

fellow journalists for not keeping the public properly informed of the failings of the Provincial government. "That bunch in Victoria will take away every scrap of initiative and freedom and democracy we have," she said.

Her audience was not surprised. Mrs. Murray, born Margaret Lally, has been unremittingly critical of governments for forty years. She and her newsman husband, the late George Murray, started the *Bridge River-Lillooet News* in 1933. He was elected to the Provincial legislature (and went eventually to the House of Commons in Ottawa), and she took over the editorship and gave the paper its distinctive tone, which emphasized the laws of survival and ignored the laws of libel. The acquittal of a man charged with murder, for example, was headlined: "Another Murderer Goes Free."

In 1944 she grew irritated with Lillooet, and leaving the *News* in charge of her son Dan, went to Fort St. John and started the *Alaska Highway News*. The town had three hundred regular inhabitants and some five thousand American soldiers, who were working on the Alaska Highway. It was a rowdy time. "It got so you could almost take the paper and wring the blood out of it," she said later. She was inclined to consider all the news fit to print, though she stopped running lists of the guests registered at the Fort St. John hotel when they produced seven divorce suits. She returned to Lillooet in 1958 and resumed the editorship of the *News*. After a bit she began a weekly

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column entitled "Chat Out of the Old Bag," in which she attacked anything that irritated her: "Many readers of such sheets as ours . . . have become so damned inverted, arrogant and uncharitable over the last two decades the press generally have quit writing editorials." She wrote hers to instruct the whole country, particularly Ottawa.

"The East doesn't know anything more about the North than a pig knows of Sunday," she wrote. And, on another occasion: "I've gone on all my life chasing this elusive writers' rainbow and never found the pot of gold at the end. If I'm spared to live to 90 — and my dad was 93 when he died — I'll grind out some good copy yet."

The Strickland Sisters

Catherine Traill and Susanna Moodie came to Canada in 1832, their husbands beside them and the backwoods, or the bush, before them.

They were very different in temperament and in fortune; Catherine had married an amiable and hard-working widower named Thomas Traill, and she would regard the hardships of her young life with a cheerful buoyancy. Susanna married John Moodie, a proper officer and gentleman who

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