

claimed the life of at least one participant: plainclothes city constable Charles Millar. The *raison d'être* of this dossier was to shift the responsibility for Millar's death from the shoulders of the RCMP to the backs of the unemployed and their "Bolshevik" leaders. Howard draws, like a court reporter, on this official dossier, without playing the role of cross examiner. It makes for plenty of bloody detail, but a rather one-sided story. Does Howard honestly believe that the strikers were stockpiling stones and otherwise preparing themselves for the unprovoked RCMP assault on the Market Square, where the main evidence rests on the testimony of a constable who claimed to have overheard a relevant conversation, but who "has not reported the conversation he has overheard and will not think to do so for several days to come"? Does he believe that Millar was bludgeoned by a striker armed with a piece of cordwood, then shot at as his ambulance sped away ("the only time that evening when someone other than a constable fires a gun.")? The informed and careful reader can make up his or her own mind on the evidence presented; beware the conclusions drawn by others.

Popular violence and state violence, communist and socialist agitation in the streets — these are unfortunately not favoured topics in Canadian history. Perhaps it was necessary for an American, Victor Howard, to bring them to our attention. Despite its flaws, *We Were the Salt of the Earth* is recommended reading for British Columbians. Fifty years after the famous Trek, the rate of unemployment is roughly where it was in 1936 or 1937, and holes in the modern safety net are yawning wide. If normal political channels fail once more it is safe to assume serious trouble on the horizon.

Simon Fraser University

ALLEN SEAGER

Matt and Jenny in Old Vancouver, by Terry Stafford. Illus. Terry Stafford. Fort Langley, B.C.: Children's Studio Books, 1986. Pp. 72, \$5.95.

I find it particularly daunting to be asked to review a book such as Terry Stafford's that specifically announces that it is aimed at children from grades 1 through 6. One solution, of course, is simply to say that a good book is a good book, whatever the age of the reader. A more reasonable solution, however, is to consult a member of the audience for whom the book is written. I chose the latter course and discussed it with a second-grader, Emma Dawson-Halpern.

Stafford's book chronicles the adventures of two children, Matt and Jenny, who are mysteriously transported from a Vancouver museum of 1986 to old Vancouver of 1886 and a series of adventures that conclude with the great fire of that year.

Emma found the book interesting but confusing. She wasn't quite sure how or why the children were suddenly in old Vancouver, and she was particularly worried about the fate of the children whose place they took. She also said that she wished that there had been more about old Vancouver; the pictures of Indians and school rooms just didn't look much different. But, she concluded, it was never a boring book: there was always something interesting happening. Overall, she deemed it a good book but not a great one. She also said, however, that she thought she'd like to learn more about Vancouver, maybe even visit a museum. I suspect Terry Stafford would be quite pleased.

Vancouver

J. KIERAN KEALY and EMMA DAWSON-HALPERN