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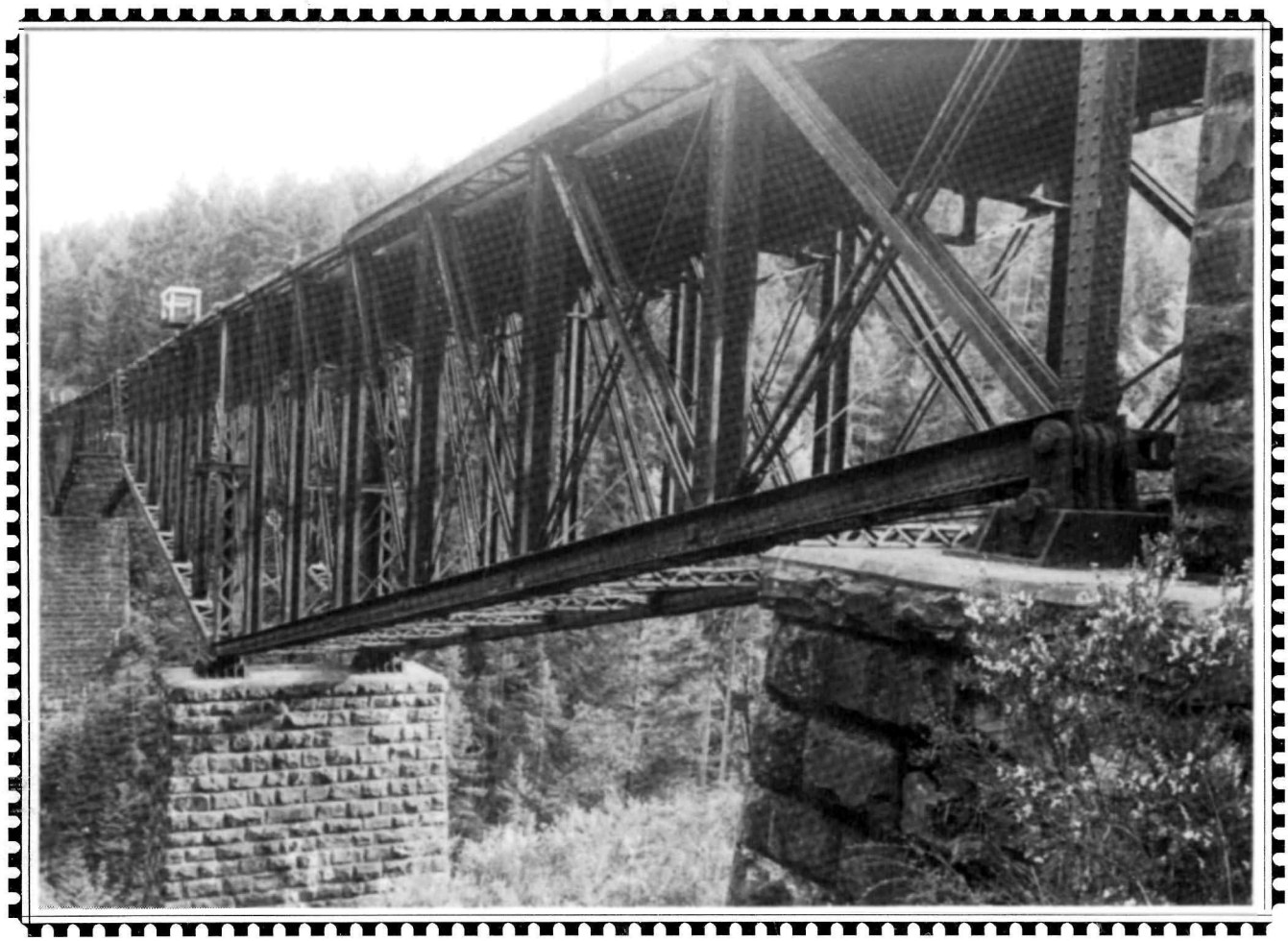

Bridges To the Past

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

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

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Arrow Lakes Historical Society - Box 584, Nakusp, B.C. V0B 1R0
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Kootenay Museum & Historical Society - 402 Anderson Street, Nelson, B.C. V1L 3Y3
Lantzville Historical Society - c/o Box 274, Lantzville, B.C. V0R 2H0
Lasqueti Island Historical Society - Lasqueti Island, B.C. V0R 2J0
Nanaimo Historical Society - P.O. Box 933, Station A, Nanaimo, B.C. V9R 5N2
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North Shuswap Historical Society - Box 22, Celista, B.C. V0E 1L0
Princeton & District Pioneer Museum & Archives - Box 687, Princeton, B.C. V0X 1W0
Qualicum Beach Historical & Museum Society - 444 Qualicum Road, Qualicum Beach, B.C. V9K 1B2
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Nanaimo Centennial Museum Society - 100 Cameron Road, Nanaimo, B.C. V9R 2X1

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BRITISH COLUMBIA HISTORICAL NEWS

Volume 26, No. 4 **Journal of B.C. Historical Federation** Fall - 1993

EDITORIAL

The *B.C. Historical News* is sponsored by a provincial federation aiming to inform readers about events and people from all over the province. In this issue we present two writers who make their homes in Prince Rupert and a lady from Hudson's Hope who tells of her father's enterprises which concluded with farming in Pemberton. You will have a look at transportation in the Columbia-Kootenay Valley in eastern British Columbia and a rich American who purchased an island near Alberni. We have a few more good stories to share with you in future issues but urge would-be writers to get their favorite bits of local history typed, double-spaced, and mailed to the editor before the winter is over.

We hope that local societies are making some move to observe Women's History Month in October. A caller from Delta urged that we devote the Fall 1994 issue to Women's History. I have agreed ... and it will be then that a composite story of Women's Institutes in B.C. appears. (Several WI members have cooperated but more is needed.) There are many possible stories about unsung heroines (and heros). We need your help to write, or to persuade others to write, for YOUR historical journal.

Naomi Miller

COVER CREDIT

"Bridges To Our Past" includes reference to this steel cantilever bridge over Niagara Canyon at the Malahat Summit, Mile 14 north of Victoria on the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway. This is the third span at this location since 1886. The first two were timber trestles. This steel bridge was originally erected over the Fraser River at Cisco, B.C. It was reassembled here in 1911 and reinforced in 1940. The height from creek to rail is 79 metres. Photo courtesy of Tom Parkin.

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Manuscripts and correspondence for the editor are to be sent to P.O. Box 105, Wasa, B.C, V0B 2K0
Correspondence regarding subscriptions is to be directed to the subscription secretary (see inside back cover)

Atlin Adventure

by The Honourable James Harvey, Q.C.

Atlin was the one town in the County of Prince Rupert that survived the 1929–1939 Depression. In his first term President F.D. Roosevelt caused the price of gold to rise from $23 and some odd cents to $35 an ounce. Old placer diggings from 1898 and a few years later were being reworked profitably. There was no unemployment and no relief payments. Economically it was unique in the province. I made one of my law firm's frequent trips there in the fall of 1936. I acted for a litigious old man named Isaac Matthews who had staked a fractional claim on Spruce Creek, on ground which he was sure was open, between claims of a substantial company which was then operating a steam shovel on Spruce Creek. Their claims were appropriately named the Poker, Joker and Croaker and the steam shovel was rapidly approaching Matthews' fraction, which the company claimed was part of the Croaker. Matthews wanted me to engage a surveyor and bring him with me to Spruce Creek. Time was of the essence. As there were no aircraft based in Prince Rupert, I engaged a pilot from Ketchikan, Alaska, to pick me up in Prince Rupert, then fly to Lakelse Lake where we would land and pick up Fred Nash, a surveyor whom I had arranged to be in a rowboat at the expected time of our arrival. All went well and we flew directly to Juneau, Alaska, where we met Isaac Matthews. He had arranged for us to be flown from there to Atlin by a Canadian pilot named Barr who had an ancient cargo plane on wheels. Barr used the mud flats at Juneau as a runway, the only method for a wheeled aircraft. But take-off depended on the conjunction of tide and wind. The tide had to be low and the wind blowing from the only direction possible for a safe take-off. Matthews wanted to use Barr as this was the only way he could hope to recover a lot of money that Barr owed him. During the next two days and after one abortive effort by Barr, Matthews gave up and we were flown to Atlin by the American pilot who had flown Nash and me to Juneau.

During the next few days Nash was busy surveying at Spruce Creek and I drove Matthews' car to the Government Agent's office where I searched old mining records. We seemed to be establishing what we had come for but Nash needed another day or two, so it was agreed that I should return to Prince Rupert as quickly as possible and Nash would telegraph me the remaining information I required to get an injunction against the steam-shovel people from digging through Matthews' fraction.

Meanwhile, Barr had managed to reach Atlin and land on a primitive gravel airstrip which, appropriately, had a cemetery at both ends. Matthews was determined that Barr should fly me to Juneau where landing was a less hazardous operation than take-off. However he insisted that I was to pay Barr nothing. Matthews drove me from Spruce Creek to Atlin and I found Barr at the home of the parents of an attractive young lady whom he hoped to marry. Her surname was Sand or Sands. I gave him Matthews' instructions but he said he had no money to buy gasoline for the trip to Juneau. After a discussion lasting far into the night I agreed to pay him $20 from my own pocket. Early next morning, in spite of heavy rain and limited visibility, we took off. After about an hour I noticed that Barr was losing altitude and peering out of the side window as though searching for something. Then he reduced speed and began to circle over a river in which there were many sand bars littered with logs. He selected the least hopeless of these and dove at it. I thought that would be the end of me, as well as Barr and his ancient aircraft. Somehow he made it, the wheels sinking into the sand and the plane almost vertical, missing by a hair's breadth various logs, finally coming to rest, horizontal by now, a few inches from the end of the sand bar.

The first thing Barr said was that he had often wondered if he could make a safe landing on this sand bar. Then he climbed out carrying a rifle, which didn't reassure me. I thought the safest thing was to follow him and was relieved to learn that the rifle was to be used for nothing homicidal but to be fired three times in the air at short intervals as a distress signal. We were at the junction of the Tulsequah and Taku Rivers; and I could imagine no place more remote from any vestige of civilization. It was pouring with rain. I was most unsuitably clothed for the oc-

casion and had with me only a black valise containing such items as I had thought suitable for the trip.

As Barr's distress signal had had no visible or other response, he decided he would strip and swim to the other side of the Tulsequah where he said a trail led to a trading post. He dove into the river but, not to my surprise, leapt out within a second or two.

We were in the process of making a fire when an Indian suddenly appeared through the woods on the other side of the river. Just as abruptly he disappeared but soon reappeared in a rowboat and gestured us to get in. Across the river he found a trail and led us to the trading post Barr had mentioned, which was on the bank of the Taku River.

There we had a meal and met a man named Nelson, a Canadian Customs officer whom I had previously met in Prince Rupert. He said my only chance of getting to Juneau was to go down river a few miles where there was a weather station on the U.S. side of the border which was in contact with Juneau by radio. He then left us to look for another Indian who had an open boat with an outboard engine. I was running out of money, and of course Barr couldn't help me. When Nelson came back with the Indian I made arrangements with him, which I could just afford, and departed down river in his boat. All went well until we reached the weather station and I was told that this was the one day of the week when radio contact with Juneau was not possible. My only option, I was told, was to go several more miles downstream where there was a lodge operated by a young woman named Mary Joyce, who had a fast motor boat which she used to go to and from Juneau.

With the greatest reluctance and my promise to pay him lavishly if he would take me to Mary Joyce's lodge, the Indian started off with me and my valise in his boat. It took my remaining $5 even to get him started. How I would fulfill my promise to him was in the lap of the gods.

Before leaving Barr at the trading post I was surprised to find him so unconcerned at his own predicament. He said it was sure to snow in a few days and that he would replace his wheels with skis. More about this later.

The Indian became increasingly unfriendly but continued down the river. Soon a pontoon plane appeared out of the fog, flying low over the river. I stood up, waved frantically and gave the hitchhiker's traditional sign. The plane kept on until out of sight but to my relief it reemerged from the fog flying in our direction, landed near us on the river and I was able to clamber aboard. I waved goodbye to the Indian and decided the $5 I had given him was adequate compensation for the short ride from the weather station. The pilot told me that it was my black valise in the centre of the boat that finally convinced him I was in distress. We arrived in Juneau without further mishap. I went to an hotel, got my clothes dried, had a meal and a good sleep and was flown to Prince Rupert where I was able to pay all my debts. Incidentally, the Mary Joyce expedition would have been fruitless as she was in Juneau, delayed by bad weather.

As for Barr, I later learned that he had used only half of my $20 for gasoline. By the time he started to look for a sand bar he had insufficient fuel to fly back to Atlin and couldn't risk going on to Juneau because of low clouds and fog. He was right that he could soon leave the sand bar as snow came to his rescue. Later I heard that his finances must have improved as he had married the attractive Miss Sand. The Sand-Barr nuptials seemed a fitting end to this episode.

When I got to Prince Rupert I lost no time and with the help of Nash's final report I was able to obtain a temporary injunction against the steam-shovel people who had not quite reached Matthews' fraction. They stopped work for the season as they might have done anyway as Spruce Creek was beginning to freeze. The case never came to trial. Instead the defendants bypassed the disputed fraction, leaving it to Matthews' possession. Whether or not he ever recovered any gold from it I do not know. The last I heard of the matter was that Matthews had died.

****

Judge Harvey of Prince Rupert is one of a family of lawyers. His father was one of the pioneer lawyers at Fort Steele and Cranbrook. His son is a Q.C. in Vancouver.

Canadian Historical Association Certificates of Merit for Regional History

British Columbia - Yukon

The Regional History Committee of the Canadian Historical Association invites nominations for its "**Certificate of Merit**" awards. Two awards are given annually for each of five Canadian regions, including British Columbia and the Yukon: (1) an award for publications and videos that make a significant contribution to regional history and that will serve as a model for others; and (2) an award to individuals for work over a lifetime or to organizations for contributions over an extended period of time.

Nominations accompanied by as much supporting documentation as possible should be sent no later than 15 December 1993 to Dr. John Douglas Belshaw, Department of Philosophy, History and Politics, University College of the Cariboo, Kamloops, B.C. V2C 5N3 (Fax: 604-371-5510).

The 1993 awards were presented to:

1) James R. Gibson, Otter Skins, Boston Ships, and China goods: The Maritime Fur Trade of the Northwest Coast, 1748-1841 (Montreal: McGill-Queen's, 1992)

2) Scott McIntyre, Publisher (Douglas & McIntyre, Vancouver).

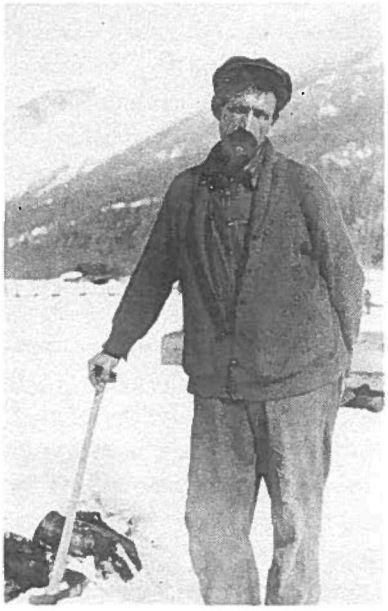
Pemberton Pioneer

by Anita Ronayne McWilliams

Joseph Michael Ronayne was born on April 1, 1875, the second youngest of the seven children of John and Bridget Fitzgerald Ronayne, of the farm Donickmore, near Midleton, County Cork, Ireland. His father died when he was quite young. All Ireland was a province of Great Britain in those days, and the Ronayne farm was owned by an English absentee landlord. It was a struggle to pay the annual rent. In order to get firewood, they had to go out under cover of darkness to gather it on their own place. There was little future for young Irish men, as they could not own land.

At the age of 18, Joe emigrated with his brother Jack to the New World, landing in New York. He worked for a time on dairy farms in New Jersey, rising at 3 a.m. to milk the cows. He contracted malaria here, but I do not think he suffered from it in Pemberton. The brothers moved on to Montreal, whence they took the long train journey across Canada to Vancouver. They were on the train for fifteen days, eight of those snowed in somewhere in the Rocky Mountains. They spent some time in Seattle, splitting shakes, but by 1897 were working on farms in the Fraser delta, first at Ladner and later on Lulu Island. It was hard work with long hours, seeding and harvesting, rounding up cows from pastures, milking, churning, feeding calves and pigs. They got about five-and-a-half hours of sleep a night, apparently with no days off. They were in demand as haying hands and worked so hard that they lost weight. Joe, who weighed 210 pounds when they started the summer's work, went down to 180 pounds.

Gold fever was burning in the hearts and minds of everyone by this time, and the brothers, having decided that they would never make their fortunes working as farmhands, set out for the Klondike in January 1898, taking a year's provisions,



Joseph Michael Ronayne, Pemberton, circa 1925.

six dogs and a horse. In one of his rare letters home, Joe says:

Vancouver
January 31

Dear Mama,

We are going to start for Klondyke the day after tomorrow. We bought a lot of warm clothing and one year's provision, axes, picks and shovels & a whole lot of stuff. It costs more money than we thought to go up there with a good outfit. We are taking one horse and six dogs to pull the stuff in sleighs. Some people say dogs are no good and others say horses are not much good, so we have decided to buy both.

We got that 20 Cornelia sent and were very glad that you did not send more because we know you can't afford it. There are thousands of people going to Klondyke every week now & they say the big rush didn't begin yet. I suppose 99 out of every hundred will come back without a cent.

It was a pity we hadn't the money to go last spring before the boom began. We might have been rich now. However, there is a chance yet.

Every store in town is selling Klondyke outfits now & it is the same in all the cities along the coast. Some people think there will be more money spent in going there than will ever come out of it. It is very cold up there in winter. We are taking a leather coat, each lined with sheepskin with the wool on, a suit of thick woollen clothes called mackinaws, a shirt of the same stuff, & two suits of woollen underclothes. Jack is taking a sheepskin cap & I a cap made of down with cloth on the outside, Indian moccassins, sleeping bags, heavy blankets, and a lot of other things. I don't think we'll freeze for want of clothes anyway.

For food we got flour, bacon, dried beef, beans, butter, lard, dried fruit, cocoa, tea, sugar & so on. We are also taking a little box of medicines sold especially for Klondikers. We bought a rifle & a shotgun too. There is lots of game in some places up there.

We may not be able to send a letter for some time after this, but we will write whenever we can. We were glad to hear that Teresa is going to be married next summer. I suppose the whole family will be married before we get back home again.

Goodbye to all
Joe Ronayne

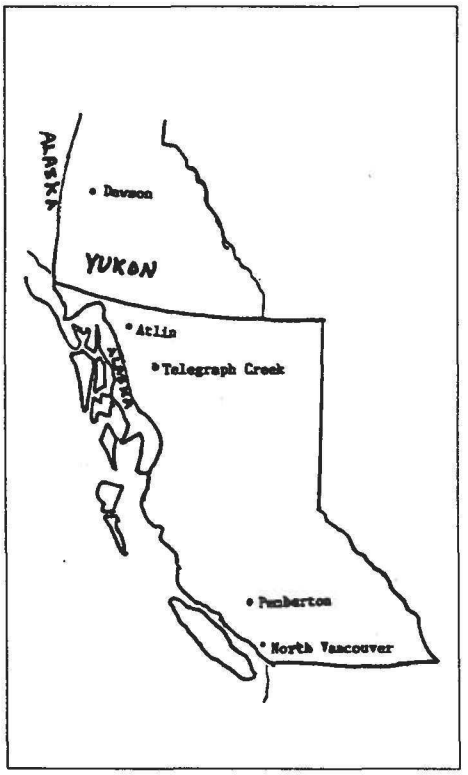
They sailed from Vancouver to Wrangell, on the Alaskan panhandle, made their way by the so-called all-Canadian route up the Stikine River and into the watershed of the Yukon River, and thence to Dawson City. Details of the journey are, unfortunately, lacking, but we know that they arrived in Dawson City and got work as labourers, shovelling muck in the creeks for those who had claims.

Jack apparently left Dawson for the gold strike in Atlin which also happened in 1898, but was never as widely publicized or romanticized as the Klondike rush. In a way, this is surprising, because Atlin, situated in the extreme northwest corner of British Columbia, was every bit as hard to reach, and at the height of the rush, supported a population of about 10,000. It is also one of the most beautiful places on earth.

Jack sent for Joe to join him, and in the following fragment of an undated letter written to his mother, Joe describes conditions in Dawson, and with considerable understatement, mentions his epic journey on foot from Dawson to Atlin in late winter:

> . . . almost walking on top of each other in the streets of Dawson last summer when we got down there. Some would come in and stop a few days to have a look around the creeks, then get disgusted, sell their outfits cheap and float down the river to St. Michaels. Some other fellows and I did some work down there last winter, but we found nothing after sinking several holes twenty seven feet through the frozen ground. We were to get 50 percent of what gold we took out. I started up the river from Dawson on the 15 March with a tent, blankets, a little grub etc. behind me on a sled to go to Atlin. [Note: He would have been travelling on the frozen Yukon River.] It took me 22 days to get here, 600 miles. I found Jack about an hour after reaching Atlin and we have been together since. Jack did a lot of prospecting around this country but he found nothing that was any good. There is a great deal of luck in this business, a fellow just drops on to a good claim by chance.
>
> We have been working for wages this last month or so, we were to get five dollars a day providing it came out of the ground but the claim did not pay so we had to quit. We got 50 dollars each out of it, and the rest is coming to us. This Atlin country does not amount to much, the best claims in it do not pay much more than good wages.
>
> I think we will go to work again in a day or two. Jack got a nice letter from Mrs. Terry lately. She seems to think we go through some terrible hardships and run awful risks out here. We have a strong notion of going home when we leave this place in three or four months from now, but whether we can raise the money or not is doubtful. Jack will be able to tell some great yarns when he goes home, bear stories and so forth. Of course, you can believe as much as you like of them. If we don't go home, I will try to write a little oftener. I have been depending on Jack to do the writing, he writes such a good letter and describes things so fine.
>
> I must now say good bye dear Mamma with love to all at home
>
> Joe Ronayne

The brothers remained around Atlin for six years and were later joined by their older brother Edmond. Joe was not a partner in the Atlin claims, but sometimes worked for wages at $7 a day. He spent a good deal of his time hunting to provide the camp with meat, especially ptarmigan and duck in great numbers, as bag limits were unknown then. Joe and another man were camped somewhere between Telegraph Creek and Wrangell near a glacier, cutting wood for sale at $8 a cord, when Jack came upon them during a trip to the Outside. Jack tells of this meeting in a letter dated merely April 9th. He says Joe pulled a load of wood to Telegraph for another man for four dollars a day and board, pulling 530 pounds. Unfortunately the letter does not say how long it took,



nor how far it was. There is no doubt that Joe was a strong man in his youth. Perhaps it was feats such as this which strained his heart and led to trouble later on.

During this time, they managed at least one trip home, to Ireland, and spent some winters in North Vancouver, where their sister Teresa Miller now lived with her husband and family (Vivien, Sandy and Gerald Ross). They were looking for farm land, and heard that there was nothing closer than in the Pemberton Valley, where land speculators had not yet grabbed up everything. In 1905 they were still in Atlin, Jack filing four claims on McKee Creek, but by 1907 they were farming in Pemberton. In 1906 they had bought three adjoining parcels, paying $12.50 an acre, and for a time operated as a three-way partnership (Edmond, Jack and Joe), but later the Joe Ronaynes withdrew their 140 acres from the partnership.

Clearing was done a little at a time with saw, axe and blasting powder. The land was broken with a plough and grubhoe, a job difficult enough in itself, but complicated by clouds of mosquitoes which swarmed up from the damp grass and every pond and seepage pool.

In 1907, as the brothers coped with various animal diseases new to them[1], Joe

got distemper from the horses and "had two or three very bad spells." The swelling broke into his mouth under the tongue twice and Edmond lanced it from under the jaw and let the pus out on the outside. The infection did not heal quickly and the cut had to be opened more than once. His recovery in the end must have been complete, as I do not remember any mention of this incident by my parents.

It was at the Miller home in Lynn Valley that Joe met Annie van Snellenberg. They were married on June 1, 1911, and lived in a little house on what is now a short street in Lynn Valley called Ronayne Road. He was 36, she, 26. Their first daughter, Margaret Bridget, was born there. Joe seems to have spent his time in North Vancouver hunting for deer to supply the logging camps which at that time operated on the north shore. When Margaret was nine months old, they set out for the farm at Pemberton, travelling via Lytton, Lillooet, Seton Portage and D'Arcy[2]. Four more children were born to the couple as they developed what became a very fine farm — Kathleen Mary, 1915; Ronald Joseph, 1917; Clifford Walter, 1919; and Anita Josepha, 1923.

During thirty years of farming in Pemberton Meadows, the events of history precluded Joe's ever returning to his birthplace. The Great War, the struggle to develop the farm during the 20s, the Depression of the 30s, and World War II, stood between all the pioneers and their homelands. If Joe had not been married with a family, he would probably have gone back to Ireland to help in the struggle for independence during the Troubled Times of the early 20s.

Joseph and Annie Ronayne with Margaret, Clifford (in arms), Kathleen and Ronald (Anita not yet born), Pemberton, circa 1921.

A lifelong socialist, Joe's political views were shaped by the English landlord system in Ireland, and by his observations of the treatment of working and poor people by those in power. Crossing the ocean in steerage class, he saw that the shipboard crew treated steerage passengers with contempt, while at the same time fawning over those who could afford to tip them. He believed in the dignity and worth of working people.

Although he was a well-read man, his memories of schooling with the Christian Brothers in Ireland were unpleasant and his time at school was short. The Brothers were cruel and the food was poor. Lessons were literally "pounded in" to the hapless students. The pounding was effective, though, because he could recite not only verse after verse from Walter Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, but also whole pages of the text of the geography book. He used to recite weather signs in verse, which he had learned as a child: "When toads come hopping on the green, rainy weather soon will be seen," though he didn't place a great deal of store in them. I remember his saying to me, with a twinkle in his blue eyes, "When dogs bark at night, it will either rain or it won't."

He was tall — over six feet — and handsome, with blue eyes and a fine Roman nose, beneath which drooped a splendid red moustache. He was a quiet man, abstemious in his habits and kindly, who loved his family. He had a wonderful sense of humour, and at times a flaring temper, as when dealing with a balky animal. He had great natural dignity, and earned the respect of all who knew him. He saw through sham and pretension and had no patience with either. Gum chewing, cigarette smoking, drinking, women's high heels, were all objects of his scorn. He could see no sense in any of them, though no one could have called him a bigot. He didn't like riding in motor cars and preferred to walk whenever possible. In spite of this, he agreed with Annie that with sons approaching manhood, a car should be purchased, and in 1932 a second-hand 1928 Ford Model A arrived at the farm. He had no interest in learning to drive it.

He loved the mountains and yearly climbed to Tenquille Lake or Owl Lake for a few days' fishing, often with his brothers. Until his sons were old enough to hunt, he provided venison for the family table in season.

In his later years, he began to have trouble with his heart. I remember in the 1930s that he was in bed after a heart attack, and the relatives came visiting. Sometimes he would feel palpitations, which would stop when he did a little work around the yard. In June of 1943 he entered Vancouver General Hospital for prostate surgery. Penicillin at that time was unavailable except for military use, indeed, was unknown, and septicaemia developed. With his weakened heart, he was unable to fight off the infection, and he died in an oxygen tent, at the age of 68. It seemed an unsuitable death for one whose life had been spent on the land and in the mountains. He lies buried on the farm.

****

The writer is the editor of a small magazine,* Wordsmith, *produced in Hudson's Hope. She was advised to send this biography to the* B.C. Historical News *by a subscriber who lives on Bowen Island, her former teacher Mrs. M. Fougberg.

FOOTNOTES

1. See *Pemberton* book.
2. See biography of Annie Ronayne and pp. 90–91, 194–5 of *Pemberton* book.

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Early Travelling in the Columbia – Kootenay Valley

by R.C. Harris

GEOGRAPHICAL SETTING

The Columbia-Kootenay valley is part of the 350-mile Rocky Mountain Trench running NNW-SSE, parallel to British Columbia's eastern boundary.

The natural travel route in the valley is along its east side; the section passing Columbia Lake was sometimes called "The Spirit Trail."[Ref 13] Several pictographs above the trail testify to its long use. On this side, the trail remains fairly well protected from development by the topography, which diverted the waggon road, the Kootenay Central Railway, and Highway 93/95 to the west side of the lake. As late as 1954, the B.C. Minister of Mines was reporting " ... an excellent Indian trail follows the east side of Columbia Lake."

Armstrong Bay, an unexpected arm of Columbia Lake jutting into its east bank, forces the trail onto the Rocky Mountain side, and there are more cliffs to be surmounted above the south end of the lake. These encumbrances were noted by travellers George Simpson in 1841 and James Hector in 1859.[Refs 02, 06]

Geologists believe that the two Columbia lakes flowed south until dammed by the massive delta of the upper Kootenay River arriving from the northeast. Now the Kootenay River bed is raised ten or fifteen feet above the head of Columbia Lake as it passes on its way south. Thus, there is still seepage north to Columbia Lake through the loose gravels. This could be deemed the true source of the Columbia River.

At its north end, Columbia Lake is dammed by the delta of Dutch Creek. The lower Columbia Lake (Windermere) is similarly retained by the delta of Toby Creek.

The fall from Columbia Lake to Golden is very slight, as befits a river which may have formerly flowed south. Thus, the broad Columbia valley is filled with swamps, sand bars and shifting channels. These kept the main trail to the east bank, despite such occasional hazards as cliffs.

TRAVELS BY EARLY INHABITANTS

The upper Columbia and Kootenay valleys were used by the natives for thousands of years in their endless search for food. Salmon came, in season, to the "Salmon Beds" below the outlet of the lower Columbia Lake (Windermere).[Ref 09] Here the immense numbers of spawning salmon pushed up ridges of gravel high enough to interfere with steamboat navigation.

There were mountain sheep and antelope on the surrounding hills, but for buffalo meat and sinew, the Kootenay Indians made an annual hunting trip to the Buffalo Plains east of the Rockies via the upper Kootenay River and Kananaskis Pass. This continued until the buffalo were exterminated by others. Then the Kootenay Indians began herding cattle by the Columbia lakes.

Within historic times the valley attracted a small band of Shuswap Indians under their chief Kinbasket. They migrated from the west and settled, against some opposition from the resident Kootenays, on the east side of the Salmon Beds (opposite Wilmer), where their descendants remain today, but without the salmon. The annual flow of salmon stopped with construction of the Grand Coulee Dam on the Columbia River, 1935 to 1940.

EUROPEAN EXPLORATIONS AND TRAVELS

The fur trade brought the first recorded European contact when David Thompson of the North West Company settled briefly near the mouth of Toby Creek in 1806; at Kootenae House, as he called it.[Ref 01]

Governor George Simpson came south through the valley in 1841, on his westward trip around the world.[Ref 02]

Four years later, two British army officers, Warre and Vavasour, travelling almost incognito, recorded the next expedition past the Columbia lakes. (Captain) H.J. Warre left us a recognisable lithographed hand-coloured landscape, "Source of the Columbia River, July 30, 1845." [Ref 04]

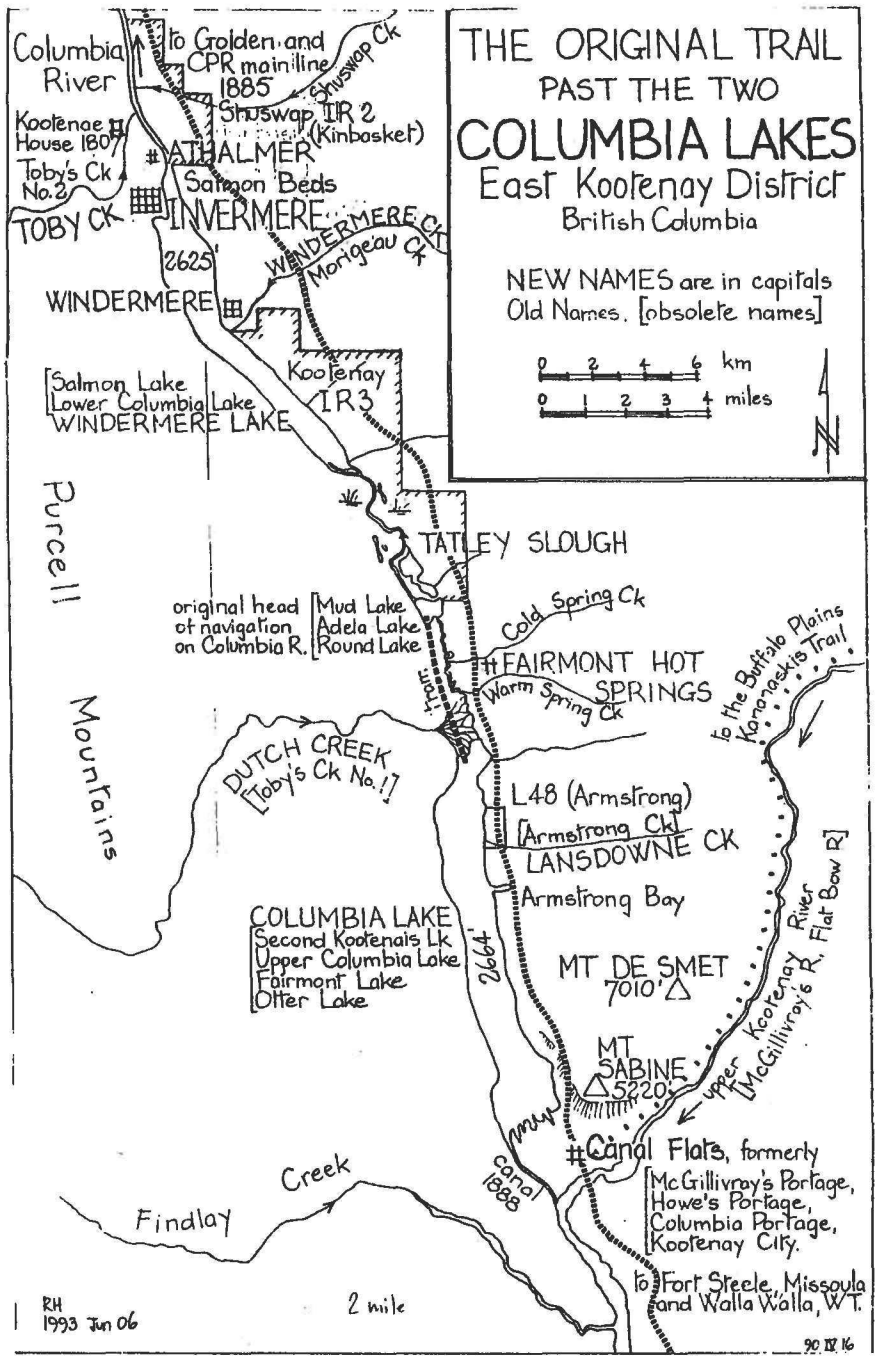
In the same year, Reverend Father Pierre Jean DeSmet, SJ, also passed the Columbia lakes on the east side, leaving a decription and an interesting oblique map, in French, of the sources of Columbia River, namely the two Columbia lakes and the headwaters of Kootenay River, as seen from the west.

Coming from the south, he shows the crossing of Kootenay River, and from it a portage of two-and-a-half miles to the first Columbia Lake. The trail continues north on the right (east) side of this lake, passing "Fontaine chaud," which is now Fairmont Hot Springs.

Halfway along second Columbia Lake (Windermere), he passed Baptiste Morigeau's camp, where he shows "My Tent." On "8 Sept 1845," about eight miles below the second lake, he erected a "Cross of the Nativity" on a knoll, to record his visit, then turned eastward up a major valley, presumably Sinclair Creek.

Dutch Creek is shown as "Riv. du Côté," a massive flow from the west. Toby Creek is "Riv. à Thompson," since DeSmet was aware that David Thompson had built Kootenae House at its mouth.[Ref 03]

The next explorations were by the British Palliser Expedition.[Ref 06] John Palliser first saw the Columbia lakes on August 27, 1858, when he came down Palliser River from the continental divide,



and continued down the upper Kootenay River to "Columbia Portage" (Canal Flats). He climbed several peaks for views of the country; from Mount Sabine he "was astonished to find" himself 2600 feet above upper Columbia Lake. He could see far up and down the Rocky Mountain Trench.

The following year, Palliser's geologist, Doctor James Hector of Kicking Horse fame, travelled south up the Trench from the Kicking Horse River, where Golden now stands.

September 17, 1859, Hector was approaching the Columbia lakes:

> Along the banks we found a good many dead salmon, which had, no doubt, been worn out by their long ascent from the sea. We afterwards saw them all the way to the source of the Columbia at the two lakes, ...

October 02, 1859, he passed along the east side of the two lakes:

> Early this morning we reached the upper Columbia Lake, and to pass along its eastern side required us to ascend about 400 feet above its waters, and wind along the face of a precipice ... The opposite side of the lake is low and flat for a considerable distance.

PLACER GOLD MINING

The tranquility of the valley was disturbed by the Wild Horse Creek placer gold rush, starting in 1864, which led to pack train routes being established over the old trails from the south.

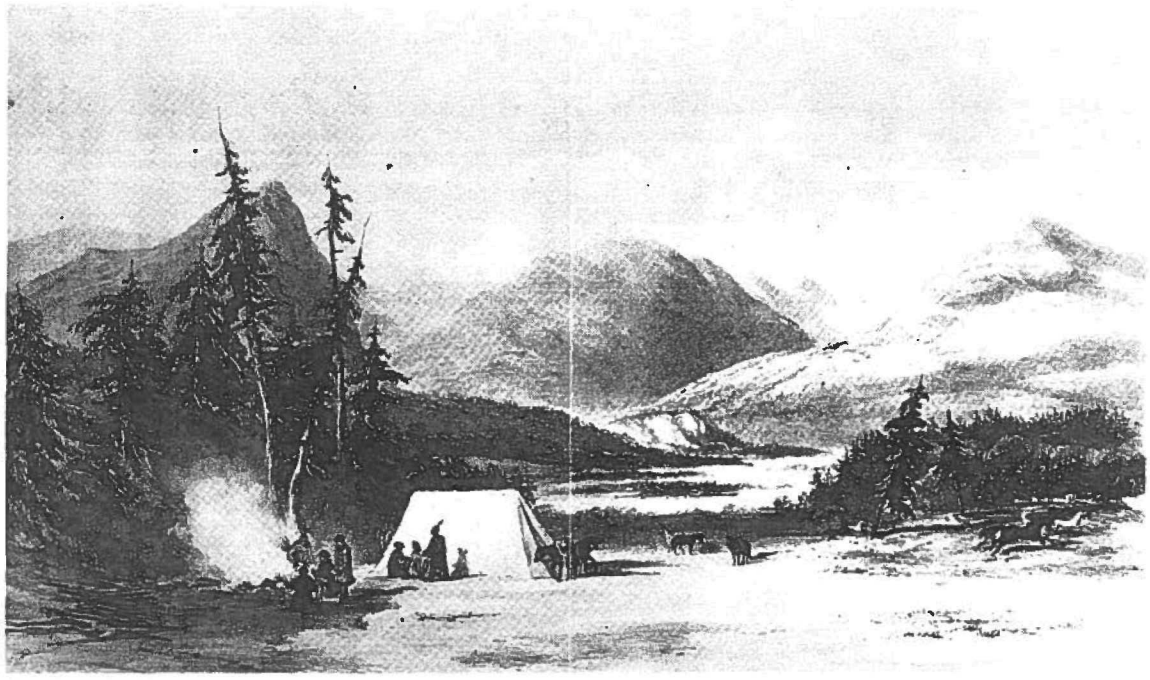
Pack trains from the north began when the Canadian Pacific Railway started operating past "The Cache" at the mouth of the Kicking Horse River on the Columbia, now called Golden. Some maps of this era named the route "The Kicking Horse to Wild Horse Trail."

The pack trail was gradually converted to a waggon road from Fort Steele to Golden, and Frank Armstrong, one of the CPR surveyors who quit the railway service at Golden, established a steamboat service up the Columbia to the headwater lakes. This connected, via two short portages eventually laid with rails, to Kootenay River and Wild Horse Creek. A riverboat service to the Great Northern line at Jennings, Montana, soon became effective.

INDIAN DISSATISFACTION

The rights of the sparse Indian population were ignored by the newcomers. Reports of the Indians' dissatisfaction reached Victoria, and surveyor A.S. Farwell was asked to investigate.[Ref 07] From his report of December 31, 1883, we learn that the Indians began keeping cattle when they found that the buffalo had failed on the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains, and they saw that white men were successfully wintering cattle on the east side of the Columbia lakes:

> These Indians at present own about 400 head of cattle and some 500 horses. The major part of their cattle have been wintered heretofore on the east side of the Columbia Lakes. This is a favourite grazing place of the Indians, and they felt very sore at its being pre-empted,



Source of the Columbia River, July 30, 1845. This painting was done by Captain H.J. Warre on his travels. This reprint found in Artists Overland catalogue at the Burnaby Art Gallery.

occupied and fenced in by white settlers ... On the 9th July last [1883], FP Armstrong and D Bellhouse recorded [pre-empted] 320 acres and 80 acres respectively along the eastern shore of the Upper Lake. These last two records the Indians look on with particular disfavour, as they are located on their long-used and favourite cattle run ...

While leading us along this trail, Naomi Miller showed us several groups of decayed logs with their cut ends still recognisable. They were likely remnants of Frank Armstrong's unwelcome fences, blocking the trail at the boundaries of his District Lot 48 (see map). It is said that some Indians called him "Chief Strongarm," rather than Armstrong.

PROMOTERS, DEVELOPERS AND LAND RECLAMATION, c.1888 Refs 08, 12, 14

With the new transcontinental railways operating to the north and south giving better access to the country, promoters hoped to reshape the land to their needs. Reclamation of the flats at the river deltas looked attractive. A small navigable canal, with the potential of diverting the upper Kootenay River to the Columbia, was dug by hand. Eventually, however, the reclamation schemes, which required large government concessions and subsidies, were dropped.

COMMUNICATIONS IN THE DISTRICT (1889) Ref 09, 10, 11

Gold Commissioner Cummins reported to the Minister of Mines on the East Kootenay Mining District as follows:

> The Columbia and Kootenay valleys are exceptionally favoured by their topography for transportation purposes. The present communication ... is ... by the Kootenay mail line of steamers plying from Golden Station, on the Canadian Pacific Railway, southwards for 120 miles to the Columbia lakes: thence the government waggon road carries the traffic to Fort Steele and Cranbrook in the southern part of the district. This road has been likewise extended northward from the lakes down the Columbia valley to within 25 miles of Golden ...
>
> As the mines develop, a trunk line of railway will be constructed [from the CPR at Golden] up the Columbia and down the Kootenay River to join the projected Crow's Nest [rail]road ...

PRESENT TRANSPORTATION FACILITIES

Steamboat service was superseded by the more reliable railway forecast in 1889. The British Columbia Southern section of the railway (Crowsnest to Kootenay Landing on Kootenay Lake) was opened in October 1898. The Kootenay Central Railway was completed (Golden to Colvalli, four miles west of Jaffray) in 1914. This line was upgraded in the 1960s to carry coal north in 100-car trains to the main line at Golden, whence it is carried to Vancouver for export.

Highway traffic passed Columbia Lake on the west side. The road leaves the east side of the valley near Fairmont Hot Springs and crosses the Columbia River and Dutch Creek, which the old trail avoided.

There is an airstrip at each end of Columbia Lake.

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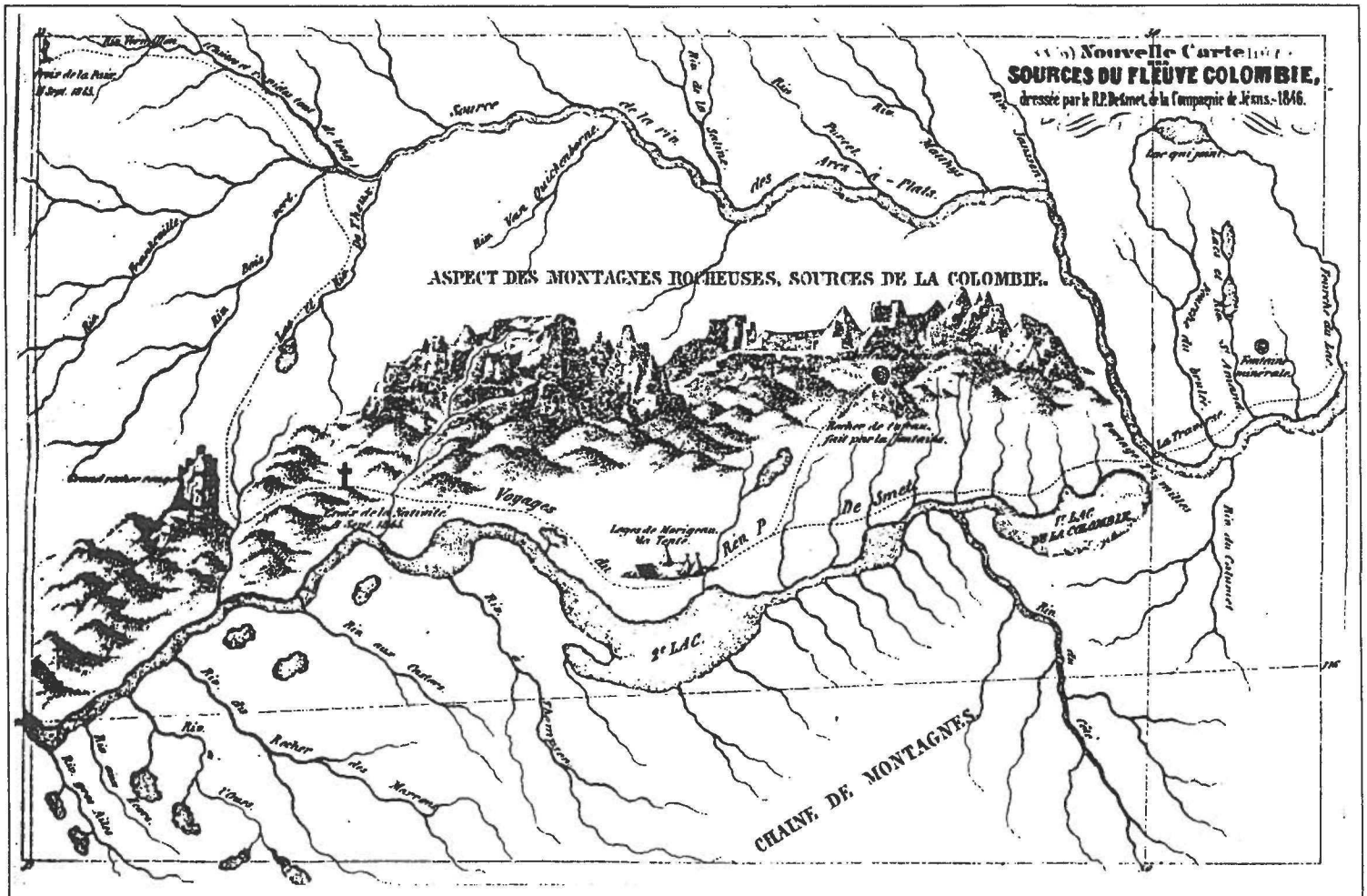
R.C. Harris is a retired engineer who has researched and hiked a great many historic trails in our province. He is also very active in the B.C. Naturalists Federation and the Vancouver Map Society.

ANNOTATED SOURCES

Before walking over the ground, it may be helpful to read some of the records giving the setting of the trail:

Ref 01 1808. David Thompson's maps and journal give the earliest



Map drawn by Father De Smet to record his mission travels west of the Rockies. Courtesy UBC Special Collections HR F880 S6314 p. 80.

accounts of travel by the Columbia lakes. Thompson's best map was not published until 1843. Between the upper lake and Kootenay River, he shows "Carry 2 miles."

Ref 02 1847. *Narrative of a Journey Round the World* (1841), p. 128. Simpson and retinue (southbound) camped at the foot of the second Kootonais (Columbia) Lake. Early next morning, he was taken to see the three (Fairmont) hot springs. Then, resuming his journey, "our route lay at first along the face of a steep hill which rose abruptly from the shores of the lake ... "

Ref 03 1846. In *Missions de l'Oregon, 1845 – 46.* Father R.P. DeSmet, SJ.

Ref 04 1848. *Sketches in North America and the Oregon Territory.* (Capt) H.J. Warre. "Source of the Columbia River, July 30, 1845."

Ref 05 1859. Map of "The Provinces of British Columbia, & Vancouver Island ... ," John Arrowsmith, June 1, 1859. This is a superior map, " ... constructed at Great Labour ... ," and from a notice under the title, Arrowsmith intended to exert his copyright. However, he was likely indebted to other map makers, such as David Thompson, for his details. He shows the trail along the east side of the Columbia-Kootenay valley passing the two headwater lakes. The upper lake is Otter Lake, the lower is Salmon Lake. In season, salmon reached the Salmon Beds here from the sea, spawned, and died in immense numbers. There is a three-mile portage (now Canal Flats) from the upper lake to "Kootanie, Flatbow or McGillivray River." To the south, the trail forks at what became the placer mining settlement of Wild Horse, the right fork going along the Grand Quête (Moyie) River and Lake to the lower Columbia River. The left fork follows the left bank of Kootenay River, passing through the Tobacco Plains near the US border.

Ref 06 1857 to 1860. *British Parliamentary Papers*, reprinted by Irish University Press (IUP). Palliser's explorations of British North America extended from 1857 to 1860. His official papers, illustrated with maps redrawn by John Arrowsmith, will be found in IUP Reprint, Vols. 22 and 24.

Arrowsmith's 1860 map, "Saskatchewan River and Rocky Mountains. Routes [explored] under the Command of Captn John Palliser, 1859 – 1860. James Hector, 1860," shows, but does not name, the two Columbia lakes, in fact the detail is much inferior to his 1859 map. At the head of the upper lake, a Kootenay Indian camp is shown. The camp of the Shuswap Indians, where Morigeau was living, is shown northeast of the lower lake. The trail passes along the east side of both lakes.

Ref 07 1883. A.S. Farwell's "Report on the Kootenay Indians" to the provincial government on the land grievances of the Kootenay Indians. In addition to the loss of their traditional lands, reclamation of large areas of seasonally flooded land was being proposed, together with the (diversion/navigational) canal between Kootenay River and the uppper Columbia Lake (*B.C. Sessional Papers*, 1884, pp. 325 – 327). The tenor of his report is still timely.

Ref 08 1888. *The Kootenay Valleys and the Kootenay Districts, British Columbia: With Maps*, p. 23. The Kootenay Syndicate, London, England. An example of land development and land sales promotion, 1882 to 1890.

Ref 09 1889. *Minister of Mines Reports, B.C.*; especially p. 372.

Ref 10 1902. For a photograph of a miners' pack train leaving the Salmon Beds for the Delphine Mine, see the *B.C. Minister of Mines Annual Report for 1898*, p. 1035.

Ref 11 1952. "Steamboat Days on the Upper Columbia and Upper Kootenay." *BCHQ*, Vol. XVI, Nos. 1 & 2.

Ref 12 1956. "The Kootenay Reclamation and Colonization Scheme and William Adolph Baillie-Grohman." Mabel E. Jordan. *BCHQ*, Vol. XX, Nos. 3 & 4.

Ref 13 1985, 1987. *The Kootenay Advertiser* for September 30 and October 07, 1985, and May 25, 1987, gives background on the Kootenay Indians and their culture. The 1987 article is a reprint of a 1912 article with an early account of a trip over "The Spirit Trail," the "bridle path" along the east side of Columbia Lake.

Ref 14 1987. "The Upper Kootenay River Canal." Mabel E. Jordan, *Canadian West Magazine*, No. 8, Summer 1987.

Ref 15 1989. *The Legacy of Fairmont Hot Springs.* Janet Wilder. "The resort history; plans for the future," p. 125, maps, i11.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The writer thanks Naomi and Peter Miller, Art Taplin and Ken Favrholdt for their genial assistance in compiling data on the Columbia lakes, and in arranging hikes along the ancient trail and at Wild Horse.

Canon Stanley Smith — Missions to Seamen

by Roy J.V. Pallant

Flying Angel seamen's club at 50 Dunlevy Avenue North on Vancouver's commercial waterfront. Photo courtesy of the Seamen's Mission.

It is near enough to Christmas to tell a Christmas story, especially since it is about a man who promotes an atmosphere befitting Christmas all year round. Anyone who has had the privilege and pleasure of meeting Canon Stanley Smith or listened to his clever, humorous, articulate and memorable sermons will agree.

At this time, Canon Smith is a busy retired Anglican clergyman; but before his retirement, his ability to serve God and His people with intelligent kindness, good will and a great sense of humour was applied in his capacity as a chaplain to Missions to Seamen. He was an Anglican priest who sometimes partied as often as seven nights a week, all in the line of duty. His job was to provide a home-like atmosphere at the Vancouver headquarters and entertain hundreds of lonely and homesick seamen who passed through the doors of Flying Angel House, 50 North Dunlevy, Vancouver.

The brilliant sea-blue house built in 1906 remains today, a landmark on the waterfront and a beacon to sailors who know the work Missions perform around the world.

When the National Harbours Board vacated the premises early in 1973 there was a resistance to the historic building being torn down or renovated inappropriately for commercial use. So the Mission was offered the house, paying a nominal rent on a 10-year lease.

In September 1981 the National Harbours Board made a gift of the building to the Missions to Seamen on the 125th anniversary of the foundation of the society in London, England. Number 50, North Dunlevy, was originally the office building of Hastings Mill. In 1864 the building was near the water's edge. To the northeast of it, on the other side of Burrard Inlet, was Moodyville with its sawmill. To the west, towards the promontory partially guarding Burrard Inlet, was the hut of The Three Greenhorns, with their small coal and brick clay claim, while to the east was a small summer resort called New Brighton, used mainly by people from New Westminster.

On November 30, 1865, the English-promoted British Columbia and Vancouver Island Spar, Lumber and Sawmill Company received a land grant of 243 acres for about $250, on which they were to build a sawmill. The mill started production in 1867, however in 1870 it was bought by a San Francisco firm for $20,000 and renamed the Hastings Sawmill Company after Rear Admiral Hon. G.E. Hastings, commander of the Royal Navy base at Esquimalt.

In 1955 the Vancouver Harbour Commission purchased the remaining 40 acres of land with 250 feet of water frontage for $2,450,000 and the entire area was known as Hastings Mill. The land west of the mill was surveyed as the townsite of Granville in 1870, popularly known as Gas Town and the nucleus of the future city of Vancouver.

In 1873 the first public school was opened on Hastings Mill property and the Granville Post Office was opened in Hastings Mill Store. In June 1886, fire swept through Vancouver, incorporated in April of that year, and although the mill was saved, many of the houses and outbuildings were lost.

In 1889 the mill was sold and the new owners merged with the Royal City Planing Mills Company. The new firm was called B.C. Mills and Trading Co. Ltd.

In 1900 the firm decided to build semi-fabricated homes, schools, and churches which were shipped as far as Winnipeg. As samples, the company built two offices, the first on Carrall Street for the office of their False Creek plant, and in 1906 the building at 50 North Dunlevy was completed. These showpieces contained panelling with different types of British Columbia wood: hemlock, red cedar, balsam, etc., regrettably all painted over in the 1920s. The basement of the building contains an appropriate foundation with beams 47 feet long.

In December each year, Canon Smith's tiny office in this building was piled high with shoe boxes filled with small gifts, writing materials, toiletries and candy. Donated and packed by various churches and charitable organizations, the boxes were taken aboard ships by Canon Smith to be distributed to men who would be at sea on Christmas Day.

The idea started in 1953 when there were often sick seamen in hospital far away from home with no one to care about them. A note went into each box asking the recipient to write a thank-you note to the church or organization which packed the box. Stanley said the men usually wrote and sometimes the packers received wonderful letters. But, just to be sure, Canon Smith wrote to all the packers himself.

In 1973 Flying Angel House was just one of 95 such clubs sponsored by the Anglican Church around the world. At that time Canon Smith had been in the Missions to Seamen field for 36 years, and his father had been similarly involved before him. Canon Smith had worked in the Middle East, South Africa and England before coming to Canada.

The usual term for a chaplain at that kind of job was five years, but that would vary. Canon Smith remained in Durban, South Africa, from 1938 to 1945 because of the war. He then served in Johannesburg as Regional Secretary for Southern Africa from 1945 to 1948. By 1973 he had served in Vancouver for 19 years and when he retired in 1975, he had completed 40 years in the Anglican Church ministry, 38 of them with Missions to Seamen in various parts of the world.

This portrait of Canon Stanley Smith was taken by Campbell Studios, c. 1960.

Canon Smith said the aim and object of the Missions is to minister to seafarers in any way they can. "The Missions realize seamen are away from home for periods varying from four months to two years, depending on their nationality and contract. It can be a lonely monotonous life," he said. "Their wives, families and girlfriends are all at home."

So every night there was a "starboard watch" by young women volunteers who came to Flying Angel to provide a welcome, entertain, or just sit and talk to the lonely.

Canon Smith said he could not stress too strongly how wonderful it was to have women doing this kind of thing. The men need to talk to women. They are tired of men by the time they get off the ship. Besides the hostesses, there were other volunteers who staffed a small canteen which sold coffee and snacks.

Private donations, grants and the Anglican Church kept the house operating. Besides the party room furnished with tables made from cut-down beer barrels and covered with nautical-design tablecloths, there were a television room, lounge, three or four games rooms and a quiet office where seamen could make a long-distance telephone call in privacy! In the first four weeks after the Mission opened at 50 North Dunlevy, 783 seamen from 17 countries signed the guest register. Canon Smith remarks that at university he had to learn Greek, Latin and Hebrew, but these were of no use in trying to communicate with the sailors of many nations he met at that time. (He tried out his Greek a couple of times but it was Biblical Greek, which caused much amusement.)

One of the most profitable and interesting fund raisers for the Vancouver Mission came from Canon Smith's tremendous talent for embroidery, which he learned years ago in a naval hospital while recovering from an ear operation. A nurse dropped materials into his hands and said, "Try that!" So he did, and his North Vancouver apartment walls and furniture and those of his daughter bear witness to his prolific artistry, including his portrayal of The Last Supper.

But the story goes that when he first took over the Vancouver Mission he realized they did not even have a tablecloth to put on the club dining room table. So he lent his own cloth to the club volunteers and went out to buy a replacement. But in so doing he became inspired with the thought that here was the way to initiate a church organ fund: have people inscribe their names on the tablecloth, instead of the customary quilt, and charge them a "quarter" — he liked the North American term — for having their name embroidered. He commenced with 25 tucked away in a corner, but it was a start. Next he was asked to give a talk to the Gyro Club at the old Georgia Hotel in Vancouver. Afterwards he invited their signatures at 25 cents apiece. Instead they offered $50 if he would embroider their crest on the cloth.

Soon after, Canon Smith was asked by the Lions Club to give them a talk on the work of the Mission and, again when asked, he recounted his tablecloth story to raise money for an organ. This time nothing was said and nothing happened for two or three days. Then Mr. Fairly, president of the Lions Club, arrived with four members and said, in return for embroidering the Lions' crest on the cloth, would he accept the donation of a new Hammond organ?

Canon Smith took his treasured tablecloth to England on a lecture tour for the Church of England and later in visits

across Canada, when he donated his own time to tell churches and groups about the Missions to Seamen. When the tablecloth was covered in signatures and crests, he had collected no less than $17,000 for the Mission. The 8-foot by 4-foot cloth was framed and hung on the wall of the North Dunlevy Mission.

The Missions to Seamen got its start on the west coast of England. In the Bristol Channel, midway between the coasts of England and Wales, lie two lonely islets. One, Steepholm, is a bare, desolate rock standing in bold relief against its background of sea and sky; the other, Flatholm, is conspicuous by reason of its lighthouse. On a summer day in 1835 a young clergyman on vacation was walking with his son along the cliffs near Clevedon when their attention was drawn by a glint of light from a window in the lighthouse on Flatholm. The boy asked his father: "Daddy, how can those men go to church?" The young clergyman, whose name was John Ashley, unable to answer his son's question, visited the two islets and found a ready welcome there. He learned that these people would greatly appreciate the opportunity to attend a religious service and throughout the rest of his stay at Clevedon he visited the islets regularly. Eventually his vacation drew to a close. On his farewell visit he inquired about a large fleet of lightships off the coast of Wales, whose presence he had noticed. He learned that the fleet had been unable to leave the Road and had been cut off from the shore. So, before he left Clevedon, John Ashley went out to the light vessels and there received the same ready welcome which had awaited him on Steepholm and Flatholm. He found that no one ever visited the crews or seemed concerned about their long isolation.

John Ashley was astonished. Here were the seamen of what was the greatest maritime nation in the world utterly neglected! He determined to decline the living he had been offered and to devote his life instead to the men of the sea. In 1837 a society was formed called the Bristol Mission. In 1845 this name was changed to the Bristol Channel Seaman's Mission, with Dr. Ashley as its first chaplain. The cutter *Eirene* was built to visit seagoing vessels. Services were held on board when appropriate.

In 1856 a preliminary meeting was held in London to form a national society, the Missions to Seamen Afloat, At Home and Abroad. Two years later the original Bristol organization united with the London society under the name of Missions to Seamen.

"But there is not much use talking to a man about religion when other things are weighing heavily on his mind," says Canon Smith. "In a way the Mission is performing a semi-welfare type of work. We try to fill a gap, to alleviate the loneliness and separation the seamen feel because they are virtually cut off from the opposite sex, family and friends."

Canon Smith said his work was exactly the same as that of a parish priest. But there was a difference in that Canon Smith's parish extended virtually around the world. Visiting ships in Vancouver, he received a warm welcome from all but the Russians at that time. "I could always meet an old friend and make a new one," he says.

The story of the Missions to Seamen in Vancouver is almost as old as Vancouver itself. Within 15 years of the building of the first shanties on the shores of one of the world's finest natural harbours, enough ships were entering the First Narrows to warrant the establishment of a shore haven for seamen.

Canon Smith with sailors on mess duty aboard ship. "Only another ton to go."

The first Seamen's Institute was therefore established in 1900 by the Reverend J. Fiennes Clinton, next to St. James Church on Gore Avenue. In 1904 the establishment became part of the Missions to Seamen Society and in 1906 the Reverend H. Collison arrived from England at the request of St. James Church.

As the port and the young city grew in size and importance, the original buildings became too small and a move was made to the West End. In 1922 a fire necessitated another move, this time to 1121 West Hastings Street, then Seaton Street. It was in this building, originally the home of Dr. Henry Bell Irvine, that the work of the Missions was carried on for the next 34 years. In the main hall (an addition to the house constructed by local seamen), sailors from all over the world found companionship, recreation and spiritual comfort away from their homelands.

Arabs, Greeks, Indians, Armenians, Germans, men of the mercantile marine of all colours and many faiths, enjoyed the picnics, dances and parties arranged by the hard-working members of what were then called the Harbour Light Guild and the Senior Light Keepers. The ranks of these two women's auxiliaries, the first primarily a money-raising group, and the latter, composed of unmarried girls, a group for social activities, were later augmented by a third group of young married women, the Watch Ashore.

An active board of directors has always played a prominent part in the affairs of the Missions to Seamen in Vancouver. Among those to be found in the records are W.W. Maskell, T.W.B. London, E.W. Dean, A.H. Reed and B.W. Farmer.

It was in 1930, during the chaplaincy of the Reverend T.H. Elkington, that the movement began for a new building. Dropped due to the Depression, the plan was again revived when the will of Edward Disney Farmer bequeathed the Missions $10,000. This formed the nucleus of the

building fund.

In 1944 the land and property adjacent were offered to the society for the price paid for it at a tax sale, $4,000. The purchase money was forwarded from headquarters in London and was ultimately devoted to the erection of the chapel in the new building, the Stuart Knox Memorial.

In 1952 the land for the new building was purchased from Alaska Pine for $13,500 and in the following year the two adjoining properties were sold by the Missions for $75,000. In May 1954 construction began.

The cornerstone was laid by the Honourable W.C. Woodward and dedicated to the memory of Edward Disney Farmer whose bequest had originally made the building fund possible. On October 3, 1954, the new building was officially opened at an impressive ceremony at which the service was conducted by the bishop, The Right Reverend Godfrey Phillip Gower. Headquarters of the Missions to Seamen was represented by Mr. Peter Trumper.

So at last there was in Vancouver a building worthy of the men served by the Missions to Seamen. But time passed and the building was purchased and demolished in a massive city development.

So the North Dunlevy Flying Angel House was the sixth home, beginning with St. James Church, and the fifth residence of the Mission. Books and magazines, much sought after by the seamen, were carried by the armload aboard ships. "We helped with little things," Canon Smith says. "We took the men to soccer games and races at Exhibition Park, on sightseeing tours and to ethnic restaurants. We showed what religion is by doing something and by caring."

One sailor told Canon Smith that in 1972 when the shoe boxes of small gifts were distributed, that box was only the second Christmas gift he had received in all his years at sea. All the Mission is trying to do is to be human and show a sense of caring.

Although the visiting seamen were encouraged, they were not coerced to visit the small chapel in Flying Angel House. The chapel's motto was "All may enter, none must."

"The service was simple and short and modern hymns were sung," said Canon Smith. "I called it the down-to-earth approach to church ritual."

Everything in that chapel was donated, including three wooden tablets on the wall carved by a local sculptor, Samuel Burich. He was the man who caught the whale "Moby Doll" (following the male "Moby Dick") which was housed in the Vancouver Aquarium.

The wooden tablets depict the disciples fishing after Christ was crucified, hauling in the nets full of fish after taking the Lord's advice to try a different spot and being united with Jesus.

"The Lord looked after his followers," explains Canon Smith. "Remember, he gave them a fire of coals, and fish and bread, not another sermon. We give the seamen football games, books and dances."

These wooden tablets remain today at 50 North Dunlevy and if looked at closely, the carvings will show that three of the disciples are wearing a navy collar, a merchant seaman's jacket and a fisherman's jersey. The boat they are fishing from is a representation of Samuel Burich's own.

Operating and maintaining a Missions to Seamen clubhouse was not by any means easy, in spite of the good intent. With the administrative difficulties at the time, Canon Smith can only conclude that the "out of the blue" offer of 50 North Dunlevy for the clubhouse was an obvious answer to prayer. He spent $4,000 and a lot of hours converting this office building to a clubhouse. Canon Smith was also in charge of three satellite clubhouses, one in New Westminster sponsored by Holy Trinity, and one on the North Shore at the corner of St. Andrews and First Street, North Vancouver, sponsored by St. John the Divine. These were operated by volunteers. One of these was Marguerite (Peggy) Green, who donated the splendid stained glass window in St. Martins Church, North Vancouver, dedicated to her parents, Captain and Mrs. Ernest Phillip Green. It is also interesting to note that John Roger Burnes, local historian and author, was on the committee for this North Vancouver clubhouse. Other Light Keepers in North Vancouver were Emily Simmons, Dorothy Mackenzie, Ruth Dickson (now Grant), Nancy Hewitt, Marjorie Rice, Audrey Love, Esther Douglas and Una Warden, to mention a few.

As shipping moved from the Japan Wharf area and returned further east to Lynn Terminal and Neptune Terminal, the First Street clubhouse was closed and replaced by a mobile clubhouse which could be driven to the terminals. Canon Smith, with his usual enterprise, bought a retired bus and in four months fitted it out with a shop, a reading room and a chapel. Later a portable dance floor was added, allowing the floor to be laid out on the ground at the side of the bus in good weather. Women volunteer dance partners were brought over on the bus from Vancouver. This bus served well for some two years in the early 1970s.

Canon Smith correctly predicted in 1973 that with the ships spending less time in port, giving less time or facility for seamen to visit the Missions to Seamen clubhouse, the Mission would be based in a local office with chaplains visiting the ships to take an interest in social life on board. One earlier example of this was the Reverend John Leighton, Canon Smith's predecessor. He used his own vessel for visits to ships in the harbour.

With the engineer on watch.

Nevertheless, we can well believe that with the early efforts and enterprise of Canon Smith, his volunteers and his assistants, Australian deacons John Kelly and Eric Newman, Flying Angel House has become today "one of the finest Missions to Seamen clubhouses in North America."

One other person must be mentioned in this story of Christian fellowship. That person is Evelyn, Canon Smith's wife, friend and faithful companion for 54 happily married years. Mrs. Smith was Welsh and had been a nurse and matron of a nursing home in Swansea. Of Evelyn, Canon Smith says: "She was a born nurse and a marvellous companion. She perfected everything I did; all chaplains' wives are like that." They were married on September 2, 1937, at St. Cyfelins Maested in Wales.

Canon Smith relates that one day when he was at the Seamen's Mission in Johannesburg, a relatively young man entered with obviously painful feet. On enquiring, he found that the man was the chief engineer of a steam-powered vessel and his painful feet were brought about by the heat of the steel deck plates around the boilers. Mrs. Smith invited him to stay at their house and treated his feet in such an effective manner that he went away and returned that evening with four of his engineers with the same problem. All the engineers were given the Nurse Smith treatment. The next day the ship's doctor arrived at the Mission to complain that Mrs. Smith had stolen his patients and his credibility, not to mention his pride.

In 1985 Evelyn fell and broke her hip and had to be moved to Evergreen House in North Vancouver, adjacent to Lions Gate Hospital. For six years Canon Smith daily visited his wife — until she died on October 29, 1991 — "Trying," he said, "to return some of the companionship she gave me," including the 38 years he gave to service with the Missions to Seamen.

The name of Canon Smith will be long remembered with sincere regard in the history of shipping in Vancouver, New Westminster and North Vancouver, and that of St. Martins Church.

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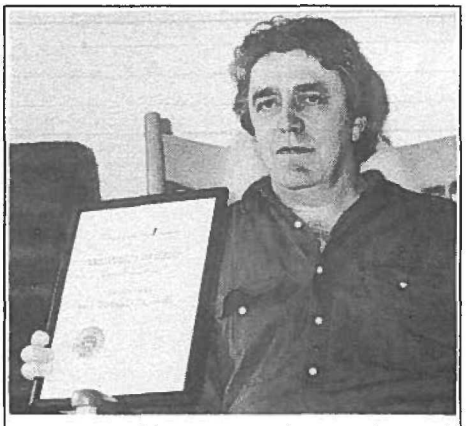
The author is currently president of the North Shore Historical Society in North Vancouver, and is the author of The History of St. Martins Church, North Vancouver, B.C. *He has written a number of magazine articles on historical subjects and is presently writing an extensive Heritage Biographical Index and Socio-Historical Service Infrastructure for the Municipal District of North Vancouver.*

The author acknowledges the foregoing information is based on an article written by Audrey Fox, published in The Vancouver Sun, *Saturday, December 8, 1973, greatly augmented by material from interviews with Canon Stanley Smith, November 14, 1992, and January 27, 1993, at his home in North Vancouver.*



Ken Drushka, winner of a Certificate of Merit from the B.C. Historical Federation Writing Competition 1992.

SNIPPETS

A Champion Runner

by Margaret Fougberg

Cameron Linklater Smith racing after enlistment in Canadian Army.

Cameron Linklater Smith was born in March 1888 in Turtle Mountain, Manitoba. His family moved to British Columbia in 1897, first in Gibsons Landing, then Enderby, and in 1901 settled on Bowen Island. As a young man he became a champion Middle Distance runner. He became a valued member of the Vancouver Y.M.C.A. track team winning first place in local meets, the **Herald** race in Calgary on two occasions, and the Gold Seal race (classic of the Pacific Coast before World War One.) Smith entered against all the well-known runners of that time including Harry Johnston, the Welsh champion. He not only won first place but set a new record for the course.

Cameron Smith of Bowen Island went overseas with the 11th Canadian Mounted Rifles and was killed in action at Vimy Ridge in 1917.

* * * * * * * * * *

Margaret Fougberg, now living in retirement on Bowen Island, remembers her handsome uncle who let her examine his spurs while she sat on his lap prior to leaving on the overseas draft.

"Winged Victory" 1918: CPR's War Memorial Statue

by Helen Borrell

World War I's "endless columns of war-weary marching men"[1] included 1,115 war dead who had been employees of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. "Winged Victory," one of the company's three memorial statues honouring these men, stands at Seymour and Cordova Streets, beside Vancouver's former CPR station.

It is a bronze figure of the Angel of Peace, lifting a dead soldier with her right arm and holding high in her raised left hand a laurel wreath. Viewers who know history recognize the soldier's leg puttees as part of a World War I uniform, and pause to read on the bronze plaque affixed to the statue's granite base: "To commemorate those in the service of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company who, at the call of King and Country ... endured hardship, faced danger ... " which are disguised by the approved clichés that end with: "giving up their own lives that others might live in freedom. Let those who come after see to it that their names be not forgotten. 1914 – 1918."

Winged Victory – 1918. This statue stands beside the former CP Railway station in downtown Vancouver. Photo by John Spittle

The grim irony of these concluding sentences is that the dates "1939 – 1945" later had to be added. Almost exactly twenty-five years after World War I erupted, World War II was declared. Sons, and daughters, of the first Great War's sacrifice victims queued at the recruiting depots. Their leaders had never organized the country's economy and its manpower for a war on the Great Depression. But the 1930s unwanted unemployed consciously ignored the CPR's war memorial statues, mistakenly named "Winged Victory."

On November 7, 1885, Canada's transportation managers completed their nation-crossing railway and built their Vancouver station, "little more than a wooden shed."[2] Hastings Mill and Granville, small clearings in the bush beside Burrard Inlet, were then opened by rail to Canada, and next year they were incorporated as the City of Vancouver. Enterprising pioneers came, year by year, to the promising young seaport. "Rows of streets, handsome shops, huge brick and stone blocks seem to have risen up in a night and displaced the forest of yesterday," Bishop Sillitoe of the Anglican Diocese told Father Clinton, rector of Vancouver's first Anglican Church.[3] But the settlers who were building Vancouver could not have ventured through the Rocky Mountains and the Fraser Canyon except via the Canadian Pacific Railway. Nor could isolated lumbering and fishing operations have been started on B.C.'s forested, storm-barraged coast until the CPR's fleet of little passenger and freight steamships linked them to the supply centre, Vancouver.

The CPR's modern station at Granville and Cordova Streets (inherited by the city's Sky Train) was finished in 1914. Those who came to hard work but inviting prospects in Canada could not know of the power rivalries and arms build-ups smouldering in their Old Countries. When war was declared in August 1914, most of the young men called by recruitment ads "to serve your King and Country" expected a brief, soon-to-be-decided conflict.

So CPR trains then speeded excited young volunteers to army bases, and bravely smiling relatives and sweethearts wished them "Good luck!" The Canadian Pacific Railway directors encouraged their employees who joined the Armed Forces with the promise of full pay for six months and "a position of equivalent value" for those who applied for re-employment after the war.

But the war stagnated as opposing armies "dug in" along miles of trenches in France. The "khaki, mud, barbed wire, and mustard gas"[4] of their surrealistic existence, with its explosions of mass slaughters, are aged veterans' submerged memories of World War I.

During its four years, 11,340 CPR employees enlisted and 1,115, nearly one-tenth, were killed. Another 2,105 were wounded. (The records don't specify if that meant "permanently disabled"; for such casualties, physiotherapy was then

undeveloped.) The CPR Company kept its pledge to the survivors: it re-employed 7,573 of its own men and provided jobs for 13,112 other returned soldiers. "The King and Country" awarded military decorations and medals, including two Victoria Crosses, seventeen Distinguished Service Orders and three Distinguished Service Crosses, to 370 veterans formerly employed by the CPR. Useless tokens, these men must have felt, as they struggled for a niche in post-war life.

Convention required from the CPR some memorials of its glorious dead. So, in 1921, the company directors commissioned an established Montreal sculptor, Coeur de Lion McCarthy, to create three identical statues of a fallen soldier borne on the arm of the Angel of Peace. On April 22, 1922, one of these statues was unveiled beside the Vancouver station, CPR's Pacific terminus; one at the CPR's Winnipeg station in central Canada; and one at Windsor Station in Montreal, location of CPR's headquarters. "Each War Memorial was actually unveiled by the father or the mother of one of those who in lifetime served the Canadian Pacific long and faithfully in the district where that Memorial was erected."[5]

The dedication speeches at these ceremonies were composed of the correct, impressive generalities. Lord Julian Byng, then Canada's Governor General, addressed the veterans at the Montreal unveiling because he had commanded the great battle of Vimy Ridge. The veterans, we may be sure, were thinking of the thousands killed at Vimy Ridge: "What a waste of lives that can't be replaced!"

At other central stations of the Canadian Pacific Railway — in Saint John, Moose Jaw, Edmonton, and our province's Nelson and Victoria — the company's directors affixed bronze memorial plaques on the station's wall. Each had the same inscription as that on the base of the "Winged Victory" statue: to their employees who "finally passed out of the sight of men by the path of duty and self-sacrifice, ... " and so on.

In her account of Vancouver's "Winged Victory," Peggy Imredy wrote[6]: "Raw bronze color is seldom used as a finish for a statue, ... as the methods involving acids or burying bronze in the ground are too long and involved. However, when bronze is placed outside, like this statue is, over the years it gradually acquires a patina. Exposure to air gradually changes the bronze to green, sea air and pollution hasten the process. Rain saturated with chemicals shows up as streaks on the bronze. Such a patina is valued, or if not appreciated, can be prevented from the beginning, by regular washing and waxing of the statue. In 1967 some concerned citizens were horrified by what they called a 'dirty' statue and got busy with wire brushes and detergent to scrub the 'dirt' off. Scratch marks can still be seen. The statue quickly assumed the normal outdoor patina of a bronze."

Vancouver's CPR station is a Heritage Building: artists painted its ceiling murals and designed its classical-style plaster work. But the architects of our modern era's rapid transit built within its lofty walls the Sky Train terminus and its passage to the Sea Bus to North Vancouver. The stately Greek pillars and the handsome red-brick exterior have been washed of city grime and preserved. But, twelve years ago, Canadian Pacific chose a less congested district for its Vancouver terminus.

For more than seventy years, the two sculptured bronze figures have been poised by the former railway station, glimpsed momentarily by street car and bus passengers riding to their daily stations — their work places. In a very few more years the last veterans of the first Great War, now ninety and more years of age, will join those who "passed out of the sight of men."

"And out of mind, too?" one imagines some who perished in World War I asking its survivors.

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The author, now retired, has worked and walked in downtown Vancouver over the years. She has chosen to present the history of the statue with the emotions which surface at services on November 11 and other occasions.

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A Vanderbilt at Alberni

by Jan Peterson

Cathedral Grove Road, one of the attractions which brought Neil Vanderbilt to Vancouver Island. This is a Leonard Frank photo showing the car of Captain George Albert, one of Alberni's first entrepreneurs. Photo courtesy of Alberni Valley Museum, PN 7147.

Sproat Lake has had its share of famous visitors over the years, however few have equalled the eccentric millionaire Cornelius (Neil) Vanderbilt Jr., grandson of U.S. eastern railroad builder Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt (1794 – 1877) and only son of Brigadier General Cornelius Vanderbilt II.[1] While on a motoring trip on Vancouver Island in 1920 he purchased Arbutus Island on Sproat Lake.[2] For several years he and his young wife vacationed there, attracted by the scenic and fishing possibilities of the area.

Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr. was born on April 30, 1898.[3] He first attracted public attention when he virtually ran away from home to enlist with the American Expeditionary Forces. In April 1919 he began his career as a cub reporter with the *New York Herald.* He first fell in love with the west coast when he was an overseas instructor at Camp Lewis, Washington, during World War I. Following his marriage to Rachel Littleton on April 29, 1920, he and his bride started on a tour of the west coast.[4] It was on this trip he fell in love with Sproat Lake, near Port Alberni.

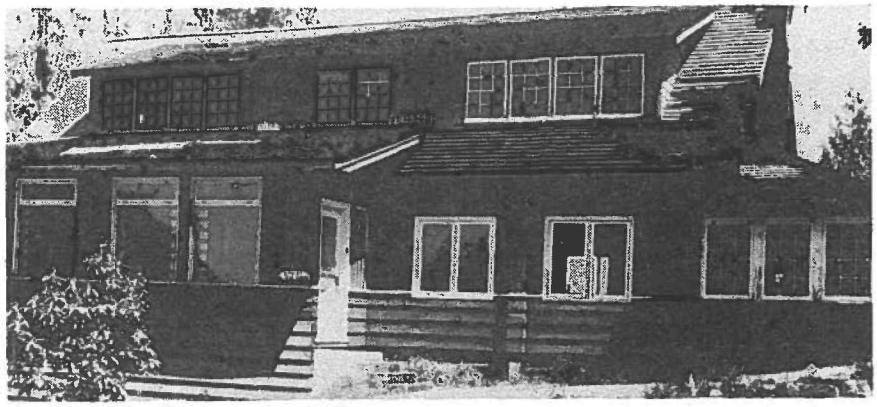
His impressions of Vancouver Island and Alberni were written in an article in *Motor Life,* September 1920 issue. "There is an island off the British Columbian coast known the world over as Vancouver Island. It is for the automobilist one of the most beautiful places in the world." Vanderbilt raved about the timber wealth, the streams, the deer, bear and cougar, but what struck him most about the island was the English setting. To someone from New York, Vancouver Island must have seemed like paradise. The Island Hall in Parksville particularly impressed him. He described the inn as ...

> well secluded from the dusty road and commanding a view seldom surpassed in this great Northwest, we found one of the quaintest inns of our trip. It is run by an English woman who, because of ill health, has been obliged to retire to a more suitable climate. The charming English ideas of tourist inns has been carried out in minute details. There are thirty small rooms, wooden walls, big stone fireplaces and a host of other attractions. Cows and chickens are kept right behind the house and a vegetable garden furnishes the freshest kinds of edibles.

When he arrived in Alberni, he asked the location of the best fishing spot and was directed to Klitsa Lodge on Sproat Lake.

> We betook ourselves to the former lake (Sproat Lake) and were quickly installed in a tent owned by that well-known character, Mrs. Wark. The Chalet is a most unique boarding house if such a commonplace name may be adopted. Mrs. Wark lives in a house-boat on the shores of Sproat Lake. She owns a few acres of property behind this which she has had the farsightedness to turn into a kitchen garden. Besides this she keeps two cows and about a dozen chickens. Two miles across the lake on a protruding point of land she has a little house which consists of dining rooms, kitchen and a few bed rooms for those guests who prefer to be indoors.
>
> One morning, whilst we were having breakfast, several of the guests saw a little white ermine climbing out of one of the large meat refrigerators on the back porch. Can you believe this? The fishing, either fly or trolling, is said to be better there than anywhere else on the coast. The climate corresponds very closely with that of England.[5]

On this visit Vanderbilt purchased property at Sproat Lake. The *Port Alberni News* reported: "Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr. purchased an island for his wife while they were on their way down the coast by automobile en route to California. While passing the lake Mrs. Vanderbilt saw the island and admired it so much that her husband looked up the owner and made the purchase on the spot. Later the young



Klitsa Lodge, Sproat Lake. It was built in 1910 as a summer home for a Vancouver lawyer, E.P. Davis. In 1919 it was purchased by Mrs. Wark who established it as a retreat for the rich and famous from around the world. Photo courtesy Alberni Valley Museum PN 4706

couple intend building a hunting lodge on the island and passing their vacation there."[6] Arbutus Island was renamed Vanderbilt Island.

During their visit to California, Vanderbilt decided to enter the publishing field there. In the meantime, he continued honing his skill as a journalist, first with the *New York Herald*, then later the *New York Times*, before joining the United Press[7] and Universal Services, Washington, D.C.

In 1923 he made his move to the west coast, founding Vanderbilt Newspapers, Inc. As a promotion for his entry into the world of publishing he flooded Los Angeles with circulars in June, announcing his newspaper would be called the *Illustrated Daily News*. In editorial policy, the *News* shunned news of crime, sex and scandal and featured bright photographs and concise news stories. Each person who bought a one-year subscription also received one share of stock worth $5 and became eligible to vote for two of the five members of the board of directors. His *News* was capitalized at $100,000.

Vanderbilt insisted on giving organized labour a chance in his printing plant in the days before unions. Skilled printers received $1.01 a hour in 1923 for a 48-hour week. Cub reporters received $35 for a 60-hour week. For the first time in Los Angeles, Vanderbilt offered them, along with printing tradesmen, two-week paid vacations.[8]

The *Illustrated Daily News* of Los Angeles came off the presses the morning of September 3, 1923, with a world's record circulation of more than 130,000. Three months later, on December 10, Vanderbilt launched the *Illustrated Daily Herald* of San Francisco, with a circulation of more than 125,000.[9]

But Vanderbilt was a bit of an upstart in the newspaper world. William Randolph Hearst, who published the *Examiner*, first ignored Vanderbilt's plans and then tried to hire him as the figurehead of a sensational tabloid he planned to publish in New York City. When Vanderbilt refused, Hearst struck back.

When no Los Angeles company would rent him billboard space, Vanderbilt was resourceful. With money coming in from stock sales, he hired fifteen airplanes equipped with megaphones which urged residents to subscribe to his new "Penny Paper," as he fondly called the *News*. Another morning a regiment of bathing beauties paraded through the streets, forming slogans such as "See Yourself in Pictures." He hired 150 boys to paint messages on the sidewalks and walls of hotels, banks and apartment buildings. Angry landlords spent weeks removing the paint.[10]

On one of his frequent trips back to the Albernis, Vanderbilt, a proud American, raised the ire of many residents by his display of the American flag. This "English type" community, as Vanderbilt so described it, was firmly behind the Union Jack. Richard Burde, publisher of the *Port Alberni News*, editorialized:

> We have been informed that Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr. flies the American flag over his residence on Arbutus Island, Sproat Lake and have been requested to publish a protest. There are some people in this community who regard Mr. Vanderbilt's national display as a mark of insolence. Mr. Vanderbilt is a young man who believes that the people of other countries are always impressed by a show of the American flag in their midst. There is no intention of hostility in Vanderbilt's exhibition of good or bad taste. He is reported to be pro British. He voluntarily acted as caddie for Lord Northcliffe on the golf links at Victoria recently which is something the average independent Canadian would allow the distinguished lord to do for himself.[11]

Residents of the Albernis viewed their flamboyant American visitor with some disdain, ignoring his frequent visits into town to purchase supplies. Vanderbilt rode in his large convertible, his scarf flying in the wind, his nose seemingly in the air, at high speeds over the narrow roads leading to town. He gained a reputation of "squeezing every orange before they bought it, then complaining about the prices."[12] On one occasion he purchased some baked goods from the Higginbotham Bake Shop in Port Alberni. The startled and somewhat amused storekeeper watched as Vanderbilt brought out his cheque book and proceeded to write a cheque out for 25 cents. Needless to say, the cheque was received with particular flair. The storekeeper, recognizing a good publicity move, had the cheque framed and mounted on his wall, much to the consternation of his diligent bookkeeper.[13]

In Los Angeles, San Francisco and later Miami, his newspaper chain was not the success he anticipated. The newspaper's failure had a lot to do with his editorial policy. Advertising revenue was a disap-

pointment. At first it had filled the *News*, but as Vanderbilt tore into the business establishment, the 32-page tabloid dwindled to 20 within a few months. For the next three years, the newspaper lived off advertisements for motion pictures, chicken and rabbit ranches, and oil stocks. After appraising the situation, he tried to kill the San Francisco paper but his stockholders outvoted him, leaving him no choice but to continue on.

In June 1924 Vanderbilt caused a flurry of excitement in Port Alberni when it was reported he planned to build a pulp mill in British Columbia. He had given a speech at the Ambassador Cafe in Vancouver, announcing he and his associates were making arrangements for the construction of a pulp mill in B.C. At the Port Alberni City Council meeting the following week, Mayor A.D. MacIntyre raised the question of interviewing Vanderbilt on his next visit to his summer home at Sproat Lake. The mayor and Alderman Macfie were appointed to interview him to try to persuade him to locate the pulp mill in the Alberni district.[14] Whether the talks ever took place is unknown. What is known is that the pulp mill project never materialized.

While Vanderbilt's news policies may have bored his readers, his editorials outrightly enraged many readers and advertisers both in the U.S. and Canada.

Unable to meet his expenses, he asked his parents for money in 1924. They agreed — but only on the condition he place most of his authority in the hands of a family-picked manager. Vanderbilt grumbled, but agreed to the conditions to preserve the chain.

By 1925 the problems in the newspapers could no longer be ignored. Vanderbilt, too, was in poor health. He had been seriously gassed during World War I, never quite recovering. He was in and out of hospitals dozens of times. Again he asked his parents for help. Again they helped but imposed more control over his editorial and business operations. For a brief time the newspapers were revitalized under new managers.

On March 26, 1926, Vanderbilt reluctantly proposed to close all three dailies. (The *Illustrated Daily Herald* Miami newspaper had been started in 1924 under the same policies as Los Angeles and San Francisco.) The *Miami Herald* was left with $600,000 in unpaid bills when several hotel and real estate developments failed. Advertisers, too, owed the *Herald* about $300,000. His advice was timely. He commissioned a study into the chain's finances. The report believed the newspapers could be made profitable again with more money.

Vanderbilt went to his parents again. They refused. They said his papers would have to be sold, if not sold, then closed. His father had Vanderbilt sign a promissory note for $901,000 for the money they had loaned him previously. The money would be taken from Vanderbilt's inheritance when his father died. He bitterly signed the note. By April 28 he admitted defeat. All three newspapers were soon in receivership.

The *Port Alberni News* reported Vanderbilt had landed on the financial bad times with two of his newspaper enterprises.[15] Not only was his business in trouble, so too was his marriage to Rachel. They were divorced November 16, 1927.[16] He sold his island at Sproat Lake in October 1927 to Dr. C.B. Cooper, a retired surgeon from Honolulu.[17] A year later he married Mary Weir Logan but this marriage did not last long, within three years they were divorced. He married two more times. Both ended in divorce.

He continued to write for a variety of newspapers and magazines. In 1933 he returned to Alberni, spending ten days at Klitsa Lodge, now a thriving tourist lodge on Sproat Lake and home of his friend Mrs. Wark. At this time Vanderbilt was active in the candidacy for F.D. Roosevelt. During the past five weeks he had covered 25 states, speaking on behalf of the Roosevelt recovery programme. He was also an assistant editor of *Liberty*, a weekly magazine, which compiled a survey of the reaction to that program.

Alberni district residents noted he was driving the very latest model car, a 1934 model, carrying a Florida license plate in the rear and a blue plate with the word "Roosevelt" on it in front. This license plate marked him as a personal envoy of the president of the United States.

In an interview with Dick Burde of the *Port Alberni News*, Vanderbilt reported that in the past year he had covered a lot of territory, visiting India, Arabia and Africa for the *Saturday Evening Post*. He was in Germany at the time of the Hitler crisis and later travelled in western Europe

Vanderbilt Island today. Photo by Jan Peterson.

and Russia. "In the past nine years Mr. Vanderbilt has written nine books, the best known of which is *Reno.* His daily writing contract calls for six thousand words a day which is syndicated to six hundred newspapers." (In 1935 he wrote *Farewell to Fifth Avenue*; in 1938 *The Story of the Tabloid Newspapers*; in 1959 *My Life on Five Continents.*) He said the Alberni Valley was the best place he knew of to find rest and quiet.[18]

During the Second World War, Vanderbilt served as a major in Intelligence. During 1942 to 1943 he was in Walter Reed Hospital for a physical disability. He was decorated with the Distinguished Service Cross of Federal Bureau of Investigation in 1942. After the war he became active in the candidacy of General Dwight Eisenhower.[19] Eventually he made his home at the Vanderbilt Ranch in Sutcliffe, Nevada. He died in Miami Beach, Florida, in July 1974. He is still remembered by old-timers in the Albernis.

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Mrs. Peterson is a retired reporter now researching early history of Port Alberni. She is a director of the Alberni District Historical Society and a member of the Alberni Valley Museum Advisory Board. She has just released her book The Albernis 1860–1922, *published by Oolichan Books.*

The residence on Vanderbilt Island as it looks today. There have been few changes over the years. Photo courtesy of Joe Van Bergen.

FOOTNOTES

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SNIPPETS

Operation Empty-The-Garage

by Helen Moore

Hedley Heritage Society learned on July 3, 1993, that Aurelia Vescovi offered the museum the contents of her garage *if* the garage could be cleared out before the real estate agent sold the property. This was an old Hedley house which could well have historical items. After consulting with museum directors Sharon Minshull and Ruth Dunham, project "Empty-The-Garage" began on the afternoon of Sunday, July 4, and ended Tuesday, July 6. Our judgment call: which would be museum-class objects and what items suitable for flea market sale? Many volunteers were pressed into service.

We shared many a laugh as we all got dirty as we moved items, debating which were "saleable" and which "historic." Sure sharpens your eyes! Ruth, who is an inspired cook, recognized the beauty in a dusty box of liquor bottles. These were chosen for colour (clear) and shape (interesting) and washed later to hold beautiful herbs for herb vinegar to be sold in our shop. Another director fell excitedly upon a pair of ladies lace-up, soft black leather boots. Indeed they carried on the instep the name of a daughter of a pioneer family. "Just what I need," said Sharon, "for my lady at the sewing machine." A third director showed us an ordinary length of black iron ... hmmm ... we will need lots of pieces of metal for the blacksmith's shop.

Two lifetimes of stuff was moved. Old wood went to neighbours. Bed springs went to a secondhand store. Some had to go to the dump.

Aurelia Vescovi was so pleased that she added many objects from the house ... like 1930s cookbooks. We are pleased with the acquisition of museum artifacts, and look for some cash profit from sales at flea markets and grateful to all who responded on short notice to participate. Aurelia, who has flown back to Switzerland, and these helpers did much for the preservation of Hedley's social and mining history.

* * * * * * * * * *

Helen Moore wrote this for the newsletter of the Hedley Heritage, Arts and Crafts Society. She is obviously an active board member.

Bridges To Our Past

by Tom W. Parkin

Bridges are symbols of progress at many levels:
crossing one is always a small ceremony,
ending in arrival at some place separated from where we were, except by this slender link.
– Andrew C. Lemer
Bridges: Symbols of Progress

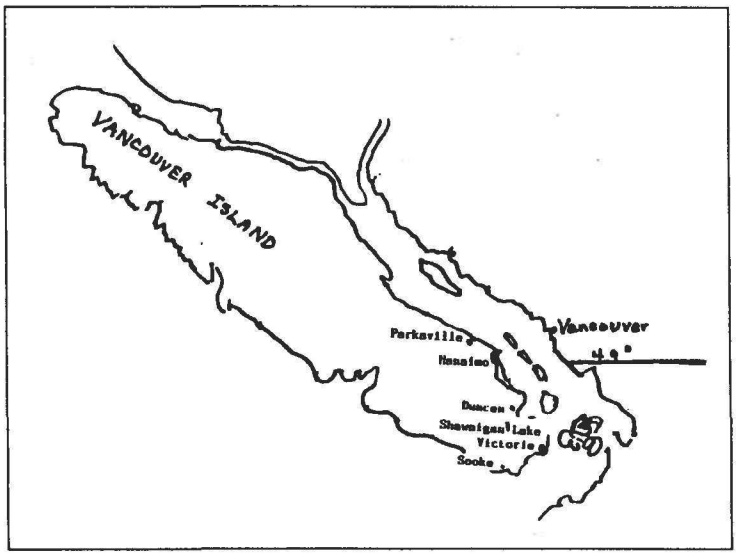
Most of us cross bridges with little thought of their placement. Indeed, many people consider transportation systems more significant than these spans en route. To engineers, however, bridges are a key to success — without them, the larger linear system becomes non-functional. For example, the spectacular loss of Niagara Canyon trestle to a flood on November 12, 1896, closed the Esquimalt & Nanaimo Railway for eleven weeks and resulted in significant revenue loss and temporary layoffs.

The significant bridges on Vancouver Island still carry railways and highways over water (Europe also has aqueducts carrying water across valleys). Consequently they belong to companies or to government, though there are instances of transportation bridges built privately in B.C.'s Interior.

One early bridge on Vancouver Island was Parsons' Bridge at the mouth of Millstream in Colwood. A structure has stood continuously on this site since the first span was erected by Bill Parsons in the early 1850s. Parsons didn't charge tolls, but being entrepreneurial, found a more profitable method of collection; he erected Parsons' Bridge Hotel — today known as the Six-Mile Roadhouse. Other former stagecoach stops beside this route are also named for their mileage from Victoria.

As might be expected in a region with strong trees and imported steel, most early bridges were built of wood. But the magnificent trestles carrying E & N trains required ongoing maintenance, and were footed near volatile water. About 1907, after replacing the 400,000 board-foot Niagara bridge twice in ten years, the E & N began filling their wooden structures with gravel or replacing them with steel. The steel cantilever that line now uses across 79-metre Niagara Canyon was manufactured in 1885, but first used on the mainline in Fraser Canyon before being relocated in 1911.

Of wooden trestles remaining on the Island, the best is Kinsol trestle over Koksilah River. This 44-metre high, gracefully curved beauty, built in 1934, has deteriorated significantly since its last use in 1979. Following withdrawal of Canadian National Railway from Vancouver Island, its right-of-way and associated structure were acquired by the Ministry of Transportation and Highways.



The provincial government is holding the corridor for potential transportation use in the next century. In the meantime, it's cooperating with Regional Districts wanting to lease the land for recreation. In the case of the Kinsol trestle, the Cowichan and Chemainus Valleys Ecomuseum Society wishes to sub-lease the trestle and adjacent roadbed for development as a tourist attraction.

The bridge is an inspiring relic with few equals in Canada, and the site offers opportunity for viewers to learn of the importance of trains in the forest industry. Regrettably, the cost of stabilization and modest development are estimated at over $550,000, not including ongoing annual maintenance expenditures of nearly ten per cent of that sum.

In the United States, legislation has existed since 1966 for the national/state funding and inter-agency cooperation necessary for preservation of such structures, but Canada has no equivalent. The March-April 1992 issue of *Transportation Research News* detailed many successful American examples of historic bridge restoration, but funding for the Kinsol project remains uncertain.

Another unusual Island bridge, no longer in use but awaiting a decision on its fate, crosses the San Juan River west of the trestle. Owned by Fletcher Canada Ltd., this is a cable-stayed design. The substructure is two parallel laminated wood girders hung between wooden towers on the opposing banks. The deck is built above. The bridge was designed by company engineer George Milligan and opened in 1957.

A deteriorating load limit, increasing maintenance costs and potential damage by loaded logging trucks caused the company to build a sturdier steel structure immediately adjacent to it in 1988. This is one of only two cable-supported bridges for vehicles on Vancouver Island. Both are privately owned, and neither is still in use.

The change in composition of bridges

Taken at the official opening of the Englishman River bridge near Parksville, May 20, 1948. Do any readers know the significance of the license plates, E-1 and E-2?

Photo courtesy of B.C. Government Travel Bureau

from wood to today's dominant materials, steel and concrete, results from rising load-bearing demand and recognition of the savings in bridges with long lifespans. Wooden Howe truss bridges, which were widely used on highways from the 1920s through the 40s, are now being replaced. While a wooden bridge can last fifty years (with high maintenance), cost-effectiveness is the ultimate goal of modern engineers. Today's bridges have service lives of one hundred years.

Risk to the structure by vehicles and vandals is also a consideration in bridge design. The Kinsol trestle was ignited by graduation pranksters in 1988, but was fortunately extinguished quickly by volunteer firefighters from Shawnigan Lake. However, the vulnerability of those links was demonstrated by loss of the Sproat River bridge near Port Alberni on May 19, 1990. Youthful arsonists set a fire there which cost taxpayers $2.6 million for a replacement concrete bridge.

With the lifespan of bridges increasing, forethought is required in their design. Traffic volumes have to be projected and the unimagined anticipated. Like earthquakes. Since the late 1950s, highway bridges in British Columbia have been designed with consideration of earthquake forces. During this time, engineering knowledge and earthquake codes have been substantially increased, particularly after seismic disasters in Alaska and California. Today's bridges are designed to withstand shakes measuring 7.0 on the Richter scale, and older bridges can be strengthened to improve resistance. They will be vitally important to relief efforts in event of the anticipated "big one" on the West Coast.

A study of bridges reveals not just principles of engineering and trends in design, but something of society's success. While intended to be functional, some have coincidentally come to be viewed as beautiful or worthy of preservation for historic reasons. As you ride the roads or rails on your next trip, take time to appreciate the value of bridges. Their construction, design and function provide insights into history, engineering and welfare of our society.

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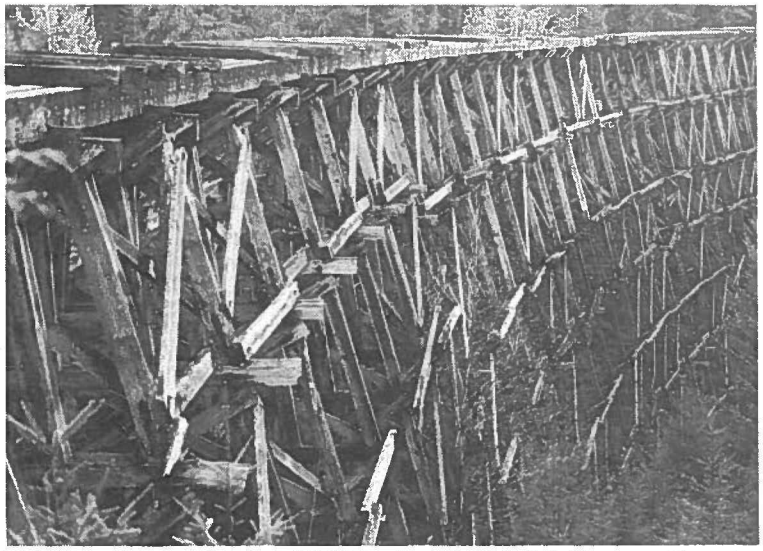
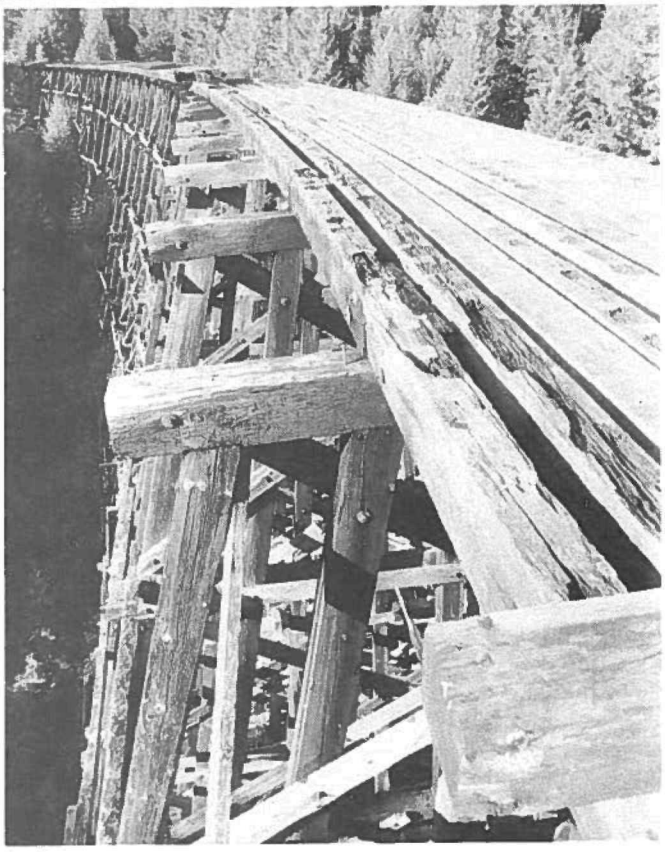
Tom Parkin is a Public Information Officer with the Ministry of Transportation and Highways in Nanaimo. Previous writing by this author includes a dictionary, Wet Coast Words, *Orca Publishers, 1989.*

Parsons' Bridge, Victoria, prior to 1900 (now on Hwy 1A). This crosses Millstream where it enters Esquimalt harbour. The building was an inn and is now the location of Six-Mile Pub. This timber trestle was originally built in 1873 and subsequently upgraded to two two-lane curved concrete bridges. Photo courtesy of BCARS C#8030 N# F-9390.

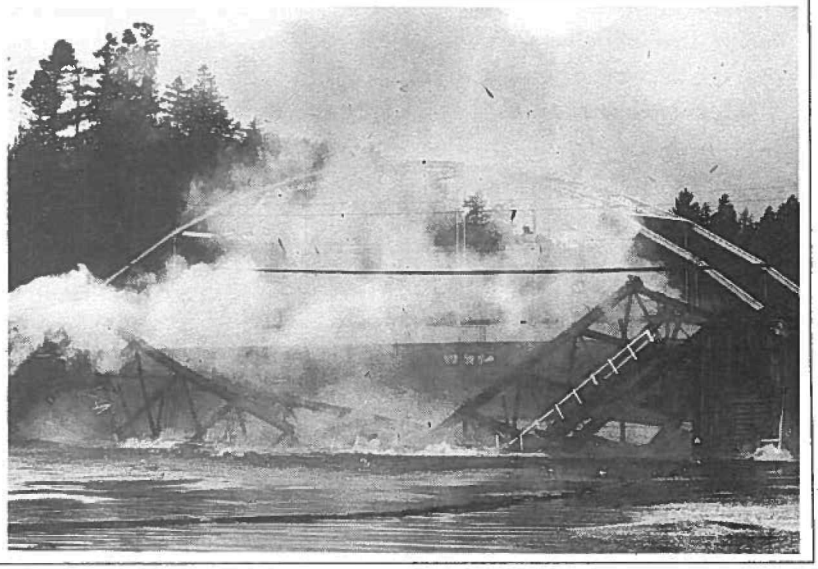


Looking south across abandoned CNR trestle on the Koksilah River near Shawnigan Lake. This 614-foot trestle, height 145 feet, is called "Kinsol" for a nearby copper prospect (1902 – 1907), the King Solomon Mine. Last used in 1988 when the last train to cross it weighed 350 tons (315 tonnes). This was taken over by the Ministry of Transportation and Highways on December 31, 1990. Photo taken 1991 by Tom Parkin.



Viewing north across the Kinsol trestle. Work on the original trestle began in February 1911 but completion was postponed by economic hard times and WWI. Work resumed in 1919 and was completed in 1920. Local youths burned a hole in the deck in 1988 (space just visible in this view).
Photo courtesy of Tom Parkin.

Demolishing an 180-foot treated-timber Howe truss bridge over the Sooke River on December 8, 1969. This bridge on Hwy 14 was built in 1941 and replaced by a steel-arch structure in 1968. Charges were placed at each panel point and simultaneously ignited. Thirty pounds of 7/8" x 8" 75 per cent forcite was used. Neither the new bridge, just 20 feet away, nor a 200-pair telephone cable, 15 feet away on the other side, were damaged. (Note the boom strung to catch the debris.) Such methods are no longer used in this environmentally sensitive era.



The Very Beginnings of Prince Rupert

by Phylis Bowman

Many and varied were the characters who passed through the new little port city of Prince Rupert in its fledgling days — some whose names are perpetuated in geographical points — and others who laboured for awhile and then drifted off to seek new fields of endeavour or left to serve in the First World War and never returned.

The story of the actual construction of the "Dream City" of Prince Rupert began in April of 1906 when the Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad's assistant engineer, Joel Pillsbury, travelled from the company's head office in Montreal to Vancouver where he expected to find a crew and supplies assembled by an advance man. But, according to notes recorded by Pillsbury's son, Richard, he found "some supplies alright — 30 tons of iron for blacksmith work — with the advance man in a skidroad hotel suffering from the effects of entertainment by the fast-working sales force of a large wholesale hardware outfit."

After some fast and heated work on Pillsbury's part, a crew of thirty men, along with supplies and that thirty tons of iron (but minus the advance man) were loaded aboard the sturdy coastal vessel *Tees* to be taken up the coast to the Indian village of Metlakatla, the only habitation anywhere near Kaien Island on which the port city was to be constructed. Founded by a dedicated Anglican missionary, Rev. William Duncan, in 1862, Metlakatla had a wharf and could provide adequate accommodation for the work crew until buildings were constructed on the new townsite.

But here again, Pillsbury met with another disappointment, for the wharf had blown down in a storm the previous winter, so everything, including the thirty tons of iron, had to be unloaded onto the beach from the anchored ship offshore. After finally getting everything ashore and stored above tideline (the shore was all mud and the tide rose twenty-four feet), the tired engineer found shelter for himself and his men on the ground floor of the village hospital. Father Duncan and his followers had left the village some years before to start a new settlement, New Metlakatla, in Alaska, but Pillsbury was welcomed by George Morrow, the Indian Agent (and later president of the National Biscuit Co. of Vancouver), Mr. Scott, the schoolteacher, and Dr. J.E. Tremayne, a young physician from Toronto who had been persuaded to come to the village because of the future of the nearby railroad city.

"The first camp on Kaien Island was located in accord with company instructions," Pillsbury's notes continue, "an important point as it set the focus for the centre of the city and has caused since many bitter controversies. At that time, a large part of Kaien Island was still Indian Reserve, and company orders were to build a small dock and headquarters within 1,000 feet of the Reserve line. Here the work crew began clearing the trees and brush, beside a small stream, and built a dock reaching out 50 feet in the water. The space between the dock and foreshore was later filled in with rock and earth for the railway yards which stretched along the waterfront.

"Up the little stream," continue Pillsbury's notes, "was built a 12-ft. plank road and the first buildings were a few tents with wood walls and floors, and a lean-to shack for a cook-and-mess house, with eight steps leading up to it, so steep was the slope. The wharf was built using a piledriver rented from George Cunningham of Port Essington and two Columbia River boats which Pillsbury had bought for the survey crews. Peter Magar brought the driver over after piles had been bought from the Indians for eight cents a foot — they were all hemlock with the bark left on as protection from borers.

"J.H. Bacon, the harbor engineer, had set up his headquarters near the dock in December of 1906, and Dr. Tremayne moved from Metlakatla with his wife and two tiny daughters. They lived in a tent beside the boardwalk, which Pillsbury named 'Center Street,' and Mrs. Tremayne often told of the bitter cold of that first winter when water beside their beds froze overnight and the baby's bottle, put under the pillows to keep warm, became frosted.

"Social activities were very limited this first winter, with the menu for the Christmas dinner hand-printed and colored with drafting inks by a railroad foreman, Count Carlos Zenardi-Landi, and when the first dance was held on the site on Feb. 23, 1907, a number of ladies came from the nearby communities of Port Essington and Port Simpson to provide partners for the workers, and some of the passengers aboard the CP steamer *Princess May* joined the party for the evening.

"A government hydrographic survey in charge of G.B. Dodge and H.D. Parizeau arrived, along with John Moore, a locating engineer for the railway, who chose the actual route of the line along the Skeena River. In September of 1906, railway executives had come west to inspect the work done and decided to rush through a topographic survey of the site so that streets could be laid out and lots sold. The survey was done by 14 parties, led by crews from the construction camps on the prairies where work had closed down for the winter along the rail line. The Pacific Stevedoring Company contracted to clear and grub the townsite at $200 an acre, but had to throw up the job as they found it too tough going. However, this company did build a large wharf for landing supplies and rails for the railroad construction. The townsite was eventually cleared by individual contractors for $120 an acre."

Bacon, the harbour engineer, featured greatly in Prince Rupert's history at this time, for, according to Pillsbury, "it was he who advised the railroad company to build their port city on Kaien Island rather

than on the mainland across the harbor, because of the prevalence of southeast gales, and the south shores would be more sheltered. Furthermore, due to the great depth of water close to shore, floating piers could be constructed much like those in Liverpool in England, and he envisioned that 24 or 25 T-shaped docks could be constructed along the harbor so the port would have docking facilities for up to 75 freighters at once, with five overhead trestles over the tracks to the docks."

And so the little port grew, with pioneers and settlers coming from all over to find work and set up businesses. In 1914, some of them, who had been there for seven or eight years and therefore considered themselves "oldtimers," published a souvenir album which they called "the authentic story of the City's Development from Primeval Forest of Yesterday to Commercial Centre of Today. Colossal Railway Terminal, Spacious Harbour, Bountiful Hinterland and Commanding Location make Prince Rupert the acknowledged Capital of the North ... "

And this is what was written under that glowing head: "In the western half of this New World there is scarcely a city that does not hold one or more citizens who can boast of having seen the place grow from a village to what it is today, but here, at the western end of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, we have the rare opportunity of looking forward and fashioning in our mind's eye a city sure to be. Prince Rupert is situated midway between the 54th and 55th parallel, 550 miles north of Vancouver and 40 miles south of the Alaskan boundary. It is the same latitude as London, and has a climate whose mean temperature is about the same as that of the metropolis of the British Isles.

"The land-locked, spacious harbour made this the undisputable point for a big terminal in keeping with the high standard which is the great feature of Canada's new Transcontinental Railroad. Why was this magnificent harbour unknown before this time? It was generally believed that a ledge of rocks extended across the narrows at the entrance to the harbour which prohibited vessels of large draught to enter it. The CPR Steamship Company's veteran skipper on the North Coast on the occasion of the visit of the GTP official party in 1904 exclaimed, in steaming up the narrows: 'Just think of it — I have passed this entrance hundreds of times and never knew there was such a beautiful harbour there!'

"The lands, comprising the townsite excepting a small Indian Reserve, were acquired by the Railway Company from the Provincial Government. John Knox, a lone prospector, secured a footing in the townsite by locating a mineral claim. The location afterwards became the settlement of 'Knoxville' on which 'squatted' the pioneers who disregarded the warnings of railroad officials not to come to Prince Rupert until the lots were sold. The tent 'towns' of Baconsville, Knoxville and Vickersville represented the divisions and camps of the earlier residents of this now great and growing city.

"Baconsville, which took its name from the harbour engineer, included the railroad staffers and followers. Knoxville sheltered the independent pioneers and Vickersville took its name from the first policeman stationed here, the popular and kindhearted Billy Vickers, who had been transferred from Atlin where he had been Provincial Chief Constable and arrived in Prince Rupert in March of 1907 to take over the policing duties. Baconsville and Knoxville have been totally obliterated from their former appearances and have been levelled down, making a wide expanse of yards and quarters for the terminal and station. Vickersville has also been graded down and is included in the extensive area comprising the GTP Drydock and Ship Repair Plant which is now the pride of the Coast and almost completed.

"The pioneers commenced the forbidding task of city building on this rock-girt island with optimism and determination and the accomplishments of today constitute a world's record. With Electric Light, Telephone, Water, Sewerage and Permanent Roads in operation over the townsite, the city is in a position today to accommodate Factories, Industries and any manner of Commercial Enterprise and care for a population of 25,000.

"From the earliest days, the citizens of Prince Rupert have been the zealous guardians of their franchises and by their own efforts reserved for the future population the right and voice to hold and dispose of their heritage. These struggles have been the cause of bringing into the limelight many of the rugged and invincible characters which tread so often the unbeaten paths of frontier life on the great American continent.

"Some of the oldtimers were virtually shipwrecks cast up on this rock-hewn coast. Without money and without means to move on to the next port they had of necessity to stay. It is often among such that noble deeds and great triumphs are found. Amongst the prominent citizens of today are men of this class. Forgetting what had been in the face of the dire circumstances, they valiantly assumed the role of toiler in whatsoever manner they could be used. 'Hewers of logs and drawers of water' as man was so ordained to do. Character and manhood was thus ripened to the glory and power of the coming generation who should build their homes here ...

"Prince Rupert's growth has nothing of the mysterious about it, the city had an usually active body of citizens and the energetic spirit has accomplished the work in hand thoroughly and well, with the result that today Prince Rupert has a large number of beautiful homes, up-to-date wholesale and retail stores, three first-class schools, five banks, Government buildings, five churches and a number of societies and is still steadily today, in 1914, on the path of greater and more substantial progress."

And that's how Prince Rupert began. Certainly not all of those high hopes have come true today, but you must admit that the city certainly had a very auspicious start, with the Sky as the Limit as far as progress, expansion and development were concerned!

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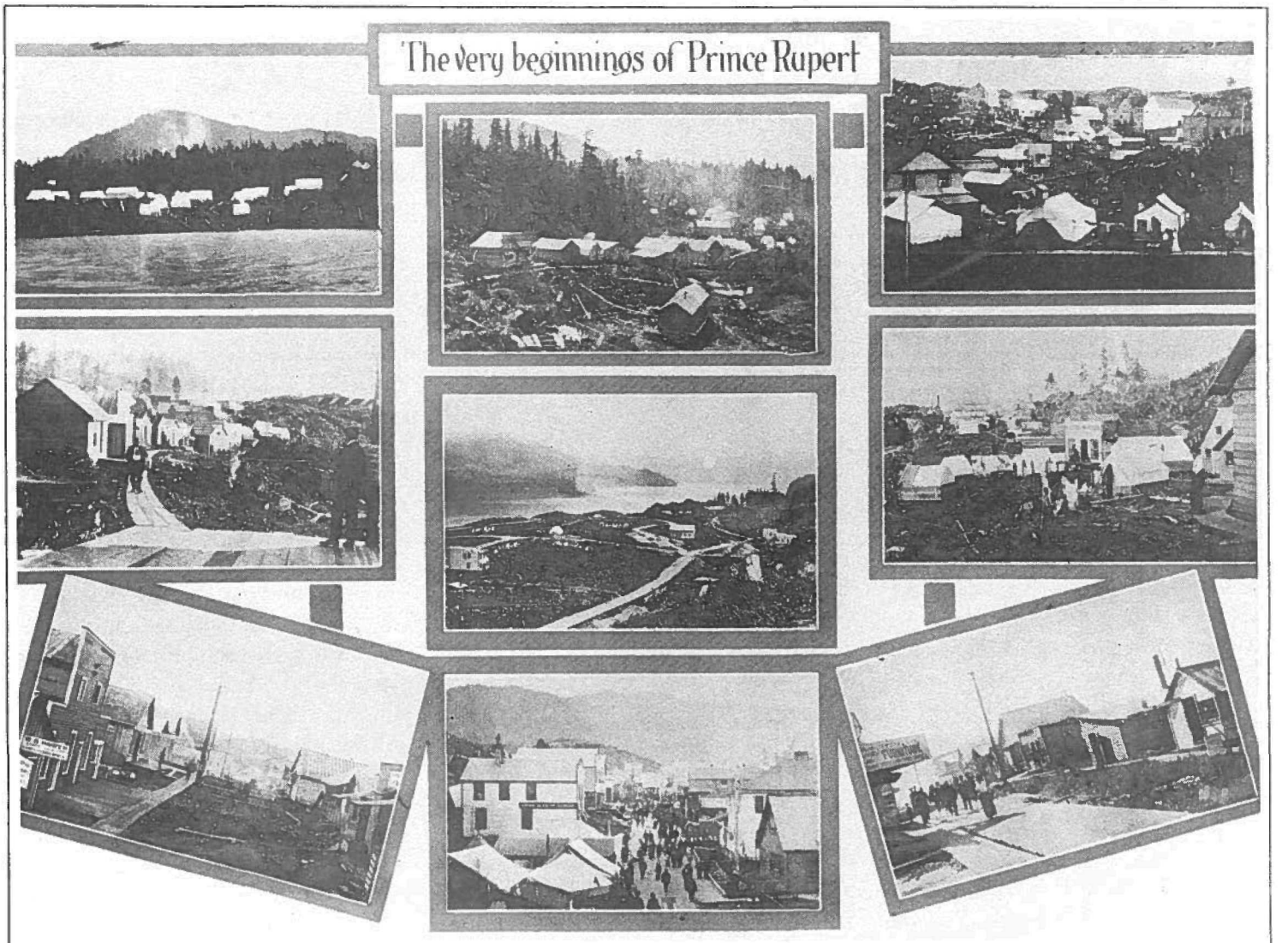
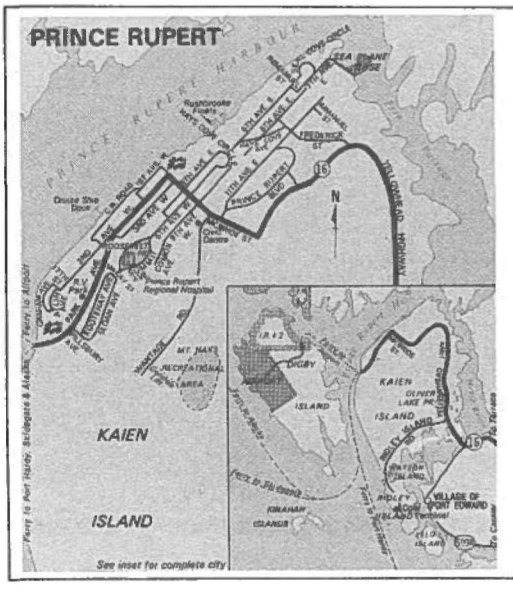
Long-time North Coast resident Phylis Bowman has written thirteen books and hundreds of historical and humorous articles about the region for the Prince Rupert Daily News *and other publications. Daughter of pioneer residents Syd and Erna Hamblin, she has heard many of these tales firsthand from them and other relatives. She served in the Canadian Women's Army Corps in the Second World War and then, with husband Lloyd, raised their three sons in Prince Rupert and are now enjoying watching their six grandchildren growing up. A former editor of the* Prince Rupert News, *Mrs. Bowman is now a featured columnist for the paper.*



These scenes of the first days of Prince Rupert show the wooden shacks and buildings which lined the plank sidewalks which had been constructed over the boggy muskeg and stumps on the newly cleared townsite. At upper left is the tent-town of "Vickersville" — a conglomeration of settlers who squatted on land taken over by Provincial Chief Constable Billy Vickers before lots were sold by the Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad. The tents, which had wooden floors and sides, with canvas coverings, were later removed to make way for the construction of the rail yards. The picture in the middle of the bottom row, taken in 1912, shows busy activity on the first main road in town — Center Street — spelled the American way as it had been named by the harbour engineer, J.H. Pillsbury, who was an American, and shows some of the wholesale and retail stores, government buildings, five banks and three schools which were already flourishing in the new little town.



Prince Rupert, on Kaien Island, is connected to the mainland and Ridley Island by bridge, and to Digby Island by ferry.

McVittie Brothers: Land Surveyors

by Robert W. Allen, BCLS, CLS

Archibald Westmacott McVittie

A.W. McVittie, PLS (Ontario), DLS, LS (British Columbia) was born in Toronto, Ontario, on May 5, 1858. He was the second son and fourth of eight children born to Thomas Sr. and Bessie McVittie. Both the paternal and maternal grandfathers were half-pay military officers from the Napoleonic Wars. They, along with a number of others, came to Canada about 1830, settling on the shores of Lake Simcoe on land granted by the Crown to army and navy officers. At the age of fourteen, McVittie moved to Barrie, Ontario, with his family, where his father owned a hardware store on Dunlop Street. He attended public and grammar schools in Barrie and later went to Upper Canada College in Toronto to study architecture.

In the meantime, he also took up land surveying and became articled to Maurice Gaviller, PLS, of Barrie, in 1872. McVittie was Mr. Gaviller's first pupil and he states: "Archie was a good and reliable boy who served his three years' apprenticeship ... but as he had not then attained his (age of) majority, he was not sworn in until July 10, 1879."[1] In the fall of 1879, McVittie was working in Michigan state for a Mr. Henderson of Barrie.

Early in 1880 he opened his own office in Barrie but by December had joined with Thomas Kennedy, Architect, and was in the partnership of Kennedy and McVittie until August 1881. When William J. Holland, a carpenter and builder, joined the partnership it became known as Kennedy, McVittie and Holland. The firm eventually had offices in Barrie, Collingwood and Toronto. It is interesting to note that the 1881 census for Barrie lists McVittie as an architect.

McVittie qualified as a Dominion Land Surveyor (number 103) on March 30, 1882, and shortly afterward, employed by the Dominion government, he moved west and surveyed some of the outlines of the townships west of the second and fourth meridians on the Prairies. He returned to Barrie that winter and advertised in a Barrie newspaper (January 1883) as a surveyor and real estate agent in Calgary, soliciting investment in the Northwest Territories. Later in 1883 he laid out the townsite for Fort Macleod and on January 1, 1884, McVittie signed the first subdivision plan in the new City of Calgary. This plan is known as Plan A, Calgary. The "certification" on that plan states: "This plan is correct and is prepared under the provisions of the North West Territories Registration of Title Ordinance. Winnipeg, January 1st 1884 (signed) A.W. McVittie, D.L. Surveyor."[2] This plan has since been redrawn under the authority of the Land Titles Office with the original no longer being in circulation. Reprints of this second plan can be ordered through the Calgary Land Titles Office. These moves led Archie to retire from Kennedy, McVittie and Holland in Ontario "to take charge of the branch office at Calgary, N.W.T."[3] McVittie's house, built in 1882 of logs, driftwood and scraps of lumber, was probably the first one built in Calgary.[4] It was once moved to the Calgary Zoo for

Archibald Westmacott McVittie. Photo courtesy of Association of Ontario Land Surveyors.

McVittie home now at Calgary Heritage Park. Photo by Syd Loeppky, ALS (December 1991).

use as a souvenir shop but in 1965 it was moved to Heritage Park, where it stands today. The signboard in front states:

> An early Dominion Land Surveyor, Archibald W. McVittie, lived in this cabin. Dominion Land Surveyors, as these men were known, divided the prairies and parklands of western Canada into legal parcels that incoming settlers could claim as homesteads. Between 1879 and 1889 surveyors measured and mapped some 61 million acres, an area more than one-third the size of Alberta. In addition to surveying farm lands McVittie laid out the town plots at Fort Macleod in 1883 and at Calgary in 1884.

A.W. McVittie hosted the first Masonic meeting in Calgary in his home and is recognized in the records of the Grand Lodge of Alberta. Until 1887 McVittie lived in the Calgary area and worked in the partnership of McVittie, Child and Wilson, Architects and Surveyors.

Archie then moved to Fort Steele where he joined his brother, Thomas Thane McVittie, LS, where they practised land surveying in the booming East Kootenay. McVittie Bros. shared a building with the Fort Steele Assay Office. (This assay office is now reconstructed in Fort Steele Heritage Town.) Thomas Kennedy invited him to return to Barrie, which he did from 1895 – 97, then retraced his steps to Calgary and Fort Macleod. Silver-lead mining development in British Columbia brought him back to Fort Steele in time to become a charter member of the Fort Steele Board of Trade, which held its inaugural meeting on September 2, 1897. By spring 1898, four surveyors were advertising in *The Prospector*: A.W. and T.T. McVittie, Charles Estemere and T.H. Taylor.

He married Emily Louise Leslie of Prescott, Ontario, at St. John's Anglican Church, Fort Steele, on November 18, 1899. They had two children, Charles Archibald, born in June 1900, and Margaret Emily, May 1902.[5] After the children were born, the McVittie family moved to Cranbrook where he was instrumental in developing the district coal and lumber industries, as well as working with John Hutchison in real estate. He was a founding member of the Cranbrook Board of Trade.

McVittie's next move was to Victoria, where they had a home on South Turner Street. Mrs. McVittie's sister and seven-year-old son followed for a "visit." That visiting youngster was to become Canada's renowned newspaperman and author, Bruce Hutchison. The late Hutchison says in his book *The Far Side of the Street*: "Thanks to the McVitties' generosity it (the visit) lasted for about two years."[6] In the same book he described Uncle Archie as " ... a successful Land Surveyor of middle age, an inveterate speculator in worthless mines, and a good man though his bristling black beard somewhat frightened me."[7] McVittie dabbled in real estate in Victoria and Lake Cowichan and, according to Hutchison, the collapse of the land boom at the beginning of World War One "ruined" him.[8]

Archibald Westmacott McVittie passed away after a short illness on August 24, 1926, at his home at 1411 Mitchell Street in Oak Bay, Victoria, B.C., and two days later he was laid to rest at the Ross Bay Cemetery.

Thomas Thane McVittie

T.T. McVittie, LS, was born in Barrie, Ontario, on February 9, 1855. He was the first son and third of eight children born to Thomas McVittie Sr. He acquired his education at Upper Canada College in Toronto, then was engaged in railroad work and township surveys. He came to British Columbia in 1879. At the age of twenty-six he went into private practice as a surveyor at Galbraith's Ferry (later called Fort Steele). The community was renamed following the withdrawal of the North West Mounted Police in 1888, at which time T.T. McVittie was made a Justice of the Peace. He had the longest continuous service of any Justice of the Peace in the East Kootenay.

The East Kootenays were being explored, mines developed and townsites built in the 1890s. A partial list of survey projects conducted by T.T. McVittie gives us some idea of his contribution to the district:

1896 St. Mary's Trail to Summit and a Map of Fort Steele Mining Division.
1897 Kimberley Townsite, Sullivan Group of Mineral Claims, Marysville Townsite and Wardner Townsite.
1898 Moyie River Placer Mining Company.
1899 Fernie Townsite.
1900 North Star Claims.
1901 Marysville Smelter and additional townsite.
1903 Kootenay Central Railway, Wardner Townsite, Estella Mine, Sullivan Minesite.[9]

T.T. McVittie was elected as one of the first churchwardens when an Anglican congregation formed St. John's parish in January 1896. He was secretary of the Fort Steele Mining Association, president of the Liberal-Conservative Club, school trustee, on various committees of the Board of Trade, and found time to join in the entertainment presented following the annual school Christmas concerts. He became Townsite Agent for R.L.T. Galbraith in April 1898. An announcement in the *Fort Steele Prospector*, April 16, 1898, states: "All persons having business in connection with the townsite are directed to transact the same with T.T. McVittie and to make all payments due or accruing due on lots already sold to him."

He resigned as school trustee in June 1899, made extensive renovations to his house, and in December he married Anna Galbraith, daughter of Alexander S. Galbraith of Oneida, New York, and niece of Robert Galbraith, Fort Steele's most prominent citizen. In October 1900 Anna lost the only child they ever had, an infant son, a great disappointment for them.

Quotes from the extant correspondence of Harold Nation, a young Englishman working near Moyie, describes visits to the McVittie home where they had "a great number of papers and magazines and a splendid little library with many first editions and out-of-print copies." Mrs. McVittie was very fond of Thackeray, among other authors, and Nation was glad to borrow and read a number of

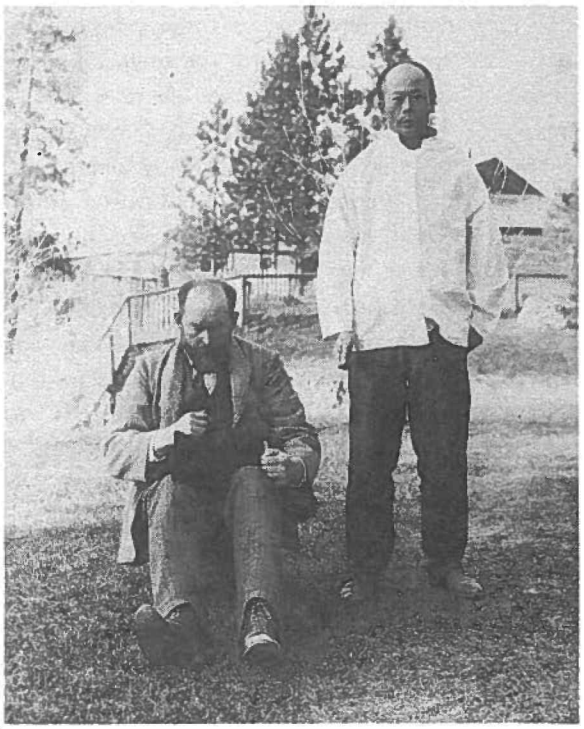
books at her suggestion.

In December 1901, when he was working in the bush near Moyie, Nation was invited to spend Christmas with Thomas and Mrs. McVittie. To get to Fort Steele he "struggled through the snow" in his best shoes to the Swansea railway junction and used a borrowed two dollars to buy a train ride to Fort Steele junction, where he caught the stage to Fort Steele. He continues: "My feet got pretty wet during my walk and pretty nearly froze when I was sitting still in the stage. However three hours chill in the evening air came to an end as we drew up in front of the house where a welcome light was streaming like in those post cards. McVittie came out on the sidewalk to greet me. As soon as I got into the tiny hall Mrs. McVittie advanced up the drawing room and greeted me. She is very small and jolly and is fond of young men, having had many brothers and no sisters.

"They at once showed me to my room, a bright small place plastered and beautifully clean. After my old tent and more or less dirty surroundings, it seemed too nice to go into. However, I changed and got my poor feet warm and dry and then we had dinner. My, how awkward I felt in manipulating the dainty silverware and china, and my poor hands looked terrible against the tablecloth, being ingrained with pitch in every cracked place.

"To describe the house; the original log cabin, in which McVittie lived for a long time, with its open fireplace and stone chimney is now changed into a modern drawing room, and the fireplace surrounded with a mantle piece. A verandah is on each side, and a bathroom with water is a splendid luxury."

Young Nation was invited back quite often, even though he turned down Thomas McVittie's offer to article him as a surveyor-in-training. During a visit in July he gives a charming account of the beginnings of a new day in the McVittie household: "In the morning McVittie gets up and lights the fires and makes coffee, singing cheerfully the while (the dog chiming in with a sympathetic whine!). He then comes to me with coffee and says that the bath is ready. (Oh my Gawd, what luxury!) Out I pop and while I am in the bathroom Mrs. McVittie comes out and gets breakfast ready."[10]



Thomas Thane McVittie at Fort Steele with his Chinese servant (could be Chin Tie or Louis). Photo F.S. 1.281 courtesy of Fort Steele Historic Park Archives.

By March 1903, Nation was reporting to his Aunt May that he was to be "sort of general assistant to Mr. McVittie at $75 a month ... on the Kootenay Central Railway preliminary survey." This was a generous wage. He had been making up to $34 the previous December. Perhaps surveying wasn't so bad after all?

Thomas, cheerful, active and successful in both business and civil affairs, gradually assumed leadership in the community. If the Premier of the province visited the area, it was Thomas who made the arrangements. He became a personal friend of Richard McBride during his premiership, but hosted many other political visitors. If a major trade fair was to be held, even in Cranbrook, he would be involved in planning. All these jobs he did with ease and grace. His speaking ability was often praised; even his acting (in a Fort Steele farce) received mention.

In 1916 his beloved Anna died, after which time his own health began to fail. In 1918, thinking a change might help his condition, he went to Edmonton to stay with his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Scott. He passed away on March 25, 1918, and his funeral took place in Edmonton two days later.

Judge Frederick Howay described Thomas Thane McVittie as "widely and favourably known, not only as an able surveyor but also as a representative and useful citizen."[11]

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Robert Allen heads a company of surveyors in Sechelt, B.C. He is a member of the Historical and Biographical Committee who have written* Early Land Surveyors of British Columbia *Vol. I and are preparing volume two.

FOOTNOTES

1. Association of Ontario Land Surveyors annual meeting report for 1927, p. 122.
2. Copy of Plan A in the Calgary Land Titles Office.
3. Biographical sketch on file with the Simcoe County Archives, p. 7.
4. Description of the McVittie cabin by Calgary Heritage Park Society, p. 12.
5. St. John's Parish Records, Fort Steele Archives.
6. *The Far Side of the Street*, Bruce Hutchison, p. 25.
7. Ibid, p. 25.
8. Ibid, p. 44.
9. List compiled by David Morley, Operations Manager, Fort Steele Heritage Town.
10. Research from the H.T. Nation files by David Morley.
11. *British Columbia From Earliest Times to the Present*, Vol. 3, Judge Frederic Howay.

SOURCES

Simcoe County Archives (James R. Campbell); Jim Sharpe, BCLS; Bob Lemaster, BCLS; John Armstrong, BCLS; Syd Loeppky, ALS; Betty Thompson; Bruce Hutchison; *Tales of the Kootenays*, Fred J. Smyth (pp. 79 and 81); Association of Ontario Land Surveyors (Jane Heffernon); Fort Steele Heritage Town (Martin Ross, General Manager, and Derryll White, Archivist); *Fort Steele – Here History Lives*, Derryll White.

NEWS & NOTES

DOUGLAS COLLEGE ALUMNI ? ?

Anyone with certificate, diploma or more than 45 credits from Douglas College is urged to send his/her current name and address to the Douglas College Alumni Association, Box 2503, New Westminster, B.C. V3L 5B2 or phone 527-5322. It is fun to receive the newsletter or receive invitations to special events.

TWO RAILWAY MUSEUMS

On June 19, 1993, the Cranbrook Railway Museum became officially **"The Canadian Museum of Rail Travel."** The collections of period cars, lovingly restored to their original beauty, are a showcase of railway passenger cars ranging from the 1880s to 1954. Curator Garry Anderson has worked tirelessly since 1976 to accumulate and restore whole train sets. The Trans-Canada Limited, 1929, is described as "a collection of world-wide significance; in its niche it is without rival."

Revelstoke Railway Museum opened June 16th, just 11 months after the first sod was turned. This new project was directed by Wilma Wood of Island Eco-Museum fame. The interior of the new museum takes on the appearance of a pioneer railway station. Its aim is to honour the builders and workers on the Canadian Pacific Railway from Kamloops eastward. A papier-mache model shows the different routes the rails have followed through Rogers Pass from 1885 to the present.

Both museums are significant attractions for train buffs and their families.

J. ARTHUR LOWER - HONORARY PRESIDENT

The 1993-94 Honorary President of BCHF has held many challenging positions over the years. He obtained his B.A. & M.A. from UBC; became Vice Principal of University Hill School; executive assistant Vancouver School Board and of Continuing Education at Langara College; Provincial Coordinator for UNESCO 1973-74; National Coordinator Interchange of Canadian Studies 1975-76; and President, Vancouver Historical Society 1954. He prepared several Curriculum Guides for the province, and has written six textbooks on our history, the most significant of which is *Canada: An Outline of History*, McGraw-Hill Ryerson, 1966 with second (revised edition) 1991. He continues to write for magazines, periodicals and newspapers. He was awarded the 1984 medal for distinguished Canadian writing by the Canadian Authors Association. Mr. Lower and his wife Thelma have served as consultants to the *B.C. Historical News* for six years. We welcome Mr. Lower to his new role with our Federation.

ALEXANDER DOUGLAS TURNBULL - 1903-1993

Doug Turnbull graduated in 1925 from the University of Toronto with a BASc in Metallurgical Engineering. He came to work in Trail, B.C. at the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Co. where he held various posts over the next 40 years. He was active in municipal and provincial government affairs between 1944 (when he was Reeve of Tadanac) to the 1949-52 sitting of the B.C. Legislature where he served with three portfolios under Byron Johnson. He was appointed to the Science Council of Canada 1966-70. He and his wife Elsie moved to Victoria following his retirement. He was very active in the Natural History Society, then the founding president of the "Friends of the Provincial Museum" (1970). Elsie and Doug moved into Somerset House in the spring. A.D. Turnbull passed away on 23 June, 1993 in Victoria.

REMEMBERING MABEL JORDON

by Anne Yandle

It is with regret that we have learned of the death of Mrs. Mabel Jordon in Calgary earlier this year. Mabel and her husband Ben, both members of the East Kootenay Historical Association, were staunch participants, along with their faithful terrier, of the annual meetings of the B.C. Historical Association. In 1968, during one of the many crises in the life of our association, Mabel took over as President, even though she and her husband had retired to Calgary. Over the years, at considerable effort to herself, Mabel never missed a Council Meeting or Annual Meeting.

Mabel's sound leadership and calm diplomacy set the Association in a new direction, and it was during her presidency the *B.C. Historical News* was established as the voice and record of the Association to replace the then defunct *B.C. Historical Quarterly*.

Mabel was an enthusiastic and accomplished local historian. She published extensively in the *Canadian Geographical Journal*, the *Alberta Historical Review*, and the *Steele House Magazine*. During her term as President, she delivered three Presidential addresses: on Florence Baillie-Grohman, Dr. George Mercer Dawson, and Sir Sandford Fleming, all of which were published in the *B.C. Historical News* at the time. The Jordons gave generously not only to the East Kootenay Historical Association, but also to the Glenbow Museum and Archives. We should not only celebrate the life but also mourn the passing of such a gifted and gracious lady.

DON SALE: HONORARY LIFE MEMBER

Thomas Donald Sale has been Corresponding Secretary of the BCHF since 1983, plus being a thoughtful judge for our Writing Competition since its inception. This work has been dovetailed with many community activities in his hometown of Nanaimo, everything from the Bathtub Races to Legion to St. Paul's Parish Council (where he served since 1946 and is accorded title of Warden Emeritus). He is a Knight of Grace in the St. John Ambulance Brigade where he has been an instructor for 50 years. He is currently Vice President of O.A.P. Branch #4. Masonic duties have been attended to for years, and he serves as a director of the Nanaimo District Museum Society and Treasurer of Nanaimo Historical Society. Don was named Nanaimo Citizen of the Year by the Chamber of Commerce in 1974, received the 1967 Centennial Medal in 1967, and the 125th Anniversary Medal in 1992. This busy fellow takes time to be with his family of four children and eight grandchildren up in the Cariboo, on Gabriola Island, or in Victoria. We honor Don for the many hours he has worked to preserve and promote B.C. history (and hope we have energy to follow the energetic path followed by this almost octogenarian).

B.C. Historical Federation Officers: back row - Doris May, Treasurer; Wayne Desrochers - M.L.; Arthur Lower - Hon. Pres. Front row - Don Sale - Corr. Sec.; Mary Rawson - M.L.; Alice Glanville - 1st V.P.; Myrtle Haslam - Pres. Missing: Ron Welwood - 2nd V.P. and John Spittle - Past Pres.

Photo by John Spittle

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

The Struggle for Social Justice in British Columbia: Helena Gutteridge, the Unknown Reformer.

Irene Howard. Vancouver,
UBC Press, 1992.
318 p., illus. $29.95

Helena Gutteridge has long deserved a biography. A crusader for women's suffrage before the Forst World War, labour organizer, CCFer, and the first woman to sit on Vancouver's city council, Gutteridge was a key figure in the province's political life from 1911 until her death in 1960. Born in England, she was introduced to politics there through the women's suffrage movement and Theosophy. Theosophy was a bizarre blend of eastern metaphysics, mysticism and spiritualism that attracted thousands of followers, many of whom were prominent political reformers, in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Whatever the worth of the movement's beliefs, Gutteridge met with a variety of activists and rebels, and received some practical experience in organizing and debating.

Once in B.C., Gutteridge turned away from self-enlightenment and towards social reform. The book details her efforts to organize laundry workers, win the minimum wage and other reforms, and her participation in strikes and elections. Of particular interest is the description of Gutteridge's work as a tailor and member of the union. The craft changed considerably in this period, as ready-made clothing undercut and displaced tailors. We learn a great deal about the trade, conditions of employment, and attempts to ward off the changes in the industry. Gutteridge's commitment to reform continued through the interwar years and beyond. In the 1930s, she joined the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation and worked with the unemployed during the Depression. There she continued to represent the practical, rather than the ideological, wing of the socialist movement. Elected to the Vancouver city council in 1937, Gutteridge pressed for low income housing and women's rights, and remained active and involved in civic politics until her death at the age of eighty-one.

Irene Howard has crafted a fitting biography of the woman. This was a difficult task that required a great deal of ingenuity and patience. Gutteridge left no papers; her family had little contact with her after she left England in 1911; no one who knew her in her activist days remains alive. With no repository of personal papers to draw upon, Howard has worked hard to piece together Gutteridge's life and career. One small omission should be noted: Howard suggests that Gutteridge left the Theosophy movement before coming to Canada, but her name shows up on a register of the Vancouver local. This oversight is surprising, given the author's obvious skill and determination as a researcher, but it makes no real difference to the book. Where material has been scarce, especially on Gutteridge's early years in England, Howard has pulled together a wide variety of secondary sources on family life and social conditions to piece together reasonable inferences to fill in the blanks. She is careful to alert the reader when she treads on shaky ground, and the cautious speculations are always plausible and stick close to the available evidence. If we cannot know some things with certainty, Howard has skilfully presented the most likely interpretation of events. Well-versed in the secondary literature, Howard places Gutteridge in the rich context of the province's social history. As a result, this biography also tells us much about the history of the labour movement, the socialist parties, and the struggles of women in this period.

Though the author is highly sympathetic of Gutteridge, she is not uncritical: Gutteridge's ambiquous stance on Asian workers is noted, as is her opposition to industrial unionism, the One Big Union, radical socialism, and communism. One area that the author might have explored more fruitfully was the implication of Gutteridge's relationship to the world of the labour intellectual and reform politician. For Gutteridge was by no means an "average" member of the province's working class. She was, by the standards of the day, well-educated, and often earned money as an intellectual, serving as secretary-treasurer of the Vancouver Trades and Labour Council, politician, and city councillor. Thus it may be that she should be regarded not as a typical woman worker, but as a member of a working class elite that carved out a semi-professional niche in the labour and reform movements of the day. This different class position must have had some impact on her world view and politics, but is little explored.

Despite this minor criticism, *The Struggle for Social Justice* is an exciting and fascinating book. Howard has woven an intricate story and takes care to make the book accessible and readable. Though on occasion it is almost chatty in tone, it remains both authoritative and entertaining. The ample footnotes are arranged to be useful but not intrusive, and the result is a necessary book for anyone interested in labour, women, and politics in British Columbia.

Mark Leier

Mark Leier is a member of the History Department at Simon Fraser University.

Helena Gutteridge and Co-Masonry in Vancouver

by Irene Howard

Did Helena Gutteridge ever meet Annie Besant, founder of Universal Co-Freemasonry in Great Britain; Annie Besant, president of the Theosophical Society? This was a question I could not answer in my book. Since its publication, however, I have found additional information thanks to Mark Leier and the answer is almost certainly "yes." Moreover, Helena was indeed a member of "Human Duty No. 6," Britain's first Co-Freemason, or Co-Mason lodge, which Annie Besant founded in 1902. I said that Annie Besant was a "profound influence" on Helena, and that statement receives confirmation from the new evidence.

We do not know if a Co-Mason lodge existed in Vancouver at the time of Helena's arrival here in September 1911. However, in April 1912, Lodge 399, "Inner Light," was established under the American Federation of Universal Co-Freemasonry. Helena began attending in September, a visitor in the second degree from Human Duty No. 6 in London, and was soon initiated into the mysteries of the third degree. She was an enthusiastic participant in the Masonic ritual, gave a talk to the members on "Some Aspects of Masonry," and even proposed that one meeting per month be devoted to ritual.*

Helena's Co-Masonic career in Vancouver was brief, however. She attended Inner Light meetings for only six months. During part of this time, in the spring of 1913, she investigated the wages and working conditions of women factory workers in Vancouver and gave her evidence at the hearings of the Royal Commission on Labour where she met leading Vancouver trade unionists. That spring she also joined the Journeyman Tailors' Union and became a correspondent for the Labour Gazette, gathering information on women workers. Aware now of the power of the working class movement, she abandoned the handful of Co-Masons practising their secret symbolism and joined the workers marching in the streets for hours and wages. She had found a more powerful way of fulfilling her human duty.

* City of Vancouver Archives, Add. Mss. 831, Freemasons. Inner Light Lodge, No. 399, Box 1, Universal Co-Masonry Society, Lodge 399, Minutes, 22 September 1913 – 13 April 1913. Box 2, Members' and Visitors' Register, 1912 – 1931. The Universal Co-Masonry records were found by a researcher who happened upon them in a building slated for demolition and turned them over to the Vancouver Archives.

Aboriginal Peoples and Politics: The Indian Land Question in British Columbia, 1849 – 1989

Paul Tennant. Vancouver, UBC Press, 1990.
305 p., cloth $39.95, paper $19.95.

In pre-contact times they were autonomous denizens who traversed land, forests and waters in what is now known as British Columbia. These Native tribes hunted, fished, gathered, traded and some even pillaged other groups, all for a common goal: to maintain their sustenance, cultures and beliefs. The Indian Act (1876) shattered many Native traditions. The Natives became second class citizens, who lost traditional rights and lands and were placed in small isolated enclaves in once, their own homelands. Paul Tennant's book, *Aboriginal Peoples and Politics: The Indian Land Question in British Columbia, 1849 – 1989*, provides what seems to be the most comprehensive study of the Indian land question and native politics in B.C. from the early colonial times up to 1989. The purpose of the book "is to describe the history of the land question in British Columbia and to reveal something of remarkable achievements of the Indian peoples in their steadfast pursuit of their land rights through peaceful political means" (p. ix).

The author describes the first treaties established in colonial times on Vancouver Island and he provides more insight than have other scholars as to why James Douglas did not establish treaties with the Natives on the Mainland or more on the Island. "The central elements in Douglas's land policy after 1854 were his de facto denial of aboriginal title, his granting of only small reserves, and his defence and encouragement of Indian land pre-emption" (p. 37). Douglas believed that Natives would be granted the same land rights as non-Natives within a short period of time. However, this belief did not materialize. Douglas's replacement, Joseph Trutch, postulated that the Natives did not own the land which they had lived on for hundreds or even thousands of years. Trutch ensured that Article 13 of the terms of agreement between Canada and B.C. stated that when B.C. entered Confederation in 1871, the Dominion government would be responsible for Indians and their reserve lands. Loggerheads have generated since this time and still exist between B.C. and Canadian governments regarding the extinguishment of Indian land claims. After the introduction of the Indian Act in 1876, Natives in B.C. and elsewhere in Canada lost more rights and valuable land. As well as being concerned for traditional rights and land entitlement, different Native groups from B.C. have sought self-government and have been concerned for social issues since the late 1880s.

The McKenna-McBride Commission (1913 – 1916) was organized to regulate the land question with the province. The result of the 1916 Commission led to the 1927 federal government special committee report of which Paul Tennant provides an excellent synopsis showing that the tactics used by the federal government during the committee meetings were unjust and that the report showed signs of contradiction. The result of the 1927 report was an amendment to the Indian Act which suppressed the Indians from becoming politically active and from seeking legal services for land claims. This amendment lasted until the Indian Act was revised in 1951.

The Indian Act intended to assimilate the aboriginal peoples but instead it segregated and destroyed many tribes and their cultures. Not until recently, during the late 1960s and more importantly in the 1970s and 1980s, have the Native groups gained an active voice within B.C. and Canada with the support of political Native groups. Tennant looks at how pan-Indianism in British Columbia compares with its counterpart that started in the U.S. and how it has helped Natives politically in B.C.

The book discusses the various Native organizations that were active during the 1930s to 1950s, specifically focusing on those associations found along the coast. He examines some of the significant contributions of Native leaders who supported and led Native organizations such as Bill Wilson, George Watts, George Manuel and Frank Calder. Tribalism witnessed a revitalization, gaining popularity during the mid to late 1970s since the Nisgh'a and Nuu'chah'nulth organized in the 1950s. The purpose of the tribal groups was to replace bands as a means of political representation.

Paul Tennant describes the dissension and sometimes animosity that evolved between the different Native organizations and their leaders. Individual philosophies, ideologies and the classification of status versus non-status Indians were some of the reasons for discord among the different Native leaders and organizations.

He addresses aboriginal title in several significant court cases in which the Natives gain some status in the Canadian legal system. The 1963 White and Bob case of Vancouver Island acquitted two Indians who were hunting out of bounds. Thomas Berger argued on behalf of the Indians using the 1763 Royal Proclamation and the Douglas 1854 treaty documents, both of which stated that Natives still had hunting and fishing rights in these territories. Berger won this court case which facilitated him in being the legal advisor of the Nisgh'a people in the 1973 Supreme Court hearings. The outcome of this court case granted the Nisgh'a the right to the title of lands prior to the colonial government coming to power in 1858. These were essential court victories for the First Nations people and "by 1989 the courts had answered one of the two basic legal questions pertaining to aboriginal title in British Columbia. The Indians did have title to their lands before colonial government was established, and aboriginal title is a pre-existing legal right. The other question, whether explicit extinguishment is necessary or whether implicit extinguishment is sufficient, was still to be answered" (p. 226). He also deals with the compromises that have been made between the Natives and big forest corporations and the Social Credit Party during the 1980s. These compromises were the result of protests that occurred in the Stein Valley, Meares and Lyell Islands which prevented the forest companies from logging old growth forests on Native lands.

Aboriginal Peoples and Politics: The Indian Land Question in British Columbia, 1849 – 1989 is an excellent source that is a concise history dealing with a period of 140 years of intriguing and valuable information on Native land claims, Native rights and Native politics. This book will be a welcomed addition to the already vast and growing list of literature on the First Nations people available for both scholars and those who are familiar with British Columbia's past.

Werner Kaschel
Werner Kaschel is a teacher in the Surrey School District.

The Fraser Valley: A History

John A. Cherrington. Madeira Park, B.C., Harbour Publishing, 1992.
391 p., illus. $44.95.

The Lower Fraser Valley is a distinct region of B.C., with a population in excess of 750,000. It has distinct physical, ethnic, social and religious characteristics. Yet there has never been a comprehensive regional history of the Valley until the publication of the present work.

John Cherrington is well qualified for the task. He is a Mount Lehman lawyer whose interest in Fraser Valley history was piqued by boyhood visits to his grandparents' Maple Ridge farm. He is the author of the 1974 history of Mission, *Mission on the Fraser*, and is active in the Fort Langley Legacy Foundation, a heritage conservation group.

Harbour Publishing has done excellent design work with this large-format, hard-cover volume. There are historical photos illustrating most pages and the typography and layout is attractive and interesting.

Geographically, the book covers the territory from Richmond and Delta east as far as Hope, as well as the traditional market town of the Valley, New Westminster. The time period covered is circa 1800 to the present.

In his treatment, Cherrington succeeds in striking a balance between the scholarly and popular approaches to history. The major events

in the region's political, social and economic history are covered with as much detail as the scope of the work allows. There are a few errors of historical fact, but they are not serious. As an amateur historian, the author can be excused for failing to examine all possible information sources. It is unfortunate that he was unable to visit all of the excellent community archives in the Valley, however.

The narrative is lively, peppered with quotes from contemporary reports, correspondence and news articles. It is enlightening to note Lady Franklin's impressions of New Westminster in 1861; the Surrey School Board's opinion of young female teachers in 1907; and the excitement experienced by the soldiers of the Westminster Regiment coming home by train in 1946.

Anecdotes and personality profiles give a good feel for the social customs and life experiences of Valley residents and history-makers. The reader is introduced to such characters as the stoical Fort Langley fur trader James Murray Yale; the earthy farmer-politician Honest John Oliver; and the irascible Ladner potato-grower Chung Chuck.

For Cherrington, the study of the past is not compartmentalized or separated from an understanding of the present or the future. In his final chapter, he views the rapidly changing landscape and social make-up of the Fraser Valley with concern. As the population of southwestern B.C. grows, friction between urban and rural lifestyles will continue. In his view, the traditional individualism of Valley farmers and small business people is increasingly at odds with the need for regulation, and is threatened by large-scale development.

This book is likely to be popular for years to come, as an attractive gift item, as a well-used library book, and as a useful information source for students.

Jim Bowman

Jim Bowman is a Chilliwack archivist and local historian.

The Fraser Valley Challenge: An Illustrated Account of Logging and Sawmilling in the Fraser Valley

Arnold M. McCombs and Wilfrid W. Chittenden. Treeline Publishing, 1990. 176 p.

The two authors should be commended for their efforts in this book on logging and sawmilling in the Fraser Valley. The book, *The Fraser Challenge*, describes and illustrates the technological advancement of logging and sawmilling equipment in the forest industry, as well as the various entrepreneurs and forest companies that have both harvested and established sawmills in different areas of the Fraser Valley. Some of these lumber barons still harvest the forests in the Fraser Valley today. This latest book is an accompaniment to the authors' first book, entitled *The Harrison-Chehalis Challenge*, which was published in 1988. McCombs and Chittenden provide an overview of the logging and sawmilling in the valley, starting with the earliest operation in the 1850s and working up to the present day. Each chapter describes the history of a different section of the Fraser Valley, covering areas from Surrey to the lower reaches of the Fraser Canyon.

The book is filled with both amazing and intriguing pictures of the past, depicting destruction, toil, progress and stature. Accompanying these photographs, the authors have included hand-drawn pictures of logging apparatus and maps of each logging region which show the railways and their spurs and nearby cities or communities. Unlike their first book, *Harrison-Chehalis Challenge*, this book provides a chronological summary for a quick reference to a certain time or location in the logging history of the Fraser Valley. As well, the addition of a glossary is convenient for people unfamiliar with forestry jargon.

One error in the book was a typing error. "Aluoette" found on page 64 should have read "Alouette." An important part of writing any history is describing both the area and the people who made it possible and in this book the authors have done an admirable job doing this. However, they describe the owners of these operations and the size of these mills without mention of the labourers. They could have briefly alluded to the latter part of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries when Chinese, East Indian, Japanese, Scandinavian and other ethnic people were employed as labourers in these enterprises in Surrey, Langley and other locations of the Fraser Valley.

Prior to this extensive research the authors "did not fully realize the severity of the problem [overcutting] in the Fraser Valley until writing this book" (p. 153). They suggest that more effort and care must be taken in the future harvesting of our forests if there is to be a forest industry in the future.

The Fraser Valley Challenge was an enjoyable read and will provide new knowledge for those who were unaware of the Fraser Valley's logging and sawmilling past and it will bring back memories for those who worked in the forest industry.

Werner Kaschel

Raincoast Chronicles 14; Fish Heads & Caulk Boots.

Florence Tickner. Madeira Park, Harbour Publishing, 1992. 80 p. No price given.

Fish Heads Caulk Boots' cover painting by Jim Spilsbury sets the scene for this book. The isolation of the float logging camps and the mountain forest could be in no other place in the world but British Columbia.

The thirty-nine short stories tell us of life in the camps, ending with World War II. About the same time easily accessible logging was finished. The stories relate to day-to-day living, the happy and sad times, especially how children adapted to their environment. While there were many restrictions, there was also a freedom that is lacking in modern day childhood. The most poignant story is about finding a lonely cabin built by a World War I draft dodger.

Photos from the author's album have been chosen to illustrate and capture the work and play of the isolated camps.

The book is of a vanished social life, and would be an excellent text-book for school children to see life without roads, cars and television.

Peggy Imredy

Peggy Imredy is a member of the Vancouver Historical Society.

Other Publications Noted

The Bella Coola Indians.
T.F. McIlwraith, Toronto, University of Toronto Press, 1940, re-issued 1992.
2 vols., $60 paper, $125 cloth.

The Discoverer's Guide: Fraser River Delta; Exploring the River.
Don Watmough, Edmonton, Lone Pine Publishing, 1992.
127 p., illus., $12.95.

The Forbidden City Within Victoria: Myth, Symbol and Streetscape of Canada's Earliest Chinatown.
David Chuenyan Lai, Victoria, Orca, 1991.
212 p., $12.95

Nelson British Columbia Canada. Architectural Heritage Walking Tour.
Revised edition, Nelson Streetscapes, 1993.
Available from Ron Welwood, RR 1, 1806 Ridgewood Road, Nelson, B.C. V1L 5P4.
Free.

Page's on Silva Bay: Memories of Fifty Years, 1943 – 1993.
Gabriola Island, Page's Resort, RR 2, Site 30, Gabriola Island, B.C. V0R 1X0, 1993.
28 p., $1.50.

Railroading in British Columbia: A Bibliography.
Ron H. Meyer, B.C. Rail Guide No. 12, 1973, second edition revised 1993.
No price given.

When The Rains Came and Other Legends of the Salish People.
As told to Dolby Bevan Turner, illustrated by D. Johnnie Seletze, Victoria, Orca, 1992.
112 p., $19.95

Whatever Your Heritage, Be Thankful For It.

Mountain men and a trapper's cabin won the prize for Best Float (see picture to right) in the Creston Blossom Festival parade in May 1993. The cabin is a replica of one on display at the Creston Museum. Those on the float are (clockwise): Wally Johnson, in black tam, original owner of the cabin. Now 93, this man made his living in the mountains, and until two years ago, enjoyed dancing especially the two-step and quadrilles.

Fred Cappell (white beard) last owner of the cabin. He made his living for many years by trapping.

Rae Masse, backpacker, lumberman, miner, and charter member of the Creston Historical Society.

Carle Jones, mischievously guarding the still, as he has always guarded the Dewdney trail near Creston. Carle has just received an Award of Merit from the B.C. Museums Association.

~

Grace C. Dickie

Grace Dickie, Past President and Audrey Ginn, (white gloves) past Secretary of Chemainus Valley Historical Society as they appeared in the Chemainus Daze Parade 1991.

Thetis Island has lost its Historian with the passing of Grace Dickie on August 19, 1993. Mrs. Dickie served many years as president of the Chemainus Valley Historical Society. She was also active in the Chemainus Hospital Auxiliary, Rebakah Lodge, and served on the Chemainus Hospital Board. This cheery lady attended many BCHF conventions, sometimes sharing her enthusiasm for Railway History with like-minded attendees.

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In Memoriam:

It is with sadness that the Burnaby Historical Society notes the death of Dr. Violet Eagles in June, at the age of 94. Dr. Eagles and her husband, the late Dr. Blythe Eagles, established the Evelyn Salisbury Scholarship in honour of Evelyn Salisbury, a past president of the Society, who worked tirelessly to protect Burnaby's history.

Both Violet and Blythe Eagles were long-time active members of the Burnaby Historical Society.

Market Hunting in Surrey

by Stan McKinnon

Boys growing up in Surrey after World War I and into the 1930s hankered after a gun ... and their parents often let them hunt a little bit, even if they were under age. A licence to hunt accompanied by an adult could be secured when you were sixteen years of age.

There was very little possibility of junior teenagers getting into trouble with the law. There was only one game warden for East Delta, all of Surrey and much of Langley Municipality. And most fields in Surrey were surrounded by bush into which a young lad could scramble if the game warden were sighted.

Jim Sullivan of 6311 – 152nd Street, Surrey, recalls the first gun he was allowed to use. It was a .22 rifle.

"In those days we plinked at everything. One day I had the .22 and took a shot at the hawk which had been soaring around the district for a few days. Down it came, and I discovered that the 'hawk' was a pigeon belonging to one of the neighboring ladies!"

Jim Sullivan remembers a Mr. Lund who was still shooting ducks for the market, though there were few practitioners left by then.

"That would be about 1918. I can remember Mr. Lund waiting at the Sullivan station for the B.C. Electric train. He had a leather harness which went over his shoulders, with loops of heavy wire shaped like a keyhole. The duck's head was placed through the loop, with about ten ducks held by each loop.

"He'd be carrying as many as forty mallards, which would make it quite a load with which to mount the steep steps into the train."

Lund took the ducks in to the New Westminster Market or to Vancouver restaurants.

"Twenty-five cents a brace was the standard price for the ducks."

Lund lived in a house built on stilts adjacent to the marshy area where Bear Creek flowed into Serpentine River. A trail led to it from Johnston Road (152nd Street).

He used a 10-gauge shotgun, sometimes mounting it in the bow of his duck punt. Lund loaded his own shells, as did many of those who hunted for sport.

Game birds were abundant in the Fraser Valley prior to World War I. Even in the late 1920s the possession limit for ducks was fifty per day; for pheasants, sixteen a day.

From an interview with Jim Sullivan, March 29, 1993

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Burnaby Scholarship Winner

Paige Raibmon - This U.B.C. student is the 1993 winner of the Burnaby Historical Society Scholarship

The Burnaby Historical Society is pleased to announce the awarding of the 1993 Evelyn Salisbury Scholarship of $1,000 to Paige Raibmon of Vancouver. About to enter her fourth year in honours history at the University of British Columbia, Miss Raibmon has shown an interest in researching all aspects of the Indian residential schools in B.C. particularly the Coqualeetza Residential School which was located in Sardis. She is planning to explore this part of the history of the province's Aboriginal People as the topic for her graduating honours essay.

This year, the Burnaby Historical Society received five excellent scholarship applications which gave the judging panel a difficult job in the selection of the award recipient.

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Books entered in the B.C. Historical Federation 1992 Writing Competition

* Medal Winner
** Certificate of Merit
Listed in the order received.

Beginnings: The Rollin Family and Rollin Art Centre by Catherine Lord.

Funeral Service in British Columbia by Harald Gunderson.

Vancouver and Its Region edited by Graeme Wynn and Timothy Oke (UBC).

***Otter Skins, Boston Ships and China Goods** by James R. Gibson (McGill-Queen's).

Silver, Lead and Hell: The Story of Sandon by Veronika Pellowski (Prospectors Pick).

Our Chiefs and Elders by David Neel (UBC).

On Stormy Seas: Captain Vancouver by Brenda Guild Gillespie (Beach Holme).

Thomas Crosby and the Tsimshian by Clarence Bolt (UBC).

Canada's First Nations by Olive Patricia Dickason (McClelland & Stewart).

The Albernis, 1860 – 1922 by Jan Peterson (Oolichan).

Hourglass: The Deforest and Carpentier Families by Diane Dobson.

The Struggle for Social Justice in B.C.: Helena Gutteridge by Irene Howard (UBC).

Vancouver: A Visual History by Bruce Macdonald (Talonbooks).

Savona Remembered by Edward Villiers.

In the Path of the Explorers by Steve Short and Rosemary Neering (Whitecap).

Heritage Walks Around Vancouver by Michael Kluckner and John Aitkin (Whitecap).

Port of Nakusp by Milton Parent (Arrow Lakes Historical Society).

H.M.S. Virago in the Pacific by G.P.V. Akrigg and Helen Akrigg (Sono Nis).

The Vancouver Voyages of the Barque Pamir by Richard E. Wells (Sono Nis).

Victoria's Street Car Era by Henry Ewert (Sono Nis).

Not Without Hope by Louise Johnson (Maple Lane Publ.)

Vancouver's Voyage by Robin Fisher (Douglas & McIntyre).

Cork Lines and Canning Lines by Geoff Meggs and Duncan Stacey (Douglas & McIntyre).

****Working in the Woods** by Ken Drushka (Harbour).

The Fraser Valley by John Cherrington (Harbour).

****Homer Stevens: A Life in Fishing** by Homer Stevens and Rolf Knight (Harbour).

Slow Boat on Rum Row by Fraser Miles (Harbour).

Fish Hooks and Caulk Boots by Florence Tickner (Harbour).

Kikyo: Coming Home to Powell Street by Tamio Wakayama (Harbour).

Kamloops: 100 Years of Community by Wayne Norton and Wolf Schmidt (Sonotek).

****The Victoria and Sidney Railway, 1892 – 1919** by Darryl E. Muralt (B.C. Railway Historical Association).

Light at the End of the Tunnel by M.C. Warrior and Mark Leier (Tunnel & Rockworkers Union).

Valley of Dreams: Pictorial History of Vernon and District (Greater Vernon Museum & Archives).

The Milk Lady: Memories of a Farmer's Wife by Patricia Lines.

Conference 1994

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District 69 Historical Society and Qualicum Beach Historical and Museum Society are co-hosting the annual conference of the B.C. Historical Federation April 28 to May 1, 1994. Headquarters will be at the Island Hall, a long time resort hotel on the beach at Parksville.

Plan now to attend this conference with your friends and enjoy a good program. Stay awhile and take in the many attractions of the beautiful Paksville-Qualicum area. Wewill look forward to having you.

Corrections - Summer 1993

"Carnarvon Terms or Separation"
Page 14, c. 1, par. 4.
Princess Louisa
is *Princess Louise.*

"Life Blood of the Okanagan Valley"
Page 18.
The purchase was instigated
by premier John Hart . . .
should read
premier John Oliver.

Both were errors of the author, missed by your editor.

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BC HISTORICAL FEDERATION
WRITING COMPETITION

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

Any book presenting any facet of B.C. history, published in 1993, 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 Parksville in May 1994.

Submission Requirements: All books must have been published in 1993, 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
P.O. Box 933, Nanaimo, B.C. V9R 5N2

Deadline: December 31, 1993. **LATE ENTRIES** WILL BE ACCEPTED WITH POSTMARK UP TO JANUARY 31, 1994, 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.)

Please send articles directly to:

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