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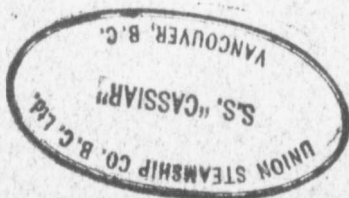


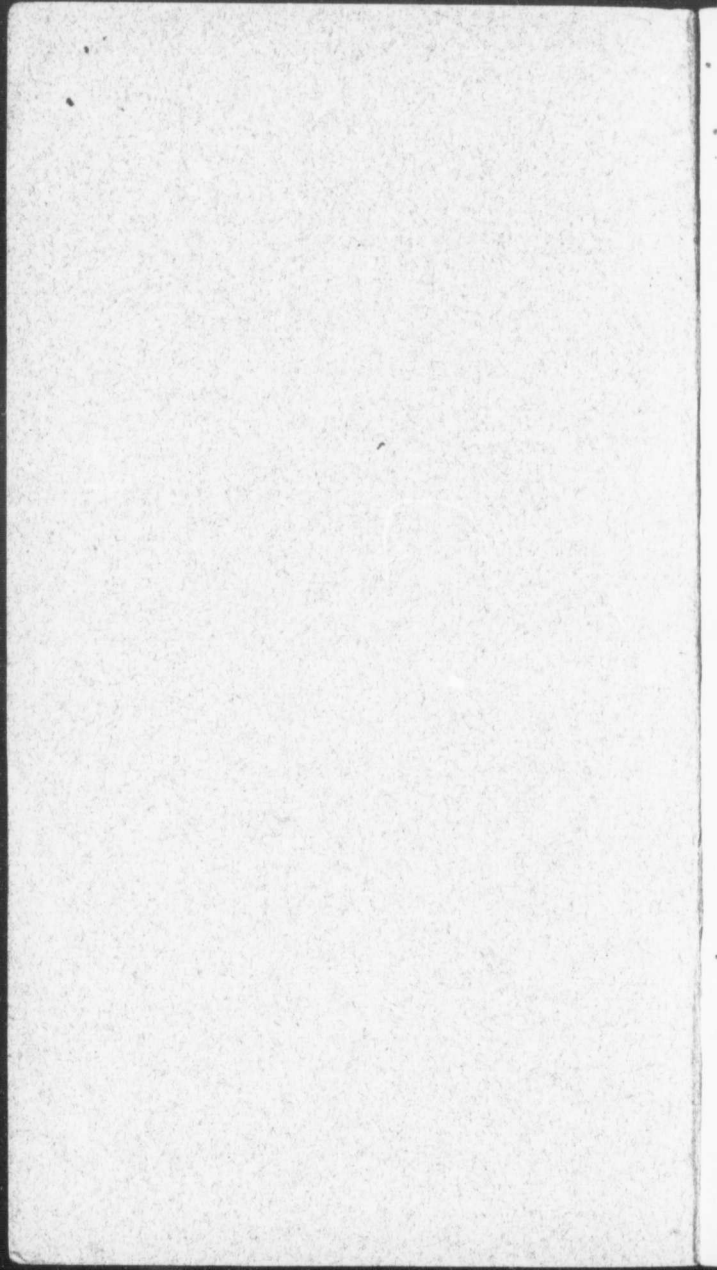
"NORTH BY WEST
IN THE SUNLIGHT"

BY
AITKEN
TWEEDALE

Being descriptions
of enjoyable coasting
tours along the
shores of our
BRITISH COAST
COLUMBIA

PUBLISHED FOR THE
UNION STEAMSHIP CO. OF BRITISH COLUMBIA LTD
VANCOUVER VICTORIA PRINCE GEORGE





North by West in the Sunlight

Being descriptions of enjoyable coasting tours along the
shores of British Columbia



By AITKEN TWEEDALE

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North by West in the Sunlight



This article will not treat of practical subjects such as tonnage or freight. The

THE REASON
FOR THE
ARTICLE

reader will search in vain for technical terms regarding cargo, or the commercial possibilities—g r e a t

though I believe them to be—of the interesting ports of call. Neither shall I attempt any description or laudation of the courtesy of the officials of the Union Steamship Company, or the excellence of service and accommodation aboard their boats, though I could, indeed, expatiate on the subject at some length.

This is simply intended as a description of one of a series of tours arranged with the idea of impressing others who may read, with a desire to appreciate for

themselves the beauties and interest of our British Columbia coast.

A trip from point to point; say Vancouver to Prince Rupert, is interesting and delightful; but how much more so when, with every convenience and luxury a larger boat can boast, we have in addition, the facilities for close inspection of a number of small ports en route, only to be obtained by taking passage in a coasting vessel of the type of the "Venture" and her sister ships.

On Friday night, at 9 o'clock, the regular sailing time, I arrived at the Union Dock,

Vancouver, and
ABOARD THE boarded my floating
"VENTURE" home for the next six
days; and shortly

after, when the steam winches were quiet, and the hatches closed, stood with others on deck and watched the vivid, spectacular lights of Vancouver merging into the mists of night, as we rounded Brockton Point and steamed steadily away through the First Narrows into the more open water.

By breakfast time the following morning we were off Savary Island, a beautiful

HOME OF
PLEASURE—
OF COMMERCE
AND ENERGY

spot, very popular with residents of the Coast cities as a summer camp, and in the distance behind,

viewed the smoke of Powell River pulp and paper mill, whose products are shipped over the world. The combination suggested a simile:—Savary Island expressing ease, rest, and pleasure—Powell River, the fretful energy of commerce which makes possible the enjoyment of existence.

The sun by now was coming to his power, glorying the mysteries of hill and mountain along the Coast range, tinting and lighting up some peak rising above the mists of morning, and exposing Mount Alfred (8,450 ft.), as a Goliath among Davids.

Off Hernando Island our friends, the gulls, who, as usual, were making themselves particularly at home on the ship, received additions to their number from a gaunt and rocky little islet, standing

solitary and lone in grim disdain of the cheerfulness of the sunlight. On our port side Vancouver Island rose in all its grandeur of forest and mountain, valley and stream. Shadows brooded between the mountains, but the sparkling waters leapt laughingly, up to her sides, and in their lightness emphasized the grandeur and vastness of scale on which Nature has fashioned this Pearl of the Pacific.

Very shortly we came in view of Cape Mudge lighthouse, on Quadra Island, and

CAMPBELL
RIVER
AND THE
CAPE MUDGE
INDIANS

a few minutes afterwards the buildings of Campbell River, our first port of call, on the Island side of Discovery Strait.

Cape Mudge is interesting for being an Indian Reserve, the home of the Cape Mudge Indians; a warlike tribe, who, since they have no neighbours with whom to quarrel, are continually waging petty warfare among themselves. There is a large salmon cannery adjacent, in Quathiasca Cove, one of the

many examples of this great industry of British Columbia.

Campbell River is picturesquely situated on a gently sloping shore, lightly timbered, and beautifully sheltered. This place is a veritable paradise for the tourist, and the splendid new hotel is largely patronized during the summer, the regular boat service rendering access easy. During the season trolling for salmon is a favourite pastime of the visitors, and I was told that last summer a lady and gentleman took six large fish in one day! This is a sporting game, too, for the difficulty of killing and hauling a large salmon into a small boat can only be appreciated by those who have tried.

It is an education to watch the work of loading and unloading cargo at these small way ports. A

THE CONTEST WITH TIME AND TIDE.

coasting vessel such as the "Venture" carries a large crew of deck hands who work together like parts of a clock. Be-

fore going alongside the wharf, the winch is tested and ready, the slings in position, and the hatches off. From the moment the vessel is moored—and that, too, is a fascinating spectacle of speed and efficiency—men work like demons at their respective tasks. The winch groans and cranks, the derricks swing, wheels rattle along the wharf and then—in a few minutes, if the cargo for landing be a light one,—all is quiet once more, and our good ship on her way to the next destination.

When expressing spontaneous admiration of the system and speed employed by all, I was told there is a very good reason for this expedition, as delay might lose the vessel a tide.

Quadra Island, along whose shore we were steaming, is a happy playground for deer, which are there in great numbers. The coast line is artistically various, with sudden huge rocks like pumice-stone, and anon, pretty bays and creeks, while the tiny islets dotted here and there in the waters of deep emerald, make a charming archipelago.

Swirl! sway! and fascination! are the only thoughts and emotions one feels when

passing through the
THE FAMOUS Seymour Narrows.
SEYMOUR To stand on the upper
NARROWS deck and watch
AND the mighty tide races
CHATHAM competing for mastery;
POINT LIGHT to feel the sway
of the vessel, as, under

the control of the officer on the bridge, and the master-hand at the wheel, she gives to this current for the moment, only to glide forcefully through that one the next—there is indeed a fascination in this worth the whole trip to experience, and intensified also for the fact that the small breadth of water makes the vista of mountains ahead appear more imposing in grandeur, more terrifically great.

An hour or so from passing the Narrows we rounded the Chatham Point Light, and bearing westward steamed into Johnstone Strait, leaving the beautifully named and situated Sonora Island on the east.

After passing Rock Bay, where is a logging camp, and later Port Kusam,

with Loughborough Inlet and Hardwicke Island opposite, we gazed upon one of the most glorious views of a delightful voyage.

When entering Queen Charlotte Sound from Johnstone Strait, the first and over-

QUEEN

CHARLOTTE

SOUND

whelming feeling is

one of illimitable dis-

tance. A wonderful

vista of gem-like

islets, round which

the waters play in a million white-frothed wavelets; again, larger islands, covered with the foliage of that green whose marvellous tint is too elusive for description; then beyond, sloping mainland, with the foot-hills bathed in a gentle mist, leading up to the majestic mountains in the background, crowned by the eternal snows.

The memory of a first vision of the Sound will remain when other and more material pleasures have vanished from the mind.

This gorgeous panorama opened to view on our starboard side, while ahead, Malcolm Island bathed in the soft light

of afternoon, and on the port, the great walls of Vancouver Island rose almost sheer from the waters.

The approach to Alert Bay is a fitting introduction to a veritable feast of colour.

ALERT BAY The soil of Malcolm
A FEAST Island is exceedingly
OF COLOUR rich, and consequent-
ly the growths of
beautifully foliated

Maples and other trees are most luxuriant. I saw shades of palest yellow, tawny golds, and brilliant greens, while the crimsons of last year yet remained in occasional vivid glimpses. As we rounded the point into the Bay, the whole shore-line lay extended before us with spectacular effect. A large saw-mill was working at full pressure, the magnificent new wharf of the Cannery expressed readiness for the briskness of the salmon season, and then—dead ahead, lay the Indian village.

In the foreground were moored the fishing boats of the natives; behind, the

would-be civilized houses, in divers shapes and many angled; then, midway between, a blaze of colour,—a riot of red, blue, green and yellow, as displayed in the clothing and blankets of the tribe. Intermingling with this colouring, and towering over all, stood the famous Totem poles, carved in the usual fantastic designs and very gaudily coloured. To my belief, there is no finer collection of these emblems along the whole Coast, and only in Wrangell, Alaska, have I personally seen any to equal them.

From an artistic point of view, the tone effect was superb.

Alert Bay is indeed a charming spot for a summer camp, attractive alike to the tourist, sportsman and artist.

Sointula was passed shortly after leaving Alert Bay. This is a prettily situated place, with a good deal of open land.

The evening gradually closed down on us, and the clear-cut outline of distance became merged in the soft grey of the mists, making mysterious the dim shadows of the shore line, and cloaking the great mountains with the depths of perfect stillness. . . .

. . . "And night approached to throw
Her darkened mantle over day."

There is something deliciously reposeful in a tour of this nature, which feeling reaches it's height in
THE PEACE the stillness of the
OF NIGHT. night; when, with the knowledge that one is secure against the stress of storm through the shelter afforded by the mountain bulwark, one may sleep placidly along the hours, lulled by the soothing soft hum of the propeller, and the pleasant anticipation of awaking to a day of new delights.

On Saturday night we called at Shushartie Bay, lying opposite Nigel Island, and from there steamed our way across the narrow expanse of open Pacific to the entrance of Fitzhugh Sound.

After the spectacular effect of our voyage to date, there was novelty in this open passage, and the steady swell of the great ocean reminded us of the far distant shores from which those never-restful waters roll.

Soon, in the murk of night, yet brightened by starlight, we were passing Calvert Island, then in apparent quick succession, Hecate Island and Hunter Island, slowing down here to call at Namu, lying opposite on the Mainland.

Burke Channel to the East showed in the vague distance, up whose waters lies Bella Coola and higher still, the Bella Coola river. Shortly after, we passed the mouth of Dean Channel, leading to Ocean Falls, where is a large pulp mill.

Here indeed is a spot full of charm in its situation, set in a harbour rich in natural beauties, ideal for

BELLA BELLA the lotus-eater, or he
THE OLD who needs rest for a
AND NEW tired brain. Old
Bella Bella is situate

on Campbell Island, and practically consists only of an Indian Village. Then on Denny Island is East Bella Bella, boasting a fine cannery. The new settlement is particularly notable for possessing a splendidly equipped Hospital, of great service to places for many miles around,

and which has a regular staff of a doctor and three nurses. There are three wharves at Bella Bella, and these, with the various buildings, nestle snugly behind the many small islands, peeping coyly and suddenly at you as your vessel rounds a bend.

We travelled gaily up Seaforth Channel, the sun lighting up the verdure with gleam

MILBANK
SOUND
TO PRINCESS
ROYAL
ISLAND.

of delicate gold and green, and so to the open water of Milbank Sound, a much shorter stretch than Queen Charlotte.

Soon we were passing White Rocks with Price Island to the West, and entered Finlayson Channel, only to branch away toward a narrow passage leading to China Hat. On approaching, our first view was that of a cemetery on the point, seeming strangely unreal amid the brightness of life expressed by the gleam of the sunlight, the verdance of trees, and the clear light of water. However, as the Manchu keeps his coffin within sight and yet enjoys his

existence, so we regarded this evidence of mortality philosophically, and, after unloading some cargo at the quaint Indian village, turned with gladness toward the straight and clear water avenue stretching ahead.

A channel broad as the Thames at Oxford; on either bank gently sloping foliage to the edge, cut, just at the water line, by a basin-like rim of rock, sombre green in tint.

The whole channel for a mile or two straight as though the work of an engineer; while at intervals

NATURE!	so regular as to be al-
HER	most uncanny, were
LANDSCAPE	islands of circular
EFFECTS	shape, nearly in the
	dead-centre of the

channel, each crowned by a knoll of trees.

Nature here proved herself the greatest landscape gardener, and the only human efforts at the same effect I have seen, namely Versailles and Melbourne (Derby, Eng.), appeared very puny imitations of her triumphant art and skill.

Thence through Finlayson Channel into Graham Reach, calling at Swanson Bay, where is a very fine pulp and lumber plant, also some magnificent falls.

As we left the wharf slowly behind us, passing out of the bay, a slight shower set in, just needed to complete the scene of rigid grandeur manifested by the giant mountains immediately opposite on Princess Royal Island. The mist gave sufficient haze to convey to the eye of the beholder an impression of might and majesty even beyond reality.

This mist of rain lasted during the afternoon until we reached Butedale, and I

BUTEDALE	for one was grateful,
FALLS IN	as by a transformation
SHOWER	scene unequalled on
AND SHINE	the stage of a theatre,
	the beauties of these
	falls were unveiled to

us in all their glory, slowly opening through the haze, modest as a bride in her bridal attire; and then, as a transfiguring shaft of sun gleamed on the pellucid water, appearing in all the bewilder-

ing fascination of flashing river and smooth-toned green.

The scintillating light pierced the mist clearly as an arrow shaft, and lit directly on the Falls, which drop in happy graduations some hundred or so feet over rocks and winding ridge—then delicately touching the buildings near the wharf and, spreading gloriously, merged into a rainbow spanning shore to shore, splashing with violet, orange, and green on the sombreness of the opposite woods.

At the head of Butedale Falls is a lake well worth a visit, while at the port itself are a Cannery and Cold Storage plant.

We crossed Wright Sound in the late afternoon, moving with scarce a ripple

above the broad bosom,
WRIGHT over whose quietude
SOUND TO brooded the stern guar-
HARTLEY dians of the waters, in
BAY ragged, battlemented
rock, and jagged peaks

cutting into the mists of early evening. As we entered Hartley Bay, the position of an Indian settlement, the bell of the little

church was ringing for Evening service; and—poor though the quality of metal may have been, indifferent in tone the note, yet, sounding across the waters, the softening influence of distance gave a sweetness, which made maybe many an one of us think of earlier days, and the calling bell of the village Church “at home” far away.

To those who study the industries of a country, no subject more interesting can be found than the Sal-

CANNED SALMON FOR THE WORLD'S MARKETS mon Canneries of British Columbia. From the moment the season opens, and the fishing boats, manned mainly by Japanese and Indians,

bring their sparkling cargoes to the wharf, ready for the various processes this delicious food undergoes before being sealed down in the cans—to the time of shipment to all the markets of the world, activity of a most interesting kind is the order. On occasions when the fishing fleet comes in with a big catch, as many as 20,000 to 30,000 large salmon may be

seen at one time in a rainbow-hued pile of sparkling beauty.

The Skeena River boasts a great number of canneries, and, next to the Fraser River, is probably the largest point of this industry in B. C.

Whether viewed from the important point as a terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific, with the ramifications of traffic enjoyed by so vast a concern, or simply as an important Northern port with a great future, Prince Rupert is replete with interest to the student and tourist alike. The approach to the magnificently sheltered harbour, by way of Port Essington, opposite which place the railway line runs to Prince Rupert by the shore line, is spectacular and beautiful, especially when viewed in the rays of the morning sun. The wireless station on the port side as we entered was a reminder of how closely connected we were with Vancouver, though distant some 500 miles, and just opposite,—the contrast of modern advancement and progress with the

dying past—could be observed the small village of Metlakatla, home of a tribe of Indians, prettily situated in a sunlit bay, a favourite place for pleasure excursions. A full description of Prince Rupert would occupy more space than I have at disposal, but all those interested can easily obtain every possible information relative thereto from official sources. We stayed at this port some three hours, giving ample time for sight-seeing and observation.

As we left the harbour for Port Simpson, the skyline was opalescent with subtle gradations of coloring, a delicate mist of afternoon hazing the small "Tree Nob" group of islands to the West, appearing as elusive as icebergs on the far horizon. The water beneath us was blue with the true colouring of the Mediterranean, showing more brightly for the contrasting snow-white of the gulls as they wheeled in lazy circles around and above.

We passed bays beautiful as the famed Scottish Lochs,—islets as sunny as in the Grecian Seas; a vast panorama unrolled to us whose eyes were tireless in watching and absorbing the wonders around.

A short stay was made at Port Simpson, the quaint, snug situation and white houses of which, with gently sloping shores, reminded of some village in Devon or Cornwall, but for the towering mountains in the background.

Calls were made at several canneries on the Naas River during the evening, and the unerring certainty with which our vessel "fetched up" at this or that wharf appearing with apparent suddenness out of the shadowed gloom beneath the hills, gave one an impressive appreciation of the responsibilities of the officer on watch.

A whole chapter could be written with ease around the Granby Company and their works, but this article not being intended as a Guide-book, I will forbear detailed description, which may anyhow be easily obtained from the officials of the Company.

The wonders of which I have abiding recollections are those which help to prove

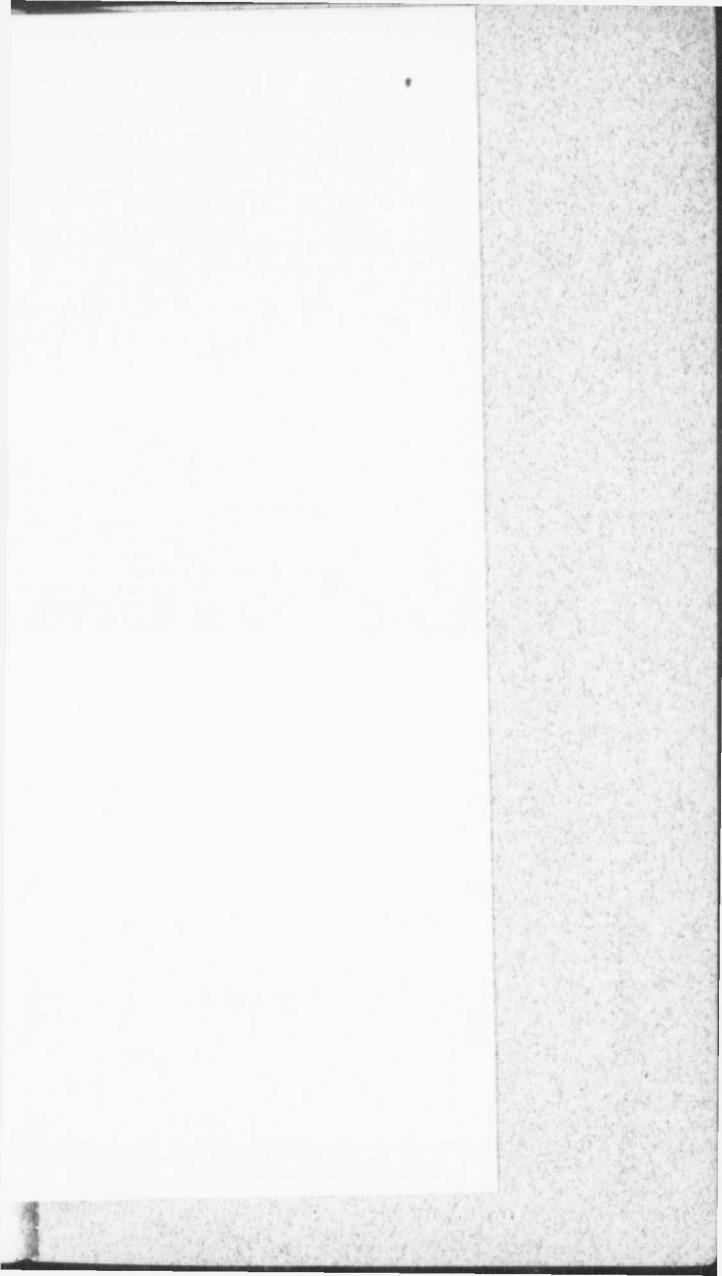
the all-powerful forces of Nature, with their harnessing for man's needs by science and art. . . . The great smelter at Anyox with its's tireless daily and nightly industry, emitting aloft a continuous smoke spreading in light green-black filament against the white crowns of the mountains, snow-topped the year round . . . The railway with its toy-like engines, puffing and snorting from wharf to smelter, from smelter to mine, in never-ceasing journeying. . . . The hospital with its modern appliances, and comfort for the hurt or ailing . . . also the Government Telegraph office, outside whose walls the latest news of the world appears daily . . and to crown all, the nearness to the Alaskan Boundary, on the line of which brave men adventure the hazardous undertakings required by the Commission.

Moored alongside the wharf, our vessel discharged sling load after sling load of cargo for this Commercial Principality, and, when you realize we were but one of three boats calling weekly, you may understand the tremendous demands upon an organization with so many hundred mouths to feed, and so much responsibility in charge.

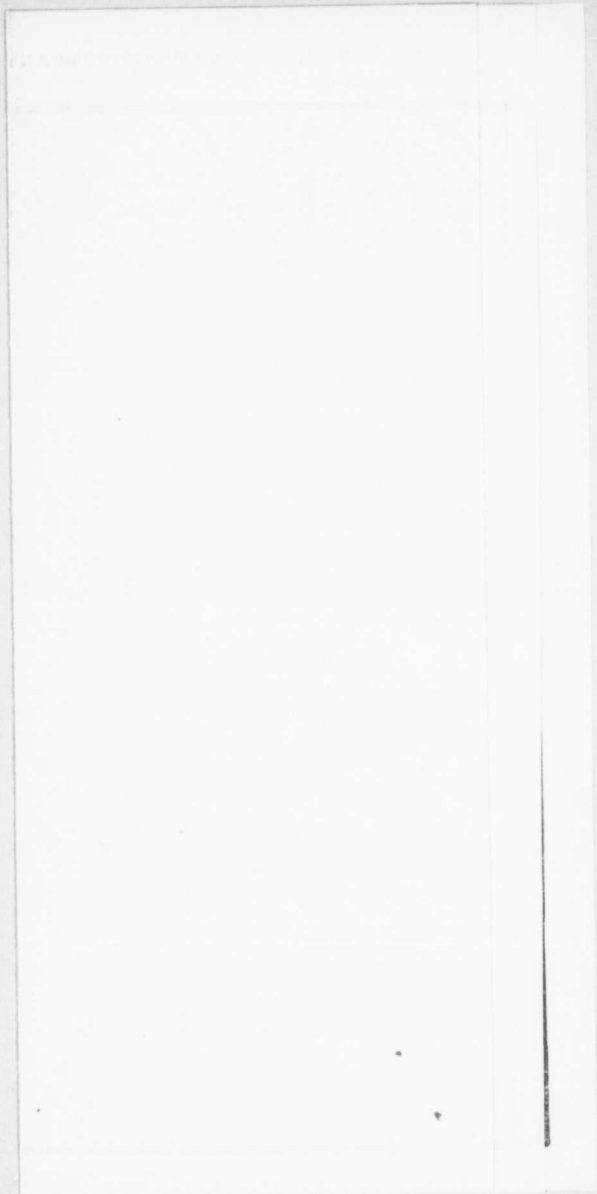
To the south-west a great glacier slopes through the cloud-line, and all other compass points have their vista of peak upon peak, snow-crown upon snow, treading afar into illimitable distance.

From Anyox to Alice Arm, a very promising mining camp and district, the trip is about one and a half hours, and the views are similar; the sparkling waters spreading brightly around, the verdant hills along the shore-line, with the vista of mountain-range and peak, culminating usually at the end of a day, in a sunset of purest glory . . make an ever-present picture of pleasure to the mind.

With the finish of the run to Alice Arm this article draws to a close, for on the return journey south there is little to add by way of description. A small number of ports not touched on the North ward run were called at, as interesting as those previously described; the same brightness is in evidence in sky, on land, and on water, so the traveller may enjoy to the full the glories of Nature, whose . .
"Work eternal, gives to mortal man
. . His meed of pleasure in an earthly span."



This is a detailed black and white map of the Pacific Northwest coast of North America. The map shows the coastline from the Gulf of Alaska in the north down to the Strait of Juan de Fuca in the south. Major cities and towns are labeled, including Seattle, Tacoma, Vancouver, and the Olympic Peninsula. The map also shows numerous rivers, lakes, and islands. The Pacific Ocean is labeled at the bottom. The map is oriented with North at the top.





WOLFE
BERNARD