

# The Islander

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COUPEVILLE  
P. 3

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CHINOOK SALMON arrive at Ogden Point as commercial season nears close.  
See story and pictures on pages 4 and 5. — Jack Ralph photo.



Victoria, in the good old days, as they are now called, had some very fine restaurants, quite as good, said many people, as those of San Francisco, and that was saying a very great deal indeed.

## In 1890s

# Dining Out in Victoria Was a Grand Occasion

*In the 1890s there were the dining rooms of the third Driard, the Dallas and the Mount Baker Hotels; there was the Poodle Dog restaurant, the New England, the American — and the Bank Exchange.*

Ladies rarely dined out in those days, unless they were travelling, and then, if alone, they always took refuge in the ladies' parlors of the hotels. If a hotel did not have a ladies' parlor it was automatically suspect. A lady staying in a hotel without a ladies' parlor was up to no good, so they said — whoever "they" were, and still are for that matter. The mysterious "they."

Victoria was a great banqueting place in the 1890s.

A banquet, of course, was an all-male affair, unless it was a church supper.

Curiously, there was always a toast to the ladies, God bless them — and a gentleman always replied on their behalf, there being no ladies present.

I often wonder if wives in those days nagged when hubbies got home at 4 a.m., for no really enjoyable banquet seems to have ever ended before that hour.

The Bank Exchange was one of THE places to go.

The *Colonist*, in 1894, told of it:

"The Bank Exchange is the business and professional man's resort of Victoria.

This most popular house was established in the early 1860s by Mr. Joseph Lovett.

"Mr. G. C. Sauer, now the host there, was first connected with the Exchange in 1883, as one of the employees of Mr. William Loshe, then its owner.

"Under the proprietorship of Mr. Loshe, assisted by Sauer, who was his trusted friend and adviser, this always popular resort gained new prestige, and, with the city, put on metropolitan airs.

"Mr. Sauer won so warm a place in his employees' regard that he made him his legatee, and, on the demise of Mr. Loshe in 1888, Mr. Sauer became sole proprietor of the famous restaurant, which, visiting San Franciscans say is as good, if not better, than any similar establishment beside the Golden Gate.

"The Bank Exchange occupies, at the corner of Langley and Yates Streets, one of the first brick buildings to be erected in Victoria.

"The premises contain bar room, social hall, public restaurant, banqueting salon, four private dining rooms, kitchens, store rooms, etc.

"The bar is supplied with the choicest wines, liquors, and cigars known to the metropolitan world.

"The social hall is comfortably furnished, and artistically decorated.

"Landscape panels adorn the walls, and the ceiling is beautifully frescoed.

"The great attraction in the social hall is, however, a magnificent Non Plus Ultra concertina, which is beautiful beyond words.

"This instrument is of German invention and make; and this particular one, was exhibited at the Chicago's World Fair, being awarded First Premium and Gold Medal for its volume and

sweetness of tone, its exactness of execution and simplicity of construction.

"The instrument is, as well, a work of art.

"The woodwork is of ebony, highly polished.

"Plate glass mirrors on revolving columns reflect the shifting lights and shades of the hall, and, together with a number of automaton figures make an animated scene.

"The repertoire of the concertina is practically unlimited.

"Mr Sauer now has more than 40 pieces, including, besides popular and national airs, some very fine operatic and sacred music.

"The main dining room adjoins the social hall, and the guests are offered entertainment at table by the music of Mozart, Beethoven, Handel, Hayden, and also the modern masters of the divine art, such as Gilbert and Sullivan.

"Sometimes the music is so captivating and rollicking that the guests burst into song.

(I wonder whatever happened to this concertina — what a fortune it would be worth today. I suppose it was broken up when it became old-fashioned.)

"The Bank Exchange usually has from 25 to 30 boarders, and serves between 200 and 300 meals a day.

"The cuisine is unsurpassed by any restaurant on the entire Pacific Coast, and the bill of fare contains some splendid European dishes.

"These include Cervelat wurst, Westphalian ham, goose liver pastete (Strassburg), breast of goose, roasted or sour (Pommeranian), Hazenbraten (Braunschweig), Krammets vogel (Lu-

beck), sweet water eels (Hamburg), Riesenspar-gel, Rebhuhn pastete, etc., etc., etc.

"Mr. Sauer is a native of Germany, but left the Fatherland in 1864.

"He was for 14 years a commercial traveller in the hardware trade, and has lived in Milwaukee and San Francisco.

"Victoria is indeed fortunate to have him living here, for he adds a most cosmopolitan tone to this city."

The Bank Exchange, in the 1890s, advertised in this way:

### THE BANK EXCHANGE

#### Menu for Sunday, Price 50 Cents.

##### SOUP

Oxtail Consomme

##### RELISHES

Chutney Caviar German Pickles

##### FISH

Boiled salmon, Madeira sauce

##### BOILED

Rindfleisch, sauce d'Allemagne

##### ENTREES

Oyster patties

Bear roti, sauce Polonaise

Ducklings, and green peas

##### SALADS

Cucumbers Lobster

##### ROAST

Sirloin of beef with browned potatoes

Lamb, and mint sauce

##### VEGETABLES

Boiled or mashed potatoes

Green Peas String Beans

##### DESSERT

English Plum Pudding

Cocoanut pie Custard Pie

##### APPLIE PIE

Roquefort Swiss

Water Melon, Nuts, Raisins

Glass wine or beer, tea or coffee included — and sacred music by the Non Plus Ultra.

Wilfrid Laurier once had lunch at the Bank Exchange.

His host was William Templeman, owner of the *Victoria Times*, who later became a minister in a Laurier government, and then a Senator.

Laurier was in Victoria in 1894, when he was Liberal leader of Canada, and Leader of Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition in Ottawa.

He was given a tremendous reception here, The *Colonist* noting "Conservatives turning out as well as Liberals to hear the eloquent Leader of the Opposition, at a mass meeting in the theatre, presided over by Dr. G. L. Milne, when others on the platform included Mr. Templeman, Senator Thomas Robert McInnes, Mayor John Teague, W. G. Cameron, William Marchant, J. T. Bethune, Hon. A. N. Richards, T. J. Burnes and J. McMillan."

Laurier was taken driving about the city, and Dr. Milne gave a luncheon for him at "Pinehurst," the Milne home on Dallas Road.

The Templeman luncheon at the Bank Exchange was described as "most recherche, Mr. Laurier completely enjoying it, being quite taken by the Non Plus Ultra that is a feature of this hospitable establishment."

The *Colonist* welcomed Laurier as one of the great political leaders of Canada, but, being Conservative, did not think too much of him politically, editorializing thusly:

"It may be that the expectations of British Columbians were unreasonably high, or that the accomplished Leader of the Opposition found the task compels us to perform here uncongenial, but truth compels us to say that very many left his meeting here disappointed, wondering how it was that he had gained so high a reputation as an orator.

"As a political missionary, Mr. Laurier has been, as far as we can find out, an utter failure.

"He has made no converts, and if the truth were known it would, we are satisfied, be found that he has disappointed the Liberals themselves.

"His speeches were sounding brass, and tinkling cymbal; there was in them nothing resonant.

"They have left behind them no echo. He has given his followers no cry after which to follow.

"If any of them should attempt Mr. Laurier's role he would simply make himself ridiculous.

"Not having his leader's flow of words, or his rhetorical skill, he would only succeed in exposing the weakness and the flimsiness of the Liberal policies.

"It requires a master hand to make that policy look even plausible, and there are very few master hands in this party, unless they be aimed at causing unrest in this country.

"Mr. Laurier has, therefore, failed to do the best work of a political leader, which is to supply his followers with the facts and arguments on which his policy is based, in a shape in which they can be echoed, and re-echoed in different tones by politicians of every intellectual calibre."

Well, despite all this, Laurier became prime minister of Canada in 1896, was knighted by Queen Victoria, and remained in office until his defeat by the Conservatives in 1911.

Mr. Sauer's restaurant had another distinguished guest in 1894: "Sir John Gorst left by the City of Kingston for Tacoma, en route to San Francisco — he very much enjoyed his stay here, and was taken driving by Mr. R. P. Rithet, Mr. William Wilson and Mr. James Dunsmuir.

"Mr. Dunsmuir took him as far as Shawnigan



# Coupeville Works Hard

## ... to retain link with past

*Coupeville, County seat of Island County, on Whidbey Island, is recognized as one of the oldest cities in the State of Washington. It is an easy four-hour drive from Vancouver and even less from Victoria-Sidney ferry to Anacortes in Washington. Highway signs on U.S. No. 5 and on Washington No. 20 point the way to the island over the gorge, the narrow gut of the sea, which separates the mainland from Whidbey Island.*

By ERIC SISMEY

Captain George Vancouver was there in 1792. He named the island which Joseph Whidbey, shipmaster of HMS Discovery had circumnavigated, and he named many island prominent features.

Furthermore and to round out my story Captain Thomas Coupe, one of the earliest settlers was born on the Isle of Man, in 1818. He reached Puget Sound in 1850 and made history by sailing his barque Success, with all sails drawing, through Deception Pass, a feat never before or since undertaken by any ship of similar size without the aid of steam.

Joseph Whidbey was the first white man to palaver with the native Indians when his party landed from a small boat in the inlet which Captain Vancouver named Penn's Cove (History unfortunately does not identify Penn) and Vancouver only names him as a particular friend.

Coupeville stands at this point today.

Half a century later Father Francis N. Blanchet, O.M.I., of Oregon City, brought the Christian Church to Whidbey Island. And on May 26, 1840, he celebrated Mass and performed baptisms at the invitation and urging of Chief Tsalakum.

In 1848 an attempted settlement by Thomas Glasgow was abandoned in the face of an unfriendly attitude of Indians.

A few years later, April 10, 1854, Captain Thomas Coupe filed claim on the land on which he had been living and in September 1855 the patent awarded to Captain Coupe granted him the west half and his wife, Maria, the other 160 acres of his claim.

The worth and beauty of the lands first occupied by Coupes, Alexanders, Ebeyes, Crocketts and others was first recognized by Joseph Whidbey. In the pages of Captain Vancouver's journal we read: "On each point of the harbor, which in honor of a particular friend, I call 'Penn's Cove' was a deserted village ... and the surrounding country for several miles ... presented a delightful aspect, consisting of spacious meadows; elegantly adorned with clumps of trees; among them the oak which bore a considerable portion, in size from four to six feet in circumference.

"In beautiful pastures, bordering an expensive sheet of water, the deer were playing in great numbers. Nature here provided a well stocked park ...

"The soil principally consisted of a rich black vegetable mold lying on a clayey stratum. The grass of excellent quality grew to a height of three feet ...

"The country in this vicinity of this branch of the sea is, according to Mr. Whidbey, the finest we had yet met with."

A drive around the country today will, except for deer gambolling on the greensward and the three-foot Garry oaks, more than confirm shipmaster Whidbey's judgment.

Coupeville, mentioned before as

one of the oldest cities in the state, has been kept that way to maintain this tradition. Bulldozers do not seem welcome in the downtown. Modernization, new buildings, like the courthouse, have been built well back from the waterfront which has been kept free from the usual honky-tonk amusement attractions.

Old buildings, dating into the last century, along Front Street have been put to new use and often the older names retained. The tall three storied building on the corner of Front and Main, built as the Glenwood Hotel in 1890, is now the Penny Farthing where antiques are displayed and delightful teas and refreshments served.

The home of the Six Persimmons restaurant where authentic Chinese dishes are offered was once an old-time one horse-powered grist mill owned by the Robertsons in the last century. Clapboards now hide the old squared, hand-hewn timbers. These are but two of the score of original buildings that line both sides of Front Street.

One restaurant, where excellent

food is served displays a sign to discourage the rowdier element. It reads: "No shirt, No Shoes, No service."

The Alexander blockhouse is set back from Front Street. It was built in 1885 to protect pioneer families alarmed over misunderstandings with hostile Indians and news of the White River massacres on the mainland. Island County museum across the street should not be overlooked and Square Rigger books on Main Street is worthy of attention.

A number of houses in Coupeville and the surrounding farm lands were built during the late 1880s. They have been modernized; plumbing and electrical services added. But the ceilings are high, some walls wainscoted and with picture molds and the panelled doors are wide. Kitchens are large and inviting and it is not hard to visualize the old wood stove and hear the crackle of burning wood. Lawns and flower beds surround the houses. They are roomy; they have been and are still lived in and will be for many years to come.

The Captain Coupe house, built of California redwood in 1851, still stands. A bit time-worn, perhaps, and is now bachelor tenanted. It is screened from Front Street by shrubs grown tall and the gazebo facing the sea, which no doubt the captain enjoyed, is eclipsed by lilac branches. The black walnut which Maria planted at the time the house was built has spread its branches over the eaves which spring from a three-foot trunk.

Two other blockhouses, a few miles from downtown Coupeville, were built in the 1850s when rumors of Indian raids were rife. One in the Coupeville cemetery is open and the large fireplace where meals were cooked in times of stress is stained by early fires. An oddity is a nearby headstone inscribed with words in the Gaelic tongue which arouses curiosity.

The grave where the headless body of Colonel Isaac Ebey was buried dates back for more than a hundred years. He was killed Aug. 11, 1857, by Haida Indians in retaliation for the death of a Haida chief at Port Gamble across the Strait. Ebey Landing where the murder was committed faces the open Strait and nearby on private land a stone monument marks the spot where the colonel was shot and scalped.

Fort Casey State Park, just a short drive from Coupeville, was activated in 1900. For many years the 10-inch disappearing guns dominated Puget Sound to deny enemy entrance.

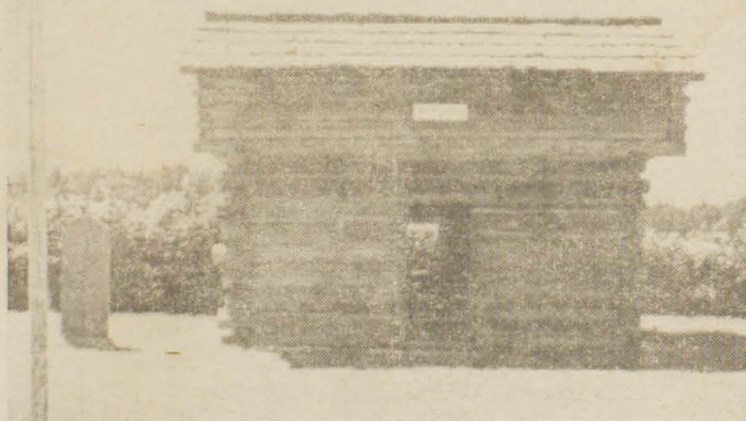
The guns invite photography and the greensward invites picnickers.

During the summer months the view from the battlements is magnificent. It almost furnishes a close-up of our yacht-like Princess Marguerite on her daily round trip between Seattle and Victoria.

Coupeville has all the charm of the country, yet all the facilities of a small city. It is a place where farm, forest and rail fences prevail; of wind-swept bluffs and sand beaches, many covered with driftwood in neighborly nearness. A place for relaxation and contentment with her beauty. A proper place to spend a holiday or perhaps just to look around.



FRONT STREET, COUPEVILLE. Every building on both sides is original from the 1880s.



JOHN DAVIS'S BLOCKHOUSE in cemetery was built in 1855.



ONE OF THE 10-INCH DISAPPEARING GUNS.



The young man, my visitor, sat relaxed in the red armchair of my living room. Tall, laughing, lean and sinewy, with an unruly shock of black hair reaching down to a thick, tidily-trimmed black beard, both framing a sun-browned, wind-tanned, eager face, he stirred my imagination.

# Meadows on the Pacific

By George Inglis

*I pictured my bearded visitor, in retrospect, in the 16th century, with a brace of curved pistols stuck in a silken sash, and a cutlass in his hand, pacing the top-deck of a full-sailed brigantine. A swash-buckling sea captain, adventuring over the Spanish Main.*

But all that is of another time. Coming down to earth, I realized the two pictures had one point in common. Both figures owned and skippered their own sea-going vessels.

The young man was 26 years old Alan Herbert Meadows, a native son, born in Victoria, presently living with his parents at 4960 Georgia Park Terrace. He represents the new breed in our Pacific salmon trolling waters. His enthusiasm for fish conservation shines out, a bright, invigorating facet of his character.

Al Meadows got his baptism in sea water fishing at an early age. He was five years old when his navy father began taking his young son along on his sport fishing days, trolling in a 15-footer on the waters off southern Vancouver Island.

In no time at all, the young Al was bitten deeply by the fishing bug. It developed into a love affair with fishing and the sea.

Growing up, Al set his career sights on marine biology. "It took me five years of scholastic endeavor to realize that the academic route was not for me," grinned Al. "I was oriented to practicality. My thing was not research. Getting my feet wet and my hands dirty, was."

The marine part of the biology plan stayed with him.

During his last year at UVic, Al spent a summer as a fishing guide at Jimmy Gilbert's Boat House, Brentwood Bay. It was now time for him to decide to jump in to fishing, or give up his dream. "I jumped," laughed Al, "right into the fast-running flow of the Pacific commercial fishing fleet."

Al's second move was to a summer fishing guide job for Painter's Fishing Lodge at Camp-



AL MEADOWS  
... and Lyra

bell River. There, through a friend of his dad's, he learned of an opening for a deck hand on the MV Richardson, one of Canada's hydrographic survey vessels operating in the Arctic. So, Al applied, was accepted and, his 18th birthday saw him ship out by way of the North Pacific, through the Bering Sea, around Point Barrow to a summer spent along the icy stretches of the Arctic's Beaufort Sea.

"The first experience in the Richardson was a wicked one," said Al. "We started through the Bering Sea in clear weather and in a calm sea. We ended up in an 80-mile-an-hour gale. The Bering Sea is quite shallow and there were tremendous waves up to 66 feet. We would crawl up one side of a mountain of water at one knot. The

rush down the other side was at 40 knots. The deck would be peppered with gravel thrown up and forward over the stern by our propellers and the backlash undertow action of the curling waves. We had three deckhands. I was the only one able to take a wheel watch."

On his return from the Arctic, Meadows spent the following three summers deckhanding on Pacific trollers to gain necessary experience. His first was with Fred Barker, Jr. in the Jean B., and the next two with the well-known and successful Pacific troller, Dick Williams, in his Sea Beam.

Unlike many of the fishing crews, Al has never been seasick. "Don't really know what the seasick feel is like," he smiled. "It must be tough, though. I had one young deckhand who just lay on the deck and let the Pacific waves wash over him for three days, without moving, before he was able to flex his sea-legs, contain his stomach output, regain his stomach intake, his appetite and the will to work. Turned out to be the best deckhand I ever had. Stayed all season and earned his overall bonus of five per cent of my total earnings."

"I got a whale of a good grounding in fishing matters from Fred Barber Jr. and Dick Williams," Al continued. "From them, I picked up a fair knowledge of what makes a proper boat for a troller fisherman."

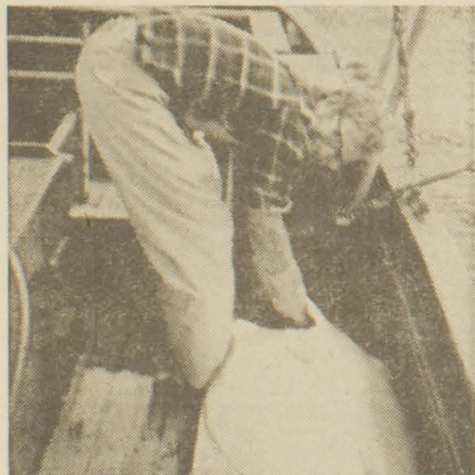
"Towards the end of my last season as a deckhand, we were blown in and stormbound at Bamfield, over on the west coast of Vancouver Island. bunch of us were sitting gabbing in the wheelhouse of the Sea Beam. I nonchalantly mentioned I was thinking of getting my own boat."

"The response was immediate and strong. Buy the Lyra. It's a boat with a good record of catching fish. She's well equipped and has everything going for her. These boisterous fisherman then circled me and rushed me off the Beam and up the Bamfield dock to the telephone pay station. Even if I'd pleaded to go to the bathroom first, they wouldn't have let me."

"The owner of the Lyra was John Homer of Sooke. The Homer brothers have been stalwarts of Vancouver Island's troller fleet for many years."

"Someone was already dickering for the Lyra. I had to wait anxiously, second in line to buy. At last, my chance came and, in the fall of 1971, I bought my fishing boat, the Lyra."

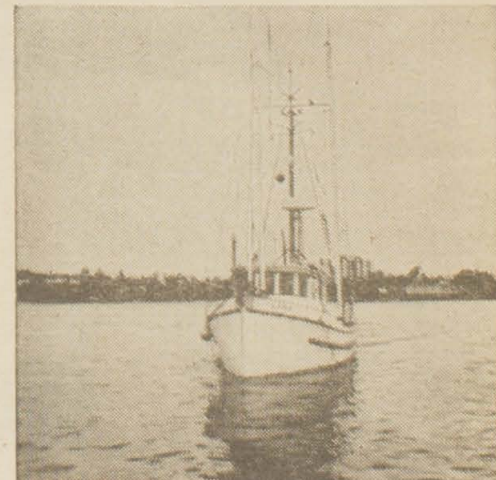
"My first trip as skipper-owner of a Pacific troller was a nightmare. All sorts of things happened, mostly caused by my own inexperience. Rough weather met us, my Loran packed it up, my automatic pilot went wrong, my tall stafflight



HAULING IN THE BIG ONE. Rick Inglis, Al's deckhand, hauls in surprise catch of 100 pound halibut. Fish was worth one dollar a pound.



TRANSPORTING SALMON in fibreglass septic tank from below falls in Sooke River to spawning grounds above. Effort made by volunteers on Amalgamated Conservation Society's roster.



FUELED UP, ICED UP AND GRUBBED UP, the Lyra sails from the inner harbor for the Swiftsure fishing grounds.



# Salmon Troller Helps Conservation

broke. I dropped two boat stabilizers, and my anchor winch broke down. I'll always remember that trip. But, we caught fish.

"Our preparation for a normal trip," explained Al, "includes fueling up, changing oil, getting our grub supply aboard, and taking on flaked ice—about five tons of it. Food for a 10-day trip runs to \$125. Roasts, pork chops, chicken, short ribs and stuff, not forgetting the quick-and-easy eggs and bacon."

"Do you eat much salmon on the run?" I asked.

"No! No. Only if we had to, in an emergency," replied Al.

"On reaching the fishing area," continued Al, "we tilt our long poles at a 45 degree angle, drop our 'messenger' line with multiple hooks and a heavy lead cannon ball at the end of each line. We catch cohos, pink salmon, sockeye from the surface to a depth of 40 fathoms—a fathom is six feet. Chinook salmon is a cat of a different color. We find them well offshore from 30 fathoms down to 100 fathoms.

"I usually manage to get in 11-12 trips before our fishing season ends late in September."

At this point, our conversation turned to sharks.

"When the warm, blue waters of the Japanese current comes closer to our shores, it brings in the sharks," said Al. "The predominant type of shark we meet up with is the blue shark. I had one, an eight footer, follow me continuously on my last trip. You know, after catching the fish, we dress them and throw the guts overboard. This attracts the sharks, who follow and gobble the throw-away stuff.

"I remember vividly one of my early nights, when I was deckhanding for Dick Williams. We had shut down for the night and were at anchor. Dick turned on the floodlights and I went aft to pump out the bilge. Now, blood leaches out of the newly-iced fish and is carried out with the ice melt into the bilge.

"So, when you pump the bilgewater, you're pumping a mixture of melt and blood. This night, with the floodlights on and shining into the crystal, blue deep, I could see all kinds of sharks — Just like it was an aquarium — lying around under the boat. There must have been 20, all different species, hammerheads, nurse sharks, blues and thresher sharks."

"Would they attack you, if you fell overboard?" I asked.

"Well, I think you'd be in trouble if you had a cut," said Al. I know I wouldn't want to fall in. A bleeder would be a goner."

Al continued to reminisce. "One trip when tuna fishing with Dick Williams in his Sea Beam we had the long jigs out 200 feet from the stern of the boat. A big tuna bit one one. Dick began to pull in the line, hand over hand. The Sea Beam was making six knots. With Dick pulling hard on the line, this added another four knots to the speed of the travelling tuna. I'd say in all, about 15 miles an hour.

"Suddenly, out of nowhere, a long blue shadow, shaped like the blade of a scythe, rippled through the water. It was the rising fin of a thresher shark. Making a run at the tuna, the thresher bit off its tail. This is their way of catching their prey. Immobilize it at once, swallow it at leisure.

"Dick kept pulling in the line. The thresher turned, made another rush, and this time, sliced off a fin from the travelling tuna. Dick was still hauling in the line when the shark repeated his manoeuvre and clipped a second fin off, as close and clean as a sharp razor cut.

"The surprised shark couldn't understand how the tuna continued to swim. He repeated his shearing tactics until there was only the body of the tuna left. As Dick hauled the tail-less, fin-less tuna into the boat, the bewildered thresher submerged.

"Fog and freighters are treacherous enemies of the little boats of the Pacific trollers fleet," went on Al Meadows. "When a sudden fog rolls in, enveloping all in a blanket shroud, there is nothing to do but shut down the engine, drop anchor, wait and listen. An oncoming freighter in a fog is bad news to the fishing fleet. It's quite an experience to have a big freighter pass within 75 feet of your boat, in dense fog. All you see is this big black steel side sliding by, then you hear a thump-thump-thump-thump and here is this great, huge propeller going along, half out of the water. All this happened to me one time. It was so close I could have thrown an orange at him."

There are two big C's confronting British Columbia's Pacific trollers, today — catching fish, and fish conservation.

At this point in our visit, Al Meadows became very serious.

"Gone are the days," he said, "of indiscrim-



CONSERVATIONIST AL MEADOWS (holding fish net) in hip waders, helps chinook salmon to get above above falls in the Goldstream.

inate action on the part of net fishermen, when whole runs of Pacific salmon, returning from the ocean to their home streams to lay their eggs and die, were decimated and, in some instances, totally destroyed by the thoughtless and the greedy. An illuminating example of the disastrous effects of earlier over-fishing are the now fishless areas of Esperanza Inlet and Nootka Inlet."

Al Meadows believes that the old line type of troller fisherman, rugged, independent, clannish, at ease only in the company of other fishermen, is phasing out. Replacing him is a young, business-like breed with a more open mind especially tuned-in to conservation and the fishing outlook of the future.

Al himself is a spearhead in the continuing moves to advance conservation and to extend a common meeting ground between trollers and sports fishermen.

"It was in 1953," Al explained, "that the Pacific Trollers' Association and the Vancouver Island Sports fishermen got together in the Amalgamated Conservation Society.

"The two bodies meet on a common ground. Sports fishermen catch fish by hook and line. Commercial trollers catch fish by line and 200 hooks. Actually, the same contact. In each case, fish bite a hook. The efficiency of hook and line, or the non-efficiency of hook and line, protect the species in that it is not possible to over-fish. On the other hand, net fishing can wipe out entire runs to entire rivers."

In the Amalgamated Conservation Society, made up of southern Vancouver Island fishing, game and outdoors clubs greatly interested in conservation, there are 10 sports associations — but only one commercial body, the Pacific Trollers Association.

Al Meadows, a past vice-president of the Society, has taken an active part in the society's efforts to further the ideals and practical ideas of conservation. He has given lectures on commer-

cial fishing to school children up to grade six and has taken part in many school career days.

With other volunteers, he has pulled on hip-waders and with a big scoop net, helped tired and weary fighting salmon through dried up, shallow streams, and lifted them up and over rushing waterfalls to continue their journey to the quiet spawning grounds of their birth.

Supplementary feeding of young fish fry in the Goldstream, Demamiel and Tugwell Creeks in the Sooke area has been a happening of the Society for the past few summers. This, to the end that fatter, healthier stronger fry will go down to the sea and eventually return in increased numbers of mature coho salmon for the mutual benefit of both sports fishermen and commercial fishermen.

Another successful project was the construction of a weir on the Sooke River, close to the pot holes. This was to trap returning coho spawners, and, by means of a tank truck, transfer the salmon above the impossible Sooke River Falls and the canyon beyond.

One other facet of the Society's conservation efforts was the volunteer planting of Douglas fir saplings and willows along selected areas of Upper Leech River and on Demamiel Creek. The Amalgamated Conservation Society arranged for students under the Opportunities For Youth Program. The Pacific Logging Company entered into the spirit of the scheme and supplied 4,000 mud-packed Douglas fir seedlings for planting on creek banks to help provide shade and cool pools for the young fry as well as encouraging a growth of extra aquatic feed for them.

Al Meadows is a natural for Vancouver Is-

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"Treasure" can be found in the oddest of locations — and in the oddest of forms. For three local housewreckers, their "bonanza" recently came in the form of 48-year-old newspaper mats; the composition "originals" from which newspapers are printed.

# Old Colonist Mats Depict Life in 1926

*Had they been actual newspapers, it is unlikely that they would have survived in such condition. As it was, after almost half a century under the flooring of an old Central Saanich farmhouse, the aging COLONISTS are in a remarkable state of preservation, and provide a fascinating — and inadvertently frustrating — look at the Victoria of autumn, 1926.*

On the international scene, Italian dictator Mussolini was conferring with Britain's foreign secretary on the subject of "strengthening mutual policies in the Mediterranean;" a curious topic in light of subsequent events. Whatever, for the most part, the world was at peace in 1926, and *Daily Colonist* readers had other world affairs to divert their attention from breakfast.

In Ironwood, Mich., 43 miners who had been trapped underground for five days were rescued alive and well, after having subsisted on a weak tea made from birch bark.

In Quebec, Lord and Lady Byng sailed for England aboard the liner *Empress of France*, Canada's departing Governor-General bidding fond farewell to Canadians: "I return to England imbued with the ideals of Canadianism. I have absorbed them during five happy years in Canada and it is my purpose to do my very best to maintain them. The ideals of Canada have been beneficial to this country and they will continue to be so, but it is not only Canada that they will benefit, for they will exercise an influence for good in the whole league of English-speaking nations."

In Toronto, Lord Darling indulged the national ego by declaring that "They can no more stop this Dominion from becoming a great power in the world than they can dam up the Niagara Falls. Anyone who has been in Canada as I have," the noted British jurist continued, "cannot help being convinced that it has a wonderful future. I only wish it had been borne in upon everyone as it has been in me."

Locally, "with winter fastly approaching," Victorians prepared to enjoy their long evenings before the radio, the Radio Club of Victoria announcing an exhibition at the Crystal Gardens. Festivities would be opened by Premier Oliver, the major attraction being a demonstration of the transmitting and receiving of messages from other radio enthusiasts across Canada and the U.S.

On the business front, Victoria had enjoyed a boom in construction, it being reported that the volume of building activity during the first nine months of 1926 had surpassed that of the entire year of 1925.

Some things have not changed, as, 48 years ago, city council was seriously considering ways and means of improving the Inner Harbor. On the labor scene, on the other hand, things have indeed changed — and drastically — it being reported that the provincial cabinet had approved a

six-month trial period of a new minimum wage for the forest industry: 35 cents an hour! Actually, the cabinet had approved 40 cents an hour, but at the last minute bowed to a trial period, at the lesser rate, when pressured by industry leaders.

Even more staggering changes are evidenced by the advertisements, H. O. Kirkham & Co. of Fort Street offering the following bargains:

B.C. granulated sugar, 20 lbs.	\$1.39
B.C. granulated sugar, 100 lbs.	4.70
Good Local potatoes, sk	1.47
Rolled prime ribs, lb.	.18
Rib lamb chops, lb.	.35
Pork spareribs, lb.	.19
Fresh red salmon, lb.	.15

Almost half a century, and a world war, after, perhaps the most striking difference between the Victoria of today and that of 1926 is the change wrought by the ogre of inflation.

It goes without saying, however, that wages were more or less in proportion, as the 35 cent an hour minimum wage so graphically indicated. In other words, although the cost of living was so much lower than that of today, the average working man likely labored just as hard (he certainly worked longer hours, with fewer fringe benefits) to put bread on the table.

Yet, without a doubt, the ads are the most intriguing feature of the aging *Colonist*. At first glance, they read like a consumer's dream. If we can forget, for a moment, the average income of 1926, and accept prices at face value, we can marvel at the bargains of yesteryear.

At the Government Street emporium of Angus Campbell and Co., Victorians could prepare for approaching winter during the firm's 95 cent bargain day, women's fur-trimmed coats ("well-tailored and smartly styled") going for \$21.95. Rayon silk dresses were as cheap as \$6.95 (and

By T. W. Paterson

probably consisted of twice as much material as today's fashions), children's all-wool fancy top socks selling at two pairs for 95 cents. Flannellette nightgowns cost a mere 95 cents, and for the lady with thin blood, "all pure wool bloomers," in three popular sizes, were priced at \$2.95 a pair.

Those in the market for real estate could move into a Fairfield semi-bungalow, conveniently situated near sea, car, park, city, for a mere \$4,500. Boasting a full concrete basement, this prime home consisted of two sitting rooms, pantry, den, breakfast room, bedroom and bathroom on the main floor, with three bedrooms and ample cupboard facilities upstairs. It was, to paraphrase realtor Arthur Coles, nice and modern.

At the corner of Fort and Broad, "anti-combine" grocers Copas and Son offered "good value for your money all the time" with guaranteed satisfaction, although their sale of a 100-pound sack of local potatoes was priced three cents higher than at competitor Kirkham's. Messrs. Copas also offered other bargains, ranging from select picnic hams, at 25 cents per pound, to a four-pound tin of Malkin's Best Marmalade, at 55 cents, to "anti-combine" baking powder at 25 cents for a 12-ounce tin.

Even greater bargains were to be had at the Hudson's Bay Co., then holding its end-of-the-month sale, with bargains in all departments; particularly at the tobacco counter, where, for only 98 cents, one could purchase a pound of

Houd's No. 1 smoking tobacco, complete with briar pipe. For the cigar smoker, Benson and Hedges Gold Bands, regularly priced at 15 cents each, were selling at eight for 95 cents.

One of the most interesting aspects of reading 48-year-old advertisements lies in recognized company and brand names. For business, like war, has its casualties, and, over the years, far more businesses have passed from the scene than have survived into the seventies. One of the first to catch this "war baby's" eye was the ad for Painter and Sons, of 617 Cormorant Street, who, back in September of 1926, were urging their customers to order coal ahead for the winter. Today, Painters Acme Fuel Ltd. is still going strong, although on Discovery Street, and J. Kingham and Co. Ltd., dealer in Nanaimo and Wellington coal seems to have taken on a partner named Gillespie.

The *Colonist* Printers Ltd. are still with us, of course, and still printing, although under new owners and in new quarters. Another familiar name on the local business scene is that of the Mallek family, who were advertising a special on coats priced from \$24.75 and up. Another "old faithful" from half a century ago is Hickman Tye Co. Ltd., of hardware fame. Other survivors are Maynard's Shoe Store, now on Fort, and Kent's, which also has moved from Yates to Fort.

To this relative newcomer to Victoria, at least, the cost of radios, back in 1926, comes as something of a shock; at first glance, that is. For, upon consideration, it must be acknowledged that, long before the arrival of television, radio was the ultimate means of home entertainment — and prices of sets reflected this prominence. For example, Kent's advertised three sets, ranging from \$117.80 ("equipped with the best, not the cheapest, accessories possible") to five-tube neotrodyne Fada Canadian, which retailed for \$181 for the dry-cell model, the plug-in version costing a further \$36.75.

The Hudson's Bay Company's finest, a Magnavox five-tube model No. 10 cost \$155.

But local firms have not been the only survivors of half a century, many trade names of our grandmother's era being around today. To wit: Magnavox; Jameson's tea; Swift's bacon; Malkin's marmalade; Five Roses Flour; Campbell's pork and beans; Listerine toothpaste; Phillips' milk of magnesia, and a host of others.

But there was more to the morning paper than sales. At Nanaimo, M. Kinoshita was acquitted on grounds of self-defence in the slaying of a fellow worker at Port Alice, Kinoshita having testified that he had stabbed Konashi Yonoshita only after the latter had assaulted him, breaking his nose and inflicting other injuries.

In Victoria, Mrs. James Bonar was laid to rest, some 250 mourners attending the funeral at Sands Funeral Chapel of the popular young bride who had been killed in a Vancouver automobile accident within hours of her wedding. Two cars had been required to carry the wreaths to the Royal Oak Cemetery.

In Edmonton, plans were afoot to utilize the famous Alberta tar sands — which goes to show that some things never do change.

But perhaps the single most interesting drama as far as Victoria newspaper readers were concerned was that of the continuing attempts being made to free the stranded Japanese steamer *Kaikyu Maru* from its Helmcken Island perch. "Divers experience thrills and face death in making survey of damage," blared the headline on the *Colonist's* marine page, which reported that "an entirely new departure in salvaging

## Ads Read Like a Consumer's Dream



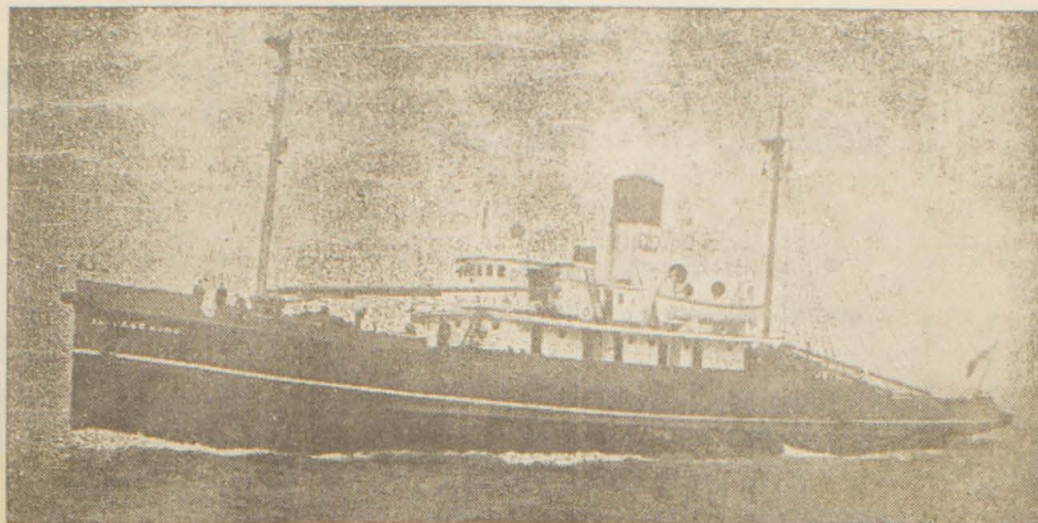
# Housewreckers Find Treasure

work on the Pacific Coast is being made by the Pacific Salvage Co. in its efforts to refloat the Kaikyū Maru, which has been held in the firm grasp of Ripple Shoals, off Helmcken Island, since Aug. 19."

All possible patching work had been completed, the pumps installed and the Maru dragged 12 feet nearer deep water before divers discovered yet another gaping hole in her engine-room. Salvors also had found that their pumps were inadequate for the job but proceeded with patching the new hole and constructing bulkheads about the freighter's wounds. "In this way it is hoped to salvage the vessel, which lies in a precarious position and threatens to slip into deep water and beyond salvage possibility if a storm should strike this coast..."

To date, the "surveying" of the ship has been marked by serious and dangerous difficulties for the divers. In these operations Diver Veitch reports having had his heavily-weighted feet swept from under him to a horizontal position by the surging tide while hanging on to the keel of the sunken ship. While examining the stern part of the vessel, that is sitting on a shore ledge, divers report a large hole between the engine-room and No. 4 hold bulkhead. These diving operations necessitated the risky undertaking of approaching the damaged bottom through the dark labyrinth of engine-room passage and into the water-filled blackness of the shaft tunnel."

It was while working his way from without, and crawling through a narrow gap between the keel and the rocky ledge, that diver Collins was suddenly swept through by the rushing tide — jamming his airline between ship and shore. "After careful and desperate manipulation, the



SALVAGE KING

Powerful unit of the Pacific Coast Salvage Company, which was rushed to Ripple Reef early Sunday morning to aid the stricken freighter Kaikyū Maru. Two hours after receipt of a message the vessel was ploughing through the water on her way to the distressed ship, and arrived at the scene of the accident about 10:30 o'clock Sunday night. The Salvage Queen, operated by the same company, was despatched to the wrecked vessel yesterday afternoon ready to tender any help which might be required.

Old mat tells of tragedy and rescue.

diver was able to extricate himself from a position in which a movement of a fraction of an inch by the ship's keel would have resulted in the cutting of his air supply and a horrible death."

Earlier, salvagers had attempted to plug the engine-room wound with mattresses while powerful pumps drained the flooded holds. Unfortunately, the pumps created such a riptide that the mattresses, which had been placed in position after hours' of dangerous work by the divers, were immediately sucked away, their sudden shift almost jamming Collins and Veitch into the resulting hole.

But, undaunted, officials of the Pacific Salvage Co. announced that operations would pro-

ceed despite all obstacles and setbacks, that the Kaikyū Maru would be refloated, although they estimated that a further two weeks would be required.

And with that, our glimpse of Victoria of September, 1926, is over. Although complete issues of virtually every newspaper in B.C. are on file in the provincial archives, the *Colonist* also being on microfilm at Victoria Press, these long forgotten newspaper mats, discovered in the most unlikely of places, provided a fascinating glimpse into the past.

For three housewreckers indeed, treasure came in the most unusual of forms and in a most unexpected manner.

## Dinning Out . . .

Continued from Page 2

Lake over the line of the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway.

"A luncheon was pleasantly passed at the Bank Exchange, Hon. J. H. Turner and Hon. Col. James Baker being the hosts.

"Sir John also lunched at the Victoria Gardens up the Gorge, and generally expressed himself with the beauty of the local scenery and the future of Victoria and British Columbia."

The Bank Exchange was home for a few weeks for a newly arrived diplomat and his family:

"Hon. W. P. Roberts of North Carolina, the recently appointed successor to Hon. Levi W. Myres, as representative of the United States in this city, has arrived from the east, accompanied by Mrs. Roberts and their three children.

"They are putting up at the Bank Exchange until they locate a residence suitable for their requirements.

"Tall, broad-shouldered and erect, with the easy courtesy peculiar to southern gentlemen, Hon. Mr. Roberts would be taken among a thousand for a soldier and a man of mark.

"His military experience he gained while wearing the Confederate grey, serving throughout the Civil War.

"He is said to have been the youngest brigadier in the cavalry branch of the service of America, having won this high rank at 23 years of age, without any previous military education.

"He is now 52 years of age, and, having been 'a Democrat all my life,' his appointment is looked upon by all who know him, as deserved recognition of a good man.

"Victoria gives him a most cordial welcome, not only for himself, but for his great country, whose people are our respected and much admired close friends, relatives and neighbors."

I note, too, that Mr. Sauer of the Bank Exchange catered for a most fashionable affair of the 1890s:

"Golden bells — Shortly after noon peals rang out from Christ Church Cathedral . . .

"It was such a joyous pealing, such a chime as ran in liquid music through the mind of Poe when he wrote 'listen to the merry wedding bells — golden bells.'

"Within, the Cathedral was decked with masses of both cut and potted flowers.

"The occasion was the wedding of Rev. Cato Ensor Sharp, rector of St. Paul's Esquimalt and Miss Stella Mainwaring-Johnson, second daughter of E. Mainwaring-Johnson of this city.

"The bride was simply but richly attired in a costume of white faille silk, trimmed with Honiton lace, the gift of her mother.

"The tulle veil was a feature, falling in clinging and misty folds, being surmounted with a wreath of myrtle and orange blossoms.

"The only ornament worn was a diamond and sapphire pin, the gift of the groom, as was the magnificent bridal bouquet.

"The bridesmaids were Miss Tilda Erb, and the Misses Mainwaring-Johnson, sisters of the bride.

"They wore costumes of cream-colored Austrian silk, trimmed with silk lace and satin ribbons. Their 'picture' hats were chiffon, trimmed with satin ribbons and ostrich feathers, and they bore earrings which, with the elegant pins and buckles, were the gift of the groom.

"The reception was at the Mainwaring-Johnson residence on Fort Street — Mr. Sauer and his capable Bank Exchange staff doing the honors — owing to the fact that the house was totally inadequate to accommodate the throng of friends, temporary quarters were erected in large marquees on the lawns in front of the house.

"Both the bride and groom are popular members of Victoria society, and their well-wishers are legion.

"From all parts, personally and by post, poured in showers of good wishes and felicitations.

"The wedding presents numbered into the hundreds of costly, useful and beautiful articles of solid silver, china, table and toilet articles, vases, stands, receivers, books, pictures, etc.

"The term 'too numerous to mention' certainly applies here, with more than its usual force and truthfulness.

"In a few hours, the bride's tulle and orange blossoms gave way to an electric blue tweed travelling dress, with Tattersall jacket and grey velvet hat with blue wings.

"Departure was then taken by steamer City of Kingston for the Sound, en route to California, to spend the bridal among the flowers and sunshine of the Golden State."

Alas, I came along too late to ever know Mr. Sauer, and his Bank Exchange, but now, 80 years later, I propose a toast to them both, and thank them for having added some small part to the glamor of our past.

## Troller Helps . . .

Continued from Page 5

land's fish conservation effort. With an up and down shake of his head, he smiled. "From the first, I was a sports fishing nut. I am now an independent salmon troller. The two roles fit me like hand in glove."

"Are you going to make fishing your life work?" I asked him.

The shake of the head, this time, was sideways.

"No, I'm not. I think fishing is a young man's racket. It takes a lot out of a man. I hope to be out of trolling in 10-15 years, and into something else."

"But you don't know yet what it will be, eh?"

"Well," explained Al. "I'm making a start at an oyster operation at Sooke Basin, Roche Cove. It's not oyster beds. It's mariculture. Growing oysters on rafts, like the Japanese have done for years. I've only been at it a year and a half."

"Is it progressing good?" I asked.

"Oh! yes. I've just got an \$8,000 federal-provincial grant to assist me in the production."

"When your oyster venture is firm, that will be your real thing?"

"Yes."

"You would leave trolling, and take a land-based job?"

"Right."

"Then you'd leave the sea?"

"Well," said Al with a slight touch of exasperation. "I wouldn't really be leaving the sea, because growing oysters is involved with the sea. What it boils down to, is that I'll be farming the sea. That's where my real future lies. I want to farm the sea much as the farmer farms the land. I think this is the coming thing."

At this point, Al Meadows paid tribute to the old patriarchs of the early Pacific trolling fleet. "During their hey-day, they advanced in their careers to a fine point. They were the guiding lights in building bigger, better boats. They brought in radar, hydraulics, Loran. They were the progressive types during their time. All I'm trying to do is to be progressive in my time. One of the things I see is a new avenue. As we harvest the seas, we deplete our reserves. Farming the sea, will contain our reserves. The world is getting more and more in need of protein foods. Just to harvest the sea will not be enough. We've got to farm it. My own farming thoughts points in the direction of oysters."

I think this thoughtful young man has got something.



# MURIEL WILSON'S ] [ THOUGHT FOR FOOD

*We remember the kitchen bustle and heavenly fragrance, the line-up of pies in the old fashion pantry, the stone crocks filled with brandied peaches and mincemeat, the crimson cranberry sauce, the beautiful trussed turkey waiting for the oven and the big bowl of polished snow apples on the sideboard. In retrospect we still see, smell and feel the excitement of the pre Thanksgiving preparation in my Grandmother's kitchen.*

It's possible but not likely that we will still serve exactly the same Thanksgiving menu as did our grandmothers.

Each of us weave our own pattern into tradition. New dishes find their way to our table each

# Prepare for After Th

year. Our children's memories will be different to ours. Each family builds its own traditions but one thing families have in common, should have, is a spirit of thankfulness.

Thanksgiving, one of our oldest and most cherished traditions, makes October a very special month. It is a home day, a day of reunion and happy memories.

Since the early settlers first gave thanks to God for a bountiful harvest after a long time of hardship and privation, the day has carried a religious significance; then if at no other time, the great blessings that are ours are remembered with heartfelt gratitude.

Today we are thankful anew for the everyday wonders of life, the companionship of kindred minds, the firm, warm handclasp of a friend and for all the goodness of God.

At this time you will have decided on your Thanksgiving menu so it is too late to tell you how to cook that turkey or ham.

But unless your family is amply blessed with eager eaters, there will be cold "afters." Meal planning does not begin and end with the Big Feast.

What about next week with cold turkey or ham in the refrigerator? Follow-up meals are important, these deserve thought and imagination.

This year I am breaking with the turkey tradition and serving ham so we will start with some of the ways to serve this the second time around. First let's consider Curried Rice ... either ham or turkey slices take on company airs

with the enhancing touch of uniquely seasoned curried rice. To accompany this we serve a chutney-ranged Raisin Sauce.

Thanks to food processors, a myriad of spices are expertly blended with rice to give a delicately seasoned curried rice that can be duplicated in our home kitchen. This packaged curried rice combines no less than 19 spices are expertly blended with rice to give

**SECOND TIME AROUND HAM** (or turkey) **DINNER** ... two-and-a-half cups water, one tablespoon butter or margarine, one package Curried Rice (six ounce), one-half cup firmly packed brown sugar, one tablespoon cornstarch, one cup water, two tablespoons chopped chutney, one tablespoon cider vinegar, one tablespoon butter or margarine, one-quarter cup raisins and slices of baked ham or turkey.

Measure the two-and-a-half cups of water, the tablespoon of butter or margarine in a saucepan. Stir in contents of the package of rice including the separate foil envelope of seasonings. Bring to a boil. Cover tightly and cook over low heat until all the water is absorbed (about 20 minutes). Now for the Raisin Sauce ... Still sugar and cornstarch together in a small saucepan. Stir in the one cup of water, chutney, vinegar, butter or margarine and raisins. Bring to a boil. Cook over moderate heat until thickened enough to coat a spoon, about five minutes. Serve the hot curried rice with ham (or turkey) slices and Chutney Raisin Sauce.

It's been said that ham in the refrigerator is like money in the bank ... every inch is good, from the first tender slices right down to the bone for soup and

## HAM ENCORE



The Daily Colonist, Sunday Sunday, October 13, 1974—PAGE 2

## hints from Heloise

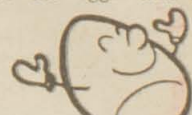
DEAR HELOISE:

I read your column daily and Sunday too! Don't do without you because I am a working mother.

I was in a hurry to make egg salad sandwiches last week and suddenly thought of this shortcut.

I have one of those egg slicers that sell at the hardware store for about 79 cents. You usually use it to slice hard-boiled eggs to decorate your salads.

Well, I thought, if you can slice the eggs thin in one



direction with those wires, why not turn the freshly sliced egg carefully sideways and slice it again with the wires?

This makes small chunks of egg that are perfect for making sandwiches, once you add a little salt and pepper and your favorite salad dressing.

Really, they never tasted so good before. Guess you can see

I'm for the Mrs. S.

TEN I

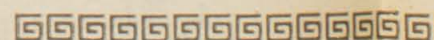
DEAR HELOISE

Every time my baby daughter would curl her fingers tapping the bag as I put it immediately under the shoe

DON

DEAR HELOISE

Try peeling bag. You can do it and keep the same time





# Thanksgiving

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all the little scraps for the bean pot. Those little bits and pieces can be added to creamed or scalloped potatoes. Scrambled eggs, macaroni and cheese, potato or tossed green salad or to cheese souffle. Here is a supper dish that can be put together and baked in a jiffy ...

**SAVORY HAM-POTATO CASSEROLE** ... one package (4 servings) instant mashed potatoes, one green onion sliced (green tops too), one-quarter teaspoon thyme, one-and-a-half to two cups chopped cooked ham, seasoned salt, seasoned pepper, milk, one pimiento cut up, one-half cup shredded sharp Cheddar cheese and chopped parsley. Prepare potatoes according to package instructions. Stir in onions and salt and pepper to taste. I would add a little more milk if too dry. Now stir in the ham and thyme. Add the pimiento. Put in a one quart casserole and sprinkle with cheese. Bake in preheated 400 degree F oven for 15 to 20 minutes or until nice and hot. Sprinkle with chopped parsley.

Serve with a tossed green salad and Quick Bread Sticks ...

**QUICK BREAD STICKS** ... one-quarter cup butter or margarine, an eight ounce package refrigerated crescent or dinner rolls and poppy or sesame seeds. Put butter in a shallow baking pan and set in oven to melt. After taking the casserole out of the oven turn the oven heat up to 450 deg. F. Open package of rolls and reshape dough into pencil sized sticks. Dip these sticks into the melted butter, turning over in the pan so that they are coated all around. Lay strips close together in pan. Sprinkle with sesame or poppy seeds. Bake six to seven minutes or until well browned. Serve hot or cold.

## BRIDE'S CORNER

### TURKEY THE SECOND TIME AROUND

After the first meal, wrap turkey and dressing separately in foil or waxed paper. Store in refrigerator and use up within a few days. For longer storage, wrap for freezing in meal size portions. Frozen cooked turkey keeps for several weeks.

Use nice slices as cold cuts or in sandwiches. Smaller irregular pieces for casseroles, turkey pie, turkey loaves, etc. Last little bits off the bones may be used for turkey a la king, sandwiches, salads, turkey Tetrastini, etc.

Even the skin can be ground up and used in soups or croquettes. The gravy may be reheated for hot turkey sandwiches or served with reheated turkey and dressing. When I'm freezing pieces for casseroles I add gravy to carton.

The dressing may be reheated in foil with turkey or separately, or served cold with sliced cold turkey or added to turkey sandwiches.

The carcass can be broken up covered with water, seasoned well and simmered until a good strong broth is obtained. Vegetables can be added for a delicious soup.

And here is a different salad dressing to serve over lettuce wedges or tossed green salad.

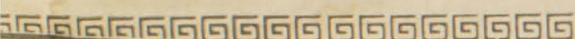
**CRANBERRY SALAD DRESSING** ... one-half cup cranberry jelly, three-quarters cup salad oil, one-quarter cup vinegar, one spoon salt, one-half teaspoon paprika, one-half teaspoon dry mustard and one-eighth teaspoon seasoned pepper.

Break up cranberry jelly by beating with an egg beater or whirling in a blender. Combine with remaining ingredients in a jar with a tight lid. Shake to blend well. Or combine all the ingredients in a blender.

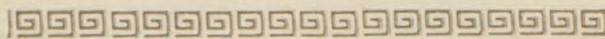
When your ham gets down to the shank make a boiled dinner ...

**HAM BOILED DINNER** ... one ham shank, four potatoes peeled and cut in quarters, eight carrots, eight small whole onions, four cabbage wedges and chopped parsley. Put the ham shank in a good sized kettle and cover with water. Bring to a boil then simmer, covered for about one-and-a-half hours or until tender (the meat not the bone). Add vegetables except the cabbage and cook, covered for 20 minutes. Add cabbage and cook about 15 minutes longer. Fork the meat from the bone and arrange on a platter with the vegetables. Thicken the gravy a little if desired. Sprinkle with parsley. There is usually broth left over ... use it for soup next day.

Thanksgiving season is for giving thanks ... "Lord I do give Thee thanks for the abundance that is mine."



## HELP FOR HOMEMAKERS



### BELOW FREEZING

DEAR HELOISE:

If your refrigerator freezer compartment has no dividers except a small space for the cube trays, you know that it's very hard to stack all sizes and shapes of things so you can see them and get them out easily. Especially you lose the space over the cube trays.

At an office supply store you can find extender rods (on the principle of pole lamps) for use in book shelves. Several of these will divide your space the way you want it, and they can be shifted when your needs change.

H.M.B.

### PAJAMA PARTY!

DEAR HELOISE:

I didn't have anything to carry my clothes in when I spent the night with a friend.

Then I outgrew my maxi-skirt. I took out the zipper, sewed the side up, sewed up the bottom, overlapped the top of the skirt so a string could go through it and sewed it down.

It made a good bag to put things in. It is big and pretty. You can cut off as much as you want or leave it long, make it to suit your taste.

Susan  
Age 11

various toiletries in these handy little trays.

Each tray was placed on a shelf with rickrack glued on to form their names.

George

### THE FRUIT SECTION

DEAR HELOISE:

I just tried eating grapefruit a different way and it works so well I just have to pass the idea on.

If you like grapefruit halves for breakfast but find a regular spoon too big to get the sections



out easily, try what I did.

I borrowed my daughter's infant feeding spoon. It has a long handle and works really great—and you can buy the spoons cheap too!

Pat C.

### DAINTY AS CAN BE!

DEAR HELOISE:

Recently, I visited a relative who has three girls—ages: 8, 10 and 11. Like all girls, they love such things as bubble bath, cologne, etc., and often get things mixed up.

Their mother came up with the idea of using plastic silverware trays. Now they keep their combs, mirrors and

This feature is written for you... the housewife and homemaker. If you have a hint, problem or suggestion you'd like to share... write to Heloise today in care of this newspaper.

### ALL PATCHED UP!

DEAR HELOISE:

My granddaughters and I have found a new use for the little colorful sample patches in the clothes brochures we receive in the mail.

We use them as decorative patches on cotton shorts and jeans. You can place them in different ways to make very attractive designs, especially on play and school clothes.

They can be sewed on by hand, or with an applique stitch on your sewing machine.

Helen Antila

### ALL TIED UP!

DEAR HELOISE:

My oldest son, who is 7, wears a necktie to school. However, he



doesn't like the easy clip-on ties; he wants to wear the kind of tie that daddy wears.

So, being that I'm not much good at knotting ties, and it's a little too complicated for him, this is how we solved the problem:

Daddy knots a few in advance for him, then in the morning I just have to slip one over his head and he adjusts it to his collar!

Carrie

Heloise

### LETTER OF LAUGHTER

DEAR HELOISE:

Nothing would get my little girl to clean up her toys until one day I brought the sweeper into sweep up some little pieces of paper, and I told her that her toys would disappear just like the paper if she didn't pick them up off the floor.

From that day on, all I have to do is plug the sweeper in and the room is picked up completely.

A Reader

### TEA TOWEL TIP

DEAR HELOISE:

If you get spots on your tea towel that just won't come out by using soap, put some scrubbing powder on them—they'll soon be gone!

I just wet the towel first, sprinkle a bit on, rub, and set it aside for a while before washing.

A Reader

### TOYS, TOYS, TOYS.

DEAR HELOISE:

My two sisters and I have many dolls and stuffed animals.

We use a low camping cot to hold all of these and just slide it under one of our beds when not in use.

L.L.S.

### TEN LITTLE TOES

DEAR HELOISE:

Every time I tried to put on my baby daughter's shoes she could curl her toes. So I started taping the bottom of her shoes. I put it on and she immediately uncurled her toes, and the shoe slipped on easily.

Mary K.

### DON'T CRY!

DEAR HELOISE:

Try peeling onions in a plastic bag. You can see what you're doing and keep down the odor at the same time.

Emma Fuller

### LET 'ER ROLL!

DEAR HELOISE:

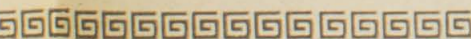
For the neatest-ever drop cloth to use while painting window and door frames, try using an old roller-type window shade. It lies much flatter and doesn't blow around the way newspapers do.

And when the job is finished, and the paint on it is dry, just



roll it up for the next time!

Imogene Matula



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10-13





From Wolf Cub and Boy Scout at St. John's Anglican Church to Scientist-in-the-sea deep in the Caribbean Sea off the Bahamas may seem an unusual life-path, but it's the one that has been followed most happily by one young Victorian.

# Victorian Joins Scientists To Explore Ocean Depths

*M. J. A. Muirhead, better-known as Mike or Mac, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Muirhead, 82 Sylvan Lane, was the only Canadian among 20 university graduates selected this summer to share in this Scientist-in-the-Sea program.*

Man has already explored almost every corner of the world's land surface, and has reached the moon out in space.

Now he is turning with increased interest to the ocean depths, in a search for whatever that fascinating zone may provide for man's growing needs.

This is what S.I.T.S. is all about.

The 20-week program this summer was the fourth conducted jointly by the United States Navy, the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration (the ocean equivalent of the U.S. space program) and the Florida State University System Institute of Oceanography.

Participants come from a number of related fields of study: marine biology, ocean engineering, medicine, physiology, marine chemistry and geology, physical oceanography and underwater communications.

Muirhead's field is ocean engineering, in which he earned his bachelor's degree (also this summer) at Florida Atlantic University, Boca Raton, Florida.

Muirhead's early education was gained at Margaret Jenkins, Oak Bay Junior and Oak Bay Senior high schools.

In this period, and following his Scout activities, came his initial interest in the sea — several years with the Royal Canadian Sea Cadets in HMCS Rainbow. He still looks back on that period with appreciation and affection, for the fine training and knowledge of seamanship he received.

In those years, too, Muirhead was an enthusiastic member of Archie McKinnon's swim team — another invaluable bit of training for his current activities.

A bachelor of science degree in chemistry came next for Muirhead at University of Victoria, and while earning that he was also active on UVic's debating team.

Cruises to far-away places with the Sea Cadets had given Muirhead a taste for travel and a desire to see other places, other people. So his next move was a year in post-graduate study of French at the University of Toulouse in France.

His interest in the sea was whetted anew in that year through a meeting, at the Institute Oceanique in Monaco, with the famous deep-sea explorer and photographer, Jacques Cousteau.

From this interview Muirhead returned to Canada determined to make the ocean his lifetime career.

More specialized study was obviously required, and the independent young Muirhead was equally determined to do this on his own. He landed a job at Expo 67 in Montreal — not just as a guide, which he had originally in mind.

All guides had already been hired, and he heard of only one opening still unfilled. He applied, and to his surprise was taken on — as administration co-ordinator.

The work proved exciting, interesting, and rewarding — both financially and in experience gained.

When Expo closed there came other jobs, including one as a salesman with the Proctor and Gamble company.

Finally he was ready, and applied for enrollment at Florida Atlantic University in ocean engineering, a relatively new branch of oceanography not yet available in Canadian universities.

Muirhead's attainment this summer of his BOE degree led to his selection as the only Canadian, among 20 graduate students from all over the United States in the various marine study disciplines, to take part in the Scientist-in-the-Sea program.

By ERITH SMITH

Let's look at a brief outline of this program, now in its fourth year, which opens its first phase at the Naval Coastal Systems Laboratory at Panama City, on Florida's upper Gulf Coast.

It is an advanced diving training program for college graduates consisting of a tough 20-week graduate-level course offering 12 quarter hours of study.

"S.I.T.S." says one description, "is much different from the usual diving course in that it is a

demanding and exacting curriculum that takes dedicated scientists of high potential, exposes them to advanced diving techniques, equipment and technology, and returns them to the ocean and marine science community as true 'scientists in the sea'."

The program is offered in three phases:

I—Basic underwater training, covering underwater photography, communications, navigation, tools and instruments, submersibles, logistics and planning, and the scientific principles of ocean engineering, oceanography, marine biology, underwater medicine and physiology;

II—Open sea operations, involving actual research projects under open sea conditions;

III—Saturation diving operations, taking in diving missions for students utilizing underwater habitats.

The first two phases are conducted in the Gulf of Mexico off Panama City.

Phase Three is, of course, the high point in the program.

For this, the young scientist-divers move to Lucaya in the Grand Bahamas, to make use there of the Perry Hydro-Lab located in deep water off Bell Island Inlet.

The habitat is 16 feet long, eight feet in diameter, and can house three or four persons for up to one week. Let Muirhead tell briefly about it:

"Last week I surfaced off Freeport, Grand Bahama Island, after living underwater for three days in the Hydro-Lab. Saturation diving is the thing of the future; basically, a working diver looking for minerals on the bottom, or doing salvage work, etc., would have to decompress (i.e., stay under pressure for many hours to get rid of nitrogen bubble build-up in his blood) for many hours each dive.

"By living underwater in a habitat, coming and going at will, he can stay indefinitely (providing air and food supplies hold out) and require only one period of decompression — in our case for 14 hours at a depth of 50 feet.

"However, the stiff penalty, if one should accidentally surface prior to decompression, would be death."

Muirhead went into no further detail about his Phase Three experience, but enclosed his own log of the training in Phase One.

First, in May, came a pre-course evaluation which began with an extensive medical examination. The young scientist-divers must be in top physical condition to begin with, and are kept that way by rigorous physical training periods each morning.

Muirhead's breathing style (slow and steady) indicated to the examining doctor, for instance, that he had obviously been a diver previously — this in connection with his BOE studies.

Balance of the day was taken up meeting staff members, hearing the whole program outlined. The second day was even more strenuous:

"7:15 a.m., arrive at jetty for morning physical jerks. We start with a series of timed push-ups and sit-ups, then run a mile, followed by a 25-yard underwater swim and a half-mile swim breaststroke. After lunch back to the jetty, another half-mile swim (feet and flippers) followed by life-saving techniques.

"My partner was Wilbur Eaton, S.I.T.S. co-ordinator and veteran Man-in-the-Sea Aquanaut of Sealab I, II and III. 'You're about my size, Canuck!' he said.

"Although he is relatively short, his chest and upper extremities are powerful, enabling him to remain underwater unassisted for long periods.

"The remainder of the day was spent umbilical diving with full face mask while tethered to the jetty. Features of this type of system are continuous air flow, excellent communication with surface, and little encumbrance."

Actual training began June 12 with an official "welcome aboard" and on June 13 with lectures



MIKE MUIRHEAD  
... lived underwater





# First Land Then Moon Now Sea



on diving medicine, emergency procedures and equipment design.

Much equipment used is donated by manufacturers, with the rest of the funding coming from U.S. federal funds.

The U.S. Navy provides the base facilities at Panama City, and the State University System of Florida the academic faculty. Overall organization of the S.I.T.S. Program is the responsibility of Dr. Robert Smith who is director of the State University System Institute of Oceanography.

Here is Muirhead's log of another typical training day in Phase One:

"7:30 a.m. — 1,000 yard swim in choppy water, fins and face plates only. Then oxygen tolerance test in the decompression chamber. Reflections on dive to 112 feet:

"i — Enter steel cylinder at about 10 a.m. Certain anxiety amongst group of four.

"ii — Hatch in, end cap closed and dogged.

"iii — Screeching roar of high pressure air entering chamber. Sound similar to jet engine. Pinch noses to clear ears. Pressure gauge drops . . . 10 feet, 20, 30, 50, 75, 100 . . .

"iv — Then, silence. 'On bottom at 112 feet.' Perspiration drips from our bodies. A check of the time shows bubbles of air rapidly expanding inside wrist watch crystal. High pitched mickey-mouse chortles from others as dense air stultifies speech.

"v — Switch to pure oxygen at 60 feet for 30 minutes. No side effects. Periodic venting of chamber to clear CO<sub>2</sub> shatters silence.

"vi — Return in cold white fog of condensation to surface.

"vii — Open hatch. Exit chamber."

Two days later the young candidates had their first open ocean dive about 10 miles out in the Gulf of Mexico, beneath a "Texas Tower" which stands on the ocean floor, and whose workshops and living area stand 250 feet above that floor.

Says Muirhead:

"Diving in teams of five . . . we submerged under the warm tropical Gulf. Suddenly, some 20 feet into the dive, we hit a strong thermocline. Through our face masks we notice the water change to a rapidly-mixing oily texture, the cold waters enveloping our warm bodies. We continue our descent . . . guided by a dimly-lit, growth-encrusted pylon of the tower.

"About midway in our 115-foot descent the existing light is darkened as a blanket of small eelgar minnows, perhaps several hundred thousand, passes overhead. The bottom comes into silent focus.

"Led by Chief Bill Martin, we are taken on a fascinating tour around the structural foundation. Schools of amberjack, high hats and the occasional barracuda dart about, totally unconcerned by our presence. On the floor, shellfish, flounder, and a few old tires.

"All too soon it is time to start our ascent. Our arrival at the surface is preceded by large mushroom hemispheres of vented air . . .

Just a minute . . . Old tires, 10 miles at sea? This little puzzle is answered in the outline of activities in the project's Phase 2, one of which is establishing an artificial reef underwater, "using old tires."

From the tower the trainees journeyed to a point just one mile offshore, where Stage II stands. Muirhead's log again:

"Once alongside, we again drop backward into the sunlit seas. On the bottom at 60 feet, we follow a line leading away from one of the massive feet of the tower. Some distance across the floor, we can barely make out a large, growth-encrusted cylindrical structure about 30 feet long.

"This was, is, Sealab I, home of U.S. Navy 'Man in the Sea' Aquanauts of the 1960s" and was used in the project's second phase of training.

Final stages of this first phase included lectures in still underwater photography, given by Eric Frehsee, National Geographic and freelance photographer; night swims trailing beacons, and lectures on new developments in diving equipment.

Muirhead is expected home for a visit this fall, when it will be interesting to discover how the knowledge he gained as a Scientist-in-the-Sea may be applied.



## ISLANDER Crossword Puzzle

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE ANSWERS APPEAR ON PAGE 14

Edited by Margaret Farrar  
Capt. '74 Gen'l Features Corp.

By Herb Ettenson

### ACROSS

- 1 Packed away
- 7 Figured fabric
- 13 Show contempt
- 18 Obsequious
- 19 Show
- 20 Penetrable
- 22 Slot machine: Phrase
- 24 Tolerate
- 25 Like some blue-serve suits
- 26 Green quartz
- 27 Humble
- 29 Small Japanese coin
- 30 Ballot
- 31 Fermenting agent
- 32 Kind of exam
- 33 Courtroom action
- 34 Previous to
- 35 Dismissal: Fr.
- 36 More fastidious
- 37 Small anvil
- 38 Torch music
- 39 Attendants
- 40 Insect stage
- 41 Rope element
- 43 First appearance
- 44 Departed unannounced
- 46 Carpenter's

work

- 47 Indicated meaning
- 48 Town on the Rhone
- 50 Leaf juice tonic
- 51 Thanksgiving dish
- 53 Mauna —
- 54 Sail nearer the wind
- 55 Like certain fuel
- 56 — Cologne
- 57 One-man performances
- 58 One — time
- 59 Computes current value of income
- 61 Angle of a kind
- 62 Of this world
- 64 Kind of beer
- 65 Chair workers
- 66 Kind of engine
- 67 Tenth
- 68 Cheap
- 69 Allows
- 70 "John Brown's Body" poet
- 71 Sandburg and namesakes
- 72 Sanctuaries
- 74 Ryun or Keino
- 75 Doesn't eat
- 76 London

suburb

- 78 Scrooge-like sounds
- 80 Personnel manager
- 81 Grove of trees
- 82 Singer
- 83 Turner
- 84 Coll. course
- 85 Vacancy sign
- 86 Here's complement
- 87 Tobacco kilns
- 88 Mrs. Daniel's dad
- 89 Boundary of territorial waters: Phrase
- 92 Magic word
- 93 Blow
- 94 Elaborate whatnot
- 95 Loser to 87
- 96 Of certain mountains
- 97 Give

### DOWN

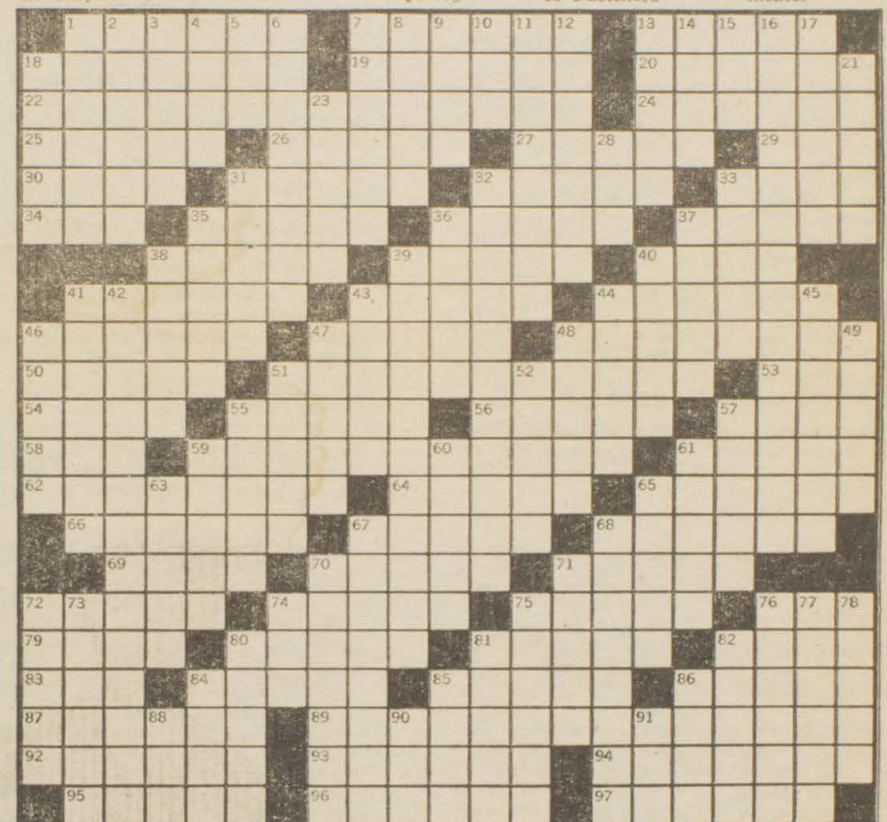
- 1 Superior rank
- 2 French tennis score
- 3 Egg-shaped
- 4 Tough
- 5 Shade tree
- 6 Dredged
- 7 Adulterated
- 8 Stop! (at sea)
- 9 Quarry

Or's opposite

- 11 To wit
- 12 Chemical compounds
- 13 Replace temporarily
- 14 European rabbit
- 15 Kind of number: Abbr.
- 16 Good luck plant: Phrase
- 17 Avenging spirits
- 18 Unravel
- 21 French legislature
- 23 Grows boring
- 28 Conflict
- 31 Offspring
- 32 Skaters' pattern
- 33 Gourds
- 35 Family groups
- 36 Wealthy man
- 37 Large fishes
- 38 To the point
- 39 Hack writer: Phrase
- 40 Gai city
- 41 Recognized rank
- 42 Double domicile: Phrase
- 43 Distributed
- 44 Incursions
- 45 Nonsense
- 46 Muslim prayer
- 47 Lose to
- 48 More precise
- 49 Fasteners

51 Tropical resin

- 52 Abridge
- 55 Is concerned
- 57 Despatches
- 59 Brava or Mesa
- 60 In the future
- 61 Cries
- 63 Removes the skin
- 65 Menu
- 67 TV fund raiser
- 68 Adorned with pendants
- 70 Clergyman's cap
- 71 Bay of Naples, Isle
- 72 Encourages
- 73 Venerated
- 74 Wire measure
- 75 Enemies
- 76 Fate
- 77 Complete
- 78 Use extravagantly
- 80 Term of endearment
- 81 Lobster claw
- 82 Siberian forest
- 84 Not feral
- 85 Head, in Paris
- 86 "Good Earth" character
- 88 Stomach
- 90 Serling or Laver
- 91 W.W. II theater



10-13-74

## Old Cane Poles Never Die

Sometimes it's fun to try and be a kid again. If you're successful, for a little while the cares and pressures of life will slip away and you can enjoy a brief return to more simple days.

One of the most pleasurable experiences any youngster had was to take a cane pole, some worms, a cork bobber . . . and go fishing. While cork bobbers are a thing of the past, the cane pole is still with us, and can be used to fish places that are unreachable with other equipment.

Although they had to practice for a while, having grown accustomed to more sophisticated gear, the outdoor recreation staff at Mercury outboards recently tried cane pole fishing and relearned the art of using this "kids" method.

Selecting the correct bamboo rod is important. It has to be stout and have the proper length. Look for a 12 to 14-foot pole that isn't warped and that has no cracks. Heft it to test for balance; you should be able to hold the rod comfortably with one hand.

River fishermen use cane poles for fishing behind root wads and around downed trees. Pockets of deep water often form where trees are

swept into a stream, and these are ideal sites for bass, walleye, and trout.

If there's a current, you'll need to get the bait quickly down to the bottom where it'll stay without washing beneath the tree and becoming tangled. Use a heavy, bell-shaped sinker and omit any bobber. In calm water, use only the amount of sinker needed to put the bait under water.

If you're worm fishing, clip on the smallest plastic bobber you can find. If minnows are your bait, use a bobber large enough that the minnow will not pull it beneath the surface as it swims about.

When a fish strikes, raise the pole quickly to set the hook and keep your catch from going beneath the tree.

Cane pole angling is the kind of fishing that calls for fast reflexes — perhaps quicker than many of us old-timers can muster when the action gets hot.



It seems some engineers can end up in strange places. Way back when, such an engineer was a young Russian named Alexander Derman who, following training in Russia, went on to study in Germany on the strength of a scholarship. It seems impossible, but there he continued his travels to become a—

# Pioneer of Pachena Bay

*Alexander Derman was born at Taganrog on the Black Sea. The family home was close to the royal palace at Yalta and in his youth, Alexander, who had a lovely voice was sometimes asked to sing for the Tsar, which, of course, he did.*

However, though Alexander retained his singing voice for the rest of his life, he apparently had no desire to make singing his career. Nor can he have had a very strong desire to make engineering his career either since, once his training was complete and he had all the necessary qualifications, he decided to travel widely before settling down.

In course of time, his travels brought him to Vancouver Island and to Victoria in particular where with other student immigrants he lived in a boarding house on Douglas Street. After spending a year on the Island, Alexander made up his mind that he wanted to continue to live here, and he decided against returning to Russia.

He had no intention of remaining alone, however, for in Russia there was a girl he loved. Her name was Olga Galuza, and she and Alexander had been childhood sweethearts. Bravely, Olga agreed to make the long journey to marriage and her new home. She travelled from Russia to Liverpool, and thence by steamer to Montreal. From Montreal, of course, she crossed Canada by train to Vancouver where Alexander met her. One of the old Princess boats brought them to the Island, and here in Victoria, in the Anglican cathedral—since both were Greek Orthodox by religion—they were married.

What did that young girl expect when she set out on her journey?

Whatever it was, she found her expectations slightly awry. Remembering the dashing young student she had last seen some years before, Olga came out here with a trunk full of beautiful clothes, many of them exquisite ball gowns, all ready to join in the social life of the new land.

Alas for her hopes, she was met at the train by a bearded backwoodsman who right after marriage whisked her off to a small shack on the Colquitz river. Alexander had bought a little land there on which he had built the shack in preparation for Olga's coming.

Nowadays, the Colquitz area is more or less in town, as it were. However, in those days, there were no roads at all, only trails through the bush. The only store was Mrs. Crosby's, which was a landmark. That store stood on what was later to become Tillicum Road, and to this day, Olga Derman remembers with gratitude the kindness of Mrs. Crosby who helped to teach the young Russian girl English as she did her shopping.

Olga would point to the items needed and her kindly storekeeper would tell her the English name, pausing for Olga to repeat the words after her. Indeed, for as long as the Dermans lived in the area, Mrs. Crosby continued to help Olga with all the problems of her new language and world.

About a year after their marriage, the Dermans discovered that the Canadian government was offering land for pre-emption in order to open up the west coast of the Island. Alexander took up a three-quarter section at Pachena Bay. His property was all uncleared land which on the one side ran down to the waters of the Bay.

By this time, Alexander and Olga had a small son named Leo. With Leo they said goodbye to the Colquitz home and, boarding the old Maquinna, they sailed around the coast to Bamfield where they unloaded all their gear. Not that they had too much of that, for they had little to take with them but their clothes and a stove. Most of their furniture was hand-hewn and was made after they reached Pachena.

The Dermans were not the first settlers at Pachena Bay, and this was a point in their favor since when they went there, there was already a ready-made trail for them to follow. The reason for this was that a brother of Sir Oswald Mosley already lived there, and had beaten out the trail going down to Bamfield. There was also another family named Hoskins, and in the beginning, the Hoskins and the Dermans lived together in an unused boatshed until their homes were built. This home building was a communal affair with both men and women doing their share of the work.

Alexander and Olga built their home on the top of the cliff overlooking the waters of the bay. But first, of course, they had to clear the land, then cut and shape their own timber, and cut their own shakes for the roof. They built a two-bedroom home of half logs, and later on, Alexander added a large shed, a barn and a smoke house.

There was no doubt about it, anybody living at Pachena Bay in those days certainly had to know how to be self-sufficient in all things. One chore in the early days was to build a road up the steep cliff side, so that when later possessions arrived, they could be brought up the cliff and so avoid that long trail from Bamfield.

Probably Alexander's engineering training must have stood him in good stead over this. Just the same, it was back-breaking work heaving rocks from the beach, and Olga must have found it very different from her old way of life.

In course of time, a little daughter, Sonia, came to join the family at Pachena Bay. No, she was not born at home since Olga went back to Victoria for the birth. Later again, baby Victor was born, so this made a sturdy family of five to fight the wilderness.

As may be well imagined, those children very early learned how to pull their weight. Sonia recalls now that at a very early age she and her brother Leo were taught how to shoot. They both

By MARGARET BELFORD

owned their own .22 rifles, and even at the tender age of four, little Victor was also learning how to handle a gun.

Sonia Basanta has many other tales to tell of her childhood. In the early days, the family lived entirely off the land and this, of course, is not nearly as grim as it sounds. In those days, there was a plentitude of game: bear meat and coon meat; and of course fish of all kinds in the sea, plus mussels and clams which Sonia remembers made for very tasty eating.

They had their own cow and did not lack for milk, butter, cheese, yogurt, and sour milk. In the woods about them, the bush was full of berries of all kinds during the summer: thimbleberries, blueberries, salmonberries, huckleberries and salal berries. To this day, Sonia remembers with affection those marvellous deep dish fruit pies her mother used to make, and also the many jams and jellied preserves which were put up each year.

Homesteading, however, is not a thing one can rush. It has to come by degrees. Thus, in the early days, the young Dermans had no livestock. Indeed, that steep road up the cliffside had to be built before the first animals were brought in, and the earliest to arrive were a horse and a cow. Later came poultry and a pig or two, and in the end the one cow increased to seven.

In addition to the little farm, Alexander also had a trap line which brought in a little ready cash. Among the animals he caught were black bear, squirrel, mink, beaver and marten. He did his own curing of pelts and the money earned from this bought the necessities from outside which the family could not produce at home it did not make for wealth, however, since many years Alexander thought himself lucky if he netted as much as \$200 in actual cash.

Troubles did strike from time to time, as on the occasion when that precious horse of theirs took ill, and despite all their careful nursing, died. This must have been a major calamity, but

the Dermans were a lighthearted pair. They made the best of things and carried on.

Alexander, indeed, showed he was not one to be cast down for, before too long, he went racing to the house one morning, calling to Olga to come quickly because the cow was ill too, and likely to die. Olga put down her work and ran with him to the barn in great agitation—only to find dear Bossy calmly chewing her cud. "April Fool!" yelled Alexander, sweeping her up in a great bear hug. Poor Olga had quite forgotten to consult her calendar that morning!

When the children were small, Sonia and her brother Leo often had the task of carrying their father's lunch to him. Sonia remembers that in those days, her father worked at certain time for the Bamfield Cable Station. Since Olga did not like the idea of her husband going without a good noon meal, it often fell to the two children to trudge the three miles to Bamfield bearing a carefully wrapped hot meal of fried fish and tea. This activity was ceased though after a cougar fell to stalking them, after which Alexander and Olga became too nervous for their safety to allow them to continue.

Sometimes, Sonia recalls, her father would be out all day on the trapline, and she remembers one frightening night when he did not come home at the usual time. Her mother left the children alone in the house and taking a lighted candle in a can to guide her, went looking for him. For the longest time, Sonia and her brother could hear their mother calling and calling and then at last they could hear their father calling in answer. That bush was so dense that it was not at all hard to miss one's way in it but no matter what the weather Olga would always be ready with that home-made lantern.

When Sonia and Leo became of school age, they followed the trail to Bamfield, and Sonia recalls that many of her mother's wonderful gowns were cut up from time to time to provide them with clothes. Later on, when the cougar problem became too worrisome, Alexander picked up some land at Grapler Creek, and the children used to row themselves to and from school.

Sonia still remembers the winter day when they were iced in on their way home from school. The ice, she tells me, formed so fast that they were hemmed in before they realized what was happening. Sonia was scared and though she was crying too much to be of much use, she joined Leo in shouting for help. Luckily, Olga heard them and once again came to the rescue.

Though the sea about them absolutely teemed with fish and, as Sonia recalls, often seemed reminiscent of Goldstream during the salmon run—to such an extent that their dog used to walk into the sea, catch the fish in his mouth and toss them up onto the shore—yet Sonia's father always treated the ocean with respect and never really learned to love it. As everybody knows, that part of the coast can be very treacherous, with heavy seas and wild storms.

Indeed, there was one near tragic event when strong winds and waves prevented Alexander from bringing his boat in to shore. Time after time, he was carried shoreward by mountainous waves, yet each time as he grasped for safety, yet another monster wave would suck him back out again. It took a bumper wave to hurl him and his small boat to eventual safety high up on the beach. It was an experience not to be lightly forgotten.

Christmas was always a time for many hand-made toys, though from time to time, the old Maquinna would be the bearer of glad tidings in the form of store-bought treasures if there was enough ready cash to permit of this. Of the things Sonia remembers her father making in addition to toys, were a number of small windmills which he stuck up at various points around the house and top of the farm buildings. Pachena Point was a very windy place, and those winds soon set the mills to turning. They all squeaked, Sonia recalls, and the squeaking of the windmills became a friendly way of life which meant home to all of them.

However, all good things come to an end, and for the Dermans, this happened when disaster struck in real earnest. Young Leo picked up a







Alexander Derman with his wife Olga and their two children Leo and Sonia at their home on Pachena Bay.

bone infection which settled in his collar bone. He was taken to Vancouver General Hospital where he remained for a year before he was considered cured. Finally, amid great rejoicings, he came home again, but the happiness was short-lived since he brought back with him the germs of scarlet fever. Both Sonia and little Victor came down with the sickness and the entire family were, of course, quarantined.

At that time, it was a disease almost as dreaded as smallpox, thus Alexander could not work and even found it hard to get food. Some settlers even threatened to shoot him if he as much as passed through their land. Indeed, but for the kindness of a fisherman who left fish on the beach, the family would have been in sore straits.

However, this was not the only catastrophe, for little Victor became very ill, and by the time a Port Alberni doctor arrived by mailboat, he

was close to death. The doctor ordered him to hospital immediately, but the Maquinna refused to take him. Nor would the local fishermen help for they all had families of their own and were afraid of picking up the infection.

However, finally a very dear friend used his boat to take the little boy to hospital. The sea was very rough that day and the resulting tossing about only made the sick child that much more ill. The helping hand, moreover, had arrived too late for Victor died soon after admittance to the hospital.

This tragedy absolutely stunned the Derman. Neither Olga nor Alexander could see remaining in a life style which could, on occasion, prove so dangerous and even fatal to their beloved children. Thus it was with sad hearts that they packed up and left their wilderness home on Pachena Bay. They headed for a life of greater

civilization in the city of Victoria, where for many years, Alexander taught Russian at Victoria High.

Alexander Derman died in 1971 after a long and happy life. He is remembered as a man who was very much loved and revered by the west coast Indians since he did much for their children in times of sickness. He was also a man of wide interests for whom life held a world of marvels right up to the time of his death. Alexander truly enjoyed life.

Alexander's family—Olga, his wife, and his son and daughter, Leo and Sonia, all look back now on those happy days spent with their beloved father at Pachena Bay. They were wonderful days and represented a way of life far removed from the bustle and rush of the present day. As Sonia says now, those happy days had to come to an end, and did when the little family of country mice became town mice instead.



THE DERMAN HOMESTEAD ON PACHENA BAY.



# Children Must Be Tempted By Stories They Like to Read

"Canadian children don't read because nobody gives them anything worth reading." This is the view of Robert Nielsen, publisher and editor of the *Canadian Children's Annual 1975*. "Children aren't born with a love for reading. They have to be tempted to it, and you do this by giving them material about subjects which interest them."

The *Canadian Children's Annual 1975* is Nielsen's solution to the problem. A 180-page collection of stories, articles, poems and activities, the book is the first of its kind in the country. Selections for the annual — 53 of them by 36 writers from across the nation — were chosen for their interest value and literary quality.

The idea for the Canadian annual came to Nielsen while he was living in England. "The English bring up their children to enjoy reading. Boys and girls are hooked on the classics like *The Wind in the Willows* and *The Secret Garden* and the many exciting, colorful children's papers.

But the biggest motivating factor is the tradition of the annual. Every year dozens are published and every child looks forward eagerly to finding his favorite under the Christmas tree. He reads and rereads it until another one arrives. It's a worthwhile tradition to foster, and I'm trying to start it in Canada."

Nielsen, whose last book was a highly successful biography of football star Garney Henley, labored long and hard on the annual. He wrote to every branch of the Canadian Author's Association looking for writers. "The result was a deluge of manuscripts. Obviously many Cana-

dian writers are anxious to write for children, but there are no markets in this country for their work. Anyway, I hit a rich vein of literary ore, and the result is a great book."

Fifteen Canadian artists illustrated the annual, much of which is in color. "I was thrilled to get permission to use a work by William Kurelek on the cover. And something the children will really enjoy is the full-color poster 'Monster Map of Canada.' Wait until they see King Kong swinging from the Peace Tower!"

Nielsen believes the book will fill a huge gap in the Canadian market. "There are excellent Canadian books for children, but no good books of a general nature. Most parents in this country want their

kids to develop a reading habit, but they are fed up with children's magazines saturated with God-Bless-American content. The annual isn't a nationalistic tract, though. I would call it 'quietly Canadian.' All the writings and illustrations were created by residents of Canada."

"Canadians are going to get a very pleasant surprise when they see the *Canadian Children's Annual 1975*," claims its editor. "It's beautiful! I'm very optimistic about its success. In fact, I just started a new file. Its subject is the *Canadian Children's Annual 1976*!"

The *Canadian Children's Annual 1975* is available from Potlatch Publications, 35 Dalewood Crescent, Hamilton, Ontario L8S 4B5. The price is \$6.95.

## Lost Era in Marine History

Reviewed By T. W. Paterson

**BLOW FOR THE LANDING**, by Fritz Timmen; Caxton Printers Ltd.; 234 pages; \$14.95.

Sub-titled, "a hundred years of steam navigation on the waters of the West," this handsome tribute to the pioneer ships and seamen of inland northwest waters recalls a lost era in maritime history.

The lake and riverboats, and the men who defied rock and rapid to move passengers and freight the length of the Columbia River, and its tributaries, are gone now.

Sadly, but for the oddest of memorials, they have faded into limbo. It is through the efforts of dedicated historians such as Mr. Fritz Timmen that modern-day readers can relive the halcyon era of the stern-wheeler.

Pictorial histories, if one is to judge by visits to bookstores, are popular today, despite their hefty price tag. For that matter, *Blow For the Landing* lies within the mid-price range for such heavyweights. A treasury of photographs that the author has compiled over the years, this volume goes a long way in capturing the events, and the men who made them, of the past.

As much as anything, *Blow For the Landing* is a tribute to the mariners and businessmen whose greatest achievements lay not in their courage in battling river rapid and snag, but in their faith for the future and their dauntless efforts to tame the Canadian and American frontier with steam.

## EASY TO READ

Prolific author John D. MacDonald continued to reverse the normal trend in publishing and in the process laughs all the way to the bank — twice.

Like so many others of his Travis McGee series, **THE QUICK RED FOX** (J. B. Lippincott Co.; 296 pages), first appeared in paperback and was a best seller in the small-book field.

And this is just one of the McGee books to be recycled from soft to hard cover.

MacDonald's success, and the popularity of his hero McGee, is mainly due to the fact that MacDonald has a fine sense of the believable. He has a perceptive eye, and a flair for dialogue.

MacDonald's greatest asset perhaps is that he is an easy writer to read. You can pick it up, put it down and pick it up again, and feel at home with the book all the while.

Or is this because by now Travis McGee is becoming too entirely predictable? —TED BURGOYNE

## Tennis for Players Who Want to Be Experts

Reviewed By King Lee

**MASTERING THE ART OF WINNING TENNIS**, by Dr. Claude Albee Frazier, and published by Pagurian Press Ltd., Toronto, and **THE INTERNATIONAL TENNIS GUIDE**, by Nicholas Van Daalen and published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, are \$3.95 each in pocketbook edition.

Tennis is still the fastest growing participation sport in North America these days and there are two books which may keep your interest during the damp winters when your racquet is on the shelf.

After reading and absorbing the information on Dr. Claude Albee Frazier's *Mastering the Art of Winning Tennis*, you may want to look over *The International Tennis Guide* by Nicholas Van Daalen and plan your tennis holiday next summer.

Rather than being a book about how to play the game, *Mastering the Art of Winning Tennis* is a guide on how to approach the game psychologically.

Dr. Frazier, who edited *The Doctor's Guide to Better Tennis and Health*, combines the ideas of 12 experts and puts it into readable form.

The book is great for those "good" players who want to become "excellent."

The chapter titles give you a good indication of what's in store: How to Win by Using Your Head, The Art of Gamesmanship, Mind Over Matter: A Key to Success, Winning and Losing Tendencies in Tennis, How to Pull Yourself Out of a Slump, The Choke and How to Fight It, Emotionalized Tennis: Psyched Up or Psyched Out? Mixed Doubles: The Real Love Game, Mastering the Art of Stroke Control, Dynamic Tennis Through Relaxation, Why You Want to Win and Tennis and the Game of Life.

After you're all psyched up and just itching for action, *The International Tennis Guide* will be ready and waiting for you.

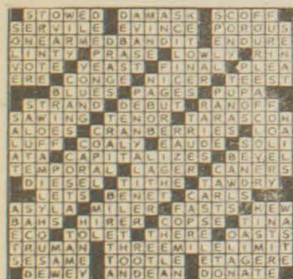
Van Daalen gives a jet-set tour of Bermuda, Canada, The Caribbean, England, Europe, Mexico, the United States and such exotic places as Gibraltar, Indonesia, Iran, Ireland, Israel, Sri Lanka, Thailand and Turkey.

There are at least two exotic places I'd pass up immediately.

Canadian places mentioned by Van Daalen are Banff Springs Hotel, Cleveland House at Minnetonka, Ont., Gray Rocks Inn at St. Jovite, Que., Inn On The Park near Toronto, Jasper Park Lodge, Manoir Richelieu in Quebec and Mont Tremblant Lodge, also in La Belle Province.

One thing which is common to all sites. You'll have to have a spare-no-expense attitude — and wallet.

### ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE



19-5-77



## NEW BOOKS and AUTHORS



# Best Detective-Science Stories Collected in Single Volume

Reviewed By Bill Lever

*Responding to a continuing demand for mystery and science fiction reading entertainment, book publishers are always on the lookout for magazine stories that can be assembled and marketed as a single volume.*

One of the well-known mystery anthologies — **BEST DETECTIVE STORIES OF THE YEAR** (Clarke Irwin & Co., \$7.95, 252 pages)—is now in its 28th year, and the 1974 edition offers 17 different stories hailed as the finest of the genre.

They were mostly from mystery-fiction magazines and some, the best, are from Playboy and Gallery magazines. All the stories share the essential element of intrigue or suspense, but beyond that there is more diversity than similarity. The settings range from the Canadian

North to the danger-ridden streets of New York City.

The third annual collection of **BEST SCIENCE FICTION STORIES** (Clarke, Irwin and Co., \$9.25, 251 pages) is likewise a varied mixture of stories giving full rein to man's imagination and speculation about his future condition. As Alvin Toffler (*Future Shock*) and others have said, science fiction is more than just fun: it is quite a useful exercise in adaptation to a rapidly changing world. As times change, man must change; and the technological future holds unprecedented challenges to man and his environment — and his ethics. The 15 stories in this anthology are an impressive sampling of this popular, and serious, branch of literature.

## Tribute to Victoria Painter

Reviewed By Bill Lever

*Robert Newton Hurley, the 80-year-old Saskatchewan painter now living in Victoria, has never received much in the way of serious critical attention. But, like his counterparts the best-selling writers, Hurley has been one of the beneficiaries of the "I don't know much art but I know what I like" attitude.*

It's an offensive cliché, to be sure, but at the same time it probably does represent an honest, if limited, appreciation of art. Not everyone can be an artistic genius, and not everyone has the taste for sophisticated, experimental styles.

It's these people — somewhere between the discriminating critics and the mindless philistines — where painters like Robert Hurley find their audience.

Hurley himself is the subject of *Sky Painter*, by Jean Swanson (Western Producer Book Service,

157 pages), a coffee table-size book containing 32 full color plates and a 13-chapter biographical text.

The paintings reproduced in the book, chosen from among hundreds of Hurley water colors, are mostly of the vastness of the prairies, its land and its sky, in different seasons, different times of day.

It is easy to understand the popular appeal of his paintings. They are simple and colorful and they reflect the harmony and special kind of beauty that the prairie land-sea has to offer.

The text of *Sky Painter* is a comprehensive account of Hurley's life, beginning with his birth in the London slums and continuing through the years in Saskatoon and now Victoria.

It's a well-done book, a fine tribute to a man and his work.

## TWO MANY TEARS

**TWO MANY TEARS**, by Susanne Moss, McClelland and Stewart, Ltd., 128 pages. \$6.95.

This book is challenging, if at times depressing. It is the work of a Canadian author who suffers from Cerebral Palsy. A young woman who has experienced many setbacks and disappointments in her life because of her condition, yet Susanne Moss shines through her book as very much a person in her own right.

The book has been written in an effort to awaken the general public to the needs of crippled people. One is made aware that these needs are basic: crippled people need to be accepted as normal human beings who suffer a disability. Unfortunately as the book progresses, it becomes very obvious that few of us have any awareness of the needs of those crippled as Susanne Moss is.

As she points out, the fact that her walk is ungainly and lurching, and the added fact that her speech, as with so many cerebral palsy victims, is indistinct and slurred seems to cause others to treat her and those like her as people of little or no intelligence.

To read this book is to know that this is the work of an above-average intelligence. Despite terrific odds, Susanne has made a place for herself in the world. This book should do much to alert the general public of the need to revamp their thinking.

—MARGARET S. BELFORD

## Seattle's Best Portraits

**THE ASAHEL CURTIS SAMPLER**; Photographs of Puget Sound Past; edited by David Sucher; Puget Sound Access; 76 pages; \$4.95.

Collections of photographs taken by pioneer photographers are a popular subject with publishers these days, it would seem, and now, 30 years after his death, Seattle photographer Asahel Curtis has been resurrected with a selection of his best portraits, taken in and about Seattle in the early part of the century.

Accompanied by text "from contemporary sources to illustrate aspects of the development" of Seattle and Washington State, the resulting magazine-size book shows that Curtis was, in fact, a talented photographer whose work captured much of the tempo of his times. The Washington of three-quarters of a century ago — that of mining, logging, fishing and horse and buggy — may be gone forever, but, thanks to the dedication and talent of Asahel Curtis (not to mention the efforts of Mr. Sucher and company), will not be lost in the mists of time.

The Curtis Sampler can be obtained at local bookstores, or directly through the publisher: Puget Sound Access, Box 4100, Pioneer Square Station, Seattle, WASH. 98104. T. W. PATERSON

## Mystery Stone

Early archeologists digging in ancient Indian villages in the Mississippi River valley were puzzled by discovery of some round, pearl-like stones that had L-shaped grooves on one side. Research finally disclosed that the strange objects were otoliths, ear bones which had been removed from large fresh water drum, a fish commonly used by Indians as food.

Circumstances surrounding the Indian-site otoliths have prompted archeologists to speculate that they probably were used for ceremonial or medicinal purposes. And research by the outdoor recreation department at Mercury outboards shows that many early settlers in America considered possession of the ear bones desirable because of the good luck they supposedly brought. Consequently, in many areas of the country, otoliths are still called "lucky bones."

Anglers who have listened to the fish make their grunting or drumming sound can understand the awe which Indians felt toward this strange creature. On calm days when the fish are near the surface, the weird noise seems to rise mysteriously from the water. Biologists believe the fish "drum" by contracting muscles against an enlarged air bladder.

Although drum aren't sought as sport fish, they are frequently caught on both artificial lures and live bait. They put up a good fight, and large specimens sometimes attain a weight of 50 pounds. Otoliths found in excavated Indian sites indicate that they caught drum weighing as much as 200 pounds.

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## Modest Dr. Greene Presents Himself

**Moments of Being**, by Raymond Greene; Heinemann; 180 pages; \$17.50.

"I want, dear reader, to be a camera (to borrow a phrase from my cousin Christopher Isherwood) and not a mirror . . . The face in the mirror of an ordinary physician would be very boring . . . I will switch the camera as seldom as possible towards my person."

So writes Graham Greene's brother, Raymond, in the preface to his *Moments of Being*, a book of recollections.

It wouldn't occur to any truly modest person to write such words so it's hardly surprising to find that Dr. Greene's camera is equipped with one of those gadgets that delay the click of the shutter to enable the photographer to rush around his tripod and stand in front of the lens.

Greene has certainly had his mo-

ments. He has met some famous and infamous people and he was a good enough mountaineer to be a member of the Frank Smythe-Eric Shipton attempts on Everest in 1933. The description of this major event of his life occupies more than half of the book.

Greene is filled with a sense of his own importance and almost constantly fills the screen with his actions and opinions. The trouble is his opinions are not very interesting, and in every single action he only played a supporting role. Also, he is not a good writer.

I suppose such a vain man must envy the success of his brother and cousin and dream of having his very own book on his shelf alongside theirs.

Well, he's done it, and I've read the result. Be grateful to me, dear reader, for saving you the trouble, to say nothing of the exorbitant expense. — E.D. WARD-HARRIS.





By BETTY CAMPBELL

*If there is one person who can hardly wait for the opening of the legislative assembly in Victoria it is 86-year-old Ruth Johnson.*

*In fact she has already prepared to get into the spirit of the thing by climbing the steps of the impressive front entrance to the legislative buildings to carry on a tradition she established a few years back.*

That is to present a big tin of candies—usually Heather Mixture—to Joyce Thomas, Premier Barrett's secretary. "I leave them in the office so the NDP members can help themselves," laughs Ruth, "to sort of give them a little sweetness before they start in on the new session."

Once the pomp of the opening is over Ruth gets back in her element, sitting in on the law making, rows and debates that the honorable members sink their teeth into until the session ends. She will be in the visitors' gallery, sitting in a seat that's "been mine for years and years while I've kept an eye on things."

Things political, of course. She says tartly: "Politics, they're my life's blood; they turn me on." They turn her on so much that for the past 20 odd years she's only been missing from her seat in the gallery a half dozen times.

A record any politician would envy!

An hour and a half before the doors to the gallery open Ruth leaves her tiny, one-room downtown apartment. Neatly turned out in her best dress and coat, silver hair fluffed under a smart hat, she makes the 10-minute trek to the



RUTH JOHNSON . . . 85-year-old champ of political scene. — Jim Ryan photo

# RUTH'S BACK

## . . . with Heather Mixture and Scones

legislative buildings by way of back lanes, a parking lot and the Greyhound Bus Depot. "Much quicker than by bus," she explains. "Besides I know every short cut and puddle by now."

She says she could find her way with blinkers on—which means she can easily find her way home in the dark after evening sessions. Ruth regards these as a bonus to her day—and once hung in there until six the next morning, listening to an important debate.

Once inside a first floor side door she straightens the big button on her coat lapel which reads: "I am a part of the Socialist Horde," just to dispel any doubts as to where her sympathies lie.

Then she zones in on stenographers at their desks, security men at the doors and Premier Dave Barrett's office to present bags of freshly-made scones.

"I'm up every morning around five," she says, "so I can do my baking. I like to give out my scones to the girls and boys to enjoy with their tea break." For she's just as familiar to the staff at the legislative buildings as she has been to countless politicians throughout the years.

MLA's she particularly favors are given loaves of her home-made white and brown bread.

"It's the least I can do," she grins. "The years the Socreds were in power I'd give out my baking, so that the NDP members would know that at least there was one person up in that gallery that knew and cared what they were doing."

Joyce Thomas says: "I've been here since 1962 and I've never known Mrs. Johnson to miss a day." She pops in with all these goodies, says she won't waste our time with useless chit-chat . . . and we all think the world of her. The few times that Ruth has been missing was when she was sick—enough to send off a flurry of phone calls from concerned staff.

The NDP brass obviously think the world of

her too for soon after their 1972 landslide win she was invited to the caucus room.

"I went," she grins, "wondering what was up. That big room was full of members—all complimenting me on the work I've done for the party."

It was a touching moment for Ruth, who was made an honorable member of the NDP a few years back. Especially when "young Dave" (the Premier) introduced her as their only honorable member. She laughs.

"I was so excited all I could say was: 'At last—I'm inside the gates of the Socialist Horde!'"

She rubbed shoulders with the government again on Oct. 2, 1973, when she was invited to sample Premier Barrett's birthday cake. "I didn't get much," she chuckles, "but that's the NDP, spread it around."

Once she's made the rounds of the corridors she's usually first in line waiting for the gallery doors to open. "My seat isn't saved for me," she explains. "I don't ask for favors; I make sure I get here early to claim it."

It's much better now—sitting directly above "young Dave" (she's felt a motherly interest in the premier ever since she heard his first speech in the House 13 years ago)—than the years she endured the Socred government.

"I'd never have believed I'd outlive Bennett in the House," she says. "The guy who said he was plugged into God—and who can beat God?" Yes, it's much better for her now that she watches her "boys and girls in action."

She's a polite, spunky lady who speaks in a forthright "just-got-off-the-boat-from-England" accent, and she's been a part of the Socialist horde since she was a young English suffragette.

Her family came to Canada from England in 1910 and in 1914 she met Albert Johnson in Calgary. "He was as much a socialist as I was so we clicked right off and got married—in a sod shack just outside Calgary."

Strangely the two had never met "over 'ome" although they were from neighboring villages.

The Johnsons were soon part of the political

scene and were in on the beginnings of the CCF in 1933. Retirement came in 1952 with Victoria the obvious choice. "Sure," she says, "I love the scenery and the flowers—but the big attraction for me was to finally be in on the seat of government."

She's been in on the seat of it ever since, and when Albert died she moved to her apartment closer to the legislative buildings.

She spends a lot of time there, even when the legislature isn't sitting, chatting to visitors from all over the world, explaining parliamentary procedures and laws. "They tell me, I've learned more from you than from any book," she says proudly. She'd like to see more people interested in politics. "These people rule our lives."

She says she's had a few great moments "like dancing on the tables" at the founding convention of the NDP (formerly CCF) in Ottawa in 1961. But nothing will beat the thrill of Aug. 30, 1972, "when Dave got in. Naturally I was excited—it's the first time I've been where we won!"

Now that her eyesight is failing her great companion is the radio. She often tunes in to a San Francisco radio station until 3 a.m. to get the lowdown on the American political scene. "And right now it sure is lowdown," she says ruefully. But she can see well enough to get to the legislative buildings and that's the important thing. "Sometimes I get bored by a dreary speech and feel like leaving—but I'm scared I'll miss something worthwhile."

As an observer of the political scene she probably has no equal but Ruth, from a family of 10 children, says she never had the education to run for public office. But she's done just about everything else; organizing campaigns, beating the drum for the NDP and raising funds with teas and suppers.

"In fact," she laughs, "I say I've washed enough dishes to beat a path clear to Ottawa—and cooked enough food to feed the horde on the way. So rather than anyone remembering me for my politics—they'll remember me more for my scones!"