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YAMAGA YASUTARŌ PAPERS

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MR. Y. YAMAGA

P.O., 70 MILES HOUSE, B.C.

THE NEW CANADIAN

An Independent Organ for Canadians of Japanese Origin

VOL. 18 — NO. 85 WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1955 TORONTO, ONT.

Canadian Salesmanship Impresses K. Kikkawa, Japan Cabinet Minister

Japanese businessmen should follow the example of Canada in international trade, says Kyuei Kikkawa, vice-minister of agriculture and forestry. Kikkawa, who heads a four-man mission inspecting Canadian grain handling, arrived in Toronto last weekend. He's scheduled to go on to Montreal and Ottawa today.

Kikkawa was impressed by the earnest work being done in Canada to find markets for its wheat and barley. Salesmanship as practiced by Canadians in international commerce should be studied by Japanese traders, he felt.

In Ottawa, Kikkawa will meet Hon. C. D. Howe, minister of trade and commerce and of defense production. A presentation of 10 Yoshino cherry trees will be made to Mr. Howe.

Kikkawa will speak with Ottawa officials on Japan's grain imports. The Japanese minister said he would also discuss the easier entrance into Canada of relatives in Japan of Japanese Canadians.

For Protection, Canada Needs Bill of Rights, Warns CCF Leader

PRINCE RUPERT, B.C. — M. J. Coldwell, national CCF leader, said Saturday night a bill of rights should be written into Canada's constitution to protect individual freedoms.

It is dangerous for Canadians to think that curtailments of rights and freedoms which have taken place in other countries can't happen in Canada, Mr. Coldwell said at a public meeting.

Members of All Parties Hold Respect For MacInnis, Now 25 Years at Ottawa

By DILLON O'LEARY
in The Vancouver News-Herald

A testimonial dinner (was) tendered Angus MacInnis here (Oct. 28) to celebrate his 25th anniversary in Parliament, and it couldn't happen to a better man.

In his quarter century of representing Vancouver East and Vancouver Kingsway in Ottawa, Angus has become one of those rare men about whom the members of all parties would agree that he is an ornament to the House of Commons.

He has won this respect because of his intelligence, integrity, courage and shy personal charm.

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fever high in British Columbia, Angus seemed to be performing political hari-kari when he rose to protest. Mere votes or political hedging were obviously not in his mind as he denounced in the strongest term this mass transportation of his fellow-Canadians. A principle was at stake, and he would fight for it, alone if necessary.

In those days, he was pretty much alone.

Or seemed to be, until in 1945 he was returned with the largest majority he had ever received in four general elections he had contested until then. He did this faced with taunts of "pro-Japanese" from his opponents. His constituents have developed a healthy respect for his outspoken truthfulness, and the value of his word, and have shown it by electing him six times since 1930.

That 1942 protest against mass transportation was but one episode in his life-long battle for the under
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JAPAN

Dual Citizens in Japan

OFFER OPPORTUNITY FOR VOCAL EXPRESSION BY WESTCOAST NISEI

VANCOUVER.—The Nemichi Challenge Trophy will be offered again in a second annual Oratorical Contest sponsored by the Vancouver JCCA. The contest is limited to westcoast Niseis 22 years of age and under.

The Nemichi Trophy was first

キャリブー夜話

（一）ワイ生

七百餘の製材所

ビーシーの主要産業は林業、漁業、農業、鑛業であるが、其中最大なのは林業で、他の三業を合した程の産額があるといわれる。言い換えれば、ビーシーの人達が、毎日買物する弗札の半分は、木材から生み出されたものだと、政府の統計は示している。大体ビーシーの木材資源で收穫可能な地域は、七千五百万英加で其中一千万英加が、太平洋沿岸に在り、而も其所から現在州の林産總額の八割が伐り出されている狀態であるから、キャリブーや奥地を合せて、六千五百万英加あり、それから僅かに二割しか出していないことになる。此の統計は二、三年前のもので、現在では、ズット増している筈ではあるが兎も角、キャリブーや奥地の尨大な森林地域の、ほんの入口に手をつけたに過ぎない事が判る。

私共の居る所は沿岸から約三百哩北で海抜三千八百呎の高原であるが、キャタズ・ジョージのほんの戸口である。大戰中にこの近くの（三十哩位は、お隣り）テーラーレーキに、ソーグ・パルプ會社が日系人三十家族を入れてピヤキバインのパルプ材を伐り出した跡が、數千英加の廣さに、まるで禿頭病に罹つたみたいに地膚を表わしている外は、綠の森がそだつた人の名をつけたのだそうだが、キャリブー金山の名を世界に響かせた鑛脈は、クネル川（フレザー支流）の上流で、金山文化華なりし頃はクネルはプロスペクターの根據地であり、キャリブー文化?の中心だつたのである。昔はチャック・ワゲンで三週間、貨物の運搬は一ケ月も片道にかつたそうだが、今は中央に白線の光るハイウエーを四、五時間ですつ飛ばすようになつた。

此の道路と、鐵道線に沿ふて、キャリブーの木材文化が發達して來たのである

私共が買物に出るクリントン附近から、北へ約百哩のウイリヤム・レーキ（人口五千で飛行場もある町）に到る間に二百、それから又五十哩北のクネル附近に百五十、ズット北上してプリンス・ジョージ地方には三百五十、合計約七百餘の大小のミルが原生林に爆音を遠くない。クネルは探險家サイモン・フレザーの副官だつた人の名をつけたのだそうだが、キャリブー金山の名を世界に響かせた鑛脈は、クネル川（フレザー支流）の上流で、金山文化華なりし頃はクネルはプロスペクターの根據地であり、キャリブー文化?の中心だつたのである。昔はチャック・ワゲンで三週間、貨物の運搬は一ケ月も片道にかつたそうだが、今は中央に白線の光るハイウエーを四、五時間ですつ飛ばすようになつた。

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此等のミルから積み出される板は、本年の極寒、正月一ケ月に千五百六十三貨車、一年を通算すると優に二万五千貨車以上に達する見込みである。（一貨車積量約三万呎である）これは殆んど全部、米國や、英國へ輸出され外貨獲得をやる譯である。而も近年、沿岸、オレゴン、ワシントン方面の木材が手近の土地は伐りつくされたので小、中企業家がキャリブーへ入り込み、ミルは急速度に增加しつゝある狀態である。

此のように昔、金山熱が冷め、砂金文化が凋落した後は牧蓄で辛うじて餘命を繋いでいたキャリブーのゴースト・タウンが六、七十年後の今日、木材で返り咲きを始めた譯である。

キヤリブー夜話

（二）

ワイ生

キヤリブーでソーミルを始めた日系の元祖はラーラーレーキの永井万次郎氏で同氏一家は大戦中にバルプ伐りにラーラーレーキに來たのであるが、ピー・ジー・イー鐵道の枕木の不足を知り、立木は無限にあるのでタイミルを始めた。タイの不足に惱んでいた會社は大喜び、とん〳〵拍子に成功して今日も引續きやつている。次がテンカップ協同ミルで、勝野、小原、村上、根來、砂田兄弟と筆者の七人の協同經營である。同時に小森五人兄弟、若林兄弟協同でロギン及びプレナーミルを經營し、別にソーミルも經營よろしきを得て成功の途上に在る。ホープで四、五十人使用してミルをやつて居る上村氏も支部を出して居り、西口氏がクリントンにそしてアシクラフト近くには齋藤氏がログ山をやつて居る。

當地から四十餘哩北、バフロー・クリーキに港氏父子が製材、プレナ・ミル等最新式のミシンを入れて着々と將來への飛躍が約束されて居る。最近、安浦氏も永井氏の近くに小規模で始めた。又港氏の近くで倉橋氏等が數年前から有利に經營している。

何しろ不便な山の中であるから、日常娯樂の機會に乏しく、特に未婚男女の交遊の途も開けていないので一般經營者の大きな惱みでもある。何しろ勞働市場から遠く、不便である爲め、日系二世の大部分は、キャリブー入りを嫌がるのである。

前記の小森兄弟、港父子のように一家協力して經營に當る者の爲には、將來無限に伸びられる新天地である。ただ勞働者補給が困難な一事、これはキャリブー一般經營者の大きな惱みでもある。何しろ勞働市場から遠く、不便である爲め、轉々移動する獨身勞働者は何か氣に喰わぬと、ヘルとか何とか言つて出て行く。何十哩も探し廻りタウンのビヤ・バーラーなどから雇つて來ても同じ事、中には言葉巧みに店から仕事着や食糧を買い、保證させて一日も働かすにズラカル自動車持ちもあるし、一週間位働きぶりを見せて二週間で前借りして逃げる惡どいのも居る。失業保險局などへ申込んで送られて來る者は殆んど全部と言える位い働らく意慾のない連中が多い勿論これ等は浮游勞働者一般の傾向を述べたに過ぎない。家族持ちには住家を建てゝやらねば近所に借家は無いのである。學校問題もからんで來る。

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當地から四十餘哩北、バフロー・クリーキに港氏父子が製材、プレナ・ミル等最

6-4

キヤリブー夜話

こんな事情だから、小森兄弟、港父子のように家族で要所を受持つか、協同ミルで株主が皆働らく組織でないと思わぬサテツを來す事がある。

四、五年前迄は官林が樂に手に入つたが、今ではテンバー山の爭奪戰が日に增し激しくなる。現行、山林法では官有林の一區域の立木の拂下げを請願する事が出來る（英國臣民に限る）。拂下げの方法は誰が請願しても一應新聞に廣告して競賣にする。競爭者の多い時は、政府の定めたスタンペーヂ、其まゝで其區域の見積總量に對するスタンペーヂ總額の一割の保証金を積み立てるのである。此の夏のように一時にせよ市價がうなぎ上りになると、ミルの持主等や新來者などの間で猛烈な山の爭奪戰が展開される。競賣日前に互いに恐喝し合つたり、妥協したりの大騒ぎの暗闘が續けられる。大資本を擁する會社などは保險金數万弗の廣大地域を請願して小企業家をめ出す作戰に出るものもある。其附近にミルを持つ小企業家が悲鳴を擧げて政府に泣きつく。政府が大區域を小さく切つて小企業家に競爭のチャンスは與えるが、どうせ大刀打ちは出きぬ。

それから現行山林法では大企業家に幾万英加という森林地域の管理權を委托するメント・ライセンスを下附出來る事にもなつて居る。此の法を楯に小企業家でも手のつけられる便利のよい區域をも大會社が獨占しようとする。

それに對しリルエット選出のギブソン代議士（自由）が小企業家を殺す惡法だと昨年の議會で孤軍奮闘、一人で喰ひ下つたが、力つき辭職し九月の補欠戰に再立候補したが政府黨に僅かの差でしてやられた。併しギブソンの主張で特別調査員スローン判事が任命され、プソンの主張で特別調査員己に數ケ月各地で査問會を開いて調査して居るので、其報告に基く森林法の改正が中小企業家を保護するよう推唱されるであろうと中小企業家は待望して居る

——ワイ生（終）



Sir James Douglas laid the cornerstone for first Methodist church in Victoria, in 1859.



Mr. and Mrs. David Spencer were members.

Brave Toronto missionaries built first church in wild B.C.

10,000 miners were on their way to the placer gold boom; so was Rev. Ephraim Evans, to stake for the church.

By ANNE GARRETT

"GOVERNOR DOUGLAS and Lieut.-Col. Moody are a terror to evil doers."

The man who made that statement was young and he came to that conclusion shortly after his arrival on Vancouver Island. He was one of the first band of Methodist missionaries to set foot on western Canada's soil. The year was 1859.

The Cariboo gold rush had begun when traces of gold were found in 1858 in the neighborhood of the Columbia River, and in 1857 in the Thompson.

It was also in 1858 when B.C.'s gold rush was in full swing that eastern Canada caught the "yellow" fever. Excitement reached even to the Methodist church headquarters at Toronto—for now B.C. was making most urgent appeals for missionary labor.

Hordes of adventurers swarmed to the west coast. "Gold-for-the-taking" was the cry that spread like wildfire. The story of success or failure would finally be written and whichever way it went the Crown Colony needed the church. It was time for action agreed the church's leaders.

The "English committee" of the church offered £100 sterling toward the cost of a mission in B.C. and encouraged by other liberal offers the church began immediate plans. The call went out for volunteer workers and from the 12 ministers who answered four were chosen.

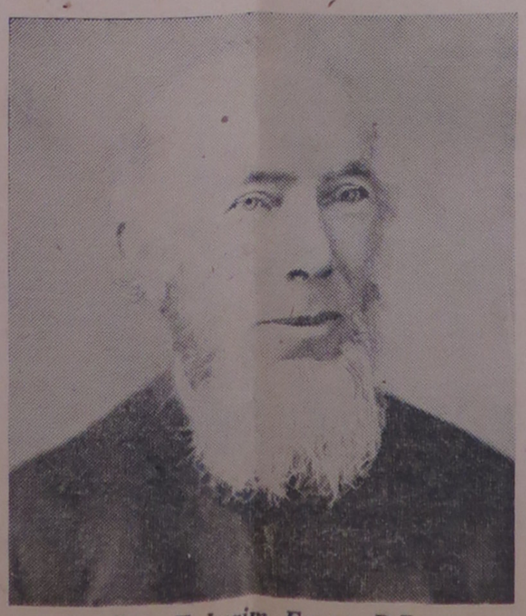
Soon the little party was ready to leave but first there was an impressive valedictory service in Toronto's Richmond street church and next morning a farewell breakfast in St. Lawrence Hall. Dec. 31 1858 was the day for departure from Toronto—they landed at Victoria in February after a 41-day journey by way of New York, the Isthmus of Panama and San Francisco.

There was Rev. Ephraim Evans, D.D. who had in his early years been editor of "The Christian Guardian." Later—just 100 years ago—he was appointed governor and chaplain of Mt. Allison Wesleyan College at Sackville, N.B. He was the man chosen to lead the little group.

Besides Dr. Evans in the westward-bound band of 11 souls were his wife, an adult daughter Minnie and a 'teen-age son Edmund. Others in the party were Rev. Ebenezer Robson whose name is still remembered at Hope and Yale, B.C. where he pioneered to the turn of the century. There was Rev. Arthur Browning, Rev. Edward White and Mrs. White and her sister Emily, a four-year-old boy and a baby girl who later became Mrs. C. L. Street of Chilliwack.

In those days when the Hudson's Bay Co. had their old fortifications still intact, about 5000 northern Indians were encamped outside Fort Victoria. They came from the Queen Charlotte Islands, Fort Simpson and Fort Rupert. But in the city proper there was a fluctuating population of from 2500 to 3000.

From personal diaries and early letters we learn something of B.C. 96 years ago. Rev. Edward White wrote a few days after he arrived: "Victoria has about 50 stores; there are about a dozen hotels and board is from $1.50 to $3 per day. Lots sell from $100 to $10,000 each. Government lands are $2.50 per acre in B.C. and double that on Vancouver Island. There are probably 50,000 miners with more on the way. Apples are 40c lb.; bread is 12½c; butter 50c lb. and beef is 25c lb. Coal is $16 per ton. We dined with Governor Douglas."



Rev. Ephraim Evans, D.D.

Not so terse was the letter written by Rev. Arthur Browning with its message of prophetic hope.

Said he: "The site of this town is pleasant but there are few houses. The Union Jack and Stars and Stripes fly side by side to show their friendship I suppose. Policemen walk the streets and all is quiet. What we want is men and women to give this colony a truly British stamp."

As soon as the pioneer families settled a public meeting was called by Dr. Evans, general superintendent of Wesleyan missions of the colonies of V.I. and B.C. At this meeting held in the police barracks, plans were laid for building the earliest church of any size in B.C.—and in fact in all of Western Canada. According to minutes of that meeting of March 31, 1859 the proposed church was to be "for the use of the people called Methodists."

In August of that same year Governor-James Douglas laid the corner stone on the property at the corner of Broad and Pandora streets. The "suitable" lots were a gift from the Hudson's Bay Co.

Then came the proud day, less than a year after the Methodist pilgrims had landed—the beautiful high-spired little Pandora street church was completed. Dr. Evans was the first minister of the "mother" church. Seating 600, it was built at a cost of $12,000. All money was raised by public subscription.

Among the pioneers in the congregation was David Spencer, Sr. He became a church trustee on Nov. 13, 1865. For more than 70 years Mrs. Spencer was a member of this church and the Metropolitan.

Times were often far from good in the 22 years that the Pandora street church served her people. But it had to be abandoned — it was too small The Metropolitan Church with seating capacity of 1800 then came into being.

It was in 1934, 75 years after the pioneer missionaries had come to the Coast, that members of the new church took time to recall the romance of those early days. The elaborate celebrations lasted a week.

There was a pageant of "The Landing of the Missionaries" in which 175 persons took part—there was a Salvation Army band leading a church parade, a street corner meeting, and a service inside a dusty warehouse.

Where long ago had stood that first church there was a drab flour and feed warehouse. It was here that Mrs. David Spencer, at the age of 92, assisted by the Victoria Historical Society unveiled a memorial tablet.

The aging warehouse still stands and passers by scarcely notice the memorial tablet clinging to its side—but in sentiment B.C.'s first church will always be on that corner where Pandora meets Broad.



Dick Button of U.S., one of winningest of male skaters, has won world, olympic, other crowns.



Andra McLaughlin.

Hard working figure skaters put lie to 'sissy sport' label

By NORMAN PELKEY

BOYS who hesitate to join a figure skating club because they think the sport is in the "sissy" class, should see some of the slow-motion movies of ex-world champion, Dick Button from the Vancouver Skating Club's library of 16 MM films on figure skating. This film and others are used from time to time to demonstrate the techniques of champions to club members, and to show the necessity of good physical fitness and clean living in sport generally.

Button's own case is an excellent example of what can be done to improve the physique through skating. At the age of 12 years he was fat (162 pounds), clumsy and appeared to have no talent whatsoever—in fact his first teacher gave him up as hopeless. However Gustave Lussi, one of the finest teachers in North America, saw something in the youngster. In a little over three years, at the age of sixteen, Dick Button won his first U.S. championship. At the age of 21 he was a grand slam champion, holding simultaneously the Olmpic, world, European, North American, and United States championships and he won all of these in one terrific year—1948.

Already famous for his tremendous jumps, he astounded other competitors at the 1949 world meet with his fabulous "Double-double Axel," covering nearly 30 feet in two great leaps and at the same time making a total of five revolutions in the air. In 1950 he did it again with a beautifully executed "Triple Loop," and the sporting press wrote him up as "Mr. Figure Skating."

Dick Button's perfection on the flashing blades resulted in his taking the Olympic championship twice, the world title five times and the U.S. championship seven times. But perhaps the greatest event of his meteoric rise to world fame was his winning in 1949, the highly coveted James E. Sullivan Memorial Award. Those who receive this trophy are chosen by vote by the top sports authorities of the U.S., and it is given annually to the athlete "who, by his (or her) performance, example and influence as an amatuer, has done the most during the year to advance the cause of sportsmanship." He was the first winter athlete to win this, the highest of amateur awards, in the United States.

The perfect muscular control and co-ordination necessary shows up closer to home in the beautiful, graceful skating of Canada's Barbara Ann Scott. This winsome blonde ice-queen has captured the hearts of millions on this continent and abroad, with her perfection and grace of performance, both in competition and with her show skating.

She won her Gold Medal for school figures at the age of 10 (some sort of record), then went on to triumph at the Olympics once and the World Championships three times, along with many lesser awards before turning professional.

Figure skating being universally recognized as a sport requiring exceptional muscular co-ordination and control has been used at various times for certain muscular therapy. It's greatest and most classic example of this is the story of Tenley Albright, present Ladies' World and North American Champion.

Tenley contracted polio when she was 11 years old. Four months later, using figure skating to help her recover, she won by sheer grit and determination, the Eastern U.S. Ladies' novice championship, and in 1953 at the age of seventeen she won her first World championship. She lost it in '54 but recovered the coveted crown in Vienna early this year, cleanly outpointing her competitors with precise figures and spectacular free skating.



Sonja Henie made a fortune out of skating.

Tremendous height and the illusion of poised hesitation or "floating" during her perfectly controlled jumps and her almost silent landings, clearly illustrates the amazing muscular control exercised by Tenley and perfected during her recuperation from one of the worlds most crippling diseases.

Working very closely with the Polio Foundation, Tenley went to Sun Valley in 1954, where she starred in a film for the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, to advance the work in polio research. The U.S. state department thinks so highly of her skating ability and sportsmanship that they have asked her to make a tour of strategic countries as a good will ambassador.

Those who have attended the Vancouver Skating Club's "Stars on Ice" shows will remember vivacious Andra McLaughlin and her dynamic skating. At the present time Andra, though still in her twenties, is the highly paid star of the "Hollywood Ice Review," a top flight professional show. She has several spectacular routines, is an accomplished ice-comedienne, the result of many hours of work as an all-round winter athlete as well as being an accomplished tap and acrobatic dancer.

It should be noted at this time, that there are probably quite a number of ex-high school students in and around Denver who ruefully remember Andra as that elusive bit of greased lightning that played in their organized high school hockey league, the youngster that not only took whatever was coming her way (when they could catch her, that is; but could dish out as good as she received or better.

They finally solved this touchy problem by changing the league rules so as to permit male players only. Andra then turned her talents elsewhere and soon became the Ladies' U.S. Speed Skating champion, and a runner-up at the Eastern U.S. Figure Skating Championships.

Sports authorities will readily admit that most top flight figure skaters could have been champions in almost any other sport they might have chosen, with the same amount of perseverence and devotion.

For those who don't have either the time or the energy to train for competitive skating, there are many wonderful hours of relaxation and enjoyment in the other forms of skating and ice-dancing. Vancouver clubs have members ranging in age from nineteen months to over seventy years, with a total membership of over two thousand doing most of their skating on weekends.

Followers of the sport look with pride on the records of Canadian skaters in world competition, the most notable of course being those of Barbara Ann Scott, and still more recently Frances Dafoe and Norris Bowden. Who knows what potential championship material there is right here in Vancouver that won't put on a pair of figure skates because they think it is a "sissy" sport.

Discovering the Fraser

His epic venture linked a nation



Simon Fraser

By ARTHUR P. WOOLLACOTT

Specially written for B.C. Magazine



Fraser Monument

ON MARINE DRIVE, overlooking the North Arm of the Fraser River between Marpole and the University of British Columbia, stands a monument to Simon Fraser, erected by the Historic Sites and Monuments Board to commemorate the remarkable journey of that explorer from the upper reaches of Fraser River to its mouth.

Aside from the difficulties overcome and the geographical results achieved, Fraser's journey exercised a great influence on the history of the west. But for the success of this expedition there might have been no Canadian territory on the Pacific.

Alexander Mackenzie led the way in 1793 from Montreal to the Pacific by way of Peace River. Later Lewis and Clark, under orders from President Jefferson, arrived at the mouth of the Columbia River Nov. 15, 1805.

As the American expedition was avowedly for the purpose of taking possession of the west and opening up a channel suitable for commerce, the North West Company on receiving word of this move at once went into conference at Fort William to consider the question of forestalling their neighbors by extending the company's posts beyond the Rockies.

This important duty was assigned to Simon Fraser, a native of Vermont, who had entered the service of the company in 1792 at the age of 16, and had become a partner 10 years later. No other comment on his fitness for the task is required than the statement that he successfully carried out his instructions in the face of the greatest obstacles.

In 1805 he established his first post at Rocky Mountain Portage near the site of Hudson Hope, and another at the north end of McLeod Lake. The Rocky Mountain post was the first to be established within the present boundaries of British Columbia, and Fort McLeod the first west of the Rockies.

In succeeding years he established Fort St. James, Fort Fraser, and Fort George, now Prince George, and gave the name of New Caledonia to the northern territory. His supplies and personnel were increased by the arrival from Montreal of two canoe loads of goods, plus instructions from headquarters to Fraser "to explore the Columbia to the sea," as it was then thought the Fraser was the Columbia.

With 19 men, two Indians, and John Stuart and Jules Maurice Quesnel, Fraser set out on May 22, 1808, from Fort George. In the stretch as far as Soda Creek no difficulties were encountered. The country impressed the travelers as having a romantic and pleasing appearance, and was well stocked with game. Numerous Indian houses and several villages were passed. The natives were friendly and advised him, as they had advised Mackenzie 15 years before, not to attempt the navigation of the river below. It was not only impracticable for canoes, but equally so by land, on account of the rugged and precipitous nature of the mountain rift through which the river flowed, they said.

Following the custom of canoe travelers who expect to retrace their journey, Fraser buried at intervals several bales of dried salmon, the staple, and often the only food available.

The friendly natives below the point reached by Mackenzie had not seen firearms and were greatly astounded by the destructive effects of these weapons. They advised Fraser to approach villages cautiously. Some of these communities contained 1000 inhabitants. If surprised by the arrival of whites the villagers might mistake them for enemies and destroy them.

The natives were dressed in skins and used bows and arrows. Those in the upper part lived chiefly on the flesh of animals and used horses to get about the country, while those lower down depended almost entirely on supplies of salmon, which literally filled the rivers with their millions. Berries and roots supplemented their flesh diet.

Upon entering the mountainous section their troubles began. Time and again Fraser was confronted by a succession of falls, cascades and whirlpools which seemed utterly impossible to navigate. Both canoes narrowly escaped destruction.

The river at that time was in flood. On June 2, it rose eight feet in 24 hours, making the waters more turbulent than ever. If Fraser had undertaken the journey later in the year his navigational difficulties would not have been so terrible.

In one of the rapids a canoe was lost. Nothing daunted the party pushed on. The Atnah Indians helped them over the long and difficult places without expectation of reward. In fact Fraser noted their extreme honesty and states that articles left lying about were never molested.

At the Rapide Couvert, a canyon 40 yards wide with its walls leaning together at the top, the racing river gave such a frightful appearance that "not the stoutest heart could contemplate the risk of making it without the direst misgivings." They had previously managed to get by other rapids above by carrying the canoes over hills, or along dangerous slides, but here it was impossible either to line the canoes down, since there was no footing ashore, or to carry overland or even lighten the loads.

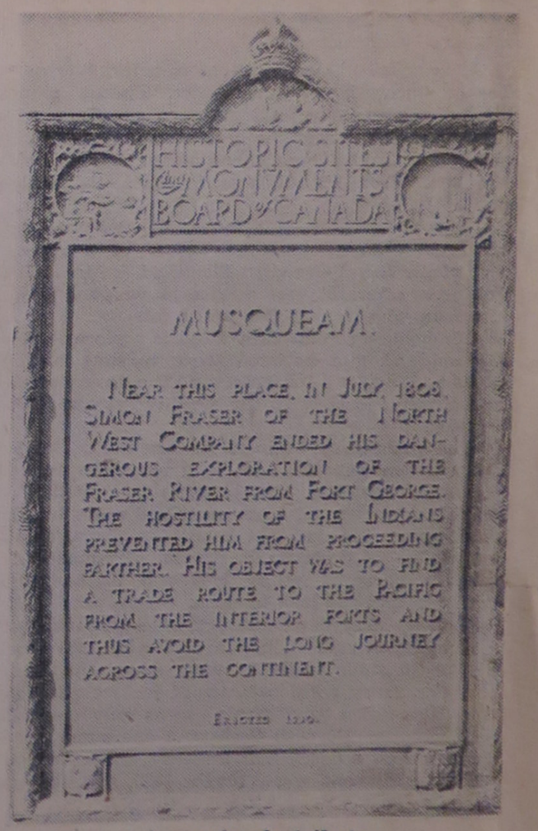
Fraser remarks that after viewing the situation for some time, and being fully determined to accomplish his purpose of descending the river, he gave the order to make the attempt.

"All hands without hestiation embarked as it were, a doomed party, upon the mercy of that awful tide. Skimming along as fast as lightning, the crews cool and determined, followed each other in awful silence, and when we arrived at the end we stood gazing at each other in silent congratulation on our narrow escape from total destruction," Fraser recounted in his journal.

On the tenth they were compelled to abandon their canoes and many other articles, all of which were cached carefully. The party then proceeded on foot, each carrying a load of 80 pounds.

The walking baffles description. A pair of shoes moccasins) lasted only a day. Their feet were blistered and the men suffered agony during the greater part of the journey. Dangerous slides had to be passed where a false step might precipitate the unfortunate traveler into the roaring abyss. Steep declivities and ravines, sharp-pointed rocks made traveling almost impossible.

On the twelfth some Indians they met told them that the sea was 10 nights away. An old Indian who had been there and had seen "Great Canoes," as he called ships, manned by well-dressed and proud white men, gave a comical exhibition of their pomposity by putting his hands on his hips and strutting about with quarter deck dignity.



A province's tribute.

Their guides deserted the party, and Fraser remarks: "Here we are in a strange country surrounded by dangers and difficulties, among numberless tribes of savages who never saw the face of a white man before. However, we shall make the best of it."

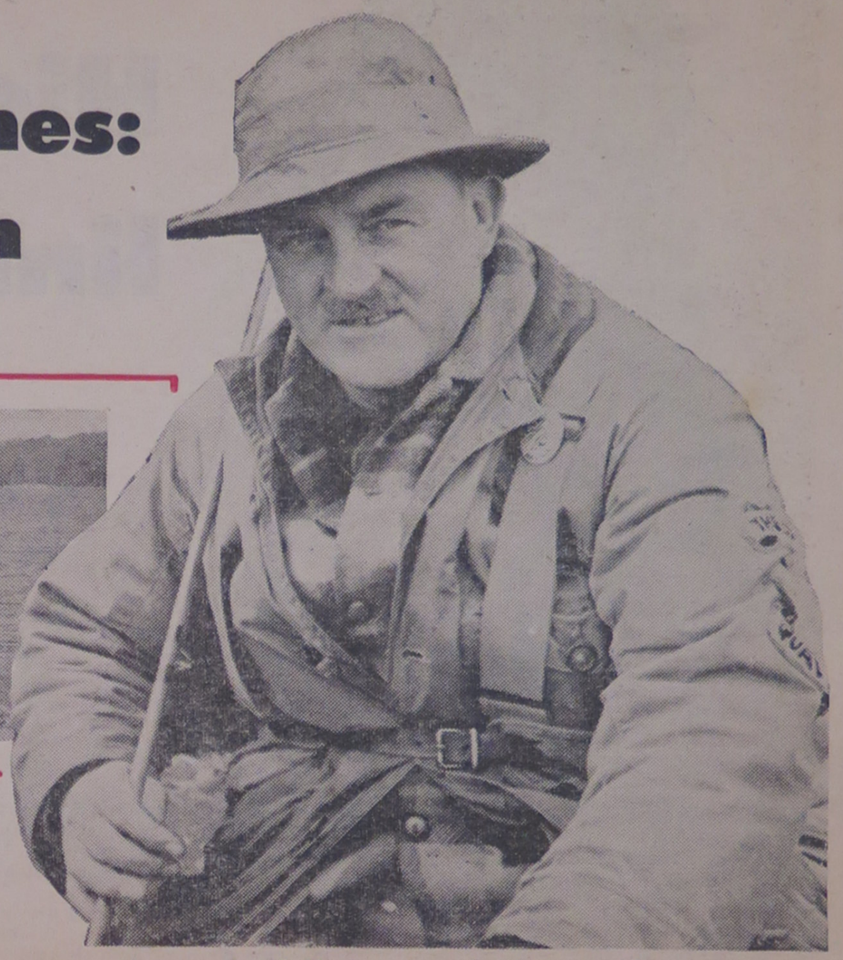
Near Lillooet they came upon a fortified en-

6-4

Personality

Col. Squid MacInnes: he lives to fish





Squid MacInnes' weekends are outdoors.

By ART McKENZIE

B.C. Magazine Staff Writer,

IN THE Ale and Quail, an exclusive club of fishermen and hunters, Squid MacInnes is known as a fisherman who always tells the truth, the whole truth and nothing but.

From one fisherman to another this is highest tribute, like a politician saying of another politician: "He can't be bribed." For it is well-known that fishermen tend to, let us say, embroider the facts.

But his friend, Charlie Bradbury, says: "He's an honorable man. A wonderful character. First because he always tells the truth. If the fishing's bad he tells you. If he knows where it's good, he tells you. Second, because he's so kind and considerate of people." They say Squid will give or lend his most precious possessions.

Another friend, Jack Lillington, better known as The Province fish and game writer, "Pintail," shines his light on the man's talents as a sportsman: He says: "Squid is one of the best all-round fishermen and hunters in the country, and one of the best boat-handlers." From Pintail, a professional, that's high praise.

Lieut.-Col. W. E. MacInnes, 49, who retired last month as commanding officer of a reserve unit of the Royal Canadian Electrical & Mechanical Engineers after 15 years service in war and peace, is a man who lives to fish and hunt.

His home on Point Grey Road is a place to park his rod and gun between trips; a snug hideout while waiting for a southeaster on the duck marshes, or for water to clear in the steelhead streams after a storm.

The prosperous business he has built, Burrard Construction Supplies Ltd., is a means to an end. He freely confesses that business is a method of making money so that he can afford more hunting and fishing. He does not hoard the pleasures and knowledge of forest and stream. Frequently he takes a party of young lads and teaches them where to find and how to catch.

Colonel MacInnes is a stocky, blue-eyed man with a complexion ruddied by sun and wind. He sports a friendly smile under a sandy moustache, wears bow ties, fancy waistcoats, tweed jackets and flannels. He's not a "gun crank;" owns only one rifle, a Winchester .270 with scope, and one pump action shotgun, half a dozen rods for fresh water and salt. All his equipment, worth maybe $800, plus the boat he values at $2000, is "strictly utility."

In the Ale and Quail Club's book of truth he's the source of the saying: "A boat is only a platform to fish from."

His hunting pals say he used to be a "two-fisted drinker" but now, except for a bottle of beer once in a while, he's a teetotaler and light smoker. He all-but-quit these vices of sociability because they interfered with his main business in life. He's a man who likes to be in top form soon after dawn on Saturday and Sunday mornings. He found late night partying is the enemy of all good hunting trips. But hitting the sack early is not easy for a man who's famous for his dialect pieces, salty expressions and seemingly bottomless bag of stories.

On a recent stormy weekend he spent two days prowling his basement, sweeping up and inspecting decoys, guns and ammunition. He read the latest National Geographic and Sports Illustrated, tied a few flies, watched the Ed Sullivan show and Bob Fortune forecasting weather on television. By Sunday night he was haunted by a feeling that the weekend had been wasted. He hadn't been on the water or in the woods.

Most city people who look forward to a new year think of spring gardening, summer holidays, home chores when autumn leaves fall, buying winter fuel and bracing the pocketbook for Christmas. But Squid MacInnes (he got the nickname from some forgotten episode in youth) thinks of the new year as a succession of open seasons on birds, animals and fish.

As soon as the steelhead appear in December he's after them. Christmas week he has spent on the Cowichan River for years. Through the early spring he works the steelhead streams: the Capilano, Lynn, Seymour, and Vancouver Island rivers, and sometimes he goes to the Cheakamus at the head of Howe Sound. These streams are best when the water level is falling and clearing after a period of heavy rains that make the river murky. Sports fishermen keep a sharp eye on water conditions and try to hit the river at the moment when the flooding of fresh water into the sea has lured the gallant steelhead inland. There are lots of other steelhead rivers on Vancouver Island and up-coast. Squid plans someday to have a boat big and fast enough to run to them from Vancouver without fear of clock or weather.



His knowledge of the gulf is firmly based on a lifetime of experience. In his youth he sailed small craft from here to the gulf islands, regularly negotiating tricky water like Active Pass, under canvas, with no auxiliary motor to fall back on. For a season he skippered Harold Jones' 53-foot Spirit II, one of the fastest sailing yachts in these waters.

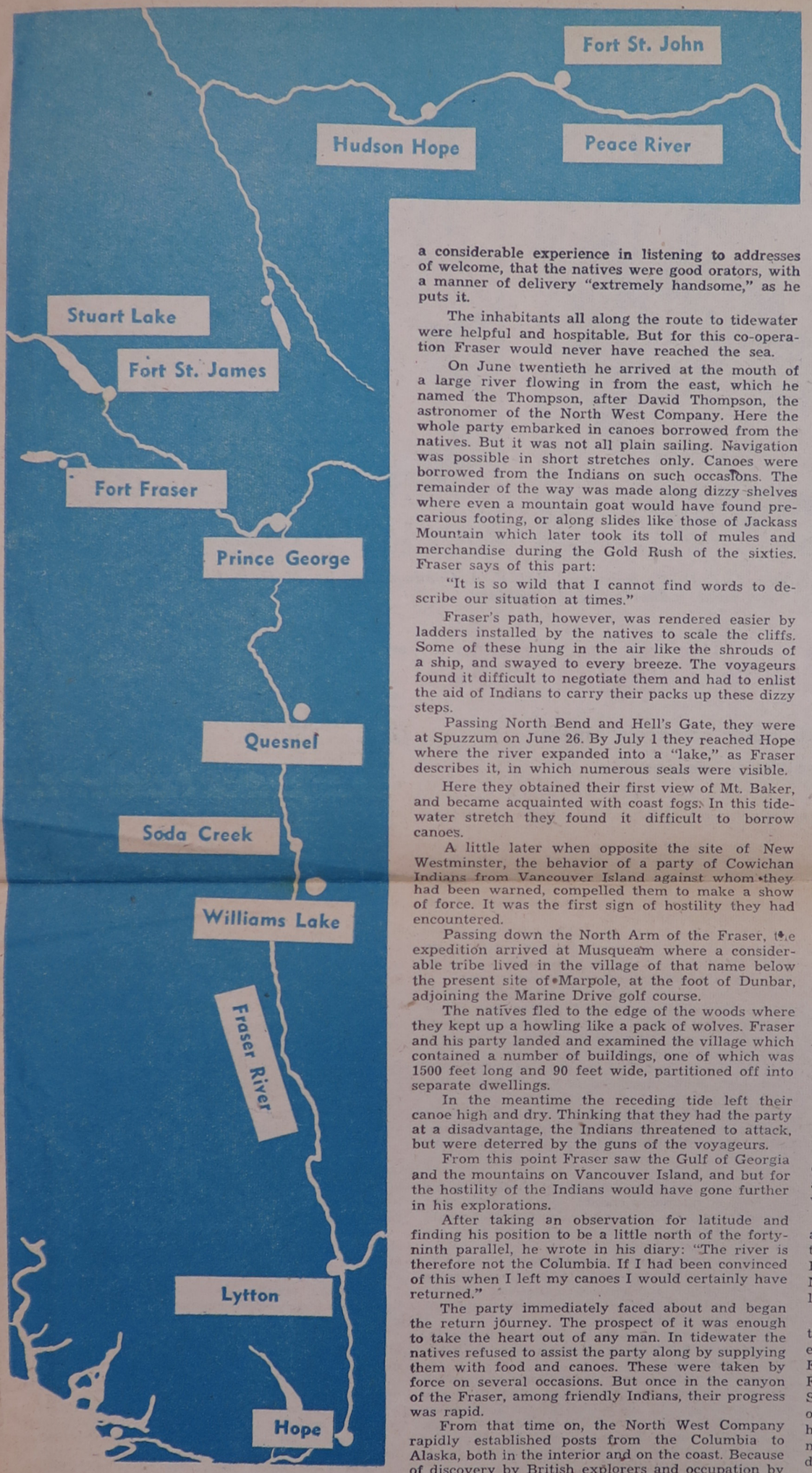
From spring to summer Squid and his Ale and Quail brethren fish the saltwater for salmon. With a boat, the fisherman can range the whole Gulf of Georgia. Squid has an 18-foot runabout with two 25-horse outboard motors that give speeds up to 18 knots when not heavily loaded with men and gear. To Thrasher Rock at the south end of Gabriola is only one hour running time. His fast boat takes him to Nanaimo, Maple Bay, and Cowichan. By mid-July he has stocked his cold-storage locker with 20 to 40 steelhead and up to 150 coho and springs.

When the deer and grouse seasons open in mid-September he spends all the time he can spare from business, ranging the woods north into the Cariboo and south into the Kootenay. He has put a few brace of grouse and 120 pounds of venison in the locker by the time duck-hunting opens in mid-October. In a good duck season Squid will bag 75 to 100 ducks and wind up with 30 in the locker. His well-stocked larder is the pleasure of his many friends who have no hunter in the family. The game dinners he and his wife give are major events.

He was born in Ontario and brought to Vancouver by his parents when he was four. His father, J. A. MacInnes, is one of the oldest practicing barristers here. At the age of 82 he is still taking briefs, traveling through the province and appearing in court.

The MacInnes family lived for many years across the street from the big family of Dean and Mrs. Brock. The dean, a brilliant geologist and educator, and Mrs. Brock, were killed in a plane accident in 1935. As a boy, Squid played with the Brock youngsters, and was taken on many hiking

(Continued on Page 20)



campment 100 feet long by 24 feet wide, surrounded by palisades 18 feet high. Now and again the French Canadian voyageurs were cheered by gifts of several dogs of a small variety, now extinct. These animals provided a savory dish for the canoemen. The natives raised them both for their flesh and for their wool which was used to make rugs and clothing.

Fraser observed that the distaff and spindle identical with those used in Europe had been evolved by these people for spinning. He also remarks, after a considerable experience in listening to addresses of welcome, that the natives were good orators, with a manner of delivery "extremely handsome," as he puts it.

The inhabitants all along the route to tidewater were helpful and hospitable. But for this co-operation Fraser would never have reached the sea.

On June twentieth he arrived at the mouth of a large river flowing in from the east, which he named the Thompson, after David Thompson, the astronomer of the North West Company. Here the whole party embarked in canoes borrowed from the natives. But it was not all plain sailing. Navigation was possible in short stretches only. Canoes were borrowed from the Indians on such occasions. The remainder of the way was made along dizzy shelves where even a mountain goat would have found precarious footing, or along slides like those of Jackass Mountain which later took its toll of mules and merchandise during the Gold Rush of the sixties. Fraser says of this part:

"It is so wild that I cannot find words to describe our situation at times."

Fraser's path, however, was rendered easier by ladders installed by the natives to scale the cliffs. Some of these hung in the air like the shrouds of a ship, and swayed to every breeze. The voyageurs found it difficult to negotiate them and had to enlist the aid of Indians to carry their packs up these dizzy steps.

Passing North Bend and Hell's Gate, they were at Spuzzum on June 26. By July 1 they reached Hope where the river expanded into a "lake," as Fraser describes it, in which numerous seals were visible.

Here they obtained their first view of Mt. Baker, and became acquainted with coast fogs. In this tidewater stretch they found it difficult to borrow canoes.

A little later when opposite the site of New Westminster, the behavior of a party of Cowichan Indians from Vancouver Island against whom they had been warned, compelled them to make a show of force. It was the first sign of hostility they had encountered.

Passing down the North Arm of the Fraser, the expedition arrived at Musqueam where a considerable tribe lived in the village of that name below the present site of Marpole, at the foot of Dunbar, adjoining the Marine Drive golf course.

The natives fled to the edge of the woods where they kept up a howling like a pack of wolves. Fraser and his party landed and examined the village which contained a number of buildings, one of which was 1500 feet long and 90 feet wide, partitioned off into separate dwellings.

In the meantime the receding tide left their canoe high and dry. Thinking that they had the party at a disadvantage, the Indians threatened to attack, but were deterred by the guns of the voyageurs.

From this point Fraser saw the Gulf of Georgia and the mountains on Vancouver Island, and but for the hostility of the Indians would have gone further in his explorations.

After taking an observation for latitude and finding his position to be a little north of the forty-ninth parallel, he wrote in his diary: "The river is therefore not the Columbia. If I had been convinced of this when I left my canoes I would certainly have returned."

The party immediately faced about and began the return journey. The prospect of it was enough to take the heart out of any man. In tidewater the natives refused to assist the party along by supplying them with food and canoes. These were taken by force on several occasions. But once in the canyon of the Fraser, among friendly Indians, their progress was rapid.

From that time on, the North West Company rapidly established posts from the Columbia to Alaska, both in the interior and on the coast. Because of discovery by British explorers and occupation by British fur-traders, Great Britain was able during the boundary dispute between Britain and the United States to establish its claim to what is now Canada on the Pacific.

Simon Fraser was one of the most active agents in establishing occupation of the territory now known as British Columbia.

On his retirement from the company he was offered a knighthood but declined because of lack of means to support the dignity of the title. He died in poverty at St. Andrews, above Montreal at the age of 86.

Simpson "ran" Fraser in 1828

LONG BEFORE the days of airplanes, autos and railways, fur-traders in the early part of last century were crossing the continent from Montreal and York Factory to the posts on the Pacific and back with, in their own words, "incredible speed." Outstanding was the transcontinental journey of Governor-in-Chief Sir George Simpson of the Hudson's Bay Company.

On July 12, 1828, 14 chief factors and chief traders and a large concourse of clerks, and Indian hunters and their wives and children gathered at Fort York Factory on Hudson Bay to witness the departure of Governor Simpson on a canoe journey that was to include all the principal posts between Hudson Bay and the Pacific. This was probably the greatest spectacle that had taken place here since the Scottish settlers took their departure from the same point for their new homes on Red River 20 years before.

The governor's birch bark canoe, with its upturned prow, was, in the words of a writer of the time "a most beautiful thing, its lines of faultless fineness, and in its form and every feature, the bow a magnificent curve of bark, gaudily but tastefully painted that would have made a Roman rostrum of old hide its diminished head."

Two such canoes each propelled by a picked crew formed the governor's flying squadron, both equipped with tents, cooking utensils, arms and provisions, with wine for the officers, and spirits for the men.

On this trip Pierre Beaulieu was the responsible pilot and captain of the expedition. This voyageur had thrice crossed the continent at the head of a brigade, scrutinizing many thousands of miles of Canada's waterways. Immediately behind him were two powerful Iroquois paddlers whose business it was to instantly reinforce his efforts in dangerous waters. The governor sat next in a kind of armchair, resplendent as a feudal lord, in a high shining beaver, a rich topcoat, a silk cravat up to his ears and woollen trews.

His blonde piper sat behind him ready to beguile dull moments with wild melodies which appealed not only to the Scots but to the Indians and the French as well. The steersman stood in the stern, his eye from habit following every movement of Pierre.

On August 15 the flotilla entered Peace River, called at Fort Vermilion, and Dunvegan, and Fort St. John in what is now the Peace River block in British Columbia.

Continuing up the Peace and Parsnip, the latter first traversed by Alexander Mackenzie in 1793, and since used as the main highway to the Pacific slope north of the Columbia, the expedition finally arrived at Fort McLeod on McLeod Lake two months after leaving York Factory on Hudson Bay.

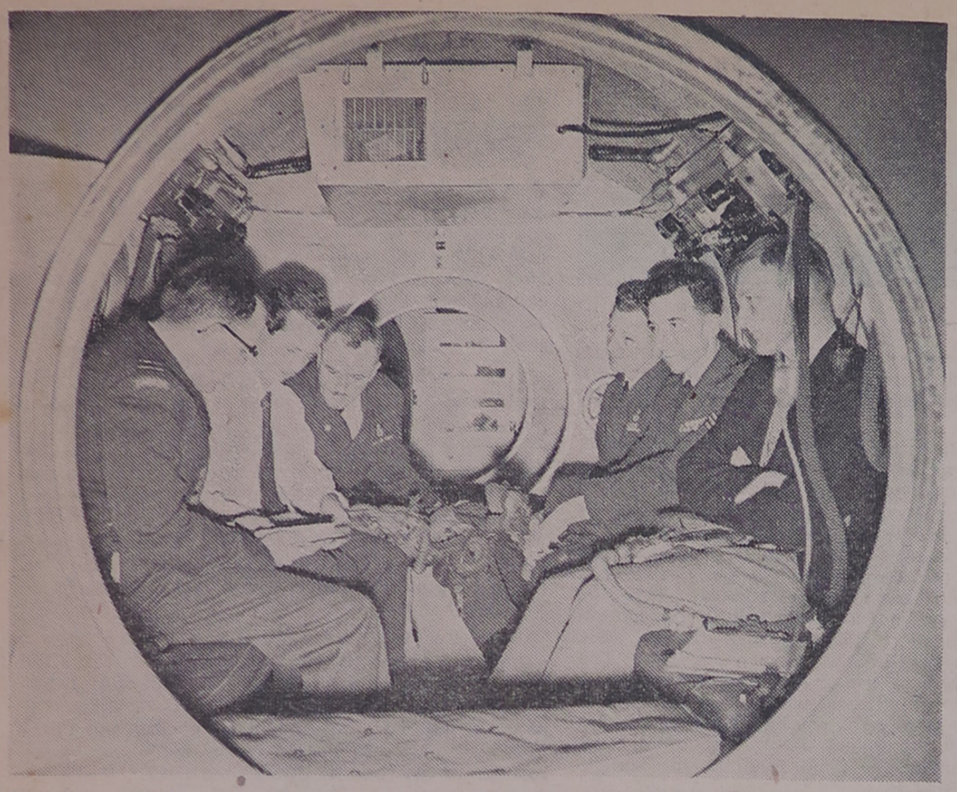
Here the party took the overland route to Fort St. James on Stuart Lake, then the capital of the north, the gentlemen riding, and the voyageurs carrying all their impedimenta in 90-pound packs, a progress which occupied them four days of rainy weather.

Descending the Fraser, the party duly arrived at Fort Alexandria on the 27th, the spot marking the south limit of Mackenzie's descent of that river. From this point the expedition crossed over to the North Thompson, following that stream now paralleled by Canadian National Railway, to Kamloops.

After the usual entry, levee, and departure of the fur potentate Kamloops Lake was crossed, the expedition descending the Thompson and Fraser to Fort Langley, passing through the canyon of the Fraser, along the mountainous shores of which Simon Fraser and his men earlier made their perilous journey, in 1808. This was the first time in history that the Fraser River was run by white men, both a boat and a canoe performing the dangerous feat.

Then the river began to assume a different form. The water was settled, the beach flatter and vegetation more profuse. They passed the mouth of a river (the Harrison) and hours later met the tide from the Pacific Ocean, and arrived at Fort Langley the same evening.

From this point Governor Simpson continued by way of Puget Sound to Fort Vancouver on the Columbia River, then the most important post west of the Rockies, and in the following year he returned over the mountains to his headquarters at Lachine.





Dr. Peter F. Marr, author Tryon, Sgt. Ted Braidner, LAC Hollis Raymond, Sgt. F. A. Goudron, and Dr. M. O. P. Livingstone in chamber. At right, author and Sgt. Braidner.

They're testing high life

A huge silver drum at UBC holds science's answer to the perils of high-altitude navigation

By PAT TRYON

THE bitter winds which blew across the roof of the world, the high plateau of Pamir in Asia, caused Marco Polo to draw his cloak more closely around him and crouch nearer to the fire which flickered fitfully in the loo of a great rock.

From the dome of the night sky stars burned down with scarcely a flicker on the huddle of men around him.

Half awake, he could hear normally hardy men gasping for breath and muttering about the "pain devils" in their arms and legs.

He couldn't understand it, but somehow it didn't seem to matter.

Seven centuries away in time a bomber droned across the darkened face of Europe; flying high to avoid enemy anti-aircraft fire and the ranging fighters which sought it.

The young navigator grinned as he worked at his plotting table. He was still grinning as he handed his pilot a slip of paper with a new course on it.

The bomber didn't come back.

The navigator had been giving the pilot bearings and courses that had long since passed beneath their laden wings.

It didn't seem to matter much at the time.

This month five young men gathered beside the bulk of a huge silver drum in one corner of the armory at UBC.

Inside they were to rub shoulders with the "pain devils" of the past; the grinning mistake of the contemporary navigator, and some of the dangers that will dog the rocket trails of men when they reach for the moon.

High altitude. Slackening of the atmosphere's pressure on their bodies and lack of the oxygen that gives life to their bodies and reason to their thoughts.

Both Marco Polo's men and the navigator were suffering from that lack of oxygen—anoxia, technically—and where there was pain there was evidence of another affliction common to both the high flying airman and the deep sea diver, decompression sickness; the bends.

Now every week out at UBC men are being introduced to high altitude sickness in both its forms.

The decompression chamber operated by 4000 Medical Unit of the RCAF Reserve can take men from ground level to the peak of Mount Everest and on up to more than 40,000 feet in a few minutes—as far as environment is concerned.

Anoxia isn't painful, in fact some people say it's pleasant to start with—"like a cheap drunk."

The bends is painful and can be fatal, too.

As you read this the earth's atmosphere is exerting a pressure of 15 pounds on every square inch of your body.

Remove some of that external pressure by climbing a few thousand feet and nitrogen gas in the blood stream and in fatty tissue in your body tries to get out. If the climb is too rapid it can't get out fast enough and forms bubbles and pockets around joints in arms and legs, and pain.

Some men are more susceptible to it than others.

But the five of us weren't starting out to prove anything particular. We were just taking the "trip" to see how the decompression chamber worked.

There was Dr. Peter Marr, who's a flight lieutenant in the RCAF reserve in his spare time and is in charge of the chamber; young Dr. Michael Livingston, son of Air Marshal Sir Philip Livingston, former director-general of medical services to the Royal Air Force; Sgt. Ted Braidner of RCAF, Sea Island; LAC Hollis Raymond of 471 Ferguson, Sea Island, and myself.

Dr. Marr asked us all in turn: "Ever had any sinus trouble? Ears bother you? Any chest trouble? and finally: "What did you eat for your last meal, anything gassy?"

"No," we said.

Then we fitted oxygen masks; checked to see they were snug around cheeks, nose and chin, then climbed through the small round doorway that would be dogged tight behind us, sealing us off from the rest of the world outside.

Flexible hoses from the masks were clamped to the oxygen regulators clamped to the silver, curving walls; microphone and headset connections made.

The eye-like indicators on the oxygen equipment blinked as we breathed.

Then the voice of Sgt. F. A. Goudron, the instructor who was outside running the chamber, asked if we were all set.

Dr. Marr showed an upturned thumb at the thick glass of a porthole and the vacuum pump started to thump away, pulling air out of the sealed chamber.

Almost at once there was pressure on our ears.

"Swallow until they pop," said Dr. Marr. "If they don't pop and they start hurting tell me at once and we'll go down."

Breathe and watch the blink of the regulator. Swallow. Pop. Swallow. Pop.

"Five thousand feet," said the voice of Sgt. Goudron in the headset.

"Go on up," said the doctor. We climbed at 4500 feet a minute as more and more air was drawn from the chamber.

At 10,000 feet the masks were automatically giving oxygen to make up for the thinning of the air. There's only two-thirds the sea level pressure here.

At 16,500 there's only half the normal oxygen available, and the pressure has dropped off a lot.

"Thirty-five thousand feet."

Now there's only three pounds pressure on your body and the mask is delivering 100 percent oxygen to your lungs.

Dr. Livingston's eyes looked a little glazed above the mask and Dr. Marr spotted it quickly.

"You all right?" he asked.

There was no answer and Dr. Livingston fumbled with the headset cord.

Dr. Marr wrote on a pad: "All right?" and shoved it under Dr. Livingston's nose.

Dr. Livingston took the pencil and wrote: "Yes."

Then he collapsed on the bench.

"Down—fast!" Dr. Marr shouted to the instructor outside, and put his fingers on the unconscious man's pulse. *He grabbed another spare mask and changed it for the one Dr. Livingston was wearing.*

Pressure rushed back into the chamber as we "dropped" to 25,000 feet in under a minute.

Dr. Marr twisted the control knob on the oxygen regulator from "normal" to "emergency" on Dr. Livingston's mask.

He stirred and sat up.

We descended more slowly then, with more swallowing as pressure began to build up.

Ground level and the heavy door swung open.

"That mask you were wearing was faulty," said Dr. Marr.

Dr. Livingston looked puzzled. "It was?" he asked. "Why?"

We all looked at him. "Didn't you know you went out like a light at 35,000?"

"Who did?" he said. "Me?"

Dr. Marr smiled: "That's just what happens when you're not getting oxygen. You don't even know there's anything wrong with you. You even told me you were all right a moment before you became unconscious."

And that's why this and other decompression chambers have been put to work. To show Canada's aircrews they can't trust their senses alone in high altitude flight.

In actual practice Dr. Livingston's mask would have been tested before flight as would all the oxygen equipment.

Now all aircrews have to take a trip in the chamber as part of their training and the personnel of 4000 Medical Unit are busy checking out technical men for the regular air force who will be instructing on chambers elsewhere.

It's being used to weed out prospective aircrew who may be subject to the bends, giving first hand knowledge of altitude sickness to doctors and other medical staff.

And, although no one has said this, the chambers could be used for testing pressure suits—the space suit—that will be standard equipment for men who blaze the trail to space travel.

Somewhere around 63,000 feet, either a pressure suit or a pressurized cabin is needed to maintain life.

That's the height water boils at body temperature. Exposed at that height a man's blood would boil, too.

Man knows a lot more about altitude since Marco Polo was moved to write of his trip across the Pamir: " . . . here fire was not so bright or warm as other places . . . "