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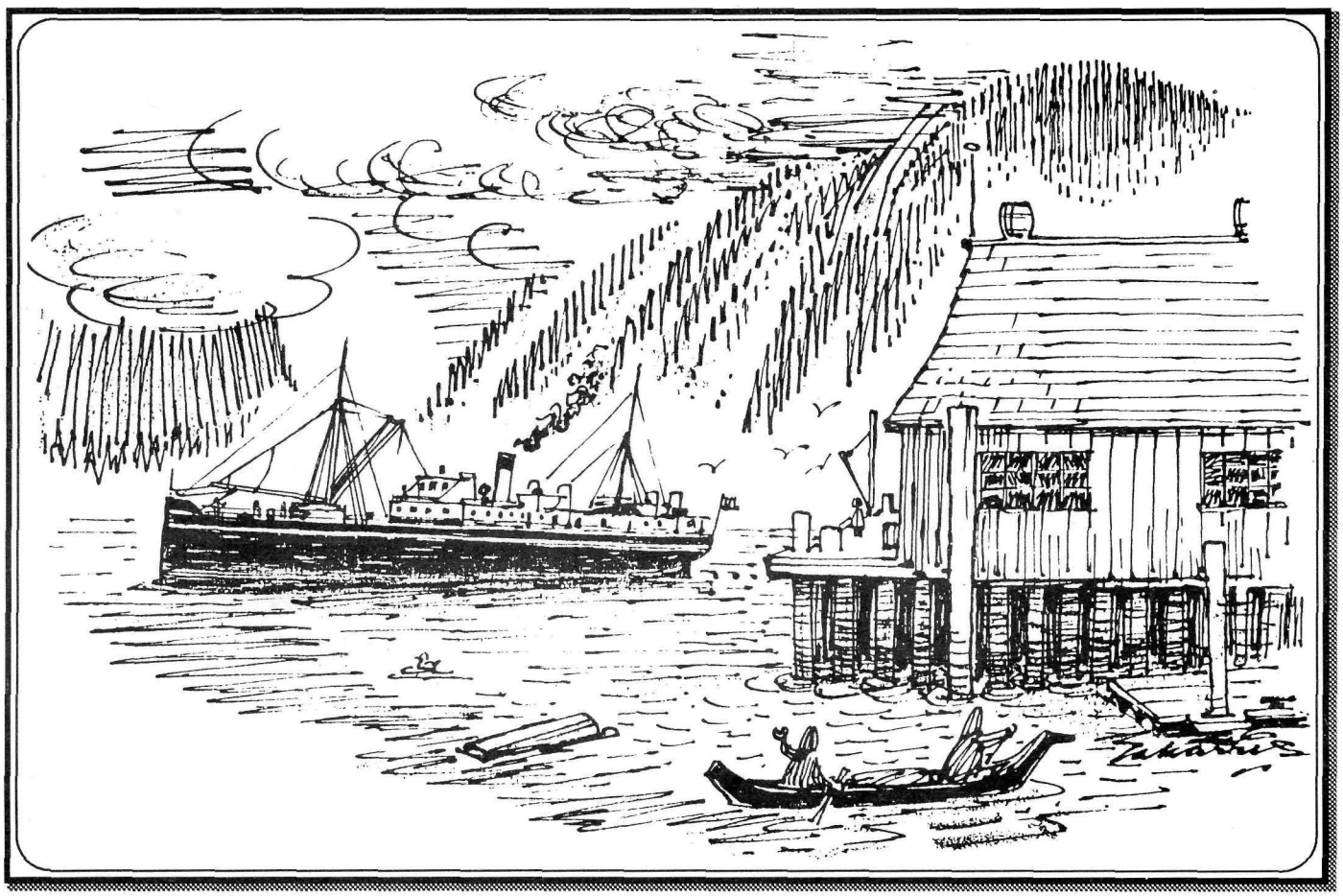

Coastal Steamer DANUBE — 1890 – 1905

"B.C.'s Coast and Islands"

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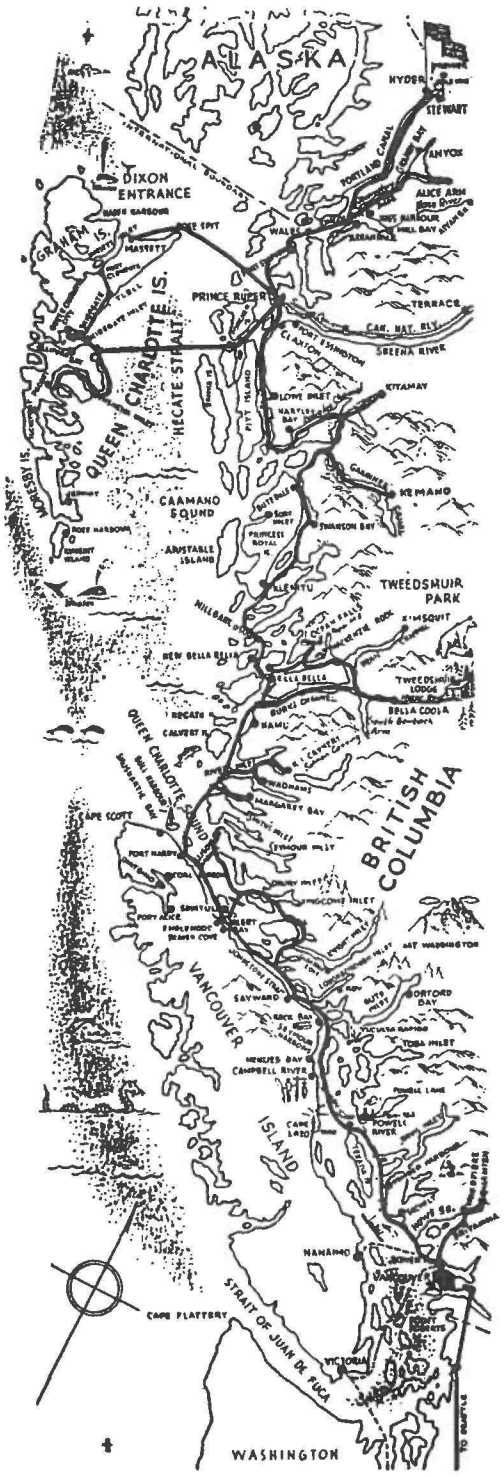
BRITISH COLUMBIA HISTORICAL NEWS

Volume 24, No. 3 **Journal of the B.C. Historical Federation** Summer - 1991

Editorial



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Speeders Carry Guests to Company Dinner at Rounds

(This headline appeared above a story in the Cowichan Leader, Duncan's newspaper, on December 21, 1939. We quote the story verbatim).

The Lake Logging Company played Santa Claus on Thursday night by serving up 350 pounds of prime turkey, complete with all the trimmings at its annual Christmas banquet in the spacious dining room of its camp at Rounds. First on the invitation list were the employees and their families. The company has 260 men and nineteen families in the logging camp at Rounds, six men in its boom camp at Honeymoon Bay and thirteen at its loading plant at the foot of Lake Cowichan.

Officials of the Head Office, Vancouver, were represented, including Mr. H.W. Hunter, one of the partners (Round and Hunter) who control the company, and Mr. Carl Scott, personal representative of Mr. Round. both had their wives with them. Invitations also went out to a variety of firms and individuals who have business or other connections with the company. These included railway crews and officials of the police, the Catholic priest and many others from Duncan, Crofton, Victoria, Nanaimo and Vancouver.

Go Up In Speeder

They were conveyed the fourteen miles from Lake Cowichan in two speeders and trailers, one belonging to Lake Logging Co. and the other loaned by the Victoria Lumber and Manufacturing Co. whose logging superintendent Mr. Christiansen and Camp Eight foreman Mr. Bruce David were among the guests.

Scheduled to leave the crossing at the Lake at 5:30, the speeders, packed tight with men, women and children of all ages, were more than half an hour late getting away and with stops to pick up additional passengers at Mr. Round's ranch at Honeymoon Bay and Camp Eight, didn't reach camp until halve (sic) seven o'clock

The first sitting accommodating the camp residents and a few early arrivals, 240 in all, was just over when the speeders came to a stop outside the office and passengers poured through the side doors, received noisy greetings from friends and were festively crowned with paper hats. Most of them were whisked away to houses or bunkhouses for a little refreshment before the serious eating began and it seemed like no time at all before word was passed that the tables were set and all was ready.

Casey at the Throttle

But it was hard to comfort oneself with reflections like this when one could not see a thing to judge ones' speed by and was forced to rely upon the impressions of sound and feeling - the rasping scream of the metal wheels, the comment of a hard bitten logger: "It's Casey at the throttle tonight and no mistake," and the tale of a girl at one's back about how "One time we went off the track and almost into a gully".

The trailer swung back and forth so violently as they jolted over the rough track. The passengers swayed in unison like well trained rowers but with a more staccato and less comfortable rhythm, particularly when some of those on the narrow side benches would hit the walls with a resounding thwack. Yet all was good humour instead of complaint and the stops for passengers on the way up, proving there is no limit to the tightness with which human sardines may be packed, gave many opportunities for impromptu witticisms, the best of which was probably the frank remark by one of the ladies outside in the darkness when told that perhaps room could be found for one. "Fine," she said, "but I'm as big as three."

* * * * * * * * * *

We thank B. Volkers, archivist for Kaatza Historical Society for sending this item from the archives. Rounds Camp was closed in 1947, and moved to Gordon River, which in turn closed in 1981. Rounds, B.C. has gone back to forest and the Gordon River office and yard facilities are being used today by Fletcher Challenge, although the Gordon River townsite has been dismantled.

COVER CREDIT

COASTAL STEAMER "DANUBE"

For more than a century after the arrival of the **S.S. Beaver** in 1836 steamships, of various shapes and sizes, provided a life-line for the scattered settlements along the British Columbia coast. A historic trio of steamers, named after far-away rivers, were the **Amur, Danube,** and **Tees**. These ships, built in Britain, transported numerous passengers and many tons of freight up and down the west coast during the decades at the end of the 19th and beginning of the 20th centuries. The sketch shows **S.S. Danube** pulling away from an upcoast cannery wharf.

The **Danube** was an iron ship of 900 tons built in Scotland in 1869. She was purchased for service in B.C. waters in 1890 and operated as a passenger/freighter until 1905. Then bought by B.C. Salvage Co. she was renamed **Salvor.** In 1918 the **Salvor (ex Danube)** was finally sold to a Spanish company and operated as a freighter out of the port of Bilbao until scrapped in 1936 — after 67 years of service.

Drawn by E.A. Harris of Vancouver, author of Spokeshute; Skeena River Memory.

Captain John S. Swanson: Historical Unknown

by Lloyd James Bailey

In 1854 Governor James Douglas called him "the best pilot on the coast."

Captain John Simpson Swanson navigated British Columbia waters for thirty years. His experiences as a Hudson's Bay Company mariner portray our early coast as a rugged and controversial frontier. From 1842 until his premature death in 1872, John Swanson participated in virtually every major event of British Columbia's founding history. He was instinctively a man of his times. From the building of Fort Victoria to the settlement of the San Juan boundary dispute, John Swanson was there. And yet, curiously, until my recent research, his extraordinary life has gone unreported.

It is symbolic that Captain Swanson died on October 21, 1872. Stricken by his fourth and fatal heart attack the previous Thursday night, the commander of the steamship **Enterprise** succumbed in Victoria the following Monday morning. On the same morning many thousands of miles to the east, Kaiser Wilhelm I of the German Empire awarded the arbitrated San Juan Islands to the United States.

As with the Oregon Territory in 1846 and the Alaska Purchase of 1867, the United States had truncated further Hudson's Bay Company domain. Along with other Maritime Service captains, Swanson's argument for a Rosario Strait line before the Boundary Commission of 1871 could not save the Gulf Islands for British Columbia. His death also coincided with the implementation of the Deed of Surrender of 1869, the demise of company monopoly power in Canada.

The life of John Swanson is replete with the aura of coincidence. The lure of his story could begin with the geographical place-names beckoning curiosity from latitudes 48°N to 58°N on our Pacific coast. Swanson Channel off Georgia Strait separates Moresby, Saltspring and Prevost Islands on the west from Pender Island on the east, and is the entrance-way to Active Pass for the British Columbia Ferry System. It was named in 1859.

Slightly to the north in Queen Charlotte Strait is situated Swanson Island, a two and three-quarter mile long by one mile wide islet on the south side of the entrance to Knight Inlet, separated by Swanson Passage. They were named in 1867.

At latitude 53°N, opposite Princess Royal Island, Swanson Bay on the east side of Graham Reach neighbours Swanson Point. They were named as early as 1844. Swanson Harbour on Cownenden Island in Alaskan waters lies on latitude 58°N. The latitudes and their Swanson place-names epitomize the northern career of this Hudson's Bay Company ship's master.

But the lure of geography gives way to uncanny coincidence. Swanson was born in 1827 at James Bay on Hudson Bay. He died in 1872 at James Bay on Victoria harbour. Swanson's first ship, the **Cadboro**, was built the very year of his birth, 1827.

The greatest political disappointment of Swanson's life, the aforementioned San Juan boundary award, occurred on the exact day of his death.

Swanson's land purchases in Victoria proved coincidental too. He first bought section 41 in Gordon Head. He next purchased Victoria city block number 41 in 1862. When Swanson was finally reinterred at Ross Bay Cemetery in 1888, he came to rest with his family in plot 41.

The story doesn't end there. Forty years after the death of his newly-born infant son in 1867, Captain J.S. Swanson's personal tragedy was replicated almost exactly. The burial documents of the City of Nanaimo, where Swanson on the Steamship **Otter** coaled so often, record the 1907 death of a two month old baby boy, son of a J.S. Swanson.

John Swanson apprenticed with the Hudson's Bay Company at the early age of fourteen. Young employees signed a five year contract; thereafter they were sent west with a canoe party to be assigned to various posts. Leaving his father William, a longtime company sloopmaster and a Cree mother with two younger brothers, George and Richard, at Moose Factory, young John travelled a perilous 2,500 miles over the virgin Great Plains, first to Fort Edmonton and then to the mountainous Columbia Department of his father's firm.

Headquartered at Fort Vancouver on the lower Columbia River, the Hudson's Bay Company operated a small fleet of trading vessels from Mexican California to Russian Alaska.

It was there on January 16, 1843 that Swanson signed onboard the schooner **Cadboro**, Captain James Allen Scarborough in command.

There can be no doubt that John had previous experience as a seaman with father William on the Bay. He was not logged as an apprentice seaman, which was his official status, but rather as the steward, with higher pay and advanced duties in charting waters and tallying traded skins. Swanson joined a crew greatly overworked but generous in spirit. He made friendships that were to last a lifetime. One friend who signed onboard the same day did not last long. Cook Frank Patrie became sick after eight months of coastal sailing and signed off at Fort Nisqually.

Meager rations and seaboard conditions had reduced the **Cadboro**'s crew from nineteen to only nine the previous season. Crews were difficult to secure with the hazardous nature of the coastal trade. The Indians murdered a **Cadboro** sailor a few years before and it was only with the transfer of seamen

from the annual supply ships that a full crew could be mustered.

It was only much later in his career that John Swanson opted for the civilized environs of Victoria when he succeeded to the daily ferry operation of the steamship **Enterprise** to New Westminster. Long trading voyages north to Alaska with his first command, the steamship **Otter**, in 1855, or the much grander **Labouchere**, from 1859, lacked lustre by 1866.

Previously, the country-bred Swanson could not have pined for an urban civilization which he had never known. His early background at the Bay proved ideal for a lengthy career in the isolated fjords of frontier British Columbia.

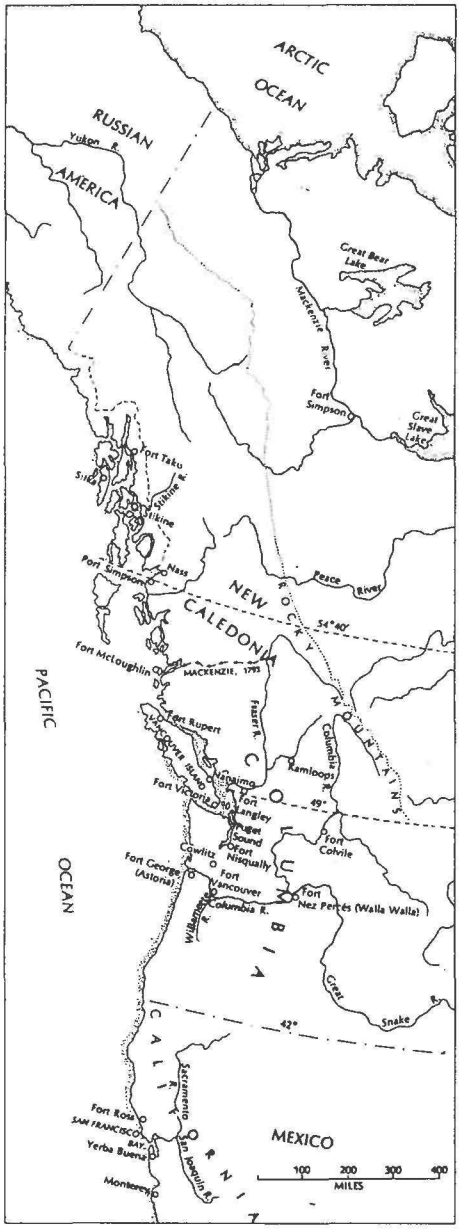
From learning the rudiments of his marine trade onboard the **Cadboro** from 1843 to 1845, Swanson transferred for Outfit Year 1845 to 1846 (company season) to the barque **Vancouver**. Captain Andrew Cook Mott had brought the annual supply ship out from England during the 1844-1845 season. He was to instruct apprentice Swanson in the skills of sailing a larger vessel as the **Vancouver** served her coastwise year on the northwest trade. Young John continued his apprenticeship aboard the other supply barques, **Columbia** and **Cowlitz**, from 1846 to 1850. By 1849, he had earned promotion to second officer of the **Cowlitz**.

When the **Cowlitz** embarked for England in 1848, Swanson experienced his first voyage overseas, reaching Gravesend in mid-1848. The return trip witnessed Second Officer Swanson bravely defending his captain, A.J. Weynton, and the loyal officers against a mutinous crew. The California gold rush encouraged desertions and dissatisfaction with seamen's wages when the **Cowlitz** anchored in Honolulu on January 7, 1850. After much harassment, the entire crew except four loyalists were packed off to jail. Swanson and his fellow officers endured a terrifying voyage home to Victoria with an untrained crew of Sandwich Islanders.

John Swanson ranked first officer of the steamship **Beaver** in 1851 and his captain, Charles Stuart, could not resist tweaking the nose of the United States customs authorities. The seizure of the **Beaver**, all cargo and the arrest of twenty-four crewmen and three passengers caused a furore in Puget Sound waters. Captain Stuart fell guilty to four counts of customs violations on November 18, 1851. With Fort Nisqually being the legal port of entry to Washington Territory, Stuart disembarked passengers and cargo prior to arriving at that port. Once arrived at Nisqually, the captain of the **Beaver** delayed fifteen hours before making a customs declaration. Once declared, American officials charged that the whole lists had not been divulged. With $3,000 in fines awaiting payment, the crew of the impounded **Beaver** made their way back to Victoria, Swanson going aboard the new brigantine **Vancouver** as first officer or pilot.

Under the command of the recently-arrived Captain James Murray Reid, the third Hudson's Bay Company vessel to bear the name ironically suffered the identical fate of the first in March 1834. On August 14, 1853, while in Hecate Strait, Captain Reid altered Swanson's set course and with strong winds and an unexpected adverse current, the **Vancouver** ground ashore twenty miles off position. The low isthmus of Rose Point at the extreme northeast of Graham Island in the Queen Charlottes had claimed several of the company vessels.

Pilot Swanson and seaman Charles John Griffin braved fifteen miles of stormy waters to reach Fort Simpson. Captain Charles Dodd aboard the **Beaver** returned with them to Rose Point. Numerous attempts were made to pull the wrecked ship off its reef but to no avail. Several hundred local Indians had appeared on August 16, and began looting the remaining cargo after Reid had transshipped to the **Beaver**. Fearful of large stores of rum and wine falling into the hands of the Haidas, Captain Reid consulted with Swanson and they decided to burn the **Vancouver**. Although Swanson was promoted to first officer of the brigantine **Mary Dare** in 1854, Captain Reid never regained a ship and eventually opened a clothing store in Victoria. He died a saloon-keeper.



The Pacific Coast, based on maps of the 1830s and 1850s, with the Mexican border as it was before the treaty of 1848.

When John Swanson briefly resumed command of the steamship **Otter** on January 15, 1870, he was rejoining the old vessel for the third time. Captain Herbert Lewis, his oldest friend from **Cowlitz** days, took leave of the ship in order to pursue his heartfelt love in England, to return with Mary Langford, daughter of Colwood Farm bailiff Captain Edward Edwards Langford, as his new bride.

Captain Thomas Pamphlet tended the **Enterprise** so that Swanson, more familiar with northern waters and the northern Indian trade, could sail the **Otter** to Alaska. The **Otter** gave John Swanson his first opportunity to command a ship in 1855. He virtually captained the vessel under a drunken skipper, James Millar, in 1854, enduring a rebellious crew and several chronically drunken officers. The company rewarded the steadfast first officer after a chaotic trading voyage to San Francisco, with Millar's position. Swanson earned his master mariner's charter that same year and after a four months' tenure went on to four seasons as captain of the illustrious **Beaver**.

The **Beaver** guarded the Fraser River entrance to the British Columbia goldfields in 1858, collecting customs duties and enforcing the mining laws. Swanson protected Governor James Douglas when he sailed to the mainland later that year to proclaim the Colony of British Columbia.

With the eruption of gold fever and an accompanying decline in the coastal fur returns, the Hudson's Bay Company invested more in transportation and less in trade by 1859. A very large new steamer, the **Labouchere**, arrived for the increased traffic and the company's best captain gained her command. The **Labouchere** performed shipping, trading and military activities on the Pacific coast under Swanson's leadership from 1859 to 1863. In 1860 John Swanson was promoted to Chief Trader for the Northwest Coast District upon the death of Captain Charles Dodd, his mentor.

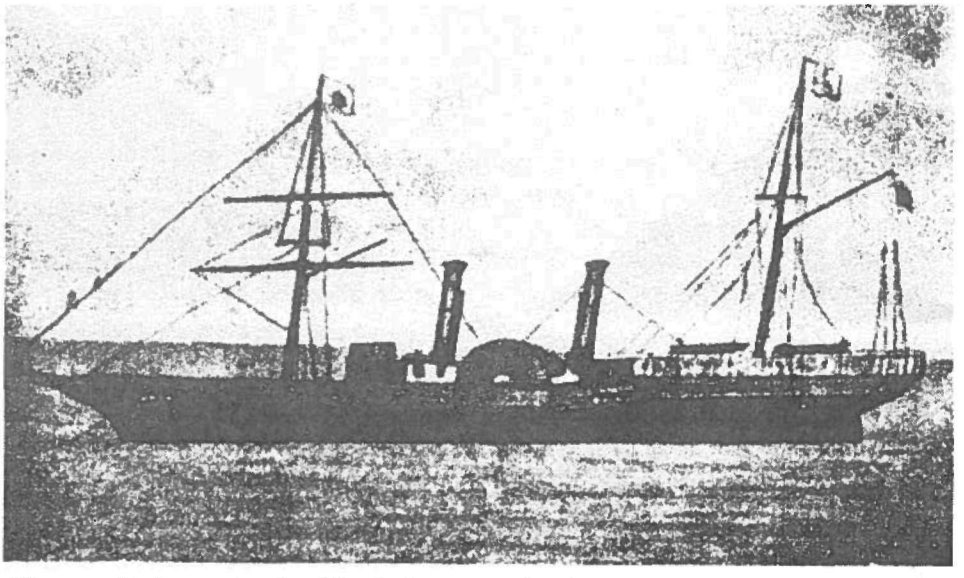
Swanson's abilities and reputation were widely known in the colonies by 1865. That year he received his first annual appointment to the British Columbia Pilotage Commission from Colonial Secretary Arthur Nonus Birch. He continued with the board, contributing experienced leadership to a somewhat contentious group, including his close friend Captain William Irving of New Westminster, until Confederation with Canada in 1871 usurped the coast guard function as federal responsibility.

Although John Swanson participated in the Politics of British Columbia, he wouldn't accept public office until 1865. Elected as Member of the Legislative Assembly for Nanaimo in 1859 while absent aboard the **Labouchere** in Alaskan waters, Swanson refused the position on the grounds that the electoral process in the colony was not democratic enough. He supported office-seekers of a liberal colour in the 1860s, fighting against confederation with Canada. Swanson was one of a very few Hudson's Bay Company servants to join the Annexationist Movement for union with the United States, (a more natural economic linkage, he maintained.) After 1871, Swanson refused to endorse any political candidates and left politics.

As a man of his times, Captain Swanson invested heavily in land purchases and mining speculation. Although not as extensive as holdings of other Hudson's Bay Company officials like Roderick Finlayson and Captain A.C. Mouatt, Swanson's Victoria properties numbered fifteen city lots by 1871. He built his first home in 1864 on Quebec Street, where Laurel Point Apartments now stands. In 1867 he moved to his much larger house on Dallas Road, which at that time fronted James Bay. Contemporary buildings now occupy his properties at the corner of Fisgard and Wharf streets, Johnson and Cook streets. Large acreage in excess of 690 acres were held in Gordon Head where the University of Victoria now resides and on the coastal mainland.

Economic depression and the hostility of the mainland government thwarted Swanson's mining efforts. He organized a consortium to develop a harbour and townsite at North Bentinck Arm in 1861. Touted as an alternative route to the Barkerville gold field, it met resistance and was disallowed by the New Westminster government fearing Victoria ascendancy in transportation to the Interior. A similar fate awaited Swanson's small company which planned to exploit the coal resources of Millbank Sound in 1864. A pre-emption grant was refused by New Westminster. With the eventual decline of the mining staple in British Columbia, such properties were worthless in any event.

As with his shares in the Puget Sound Agricultural Company, Swanson's real estate investments never paid off. Rapid drops in land prices occurred in the mid-1860s and they never regained value during his lifetime. It was only in rental housing and as land agent for friends and their estates that Swanson



Clipper-model, barque-rigged paddle-wheel steamer Labouchere built at Sunderland in 1858 for the Company's Pacific coast trade.

kept his finances in some degree of order. Upon his death, the family home was rented, all six remaining lots and the family furniture sold to pay off his creditors.

John Swanson earned great public adulation during his latter years as captain of the **Enterprise**. His funeral on October 23, 1872 witnessed a warm sunny break in otherwise tempestuous rainy weather which resumed the following day. His ways were sunny, the people of Victoria felt and they turned out en masse for the Masonic funeral at the Wesleyan Methodist Church on Pandora Street. Out of respect for the captain, the **Daily British Colonist** did not publish that Wednesday, allowing all staff to attend his funeral and burial at the Quadra Street Cemetery.

At Victoria's Ross Bay Cemetery there are four decaying headstones resting on a gentle grassy slope. They are shaded by a grove of venerable shrubs and swaying trees. The Swanson family plot, consolidated by the sole surviving daughter, Emily, in 1888, records Captain John Swanson on a massive Masonic column. He is surrounded by the tragic deaths of his other children. Very close by in reddish granite are inscribed infant daughters Elizabeth Catherine and Frances Sarah. Bold, yet largely destroyed, with only a circular base of grey sandstone remaining, stands a memorial to son Charles Logan, killed in a train accident at age twenty-six.

Yet nudged in its shadow sits a small white rectangular stone, unmarked but for a symbolic ship's anchor. The ravages of time have not eroded a baby's name from its pristine monument. It was never recorded.

Missing from the family plot is Swanson's young wife, Catherine, a Tlingit Indian princess whom he met and married at Fort Simpson in 1860. He was thirty-three and she thirteen. The marriage did not endear the Swansons to polite Victorian society and, despite prolific offspring, proved a tempestuous relationship. The tragedy of Swanson's personal life was compounded by avaricious native relatives who distracted him financially, the upshot of which was a breakdown in his health as early as 1868. Highly regarded by his employer as a very industrious servant, Swanson literally wore himself out by 1872. Wife Catherine eventually returned to her Indian people where she died in 1937 at the Kincolith Reserve near Prince Rupert. Swanson's British Columbia descendants bear further research but they number fishermen, soldiers, lawyers, pilots and the wife of a premier.

****

The author is a Teacher-Librarian, M.Ed., who taught in Nanaimo for five years and is currently in Comox, B.C. He is an enthusiastic supporter of the Maritime Museum of British Columbia.

Canadian Historical Association Regional History Certificates of Merit for British Columbia and Yukon, 1990

The Canadian Historical Association annually recognizes outstanding contributions to the field of regional history. Two **Certificates of Merit** are awarded for each region, one for a book, imaginatively conceived and executed, that enhances our understanding of all or part of the region, and the other for an individual, organization, or periodical that has accomplished the same over an extended period of time. For the year 1990 Certificates of Merit for British Columbia and the Yukon, announced on 3 June 1990 at the C.H.A.'s annual meeting in Kingston, were awarded to:

A - Cyril E. Leonoff, An Enterprising Life: Leonard Frank Photographs, 1895 - 1944 (Vancouver: Talonbooks, 1990).

Leonard Frank created more than 50,000 images of British Columbia during a fifty-year career on the west coast and was the "premier photographer" of B.C. in his time. As a pioneer of the photographic trade "he had no equal, and the images he recorded of romantic fjords, mountains, and lakes were unique." Frank's images of industrial activity are, however, his most noteworthy, and his logging pictures are among "the best in the world."

Adding to the historical significance of Leonard Frank's photographs is the superb reproduction of his work by Talonbooks of Vancouver, who have successfully enhanced the sharpness and clarity of the already excellent material. A Regional History Award will recognize the photography of Leonard Frank, the heritage role of Otto Landauer (Frank's partner) and of the Jewish Historical Society of British Columbia in saving and preserving the collection, the high publication standards of Talonbooks, and the multi-faceted contribution to the project of Cyril Leonoff. **An Enterprising Life** is first-rate popular history that promises to shape the perceptions of a great many British Columbians about their province's past.

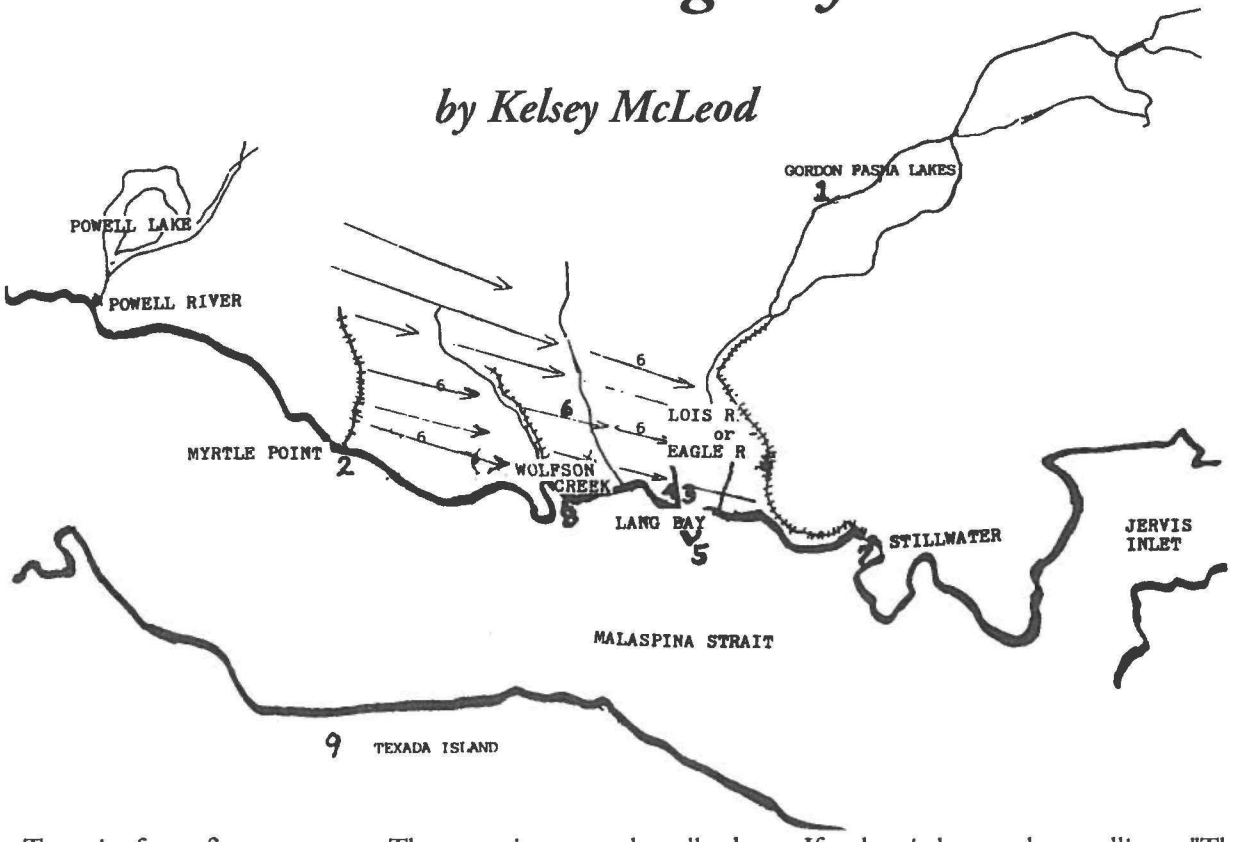
B - The Yukon Historical and Museums Association (YHMA)

Formed in 1977 to address the need to give structure to the growing interest and activity in Yukon heritage, the YHMA serves as an umbrella organization for individuals, groups and institutions both inside and outside the territory. With a membership of about 200 people and institutions from across the continent, the YHMA is active in the preservation and interpretation of all facets of Yukon's Heritage.

Robert A.J. McDonald
Department of History
University of British Columbia

Fire at Lang Bay

by Kelsey McLeod



During the Twenties forest fires were a way of life up the British Columbia Coast. Days of caution and conservation, shut-downs, early shifts for greater safety in the woods, were far in the future. The creed was: "Hi-ball the logs to the salt chuck and market; devil take the hindmost!"

Up to the late thirties, summers that did not see endless days when smoke was thick as fog, and ashes lay heavy inside homes, were unusual. On the Malaspina Peninsula it was quite a sight to look across the water to Texada Island, and see a large part of the Island afire. It was unsettling to face northward at a mountain not far distant, turned into a gigantic funeral pyre.

So the fire that destroyed Land Bay in twenty minutes was not that unusual. -Unusual only in that it wiped out a community.

It struck without real warning. True, a slash fire had been smouldering at the Bloedel, Stewart and Welch logging operation at Myrtle Point, [2] some ten miles north-west. But it had been contained by fire watch. Most residents, though conscious of the threat, went about their business.

That morning seemed as all others. If we had lived at the beach we would have known there was a roistering westerly gale. But few lived there, and this day in July, 1922, inland air at ground level hung motionless and stifling, though a hundred feet and more above our clearing the tree tops must have been moving.

Dad, (George Barrett) [3] was home, but whether he had stayed because of the fire danger I do not know. Mother surely was not worrying, because she decided to go blackberry picking. She got out the berry pails, donned her sunhat, and we started down the trail. I was wearing my black laced boots, stockings held up by a type of shoulder harness, necessary armour when berry picking, which brought one into contact with all the Coast's thorned shrubs.

The wall of underbrush on either side of the trail was wilted with the heat; the moss was dried out; a carpet of conifer needles lay everywhere. The forest was a powder keg.

We had just come out of our trail and onto the logging road when we met Mrs. Kennedy, who rarely went from home. She had Ernie and Gordon, both about my age, by the hands. She hurried toward us, calling: "The fire is coming. I'm going to the beach, where we'll be picked up!"

"Fire?" repeated Mother. "Picked up? - Who by?"

"Arthur," Mrs. Kennedy continued, (her husband) "and Murray and Mel," (her grown sons) "are staying to try and save our house.[4]"

Listening, one was reminded of talk paid vague attention to. We had a clearing around our house, surrounded by a cedar-picket fence. Dad had many times said that a clearing was a necessary safety factor. No forest giants dropped pitch and needles onto our roof . . . . It made sense. I thought of neighbours' homes literally tucked into pockets between the trees . . . .

I do not recall the rest of the conversation, but Mother and I went on to the berry-picking, and then down to visit Granny and Grandpa Young at the "Point", the headland where they lived, in spite of the thickening smoke.

The Youngs' home [5] was high on a rocky headland that jutted into the Strait, so was surrounded on three sides by ocean. Access was by a narrow neck of land between a small bay on one side, and the curving, pebbled beach that

faced south-east.

There were large trees in the declivities, where soil could collect, but a lot of the land was but moss-covered rock where scrub trees huddled against the storms.

Fifty yards to the west of the house was the logging dump, a cliff with a straight drop into the bay. From here a logging truck rolled logs into the ocean for booming. The area was a mass of forest waste, bark and twigs piled feet thick and packed down, dry as dust. - A potential fire bomb, waiting for the first spark. The headland had no well; water was carried up from a quarter of a mile east.

The wooden house had no basement, and was not sitting firmly on the rock, being cabled to the granite for safety when the gales blew. The house was filled with all the possessions the Youngs had brought with them from Scotland not many years before: the furniture, precious books, cherished keepsakes.

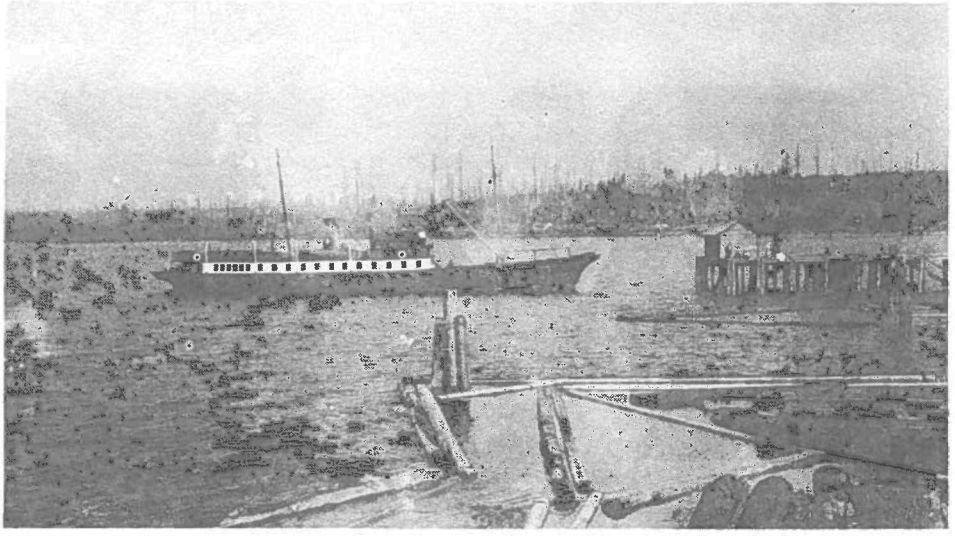
As we neared the beach, we became aware of the gale. Ordinary summer westerlies were boisterous, but this one was bolstered by the onrushing fire, and was appalling.

What could be seen of the ocean was a towering, writhing mass of waves and driftwood. The acrid smell of the burning forest had become familiar the past weeks, but the present odour was a tangible presence. Ashes and cinders started to fall. The fire's voice was distant, but there was menace in sharp bursts of sound, like rifle shots, as branches snapped, pitch exploded, needles flared into torches.

Mrs. Kennedy was sitting up amongst the driftwood on the small beach that rimmed the booming ground. Pushed by the gale, the tide was higher than normal; the logging waste from the booms created an added hazard. Still, she could see the dock from which she hoped to be rescued by a gasboat from either the Stillwater or the Myrtle Point logging operations.

Ernie and Gordon huddled beside her - no racing about, no pebbles thrown today. At this point I did not properly understand why they did not want to play.

However, the urgency of the situation thrust forward once we reached



Union Steamship Chilco, going into Lang Bay dock. Note devastation in the background and booming ground in foreground.

Grandma and Grandpa Youngs'. Both were outside, in itself strange. Ordinarily Grandpa was busy in his shed workshop, and Grandma was bustling about indoors.

Now they stood, looking westward. The chickens, usually clucking about in typical senseless fashion in their endless search for bugs, were darting hither and yon, making discordant squawks. The Youngs faced a dreadful test, for both were in their sixties, and Grandpa had only one leg. They had emigrated to Vancouver from Scotland in 1910, following grown sons to the city, and finally Up-Coast. Nothing in previous experience was a help in dealing with this situation.

Mother at last accepted the danger. The fire was coming. Her first idea was to hurry home.

Sparks, horrifying additions to ash and cinder, began to fall as her parents argued, finally convinced her it could be suicide. And, presumably, Dad was better able to cope than were her parents.

Scattered spot fires began to break out in the dump, then in the moss. She grabbed buckets and rushed downhill to fill them with salt water, returning to start the hopeless task of dousing flames. She put me in the house for safe-keeping, but my calm was gone, and I screamed so loudly she brought me out, and left me with Mrs. Kennedy.

It was lucky she did so, for as she climbed the hill again the house exploded into flames. Windows shattered, spears of flame yards long shot skyward, seaward; the roof collapsed in moments. Sparks blown by the wind had lodged underneath the house, smouldered unseen, finally reached the combustion point.

Fires were now breaking out in patches all over the headland, and on the neck of land leading to it these small fires soon joined together to reach across from the small bay to the south-east beach. A fiery barrier separated Mrs. Kennedy, the boys and I, from the others.

We huddled beside Mrs. Kennedy. A wall of flame hundreds-of-feet high rushed toward us. [6]

The smoke around us started to show streaks of coloured light that flared and died, and flared again in another spot ever closer. Small fires kept breaking out in the dried grass, twigs and bark around. Most died as quickly as they flared, blown out by the wind, but some caught and held. The roar of the blaze filled the ears, and grew in volume. As it fed on its own momentum, the trees exploded like tall, bushy, green firecrackers set off in a chain reaction, and the flames raced across the top of the forest.

In logging parlance, the fire was "crowning"., skipping form tree-top to tree-top.

The pounding of the waves added to the din. Bits of burning wood showered around us, and into the ocean where

they sent up geysers of steam.

Mrs. Kennedy rose and dropped her sweater around our heads, led us along the edge of the beach, heading for the wharf. At last the rough planks of the dock showed underfoot, though there was added apprehension, for the sea was making the dock creak and sway, and spray from the larger waves spurted up. Somehow, the smoke, the fire, the grey, boiling sea, became one and the same enemy.

When we reached the wharfshed's shelter, flames were showing on the dock's landward end. And, beside us, were many gasoline drums, waiting to be hauled to the logging camp. Now, the world consisted of grey smoke, grey sea, the red, leaping tongues of fire, and the roar of Nature out of control.

I was too young to think of death. It was merely fear of hurt, of intense discomfort, bewilderment that the adult world was unhappy and confused. For till now, the adult world had always been in control. This was different. The fire was a gigantic orange-and-grey howling monster. And its hold on the wharf's planking did not go away. The flames stayed and grew, and came ever closer. The air was hot and hard to breathe.

Muffled by the sounds and the heavy smoke-veil sounded a boat whistle. In memory it went on for a long time, sometimes, fading, as the men tried to locate the wharf. But it could not have been too long. Mrs. Kennedy kept calling, and at last the men's voices answered, then, dimly, through the murk, showed the shape of the **Babo**, the Stillwater [7] boom-boat.

Pitching and rearing like a rodeo stallion, it came close, then was carried out of sight. Again it appeared, bow-on, the men on board, in their suspender-hung work pants, their cork boots, shouting instructions. At last a rope thudded onto the wharf, and Mrs. Kennedy managed to slip it around a stanchion.

A man managed to get from the pitching boat onto the dock, and he secured the craft. Several men swarmed onto the dock, I was scooped up by one, and he leaped down onto the narrow, pitching deck beneath with me under one arm like a blanket roll. All was shouting and confusion.

By the time we were all in the tiny cabin things felt better. Somewhere along the way order had to be brought back, and who better to do it than these strong-armed men in their sharp-toothed boots?

The **Babo** stood alternately on its bow and then its stern; it rolled as far as a boat can. None of us children cried at any point; apparently there is a point where even children do not cry.

We were taken to Myrtle Point, though Stillwater was closer, likely because it was felt at that time the fire would wipe out Stillwater.

At Myrtle Point we were taken in by different logging families living at the beach camp. My family had a father who was dark-haired and dark-moustached, like my own father, which helped, but it was surely a measure of the trauma gone through that I was so content amongst strangers.

Shortly after the next Union Steamship boat arrived at Myrtle Point, while I was perched high on my host's shoulder, through the open door came Mother.

She and her parents had saved themselves by groping their way out onto the bare, rocky mound of the headland's extremity. The Kennedys had saved their home. Dad had saved ours. He had had a lively time: An English neighbour, Mr. Lane, whose wife was visiting from Vancouver, had left his wife with Dad. A further guest was a milk cow brought and left by another neighbour.

I was taken home to Dad through a changed and desolate, other-side-of-the-moon world. Fallen timbers smouldered amongst blackened, upright snags some of which still held wavering tongues of flame. The earth was burnt brown, and powdery; the corrosive smell of fire was as overpowering now as that of the smoke earlier. No bird sang, for all were dead; no animal moved; the only colour was the feathery green head of a single tall fir that had been spared by some weird freak of Nature, and which still stood, two-hundred yards from our clearing. The only green for miles around.

In the midst of this changed, black-and-grey, monotoned world, our home stood, calm, inviting, its shake roof half-hidden with masses of damp gunny sacks.

The Barret homestead that was saved from fire. Barret daughter and her husband, taken in early 30s.

* * * * * * * * * *

Kelsey McLeod grew up on the Malaspina Peninsula, where her parents and grandparents were among the first settlers at Lang Bay. She has published many articles on coastal logging, and aspects of B.C. history. This is her third article in the BRITISH COLUMBIA HISTORICAL NEWS.

FOOTNOTES, MAP

1. As much as possible, the "old" names are given. ie.: Gordon Pasha Lakes for the now Lois and Khartoum Lakes; Wolfson Cr. for the now Lang Cr.
2. **Myrtle Point.** (At this time the Peninsula and Texada Is. amounted to a vast and prosperous logging empire, its lodestone the green gold of the timber. Brooks, Scanlon, O'Brien was centered at Stillwater; Brooks Bidlake had a shingle-bolt camp at Wolfson Creek. Bloedel, Stewart and Welch were at Myrtle Point; other smaller companies were also in operation. The trees were felled far inland, in some cases had first to be boomed and towed down lakes to railhead. Railways were the usual mode of transport.)
3. **Location of Barrett home.** George Barrett pre-empted this land in 1914. "When I got off the boat at the Wolfson Bay float, I had to hire an Indian in a dugout to paddle me over to where I wanted to go." (Float was in bay at mouth of Wolfson Cr.)
4. **Kennedy home.**
5. **Young home.** The log dump and the wharf are to left. Road leads inland from bay.
6. Arrows give general direction of fire.
7. **Stillwater.**
8. Wolfson Bay was the original name for Lang Bay. The now Kelly Point in that area was originally known as Black point.
9. Brooks Bidlake had been wiped out by the fire, but the Stillwater logging operation continued, as its timber stands had been spared. But the glory days of the Malaspina's logging empire were gone.

The New England Company on Kuper Island

by Audrey M. Ginn

Village Bay - Kuper Island now known as Lamalchi Bay.

William Conn pre-empted Section 1 at Lamalchi Bay on Kuper Island recording his claim in the Lands Office in Victoria on June 13, 1870. He held the 100 acres until his death in 1877. Conn cleared land, built a small house and a good sized barn, planted fruit trees and worked hard to develop the property.

The New England Company (correctly titled "The Company for Propagation of the Gospel in New England and Parts Adjacent in America") purchased Conn's claim in 1880. Under the guidance of Reverend Robert James Roberts much research was done before this property was chosen. Henry Slye Manson had formally acquired Section 1 on the 22nd of June, 1880 for the payment of $100. The Certificate of Title was transferred to the New England Company on July 5, 1880.

Reverend Roberts had served since 1862 at Bayfield, Huron County, Ontario as a missionary to the Six Nations people. When he accepted a position with the New England Company he undertook the challenges of serving Indians and Whites in the Chemainus district. The original log house was enlarged, and more rooms added on to accommodate a growing family or the many overnight visitors from Victoria or surrounding parts.

The Mission was built with lumber milled in the Askew Waterwheel Mill in Chemainus, then towed over to Lamalchi Bay. The floor boards, 38 feet long had no knot holes and no joins in the wood. (The building has had a new roof, and the foundation has been replaced, but those floor boards are still in use.) This Anglican Mission served as a school, meeting hall and church. It was used for weddings, baptisms, funerals and church services. Residents on Thetis Island could come to service by boat or on foot or in horse and buggy as a bridge connected Thetis with Kuper Island until 1946. Citizens from Chemainus came to service when weather permitted.

The Roberts spent a great deal of their time tending the ills of Whites and Indians alike. Whenever necessary they travelled by boat. One very ill lady dying of cancer was visited regularly though it entailed rowing almost 8 miles. The lady and her small son both died and were buried in the "Little Cemetery". When Mrs. Roberts was at term, Reverend Roberts and his son Percy went by boat to fetch a doctor from Ladysmith. Mrs. Roberts was left in the care of an elderly native woman who could not speak or understand English. Robert's diary tells us that the native lady prepared a tea of leaves and rosehips for the patient, who drank it much against her will. By the time the doctor arrived the baby had been delivered. The doctor assured Mrs. Roberts and her family that the tea had saved the life of both the mother and the new daughter, Mary, born November 15, 1883.

I have read the diary compiled by Reverend Roberts in 1891 and will share a few of the day to day entries.

Jan. 25, 1891 -

Sunday Divine Service well attended by Whites, Half breeds and Indians.

Jan. 26 -

Percy brought us the sad news of our friend Mr. Severne of Thetis Island, and Mr. Grey, proprietor of the Chemainus Hotel, drowning. Late last night Severne's body was found on the beach near his home.

Jan. 27 -

Percy went to Thetis Island to assist in bringing Severne's body for burial here in our little cemetery.

Feb. 12 -

A snow storm nearly all day. (Most of February Snow. More people came and due to a storm stayed all night. It reads like a hotel register . . .and this before electric light and running water.)

March -

Reverend Roberts was tending the ills of those on adjacent islands, travelling by boat from his isolated Mission.

April 3 -

The body of Mr. Grey, drowned January 22, was found yesterday evening. Mr. Grey's body was interred

in our little cemetery. After burial the inquest was held in our home. A sudden storm, almost a hurricane, came while I was reading the burial service. We had to provide refreshments for 40 or 50 people.

April 18 -
We had a little "Bee" to clean the cemetery and cut down dead trees.

May 13 -
Went to Chemainus to give instructions to half breeds preparing for confirmation.

May 23 -
We finished work on cemetery grounds and hung two gates.
Indian Agent called.

May 28 -
The Bishop (Hills) dedicated the cemetery. In the evening he baptized two Indian children, one adult Englishman and confirmed four persons. We had the chancel completed and new matting laid down the aisle. More than twenty people had Divine Service with us and some remained for the night. Our sleeping accommodation being taxed to the limit.

Dec. 7 -
Last night and all forenoon the wind blew from the south right into our Bay with great force and there was a very high tide. Huge logs were hurled by the waves against the picket fence, destroying about fifty yards of it, breaking boards and uprooting posts.
The pickets were floating about in the debris. My sons and I managed to pull most of them out of the water.

Dec. -
Spent the next few days repairing fences.

Missionary work entailed far more than Bible teaching. Reverent Roberts was called upon to write letters, draw up wills, tend the sick, and act as peacemaker on occasion. The good gentleman passed away in 1905, leaving his mark on the history of our area.

The New England Company operated this Mission on the coast as well as a dry land Mission at Lytton. (The inland mission was described in "Intrepid in the Name of God" by Pixie McGeachie in Vol. 23 No. 3)

Roy Wilfred Ginn, a Vancouver marine lawyer, purchased the Mission building in 1933, and in 1937 became the proud owner of Section 1, the original Conn Claim. The Mission building had been neglected and was in need of much repair. When windows had been replaced, repairs done and clean-up completed, the Mission became the Ginn sumer home. Reverend John Antle of the Columbia Coast Mission sailed The Reverie from Vancouver to Lamalchi Bay (no mean feat for one in his mid 80s) to conduct a wedding on July 16, 1949. He joined in marriage Roy Wilfred Ginn and Audrey Mavis Saunders. The original Mission register was signed on this date, and the book then returned to the Anglican Church Archives.

The farm, known as "Folded Hills", was operated continuously from Conn's time, first by the Roberts family then by caretakers and various farmers. In 1952 Roy Ginn took a Swiss farmer, Rene Moeri, with his Swiss diplomas, into a farm partnership. He raised a herd of Brown Swiss pedigreed cattle, which were in demand for sale in South America. The fruit trees continue to bear excellent fruit as they did during my years on Kuper Island.

One summer day I heard a faint knock on the door of the farmhouse. A frail very elderly lady stood there. She asked, "May I come into my old home?" She was Mary Roberts, the baby born there in 1883. We talked for a while, and she told me she was the only white child to be given a native name by the Lamalchi tribe. As I readied the tea tray I heard a familiar call at the gate. Basil Charlie and two of his grandsons had walked over from the village for a cup of tea. I asked him if he could recognize my guest. The two looked at each other for a long moment then greeted each other by their Indian name. That delightful reunion of old friends leaves me with a very pleasant memory.

Section 1 is the only white property on Kuper Island. It was registered long before the Indian Reserve was established. The Indian Reserve is 2300 acres; Section 1, 100 acres. The cemetery was initially in the hands of the Anglican Synod, then it was included in the Ginn property. In 1964 I gave the little cemetery to the Chemainus Valley Historical Society. Ill health forced me to move from Lamalchi Bay in 1971 but my heart is warmed with memories of the William Conn pre-emption.

* * * * * * * * * *

The writer is a charter member of the Chemainus Valley Historical Society. Prior to 1953 she lived in Vancouver.

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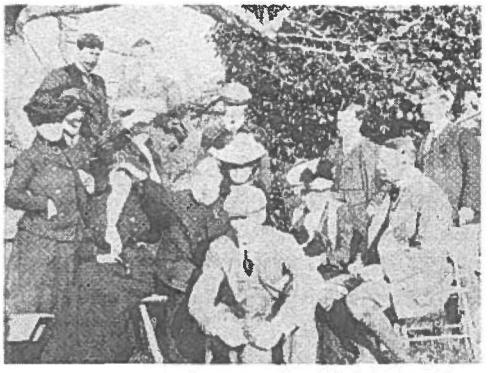
The late Mr. Bruce McKelvie
The late Mr. Roy W. Ginn



This Photograph shows a Sunday gathering of Thetis and Kuper Island residents and was taken at the Mission residence in Lamalchi Bay on Kuper Island, c. 1904.

Helping out with the Ceremonial Sod-Turning at the site of the future Chemainus Museum are (from left) founding Chemainus Historical Society member Audrey Ginn, society president Corrie Veistrup and MLA Graham Bruce.

Kamano - A Kanaka

by Margaret Nicholls

The first contacts between the Hawaiian Islands and the Northwest were made with the voyages of Captain Cook. However, the Hawaiians already knew of another land "out there" for King Kamehameha, the Conqueror, built his largest and best canoes from fir trees that washed up on his coast. The islands soon became a supply depot for fresh food and a wintering place for fur traders travelling between Canton and the Northwest. Hawaiians (Kanakas), with the permission of their king, soon began to sign on as sailors of the ships going between Nootka, Oregon and China.

In Meares' "Voyages Made in the Years 1788 - 89", he relates, how, sailing from Canton on his second voyage he had several Kanakas on board. They had been to China and were going to return home with him via the Northwest coast. When Captain William Barkley and his seventeen year old bride came to Nootka in 1787 she had a young Hawaiian girl as her maid. One would be the first European woman and the other the first Hawaiian woman to reach the shores of Vancouver Island (not yet named.) During John Jacob Astor's stay at the mouth of the Columbia he too employed Hawaiians. When the Northwest Company took over Astor's post they kept the Hawaiians in their employ and increased their number. From this time on there was a small but steady stream of permanent immigration.

When the Northwest Company and the Hudson's Bay merged in March 1821 they continued to expand relations with Hawaii. In 1827 they sent McMillan to explore the mouth of the Fraser and establish a fort. Kanakas were with his expedition. In the late 1840s Kanakas were at Fort Rupert working at the newly established coal fields. William McNeil, Captain of the **Beaver** said of Fort Rupert . . . *landing at Beaver Harbour, with forty men, whites, halfbreeds and Kanakas during the summer of 1849 work was vigorously prosecuted, which resulted in a quadrangular stockade, with interior gallery, two bastions mounting four nine pounders and the usual store houses, workshops, officer's quarters and laborer's cottages.* In 1852 Kanakas also came to Nanaimo with the first coal miners sent from Fort Rupert to the superior mining area. Pioneer writers mention Kanakas as boatmen, laborers, miners, gardeners, millmen, cooks and at least one preacher, Kanaka William.

Our story is about Kanaka George Kamano and his descendants. He was born in 1822 in Tahiti and was sent to England to be educated. There are conflicting stories as to where he joined the Hudson's Bay Company. Family records say in England but Hudson's Bay records have him sailing from Woahoo (Oahu) in 1854 for the western department at Fort Rupert. His name in the records is spelt, Kaumana, Kumana, Kamano and Kemana - all proved to be the same man.

Kamano remained at Fort Rupert for sixteen years employed in various capacities. At one time he was in charge when the chief trader was at Fort Simpson. With Kamano at the fort was Robert Hunt, a Dorset man who had joined the Hudson's Bay Company in 1849 and arrived on the immigrant ship **Norman Morison** in 1850. He became chief Indian trader and married a Tlingit Chief's daughter, Mary Ebbets, and so became the patriarch of the Hunt family and ancestor of many celebrated artists and carvers. (In 1958 Kwakiutl Henry Hunt and his father-in-law, Mungo Martin, carved a pole for H.R.H. Queen Elizabeth. Today it stands in Windsor Park, England.)

In May 1862, the Royal Mail Steamer Packet **Shannon** set sail from Southampton. On board were a number of young men coming to settle on Vancouver Island. Twelve of them who had become good friends were known as "The Twelve Apostles" by their fellow passengers. (Two of them were sons of clergymen.) On their arrival in Victoria Attorney General Carey advised the twelve to take up land at Comox. One of these was George Ford who pre-empted on the Puntledge River. Still restless, he leased his land and went to Fort Rupert where he acted as a trader. Hunt, Ford and Kamano all married Indian girls that were daughters of local chiefs. All three have confirmation of their fathers-in-law chief status.

In the summer of 1863 Oblate Father Pandosy, Father Grandidier and Brother Blanchet were sent to establish the mission of Assumption close to Fort Rupert. In spite of the fact that the Hudson's Bay men were uncooperative with the Fathers a cabin was built and they moved in on the 18th of December of that year. Kamano became friendly with the Fathers and his children were given early instruction by them.

However, the Fort Rupert mission was never a successful one and the Fathers moved to remote Harbledown Island (50 degrees 34 Lat - 126 degrees 35 Long) and established St. Michael's Mission. In his 1860 survey Captain Richards had noted the island's location but had not named it. He noted that it was wooded and hilly but uninhabited by Europeans. Commander Pender, aboard the **Beaver**, named the island Harbledown and it appears as such on the British Admiralty Chart in 1867. Harbledown is a village in east Kent, just west of Canterbury, and was probably the birthplace of one of the men on the **Beaver** at the time of the survey. Another possibility of the origin of the island's name is that Pender was reading Canterbury Tales, for Harbledown is the "Little Town" of Chaucer's Tales.

On Harbledown the Oblates with Kamano's help began building. In 1870 the H.M.S. **Sparrowhawk** visited the

island and reported the following to the **Victoria Colonist**, "The day we arrived we visited the Mission and found Father Fouquet holding service to about 40 Indians...the missionaries have built a school house and a dwelling house with a chapel attached, a barn, a workshop, cowhouse, and several outhouses besides clearing about an acre and a half of ground in which a variety of vegetables, fruit trees and medicinal herbs are growing. They also grew a small quantity of oats last year. They have a cow and a few fowls. Hitherto the results have not been great as regards the Indians, as the language is a very difficult one....they have given them seeds to plant, fowls, pigs, etc. in order to attach them to the post as their nomadic habits having hitherto proved a great drawback." The Oblates complained that the Indians were the "most depraved" they had encountered and those who could be "reformed" were already under the influence of the Protestant William Duncan, founder of the model Indian village at Metlakatla near Fort Simpson on the mainland.

In 1847 after eleven years missionary work, the Fathers withdrew as they were needed at more successful missions. Commenting on the failure of the mission, Father Le Jacq said, "We taught them how to cultivate potatoes, we baptized many dying children, we brought a few to a better life and finally - we left them to their fate."

The Kamano family stayed on Harbledown after the Oblates left. It wasn't until 1910 that a school was built. This served Kamano's grandchildren but his own children had to be sent away to school. Mary Ann, the eldest came to Nanaimo to St. Ann's Convent. Here she became well known for her beautiful singing voice and her dressmaking skills, being especially adept at "whaleboning" much in demand by Nanaimo ladies. Mary Ann was also fluent in a number of Northern Indian dialects and acted as court interpreter when Indians were brought south for trial.

It was her beautiful voice that attracted Henry Oscar Merenz of Dunkier, Norway, a son of a shipbuilder in Oslo (then Kristiania). Henry being a foreigner was not able to own land in the company town of Nanaimo. His mother in Norway wrote and suggested that he legally have his named changed to her maiden name "Thames". "No one would doubt that Thames was English although the word's origin is Norwegian," she wrote. So Henry became Henry Oscar Thames, often called Harry. He and Mary Ann Kamano were married about 1879.

Henry was a fine oarsman and sailor. Racing was popular in Nanaimo and Henry's team comprised men who have played a significant part in Nanaimo's history, Fiddick, Magisrate Franklyn, John Biggs and Coxswain John Sabiston Jr. Harry also skippered for Robert Dunsmuir's son-in-law, John Bryden. He won prizes for Bryden in 24th of May celebrations competing against men of his rowing team.

Henry's other abilities included contracting, building and undertaking. In 1882 he was the shipwright when Chauncey Carpenter had the barque **Nanaimo** built. It was the largest sea going vessel built on the coast to that date. He and Mary Ann delighted in the launching ceremony which featured the Nanaimo Brass Band playing string music. The gala event described by the press was held on the 31st of October, 1882.

November 20th 1878.

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In 1893 Oscar and Mary Ann moved their family to Big Qualicum to an area later named Bowser, honoring Premier Bowser. Qualicum Tom, well known guide and hostelier influenced Henry's decision to move. Their wives knew each other and there is some possibility that they were related. Tom's wife, Anna James, came from Fort Rupert and was a sister to George Ford's wife Mary James, daughters of Fort Rupert Chief, Kla Kwa Keela. The chief was nick-named Captain James because he piloted British gun boats through the treacherous waters of the strait. His brother, Chief Heenagalla, helped Captain Richards with his survey in 1860

Henry thought the Qualicum area an excellent place to bring up his family of five. Three more children were born in their new home. He was not a farmer but did clear a small garden plot and orchard which Mary Ann tended. He earned his living fishing for the plentiful dog fish whose oil was extracted for lamps of the pit miners at Nanaimo, Wellington and Union (later Cumberland).

Henry had several properties in Nanaimo. The first four years he rowed his dory there to collect rents and bring back supplies. Sometimes all the family travelled with him. Hilda Elizabeth, the eldest daughter, often accompanied him, bivouacking on the beach coming and going. He claimed all his girls were good cooks and could make bannock over the campfire. In 1897 a road was put through and Thames Creek was bridged so the family was able to travel by wagon.

Henry, a Lutheran, died on his holdings at Qualicum and was buried on his property about 1902. Mary Ann died in 1905, still in her early 40's, and she was buried in St. Peter's churchyard in Nanaimo. The young family scattered for a time but three members came back to Bowser. Their daughter Agnes, married to Jack Holt, ran the store and post office, a son Oswald fished and Oscar Jr., a twin who had been born in Nanaimo on the 10th of July 1887 was a boat builder. He had been sent to school in Alert Bay where grandfather Kamano now lived. From there he went to New Westminster's St. Joseph's College where Kamano still knew the Fathers. During his early life, family outings to Denman Island to visit Mary and George Ford were looked forward to as an adventure. From their

home on the cliff by Thames Creek, the only light they could see was that of Ford's home - it made them feel like neighbours.

At age 14, under grandfather Kamano's supervision, Oscar built his first boat, an Indian dugout in which he caught a 78 pound salmon on his first trip out. He claimed it was a boat his grandfather Merenz would have been proud of. Many years later he went to Norway and taught his shipbuilding family how to build an Indian style dugout. He used a tool like a small mattock for he claimed he had better control than with a hatchet. In his lifetime he built over one hundred boats of edge-grained split cedar from trees that he felled in an open space after noting which side of the tree was clearer of limbs. His boats were built with a wide concave bow to knock down the spray and to withstand the choppy local waters.

In 1914 Oscar went overseas with the 54th Battalion. He saw action at Vimy Ridge and in 1916 was seriously wounded. He was the first Canadian soldier to recuperate at Glamis Castle, the home of Queen Mother Elizabeth Bowes Lyons. Oscar had fond memories of Elizabeth who was often on the wards. For the rest of his life he carried a tattered, yellowed paper from the Legion that proved he was the first Canadian at Glamis Castle.

However, Oscar had another Elizabeth on his mind at the time for he had met a nurse, Elizabeth Elliott, and had fallen in love. She was born in 1892 and was from Cudsworth near Birmingham. In April 1917 Oscar had recovered enough to be sent back to Canada for further recuperation. Before he set sail he married Elizabeth so that she could return with him. Ever since their marriage, Elizabeth referred to her husband as "Osmon". He disliked his given name Oscar and asked her to call him Osmond. She always did in spite of the confusion it often caused.

In October they arrived in Bowser, a village of three houses - a real culture shock for Elizabeth. The station she arrived at was an old boxcar beside the tracks. The ranch that she thought she was coming to she described as "a sort of hole in the big trees with enough clearing for a horse and a cow". Oscar teased her the rest of her life about the speed at which she raced to the house from the creek after sighting a bear. A bear and carrying water had never been part of her previous life. She later claimed that she cried herself to sleep for the first six months. Her only close neighbour was her sister-in-law Agnes Holt. Little did Elizabeth know that she would spend another seventy years in the community.

Things did not go well for them at first. They lost their few months old baby in the 'flu epidemic of 1918. Oscar was in and out of hospital due to his war injuries and Elizabeth was hospitalized with a serious illness. Another son was born to them in Cumberland in 1920. They named him Cyril.

Bowser, B.C. - Dec. 11, 1917. Left - Mrs. Fred Madderson, centre - Elizabeth Thames, Right - Mrs. Jack Holt, Kemano's grandaughter.

Life improved and they became active in the growing community. Mr. Thames continued building boats of his own design and for extra income they fished for salmon from a rowboat. Oscar became the soccer coach and manager for the Bowser United team which defeated Parksville, Alberni and Cumberland for the upper island trophy. They organized whist drives, held dances in the old school house that the Thames family built. In July 1932, Oscar and Elizabeth took over the rural mail route, operating from Parksville. They did this for fifteen years travelling from Craig's Crossing south of Parksville to Nile Creek and Bowser. Oscar had several hours to spend in Parksville between mail trains so spent this time building boats for Parksville customers.

Their son Cyril, now graduated from High School, took carpenter's training but didn't like house building so started building boats. He had been whittling toy boats since a child. With the outbreak of World War II Cyril joined the Fisherman's Reserve branch of the Royal Canadian Naval Reserve. Because of his knowledge of West Coast waters he spent thirty-eight months patrolling in the Pacific in converted fish boats. This branch was absorbed into the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserves and he served here as a shipwright like his Norwegian ancestors. Cyril married Anne Magee, a great niece of George Ford the first pre-emptor on Denman Island.

After further training in ship building he returned to Bowser in 1946 and opened the Thames Boat Works which soon became well known for exceptional craftsmanship from Seattle north. He built cruisers, pleasure craft and big deep-sea commercial fishing boats. One 42-footer, the **Ariana**, was featured in Safeway advertising, others have been on calendars and covers of fishing and boating magazines. More than one of his boats has been chosen "Boat of the Year". His biggest was a 53 foot pleasure cruiser, the **Hinemoa** (Maori

for beautiful princess).

George Kamano lived to be 97, dying at Alert Bay in 1919. The descendants of Kamano and "Twelve Apostles" still live in many communities of Northern Vancouver Island.

In 1947 the Canadian Hydrographic Service renamed a small island, formerly Coffin Island, as Kamano Island. (In former years Kwakiutl Indians had placed their dead relatives high in the trees of this small island, hence Coffin Island.) The fishermen in the area also unofficially call a section of their fishing grounds Kamano Sound. The Kitlope Indian village is named Kamano and is situated on Kamano Bay. There is also a Kamano River, navigable inland by canoe for about ten miles. All these names are a fiting memorial to Kanaka George Kamano who came to Vancouver Island 136 years ago.

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Margaret "Peggy" Nicholls is a charter member of the Nanaimo Historical Society. She has been researching the history of Kamano and his family for several years.

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ORDER OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

MARGARET A. ORMSBY, VERNON

GERALD SMEDLEY ANDREWS, VICTORIA

Two recipients of the newly created Order of British Columbia are valuable members of the B.C. Historical Federation. We congratulate Dr. Margaret Ormsby and Col. Gerry Andrews.

Dr. Ormsby is described as "the dean of British Columbia's historians" and one who "interprets eloquently B.C. as a province within the Canadian nation and as part of a larger international community."

The Royal B.C. Museum has established "The Margaret Ormsby Lectureship in B.C. History." The first lecture was given February 22, 1991 by Ormsby herself, telling the history of Coldstream in the Okanagan based on research for her recent book, **Nulli Secundus**.

Gerry Andrews was a teacher, a land surveyor, a forester, an engineer and a writer. He initiated the use of aerial photography in B.C. in 1931 and adapted this method of surveying for wartime reconnaissance in Europe during World War II, rising to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. He became Surveyor General of British Columbia, directing many projects here and abroad. Since retiring in 1968 Gerry has done considerable research and writing, travelling within his home city of Victoria on a bicycle and throughout the province in his well equipped van. Colonel Andrews served as President of the B.C. Historical Federation from 1972-74 and as Honorary President 1983-86. He continues to participate in many B.C. Historical meetings and projects.

The presentation of the Order of British Columbia took place in Government House in Victoria in June 1990. Since then Gerald Andrews travelled to Ottawa where he was invested with the Order of Canada in April 1991.

The Ring of the Axe, The Song of the Saw

by W.J.H. (Jack) Fleetwood

Since ancient times the axe and the saw have played an integral part in the building of empires. Mention is made of both tools in the Bible's First Book of Kings, in the description of the buildings of King Solomon's Temple, in which saws were even used to cut stone.

In our country, poetess Isabella Valancy Crawford, in her famous poem, The Song of the Axe, written in 1857, implored:

Bite deep and wide, O Axe, the tree!
What doth thy bold voice promise me?
In every silver ringing blow
Cities and palaces shall grow.

Indeed, more than any other tool the axe was the most valuable that the pioneer possessed, assisting him in creating his clearing in the forest for his field, and for the fashioning of his home.

The first axes to appear in Canada's most western province were single-bladed, such as were used in the eastern provinces and states. Trees were chopped down with this item, proven adequate for eastern timber, but when lumbering operations commenced in coastal British Columbia, chopping down the huge Douglas fir, red cedar, and spruce, with single-bladed axes was a slow and backbreaking job. This situation was remedied by the coming of the double-bitted axe, with its long narrow blade that bit deeply into the boles of the forest monsters of ten and twelve feet in diameter.

About 1868, the first of what was called the Puget Sound type, weighing three and three-quarter to five and one-half pounds, produced in Maine, appeared on the coast, with a much heavier double-bitted swamping axe, used for general woods work, at the same time.

In 1925 I interviewed an old retired faller, who told me that the popular axe in coastal camps in the 1880's was the Crown Jewel, manufactured in Dundas, Ontario. When I started falling in 1933, the favored brands were Smart's Sager, Walter, and Plumb. This last, which I still use, is shown in the picture.

As mentioned, the first timber logged on the coast was chopped down, then the tree was sawed into whatever log lengths the sawmill desired. Saws were not used for falling, as the first saws on the coast were slow cutting heavy ribbons of steel, called "salmon-bellies" because of their shape. As they had only cutting teeth, and no raking teeth, they only threw out dust. Also, the first six to eight feet of the old-growth fir was usually very hard, and contained seams of pitch, which not only gummed up the saw in it's operation, but was not wanted by the mill, as it made inferior lumber.

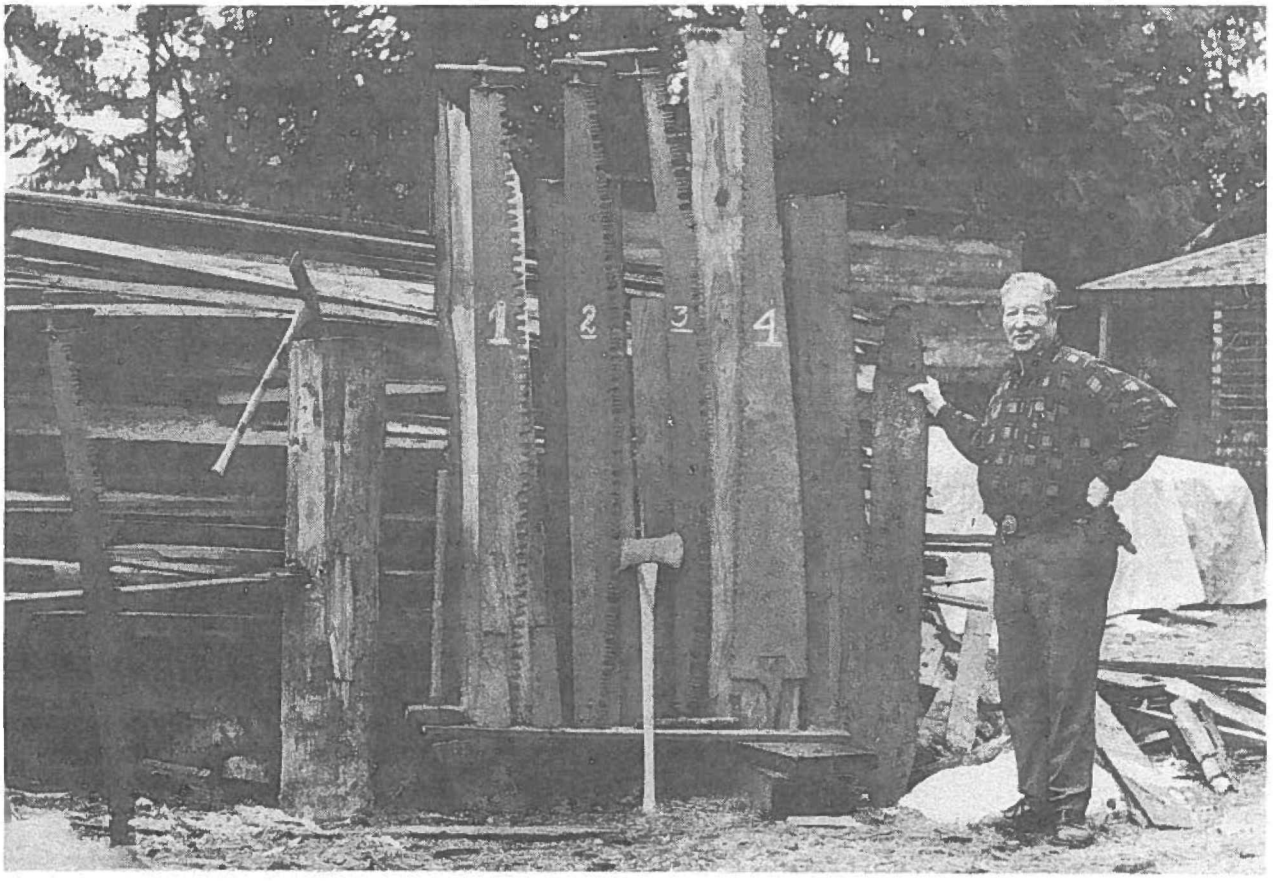
To exclude this undesirable section of tree, the fallers would go up four to ten feet before chopping or sawing. This was achieved by chopping notches into the trunk of the tree and inserting spring-boards, one on each side of the tree, on which the faller would stand. The boards, about four feet long, with a six inch face, were rounded at the insert end, and tipped with a horseshoe-like piece of steel, with a cleat, which held the board in the notch. A pair of fallers could manoeuvre the boards by bouncing, into any position they chose without moving off the boards.

Large red cedar were usually very swelled at ground level. This the sawmill couldn't handle, so fallers chopped, or sawed, well above the swellings. On a piece of my property I have a cedar stump fifteen feet in height, with three sets of springboard notches. I well remember the day in 1924 when this particular cedar tree was felled by two Chinese fallers and the material cut into shinglebolts.

Introduction of the saw as a tool for falling trees speeded production of logs considerably. Two brothers from the Shetland Islands, Robert and Thomas Colvin, pioneer settlers of the Cowichan Station area south of Duncan, on Vancouver Island, are credited with falling the first tree downed with a saw, in Cowichan Country, in the spring of 1884. Seeing the brothers using a saw for falling -something that hadn't been done here- John McPherson, a Scottish farmer and logging contractor, was so

astounded that he rushed up to the couple, waving his hands and shouting in his brogue "Gentlemen, gentlemen, stoppitit now. Ye'll spoilit the saw."

Exhibit No. 1, in the photo, is the actual heavy two-tooth to the raker saw used by the Colvin brothers.



Left to right: Crosscut pole saw, stump, with springboard inserted and falling axe. No. 1 — Crosscut saw used to fall first tree felled in Chowichan district, Vancouver Island, with a saw. 1884. Nos. 2 & 3 — Seven foot bucking and seven foot falling saws used by the author when a logging operator. No. 4 — Whip (or pit) saw, used by Colvin brothers to handcut lumber for author's house and sheds. Author holding springboard. Below Saws — Sledgehammer and falling wedges and swamping axe. Photo by Shirley Green / 1991.

As sawing became the accepted way of falling timber, saws with two cutting teeth and one raker, in groups along their six to nine foot lengths gradually improved. This and the early bridge-tooth type, gave way to the lance-toothed falling saw, with groups of four cutting teeth and one raker, and it's heavier companion, used to buck the tree into lengths. The teeth did the cutting, while the raker caught and pushed the long string of cut material from the cut.

At the turn of the century, the Crescent was a popular make. When I entered the woods in 1933 as a faller on a Japanese crew (with the idea of learning that language, an idea quickly discouraged by my co-workers, who knew a war with the west would eventually come) the most desired falling and bucking saws were the Pacific Coast pattern Royal Chinook, while some fallers preferred the Spear and Jackson or Atkins. Speaking of this latter make, I once viewed, with awe, a falling saw twenty-two feet in length, on display at Crescent City California, used to fall the mighty redwoods of that state!

Falling saws varied in weight, from seven and one-half lbs., with the bucking saws a pound or so heavier. "Swedish fiddle" was the nickname given to the saw by woodsworkers, probably because many of those in the falling fraternity were Scandinavians. I also heard them called "misery sticks", which they were to the uninitiated.

A set of fallers consisted of two fallers and a bucker. In the larger camps, the Scandinavians predominated, and were very hard workers. They earned big money and spent it freely when they hit town. The fallers' tools consisted of their saw and axes, a set of springboards, an eight-pound sledge hammer, two or three long thin steel wedges, and an oil bottle for each man. One man was called the headfaller, who decided in which direction the tree should fall. The undercut was sawed into the tree, approximately one-third, then chopped out. The headfaller would put his axe in the cut, sight along the handle, and line up exactly where the tree was to fall. If the tree leaned the wrong way wedges were inserted into the back cut, pounded into the cut, raising the tree. Once on the ground, the bucker would

take over, cutting the tree into logs. His tools were the same as the fallers, except no springboards, but his oil bottle, with dogfish oil in early days, and later coal oil, was always with him. I still remember falling crews -this when I was quite small- catching the pitch from the large Douglas firs in empty four-gallon coal oil tins, which when full would be sold to local paint manufacturing companies for use in the making of varnish.

Falling sets generally contracted with the logging operator, or company, to fall and buck timber at so much per thousand board feet. Their daily cut was computed by the scaler and they were paid by his scale. In the bigger operations the fallers would make "a face" on their settings. This meant working back and forth along the stand of timber, laying each tree the same way, like match sticks. In heavy stands of old growth timber, they rarely had to contend with much undergrowth. The west coast of Vancouver Island was however, an area of heavy jungle -the rainforest- which had to be cleared around each tree before falling could begin.

Falling was a dangerous occupation. Until it became mandatory in the early 1940's hard hats were not worn. Many workers fell victim to "widow makers" -limbs or chunks hanging in trees, that came down as the tree fell, and "sidewinders", which were smaller trees hit by the falling tree, that shattered, hitting the faller or bucker. There were also defective trees that "barberchaired" -trees that split and flew backwards, injuring or killing the worker. Sometimes dead snags, disturbed by the removal of timber, would take the life of the woodsman, or a bucker would be crushed to death by a runaway log on a mountain side.

The person determining the fortunes of a falling set was the saw filer. His delicate touch with his file on the steel ribbon's teeth could add considerably to the day's cut. If the saw didn't respond to the expected results, the faller would complain bitterly to the filer, telling him "No macaroni comes out. You gotta do better, boy." That meant improved performance, or a change of camps for both fallers and filer.

Author, showing inserted springboard, falling axe, and crosscut pole saw.

The fallers were recognized as the forest workers that could make or break a timber company, by falling the timber -setting in a pattern, free of breakage, and cutting the trees into the best grade of logs. They were the elite of the woods, sat by themselves, aloof, in the camp cookhouse, and generally received preferential treatment.

In the early days of logging, when the "green gold" was pulled from the woods on skidroads to the booming grounds or sawmill, by oxen or horses, timber was cut selectively. Only the desired trees were taken, leaving the smaller trees to grow and be cropped a couple of decades or so later. When crawler tractors were used in later years to yard the yield of the forest, it was possible to continue this early practice of conservation. However, when the highlead system, with it's powerful steam donkey-engines, was introduced, and mountainsides were stripped bare, the picture changed radically. Nothing was left after logging was completed. Even the sparse mountain soil was destroyed. Then natural regeneration took decades to once again clothe those hillsides in greenery.

Then, as Canada was just beginning to pull out of the Great Depression, and B.C. sawmills began once more to sell their products on world markets, something happened that would eventually still the song of the long steel ribbon forever. That was the introduction of the gasoline-powered chainsaw about 1936.

An inventor named Wulff is credited with building the first chainsaw, at his home in Germany in 1920, followed by his countryman, Andreas Stihl, who in 1926 brought out an electrical powered bucking machine, and in 1930, a gasoline-powered model.

However, two years before Wulff created his invention, a Manitoban, James Shand, patented a chainsaw powered by a lightweight, small gasoline

motor, which drove a twenty-four inch cutting chain. Shand tried to interest principals of B.C. forest companies in his invention without success, so in 1930 Shand dropped his patent.

By 1937, Stihl's firm in Germany were manufacturing chainsaws and exporting them worldwide. They slowly trickled into the coastal woods, but many companies were wary to accept them, as they required the experienced attention of both mechanics and filers. By 1939 the chainsaw had increased logging production so much that it had wrested the crown from the handfalling saw. That year Canada went to war and enemy products were outlawed, so Stihl found a company in Massachusetts, U.S.A., to manufacture and distribute his saw in the North American market, under the name "Timberhog". In 1940, I worked on the Whittaker brothers crew of fallers with such a machine, which had proved very efficient and relatively trouble-free.

With a war raging, imports became hard to obtain, and loggers were being called up for military service, so lumber operators, swamped with orders, were hard-put to fulfill the demands. Indeed, the chainsaw had come along at the right time. Fortunately for the timber industry a company called I.E.L. started manufacturing a chainsaw very similar to the Stihl, in Vancouver. Their first product was called a "Model K". Fully equipped, with a four-foot bar and chain, and gasoline and oil, this monster weighed about 145 lbs. This was the machine I had when I started on my own in the falling and bucking contracting business, supplying the needs of quite a number of local small sawmills and 'gyppo" logging operators. I often look with utter disbelief at some of the mountainsides we scrambled up with this, and similar, heavy saws, and marvel how we did it.

As was usual, there was a four-man crew. I hired a machineman, who ran the saw, while I was the headfaller, guiding the light end of the chainsaw and determining where the tree was to fall, after which the two buckers, with crosscut saws, would cut the trees into lengths. Two horizontal cuts were made into the tree, for an undercut, which was about eight to eighteen inches in thickness, and was chipped out with a special pickaxe. Sometimes in rough, steep ground springboards had to be used. I recall one particularly scary occasion, when an eight foot diameter fir tree was being felled on a canyonside. The machine operator was squashed up against a rock, with just enough space to run the saw, while I was on a springboard, with a forty foot drop below me, operating the headend. There I had to stay while the tree fell, shattering chunks of maple and alder all around me. After it was over, the machineman put out a stout limb for me to walk back onto solid ground. Such episodes made falling interesting-and hazardous!

In the 1940's, quite a number of makes of chainsaws appeared on the scene, some manufactured in Vancouver, some in eastern Canada and the U.S.A., all using the "scratch-tooth" chain, then improved to the "chisel-chain", and finally to the "gouge" - type in use now. Stihl's creation is till a popular make throughout the world.

Chainsaws were not always popular with those who wanted to preserve the forest. I remember in 1952 in the state of Maine hearing the screaming of a chainsaw on a hillside, and mentioning it to a bystander, who remarked heatedly, "They call this here state the Pine Tree State, but if they let many more of these dang powersaws in, there ain't going to be no pine trees left!" But, as with most labor saving inventions, the chainsaw of today, so light and efficient, is here to stay, and has banished the crosscut saw -that ribbon of steel that helped to build our country- to the history books and their stories of past years.

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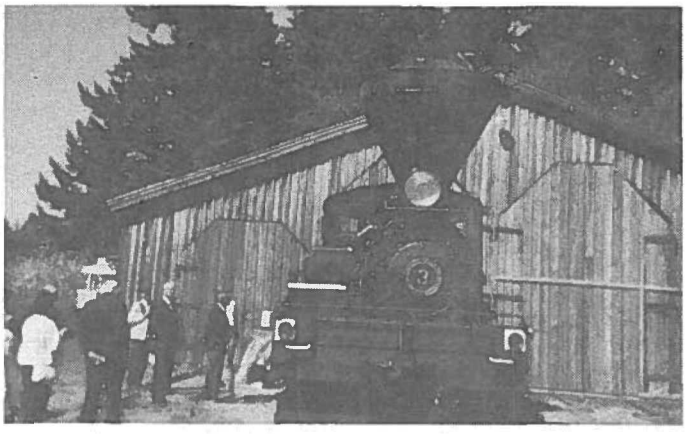
Jack Fleetwood is recognized as THE historian of the Cowichan Valley. He has been writing articles for the local weekly newspaper, the COWICHAN NEWS LEADER, since he was fifteen years old. This is the first time he has written for the B.C. HISTORICAL NEWS magazine; we hope it won't be the last.

Conference 1991



Delegates admire one of the logging engines at the Forest Museum, Duncan. May 11, 1991.

Don Sale, Daphne Paterson (Nanaimo), Mary Rawson (Vancouver), Yvonne McDonald (Salmon Arm), Grace Dickie (Thetis Island).

Bill Brown: Naval Veteran

by Frank Wade

Bill Brown - 1990

For many years I have had the pleasure of knowing one of Canada's oldest naval veterans, if not the oldest. Bill Brown, from Chemainus, will be ninety-three years old this year, being born on 4th April, 1889 in Cumberland, Vancouver Island. His parents came up to Canada by sea from San Francisco and settled in Cumberland where his father worked in the mines. Bill still has a steel trap memory and is a great raconteur with a sailor's quick wit and sense of humour.

He says that his mother never liked Cumberland because it had nineteen saloons. His father had an independent frame of mind for those days. He was on the miners' committee and complained about gas in the mine and was blacklisted by the owner.

Bill started work when he was fourteen in the mine at South Wellington near Nanaimo. He was a driver's helper assisting with the underground horse drawn coal carts. He was involved with an accident when a horse was killed by a loaded cart falling back on it. The manager told those near the accident that they would have to share the seventy dollar cost of the horse. When one of them complained that they might have been hit by the cart, he was told that there were plenty looking for work above ground. So Bill decided that mining wasn't for him and went down to Victoria looking for work in Yarrows shipyard. He had heard that the British Cruiser **Newcastle** was being refitted there.

Through a friend he was told to stay at the Coach and Horses pub in Esquimalt. When he went down to breakfast the first morning the landlady asked him why he was wearing his best clothes. He replied that he thought he should dress up to apply for a job. She told him to change into his work clothes because he would be working that morning. So he went down to Yarrows hiring office and asked for a man that the landlady had told him about. He was ordered to step around the corner out of sight whilst the foreman dealt with others and then was immediately hired. He found out that the landlady was paying off the foreman so that she could get men to stay at her establishment.

The refit of the **Newcastle** was on a cost plus basis and control by the navy was non-existent. Many of the dockyard maties had nothing to do. Bill was one of them, so when he became eighteen in 1917, he decided to join the navy. There was no conscription then, although it was introduced later in the year after a parliamentary crisis.

The Royal Canadian Navy was established on 4th May, 1910 after the Royal Navy had provided naval protection for Canada since the early nineteenth century.

The way was cleared for Great Britain to assume control of the west coast in 1790 when Pitt forced Spain to relinquish all rights for the area. A British Pacific squadron was established in 1837 with its headquarters in Valparaiso, Chile, and R.N. ships came north from time to time. Esquimalt Inlet was picked as the best anchorage for warships and a road to Victoria was laid by naval ratings in 1852. The first building constructed ashore was the naval hospital built in 1855. During the Crimean War (1854 to 1856) a small permanent base was established where ships were based to counter the influence of the Russians. After this the base was permanently manned to counter U.S. pressure.

The Pacific squadron was transferred to the China station in 1905 and Canada took over responsibility for its own naval defence in 1910 when the R.N. dockyards in Halifax and Esquimalt were turned over and the R.C.N. was set up. Three ships were transferred by the R.N - **Niobe**, which sailed from England to Halifax and **Rainbow**, which went to Esquimalt; later **Shearwater**, which was in Esquimalt, was placed on loan.

Niobe was a powerful cruiser, nine years old with a tonnage of 11,000 and sixteen 6-inch guns plus other lighter armanent. **Rainbow** was much smaller and older with a tonnage of 3,600 with only two 6-inch guns. **Shearwater** was a square-rigged sailing sloop with auxiliary engines with four 4-inch guns. The two cruisers were training ships. They were undermanned with a British crew and a few Canadians who would gradually take over as they became trained.

When the First World War broke out in 1914, **Niobe** joined the Royal Navy 4th Cruiser Squadron and took part in the blockade of German merchant ships in New York. Later she distinguished herself by chasing a German armed raider into Newport News. She was turned into a depot ship in 1915 and later damaged in the Halifax explosion in December 1917, when a merchant ship carrying explosives was rammed and blew up causing great damage ashore.

Shearwater did some patrolling at the beginning of the war but was turned

into a submarine depot ship to look after the two submarines C.C.1 and C.C.2, which were purchased by the B.C. government from a Seattle shipyard at the start of the war in August 1914.

Rainbow was thrust into the war immediately, to seek out the German cruiser **Leipzig**, which was thought to be cruising off California, with exhortations to remember Nelson and the British Navy. Unfortunately she missed the German, which was indeed in west coast waters. Later she intercepted two German merchant ships off Baja California and brought them to Esquimalt. She too later became a depot ship.

When Bill entered the navy, both the **Rainbow** and **Shearwater** were in Esquimalt. After some square bashing (parade drill) in the shore training establishment in the dockyard, he was sent to **Shearwater**. He was now an ordinary seaman with duties of cleaning the upper deck, scrubbing and "holy stoning" the wooden deck planks, polishing the brass rails and emery papering the steel stanchions to a high sheen. His life settled into a routine of working on the upper deck, eating his meals and sleeping in his hammock. When the ship went to sea the sails were not used, so he didn't have to climb the rigging and learn how to handle sails.

A navy hammock can be comfortable after one gets used to it. It was basically a rectangular piece of canvas with sixteen grommets at each end to take the "nettles" (cords), which were attached to lanyards to sling it on hammock hooks. In the morning it was lashed up with the lashing rope hitched seven times around it, equi-distant from one end to the other. Bill said that they were stowed on the upper deck, to be used as life jackets in case of abandoning ship.

He also had learned to look after his uniform. Some have said that the old sailors' uniform was not designed for utility but for upholding the traditions of the British navy. Sailors' bell bottom pants can be easily rolled up to swab the deck and taken off in the water in an emergency. The jumper has no pockets to catch in the rigging and the collar, which falls over the shoulder, is a separate item and is tied under it. These collars were said to go back to the days when sailors had greasy pigtails and needed them to prevent the jumper being soiled. The three white tapes decorating them were supposed to represent Nelson's three great naval victories -the Nile, Copenhagen and Trafalgar. He also had his black silk kerchief which was one and a half inches wide and threaded under his collar and tied in a bow on his chest, and God help the seaman who did not have them even at their ends when he was inspected by the captain at Sunday divisions. It was said that they were in remembrance of the death of Nelson but they probably went back to the sweatband worn by gun crews in battle.

Bill talks about the victualling of those days when sailors were allowed a standard ration of 10 ounces of bread, half a pound of beef or mutton, one pound of vegetables, usually potatoes, plus sugar and condensed milk each day. Each mess table appointed its own messman who was responsible for drawing the rations, which were not always of the best quality, and making any prepared dishes such as pies and stews and giving them to the galley to be cooked. Pickled meats, dried haricot beans and marrowfat peas, greasy cocoa and "hard tack" (biscuits), which could break your teeth, were staples when the ship had been at sea for several days.

Shearwater would accompany the submarines to sea and be used as a target ship for them. Apparently the ship had an iron hull covered with oak planking which in turn was sheathed in copper sheeting. Electrolysis set in when the submarines were alongside and pitted their hulls and the copper was removed.

In May 1917, Bill volunteered to become a stoker in **Rainbow** and worked in the boiler room removing the clinkers, loading the fires, transporting the coal from the bunkers and levelling them afterwards. It was hard work but he enjoyed it: not so much spit and polish as on the upper deck. **Rainbow** carried 1000 tons of coal and had to be coaled regularly if she was steaming a lot. All the ship's company including the officers, except the captain and medical officer, were required to coal ship.

In May 1917 the ship, when on patrol off the west coast of Vancouver Island, was forced into Barkley Sound with a hot main propeller bearing. She limped back to Esquimalt and, after further inspection, it was decided to pay her off and she was used as depot ship. By the time the fear of German naval activity in the Pacific Northwest was just about nil. Bill was transferred to Halifax in the spring of 1918 and served in **Niobe** for awhile.

He says that there was still much evidence of the Halifax explosion when he arrived there. He remembers vividly seeing many freight cars lying in pieces beside the railway lines as his train pulled into the station. He saw a beer barrel lying outside Dartmouth, across the inlet from Halifax, which had been blown from a brewery a mile away. Many houses on the waterfront were still in ruins.

In May 1918, Bill was sent to Quebec city, along with a large draft of men to commission six new R.C.N. drifters. 36 trawlers, 100 drifters and 550 motor launches were built in Montreal and Quebec for the Royal Navy during the war, and some were turned over to the Canadian Navy.

Since the cruisers had been turned into depot ships, Canada's main naval wartime activity, at that time, was to provide inshore anti-submarine patrols. By the end of the war, 29 Canadian trawlers and drifters plus many converted deep-sea yachts were used for this purpose. Their job was to look out for mines and sweep them up; seek out and attack enemy submarines and escort slow convoys for a couple of days out to the ocean.

Bill's ship was the C.D. (Canadian Drifter) 33. Bill said that the sailors called them "Canada's Disgrace" or "Clam Diggers". These tiny ships were eighty feet long, about half the size of the W.W.2 corvette. They carried a 12-pounder gun on the forecastle plus the latest in naval technology and weaponry for those days -depth charges, wireless (radio), minesweeping paravanes and under-water hydrophones. Bill said that his ship was the only one that carried wireless. They had a crew of fifteen including two officers, two Engine Room Artificers,

two stokers, a Wireless Telegraphist, six seamen, a cook and a steward. The ships were a modification of British deep-sea fishing vessels. They had a high rakish bow and were very seaworthy in rough weather. When they were using the hydrophones, the ship would be stopped dead in the water and the receiving head lowered from an arm swung out from the ship's side, and the first lieutenant would listen on earphones for the sound of a submerged moving submarine. Bill said that they practiced with the two Canadian submarines from Esquimalt, which were now based in Halifax.

C.D. 33 was based at Halifax carrying out fourteen-day patrols off the port. Sometimes she would work with convoys leaving Halifax. These convoys were always escorted by a cruiser or two to protect them against German armed raiders as well as destroyers, if available, for anti-submarine work. After the United States came into the war in April 1917, there were more naval vessels available to counter the heavy German submarine campaign started in 1917 and which continued well into 1918. Bill says he remembers seeing as many as 68 merchant ships leaving port in one such convoy.

When I asked Bill what conditions were like on these little ships, his eyes lit up and, without hesitation, said that they were excellent. There was no saluting or sirring as in the cruisers. The first lieutenant was a warrant officer named Prothero who was a Vancouver tugboat skipper and his sister had trained in the Nanaimo hospital with Bill's sister. The food was good because the captain used to stop the ship sometimes and the Newfoundland seamen on board would jig for cod. There was always plenty of fish to eat and the extra was pickled in barrels and sold ashore for extra money for the messing account.

The only excitement that the ship encountered was when a U.S. tanker was sunk off Halifax by a German submarine and C.D. 33 sailed out to try and locate survivors. None were found but other ships sighted them and picked them up. Later he was drafted to the patrol craft machine shop in the dockyard and was there when the war ended on 11th November 1918.

He remembers that the city had arranged for the street lights to be turned off three times when word was received by radio when the armistice had been signed. It occurred at three in the morning and everyone tumbled out of their hammocks. Next day there were celebrations downtown, not like the riots that happened after W.W.2. The U.S.N. personnel from the naval air station at Dartmouth started a snake dance on Barrington Street, which was the first time he had ever seen it.

He wasn't demobbed until March 1919, returning to Vancouver Island and taking up mining again. Later he went to work at the mill at Chemainus, eventually becoming safety officer before he retired. Not a man to dwell on the past; however he still loves to talk about the old days in the R.C.N. if anyone is interested.

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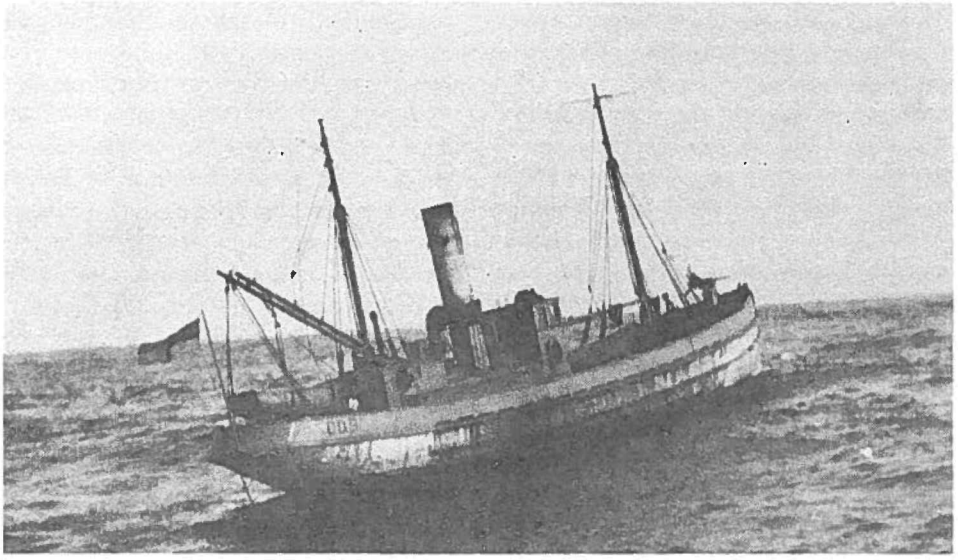
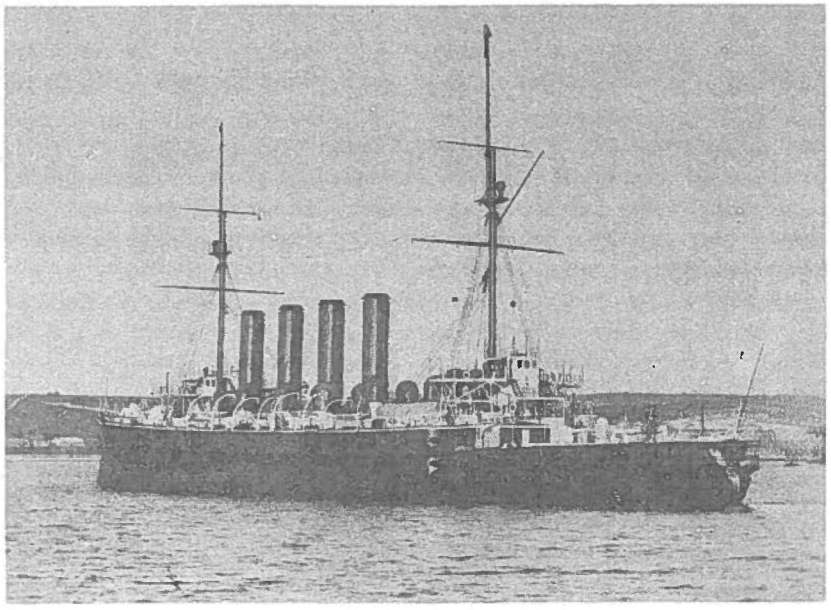
The author makes his home in West Vancouver, where he is chairman of a local Writers Association.



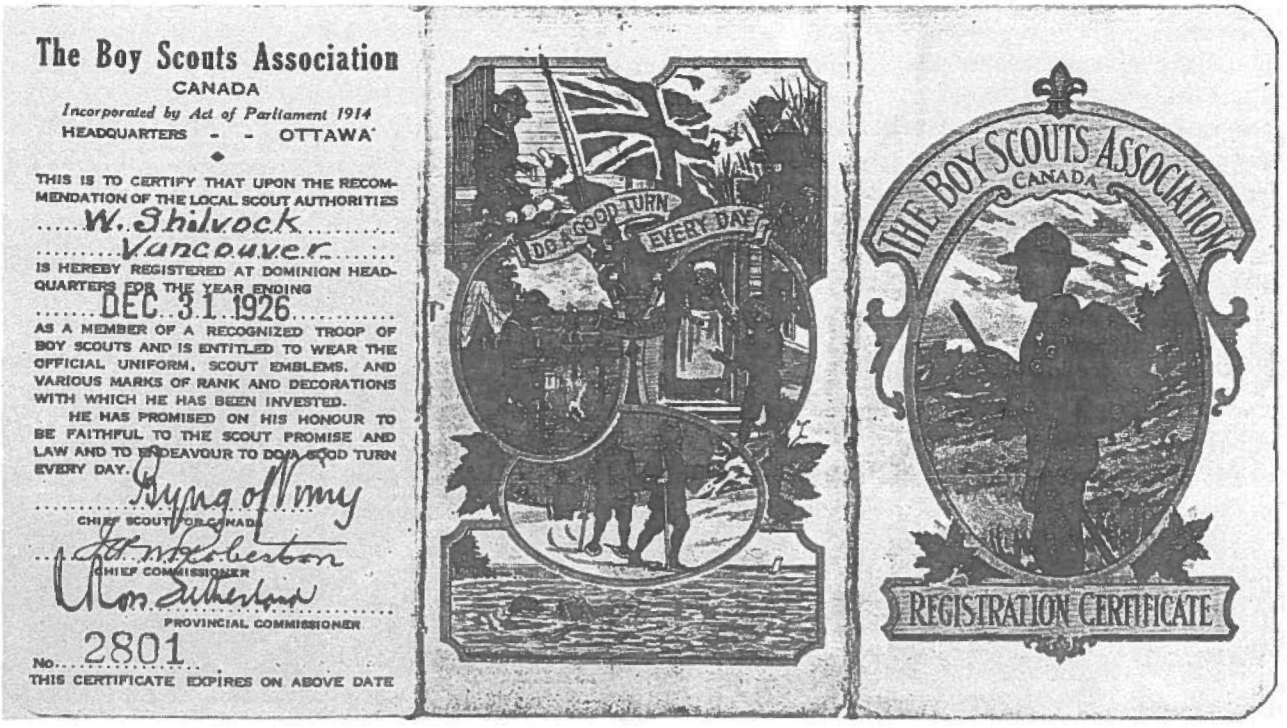
HMC Drifter - C.D. 33 — A very rare photo of this W.W.I class of ship.



HMCS Niobe Cruiser — Commissioned 1910. Paid off 1915. Displacement. 11,000 tons. Length, 466'. Speed 15 knots. Crew, 677. Armaments, 16-6", 12-12 pdrs, 5-3 pdrs, 2-8" tt.

The Boy Scout's Camp Byng

by Winston Shilvock



The Boy Scouts Association
CANADA
Incorporated by Act of Parliament 1914
HEADQUARTERS - - OTTAWA

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT UPON THE RECOMMENDATION OF THE LOCAL SCOUT AUTHORITIES
W. Shilvock
Vancouver
IS HEREBY REGISTERED AT DOMINION HEADQUARTERS FOR THE YEAR ENDING
DEC. 31. 1926
AS A MEMBER OF A RECOGNIZED TROOP OF BOY SCOUTS AND IS ENTITLED TO WEAR THE OFFICIAL UNIFORM, SCOUT EMBLEMS, AND VARIOUS MARKS OF RANK AND DECORATIONS WITH WHICH HE HAS BEEN INVESTED.
HE HAS PROMISED ON HIS HONOUR TO BE FAITHFUL TO THE SCOUT PROMISE AND LAW AND TO ENDEAVOUR TO DO A GOOD TURN EVERY DAY.
Byng of Vimy
CHIEF SCOUT FOR CANADA
CHIEF COMMISSIONER
PROVINCIAL COMMISSIONER
No. 2801
THIS CERTIFICATE EXPIRES ON ABOVE DATE

Camp Byng on the Sunshine Coast of British Columbia, close to Roberts Creek, is one of the most ideally situated Boy Scouts camps in Canada.

The Sunshine Coast stretches for 150 km (90 miles) along the north eastern shore of the Strait of Georgia between Howe Sound on the south and Desolation Sound on the north. Until about 100 years ago the area was inhabited solely by the Coast Salish Indians who, for many centuries, had thrived with the mild climate which provides 2,400 hours of sunshine per year and has an average precipitation of 94 centimeters. In the late 1880s the larger trees in the area were logged off and the semi-cleared land became an enticement for settlers.

In 1889 Will Roberts and his family pre-empted 160 acres of land encompassing a pristine, fast-flowing creek. By 1892 the surrounding area which ran from Wilson Creek to Chester Creek with about four miles of shoreline, became known as Roberts Creek.

Over the years property in this area changed hands off and on and in the Spring of 1922, what was known as the Doherty's place, three miles east of the store at Roberts Creek, was leased for three years by the Vancouver District Boy Scouts Council. it consisted of 201 acres of beautifully wooded land with two streams running through it and 1,000 feet of fine-gravelled beach.

The land had just been leased when it was officially announced that Lord Byng of Vimy, Governor-General of Canada and Chief Scout for Canada would visit British Columbia sometime that summer. Although the camp was yet to be named, the opportunity was taken to have him visit the site and officially dedicate it to Scouting.

On July 21, 1922, 60 Scouts sailed from Vancouver on the U.S.S. **Chilco**, disembarked at the wharf at Roberts Creek and hiked the three miles to the camp. They had just begun preparing for a two-week stint of camping when the news came that Lord Byng would visit them in about a week. Frantic efforts ensued to make everything as shipshape as possible and by the eventful day, July 26th the site was quite presentable.

The Powell River Pulp & Paper Company had loaned its yacht **Norsal** to bring Lord Byng from Vancouver. It was a large yacht and had to anchor some distance off-shore. So, to transport the Chief Scout to the beach, the 1st B.C. Sea Scouts had rowed over in a gig from their camp on Howe Sound and were at the ready for the distinguished guest.

The day was a great success. A tour of the camp was made in fair weather and dinner was served in the combined cookhouse and dining mess which had been converted from an old barn on the property. The food cooked by "Witty" Hamilton impressed everyone. The visit came to an end when the Chief Scout sat with the boys around a Council Fire and gave a spirited talk on scouting. This took place on "Sunset Rock" which overlooked the whole area.

A description of the rock is ably given

by C.J. (Charlie) Merrick in his story appearing in "Remembering Roberts Creek", published by the Roberts Creek Historical Committee.

(Incidentally, Charlie was my first Scoutmaster.)

"Sunset Rock", a large promontory of solid, smooth rock near the beach head is the official campfire site. With the elevation above the sea and its wide, sweeping view of the Gulf, it is a very appropriate spot in which to spend the closing evening hours of a camper's day.

"The sound of the waves, the setting of the sun in the west, the fragrant smell of the forests wafted seaward by the offshore breeze makes for a feeling of comradeship and brotherhood as the day is closed with the evening chant, all singing together, as hands are slowly raised, 'All is well, safely rest, God in nigh,' and the fire slowly dies to red-hot coals."

When the lease ran out on Doherty's place in 1925 the Vancouver Rotary Club bought the land and gifted it outright to the Boy Scouts. Later the club financed the building of the main lodge.

Now, with ownership of the property permanently in the name of the Boy Scouts Council, it was time to name the camp. The decision was made to change from the loose title of the "Scout Camp at Roberts Creek" to "Camp Byng" in honor of the Chief Scout who had dedicated the site three years before.

Untold thousands of Boy Scouts have passed through the camp since 1922, enjoying the benefits of a healthy outdoor life. In 1989, exactly 100 years after the arrival of Will Roberts, 3,600 camped there.

And that's the story of how Camp Byng on the Sunshine Coast of British Columbia came to be.

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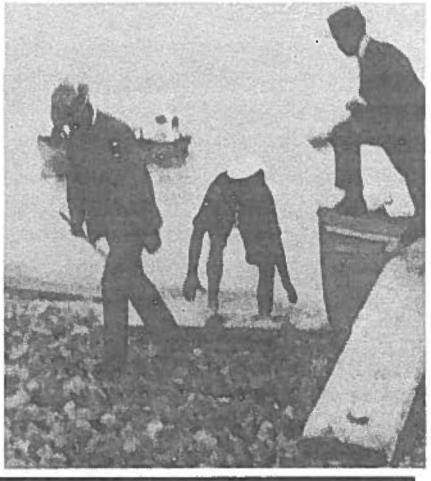
This writer is a retired businessman living in Kelowna. He enjoys researching and writing tidbits of B.C. history. We have appreciated several of his stories that have appeared in the B.C. HISTORICAL NEWS and look forward to presenting more in the future.

Oars Up! Sea Scouts. Coasting onto the beach — Norsal moored offshore. Camp Byng 1922.



Lord Byng walking across the beach from the jig.

THE SITUATION AT ESQUIMALT.

(Depicted by Miss Emily Carr.)

There's a silver Sockeye Salmon
Swimming round Esquimalt Bay
And his tail is curled in anguish
Tears are in his eyes they say
There's a melancholy Middie
Uniformed in blue and gold.
Woeful wailing by the water -
Very downcast. I am told.
Why Oh Salmon' Why Oh Middie?
Mourn you, sigh you, fret and weep.
Is some shadow o'er Esquimalt
Brooding o'er its waters deep?
Aye 'tis sounds of coming, going.
Sad farewells for fish and man.
For the middie different waters
For the fish: - Alas! a can.

Verse and drawing by Emily Carr, published in The Week, February 25, 1905. This commentary was on the closing of the graving dock at Esquimalt. The Royal Navy closed it in 1905: It was reopened when the Canadian Navy was formed in 1910.

The Bike, The Boat and the Plane

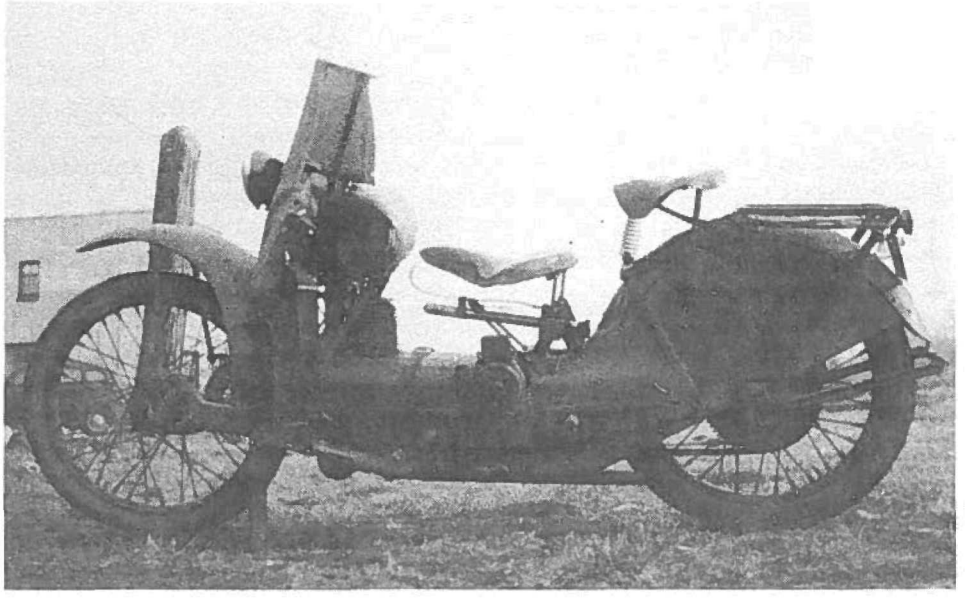
by Edythe Hartley McClure

Queen Charlotte City was the first posting for the newly ordained reverend Basil Hartley. Basil and I met while we were studying at Union College in Vancouver. He was ordained May 19, 1939 at Queen's Avenue United Church, New Westminster, and we were married next day at that church. A month later we were on our way to the Queen Charlottes.

An English motorcycle served as our mode of transportation on the rutted roads on Graham Island. Our most frequent destination was the Skidegate Mission. One pitch black evening we rounded a curve, going uphill, and narrowly avoided a black cow lying in the middle of the road. Basil muttered, "Why can't cows have tail lights?" Early in September we had a day off so packed a lunch and pointed our Neracar north for a tour up island towards Masset. We reached the plank road over the muskeg (two pairs of planks laid end to end positioned to accommodate car wheels). We chose a turnoff (bypass) to have our picnic, and turned on our small battery radio. That is when we heard that World War II had been declared.

The airbase at Alliford Bay had its beginnings shortly after this and Basil became part-time Padre to the airforce. To visit this camp and other outlying parishioners we ran the Mission Boat called the **Udal**. During the summer we went up and down the coast visiting logging camps, canneries, fisheries guardians and native fishermen. On one occasion Basil took the Mission Boat over to the airbase at Alliford Bay to visit and conduct services. He was surprised and delighted to see quite a few airmen come running down the wharf to help tie up the vessel. Later it was discovered that the 'A' in the name **Udal** was hidden by part of the piling, so the men had mistaken the boat for the United Distiller's boat, UDL.

The **Udal** had not been used for many months prior to our arrival. The engine had been dismantled, so Basil spent many happy hours rebuilding it, thankful for his early training as a mechanic. We cleaned and checked the vessel from bow to stern, stocking it preparatory to living aboard between stopovers on the mission route. The first night that we slept aboard the **Udal** it rained. The deck was far from waterproof as the caulking between planks had dried out. The rain leaked through to the galley, where our bunk was made by setting the table at the level of the seats. We spent most of the night hanging any bucket we could find to catch the drips!



Our transportation — 1939 & 40 in the Queen Charlottes. English Neracar.

After two years on the Charlottes, we were transferred to Kitamaat Mission where we worked with native people. Basil became a member of the Aircraft Detection Corps which meant that we had to log all the aircraft that came our way. This item from the A.D.C.'s March 1944 **The Observer** tells of one incident that started while morning service was underway. We could hear a plane going up and down the channel so we closed the service in order to investigate.

Kitimat, B.C.

Recently the crew of an R.C.A.F. flying boat was confronted with the familiar murky coastal weather. The aircraft got off its course and was soon in unfamiliar surroundings. Circling the village of Kitimat the pilot came in for a landing. With the aid of Official Observer Rev. Basil Hartley who had ventured out to meet the crew in a rowboat, the craft was safely moored.

A most welcome meal was provided by Rev. (and Mrs.) Hartley, and the crew was very pleased to find themselves among A.D.C. friends sympathetic to their predicament. The visitors were supplied with the proper directions and the aircraft took off for its destination.

A point of particular interest in connection with this incident is that Rev. Hartley is one of the scattering of Official Observers on the west coast who do not have communication facilities. It is of course reasonable to assume that Rev. Hartley, had he not been an Observer, or any other non-Observer, would "give a hand" in any such incident as this. However, the very fact that Rev. Hartley is an Observer, and has been since the early

days of the Corps, puts him in a better position to render the necessary assistance in such emergencies. Incidentally, our aircraft know that A.D.C. is part of the R.C.A.F., and this is a psychological factor of no small importance.

An important member of the Aircraft Detection team was Biscuits, our Lhasa-Apso terrier. Many times we would hear him barking outside. On going out to quieten him we would find that he heard a plane going over and he knew we had to do something about it. Quite often it was too high up for us to see - but he had done his duty.

While we were at Kitamaat Mission we were adopted into the Kwakiutl Band (now known as the Haislas.) Basil became a member of the Beaver clan with the name, Chief Legaikh, while I was welcomed as Princess Anise Wekhah (or We-Khah) of the Eagle Clan.

Normally there were two teachers and a nurse at Kitamaat Mission, all appointed by the United Church of Canada's Mission Board. At times we had no nurse so Basil and I also looked after the dispensary, as well as Basil being the Post Master there. The Post Office was located in theMission House, so when the mail came in either by steamer or whoever was coming up from Butedale we were busy. The steamer was taken off the run our last year there as a wartime economy. As the **Observer** article notes we did not have communication facilities. Ironically, just as we were preparing for our next move to the interior town of Invermere, word came via the Police Motor Launch that we were scheduled to receive a two-way radio on their next trip. No missionaries went in to replace us so no one carried on Aircraft Detection Services at Kitamaat after our departure in 1944.

Rev. Basil Hartley & "Biscuits" at Kitamaat.

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The writer now lives in Kimberley where she is an active member of the East Kootenay Historical Association.

Gerry Young,
Winner of the 1990 Award for "Best Article Published in the B.C. Historical News." Mrs. Young is a freelance writer, school librarian, mother of five, and longtime resident of Fort Nelson, B.C.

In Memoriam

Burnaby Historical Society and the British Columbia Historical Federation lost one of their hardest working members on April 27, 1991 when Evelyn Salisbury died after a long illness. This good lady was a leading figure in the establishment of the Burnaby Heritage Advisory Committee, the saving of several historic buildings, and many community programs. Her community recognized her contributions by naming her Citizen of the Year in April 1990. She served two terms as president of Burnaby Historical Society, and as chairman of the Scholarship Committee for the B.C. Historical Federation and the Burnaby Historical Society.

Summers on Savary

by Robert E. Burns

About a hundred miles north of Vancouver lies a magical island, Savary. If you can find it on your map, you will see that its long axis lies roughly in an east-west direction, in contrast to other islands to its south in the Strait of Georgia. Strangely there are a number of islands north of Savary which also lie in the east — west axis — no one has come up with an explanation of this phenomenon.

This little island is about four miles in length and no more than half a mile wide at any one place. It was named, I believe, by Captain George Vancouver after one of his officers.

In the early 1920's when I was a kid we lived in Vancouver, then a brawling port of some 150 to 200 thousand souls. Its economy depended, to a large degree, upon coastal logging and fishing and on mining, the latter largely done inland. The Oriental trade had just got into full swing and a little rum-running into the confines of our amiable neighbour to the south helped the economy along.

Loggers and fishermen who came to Vancouver on business and pleasure (I was too young to know much about the latter) had but one mode of transportation to rely upon - the Union Steamship Line. It provided a major portion of the ships fulfilling the needs of the coastal community.

The venerable collection of small steamers (a goodly percentage of which were acquired second-hand), ran between Vancouver and the small seasonal and permanent communities as well as the logging camps and fishing ports of the coast. Their master-seamen could pull into any sort of jetty in any kind of weather at any time of the day or night to deliver or pick up freight and passengers. In the summer months vacationers added to their problems and their revenues.

These coastal seamen were the ones who developed the technique of assessing their distance from shore or any object of much size by sounding the ship's whistle and measuring the time it took for the echo to return to them. The method, though simple and basic, led to the development of radar.

Each summer, for over ten years, Mother and her three children would take off for Savary as soon as school closed. We would be there until Labour Day — about two months in all. Dad would come up for a weekend every few weeks if business permitted. Sometimes he would stay for a week and very rarely, two, a treat for us all. Grandpa, who lived with us in Vancouver, was there for most of the summer — and he had every right to be — for he had made the cottage a gift to Mother.

As I remember, the Union boat would leave Vancouver at about 6 p.m. and I, being the youngest, would be bedded down soon after it passed out of the harbour. This procedure took the combined efforts of Mother and my older sister and brother. We would arrive at Savary, finally, after touching a number of ports-of call, around two or three A.M. Aroused, I was pushed, pulled or carried ashore along with our luggage. We then made our way in the dark to the cottage, with the help of Mr. Keefer, the major domo of Savary's only store. Our cottage was about half a mile from the wharf, and, since there were no cars on Savary, wheelbarrows and carts were used.

Of course, as I grew older, I was given more privileges and was allowed to carry some bags.

The major portion of our luggage — a trunk and some boxes — were consigned to the freight shed and left on the wharf until later in the day. Finally, with the aid of a flashlight, we were able to detect the sign "Thallassi", which Grandpa assured us meant "The Sea" in Greek that only he knew. We had arrived at last.

Hastily fed something, I was bundled off to bed and told to sleep again. The excitement mitigated against such an idea but eventually I would succumb.

So much had happened in such a short time — school out, no more lessons, the boat ride, Savary. How could I sleep? But I did.

To all but me morning came late. I would invariably be awake long before the rest and become a nuisance to everyone. The only one safe was Grandpa who had a room in the attic well away from the noise — his foresight likely emanated from his years of experience as a teacher of the young.

But I was enchanted with the idea that here was Savary, clean white sand, water, fun and food. Food: That was the most important thing right then.

But even before food, I realized that I must attend to my duties —The Pump — It stood there in all its green glory, unattended, on the back porch. A household god. At once I seize its long black iron handle and, with its attendant shrieks and groans, managed to awaken all but Grandpa.

Soon my elder brother would appear muttering to himself and cursing me quietly enough so that only we could know he knew such words. I would be rudely shoved aside while he found a can of rainwater and primed The Pump correctly. Summer had officially begun when the Pump produced a steady stream of clear sweet water. Happy, I raced off to the beach but only to be recalled in short order to "eat a proper breakfast."

Meanwhile, Mother with my sister's help, had been bringing the Kitchen Stove back to life. It had weathered the winter without damage — to the family's delight and amazement. Obviously someone had cared for it, since it was clean and shiny and there was dry firewood beside it. It didn't take much deduction to realize Dad must have arranged for this nicety.

The "First Morning" breakfast was always a wonderful sort of a meal — we were allowed to eat whatever we wanted to. Table manners were suspended to the delight of all — even Mother

enjoyed the relaxed atmosphere.

Then, off to explore. What old pals had arrived before us? Was the beach still intact or had pebbles from Green's Point further invaded the sandy area? How was the water? Who cared? The most wonderful thing on the First Day was to run through the clean white sand to the completely transparent ripples that broke on the shore. We almost feared that we would cut our feet if we stepped into the clear glassy water.

Within a week most of the kids we knew had assembled. Each year we would briefly mourn the absence of one or two, whose families (strangely, we thought) had elected to take their holidays elsewhere. Replacements, like Army recruits, soon filled the gap and, once indoctrinated into the mystic cabals of "Cut the Pie", "Peggie", "Pig In The Middle", "Andy, Andy, Eye Over", "I Spy" and so forth — became one of us. All these games ended in a mass riot of screaming children hurling themselves at one another in no order and under no rules.

After this workout we would generally progress to swimming. Few of us had been swimming since the previous summer for, in those days, swimming pools were few and far between. No one we knew had one and few clubs or schools did either. Our talents, therefore, were few, and our fun consisted largely of mayhem in the shore water similar to what we enjoyed on the beach. If we ventured into deeper water we would be apprehensive of the seaweed and the likely presence of sea monsters lurking in its shadows. Particularly Spider Crabs.

And the sun — it was bright — the air so clear and clean. I doubt if any of us put it into words — but we all felt the difference from the city, nonetheless. The sun's reflection on the water and the heat on our shoulders was enticing — and soon we'd be lying in the sand luxuriating (as much as a kid in his right mind will stay still for anything). No one, then, knew or even seemed concerned about the effects of too much sun. I rather imagine a number of us paid richly for our ignorance. No one seemed concerned about over-exposure to sun then. A "good sunburn" was painful and perhaps might lay a person up for a few days, but the possible consequences were not appreciated. I was jealous of my best friend Pete because he burned so well, try as I might I never succeeded in even approaching his achievement.

Kids had to make their own amusements, by and large at Savary. There were no organized sports except a field day each August. There was a tennis court but that was for older people except at a few rare times. No baseball diamond, no basketball, no equipment of any kind except the raft. In a sense I think this was the best way to go.

There were, however, water, sand, woodland trails, rowboats, fishing, and above all no fixed rules or schedules. No fond parents standing at the sidelines pushing the kid to excel. Each child was his or her own person.

If a kid got bored with games and wanted to spend a little time doing other things — there was always fishing. This was generally done off the end of the wharf — and one could be certain that within a space of an hour, if one kid went fishing, half a dozen others would show up to do the same thing.

But first you had to locate your old fishing line (that may take time but a new one cost fifteen cents and that was a week's allowance). The old line could be cleaned and the hook scraped off — but time was cheap.

You had to dig up some worms — not difficult but time-consuming. Then you would find a part of the wharf with a little shade and you fished through one of the cracks on the deck. If you were lucky you'd get several perch and then you might want to jerk for cod. To do so meant you had another line with a larger hook. You would impale your live perch on this hook and, with the line suitably weighted, lower it off the end of the wharf (cod are too big to be brought up through a crack) and wait the rest of the afternoon out. For cod were few and to catch one was a triumph. These were rock cod and, we were told, they were smarter than most fish.

It was said that if you were really interested in catching cod the place to go was off the rocks at Green's Point. (Since renamed in honour of Jim Spilsbury of B.C. aviation fame — who knew Savary well.) I was never that enamoured of cod. In fact I don't remember anyone eating a rock cod. I think they were generally fed to the dogs — or buried.

Usually, in the afternoon we would go swimming off "The Raft". In this case Mother would frustrate me by her insistence that I rest for an hour after lunch. She insisted that I might get cramps and drown if my meal were not digested. It was an argument I never won. I had to obey orders and listen to the shouts and happy screams coming up from my confreres on the beach and the raft.

There on the raft was the centre of life for our afternoons. It was anchored off shore far enough to be in deep water and near enough for most kids to swim to it. It had a large and small springboard, a tower for high dive and a chute for fun. Unobtrusive adult supervision kept us from any hi-jinks.

The first Saturday in August was Sports Day. It was the half-way point of our Heavenly Existence. All manner of races on land and water were the order of the day. Great enthusiasm was generated — each kid oudoing him (or her) self. That evening at the pavilion at Keefer's store amidst Chinese lanterns and Salal decorations, the older kids and the younger adults danced to a gramaphone while the younger sprouts got in the way, racing about and consuming whatever they could get their hands on. But a "good time was had by all."

An annual rite among kids of my age was the "Hike Around The Island". How long this had been going on I don't know, but it was a "must" in our day. We would cross to the south shore, at Green's Point and then head west past the great banks, sometimes playing on them for a while. Then along the flat tidal beach where there were many large rocks and pools with varieties of sea-life therein. If dogs were with us as they usually were, they would yelp in frustration at these uncooperative life forms who wouldn't permit themselves to be caught.

Having passed this part of the venture we settled down to hard slogging. The Island tapered down both as to width

and elevation and after several hours we would finally reach Indian Point where, — praise be — we would find ourselves heading back along the north coast. By this time all our food and usually all our fluids had been consumed. In retrospect I have never been able to figure out why, knowing this would happen, we didn't have enough brains to conserve our rations. But we never did.

Even so, we would make side trips up abandoned logging chutes and go on little side expeditions. When we would finally reach home, completely "done in", we swore softly to ourselves that we would never do that trip again. Only our mothers felt any sympathy for us. They gave us sustenance and packed us off to bed.

One year's expeditions stands out vividly. As we drew near Indian Point we discovered a dugout canoe high on the beach. It seemed to us that it had drifted there on a full tide. Yet we didn't note that the contents were stashed away neatly. We were so excited at our find that we launched the canoe and pulled and pushed it all the way home, knee deep in water, too excited at our find to feel fatigue.

Exhausted, we were dismayed at the scepticism that greeted us. But we soon forgot that until several days later a middle-aged Indian reported the theft of his canoe to Mr. Keefer. It took no time to find the culprits and no little diplomacy plus some dollars to assuage his rightful indignation. The affair blew over and we got off with stern lectures by parents and much heckling from our peers and siblings.

The incident had one major benefit — it provided each of us with a better base of understanding when the time came for us to deal with the peccadillos of our own young.

Not all our adventures ended so well. One year a boy gave Pete or Drex an old bottle he had found, with a paper therein, which, he said, he would like to follow up but he could not for relatives were coming and he had to meet them. He had picked it up when he was picking blackberries from behind Green's cabin — a derelict cabin which was said to be owned by an early settler on the island who, rumor had it, had been murdered for his money.

The map told of **Hidden Treasure.**

A happy holiday scene. The author sitting on a sandpile on Savary, with the fishing wharf in the background. Taken in 1918.

We swore ourselves to secrecy and, the next day, very early, after a ghost-ridden night of sometime sleep, headed off in search of it.

Following an unrewarding search of the ancient cabin itself, we concluded we should carefully check the area where the bottles had been found. As we entered the tangled maze of prickly vines and bushes we walked squarely into a nest of enraged hornets. Screaming with pain, we tore through the needled bushes down to the nearby beach, setting up enough noise to raise Green's ghost.

There were no heroes that day. Fortunately Pete's older sister happened to be nearby and heard us. She plastered us with cool wet sand — which relieved the pain considerably. Equally fortunate was the fact that none of us was allergic to wasp stings.

Our fine friend who had 'discovered' the map didn't appear for several days and thus escaped the slow demise we had planned for him. By the time we saw him again we had begun to see a trace of humour in it, and so forgot the whole thing — with some reservations, of course.

By this time it was 1928. Grandfather had died earlier in the year. I felt I had lost my closest friend. Dad's business, it became apparent, had been increasingly under pressure for the past several years and was close to collapse. The Depression, which was yet to come, had already sent out warning signals long before the stock market crash. In the fall of 1928 Dad sold what remnants of the business were left, and along with what he could get for our home had enough — or nearly enough — to set up a new enterprise in the interior of the province. Mother undertook to sell "Thallassi" at that time. So that fall she and I went up to Savary to close the house.

I had just turned fourteen and, as I look back, a very young fourteen. I tried very hard to be helpful and brave. Mother was distressed beyond words, though she tried very hard to conceal her feelings. We packed the things that had to go and, once we saw them loaded on the ship, we went aboard and walked about the deck. Once the ship was under way, we stood and watched a part of our life pass by. Others had far worse experiences than we, I was to learn later, but at the time I felt isolated — possibly because I had not yet heard of any others having such a situation arise. I knew then that my Savary that I had grown up with was to be no more.

As we closed in on Green's Point we stood at the rail. Passing Thallassi was especially traumatic to us both but nothing was said. When we reached Green's Point I found myself wiping a few tears from my eyes — but the more I tried to conceal them, the worse it became. I turned away from Mother, hoping she would not notice, for I was ashamed of my weakness. At my age you aren't supposed to cry. Poor Mother! Struggling to contain her own bruised emotions, she had to contend with mine. She said nothing and continued to look steadfastly at the shore, but she rested her hand softly on my shoulder.

The ship rounded the point and headed south.

* * * * * * * * * *

The author is a retired dermatologist now living in Victoria.

100 Years of Peter Flannigan:

by Joyce Thierry

Sitting in a throne-like wicker chair, with a black and white picture of a pouting Winston Churchill glaring over his left shoulder, Peter Flannigan celebrated his 100th birthday at the Pender Island Legion Hall on Sept. 4, 1990. Peter and his 77 year old wife Lois have been residents of this Gulf Island for almost four decades, having moved from Vancouver shortly after their marriage.

It has been a hard 100 years; poverty as a child, two world wars, a depression, and socialist beliefs that have not always been popular. Peter was born in Conception Bay, Nfld, almost 50 years before Newfoundland became a Canadian province, into a poor family who used "large fish for money and small fish for change." He was commercial fishing with his father by the time he was 11 years old, doing his share to feed the family of eight. At 18, he found work as a deckhand on a ship going to Lisbon, Portugal. Through the years, he has worked in agriculture, shipping, logging and construction. From 1909-14, he was employed by the Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad, helping to build the transcontinental road through from Quebec to Prince Rupert, B.C. During WWI he served with the 7th Battalion in France and was awarded the Victory and Service medals. After the war, he returned to B.C. and worked on farms and in lumber camps.

Peter and Lois met and married in the 1950s. They decided soon after their marriage to move to Pender Island where her brother had a guinea fowl farm. They have lived there ever since. When asked how long they had been married and how long they had lived on Pender Island, Lois replied, "I don't remember. Maybe 35-40 years. I know we were here in the '60s when all the young people came." She says they never remember to celebrate their anniversary. Today, they live at Hope Bay on North Pender where Flannigan is a familiar sight on his two-, sometimes three-times daily walks for the mail.

Later, in the relaxed setting of his front room, Peter was at ease explaining his ideas of Socialism. His Newfoundland accent added a twist to some of his works as he talked about the political histories of Russia, China and the United States, saying: "No one country governs anymore. It's universal. It wouldn't surprise me if we had a conflict tomorrow." He keeps up on world events by watching television. He still believes that "You've got to do away with capitalism entirely to have a really clean system." He knows firsthand how hard it can be when your daily struggle includes finding enough food to eat. "I was raised in a very poor family. Everything they got, they got out of the ocean." He thinks too many people overeat today and believes one of the reasons he has lived so long is that he eats small meals, walks every day and starts his morning off with a hot lemon and honey drink.

His interest and commitment to the welfare of others had led to Peter's involvement in the "Wobblies," the nickname given to members of the "International Workers of the World" (IWW), active from 1905 to the early '20s. Poor wages and long hours went hand in hand with unsafe and unhealthy working conditions during those times. Blacklisted as a result of his IWW involvement, Peter was forced to work under different names. Once he forgot which name he had used for the day. Always resourceful, he had a friend go up to the crew boss, point to him and casually ask, "What is that fella's name?" He was then able to collect his pay.

Reminiscing about that time in his life, he said of the IWW: "I learned a great deal from that bunch. An international bunch. Many of them got thrown in jail." Along came the First World War and Peter fought in the trenches in France. His fondest memories are of Paris cafes. One day he was eating fish in a cafe and when he asked the waitress where it came from, she told him he would never have heard of it, some place called Newfoundland. Best codfish he ever tasted, he said. The Scottish soldiers also made an impression on him. "The Scots wore kilts, you know. Those kilts blew in the wind and the Germans could see them. Had a hard time getting them to wear regular uniforms.

When he came back from France, he found what work he could; in lumber, shipping, agriculture. "We used to gather in the harvest fields. You learned a lot, gathered a lot of information from the other workers." He also drove a team of horses for a freight company in Vancouver and for different lumber companies in both Canada and the United States. "But all that stuff is gone now."

One eye-catching thing about Peter is his below-shoulder-length white hair which covers his head like a tangled turban. "Average men of my age don't have hair. Hair keeps your head warm," he stated. It is at Lois' request that he keeps it long but he won't let her comb it for him. "One of our bones of contention," she said with a smile.

"I'm 100 years old, aren't I?" He looked to Lois for confirmation. "I'm older than the average," he said, looking again at Lois and then with a grin he quoted Robert Burns: "A man's a man for all that."

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Thierry is a freelance writer living on Pender Island.

Peter Flannigan with his wife Lois, sister-in-law Kay, and niece Billie - 1990.

B.C. Historical Federation Conference 1991

Duncan residents and Cowichan Historical Society members were genial, thoughtful hosts for the many delegates attending the 1991 Conference. The Thursday evening reception was a happy time when friends from previous conferences greeted one another, then made freshman delegates welcome. Daniel Marshall of Cobble Hill, winner of the first BCHF Scholarship, told the crowd that our scholarship had spurred him on to a Master's degree at University of Victoria, and the challenge of a Ph.D. at UBC financed by the Willard Ireland Scholarship and a Social Sciences and Humanities Research Council of Canada Award (SSRCC).

Friday morning the greetings from Mayor Mike Coleman included references to several fascinating bits of history from northern B.C. and the lower mainland. Jack Fleetwood then presented a summary of Cowichan Valley history in his inimitable style. Wilma Wood explained the Ecomuseum now established in the Cowichan and Chemainus Valleys; this is the first in Canada, but will be emulated elsewhere. The after-coffee speaker was Helen Akrigg, who had carefully researched the recruiting and placement of a group of 100 families transported from Victoria to Cowichan Bay by *HMS Hecate*.

The Group visited the Native Heritage Centre, where lunch was served in a replica of a longhouse. Next they were shown a dramatic slide show, on three screens, with Canadian scenes backed by thundering sound effects and a Los Angeles Choir, depicting the history of the Cowichan tribe.

Friday afternoon's programme included a tour of downtown Duncan, viewing the Museum, meeting Peter Murray launching his new book *Homesteads and Snug Harbours in The Gulf Islands*, and partaking of a delicious tea served by Cowichan Historical Society hostesses. In the evening Daryl Muralt gave an illustrated lecture on mines, a smelter and the rail lines built to service them on Mt. Sicker, 6 miles north of Duncan.

Saturday morning the sun shone brilliantly as the visitors viewed the Forest Museum, or the Maritime Museum and Shawinigan Museum, or the Kinsol Trestle. The afternoon was taken up with the Annual General Meeting. (Report given separately.)

Pamela Mar conducted the presentation of awards to winners of the 1990 Competition for Writers of B.C. History. Each author received a Certificate of Merit and a cheque. Honorary President Mrs. Clare McAllister presented the Lieutenant-Governor's Medal to Paul Tennant for his book *Aboriginal People and Politics*. Colonel Gerry Andrews (recent winner of the Order of Canada) praised Cyril Leonoff for his book *An Enterprising Life: Leonard Frank*. Don Sale gave a summary of *The Sinking of the Princess Sophia*, including memories of his family's association with the event. Authors Ken Coates and Bill Morrison were honoured in absentia. Commendation for the Best Community History of 1990 went to Janette Glover-Geidt for her history of Union Bay, *The Friendly Port*. Her husband Douglas Geidt received the first Certificate of Honour for his role as Publisher of this book. The Certificate for Best Article printed in the *B.C. Historical News* in 1990 was awarded to Gerri Young of Fort Nelson, and accepted on her behalf by Alvin Parker, formerly of Fort Nelson, now of Vancouver.

The banquet was the scene of much gaiety where the host society honoured the new BCHF President, their own Myrtle Haslam, and thanked Jack Green for spearheading the conference preparations. Nora Maxwell titillated the audience with her recitations of "The Cremation of Sam McGee" and two other poems by Robert W. Service. The last speaker, Dr. Patrick Dunae, told of the unusual settlement for underprivileged British children, the Prince of Wales Fairbridge Farm School.

Notices from the B.C.H.F. Annual General Meeting

The meeting, chaired by retiring president John Spittle, featured brief reports by committee heads and branch representatives. Emphasis on financial status was threaded through all considerations. Federation business is conducted entirely by unpaid volunteers who strive to keep operations as economical as possible. Despite all caution, inflation has been merciless, and reserve monies designated for funding the Scholarship and Writing Competition are yielding lower interest. It was decided to maintain our commitment for the annual scholarship at $500 but to award more if circumstances permit. Rising costs of postage, printing costs and all supplies, aggravated by the omnipresent GST, tax our resources to the utmost. Therefore the price of members' subscription to the magazine, commencing in January 1992, will rise to $9 per year. Fees for branch societies will change from the present "$1 a member to 60 members with 10¢ per head thereafter" to $1 per member across the board.

Helen Akrigg reported that, after two years of inactivity, the Publications Assistance Committee had received three enquiries requesting a loan to help with publishing costs.

The Heritage Cemeteries Committee is suspended until further notice.

Elections saw the introduction of some new faces to office. Myrtle Haslam is President: Alice Glanville - 1st Vice President; Ron Welwood - 2nd Vice President; Recording Secretary - Arnold Ranneris; Corresponding Secretary - Don Sale; Treasurer - Francis Sleigh; Members-at-Large -Mary Rawson and Daphne Paterson; Past President - John Spittle.

NEWS & NOTES

SET BACK BY FIRE

This issue is unavoidably late because of a fire at our print shop. Fire started in an upholstery shop and spread to adjacent businesses including Kootenay Kwik Print. The blaze, which took place during Cranbrook's annual Sam Steele Parade, gutted the whole business block. Mercifully we were able to reclaim manuscripts and photographs from the soggy, smokey stacks of files.

The new word processors provide the type styles somewhat different to that used in previous issues. Garamond Type is replacing Century School Book Type — If you have any comments please notify the editor, Naomi Miller.

VICTORIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The Victoria Historical Society continues to be active in a number of ways. Our membership of approximately 225 have a number of ongoing opportunities to participate in meetings, outings and events. Recent meetings have included a visit, meal and talk at the Sikh Temple (a wonderful occasion for us and the local Sikhs), a Christmas banquet at which Terry Reksten spoke on the history of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club; talks by Dr. John Hayman on John Keast Lord, Dr. Patricia Roy on Attitudes of British Columbians to Asians in B.C. — Through Cartoonists's"; J.E. Roberts on Captain George Vancouver (whose bicentennial will be observed in 1992.) Outings have been arranged in the autumn to up — Island points — the historic (100 year old) church at Mill Bay, the Museum and Auld Kirk Gallery at Shawnigan Lake, and the Native Heritage Centre in Duncan.

In other areas, VHS Council is making representation to the City of Victoria for observing the 150th anniversary of the founding of Fort Victoria in 1993. The Society was represented at the week-long exhibition at Hillside Mall for B.C. Heritage Week (Feb. 16 - 23). We also have petitioned the Government to retain the operation of the Emily Carr Gallery, which it has proposed to close on March 16.

Our Society is one of many active in the Capital Regional District for the preservation and enhancement of our historical heritage. We are reaching many residents and visitors. One upcoming project will be the designing of a Points of Interest Map for people to do their own discovery journeys.

HARRISON-LILLOOET GOLD RUSH TRAIL

At Burnaby North Secondary School on March 1, 1991 The Hon. Lyall Hanson, Minister of Municipal Affairs, Recreation & Culture anounced that the Harrison-Lillooet Gold Rush Trail has been declared a provincial heritage site.

As you all know, Burnaby school teacher Charles Hou has taken his students on yearly field trips along the trail as part of their Canadian Studies programme. It is, to quote Hanson, "thanks to (their) persistence . . . the Province has accelerated the designation process". Hanson presented the school with a first edition set of the two volume Birds of British Columbia, published by the Royal B.C. Museum.

Charles, a long standing member of the Vancouver Historical Society will be presented withthe Society's Award of Merit at their Incorporation Day meeting on April 6.

The province now has three designated historic trails — the other two being the Alexander Mackenzie trail and the Hudson's Bay Brigade Trail.

Since I have been asked to present this award on behalf of the V.H.S. I would like also to take the opportunity of affording the congratulations and appreciation of the B.C.H.F.

TELEGRAPH TRAIL

I continue to follow closely the B.C.F.S. Kispiox Resource Management Plan. However, the remoteness from Vancouver prevents any active participation at this time. I must confess that at the time of their last report I felt that the native lands claim issue would solve all our problems. Maybe they are just now beginning!

LARDEAU HISTORICAL SOCIETY

This group has compiled and mapped several historic sites at the north end of Kootenay Lake. They are seeking heritage designation for the Earl Grey Pass Trail leading to Toby Creek near Invermere. The Kootenay Lake Forest District has accorded this trail protection as a Recreational Corridor so they have passed one hurdle towards official recognition of this hiking route.

CAMPBELL RIVER MUSEUM SUMMER PROGRAM

Puppet Theatre at the Campbell River Museum enters its sixth successful season, delighting children and adults from all over the world with the adventures of Campbell River pioneers. Campbell River, located on the east coast of North Vancouver Island, is home to lush scenery, fun-loving people and a rich and distinctive pioneer history. The hilarious mishaps and anecdotes of many colourful characters from the past are recreated through the museum's Puppet Theatre Program.

Public performances and activities are offered in the museum every Saturday at 11:00 and 1:00, from June 1st to August 24. The shows are free with admission to the museum or museum memberships. Come join veteran puppeteers Jean Blackburn and Alison Liebel at the Campbell River Museum, and experience that magic of Puppet theatre!

Campbell River Museum Puppet Theatre is partially funded by a federal Challenge '91 grant and the Simon Fraser University Cooperative Education Program.

For special events bookings and more information, please call Alison and Jean at 287-3076.

CONFERENCE QUERIES

A package of detailed information about the program, the district, sites to be visited, accommodation available and registration was prepared by the planning comittee of the Cowichan Historical Society. Unfortunately some of the delegates arrived in Duncan without having seen anything more than their Registration Application Form.

It has always been the practice to send each branch society two copies of all Conference information, with the accompanying recommendation, "Please duplicate this material for as many of your members as require it."

Pre-conference information, then, should be available from early March to the registration deadline at the home of your Society's secretary. Check with local people first; you may save yourself a long distance phone call!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

In the review of my book, *The People of the Harrison*, in the Spring 1991 issue of the B.C. Historical News, the wording of the title contained a mistake which, though small, unfortunately distorted the whole theme of the book. *People of Harrison*, the version given in the review, is not only uneuphonious, but also suggests a popular-style collection of family histories of the residents of Harrison Hot Springs. The true title is actually *The People of the Harrison*, implying the history of the whole Harrison waterway — river and lake — and the movements of the peoples within its watershed — native people, settlers, miners, loggers. Two small words can make quite a difference!

Daphne Sleigh
Deroche, B.C.

I commend Mary Andrews for her descriptions of Alpine Club members and activities in "Passport to Paradise", Spring 1991. I eargerly read the reference tc "School teacher, Kate McQueen" (page 21). Miss McQueen taught me Latin and English when I was in high school, eons ago.

Audrey Ward
Kamloops, B.C.

WRITING COMPETITION REPORT

A total of 32 books were entered for the Writing Competition of 1990, and after long deliberation the judges selected four winners. The Lieutenant Governor's Medal goes to Paul Tennant, for his Book **Aboriginal Peoples And Politics**, an historic review of the Indian land question since 1849. The others chosen as prizewinners were Cyril E. Leonoff for **An Enterprising Life**, a biographical tribute to pioneer photographer Leonard Frank; Janette Glover-Geidt, for a history of Union Bay **The Friendly Port**, and Ken Coates and Bill Morrison, joint authors of **The Sinking Of The Princess Sophia**, one of British Columbia's 1918 marine tragedies.

The judges have a hard, but probably reasonably enjoyable, job to cope with all the books. Our present judges have agreed to stay on this year, but a vacancy on the selection panel will likely occur for 1992. If you are interested in putting your name forward, please contact **Pamela Mar**.

ENTRIES IN 1990 COMPETITION
Listed in order received.

FROM TRAIL TO RAIL: Surveys & Gold 1862-1904
by Audrey L'Hereaux
(Northern B.C. Book Publishing)
$9.95 — 104 pp.
ISBN 0-921758-03-0

EXCELSIOR! The story of the Todd family by Valerie Green
(Orca Books) $12.95 — 144 pp — soft cover.
ISBN 090501-44-3

SpokeShute: Skeena River Memory
by E.A. Harris (Orca Books)
$24.95 hard cover — $12.95 soft cover. 237 pp
ISBN 92051-41-9 (hdb), 92051-40-0 (ppb)

TRANSIT IN BRITISH COLUMBIA
by Brian Kelly & Daniel Francis (Harbour)
$39.95 — 160 pp — hard cover. ISBN 1-66017-021-X

GINGER: The life & death of Albert Goodwin by Susan Mayse
(Harbour Publ.)
$24.95 — 250 pp — hard cover.
ISBN 1-66017-018-X

THE BROTHER XII by Ron MacIsaac, Don Clark & Charles Lillard
(Porcepic Books)
$12.95 — 192 pp — soft cover.
ISBN 0-88878-268-1

JUDGEMENT AT STONEY CREEK
by Bridget Moran
(Arsenal Pulp Press Ltd.)
$12.95 — 192 pp — soft cover.
ISBN 0-88978-222-9

THE SINKING OF THE PRINCESS SOPHIA
by Ken Coates & Bill Morrison (Oxford U.P.)
$16.95 — 216 pp — soft cover.
ISBN 0-19-540784-9

THE CANDID COMMISSION
by Terry Julian (Signature Publishing)
$14.95 — 159 pp — soft cover.
ISBN 0-9694316-0-0

IT'S UP TO YOU
by Lee Stewart (U.B.C. Press)
$19.95 — 176 pp — soft cover.
ISBN 0-7748-0356-8 (ppb),
0-7748-0353-3 (hdb)

ABORIGINAL PEOPLE AND POLITICS
by Paul Tennant (U.B.C. Press)
$19.95/$39.95 — 305 pp.
ISBN 0-7748-0369-X (ppb),
0-7748-0347-9 (hdb)

COLDSTREAM - NULLI SECUNDUS
by Margaret A. Ormsby (Sandhill Book)
$14.95 — 145 pp —hard cover.
ISBN 0-55056-005-0

VANISHING VANCOUVER
by Michael Kluckner (Whitecap Books)
$39.95 — 207 pp — hard cover.
ISBN 1-895099-24-2

STEEL RAILS AND IRON MEN
by Barrie Sanford (Whitecap Books)
$34.95 — 166 pp — hard cover.
ISBN 1-895099-27-7

WHERE THE FRASER RIVER FLOWS
by Mark Leier (New Star Books Ltd.)
$14.95 — 138 pp — soft cover.
ISBN 0-921586-01-9

THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST
by Edward Nuffield (Hancock House Publ.)
$16.95 — 288 pp — soft cover.
ISBN 0-88839-236-2

COQUIHALLA COUNTRY
by Murphy Shewchuk (Sonotek Publishing)
$14.95 — 176 pp — soft cover.
ISBN 0-929069-02-1

BEYOND THE BLUE BRIDGE
edited by Maureen Duffus (Desktop Publishing)
$12.95 — 189 pp — soft cover.
ISBN 895332-00-1

AN ENTERPRISING LIFE:
Leonard Frank by Cyril Leonoff
(Talon Books) $39.95 — 176 pp — hard cover.
ISBN 0-88922-283-5

LOGGING BY RAIL
by Robert D. Turner (Sono Nis Press)
$39.95 — 326 pp — hard cover.
ISBN 1-55039-018-X

SPILSBURY'S ALBUM
by Jim Spilsbury (Harbour Publishing)
$29.95 — 176 pp — hard cover.
ISBN 1-55017-034-1

HELEN DAWE'S SECHELT
by Helen Dawe (Harbour Publishing)
$29.95 — 152 pp — hard cover.
ISBN 1-55017-027-9

ROBIN WARD'S VANCOUVER
by Robin Ward (Harbur Publishing)
$29.95 — 144 pp — hard cover.
ISBN 1-55017-030-9

WRITING IN THE RAIN
by Howard White (Harbour Publishing)
$12.95 – 256 pp – soft cover.
ISBN 1-55017-010-4

RAINCOAST CHRONICLES - TWELVE
Editor Howard White (Harbour Publishing)
$9.95 — 76 pp — soft cover.
ISBN 1-55017-028-7

THE FRIENDLY PORT
by Janette Glover-Geidt (Douglas Geidt, publisher) #39.95 — 332 pp — hard cover.
ISBN 0-9694760-0-0

JACK'S SHACK
by Jack Crosson (Whistle Punk Books)
$12.95 — 200 pp — soft cover.
ISBN 0-9694807-0-9

ROYAL ROADS MILITARY COLLEGE 1940-1990
by Peter J. S. Dunnett (Royal Roads)
$7.95 — 159 pp — soft cover.
ISBN 0-660-13462-4

WEST KOOTENAY: The Pioneer Years
by Garnet Basque (Sunfire Publications)
$14.95 — 168 pp — soft cover.
ISBN 0-919531-30-X

DEAR NAN: Letters of Emily Carr
edited by Doreen Walker (U.B.C. Press)
$35.95 — 436 pp — hard cover.
ISBN 0-7748-0348-7

THREE WOMEN OF B.C. & THE A.C.W.W.
by Jean M. Robinson (Shirley W.I.)
$7.00 — 54 pp

The above titles are available in many bookstores. Further details available from Pamela Mar or the News Editor. (address inside back cover.)

Book Shelf

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

An Enterprising Life: Leonard Frank, Photographs, 1895-1944.
Cyril E. Leonoff, Vancouver,
Talonbooks, 1990. 176 p., illustrations.
$39.95

Leonard Frank, a German immigrant of boundless energy and enthusiasm for mineral, wilderness and photographic wealth, spent 50 years in British Columbia. He lived the first 18 of those years in Alberni, Vancouver Island, and then moved to Vancouver during World War One, possibly as a result of anti-German sentiments. Leonoff writes, "Leonard Frank, Alberni's other 'favourite son,' slipped away unheralded, almost unnoticed." He was not forgotten, for following a talk by Leonoff on Frank in 1988, elder Alberni residents presented Leonoff with Frank portraits taken of them as children: "It was obvious that, 70 years after his departure from Alberni, Frank had persisted as something of a local legend."

Originally employed by a German merchant on Vancouver Island, Frank settled in Alberni where he opened a general store. While his heart and energy were directed towards the lure of mineral prospecting, he also began photographing the scenery and events of the Alberni Valley and beyond. Frank initially combined "photography with his other interests: prospecting and guiding exploration, hunting, and tourist parties." The mystery of how Frank came to photography is partially explained by his father Louis Frank, who had a photographic studio in Berne, Germany. Beyond that, writes Leonoff, "Folklore attributes the beginning of Frank's photographic career to chance — the winning of a crude camera as a raffle prize at the Alberni mining camp."

By 1907 he was established enough as photographer with a home and studio above the **Alberni Pioneer News**. One writer described his quarters as a "bachhall in a house that is a cross between a kitchen, a parlor, a studio and a scientific laboratory. His appliances, chemicals and results of his work litter the shelves and walls, yes, and the floors, of every room in the house." Frank remained a bachelor and later shared an apartment with his brother Bernard in Vancouver.

Leonard Frank prospered in Alberni during the 1900s and early 1910s. He achieved international recognition in 1910 when his work was chosen by the provincial government for exhibition at a hunting show in Vienna. Receiving special praise was his photograph of ptarmigans walking through snow at 5,500 feet above sea level. Frank also published his photographs in newspapers, magazines and his own publications, beginning in 1907 with the publishing of a charming portrait of a girl holding a grape harvest. In 1910 he published **Beautiful Scenes of Alberni District, Vancouver Island, B.C.**, a common practice among his contemporaries who used the popular Albertype (collotype) photomechanical reproduction process.

Logging photographs were Frank's forte and in 1910 he boasted that "My timber negatives are acknowledged to be the best in this province." Among his important logging photographs are those documenting several firsts in the industry, such as the "First train load of logs hauled from the west coast of Vancouver Island . . .1912", the "First truck logging, 'Gotfredson' logging truck . . . 1929", and "Earliest chain saw action . . .1941."

Frank's move to Vancouver in 1916 or 1917 may have been caused by ill feelings against German-born persons, but another possibility exists, that he had all but exhausted photographic opportunities on Vancouver Island and needed fresh challenges for himself and his camera. The competition was fierce and might have been the reason for Frank's only photographic partnership with Orville J. Rognon. The association lasted a year or so and the Commercial Photo Company was later renamed Leonard Frank Photos. The business rented a suite on the fourth floor of the (present) Imperial Optical Building, 553 Granville St., from 1919 to 1953. Amazingly enough, Leonard Frank Photos took few, if any, studio portraits, nor did Frank ever take colour photographs. The majority of Frank's portrait photographs are of industrial or commercial scenes, with workers carefully posed amidst their work space. Frank's industrial photographs offer to the labour historian a glimpse into diverse primary and secondary industries. Among his photographic experimental efforts were telephoto lenses and infrared film.

Frank won many honours and photographic titles for his work, the most important of which was his elected membership in the British Royal Photographic Society in 1937. The next year he was granted the Associateship title which allowed him to append the initials A.R.P.S. after his name. He held several "official photographer" titles during his career. One honour accorded few photographers in his day was the choice of a Vancouver harbour scene for a 1938 Canadian postage stamp.

Leonard Frank Photos continued in business after his death in 1944 under the management and later ownership of Otto Fernand Landauer. Frank's competent successor continued 'an enterprise in the line of commercial and industrial photography, without ever engaging in portrait work."

The two largest public collections of Frank's photographs are at the Vancouver Public Library and the Jewish Historical Society (Otto F. Landauer — Leonard Frank Photograph Collection). This handsome book was preceded by a touring exhibition beginning in 1986 of 80 photographs. Most of the two hundred images published here are from the Jewish Historical Society. The portfolio of full-page images are largely arranged in chronological order. Leonoff's text is very readable and well documented (more than 400 notes). A history of the archiving and exhibition of Frank's photographs round out this superb production.

David Mattison
a librarian with the B.C. Archives & Records Service, is a photographic historian, the author of two books and many articles.

Spilsbury's Album: Photographs and Reminiscences of the B.C. Coast

Jim Spilsbury, Harbour Publishing, 1990, 176p., illustrated. $29.95

B.C. adventurer, entrepreneur, artist and photographer Jim Spilsbury has recently published a book which will surely delight readers of his previous two books, **Spilsbury's Coast: Pioneer Years in the Wet West** and **The Accidental Airline: Spilsbury's QCA**. Justice is finally done to his photographs and there are many new tales and stories throughout to capture the reader's attention. **Spilsbury's Album** will have equal appeal to first-time Spilsbury readers as it is full of his humorous, sometimes irreverent tales, often told at his own expense, as well as descriptions of people and pioneering life on B.C.'s coast in the early twentieth century.

The main focus of Spilsbury's Album, as its name implies, is photographic. There are over 200 photographs reproduced on its pages. The images, some of which appear in his earlier books, depict friends, family and life on Savary Island in the 1910s and 1920s, coastal villages on the Inside Passage, many of them now deserted, including a number of Indian villages, 1930s to 1980s, Spilsbury and Tindall operations and Queen Charlotte Airlines planes and personnel, 1930s to 1950s and lastly, coastal life from 1930 to 1980. Particularly captivating are the Savary Island images. All are as clear and crisp as the original photographs, thanks to an excellent printing job and the fresh, clean, white paper stock on which they are printed.

The layout of the book is imaginative. The photographs are reproduced in a variety of sizes. Photographs of particular artistic or informational significance are reproduced in large size and often bled to the edges of the pages increasing their visual impact. The images are neatly balanced by text. The photographs are clearly captioned. The captions either explain the significance of the images to Spilsbury, the reason for their having been photographed or the content of the images.

Although the main emphasis of the book is on the photographs, Spilsbury did allow for some storytelling. As he relates in the introduction, "While I was looking over all these old photos trying to come up with concise, pithy captions, I accidentally wrote 35,000 words of new stories. Some of it grew out of the pictures but some of it had a life distinctly its own." There are many anecdotes about people, places and events many of which may have been sobering at the time but which he recounts with great wit and humour. His stories of two unusual and highly eventful uses of dynamite are a case in point equaling his unforgettable account of attempting to land a plane at Masset wearing sunglasses, as told in **The Accidental Airline**.

Although there is much new material in the book, some of the narrative, in order to set the photographs in context, covers the same ground as in his earlier books. Major events, such as the first time he heard the human voice on radio are retold. Usually these accounts are abbreviated. As in his other books the style of the writing is informal, often colloquial, and direct.

Spilsbury has included maps, as in his other books, of the Inside Passage from Prince Rupert to Mission on the inside covers of **Spilsbury's Album**. The book jacket features two evocative pastels by Spilsbury of coastal scenes painted in 1989 and 1990. A one-page index points the reader to people, places and subjects of interest.

Ann Carroll

Ann Carroll is Project Archivist in the Special Collections and University Archives Division at U.B.C. Library.

Coquihalla Country: An Outdoor Recreation Guide.

Murphy Shewchuck, Sonotek Publishing, Merritt, B.C. pp. 176, $14.95

Murphy Shewchuk has enlightened hikers, nature lovers, fishermen, and background explorers for years with his intriguing and well informed books of southwestern B.C.'s outdoors. Another fine example of his work is the **Coquihalla Country: An Outdoor Recreation Guide**. The author provides a variety of adventurous exploring opportunities that are now available to outdoors people as a result of the Coquihalla highway and its connectors. This new highway has opened the ways for numerous hiking and backroad explorations that were not available to all, prior to the completion of this magnificent superstructure.

This book describes several backroads, trails, and leisure activities people can participate in in this territory. Murphy provides a legend with accompanying symbols for each backroad route described in his book. In the legends he provides travel time to complete the route, seasonal and road conditions, nearest communities, and titles of topographical maps for the area. As well, his legends provide symbols of all the activities, such as snowmobiling, cross country skiing, hiking, fishing, and camping, that are available to the people. Pictures interspersed throughout the book gives the reader some idea of the scenery and activities one can expect to find in this beautiful country. The recreational guide is divided into five geographical sub-regions of the Coquihalla country. Some of these backroad areas include Hope to Merritt, Princeton to Merritt, and Merritt to Kamloops. The book suggests the best time when to visit most locations and provides the do's and don'ts of backroad exploring in this territory.

The author provides a historical tinge to numerous routes, if available, which brought so much more meaning to the area besides describing the beauty and other enjoyments people can experience in these areas. The last twenty pages of the book summarize: the history, physical features, climate and vegetation, wildlife, and fish and fishing available in the Coquihalla country. This summary provides an exceptional overview of the area which was very informative.

The only criticism of the book is simple typing errors. Found on page 49 "hreeze" should be breeze; page 73 "Vermilion" should be Vermillion and

page 92 "employmement" should be employment.

Murphy Shewchuk's book, **Coquihalla Country: An Outdoor Recreation Guide,** provides the outdoor enthusiast with a well informed book of this territory of B.C. This book is a must if you are an outdoors person who enjoys finding something new and challenging, while at the same time beautiful and entertaining. The Coquihalla country has something to offer all.

Werner Kaschel

Werner Kaschel is currently enrolled in the twelve month intermediate teaching programme at U.B.C. He has a B.A. and the Public History Certificate from Simon Fraser University.

Robin Ward's Vancouver

Robin Ward. Madeira Park, B.C., Harbour Publishing Co., 1990. pp. 144, illustrated. $29.95

This pictorial tribute to Vancouver's architectural history includes more than 70 pen and ink drawings, many of which have appeared in the **Vancouver Sun**. The author hails from Glasgow but has recently chosen to make Vancouver his home. In 1990, Ward earned a City of Vancouver Heritage Award in recognition of his part in preserving the city's cultural history.

Ward's enchantment with Vancouver is revealed in his faithful and lively renderings of Vancouver landmarks. The delicate drawings were all sketched outdoors in freehand with careful attention to the ornamental detail of each structure. Portrayed with inspiration and a sense of humour (even graffiti are included) the character of each landmark comes alive under Ward's pen.

Most buildings selected for this volume are located in or near the central business district, the area currently most threatened by demolition. Churches, railway stations, banks, government buildings, hotels and apartments are some of the buildings chosen for representation. The drawings are not limited to buildings. Also selected are districts, a pier, a grain elevator and an engine, to name a few.

The carefully researched commentaries accompanying each landmark are informative as well as interesting, blending past and the present and flavoured with quotations. Factual information given includes the type of architectural style, the names of architects, the date of completion and the building materials used. As a bonus for the novice, there is a glossary.

Through these pages, the reader can take a delightful heritage walk through Vancouver, glimpsing vignettes of the past and stopping to examine the decoration of each building. Some of the landmarks are lost forever (the Georgia Medical-Dental Building) and some are examples of adaptive reuse (the Old Courthouse, the CPR Station, the Sinclair Centre and the Kelly Building).

This capsule of Vancouver's architectural history contains a treasure box of memories and will serve as a keepsake for anyone interested in preservation or as a reference tool for the researcher of Vancouver's heritage.

We look forward to future volumes from this artist depicting more Vancouver relics.

Peggy McBride

Peggy McBride is the Planning Librarian in the Fine Arts Library at U.B.C.

The Cannery Book; Salmon Stories & Seafood Recipes

Vancouver, Dobson Communications, 1990. 96 p., illustrated $12.95

Not your usual cook-book, this handsome well illustrated paperback, published by the Cannery Restaurant, is a good read on the salmon industry of British Columbia, in addition to being a useful and attractive cook-book.

Dictionary of Canadian Biography. Index, Volumes 1-X11, 1000 to 1900.

Toronto, University of Toronto Press, 1991. 557 p. $85.00

This index volume provides a cumulative index to the twelve published volumes of the Dictionary of Canadian Biography, of over 6000 persons who died or flourished before 1900. The whole series covers many British Columbia personalities, from Amor de Cosmos to James Murray Yale.

Raincoast Chronicles Twelve.

Edited by Howard White. Madeira Park, Harbour Publishing, 1900. 80 p., illustrated $9.95

Another good issue of this excellent magazine including articles by A.J. Spilsbury, A.M. Feast, Edith Iglauer, Peter Trower, Helen Dawe, Lillian Lamont Bateman, John Watson, Alan Haig-Brown, Howard White, Gordon Ballentine and Paul Stoddart.

We Have Written; A True Story of Triumph Over Tragedy

Mary Elizabeth Raina. Nepean, Ontario, Private Publishing, 1990. 213 p., illustrated.
Available from Mary Elizabeth Raina, City View Postal Outlet, P.O. Box 78041, 1547 Merivale Rd., Nepean, Ont. K2G 3J0. $14.95 & $3.00 postage.

Story of the Raina family, who emigrated from Alberta to Quebec during the thirties, looking for a Catholic bilingual education for their children. Depicts rural Quebec and the domination of the Catholic clergy.

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WRITING COMPETITION 1991

The British Columbia Historical Federation invites submissions of books for the ninth annual Competion for Writers of B.C. History.

Any book presenting any facet of B.C. history, published in 1991, 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".

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

Note: Reprints or revisions of books are not eligible.

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.

All entries receive considerable publicity. Winners will receive a Certificate of Merit, a monetary award and an invitation to the B.C.H.F. annual conference to be held in Burnaby in May 1992.

Submission Requirements: All books must have been published in 1991, and should be submitted as soon as possible after publication. **Two copies** of each book should be submitted. Please state name, address and telephone number of sender, the selling price of all editions of the book and the address from which it may be purchased if the reader has to shop by mail.

Send to: B.C. Historical Writing Competition
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Deadline: December 31, 1991. **LATE ENTRIES** WILL BE ACCEPTED WITH POSTMARK UP TO JANUARY 31, 1992, BUT MUST CONTAIN **THREE COPIES** OF EACH BOOK.

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There is also an award for the Best Article published each year in the *B.C. Historical News* magazine. This is directed to amateur historians or students. Articles should be no more than 2,500 words, typed double spaced, accompanied by photographs if available, and substantiated with footnotes where applicable. (Photos will be returned.)

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