

back to 1927 and has been rebuilt, but it's still putting out excellent timber." He found, by experience, that it was "a community, not a camp," and that after a good day's work "we go home happy."

Yet beside these examples of good work relationships, which make some people realize that the coast is the dreamed-of haven that they never wish to leave, there are the wholly modernized and impersonal industrial operations where people go to make money and to leave, as a mill worker in the mines at Tasu remarks:

After you have been here for a while you don't like to make close friends. People come, then they leave again. We may all have different reasons for being here, but for all of us it is to make money. Once people have made enough money they get fed up with the isolation and take off. So you can't become too close and keep on doing it and doing it.

And always there is the Indian presence, of a group of peoples who in many ways — in folk medicines, in habits of feeding, in varieties of feasting — cling openly to past usages, who at the same time practice Christianity a great deal more zealously than many city churchgoers, and whose adherence to their more ancient beliefs is never really clearly stated in *Coast of Many Faces*, perhaps because they do not wish to admit it, as some of their spokesmen suggest, or perhaps, as one often feels from the nature of their replies, because Indians who have not experienced feedback from non-Indian anthropologists are really so unsure about their ancestral culture that their situation is that of the Quatsino fisherman who laments: "My uncle was the one who knew all the songs for all the dances. He knew the history, too, for the whole island, all the tribes. He never wrote it down, he just knew. And he died."

But the life of the coast changes constantly, and if what is past in native traditions can never be recovered as it was, perhaps it will re-emerge, as Bill Reid suggested, in the form of a new synthesis. The borderlands, the distant marches, the far islands, have often, in history, been the places from which civilizations are renewed. Perhaps it will happen again. But whether it does or not, *Coast of Many Faces* is an evocative and visually beautiful record of the life of the coast as it is in the here-and-now.

Vancouver

GEORGE WOODCOCK

The Cariboo Road, by Mark S. Wade. Victoria: The Haunted Bookshop, 1979. Pp. 264, \$16.95.

This book might well be re-titled "So sad, so strange, the days that are no more" — the last words of the author's text. *The Cariboo Road* is a setting for romantic characters who overcome great obstacles that only

the fittest could surmount. To illustrate this the author uses a series of anecdotes based upon his own memories and the recollections of others; consequently the reader sees the early history of the road through somewhat rose-coloured glasses.

The author, Dr. Mark Sweeten Wade, member of the Royal Historical Society and the British Columbia Historical Society, author of two earlier books, prepared this manuscript during the 1920s. After his death in 1929, it lay forgotten in a trunk until 1976. In its preparation, Wade had an enormous advantage: he had worked in and near the Cariboo for some forty years and spent many hours collecting the reminiscences of pioneers of the district. Furthermore, as a one-time owner of *The Inland Sentinel*, founded in 1880 in Emory and moved to Kamloops in 1884, he had access to the back-issues of a newspaper whose writers liked to dabble in the history of the interior.

Wade uses the Cariboo Road as a geographical setting to describe activities ranging from fur trading to road building, gold panning, administrative justice and transporting goods. While there are attempts to present the account chronologically, the story jumps from theme to theme, sometimes leaving the reader a little bewildered.

The author relies heavily upon the reminiscences of pioneers he met in his medical practice, especially those living in the Provincial Home in Kamloops. He learned about the discovery of the rich Hill's Bar near Yale from James Moore, and from Hans Helgeson how James Kennedy reportedly killed a caribou near Quesnel Forks in 1859, thereby giving the district its name. Wade reveals new information about a shady character, Frank Way, proprietor of 164 Mile Post "Deep Creek House," whose fortunes failed in 1868, forcing him to flee the country. Way ensured his escape by cutting telegraph wires as he went.

Despite the claim of the editor, Eleanor E. Eastick, that Dr. Wade had "thoroughly" authenticated his facts, the validity of these and other accounts should be questioned, for it is clear that neither the author nor the editor did so. Two examples will suffice to indicate the need for more care. In describing Gustavus Blinn Wright's role in constructing part of the Cariboo Road, the author states that Wright's first contract was only to build to Clinton and a new contract was signed to build to Alexandria "at a fixed cost of \$1,700 per mile." More correctly, a contract signed in March 1862 designated the terminus to be Alexandria and provided that Wright's mileage advances would be \$300 per mile for the first fifty miles and \$600 per mile thereafter. Wade claims that Wright terminated the road in 1863 at Soda Creek, south of Alexandria. This, too, is incor-

rect. Wright completed the road to Alexandria according to contract. It is likely he would have been quite happy to have terminated the road at Soda Creek, since he owned the steamer *Enterprise*, which ran from there to Quesnel.

The author makes the common and probably correct charge that Wright bypassed Williams Lake because a local hotel owner would not lend him money. While there were other considerations for this road diversion, Wade completely misses the fact that Wright took the road past Frank Way's Deep Creek House instead because he had negotiated a half-share in the stopping house and farm.

Furthermore, Wade's reliance upon the *Inland Sentinel's* view of Cariboo Road construction leads to re-publication of inaccuracies. A couple of examples will suffice here also. The newspaper stated Malcolm Munro completed the road from Cottonwood to Barkerville in 1865, whereas in fact Munro absconded with the payroll, forcing the road inspector, Thomas Spence, to complete construction. Wade also states that Robert Smith built the road from Soda Creek to Quesnel but here too it was Thomas Spence that finished the road.

The editor also failed to ensure consistency in lay-out (see pages 91-92 and 110-11, for example), and missed a number of typographical errors. Charles Beak becomes "Charles Peak," "Kurtz and Lane" "Kulz and Lake," and a "gaoler," "goaler". Furthermore, there are some contradictions in the text: on page 29 the author suggests the first gold discoveries could be anywhere in the province but on page 114 says the first occurred on the Nicomen River.

Textual problems aside, the main difficulty with the book is that, with the exception of some archival sources held in PABC the author has relied almost entirely upon reminiscences and excerpts from *The Inland Sentinel*. By using *The Inland Sentinel* Wade had to rely upon descriptions of the colonial period written at least ten years after the events occurred.

It is unfortunate that there are so many shortcomings in the book, for they tend to obscure the fact that the author gathered some fascinating material from his informants. For example, the book includes a very good description of stopping houses and their inhabitants and a fine story of horse race fixing sometime in the last century. While giving a romantic flavour to the past, these contributions must be taken with a grain of salt.