

sparse money. The first process was usually the only way and it was a way of life. An airplane obviously was the answer. With it he could quickly and economically transport his early vegetables, prime beef and other products to market at either Bella Coola or Anahim Lake. It would be an airborne pickup truck.

But it seems the government had some regulation about requiring a pilot to be licensed. So daughter Trudy, at age 20, was dispatched to Vancouver, to return with her pilot's licence and an airplane. The next year, at age 62, her father easily passed his medical and obtained his licence in minimum time.

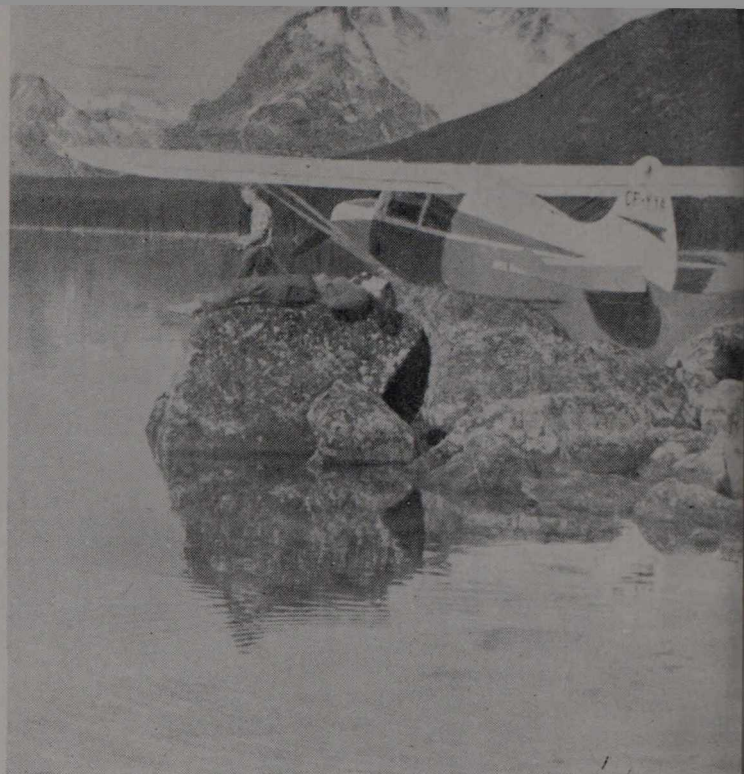
In 1953, CF-HEO, a two-seat Taylor Craft, became an honoured and most useful member of the Edwards family.

Remember that 85 horsepower engine wrestled into the homestead? When HEO's original motor expired it was Ralph Edwards who changed engines, modified the cowls and made it work. Later, the fuselage had to be changed because of corrosion, and again it was Mr. Edwards who did the labour—but this time at Vancouver under a licensed engineer.

Imagine this man, wrestling with a bull calf as he tied its head to its burlap-wrapped hooves, then hoisting the animal into the passenger's side of a two-place floatplane! Then up into the blue and across the mountains, glaciers, valleys and rivers to swish into a gentle landing at Lonesome Lake with a fresh blood-line for his herd; and a year or two later flying the return route with quarters of top quality beef.

It was a sad day when the trusty little airplane was blown upside down on the Bella Coola River after 14 years as a member of the Edwards family. As he could not afford its repair, this unfortunate occurrence, though no fault of his as a pilot, terminated Mr. Edward's flying career at age 76.

Back in 1949, "trapper" Edwards had taken several marten but no mink from the Turner Lake area on the plateau to the west of Lonesome Lake. "Naturalist" Edwards knew no fish could possibly ascend the lake outlet which is Hunlen Falls, a vertical drop of 1,200 feet. "Farmer" Edwards decided to introduce mink food for the chain of



Turner Lake.

lakes which should then attract, and hopefully maintain, a harvestable number of mink for "trapper" Edwards.

He captured two mated pairs of spawning cutthroat trout in the Atnarko and back-packed them in a can of water up the steep trail, pausing occasionally to get his wind and to give his trout a few shots of air into their water with a hand pump. As the lake into which he released the trout bore no official name, what else should it be called now but "Cutthroat Lake"?

Of course, at almost 79, Mr. Edwards no longer traps mink, but the cutthroat have spread all through this beautiful chain of lakes. His son, John, now has cabins and canoes for present-day fly-in anglers.

This, then, is a salute to a British Columbian who, in 1912, cheerfully took on the wilderness in which he raised his family; indomitably rebuilt in spite of being burned out in 1929, and who is a symbol of courage, ingenuity, industry, and especially of consideration for his environment. In her own effective way, Mrs. Edwards was both spark and anchor—without which Ralph could never have been sustained, not only to learn to teach his children, but also, through example, to share his love of nature with the many people who are proud to know him.