Life of Great Adventure

David Finch
Calgary: Rocky Mountain Books, 2000.
304 pp. Illus., maps. $34.95 hardcover.

REVIEWED BY GEORGE NEWELL

The re-publication of all of R.M. Patterson's books in the 1990s is indicative of the lasting value of—and the continuing interest in—his writing. "At the time of his death in 1984," the publishers of this biography claim, "R.M. Patterson had become a Canadian legend, both for his exploits and for his five published books and many articles. His vivid portrayal of the Canadian wilderness has never been bettered."

These are not idle promotional claims. And since, as the British Columbia publisher Gray Campell comments in his foreword, "we only knew him from his books and articles," this biography is especially to be welcomed. Patterson's books are, in the main autobiographical, albeit naturally, neither complete nor definitive. This biography fills, to some extent, the gaps and casts new light on numerous incidents mentioned in the books. On the matter of how Patterson happened to come to Canada's Northwest, for example, Finch sees as the key a period in hospital when, as a teenager, Patterson was being treated for an illness that almost took his life. "He returned from death's door a changed person. While bed-ridden, Patterson read every Jack London book his mother could find. "They fascinated me," Finch is quoting Patterson reminiscing in 1951, "those stories of the North, and I made up my mind that I, too, would hunt and drive my dogs in that blank space on the map, the Yukon Mackenzie Divide."

Patterson carried through on his determination. After establishing a homestead in the Peace country, he headed north and out of that came, 20 years later, his masterpiece, *The Dangerous River*. "It helped", Finch writes, "that he often possessed the financial resources to take advantage of opportunities that arose, but the independent spirit of the wanderer and explorer set him apart from many of his generation and financial status." Patterson learned all he could beforehand from books and maps and people; and he was "a keen observer" and "his eye deciphered maps at a glance." Yet, of his first trip, to the South Nahanni in 1927, Patterson later reflected on his lack of knowledge: "What I proposed to use in place of experience has often puzzled me." With the courage (or innocence?) of the young he headed out and, as Finch points out, well might not have returned. However he did return, and having gained some experience, he learned from it. He reflected on where he had been, what he had done, and summarized at the end of the trip: "I am the better for the trail I have made—in every way. A little stronger and heavier, more obstinate, quicker to think & act alone & able to do without things & to drive myself on against my own will. I know the way into the gold rivers—& I have seen very great beauties in a wonderful mountain world."

The trip, dangerous as it had been, was but a stimulus. Patterson recognized early in his life, as Finch clearly indicates, a dichotomy in his character. "I can rough it with anybody when I am out for roughing it," Patterson wrote to his mother in 1924 shortly after he came to Canada: "but when I come in to civilisation my idea of hardship will be, as someone has aptly put it, to be compelled to ring the bell twice for a waiter." He was, all the while, honing his writing, especially in

his teenage years and in his early years in Canada in letters to his mother. Finch wisely draws extensively from these and they give the reader many insights into Patterson's development, both through what he chooses to write about and how he writes. The literary qualities of his books derive from these earlier efforts.

This is a good solid work—it provides the reader with a sense of who Patterson was. The narrative is well paced and appropriate to the subject. It is fortunate to have so many photographs taken by Patterson and his companions that are contemporary to the events; looking through them after reading the book illustrates how valuable they are, how much they add. They are well selected. The lack of a bibliography is not a shortcoming—the endnotes are much more useful than a simple bibliography. I would, however, have found a separate listing of his several diaries, with their dates, helpful. The maps are noted on the "Contents" page; so easy to do and yet so seldom done.

The biography can only help promote interest in the writings of Patterson and please those of us who have always valued his published work.

Brick by Brick: The Story of Clayburn

Helmi Braches, ed.
Clayburn Village Community Society, 2001.
181 pp. Illus., maps. $25 paperback.
(Clayburn Village Community Society, c/o Cyril Holbrow, 4176 Seldon Rd., Abbotsford, BC V2S 7X4)

Reviewed by Daphne Sleigh

The large-format family history book appears to be as popular as ever, with communities all across British Columbia enthusiastically recording their history in this form. But the task of the community historian today is no easy one.

Twenty-five years ago, when a community wished to record its history in a book, it might have been sufficient merely to assemble a collection of family histories, arrange them in alphabetical order, add plentiful illustrations and—almost as an afterthought—some miscellaneous information on local buildings and local industries. There was often no historical overview, no attempt to explain the local scene in terms of the broad picture. Documentation might be lacking, sources unnamed. Maps could be sketchy and inadequate. This is not to underestimate the value of the community histories of an earlier period. They were of strong historical merit in recreating the atmosphere of bygone times—the daily life, the dialogue, the humour, the pathos, the value system that prevailed in that community. They imprinted their district with a distinct historical identity. Additionally, they were of importance in adding to the new groundswell of enthusiasm for the cause of heritage preservation.

Nevertheless, there is undeniably more pressure today on community historians to produce a book that is professional in its approach to archival research and also in its regard for design and layout. Community histories have become increasingly competent in both these respects. The Clayburn history, *Brick by Brick*, is one such example of a book where care and thought have obviously been expended over every detail of the production. The front cover itself attracts you instantly with its clever Mondrian-like abstract design, incorporating the shapes and colours of Clayburn brick; and the internal layout is similarly pleasing to the eye, as well as functional. Source notes are arranged on the relevant pages, which is a convenience. One interesting device to conserve space has been to use a smaller typeface and a three-column layout for the large mass of family histories and other "appendices" (which actually take up half the book.) This, to me, is just as easy on the eye as the larger typeface and longer line used in the first half, and both styles are perfectly readable. The maps and plans are well designed (though I wonder why the Mission station is noted as "St. Mary's Mission" on two maps, some years after the station had moved away from the O.M.I. mission side of town.)

The main focus of the book is on the Clayburn company town, now a heritage village with its old-world, brick-faced houses and brick church, its nostalgic general store, and its early school, little changed since the 1920s. Only a small amount of space has been devoted to the history of the district previous to the founding of the brickworks in 1905, though Cyril Holbrow, whose years of research are the foundation of this book, does outline the story of Colin Sword and the dikes at the beginning of the "Family Histories" section. Nineteenth century history is also brought into the picture with the chapter by Janet Bingham on the well-known Maclure family, who settled on Matsqui Prairie in 1868 and who later discovered the clay. All this, however, is subsidiary to the major theme of the book, which is set in the twentieth century.

The development of the brickworks is covered extensively in the chapter by John Adams, who describes the origins of the factory, its fluctuations, and its eventual demise, when operations were transferred to Kilgard, the other side of Sumas Mountain. He deals with the techniques of brick making, the fuelling of the plant, the transportation of the product, and—not least—the problems of management. He also adds interesting details of the colour process used for the bricks, and the names of some of the buildings where Clayburn bricks were chosen.

Family histories make up the largest part of the book, and offer plenty of agreeable browsing even for a reader unfamiliar with the community. A history of the village itself precedes this section and offers an explanatory background. This is sympathetically told, except in the case of the titled English remittance man, who as usual is treated as a figure of fun. Inevitably he is written off as doing "gentleman farming," though from the context he looked after his own herd of cattle. Laughed at behind his back for his accent and manners, it is not surprising that he retaliated by needling the Clayburn community.

What is the future of Clayburn? This is now the question, and one that is not evaded in this book. The charm of the site, and its heritage importance have been increasingly recognized ever since the landmark year of 1978, when heritage activists in the MSA Heritage Society rebuilt the church (a story which deserved fuller treatment). Since then the village has gone on from strength to strength, its school, store, and homes largely restored, and the site declared a Heritage Conservation Area in 1996. But what of the brickyard itself, now reduced to concrete foundations and a layer of broken bricks? There are suggestions of an interpretation centre, trails along the former railway, even steel-frame structures to outline the shapes of former buildings. Let us hope that over-zealous efforts do not destroy the ambience that remains.

Reviewer Daphne Sleigh is author of One Foot on the Border: A History of Sumas Prairie and Area.

From Fjord to Floathouse: One Family's Journey from the Farmlands of Norway to the Coast of British Columbia

Myrtle Siebert.
Victoria: Trafford Publishing, 2001.
244 pp. Illus. $25 paperback.

REVIEWED BY ELLEN RAMSAY

From Fjord to Floathouse is the story of three generations of the Forberg family, a Norwegian immigrant family that originated in Bo, Telemark, in Southern Norway and emigrated to the coastal region of British Columbia where they moved with the hand-logging trade from Shoal Bay to Forward Harbour, Jackson Bay, Port Neville, Rock Bay, and finally to Campbell River. The story begins with the author's grandfather, Einar Einarson, who emigrated in 1893, and follows the genealogy through to the family reunion in 1998 in Telemark. The author is a writer, a registered home economist, and a former teacher who spent three years researching the family history for this volume.

The book is divided into two parts, the first part focusing on the early years from 1893 to *circa* 1946 centred on the immigrant experience, and the second being a study of the changing lifestyles of subsequent generations from 1946 to *circa* 1998. The book was published in cooperation with Trafford Publishing and is nicely accompanied by photographs, genealogical diagrams, recipes, and letters.

The significance of Myrtle Siebert's book is that it is much more than a family history. Siebert uses the expression "creative non-fiction" to describe her genre, and this is most appropriate as the volume combines the story of one particular Norwegian family with the wider history of settlement along coastal British Columbia. It tells a compelling story of life on the West Coast worthy of fiction and Siebert demonstrates her command of the style in what promises to be an enticing read.

Historical topics of interest that the author has researched include the role of the Union Steamship Company on life in the early lumber camps along the coast, description of the life of hand loggers on the coast, description of the Norwegian war effort during the 1939-1945 war, life in remote communities during the war, and finally an extended discussion of the passing on of skills (schooling, home economics, etc.) from one generation to another.

The result is compelling reading: a book treating the lives of men and women in an even-handed manner. The volume also embraces stories of the communities themselves in a realistic light, not afraid to include the negative as well as the positive side of human and community life in coastal British Columbia.

Ellen Ramsay is recording Secretary of the Vancouver Historical Society.

Two Wolves at the Dawn of Time: Kingcome Inlet Pictographs, 1893-1998

Judith Williams.
Vancouver: New Star Books, 2001. 240 pp. Illus. $29. paperback.

REVIEWED BY PHYLLIS REEVE.

Any artist who paints a creation myth balances precariously between heaven and earth, whether the scaffold swings beneath a ceiling in Rome or bangs against a rock cliff above an inlet of the North Pacific. In 1998 Marianne Nicholson created the first tribal pictograph to be painted in seventy years. Twenty-eight feet wide by thirty-eight long, on a cliff a hundred feet high, the pictograph testifies to the continuing vitality of the artist's home, the Gwa'yi village at the entrance to Kingcome Inlet. Its design brings the two wolves from the Dzawada'enuxw origin myth into the frame of a huge "copper", the shield-shaped icon of the traditional economic and social systems of the Northwest coast.

Trained as a "contemporary" artist, Nicholson relearned the traditional pictograph techniques of her people. Her research led her to non-Native artist and scholar Judith Williams, a long-time frequenter of the coast and investigator of its culture. Williams became an enthusiastic witness to Nicholson's pictograph, documenting its progress and exploring its context and the human relationships that make it meaningful.

One hundred metres from the site, at Petley Point, another pictograph looms, painted by another woman artist, Mollie Wilson, in 1927, in defiance of the potlatch ban. Between the two sites, Williams traces a lively line of intersecting, interacting histories that have not yet reached their end.

Two elder couples befriended Williams. Dave Dawson was for many years elected chief of the Dzawada'enuxw; his wife Flora still speaks fluently the Kwak'wala language, but recalls that she enjoyed her time at the residential school. The Dawsons and others who wander in and out of the pages bring out stories and objects, for instance, the family copper, in a musing, reminiscing, speculative manner. No one claims the last word.

Alan and Mary Caroline Halliday also belong to Kingcome. In 1894 the Halliday brothers Ernest and William, of Scottish stock, staked claim to land on the inlet delta. Ernest homesteaded, building a house that sheltered his family for a century. William Halliday became Indian Agent, doomed to inflict anguish on neighbours and would-be friends, all with the "best" of paternalistic intentions. In a position to see where regulations had been made too rigid, he served a bureaucracy with no allowance for rule bending. He did not entirely oppose the rules; he genuinely believed the continuing of the potlatch ceremony was morally and economically injurious to the Native people. His boss in the federal hierarchy, Duncan Campbell Scott, whose poetry appeared in all Canadian anthologies of my schooldays, receives a bad press these days. The culture he thought dead is outliving him. William Halliday could only judge what he observed "against the template of his own belief system." On the other hand, Rev. John Antle of the Coast Mission argued against the ban, "The ruthless tragedy upon ancient customs comes not too well from a Christian nation."

In the U'Mista Museum at Alert Bay, Williams thinks that even now the rescued and protected ritual objects "rest uneasily on pedestals." Pictograph and petroglyph sites can not be so readily decontextualized.

The reader wanting absolute truth or even a clear battle line between good guys and villains had better leave this book alone. We meet hospitable Interfor loggers who share food, information, and thoughtful, concerned opinions. We are appalled to find the Nature Trust offering to sell to the Gwa'yi people the land that had been theirs all along. And we share the wrath of the late Beth Hill, doyenne of rock art studies, when young tree-planters trash the Halliday house. Alan Halliday comments: "Writing about it all, they make it something different from what it was. It was just ordinary life." Williams shows ordinary life still being lived.

Her book includes a number of archival and documentary photographs, including several striking views of the two modern pictographs. But, since she has written herself

so energetically into the story, I regret the absence of anything she sketched or painted during the progress of the pictograph. What happened, I wonder, to the watercolour she "looped onto paper" when camping in the Halliday house?

On the Edge of Empire: Gender, Race, and the Making of British Columbia, 1849-1871

Adele Perry.
Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 2001. 286 pp. Illus. $24.95 paperback. $60 hardcover.

REVIEWED BY DONNA JEAN MCKINNON

Whereas a number of studies have begun to paint a picture of the historical relationship between whites and Natives in this province in general, and others have looked at white men and Native women or early feminist history in particular, Adele Perry's book examines how racial and gender prejudices affected the development of early colonial society in British Columbia and the self-image of Britons on the colonial edges of the empire.

Dr. Perry first examines the lives of working white men in the young colony, who frequently lived together in households without women. These arrangements were perceived as a threat to the development of a fully functioning white society and the men themselves as guilty of threatening the separate spheres of existence between men and women because of the necessity of their doing so-called women's work.

Another perceived danger to the establishment of a respectable white colony was the existence of relationships between white men and Native women. An 1871 census enumerated 581 such mixed couples in Victoria, many consciously living in an unmarried state. The Native women in these relationships, as Perry and others have reported, were never accepted into the white sphere despite their relationships, and the children of these unions were especially discriminated against. Native women were seen as immoral and their behaviour equated with prostitution by the white community. Adding insult to injury, they were also frequently physically abused by their white male partners.

As for the men in these relationships, many colonists took a dim view of them, but for different reasons. For the overall white population, these couplings seemed to threaten white culture in general, violating its notion of racial superiority. The men involved in cross-racial marriage were criticized for relinquishing their place in respectable society. Such relationships persisted however, despite threats and cultural fears, and were a constant feature of colonial British Columbian society.

Reformers of the day felt the solution to these situations lay in programs to immigrate white women and in land reform and other such policies to encourage white settlement. Perry states that "white women were invoked as evidence of British Columbia's transition from savage to civilized" (p. 174). The results of these efforts however, proved to be less than satisfactory.

While many of the women who came to the colony did marry white men and settle down to a "civilized" lifestyle, many more of these mostly working-class women who were shipped to the colony felt no special obligation to fulfill a middle-class reformer's ambition. Some became prostitutes, married Native men, opened businesses of their own, and drank, swore, and caroused with the numerous white men hungry for female companionship, gravely disappointing the high-minded reformers who had sponsored their passage from England.

Ironically, Perry reports, these women seemed especially offended by Native women—further ostracizing them and precluding any notion of gender solidarity between the two races of women. In the meantime, the course of love between white men and women was not necessarily running smoothly, as reports surfaced of domestic violence within white relationships.

Perry's work introduces a number of new ideas and challenges to the historical research community. She urges historians to revise the historical analysis of white/Native relationships, to examine the history of whiteness and the concept of manhood as well as womanhood, to explore the relationship between white and Native women, and to delve into the perception of the "whiteness" of our society in the face of current and historical Native resistance and Asian immigration.

In many ways the issues and reform policies examined in this book were part of a bigger phenomenon that was happening in other parts of the British Empire as new political, social, and economic realities challenged continued colonization. As with any major shift or convergence of cultures and expectations, it provides historians and cultural observers with rich material to try to understand where we've come from and how we find ourselves today.

Reviewer Donna Jean McKinnon is a past president of the Vancouver Historical Society.

The Inlet

Helen Piddington.
Madeira Park: Harbour Publishing, 2001. 200 pp. Illus. $32.95 hardcover.

REVIEWED BY IAN KENNEDY

Todays' television programs abound about people attempting to re-live or re-create history. One group on a York boat follows a Hudson Bay fur-trade route half way across Canada, another spends a year living like 1890s Prairie settlers, and, in England, yet another attempts to live like ancient Celts.

Modern day pioneers Helen Piddington and Dane Campbell and their two children, Arabella and Adam, must find these contrived "made-for-TV" antics amusing, if indeed they watch such programs in their house alongside Loughborough Inlet some 150 miles north of Vancouver, and yes, they do have television. Rather than re-creating history, the Campbell-Piddingtons have been living history, living the life of real pioneers for the past thirty odd years, fighting to survive and raise a family in rugged, but beautiful surroundings.

Helen's book *The Inlet* presents glimpses, or snapshots, of the hardships, work, and struggles the family faces, but also of the joy and peace it found in living in semi-isolation. Not a history of Loughborough Inlet per se, the book contains a series of short essays, or musings, of a few pages or sometimes half a page, covering a wide range of topics.

Campbell and Piddington met while sailing the BC coast, formed a partnership, and in 1975, with a small daughter in tow, bought an abandoned 1934 vintage house on five acres in isolated Loughborough Inlet, off Johnston Strait, north of Campbell River. There Dane became a prawn fisherman, with 222 acres the smallest wood-lot operator in BC, and a small-scale logger, while Helen variously became a printmaker, artist, pig farmer, gardener, home-grown food-preserver, home-schooling teacher, and fighter off of wild animals, as well as an artist drawing pastels, which illustrate her book.

Because Piddington is forced to rely on oral history in her attempts to gather information about the Inlet, few hard historic facts grace the volume. What she does glean are stories of eccentric characters like the "Three Old Goats;" the half-blind remittance man, the sailor Gwyn Gray Hill; and the deaf, 96 year-old live-alone Axel Yungstrum. These stories certainly add spice to the book. Yungstrum, for instance, to get himself going each morning, took a shot of rye and rolled on an Absorbine Senior soaked floor to ease his aching back. Beat that for a remedy.

Not afraid to offer an opinion, Piddington speaks out bluntly on a variety of topics. Logged clear-cuts: "blemishes, of course...but they are the tag end of an old system and gradually they green up too." Native middens: "that only the best sites be saved". On United States books used in British Columbia correspondence courses: "a country that doesn't produce its own school books is irresponsible." Grizzly bear eco-tourism: "Bears should be left to themselves, the wary wild creatures, they are glimpsed maybe in passing, but left strictly alone and in peace. Must someone be killed before this nonsense is stopped?" The hunting of bears: "While friends in town moan for their welfare, dressing up in bear masks, marching and chanting 'Clear-cuts Kill Bears,' we notice both black bears and grizzlies increasing steadily." She says that as areas become overcrowded the bears become more adventurous, more aggressive. Not just bears do these modern-day pioneers encounter and learn to live with but also wolves, wild boars, cougars, otters, martens, and mink. She and her children share one memorable up close and personal magic moment with a killer whale. "Setting up and maintaining one's own community is a rich and satisfying experience but not for the faint-hearted. Self-sufficiency means just that—relying on no one for anything." Piddington relates the mundane, but all-important, aspects of survival in an isolated world: the difficulties of gardening and animal husbandry; generator failures; the poaching of prawn traps; the reliance on and the perils of boats and boating: the dangers of fire, the ferocious and unpredictable weather. But, though confronting a multitude of hardships, the family also experiences a sense of peace and a quiet joy at having survived in relative isolation. "Be positive, warned an editor. Make everything sound pleasant so others will want to live as you do. But I'm not selling this life just telling how it was."

Helen Piddington's *The Inlet*, not actors re-living history, but a modern-day family carving out a life on BC's coast, with Piddington enjoying the luxury of being able to fly to Paris for a month each year to study art and to paint. A luxury hundreds of other folk eking out a living along this rugged and often unforgiving coast wouldn't and couldn't dream of. *The Inlet*: good summer reading.

Reviewer Ian Kennedy is a resident of Comox.

Bittersweet Oasis: A History of Ashcroft and District, 1885-2002

Ashcroft: The Corporation of the Village of Ashcroft, 2002. 160 pp. Illus. $25

REVIEWED BY ESTHER DARLINGTON.

Ashcroft's first history book appeared in 1985 under the title *Bittersweet Oasis: A History of Ashcroft—The First 100 Years*. Written by Brian Belton, a journalist, the text was 55 pages long peppered with some fine old photographs from the archives of the Ashcroft Museum.

The new *Bittersweet Oasis* includes a good part of the original text and photographs, but adds another 100 pages or so bringing the village's colourful history up to the present time.

Ashcroft is situated on a bench of the Thompson River five kilometres from the Trans-Canada Highway. As the crow flies, the village lies between Spence's Bridge and Kamloops. Two rail lines run through the village—the CPR and the CNR. The CPR, in fact, is the reason the village began in 1884. A portly former sheep man from Ohio, Oliver Evans, saw the immediate potential of the flat, partly cultivated bench above the Thompson as a destination point for soon-to-be-travellers on the rail line being constructed, and quickly built a hotel. Together with his 14 year-old pregnant wife, Ellen, he surveyed a town site, comprised of three wide avenues running north and south that would parallel the rail line.

This burst of entrepreneurial insight was to become a characteristic of the town that would later attract a burst of Chinese produce farmers using indentured labourers from China, who transformed the surrounding sage-brush-strewn hillsides into some of the finest potato and tomato production in Western Canada. A cannery was built, producing tomato catsup, canned tomatoes, and canned pumpkin. A soy sauce factory started by a Japanese former internee, a lumber company and numerous "bush" mills, and finally a copper mine, one of the latest in the world, all assured the Village of Ashcroft of a sound economic base for several generations. Of course a vibrant social life accompanied all this business activity.

One of the major industries developed around the railroads, of course, was transportation. Horse drawn freight wagons plied the steep grade above the village, laden with goods brought in by rail freight. The destination of the freight wagons was all the communities along the old Cariboo Road, now called the Gold Rush Trail. Stage coach and freight wagon served the entire inland region known as the Cariboo plateau for fifty years, until the first railroad was built linking the coast region with the northern Cariboo in 1912.

I heartily recommend the new *Bittersweet Oasis* for a good casual read. It is the kind of book you can pick up and find something new every time. It is also a showcase of data on the early pioneer beginnings of an often neglected, but vitally important region in the unfolding development and history of the Cariboo.

Reviewer Esther Darlington is a long-time resident of the area.

MORE BOOKS

Books listed here may be reviewed at a later date. For further information please consult Book Review Editor Anne Yandle.

Amongst God's Own: The Enduring Legacy of St. Mary's Mission. Terry Glavin. Mission: Longhouse Publishing, 2002.

Biography of Major-General Henry Spencer Palmer. Jiro Higuchi. Yokohama: the author, 2002.

Cranbrook and District: Key City Chronicles, 1898- Cranbrook & District Key City Chronicles, 2002.

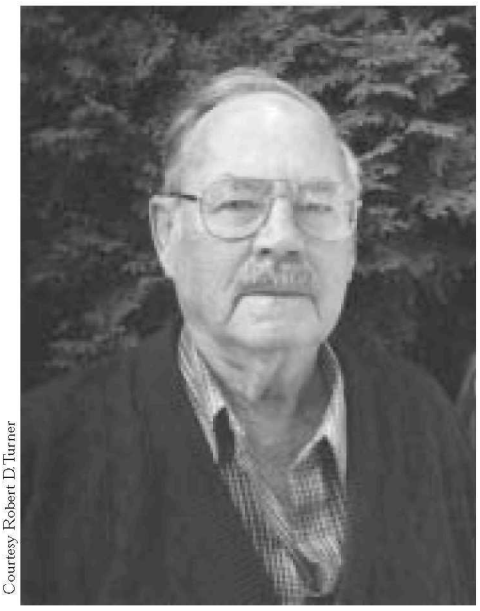
Geography of Memory: Recovering Stories of a Landscaped First People. Eileen Deleharity Pearkes. Nelson: Kutenai House Press, 2002.

The Heavens are Changing: Nineteenth Century Protestant Missions and Tsimshian Christianity. Susan Neylan. McGill Queens University Press, 2003.

Rusty Nails and Ration Books; Great Depression and World War II Memories, 1929-1945. Barbara Ann Lambert. Victoria, Trafford, 2002.

Reports

Peter Corley-Smith



Courtesy Robert D Turner

At the historic paddlewheeler *Moyie* at Kaslo, the crew lowered the flag to half-mast when they heard that Peter Corley-Smith had passed away in Victoria last November. British Columbia's historic sites, museums, and all of us with a passion for history lost a good and talented friend. My friend Peter was not an easy man to categorize. His career had too many directions, all of them ultimately complementary. He was born in India and schooled in England. Then, as just a young man in the RAF during the Second World War, he flew for the Special Operations Executive in support of underground movements all over occupied Europe. It wasn't something he talked about a lot and his logbooks only indicated "mission completed," but the solo flights in a blackened Stirling bomber were not an easy way to spend the war years. Next he went underground mining on the Gold Coast of Africa and later in Northern Rhodesia (Zambia). In 1951 he married Nina, his wife of over 50 years. It was "the one unquestionably sensible thing I ever did," he commented in his autobiography *10,000 Hours.* Soon they moved to Ottawa and Peter returned to flying, this time in the early Bell helicopters that were just beginning to make their mark in northern surveys and in so many other roles.

Helicopter flying was a delight for Peter. He enjoyed the exhilaration of flying into the mountains and sometimes stopping for lunch on a ridge top. He also enjoyed the company of the helicopter engineers, miners, surveyors, artists, and travellers whom he flew all over Northern Canada and especially British Columbia. In 1959, Peter and Nina moved to BC with their two sons Gerald and Graham. Peter flew for many years with Vancouver Island Helicopters, an organization he particularly liked and whose people he respected. By then in his forties, Peter knew that his flying days were nearing an end and he enrolled at the University of Victoria, where he pursued another love and studied English, flying in the summer months to support his family. Then he went on to receive a Master of Fine Arts in Creative Writing from the University of Montana. After that, while still flying, he taught English at the British Columbia Institute of Technology. Students quickly came to respect the poetry-reading editor and former bush pilot who taught them the importance of writing clearly and well.

In the mid-1970s, he transferred to the Provincial Museum with the museum train program and was later an extension officer, running travelling exhibits and speaker's tours programs, followed by a stint as a curator in history. On his retirement in 1988, Peter became research associate at the Royal BC Museum and continued many research projects and lecture tours. Peter travelled throughout BC, speaking to historical societies and hundreds of school classes. He wrote ten books, mostly about the aviation history of British Columbia, a subject his long years of flying and his love of English admirably prepared him for. Although he was intimately familiar with the technology, he was most interested in the human story of aviation and its pioneers. His titles included *Barnstorming to Bushflying*; *Bushflying to Blind Flying*; *Pilots to Presidents*; two volumes, co-authored with Dave Parker, *Helicopters the B.C. Story* and *Helicopters in the High Country,* as well as two histories of the Royal BC Museum. He also helped with many historical projects and was made a life member of the Kootenay Lake Historical Society for his contributions to the SS *Moyie* National Historic Site.

Peter brought sensitive wit and a perceptive wisdom to his writing. His love for history and his books defined an important part of British Columbia's story.

—Robert D. Turner

BC Studies Conference

"British Columbia: Rethinking Ourselves"

The 2003 BC Studies Conference will be held 1-3 May 2003 at the Liu Centre of the University of British Columbia. Entitled "British Columbia: Rethinking Ourselves," this interdisciplinary conference features 24 sessions, each organized around a different topic with two or three presenters.

Participants will come from as far away as Australia, Scotland, and France and will include both graduate students and senior scholars. Themes to be explored include mountain climbing and natural history, the dynamics of rural life, the Japanese experience in British Columbia, the regulation of morality, women and travel writing, the making of ethnic identities, BC's Scottish connection, rethinking the place of Doukhobors in BC history, and British Columbians' response to war.

The conference offers two plenary sessions. Thursday evening focuses on "Changing Images of First Nations in Film." The first part depicts Kwakwaka'wakw life through time, the second a collaborative project on Dane-zaa oral tradition.

Friday evening is the Canadian premiere of *The Birthright*, a play by BC playwright Constance Lindsay Skinner. Written in 1906 and produced by the Shuberts in Chicago and Boston, the play never reached Canada, perhaps because it tackles contentious issues of Aboriginal-missionary relations on the BC's North Coast. The play will be presented at the Jericho Arts Centre, 1675 Discovery Street, Vancouver, in cooperation with United Players.

—R.A.J. (Bob) McDonald

Detail of a CP Rail map showing Lardeau (top left corner) and Lardo (bottom right corner).

Lardo vs. Lardeau

The naming of two communities on the Upper Arrow Lake and Kootenay Lake (see 35/2 and 35/3) intrigued Greg Nesteroff. He found some answers in the Postal Inspectors Reports, kept at the National Archives of Canada. (Microfilm C7230, Files 399, 506, 515, 521, 561 and C7231, File 326.)

West Kootenay has a long history of inter-city rivalries over such things as sports, industry, and infrastructure. But it was a simple name—and the prosperity associated with it—that led two towns to battle during an 1890s gold and silver rush to one of the remotest parts of the region.

The townsite of Lardeau, on the northeast arm of Upper Arrow Lake, was registered in Victoria by W.H. Ellis on 2 Dec 1892. The following month, a separate group led by John Retallack attempted to do the same for Lardo, near the north end of Kootenay Lake. However, the registrar refused on the grounds the name was too similar to Lardeau.

The Lardo townsite owners appealed to the courts, but the judge dismissed the case. This did not stop them from applying for a post office, which BC postal inspector E.H. Fletcher supported: "The population of Lardo is much larger and more important than that of Lardeau and the former being the first in the field for a post office, should I think, have the advantage of their enterprise."

Fletcher's superiors authorized the post office at Lardo, providing the name was changed. They were under the mistaken impression an injunction had been issued preventing use of Lardo. However, each town felt it had an exclusive right to the name, and insisted it would be impossible to find another. They began trading insults. The *Lardo Reporter* called Lardeau "a mathematical point on the Arrow Lakes, occupying position but no space [which] has not yet fulfilled its manifest destiny by becoming a sheep ranch." Lardeau promoters responded by criticizing the geography of their rival: "Lardo claims to be entitled to the name because of its proximity to the mouth of the Lardo River. It is some 35 miles from its mouth."

MP John Mara was asked to intervene, but decided to sit on the fence: "I unfortunately promised to support the application for offices at both places, not knowing that the department would object on account of the similarity of names." Postmaster-general William White finally ruled: "The question of name must be settled by the parties themselves." With neither side willing to compromise, the matter remained unresolved.

In October 1893, postal inspector Fletcher's assistant visited Kaslo and inquired about Lardo. He discovered that "the place [was] now practically deserted.... There [was] therefore no necessity for the establishment of a post office at Lardo."

This was not quite the end of things. In 1895, MP Mara again wrote the postmaster general, requesting an office be opened at Lardeau, and suggested a potential postmaster. Fletcher was asked to look into it, and found that "the townsite has not been built upon to any extent within the past year, nor has the population increased. In fact I am given to understand that there are no more than half a dozen people living there." By 1899, Lardo had been sufficiently resuscitated to again merit a post office, while Lardeau was lost to nearby Comaplix.

For reasons unclear, the Lardo post office was renamed Lardeau in 1947. It closed in 1967, although Lardeau is still a small residential community.

For all the ado about the name, little comment was made of its origin, which remains a mystery. It may be derived from an early French Canadian prospector, or from a Sinixt (Lakes) word, although neither explanation is supported by much evidence.

—*Greg Nesteroff*

Work and Society

PERSPECTIVES ON NORTHERN BC HISTORY

Prince George Conference
8 – 11 May 2002

Hosted by University of Northern British Columbia and the Prince George BCHF 2003 Organizing Committee

THURSDAY, 8 MAY 2003

UNBC Conference Centre

8:30–5:00 A.M. BCHF Workshops

College of New Caledonia

7:00–9:00 P.M. Opening reception

FRIDAY, 9 MAY 2003

Field Trip Day

Morning:

(A) Lheidlit'enneh Cemetery and Church

(B) Downtown Heritage Talk & Walk

Afternoon:

(A) The East Line

(B) Railway and Forestry Museum

SATURDAY, 10 MAY 2003

UNBC

All-Day Book Fair: UNBC Wintergarden

Morning:

8:30-12:00 BCHF Annual General Meeting

12:00 to 1:00 Catered lunch for registrants

Afternoon:

Talks & Presentations

Evening: BCHF Awards Banquet

6:00-6:30 P.M. No-Host Bar

6:30pm Awards Presentation

7:00 P.M. Dinner with local entertainment

SUNDAY, 11 MAY 2003

UNBC

8:30-9:30 P.M. BCHF Council Meeting

Explore Northern BC on your own or join the free tour to Fort St. James.

Registration forms can be found in this issue and on our Web site <bchistory.ca>

Conference Coordinator
Ramona Rose, Northern BC Archives.
Phone: 250 960-6603; Fax: 250 960 6610;
E-mail: <roserm@unbc.ca>.

Former Winners of the Lieutenant-Governor's Medal for Historical Writing

1983 Daphne Sleigh: *Discovering Deroche: From Nicomen to Lake Errock*

1984 Barry M. Gough: *Gunboat Frontier British Maritime Authority and Northwest Coast Indians. 1846–1890*

1985 John Norris: *Old Silverton 1891–1930*

1986 Charles Lillard: *Seven Shillings a Year*

1987 Lynn Bower: *Three Dollar Dreams*

1988 Peter B. Waite: *Lord of Point Grey* and Bridget Moran: *Storey Creek Woman*

1989 John Hayman: *Robert Brown and the Vancouver Island Exploring Expedition*

1990 Paul Tennant: *Aboriginal People and Politics*

1991 Geoff Meggs: *Salmon*

1992 James R. Gibson: *Boston Ships and China Goods*

1993 Allison Mitcham: *Taku: The Heart of North America's Last Great Wilderness*

1994 Tom Henry: *The Good Company: An Affectionate History of the Union Steamships*

1995 Christine Frances Dickinson & Diane Solie Smith: *Atlin: The Story of British Columbia's Last Gold Rush*

1996 Richard Cannings and Sydney Cannings: *British Columbia: A Natural History*

1997 Richard Somerset Mackie: *Trading Beyond the Mountains: The British Fur Trade on the Pacific 1793–1843*

1998 Kathryn Bridge: *By Snowshoe, Buckboard and Steamer: Women of the Frontier*

1999 Lilia D'Acres and Donald Luxton: *Lions Gate*

2000 Richard Sommerset Mackie: *Island Timber: A Social History of the Comox Logging Company, Vancouver Island*

2001 Milton Parent: *Circle of Silver*

Archives and Archivists

Editor Frances Gundry

School Archives Program in Mission BC

Under the direction of the Mission District Historical Society, the Mission Community Archives has established a *School Archives Program* in partnership with teachers, students and parents. The program is designed to facilitate the ongoing collection, preservation and availability of archival materials from each school in the community. To our knowledge, this is the first program of its kind in the province

Implemented in 2002, the program is designed to assist and train students, staff, and parents to play a proactive role in the ongoing preservation and availability of records that are important to their school. The program is designed to preserve a selected sample of archival materials from each school documenting their administrative policies and general operational activities, including school programs, special events, etc. These do not include any records that are subject to the provisions of the Freedom of Information and Protection of Privacy Act.

The idea for the program originated from the *Mission 2000 Legacy Project*, a millennium-inspired campaign aimed at acquiring and preserving a comprehensive record of life in Mission dating from its establishment in 1892 to the year 2000.

During this project, archives staff and volunteers, including practicum students made presentations and distributed information to teachers and members of Parent Advisory Councils (PAC) at every school in the district. Through this consultative process, the need to establish a partnership for the ongoing preservation and availability of school history was identified and enthusiastically supported by all.

The members of the Mission School Board also endorsed the proposed new program. In a letter to the archives, they stated: "....this is a wonderful initiative to help and preserve our heritage. The proposal will also heighten our students' awareness of the importance of safekeeping historical records and how the records they create contribute to our community's history."

Encouraged by the support of the educational community, a project was undertaken in 2002 to implement the program. Through the financial assistance of the Vancouver Foundation, a part-time co-ordinator was hired for six months to get the program operating.

A School Archives Program Task Force (SAP) was also established to guide the implementation phase. Comprised of representatives from the Community Archives, Mission School Board, the District Parent Advisory Council, as well as Mission teachers and students, the task force was responsible for developing administrative structure for operating the program and a public-relations program to promote SAP.

Through the combined efforts of the Coordinator and the Task Force, working relationships were gradually established with each school in the district. In April, the following account of a field trip to the Community Archives was published in the local newspaper, the *Mission City Record* :

> Hatzic Elementary's Division 3, a class of grade 5 and 6 students, recently visited the archives. These students took the opportunity to look through photographs and documents from the turn of the last century. They quickly grasped the value and significance that records of daily activities can have in informing us about how the people of Mission lived at specific times in history. The students were most inquisitive. Questions ranged from the practical, "Why do you wear white gloves?" and "How do you get things?" to the sensational, "Do you have records about crimes?" They were most impressed by the enormous climate controlled vault where their school archives will be preserved. Division 3 learned first hand the important steps involved in safekeeping a variety of valuable documents.

At the conclusion of the six months, every school in the community had registered to participate in the School Archives Program. And in June, archival records were acquired from EVERY school for preservation in the Community Archives.

Although the program is still in its developmental stages, it has fostered a community-wide interest not only in the preservation of archives but also an understanding of their value in our community. Through the program, children in kindergarten to grade twelve are learning to become proactive partners in the preservation of our community's documentary heritage.

—Valerie Billesberger, Archivist
Mission Community Archives

Steamboat Around the Bend

by Edward L. Affleck

E.L. Affleck - Helga Martens, Art at Work Productions

The Saga of the Sternwheeler *Enterprise*

Several miles north of Lillooet, the Cariboo wagon road left the Fraser River trench and began working northeast over the high country to 100 Mile House before bending back northwest to rejoin the Fraser River at Soda Creek. Forty-five miles of navigable water lay between Soda Creek and Quesnel, so that it was possible to break the long haul by horse and wagon at Soda Creek and take advantage of the transportation economies which the shallow-draft sternwheeler had to offer. When it was discovered that road builder Gustavus Blin Wright had a major interest in the steamer which was placed on the Soda Creek–Quesnel run, there were those who suspected had he had deliberately located the wagon road west to rejoin the Fraser River in order to establish a steamboat hegemony and profit mightily thereby. Wright, the doughty little Yankee responsible for building much of the Cariboo wagon road in the 1860s, never did enjoy an utterly favourable press. His ability to get on with big engineering projects was admired, but there was a sharp side to Wright which engendered a certain amount of misgiving. A correspondent writing to the *Victoria Chronicle* in 1864, however, was enthusiastic about his sternwheeler: "...The steamer *Enterprise*...is very comfortable though small and her "high-toned" Captain (W. G. Doane) and gentlemanly purser (Mr. Hunt) are hard to beat. For the first time after leaving Lillooet I sat down to a fine dinner with claret and ice, ale, sherry and champagne in their company. In this respect, as in many others, she is the pioneer of civilization in this part of the country...."

Subsequent developments provided a certain amount of vindication for Wright's road location, for after a hiatus of a decade during which Soda Creek to Quesnel traffic moved over a wagon road high up on the bench, steamboat service was restored in 1896 between Soda Creek and Quesnel and thrived for a further couple of decades during which it was extended upstream to take advantage of boom times in Fort George.

Whatever his motives, Wright in 1863 had boiler, machinery and fittings for the sternwheeler *Enterprise* packed by mules from Port Douglas at the head of Harrison Lake over the portages to Lillooet and up the wagon road to a point near Fort Alexandria upstream from Soda Creek. Victoria's skilled shipbuilder James Trahey was brought north to superintend construction, and steam was raised on 9 May. From 1863 to 1869 the *Enterprise* worked diligently and profitably throughout a long season on the Upper Fraser Route, but in the latter year she looked to be facing retirement when Wright replaced her with the larger, more powerful sternwheeler *Victoria*. The Omineca gold rush and Wright's questing nature however reprieved her from oblivion. Well aware of the transportation economies offered by steamboating, Wright determined to send the *Enterprise* with a supply of goods on a voyage of discovery to see if the Omineca country could be served by a water route. In 1871 she was taken through the Cottonwood and Fort George Canyons to Fort George, then up the Nechako to the Stuart River, up the Stuart to Stuart Lake, up Tachie River to Trembleur Lake, and then up Middle River and Takla Lake to Takla Landing, a feat never equalled in river navigation in British Columbia. Had the Omineca boom been more sustained, who knows what might have taken place in the way of steamboat development. During 1871, however, work was underway on the "Skeena Portage", a 60-mile trail which approached Takla Lake from Babine Lake to the west. The turbulent waters of the Skeena River system did not offer unalloyed navigation opportunities, steamboating or otherwise, but taken as a whole the approach to the Omineca from the saltwater mouth of the Skeena was more satisfactory than that for a limited season mapped out by the *Enterprise*. The *Enterprise* was summarily abandoned in Trembleur Lake and forgotten for decades until she acquired an almost mythical status. Interest in her revived in the twentieth century, and now some of her fittings may be viewed at Quesnel by those who have difficulty in believing that such a voyage into the Omineca was ever made.

Setting aside her epic 1871 voyage into the Omineca country, the *Enterprise* still deserves a special place in the annals of freshwater steamboating, for she was the first sternwheeler to be built and operated in British Columbia at any great distance from saltwater.

Token History

by Ronald Greene

The British Columbia $10 and $20 Coins

When gold was discovered in the mid-1850s on the Fraser River there were few people in the territory then known as New Caledonia. With the first influx of gold seekers in 1857 James Douglas, the governor of nearby Vancouver Island, extended his control over the mainland in order to prevent any Americanization of the territory. The colonial authorities in London ratified Douglas's actions, formulating legislation that was passed and proclaimed in 1858 creating the Colony of British Columbia. Douglas was appointed as governor of the new colony.

The lack of coin, the absence of banks, and the suddenly increased population created great difficulties. With a dearth of coin and no assaying facilities, the successful miners took their gold to San Francisco, which left the local communities unenriched by the gold extracted.

In April 1859 the treasurer of the colony, Capt. Wm. Driscoll Gosset, suggested that a mint be established. The same month, the home government was asked to provide an assay office for the colony and to send out £100,000 in coins in exchange for bullion. Some twenty-four months later £6,900 arrived in small coin.

In 1862 a quantity of treasury notes was issued to pay contractors for construction of roads, but these were redeemed quickly and not intended to be a circulating medium—the possibility of counterfeiting was considered great and the largely American population had a great distrust of paper money, preferring coinage of full intrinsic value.

In September 1859 an assay and refining office was authorized, Francis George Claudet appointed assayer and staff obtained in England. In January of the following year construction of a building was commenced in New Westminster, and the assay office opened in August 1860. The first ingots cast were not marked with a value, which negated some of the benefit of an assay. Instructions to put values on the bars did exist, but disagreements whether the value should appear in pounds or dollars led to acrimony and a lack of action.

Meanwhile the need for a mint was becoming much more obvious, but there was disagreement as to whether the mint was to be established in New Westminster or Victoria. Finally the governor made a decision. On 14 November 1861, after consulting Gosset and Claudet but not London, he instructed Capt. Gosset to send Mr. Claudet to San Francisco to obtain the necessary machinery for coining at the assay office in New Westminster pieces of the value of ten and twenty dollars American currency. There was no intention to refine the gold, as that would add many times more to the cost of the establishment. All that was felt necessary was to add alloy to bring the pieces to a uniform standard of fineness.

BC Archives I-51742

Above: *1953. Provincial Archivist Willard Ireland holding examples of the $10 and $20 coins.*

In San Francisco, Claudet was able to purchase a screw press which had been used to strike the Wass Molitor & Co. coinage and other necessary machinery: rolling mill, cutting press, milling bench, draw bench, line shafting, pulleys, moulds, balance, gauges, and steam engine. He had dies cut to Capt. Gosset's design by George Ferdinand Albrecht (Albert) Kuner, the leading engraver on the West Coast and responsible for many of the dies used to strike the early private California gold. Several sets of silver die trials were also struck. The total expenditure came to $5,085.

Claudet returned to British Columbia in March 1862, accompanying the machinery and supplies. By early April he had started to install the machinery and requested further instructions. But for reasons still unknown the governor had lost the desire to establish the mint and instructed that the machinery be preserved with grease and laid up. Coinage was considered a royal prerogative. Did the governor feel that London would disapprove, had permission been denied, or was it related more to Gosset's request that he be allowed to use the title "Deputy Master of the Mint"? But more trouble arose as the assay office employees asked for increased salaries for anticipated extra work in the minting of coins. Requests for extra staff were ignored or rejected and pleas to allow the mint to operate were refused.

On 26 June a gold trial specimen of the ten-dollar coin was sent to the governor and on 2 July four more gold coins were forwarded. It was reported that a few coins were struck from gold supplied by New Westminster residents and that these were exhibited at the mint. On 10 July, Gosset suggested sending some coins for display at the London Exhibition, which rather surprisingly was approved. He then had struck some eighteen ten-dollar coins and ten twenty-dollar coins. These were to be sold as bullion later and the proceeds credited to the colony. A 22 August 1862 request from the colonial secretary asked for the total number of pieces struck, but there is no record of a reply by Gosset to that letter—how we wish there were! Gosset's health at the time was not good. He had applied for and was granted leave. In late August he turned over his responsibilities to his temporary replacement, Chartres Brew, and left the colony—never to return—and the mint never again operated.

An interesting letter now in the Public Records Office, London, from Gosset to the master of the Royal Mint indicates extreme

differences of opinion on the coins. Gosset felt that the coins should have been denominated in pounds sterling as part of a standard coinage for the Empire, while Douglas felt that they should be in dollars, which was the common currency of the colony, as the majority of the white population was American, and the main supply point for Victoria (the Colony of Vancouver Island) and British Columbia was San Francisco. Perhaps this disagreement over the denomination of the coins was the reason why the mint never operated.

The coins were unknown to Canadian numismatists until 1983 when R.W. McLachlan saw in the British Museum the examples that had been donated by Governor Frederick Seymour (Douglas's successor) in 1864. Most of the surviving gold examples have come from pieces inherited by the provincial government and held as "unissuable gold coin," a total of $140 according to J. McB Smith, deputy minister of finance at the turn of last century. These coins appear to have been sold as curios to the members of the Government following McLachlan's enquiry to John Robson, then provincial secretary.

The first public sale of the pieces took place in London, England, when the famed Murdoch collection was dispersed. A gold ten dollar and a gold twenty dollar were sold on 21 July 1903. Today it is difficult to state precisely how many of the coins have survived. We know of 5 ten dollar in silver, 4 twenty dollar in silver, 4 ten dollar in gold (one of which hasn't been seen since 1937), and 5 twenty dollar in gold.

The examples owned by the British Columbia Archives and currently on loan to the Royal British Columbia Museum, were obtained as follows: the silver ten and twenty dollar pieces were purchased from Fred Claudet, son of Francis G. Claudet. A gold ten dollar piece was presented by Dr. J.D. Hunter in 1953. The piece had been owned by John Robson, Hunter's father-in-law, and has been holed and worn as a watch fob for many years. A gold twenty dollar piece was transferred from the treasury department by 1926.

This article was published in the September 2002 newsletter of The Friends of the Archives and appears here with kind permission of the Friends. For information on memberships to The Friends of the Archives and its privileges please contact Ron Greene. Phone 205.598.5539 or e-mail <ragreene@telus.net>.

Web Site Forays

by Christopher Garrish

http://livinglandscapes.bc.ca

WHAT I find to be one of the more endearing qualities of the Royal British Columbia Museum's (RBCM) "Living Landscapes" Web-site is its focus upon the Interior of the province.

I first became familiar with the site in 1997 when I began to search the Internet for information on the Thompson-Okanagan valleys. At that time, "Living Landscapes" was primarily a partnership, begun in 1994, between the RBCM and the Okanagan University College as a way to showcase the human and natural history of the region on a World Wide Web site. The objective of the site was to be threefold: to improve the understanding of the links between people and the environment in the region; to preserve artifacts, specimens, and information that are at risk of being lost; and to develop educational programs about the relationship between people and the environment. ("About Living Landscapes..." http://royal.okanagan.bc.ca/info/mandate.html, 9 January 2003).

What set the "Living Landscapes" site apart from other Web pages that dealt with the history of the Okanagan at that time, however, was the quantity and quality of its content. Unlike other sites that explored one facet of the region, or possibly offered researchers only a bibliographical list of other material that was available in hard copy, the "Living Landscapes" site contained entire theses and major research articles on a wide variety of subjects. Under the "Human and Natural History Resources" page researchers can find the aforementioned theses, articles, and abstracts, a census database for the region (1877-1891), historic documents and photographs, a searchable index to seventy-five years of the Okanagan Historical Society's Journal, and a bold initiative to digitize the records (an estimated 16,000 pages), or the 1974 Okanagan Basin Agreement! There are also other sections of the site that deal with current research projects, and, until recently, a Newsletter that detailed recent events involving "Living Landscapes."

In 1997, the RBCM announced that it would work with the Columbia Basin Trust on a two-year project to expand the research focus of Living Landscapes into the Kootenays through the creation of "Columbia Basin: Past, Present and Future." Much like the Thompson-Okanagan site, the Columbia section provides researchers with an invaluable resource on the human and natural history of the region. For example, the pages dealing with the history of agriculture in the East Kootenay provides visitors with an interesting number of links that underscore the importance of the ranching industry to the social and economic development of the area.

In 2000, the third, and what might be final, stage of "Living Landscapes" was added with the "Upper Fraser Basin: Past, Present and Future" (identified as the area comprising Williams Lake to Burns Lake to Mackenzie). Unlike the other sections, the content within the Upper Fraser Basin section has not been fully developed. There are as many overviews of potential projects listed as there are actual completed studies. This could be due in part to funding cutbacks that occurred at the RBCM in March of 2000 and have impacted the operation of the various "Living Landscapes" sites. These cutbacks are of certain concern to researchers who rely upon "Living Landscapes" as a resource on these Interior regions. It remains to be seen what will become of the site, and how it will be updated and kept relevant as a significant resource.

Federation News

See You in Prince George

Be sure to mark 8–11 May on your calendar to join us at the conference in Prince George. The program (see page 39) offers participants a unique look at BC's industrial heritage and its economic, technological, social and cultural impact on communities in British Columbia's North.

Your hosts will be the University of Northern BC in partnership with other educational institutions and community organizations.

The conference will offer tours and presentations focusing on events that and people who have shaped the North. Included in the program are: a tour of former sawmill communities; a visit to the historic Carrier cemetery and church of the Lheidli T'enneh Nation; a walking tour of the downtown area; a slide show on urban planning history at the Prince George public library; a tour of the North's industrial and transportation artifacts at the Prince George Railway and Forestry Museum; and a culinary evening at the College of New Caledonia.

A one-day book fair is also scheduled offering publications from local vendors and book publishers. The conference will conclude with an Awards Banquet at UNBC.

For more information contact:

Conference Chair, Ramona Rose c/o Northern BC Archives, UNBC, 3333 University Way, Prince George, BC V2N 4Z9 Phone: 250.960.6603; Fax: 250.960.6610 <roserm@unbc.ca>

A subcsription form is provided with this issue.

Correction

As you may have noticed, the caption of the photograph on page 39 of the previous issue (36/1) contains an error. Lily Chow is not chairperson of the Prince George Canada–China Friendship Associaton but the chair of the Chinese Heritage Preservation Committee.

New Members

The Federation welcomes new members Delta Museum and Archives and the The Riondel & Area Historical Society. For information on memberships and to receive membership application forms please contact Federation Secretary Ron Hyde at the address shown on the opposite inside cover.

Free Workshops

We owe a warm "thank you" to Canada's National History Society, (publishers of *The Beaver*) for their generous grant allowing us to offer two free workshops in Prince George on Thursday, 8 May. Also presenters Dr. Maija Bismanis and Linda Wills, and moderator Jacqueline Gresko deserve our gratitude. A special thanks goes to organizer and co-ordinator Melva Dwyer. More information and a subscription form are provided with this issue.

We Can't Give What We Don't Have

In the winter of 2001/2002 the Federation started an endowment fund to help promote a wider interest in the history of this province. As you may understand this endowment fund is still in an infant state and we are not in a position yet to consider supporting any projects. Ronald Greene, the Federation's treasurer, invites you to contact him if you are interested to help build up the fund. Small annual donations, occasional gifts, or bequests allow the fund to grow. Meanwhile, if you need funding we unfortunately can't help you as yet.

Nominations Wanted

Any member with a great desire or wish to serve on the Federation's executive should contact the members of the nominations committee: Wayne Desrochers or Ron Welwood. Addresses and phone numbers can be found on the inside of the front cover.

MANUSCRIPTS submitted for publication in *BC Historical News* should be sent to the editor in Whonnock. Submissions should preferably not exceed 3,500 words. Submission by e-mail of the manuscript and illustrations is welcome. Otherwise please send a hard copy and if possible a digital copy of the manuscript by ordinary mail. All illustrations should have a caption and source information. It is understood that manuscripts published in *BC Historical News* will also appear in any electronic version of the journal.

W. Kaye Lamb Essay Scholarships

Deadline 15 May 2003

The British Columbia Historical Federation awards two scholarships annually for essays written by students at BC colleges or universities on a topic relating to British Columbia history. One scholarship ($500) is for an essay written by a student in a first- or second-year course; the other ($750) is for an essay written by a student in a third- or fourth-year course.

To apply for the scholarship, candidates must submit (1) a letter of application; (2) an essay of 1,500-3,000 words on a topic relating to the history of British Columbia; (3) a letter of recommendation from the professor for whom the essay was written.

Applications should be submitted before 15 May 2003 to: Robert Griffin, Chair BC Historical Federation Scholarship Committee, PO Box 5254, Station B, Victoria, BC V8R 6N4.

The winning essay submitted by a third- or fourth-year student will be published in *BC Historical News*. Other submissions may be published at the editor's discretion.

BC History Web Site Prize

The British Columbia Historical Federation and David Mattison are jointly sponsoring a yearly cash award of $250 to recognize Web sites that contribute to the understanding and appreciation of British Columbia's past. The award honours individual initiative in writing and presentation.

Nominations for the BC History Web Site Prize for 2003 must be made to the British Columbia Historical Federation, Web Site Prize Committee, prior to 31 December 2003. Web site creators and authors may nominate their own sites.

Prize rules and the on-line nomination form can be found on The British Columbia History Web site: <http://www.victoria.tc.ca/resources/bchistory-announcements.htlm>.

Best Article Award

A Certificate of Merit and fifty dollars will be awarded annually to the author of the article, published in *BC Historical News*, that best enhances knowledge of British Columbia's history and provides reading enjoyment. Judging will be based on subject development, writing skill, freshness of material, and appeal to a general readership interested in all aspects of BC history.

British Columbia Historical Federation

Organized 31 October 1922

Affiliated Groups

Archives Association of British Columbia
Women's History Network of British Columbia

Member Societies

Alberni District Historical Society
PO Box 284, Port Alberni, BC V9Y 7M7
Anderson Lake Historical Society
PO Box 40, D'Arcy BC V0N 1L0
Arrow Lakes Historical Society
PO Box 819, Nakusp BC V0G 1R0
Atlin Historical Society
PO Box 111, Atlin BC V0W 1A0
Boundary Historical Society
PO Box 1687, Grand Forks BC V0H 1H0
Bowen Island Historians
PO Box 97. Bowen Island, BC V0N 1G0
Bulkley Valley Historical & Museum Society
Box 2615, Smithers BC V0J 2N0
Burnaby Historical Society
6501 Deer Lake Avenue, Burnaby BC V5G 3T6
Chemainus Valley Historical Society
PO Box 172, Chemainus BC V0R 1K0
Cowichan Historical Society
PO Box 1014, Duncan BC V9L 3Y2
Delta Museum and Archive
4858 Delta Street, Delta BC V4K 2T8
District 69 Historical Society
PO Box 1452, Parksville BC V9P 2H4
East Kootenay Historical Association
PO Box 74, Cranbrook BC V1C 4H6
Finn Slough Heritage & Wetland Society
9480 Dyke Road, Richmond BC V7A 2L5
Fraser Heritage Society
Box 84, Harrison Mills, BC V0M 1L0
Galiano Museum Society
20625 Porlier Pass Drive
Galiano Island BC V0N 1P0
Gray Creek Historical Society
Box 4, Gray Creek, BC V0B 1S0
Gulf Islands Branch BCHF
c/o A. Loveridge S22, C11, RR # 1
Galiano Island BC V0N 1P0
Hedley Heritage Society
PO Box 218, Hedley BC V0X 1K0
Jewish Historical Society of BC
206-950 West 41st Avenue,
Vancouver BC V5Z 2N7
Kamloops Museum Association
207 Seymour Street, Kamloops BC V2C 2E7
Koksilah School Historical Society
5213 Trans Canada Highway,
Koksilah, BC V0R 2C0
Kootenay Lake Historical Society
PO Box 537, Kaslo BC V0G 1M0
Langley Centennial Museum
PO Box 800, Fort Langley BC V1M 2S2
Lantzville Historical Society
c/o Box 274, Lantzville BC V0R 2H0
Lions Bay Historical Society
Box 571, Lions Bay BC V0N 2E0
London Heritage Farm Society
6511 Dyke Road, Richmond BC V7E 3R3
Maple Ridge Historical Society
22520 116th Ave., Maple Ridge, BC V2X 0S4
Nanaimo & District Museum Society
100 Cameron Road, Nanaimo BC V9R 2X1
Nanaimo Historical Society
PO Box 933, Nanaimo BC V9R 5N2
Nelson Museum
402 Anderson Street, Nelson BC V1L 3Y3
North Shore Historical Society
c/o 1541 Merlynn Crescent,
North Vancouver BC V7J 2X9
North Shuswap Historical Society
Box 317, Celista BC V0E 1L0
Okanagan Historical Society
PO Box 313, Vernon BC V1T 6M3
Princeton & District Museum & Archives
Box 281, Princeton BC V0X 1W0
Qualicum Beach Historical Society
587 Beach Road,
Qualicum Beach BC V9K 1K7
Revelstoke & District Historical Association
Box 1908, Revelstoke BC V0E 2S0
Richmond Museum Society
Minoru Park Plaza, 7700 Minoru Gate,
Richmond BC V6Y 7M7
The Riondel & Area Historical Society
Box 201, Riondel BC V0B 2B0
Salt Spring Island Historical Society
129 McPhillips Avenue,
Salt Spring Island BC V8K 2T6
Silvery Slocan Historical Society
Box 301, New Denver BC V0G 1S0
Surrey Historical Society
Box 34003 17790 #10 Hwy. Surrey BC V3S 8C4
Terrace Regional Historical Society
PO Box 246, Terrace BC V8G 4A6
Texada Island Heritage Society
Box 129, Blubber Bay BC V0N 1E0
Trail Historical Society
PO Box 405, Trail BC V1R 4L7
Union Bay Historical Society
Box 448, Union Bay, BC V0R 3B0
Vancouver Historical Society
PO Box 3071, Vancouver BC V6B 3X6
Victoria Historical Society
PO Box 43035, Victoria North
Victoria BC V8X 3G2
Williams Lake Museum and Historical Society
113-4th Avenue North
Williams Lake BC V2G 2C8
Yellowhead Museum
Box 1778, RR# 1, Clearwater BC V0E 1N0

The British Columbia Historical Federation is an umbrella organization embracing regional societies.

Local historical societies are entitled to become Member Societies of the BC Historical Federation. All members of these local historical societies shall by that very fact be members of the Federation.

Affiliated Groups are organizations with specialized interests or objects of a historical nature.

Membership fees for both classes of membership are one dollar per member of a Member Society or Affiliated Group with a minimum membership fee of $25 and a maximum of $75.

Memberships for 2003 are now due. Please do pay promptly.

Questions about membership should be directed to:
Ron Hyde, Secretary,
BC Historical Federation
#20 12880 Railway Ave.
Richmond BC V7E 6K4
Phone: 604.277.2627
E-mail: rbhyde@shaw.ca

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Return Address:
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Joel Vinge, Subscription Secretary
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CONTACT US:

BC Historical News welcomes stories, studies, and news items dealing with any aspect of the history of British Columbia, and British Columbians.

Please submit manuscripts for publication to the Editor, *BC Historical News*, Fred Braches, PO Box 130, Whonnock BC, V2W 1V9.
Phone: 604.462.8942
E-mail: braches@attcanada.ca

Send books for review and book reviews directly to the Book Review Editor, *BC Historical News*, Anne Yandle, 3450 West 20th Avenue, Vancouver BC V6S 1E4,
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THE BRITISH COLUMBIA HISTORICAL FEDERATION INVITES SUBMISSIONS OF BOOKS FOR THE TWENY-FIRST ANNUAL COMPETITION FOR WRITERS OF BC HISTORY.

Any book presenting any facet of BC history, published in 2003, is eligible. This may be a community history, biography, record of a project or an organization, or personal recollections giving a glimpse of the past. Names, dates and places, with relevant maps or pictures, turn a story into "history." Note that reprints or revisions of books are not eligible.

The judges are looking for quality presentations, especially if fresh material is included, with appropriate illustrations, careful proofreading, an adequate index, table of contents and bibliography, from first-time writers as well as established authors.

The Lieutenant-Governor's Medal for Historical Writing will be awarded to an individual writer whose book contributes significantly to the recorded history of British Columbia. Other awards will be made as recommended by the judges to valuable books prepared by groups or individuals.

Winners will receive a Certificate of Merit, a monetary award and an invitation to the BCHF annual conference to be held in Nanaimo in May 2004.

SUBMISSION REQUIREMENTS: All books must have been published in 2003 and should be submitted as soon as possible after publication. Two copies of each book should be submitted. Books entered become property of the BC Historical Federation. Please state name, address and telephone number of sender, the selling price of all editions of the book, and, if the reader has to shop by mail, the address from which it may be purchased, including applicable shipping and handling costs.

SEND TO: BC Historical Federation Writing Competition
PO Box 130, Whonnock BC V2W 1V9

DEADLINE: 31 December 2003