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MAPPING THE GROUND:
A CRITICAL AND CREATIVE EXPLORATION
OF THE DIARY OF ADA SYKES, 1912-1915

by

Pamela H. den Ouden

B.A., Open University, 1998

THESIS SUBMITTED IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT OF
THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE DEGREE OF
MASTER OF ARTS
IN INTERDISCIPLINARY STUDIES

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Abstract

This thesis provides a critical and creative exploration of the diary of a woman who pioneered in the upper Fraser River valley of northern British Columbia from 1912 to 1924. Ada Adelia Sykes left a diary in which she kept a record of daily activities throughout a three-year period. My work examines her diary in the context of women's life-writing. First, I discuss various theories of life-writing, arguing that women's life-writing makes important contributions to the understanding of past, present, and self. Next, I analyze the diary in its historical context. Finally, I present original poems, based on the diary entries, as well as on the life of my grandmother, Alice Jane Beaven, a contemporary of Ada Sykes. This thesis demonstrates a trend in which researchers imbricate their own stories in those of their subjects: in telling the stories of Ada Adelia Sykes and Alice Jane Beaven, I tell part of my own story.

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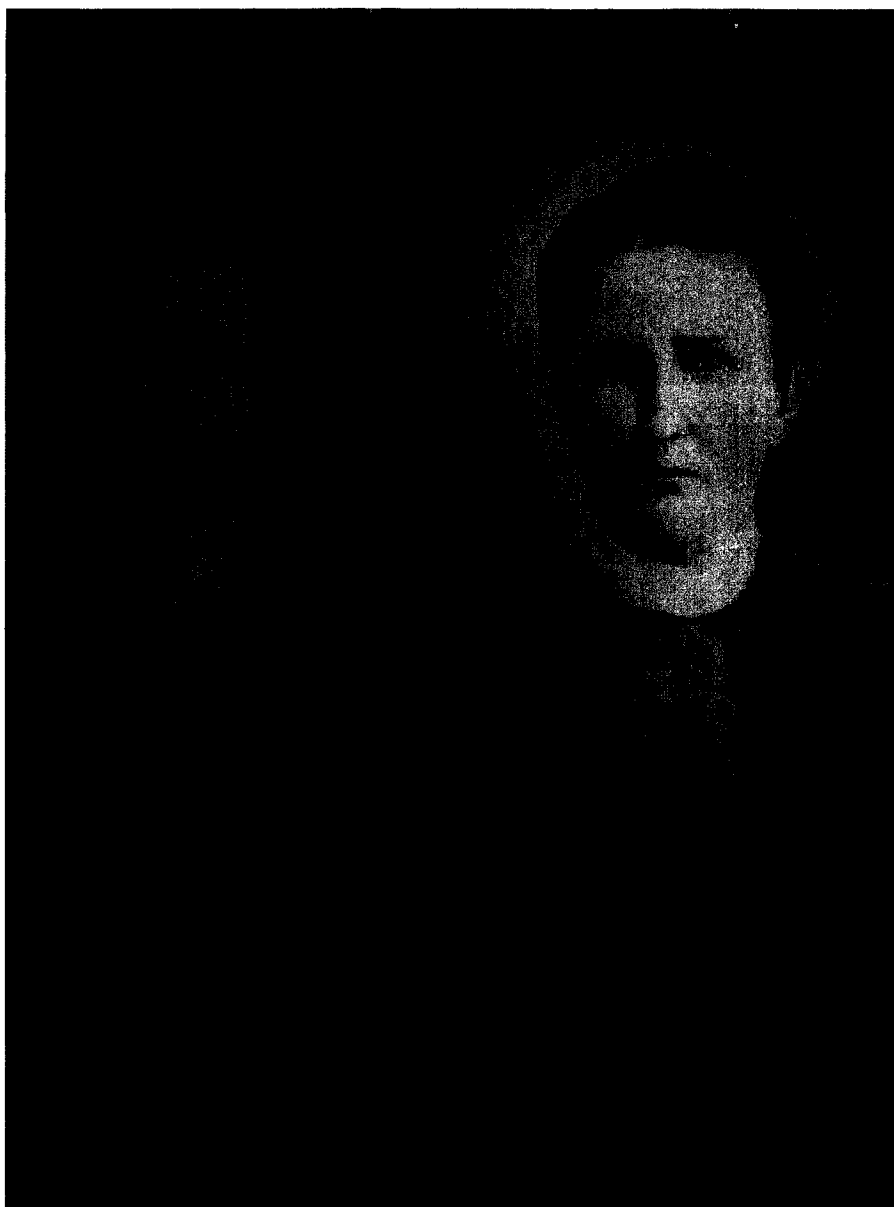
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1. Benjamin Silas Sykes, Sr., and Nancy Jane (Van Buren) Sykes.
Courtesy of Siobhan Wagner.



2. The barn at the Sykes' Ranch, Monroe, Washington.
Courtesy of Siobhan Wagner.



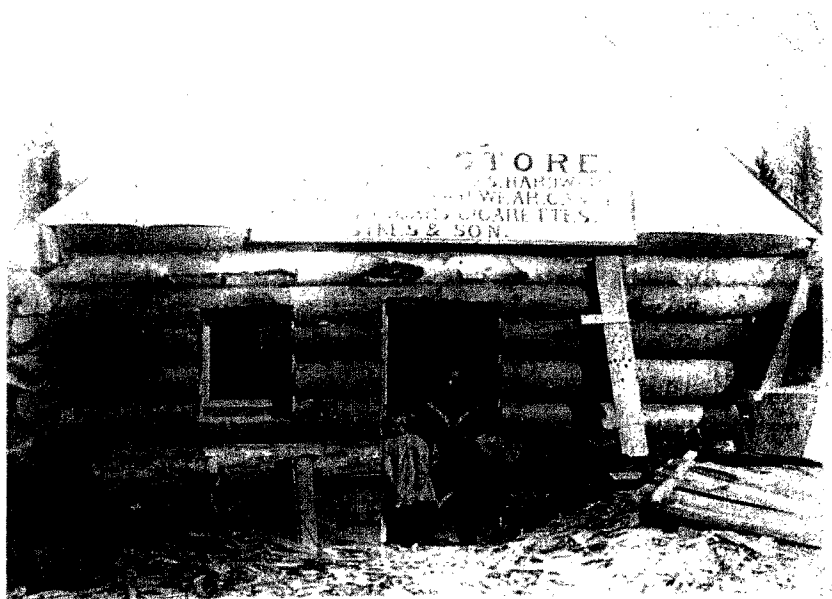
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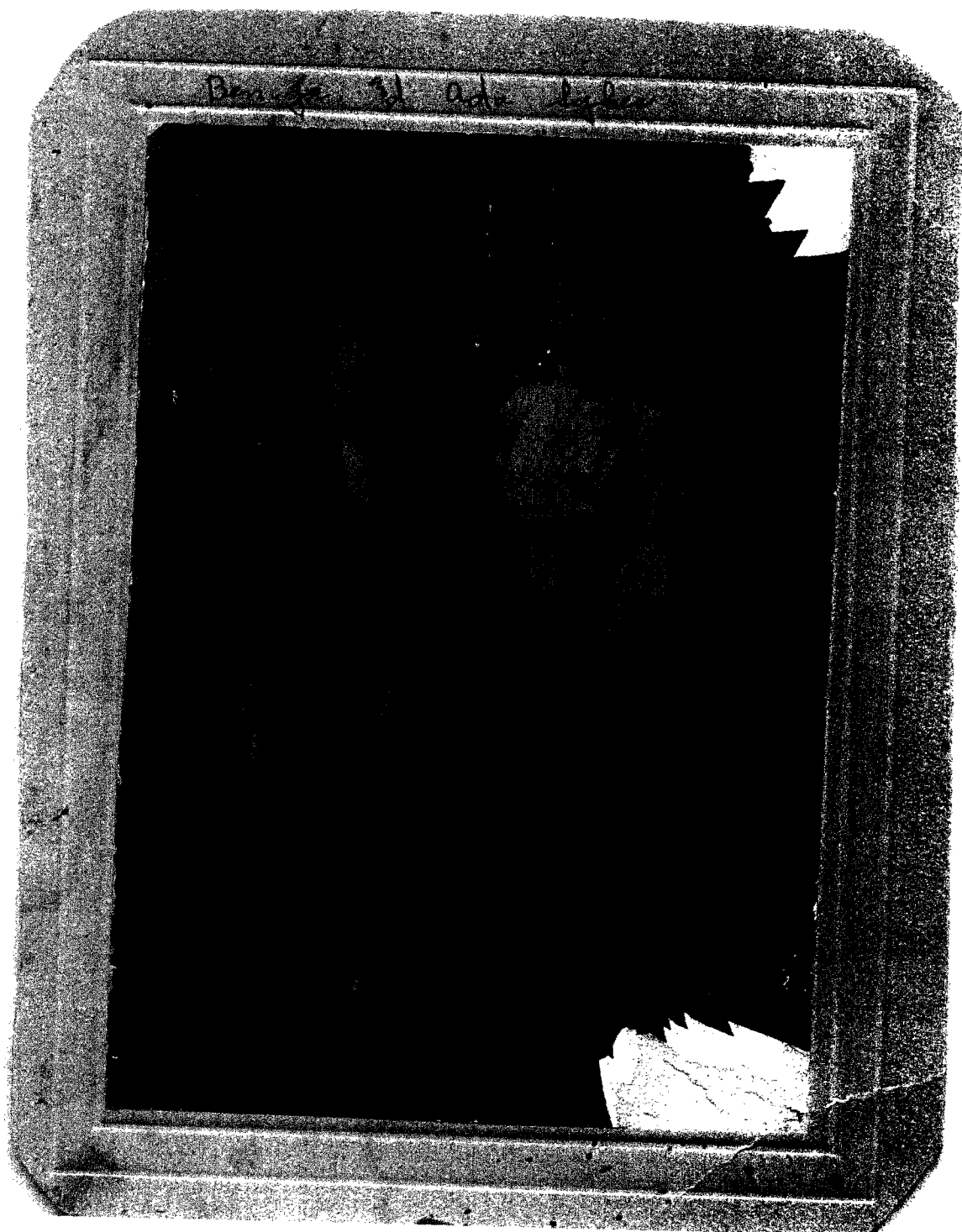
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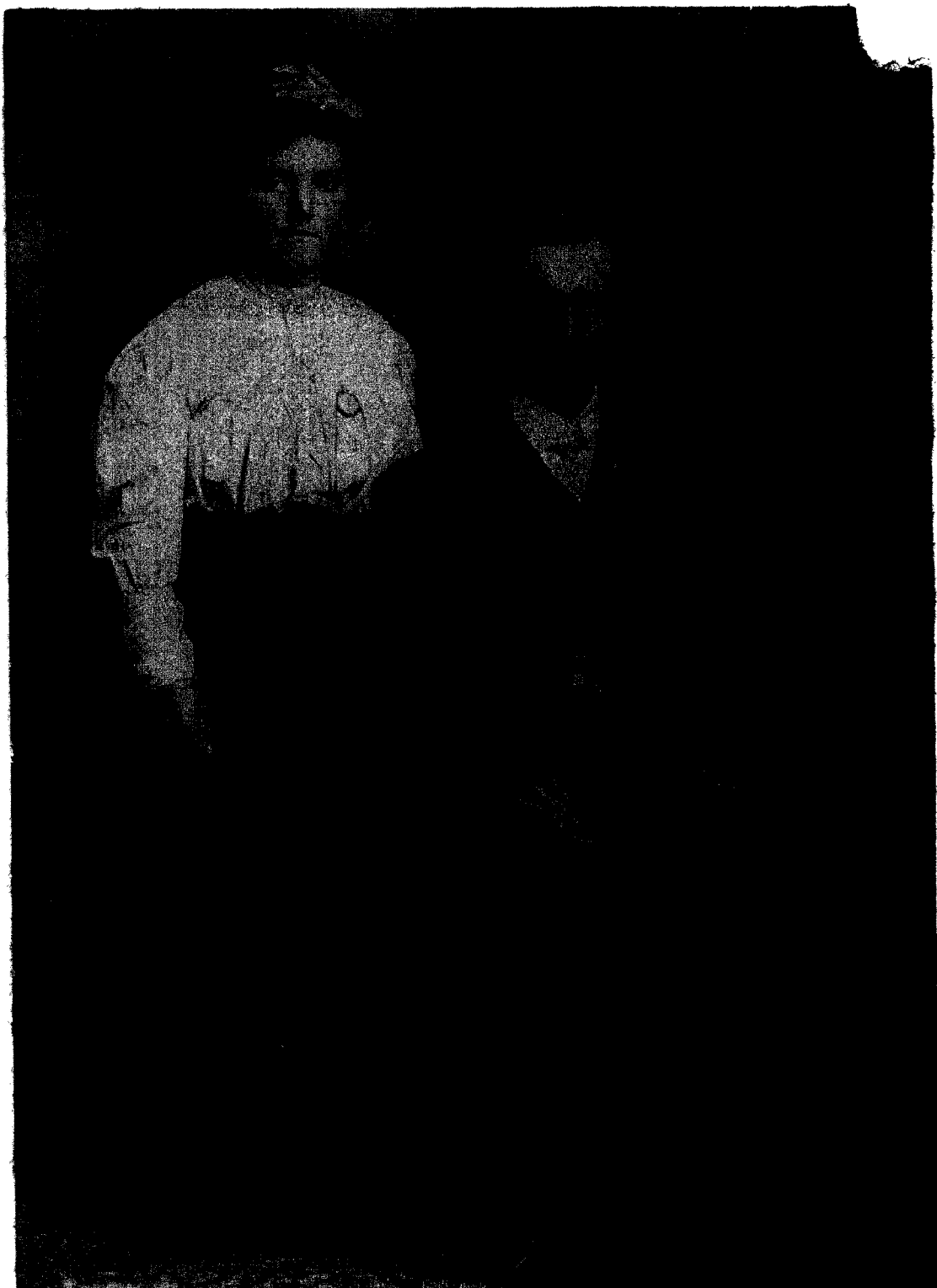
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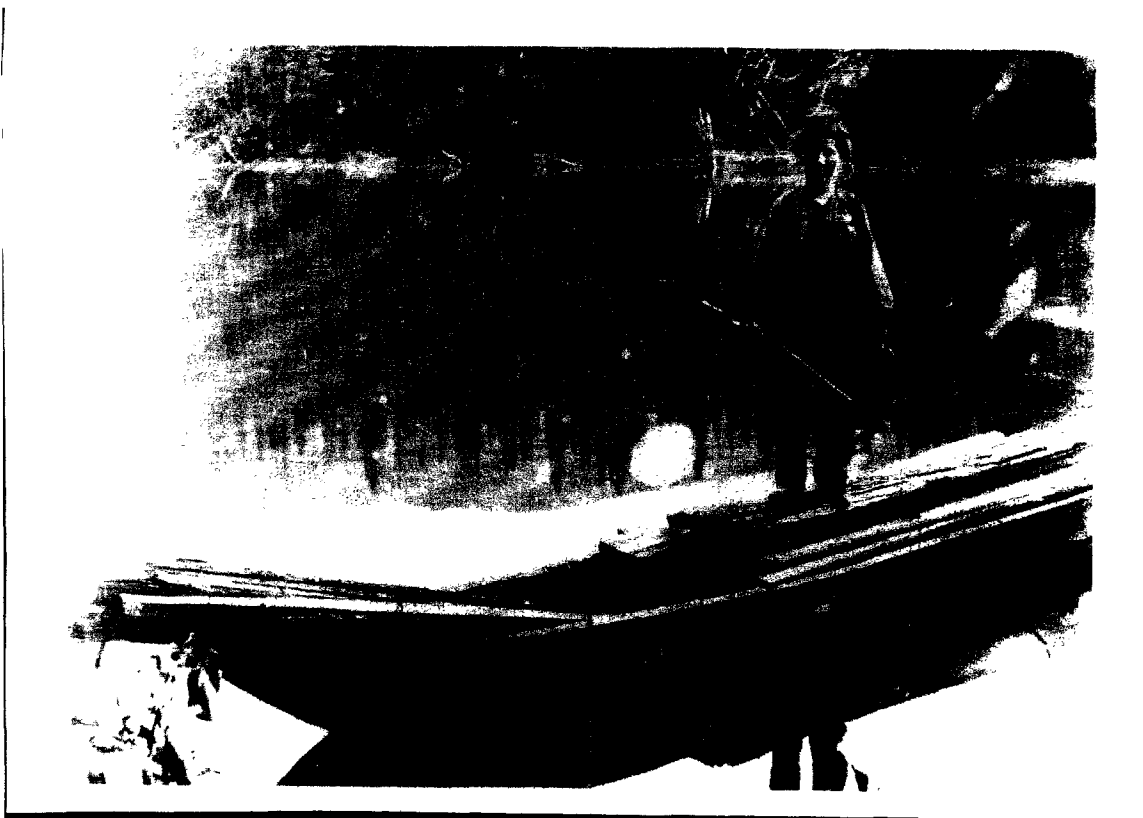
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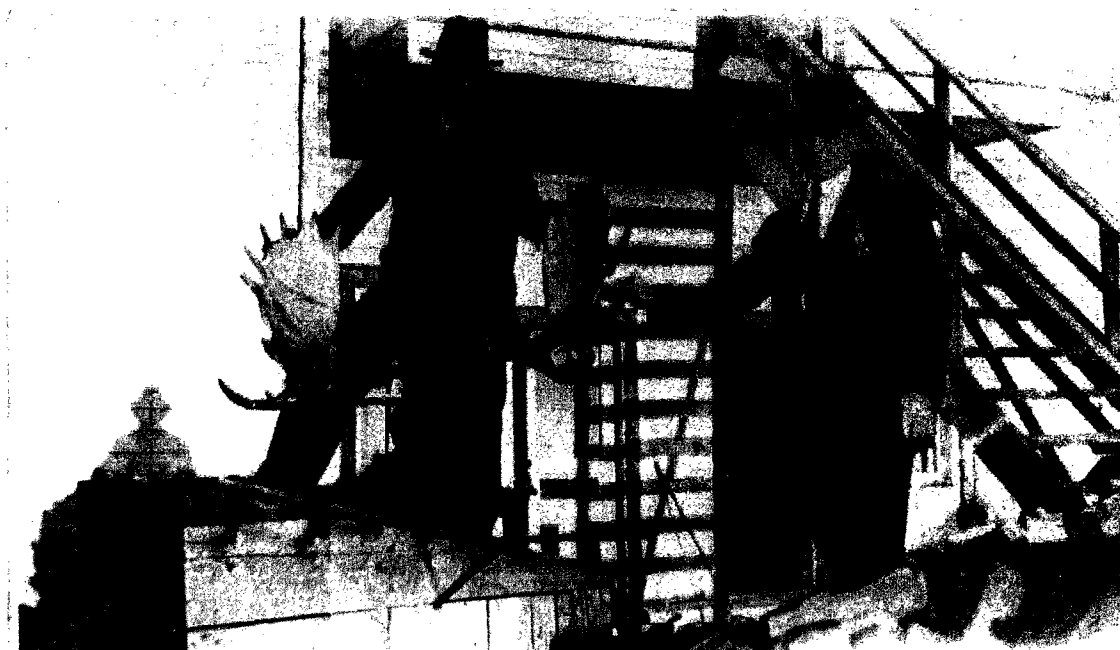
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Courtesy of Ron Marrington.



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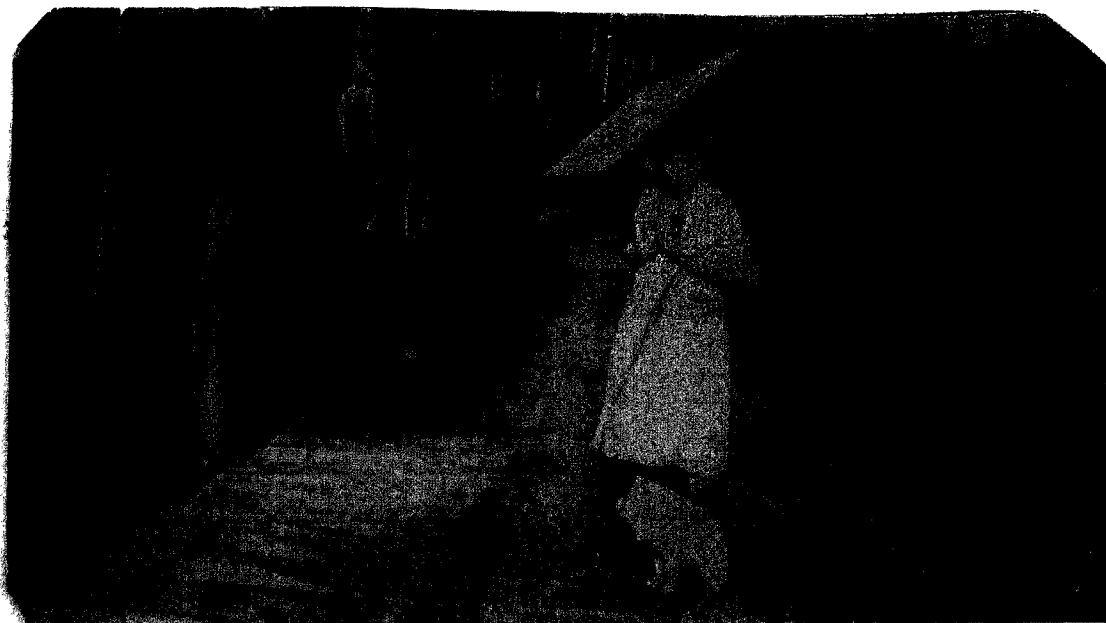
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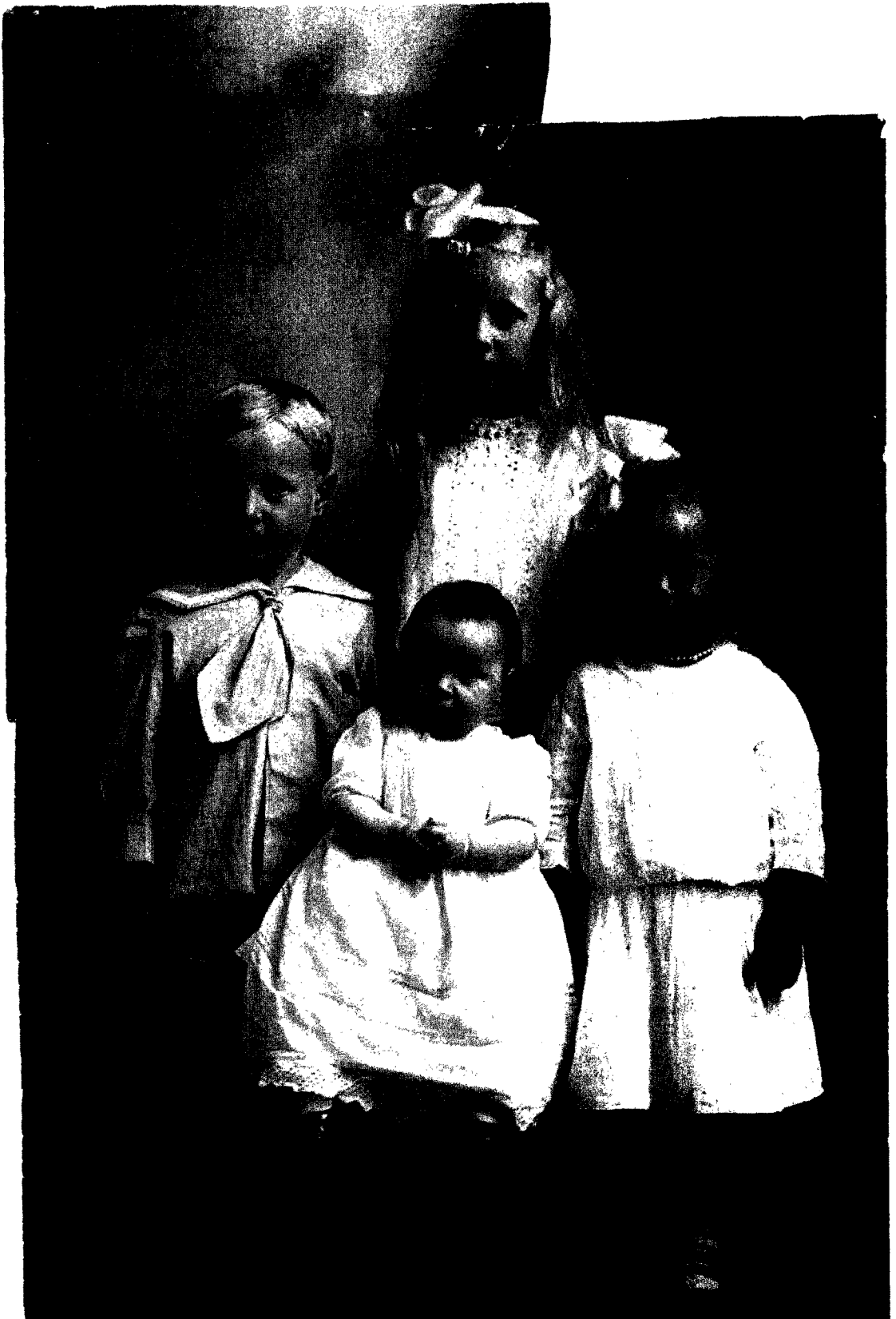
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Courtesy of Siobhan Wagner.



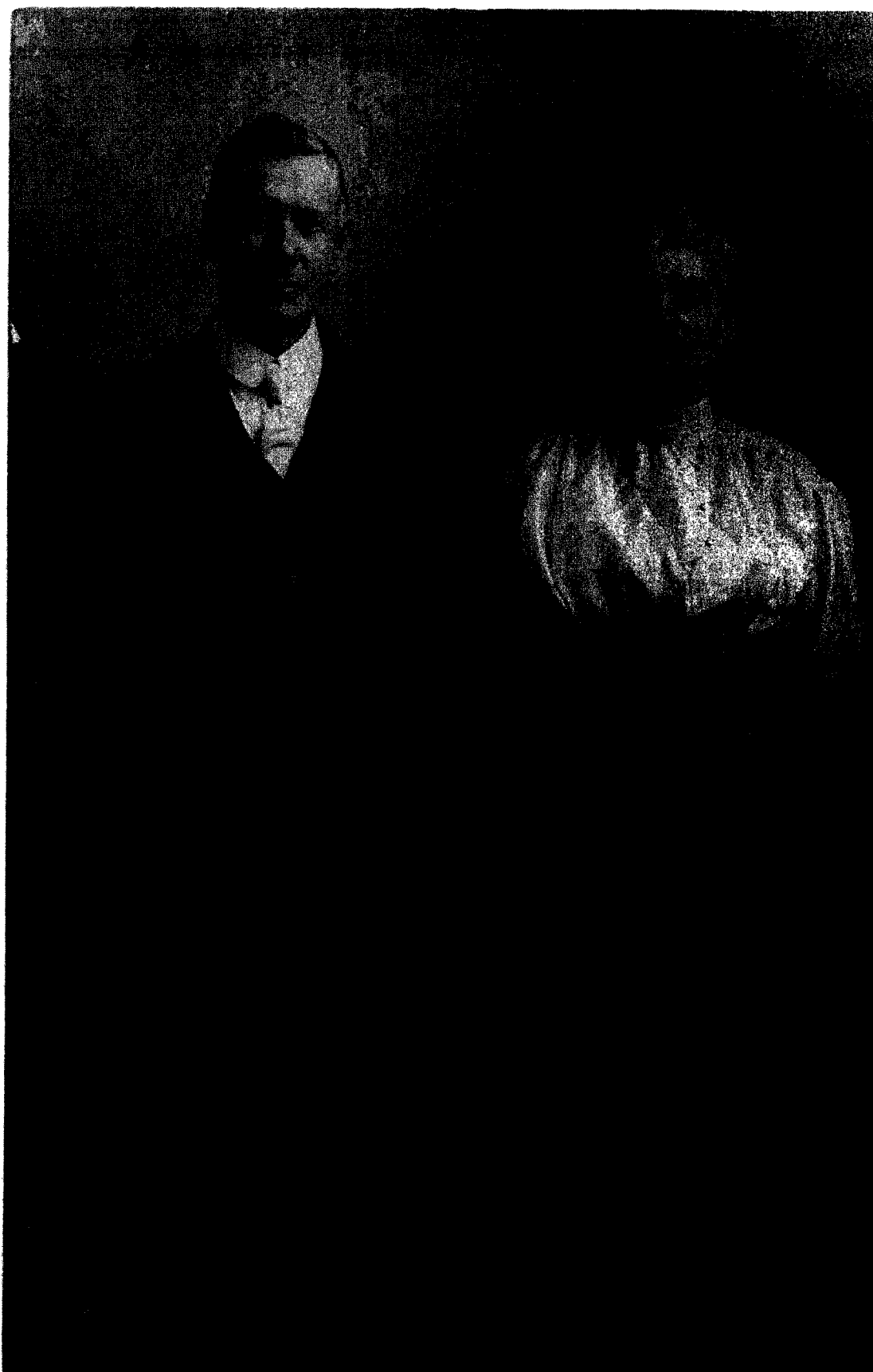
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 Courtesy of Siobhan Wagner.



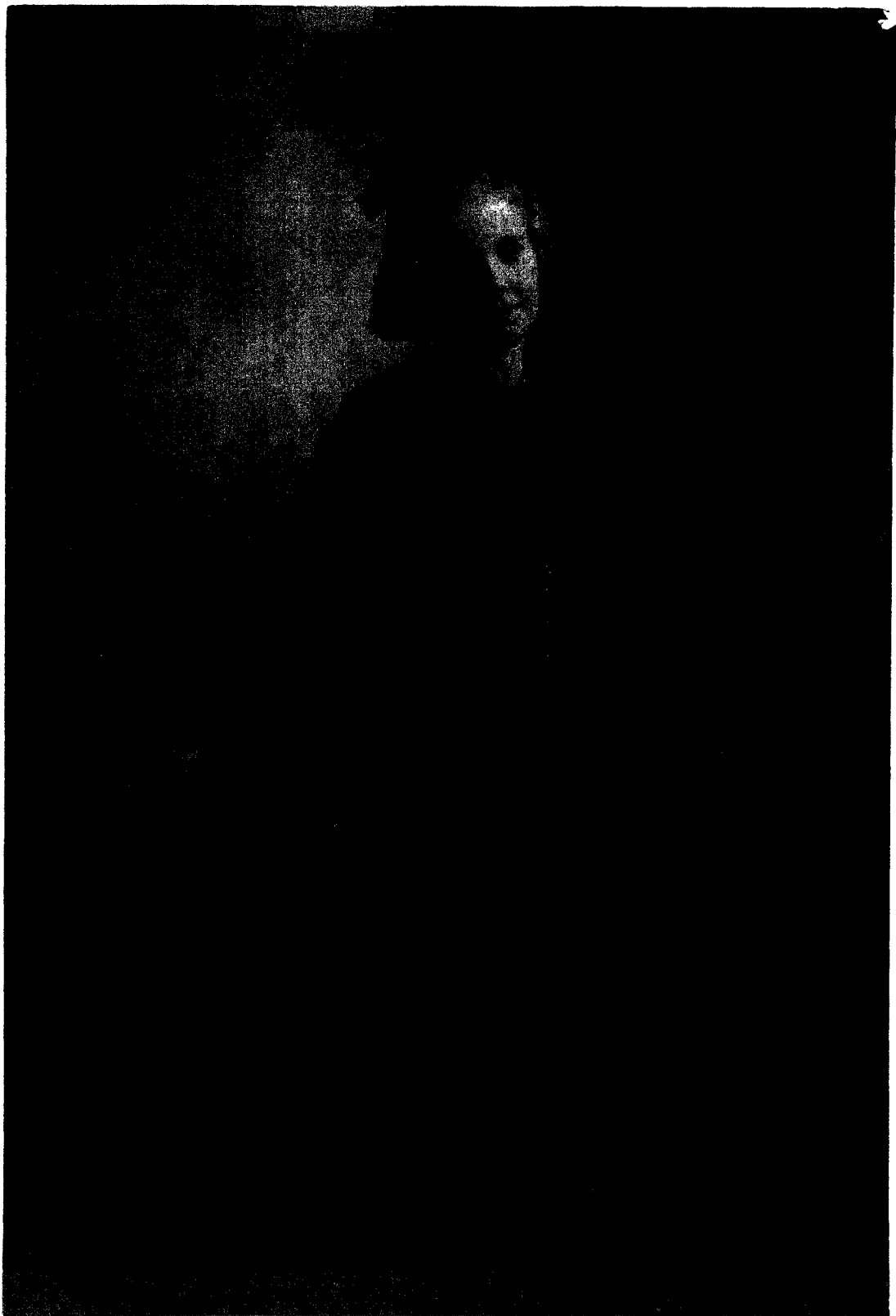
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Courtesy of Siobhan Wagner.



17. Bessie Sykes, June 14, 1917.
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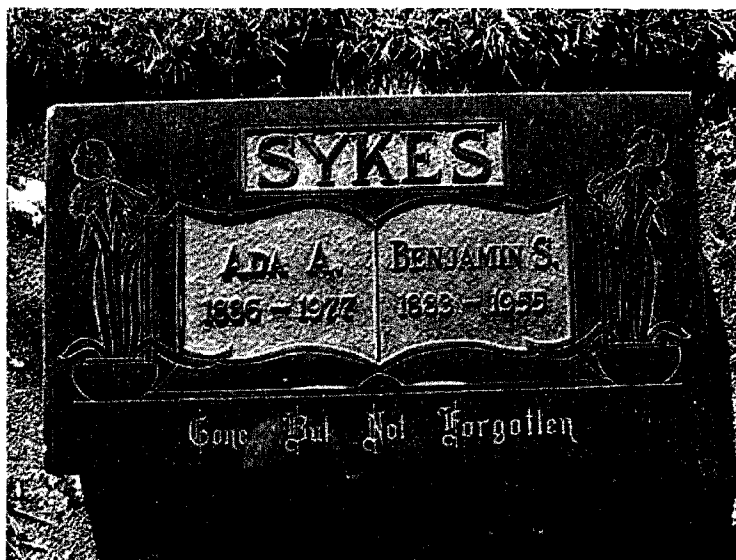
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Courtesy of Ron Marrington.



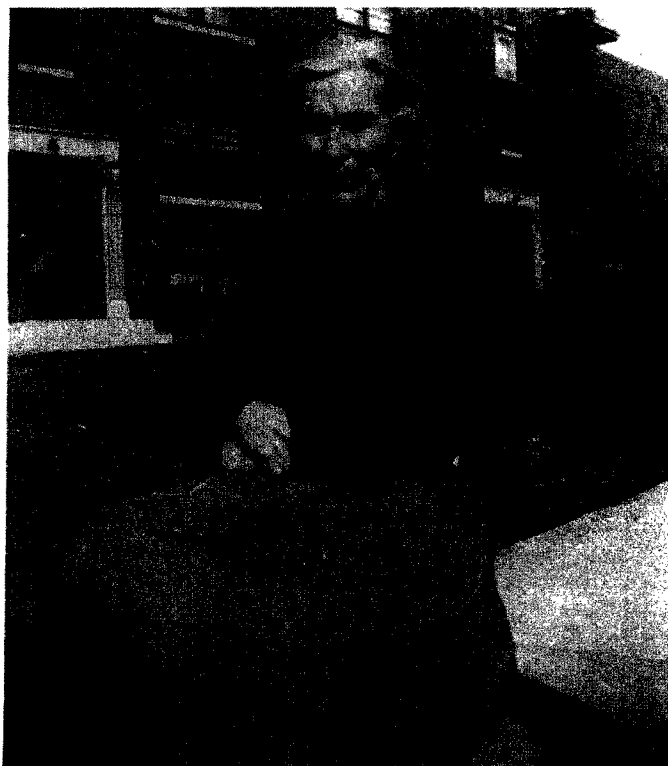
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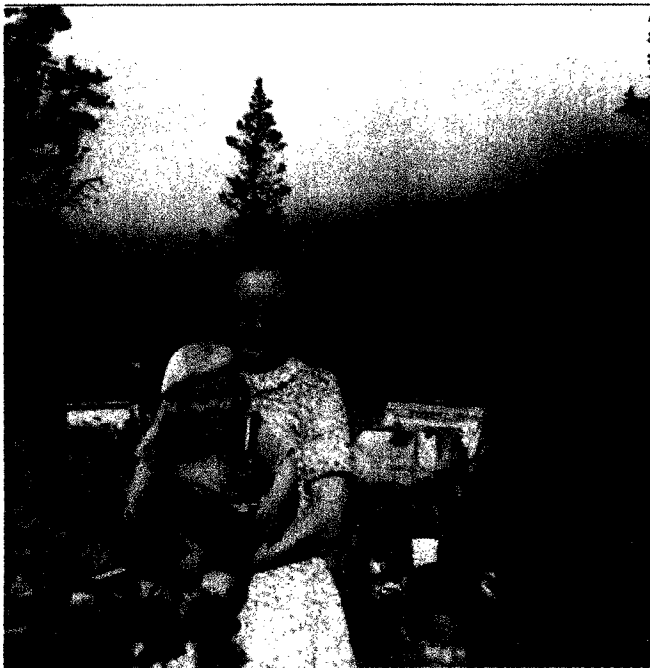
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Cabin in background.
Author's collection.



25. Pamela, Jadon, and Diana den Ouden at Headwaters Ranch,
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Author's collection.

Introduction

When writers want to be read they have to be more flexible and take more chances than the standard scholarly style allows: often they have to be more direct and more personal. In a very real way . . . I could not think of myself as a writer until I risked exposing myself in my writing.

Marianna Torgovnick, "Experimental Critical Writing"

Over the past ten years, interest in women's life writing has grown tremendously,¹ bringing to the foreground the lives of women from many eras, backgrounds, and life situations whose stories were previously unheard. Scholars, many of whom are women, have explored archival collections and local histories, as well as individual family letters and diaries, seeking to create a history more inclusive of women. The stories of women, told in their own words, are now recognized as a legitimate part of the warp and woof of the telling of history. In addition, as suggested in the epigraph above, the "stories" of some researchers themselves are being imbricated with the stories of their research subjects. Striking examples are Isabelle Emery's Master's thesis at the University of Calgary, which presents a fictionalized memoir of her mother's suicide, and Sally Kerry Hayward's University of Alberta Master's thesis, which explores the working-class life of her mother in post-war England. Sally Kerry Hayward expresses the hope that in researching and knowing her mother, she will better understand herself. For her reader, she provides an opportunity to "enter into a dialogue, finding a space in which to tell her own story." Similarly, this thesis will illuminate more than one story. The main story belongs to Ada Adelia Sykes, pioneer,

daughter, wife, mother. The life of my own grandmother, a contemporary of Ada Sykes, and my own “pioneer” experience in northern British Columbia come to the surface in the telling of the story of Ada Sykes.

This thesis is based on the diary of an “ordinary” pioneer woman in northern British Columbia in the early part of the twentieth century. Interdisciplinary in nature, it is critical and creative in scope. First, I take a critical look at the field of women’s life-writing. Then I examine the entries of the diary itself. Finally, I present a creative expansion in poetry of the diary entries. Selected entries serve as the basis for original poems in which I imaginatively recreate the daily events of the diary. In creating this alternate text of the life of Ada Sykes, I demonstrate the argument of this thesis: (1) that women’s life-writing provides alternate ways of seeing history, previously recorded almost exclusively from the viewpoint of men and concerning the activities and exploits of men; and (2) that such writing makes a valuable contribution to our understanding of past, present, and self.

Ada Adelia Sykes and her husband, Benjamin Silas Sykes, Jr., and their children were pioneers in the upper Fraser River valley, 150 kilometres east of Prince George, British Columbia, from 1912 to 1924. The twenty-four page typescript of her diary (see Appendix C, page 105-128) was prepared from the original diary² by Marjorie Sayce, one of Ada Sykes’ daughters. The original was a small notebook. Ada Sykes’ grandson, Ron Marrington, says his grandmother, who had “only a grade three or four education” (19 Feb. 2003) “wrote on whatever she came by” (19 Jan. 2003). The diary, which covers August 1912 to May 1915, is the starting point for this thesis, which comprises a critical discussion of women’s life-writing and a critical and poetic exploration of Ada Sykes’ diary. The diary consists of 410 mainly consecutive daily entries and was reprinted with the permission of her

grandchildren and the Penny Historical Book Committee. I will argue that in recording the daily events during this three-year period, Ada Sykes³ created a document important in the discovery and recovery of women's frontier history of the early 1900s.

Ada Sykes was one of many women who recorded their pioneer adventures during the years of growth on the western frontier. The letters of Mary Georgina Hall, written during her 1882 trip to and stay at her brother's farm near Headingly, Manitoba, about 25 kilometres west of Winnipeg (Jackel 4), "were never intended for publication, and were only the details written to [her] family of an every-day life . . . in hopes that the various experiences [she] underwent [might] be useful to future colonists intending to emigrate and farm" (Jackel "Preface" n.p.) Her book, A Lady's Life on a Farm in Manitoba, published in London in 1884, gives a woman's view of the problems and possibilities of settling in the Canadian west. She agonizes over the "vastness, dreariness, and loneliness" of the prairie, which she compares to "the sea on a very smooth day, without a beginning or an end" (Jackel 5).

In other areas of the west, women faced the pressures of work both inside and outside the home. In Letters from Windermere 1912-1914, Margaret Ann Dionysia (Daisy) Phillips, a contemporary of Ada Sykes, tells of her efforts, along with her husband's, to recreate their English home in the Canadian wilderness of the Windermere Valley in southeastern British Columbia (Harris and Phillips). The letters, which also contain several written by Captain John Noel Phillips, Daisy Phillips' husband, were written just before the start of the First World War and sent to Daisy Phillips' mother or sister who lived in Windsor, England, when the letters began (ix). As part of the "educated and increasingly mobile middle class" (ix), the Phillipses were unprepared for pioneer life: "Jack knew nothing about farming; Daisy,

nothing about housekeeping” (xv). Because they were unable to afford hired help, Daisy’s “life was consumed by domestic work that in England a woman of her class would never have done” (xvii). During the three years she spent in the Windermere Valley, she learned to “cook on a wood stove, sew, clean a house, and wash clothes without running water, electricity, or servants” (xviii). Daisy states: “You certainly want to be a Jack-of-all-trades in the Colonies” (62).

Other collections of letters include those of Anglican missionary to the Peace River area Monica Storrs, and in the Peace River country across the Alberta border, those of Dr. Mary Percy Jackson. In God’s Galloping Girl: The Peace River Diaries of Monica Storrs, 1929-1931 and Companions of the Peace: Diaries and Letters of Monica Storrs, 1931-1939, Monica Storrs details her interaction with the residents of and immigrants to the Fort St. John area of northeastern British Columbia. Her letters provide detailed descriptions of her missionary work, the people she dealt with, the geography and weather of the area, and the social conditions of that time. Editor W. L. Morton calls the first volume of Storrs’ letters “a social document of frontier history, detailed, vivid, and realistic” and a “remarkable story of devoted service in circumstances of considerable hardship and difficulty” (“Preface” xi). On the Alberta side of the border, Dr. Mary Percy Jackson recorded her adventures as doctor in the north country from 1929-1931 in letters sent to various members of her family back in England. Published in 1933 under the title, On the Last Frontier: Pioneering in the Peace River Block: Letters of Mary Percy Jackson, the letters had been edited by Canon Andrews “to much closer approximations of missionary tracts” (McGinnis 18). Republished in 1995 in their original form as Suitable for the Wilds: Letters from Northern Alberta, 1929-1931, the

collection, introduced by Janice Dickin McGinnis, tells the story of the “extraordinarily interesting life” (McGinnis 32) of the “‘lady doctor’ in the bush” (29).

Other adventuring writers include Clara Vyvyan, Esme Tuck, and Jennie McLean. Clara Vyvyan’s journeys on several northern Canadian rivers in 1926 were reconstructed by her from diaries and journals and published in 1961 as Arctic Adventure and republished in 1998 as The Ladies, the Gwich’in, and the Rat: Travel on the Athabasca, Mackenzie, Rat, Porcupine, and Yukon Rivers in 1926, edited by I. S. MacLaren and Lisa N. LaFramboise. Esme Tuck, on the other hand, was a settler, who, with her husband Spencer H. Tuck, homesteaded in the Peace River Block near Pouce Coupe, British Columbia, in 1919. Her 335-page unpublished autobiography,⁴ written in 1957, details homesteading life from a woman’s perspective, giving account of the “hardships and makeshifts” (46) that pioneer women faced. She tells of the struggle to clear and plant without machinery, to provide feed and water for animals, to bake and cook and keep house. One of the ever-present tasks was bringing in firewood. On one occasion, Esme Tuck, her husband, Spencer, and her sister, Olive, worked to bring in the firewood to melt the snow for laundry water: “As we had no horses, we made a team of ourselves and hauled the logs in by a rope over our shoulders” (22). During harvest, she cooked and baked great quantities of food for those who came to help with the threshing and cleaned up after them: “And, oh, the washing up and washing up and washing up. If there was ever a spare moment during the meal, one went to the wash dish and got a few strokes in” (61). Esme Tuck’s characterization of “homestead” is

to be drenched with rain, caked with mud, choked with dust, chilled with cold, warmed by the sun, to rise early and go to bed late, to wonder whether roads and railway will ever come one’s way, whether one has come to the right place or not, what the future holds in store for oneself and one’s children, to be tired, to work, to laugh, to help the other fellow and always to hope. (110)

Similarly, the diary of Jennie McLean⁵ gives a vivid account of a woman who homesteaded in 1908 with her father and brother near Irma, in northern Alberta. For the first month, she lived in a tent, helping to establish the homestead. After three months, she moved to Edmonton and worked for the Alberta Lumber Company.

In Dear Editor and Friends: Letters from Rural Women of the North-West, 1900-1920, editor Norah L. Lewis has gathered letters written by women of various ethnic backgrounds and geographic locations to the women's pages of various Western Canadian farm journals and newspapers between 1900-1920, letters that were "representative of the experiences and challenges faced by rural women of the North-West--isolation, loneliness, a lack of traditional support networks" and the need for social and political change (4). According to Minnie May, women's editor of *The Farmer's Advocate* in 1890, being connected with other women was very important to pioneer women: "In all our trials women's greatest friend should be women. It is the very greatest comfort to have a woman friend to whom one can turn for consolation when all seems dark around us, and she can say the words you most want to hear" (Lewis 9). Ada Sykes details her connection with other women by noting correspondence to and from women friends and relatives.

Indeed, the discovery and recovery of women's personal writing illuminate the fact that "women habitually have sustained themselves by friendships with other women" (Hampsten 3).⁶ Elizabeth Hampsten's collection, Read This Only to Yourself: The Private Writings of Midwestern Women, 1880-1910, examines diaries and letters of working-class women in the American Midwest to see "what women were saying about their lives at the turn of the twentieth century" (viii). Hampsten argues that because women's artistry of cooking, sewing, and letter-writing is "occasional and impermanent" (2), the status of such

arts has been questioned and discredited. However, women's artistry is essential to the daily lives recounted in narratives like Mary Hiemstra's Gully Farm, which tells the account of her family's homesteading on the Canadian Prairies, as they looked for "a chance to create a better world" (Foster ix). She arrived as a six-year-old in Western Canada in 1903, her family a part of the Barr Colony, one of "the last and the largest group settlement" efforts in Canadian history (vii). According to Franklin Foster, Hiemstra's account, notable for its evocative description, is worthy of the careful critical attention given to Susanna Moodie's Roughing it in the Bush, an account of a woman's pioneer life in Ontario in the 1860s.

The foregoing represents only a small sampling of life-writing by pioneer women who settled the west. Archival material and local histories contain the stories of many more women and their families as they worked to make new places feel like home. These records, whether written at the time as diaries, journals, and letters, or written later as the authors looked back on their lives, form a valuable resource in women's history. Ada Adelia Sykes' diary is one such resource.

I was first introduced to the diary of Ada Sykes in March 1996 when Dr. Theresa Healy, from the Prince George Campus of the University of Northern British Columbia, came to Fort St. John to do a guest lecture in a history class. Although I was not a part of the history class, I attended the lecture. In addition to introducing Mary Percy Jackson's Suitable for the Wilds, Dr. Healy talked about the Ada Sykes diary and handed out a typescript of about twelve pages. When I saw the diary entries, I was struck by the starkness and brevity of each entry,⁶ and I knew immediately what I would like to do with the diary. My idea then was to turn the very short and sparse diary entries into poetry, reinflecting them with my conception of emotions and details that might have been.

My interest in the diary was also undergirded by my own experience as a young adult of moving from Montreal, Quebec, to a “back-to-the-land” farm commune in Northern British Columbia during the early seventies. Headwaters Ranch, located about 18 kilometres off the Alaska Highway at Pink Mountain (Mile 143), was home to about 180 people, including my husband, Fred, my two-year-old daughter, Diana, and me (see Ill. 24 and 25, page xxiv).⁷ During our two-year stay there, my son, Jadon, was born--in the dead of winter, perhaps in similar conditions to those in which Ada Sykes and other pioneer women delivered their children, with no electricity, no anaesthetic, a wood-burning stove for heat, and another woman to help with the delivery. Like Daisy Phillips and Mary Percy Jackson, I too wrote letters home to parents who were more than 2,500 kilometres away, detailing daily events of our life in a new “wilderness” place. In adhering to the relatively new practice of scholars telling their own stories, I examine these letters as one of the primary sources for this thesis. The letters were preserved for nearly 30 years by my mother, Louise Beaven, one of our family storykeepers, and returned to me in July 2002.

In addition, I was interested in the contrast between Ada Sykes and my own paternal grandmother, Alice Jane Beaven (see Ill. 22, page xxii), a contemporary of Ada Sykes, who homesteaded in south-central Saskatchewan after the death of her husband from tuberculosis on his return from the Boer War. She often talked about her days “out West.” However, she was unable to do what Ada Sykes did, that is, leave us a written record of her life, because she was unable to read or write (see Ill. 23, page xxiii).

This thesis, based in part on Ada Sykes’ diary, is comprised of six main sections. This Introduction is followed by Chapter One, “Critical Contours in Women’s Life-Writing,” which provides a selective theoretical overview of three areas of women’s life-writing:

autobiography, diaries, and autobiographical poetry; Chapter Two, “Mapping the Ground: The Diary of Ada Sykes,” introduces Ada Sykes’ diary and offers a close reading of the utterances and the silences to provide an interpretation of Ada Sykes’ life. Chapter Three introduces and presents original poems, most of which are based on the daily entries of Ada Sykes’ diary; for these, I have reproduced the diary entry on which each poem is based. The remainder of the poems cross the border into the personal and are based on the life of my grandmother, Alice Jane Beaven. The remaining sections include the Conclusion, and the Appendices, which contain a Sykes’ family tree, an Elmer Sykes’ family tree, a typescript of Ada Sykes’ diary, and copies of the holograph version of my letters from Headwaters Ranch.

Postmodernism, with its relentless questioning of authority, universality, and privilege, has cultured the growth of interdisciplinarity. Indeed, Cole Harris asserts that “[d]isciplinary boundaries are receding, and probably should; I am not even sure that there needs to be a distinction between academic and non-academic writing” (Harris xiii). At the very least, many scholars would agree with Harris’s position that disciplinary boundaries are receding. Most major universities now offer interdisciplinary programs combining a variety of disciplines. Indeed, this interdisciplinary thesis melds the often complementary but formerly discrete disciplines of English and history. On the other hand, some scholars would say that Harris goes too far in wishing for the dissolution of boundaries between academic and non-academic writing. Recently, however, many feminist writers have been calling for just such a dissolution, seeking not a return to the nineteenth-century realm of belles lettres or an engagement with “the new journalism,” but more “personal, even confessional, *creative* responses to literature and life” as part of academic culture (Freedman 13, my italics). For example, The Intimate Critique: Autobiographical Literary Criticism gathers together more

than two dozen essays written in styles that are less “compulsive, aggressive, lonely, [and] competitive” than much traditional academic writing. In her essay in that collection, Olivia Frey states that discussion about literature is typified by an adversarial method that “is only a symptom of a pervading ethos that stresses competition and individualistic achievement at the expense of others” (61). Even some dissertations are changing, challenging traditional content and format. Katherine E. Goff’s dissertation, A Sense of Self: Identity, Gender, and Technology in School, written for the Education faculty at the University of Colorado at Denver, was created with the idea that it would be available on the Internet. In fact, Katherine Goff calls the online version the “real” one, even though she admits to organizing her writing also as “text on paper” to satisfy school requirements and avoid technological difficulties. She stitches together e-mail, letters, field notes, data, poetry, and interpretive pieces to create a richly-colored “virtual quilt” that readers can examine and interact with.

One of the most important aspects of this move to change the face of academic writing is the postmodern recognition that all writing, including academic writing, is situated in a historical, social, and personal context. There is no solid dividing line between personal and academic; instead, they are separated by what appears to be a semi-permeable membrane through which various aspects of the personal and the academic flow, creating greater flexibility in style, form, and focus. Furthermore, belief in metanarratives has been replaced by belief that there is always more than one way to tell a story. Room, then, must be made to tell “academic” stories in different ways. Sociologist Laurel Richardson responds to this in Writing Strategies: Reaching Diverse Audiences, exposing her strategies for presenting the same collective story to different markets, including trade book, academic paper, and mass circulation. Her hope is to reach more readers in ways that will capture their interest.

Such inclusion of the personal with the academic is further reflected in Helen M. Buss's work, Mapping Our Selves: Canadian Women's Autobiography in English. Buss introduces each section of her book with a short autobiographical passage in which she recounts episodes from her childhood and youth in an extended family of strong female relatives—mother, grandmothers, aunts, cousins--as well as conversations she had as an adult with her father. This allows the reader to situate Buss and her critical practice in the context of her own identity as daughter, critic, writer and woman (n.p.). Buss risks presenting reflections on her own life; this aspect of her work strongly encouraged me to interweave poems based on my grandmother's life with the poems inspired by Ada Sykes' diary. In addition, Janice Dickin McGinnis "[chooses] to insert [her]self very obviously into the narrative" (Preface ix) of the Introduction to Mary Percy Jackson's letters in order to (among other things) "tell the story of how [she does her] work" (Preface ix): "In doing so, I meant to present a parallel to Dr. Percy Jackson's descriptions of how she did hers. In short, just as her letters tell the adventures of a doctor, my Introduction tells the adventures of a historian" (ix). Janice Dickin McGinnis states this is "more than a literary device; it is meant to show continuity in women's lives" (ix).

My title, "Mapping the Ground: A Critical and Creative Exploration of the Diary of Ada Sykes, 1912-1915," signals a personal acceptance of Helen Buss's metaphor of mapping as a useful way of talking about women's autobiographical writing. Buss refuses the metaphor of the mirror, as used by some humanists and post-structuralists either to shore up or to challenge the liberal humanist conception of the autonomous and self-present subject. Going a step further, Buss also rejects the metaphor of the speculum, proposed by Luce Irigaray, and picked up by others including Bella Brodzki and Celeste Schenck, as "the

structuring device for [a] deconstruction of Western philosophical discourse since Plato” (Brodzki and Schenck 7). Buss critiques the speculum, a gynecological instrument that “seeks both to reflect and to penetrate interiority” (Brodzki and Schenck 7) as a tool “that relegates the female to a passive object of an observing, non-subjective, [patriarchal] science” (Buss 9). Identifying the limits of both the mirror and speculum because their use is based on sight, Buss suggests a metaphor based on the ancient art and science of cartography, which in addition to making maps dependent on sight, can also produce relief maps “so accurate in their scale and subtlety that they can teach the blind the contours of the world” (9).

Buss emphasizes the interdisciplinarity and multisensuality (10) of the activity of mapping and its avoidance of direct referentiality in the sense that maps are not commonly regarded as direct reflections of the world (11). Additionally, both cartographic and autobiographical enterprises can record change over time: the “mapping of autobiography recognizes both the palimpsest of layers in human subjects and the erosion of those layers” (10). Thus, the interdisciplinarity that Buss values in mapping permits multiple conceptions and reconceptions of the world and the human subject.

Ada Sykes was a pioneer, a wife, a mother, a daughter, and a writer. Although important to the people whose lives she touched daily, she was neither famous, known outside her circle of family and friends, nor among “the great and the good” (Oldfield qtd. in Storr). Nevertheless, I believe that Ada Sykes and others like her warrant recognition and acknowledgement. In her ordinariness, she is, in some fashion, representative of pioneer women. Moreover, in enfolding the life of my grandmother within a study and re-creation of

the life of Ada Sykes, I have explored not only their lives, but, in a sense, have discovered my own past.

When Ada Adelia Countryman was born in 1886, Confederation was less than twenty years old, and British Columbia had been a province for only fifteen years. Of central importance to the development of British Columbia was the Fraser River, which begins high in the Rocky Mountains, 2100 metres above sea level, and snakes 1370 kilometres through the province, its watershed covering about one-quarter of the province. Although people of the First Nations have lived in the Fraser River valley for more than ten thousand years, it was not until 1808 that the first white adventurer traveled the river that would be named after him (Bocking 3). According to Richard C. Bocking, the Fraser River is “one of the world’s great cornucopias” and the “economic spine” of the province, with “[m]uch of British Columbia’s recent history . . . an account of the movement of people, goods and money up and down the great river” (4). Trapping, transportation, communication, fishing, logging, mining, and settlement have all played a part in the drama of Fraser River history. Notwithstanding its central importance in the history of the province, the “celebrated Fraser River” (McNaughton 85) has not always treated kindly those who traveled its waterway.

The discovery of gold on the Fraser River in 1858 had brought an “unprecedented invasion” of 25,000-30,000 white people, mostly men, to the interior of British Columbia within four months (Harris 109), thus rearranging the balance of white to Native populations; British Columbia had entered Confederation with the second smallest population and the only one in which Natives outnumbered whites (Johnston 165). In 1862, the Overlanders reached the summit of the mountains and came to the Fraser River “where it could be crossed at a single step” (McNaughton 79). This narrow trickle soon became “[g]reat cataracts

tumbling into dark abysses [that] filled the beholders with reverential awe” (85). At Tete Jaune Cache,⁸ this group of one hundred fifty men camped on the banks of the river, short of supplies and exhausted by their journey from present-day Winnipeg, and earlier, from Montreal and Queenston. Despite the warnings of the Native people, one group of the Overlanders “braved the rapids of the Fraser River” (McNaughton viii), some of them losing their lives in their attempt to reach the gold fields of the Cariboo.

From 1867 on, however, the population doubled every decade until 1911, and by 1914, there were about 400,000 people in British Columbia (Belshaw 151). The last spike of the Canadian Pacific Railway, driven at Craigellachie, British Columbia, the previous year (Seager 212), gave the promise of ease of movement between the new province and the rest of Canada. In the interior of the province, post offices, railroads, telegraph, and telephone or radio-telephone service were well established prior to 1920 (Harris 175-178). Most of British Columbia was not served by roads; in fact, as late as 1930, there was only one road from the interior to the coast (Harris 172). River and lake steamers operated along the waterways, complementing other methods of transportation (Harris 169).

The next era of settlement along the upper Fraser River occurred in the second decade of the twentieth century, following the advance of the railway. Crossing Yellowhead Pass in 1911, the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway headed west, with construction crew camps of five thousand men (Bocking 20). According to Marilyn J. Wheeler, the “end of steel” camps that grew up in advance of the railroad were “wild” places: “[t]he men worked long hours in conditions that were sometimes intolerable from swarms of mosquitoes, while the clay made working with the teams almost impossible after rain” (3). After construction in an area was finished, not everyone left. Some remained behind to try their hand at logging, trapping, or

prospecting along the banks of the Fraser (Wheeler 1). According to Ron Marrington, “along every bar of the Fraser River, people were panning gold.” Tete Jaune Cache⁸ (Mile 49) was the head of navigation for the sternwheelers that plied the Fraser downstream to Fort George, 500 kilometres away, and another 250 kilometres to Soda Creek (Bocking 21).

One of the steamers is mentioned by Ada Sykes in the August 23, 1912 entry:

Started and went away, but had to stop, the fog was too thick. Burns Meat boat went by while we were waiting. Raining. Again. Got 1 bird, 12 o'clock the conveyor went by. 1.30 got dinner at 133. Got to the mill, stayed all night, had supper. Breakfast at Cullens. Raining some. (106; all page references to the diary and to author's letters from Headwaters Ranch refer to pagination in this thesis.)

A paratextual handwritten note in the diary typescript identifies “the conveyor” as the “Steamship S.S. *Conveyor*.” The *Conveyor* and the *Operator* were shipped overland to Alberta and then on to Tete Jaune Cache after being dismantled in Victoria (Bocking 21). According to Robson Valley pioneer Sadie Frye, these wood-burning boats could carry “200 passengers and a 200-ton cargo as well as tow a loaded barge” (Bocking 21). Sternwheeler travel on the upper Fraser ended in 1913 when “the railway contractors broke their agreement with the ship operators and built a bridge near Dome Creek that was too low for sternwheelers to pass under” (Bocking 21).

Besides small private vessels, other river traffic included scows, flat-bottomed boats capable of 27-tonne loads. During the construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific, between 1912 and 1914, “up to one hundred scows were built in Tete Jaune Cache each week and sent off downriver” (Bocking 21). Because of the rapids and dangerous waters, for many of the boaters, it was their final trip. Ron Marrington tells of two men caught in their small boat in a whirlpool on the Fraser River. When Ben Sykes came upon them as he was traveling up-

river, they had been turning around in the whirlpool for two days. They did not have the power to get themselves out. Sykes threw them a rope and hauled them to shore (19 Feb. 2003).

Increases in population and changing demographics brought other changes to a province that in some ways wanted to cling to the old colonial ways. Women property holders, both married and unmarried, received the municipal franchise in 1873, a first in Canada (Meen 123); in 1906, this was extended to all adult women, only to be restricted again by the Municipal Elections Act of 1908 (Belshaw 155). The provincial vote followed in 1917, and the federal in 1919. The Liberal administration (1916-1928) brought in “mothers’ pensions, maintenance for deserted wives, and made both parents the legal guardians of their children” (Fisher and Mitchell 257).

This is the British Columbia in which Ada Sykes and her family lived. The upper Fraser River valley and the interior of the province were rich areas for those with a spirit of adventure and a will to work hard building a family place where once was wilderness.

Chapter One

Critical Contours in Women's Life-Writing

*Anonymity, we have long believed, is the proper condition of woman.*¹⁰

Carolyn Heilbrun, Writing a Woman's Life

Life-writing—part of the “continuum of narrative” (Kadar ix) spanning autobiographical writing from the less fictive to the more fictive—includes, among other forms, diaries, journals, autobiography, memoirs, epistolary diaries, letters, autobiographical criticism and autobiographical poetry.¹¹ In this chapter, I will explore various theories of life-writing, looking first at autobiography¹² and then at diaries. In the study of Ada Sykes' diary, I take opportunity to cross various boundaries—personal, temporal, and disciplinary. Like theorist Leigh Gilmore, I concur that diversity, interdisciplinarity, and multiple discursive contexts are hallmarks of the current study of women's life-writing.

According to Sidonie Smith, autobiography has been viewed as a kind of “flawed biography at worst” and at best, “a historiographical document capable of capturing the essence of a nation or the spirit of an age” (3). In the past thirty years, theorists, literary critics, and creative writers have devoted significant attention to life-writing, examining and often challenging the underlying assumptions that have excluded life-writing, especially by women, from the literary canon. Moreover, many writers have erased the boundaries between the various sub-genres of life-writing, blending and combining forms to enrich this body of work. Expanding the traditional liberal humanist justification for the study of literature as a means of increasing our understanding of the human condition, some feminist theory has regarded women's diaries, in particular, as invitations to cross a variety of

borders, both personal-temporal and textual-disciplinary. From a personal-temporal perspective, readers may step across the threshold of their own lives into the lives and times of the diarists. Indeed, diaries afford readers the opportunity to embrace lives that, although they may be radically different from their own, potentially offer a sense of continuity with the past. The diary of Ada Sykes, for instance, provides details about food, clothing, work, and chores of the daily routine of a pioneer woman in western Canada in the early years of the twentieth century.

Through my creative exploration in poetry of her diary, I am able to step out of my early-twenty-first-century shoes, and move imaginatively into her life. In the introduction to Capacious Hold-All: An Anthology of English Women's Diary Writings, Harriet Blodgett states that the literature of women's diaries, like other traditionally-valued literature, "stimulat[es] imaginative participation" in the lives of the writers. Further, she points out that "much of the special pleasure of reading diaries may lie in the inspiration they give us to reconstruct the world of their origination: to assemble bit by bit the imagined scenes and movements, the voices and gestures and facial expressions and to live vicariously through another sensibility" (11). The diary of Ada Adelia Sykes provides just such inspiration to enter into its originary world, and it is my hope that the transformation of selected entries into poetry, as presented in this thesis, will give readers an imaginative participation in Ada Sykes' life.

Diaries, then, serve as one tool of women's self-inscription, enabling women in a patriarchal culture to construct knowledge of themselves and to maintain relationships through the medium of language. From a textual-disciplinary point of view, the marginality of diaries—especially women's diaries—with respect to the literary canon, encourages us to

question the traditionally exclusivist tenets and esthetics of canonicity as articulated by critics like F. R. Leavis, T. S. Eliot, and, more recently, Harold Bloom. Cynthia Huff calls the diary form “simultaneously elastic and tight” (2) and this characterization of diaries invites the interdisciplinary, critical, and creative exploration of Ada Sykes’ diary that I have undertaken here.

The modern study of autobiography is often dated from the 1956 publication of Georges Gusdorf’s essay “Conditions and Limits of Autobiography,” which acknowledges the complexities of selfhood and the referential ambiguities of writing about the self. Gusdorf traces the evolution of autobiography, an enterprise undertaken by “many great *men*, and even some not so great” (28 my emphasis), pointing out that the autobiographical impulse is a recent, Western phenomenon, growing out of a “conscious awareness of the singularity of each individual life” (29). In previous times and in other cultures, the individual has been subsumed by the community: “lives are so thoroughly entangled that . . . the important unit is thus never the isolated being” (30), but *men* act out a limited number of roles, which are passed on to successive generations. It is a consciousness of self, grafted from Christian beliefs onto classical stock, that causes *men* to investigate their own past:

The man who takes delight in thus drawing his own image believes himself worthy of a special interest. Each of us tends to think of himself as the center of a living space: I count, my existence is significant to the world, and my death will leave the world incomplete. . . . The author of an autobiography . . . looks at himself being and delights in being looked at--he calls himself as witness for himself. (29)

Furthermore, according to Gusdorf, autobiography requires the author to “reassemble the scattered elements of his individual life and to regroup them in a comprehensive sketch” (35), creating a “complete and coherent expression of his entire destiny” (35). This cohesion

in part distinguishes autobiography from diaries, in which the author has less concern for harmony or continuity between the daily entries, although even a sparsely-written diary like Ada Sykes' shows consistency of format. In addition, Gusdorf recognizes that although autobiography appears at first to be "the mirror image of a life, its double more clearly drawn" (40), he concludes it must be more than this because "the arrow of lived time" is deflected by the consciousness of future events, known to the autobiographer as he looks back at his life: "autobiography is condemned to substitute endlessly the completely formed for that which is in the process of being formed" (41).

Philippe Lejeune and Elizabeth Bruss argue for certain necessary elements before writing can be considered autobiography. This classical autobiographical pact, according to Bruss, consists of expectations that the writer must fulfil for the reader, who expects that the autobiography be consistent with other evidence; that the writing exemplify the character of the writer; and that the roles of author, narrator, and protagonist be one (300).

Many late-twentieth-century critics have moved from a concentration on the *bios* of the autobiographer, and an appeal to the facticity of the narration, to a concern with questions of self-representation. Indeed, according to Shari Benstock, it is "the theory of selfhood that is always under examination in analyses of autobiographical writings" (1). Autobiography in this instance is regarded as a process by which the writer gives shape, substance, and coherence to his or her identity in a "creative or interpretative" act subject to conventions and critical explorations like any other genre of literature (Smith 5). Other theorists turn their attention to the *autos* of autobiography, proposing that the self is only a configuration of language, a construct of infinite but always structured possibility (5). Yet others have concentrated on an examination of the *graphia*, the act of writing itself, the attempt at self-

inscription amid the ambiguities of signification (6). It is important to note that there has been no direct, linear progression from one approach to another; all these ways of viewing autobiography now exist simultaneously.

In the opening chapter of A Poetics of Women's Autobiography, Sidonie Smith looks for a space for women's life-writing in the schemes proposed by Misch, Dilthey and others, but finds only androcentric patterns: "For Misch, the 'normative' definition of autobiography and the criteria used to evaluate the success of any particular autobiography lie in the relationship of the autobiographer to the arena of public life and discourse" (7). Smith points out that the public sphere has been for the most part denied to women, and those who have crossed the border to become public figures are seen not as representative but as exceptional (8). The result is that women's autobiographies, failing to meet the male/human/universal norms, have been ignored, dismissed, or misunderstood (8). Part of this misunderstanding stems from the assumption of a certain kind of selfhood rooted in the metaphysics of "the essential self, one that privileges individuality and separateness over connectedness" (12). Smith argues that women write out of a different conception of self--one which, according to Nancy Chodorow's psychoanalytic theory and Dorothy Dinnerstein's conception of mother-child relationships, is based on "more flexible and permeable ego boundaries" (Chodorow qtd. in Smith 12). This brings a "different kind of voice" (Smith 12) to women's self-narratives, one characterized not by the logical argumentation, causal narrative, and forward drive of "masculine" writing, but by the "different ink" of "feminine" writing exemplified by narrative rupture, gaps, wordplay and *jouissance*, which work to break up logocentric discourse.

As women's texts have been recovered, theories of autobiography appropriate to the reading of those texts have emerged. The first theories focused on the content of women's biographies compared to that of men's: "[i]nstead of adventures and vocation, of existential angst and alienations, women write about the sphere of domesticity and about the affective curve in the plot of love" (Smith 17). Later theories characterize women's writing as "fragmentary and discontinuous," a mode imitative of women's experience in a variety of relational roles. These approaches, however, result in dualisms that are often hard to defend in the face of numerous contrary examples.

Partially in answer to Gusdorf, feminist critic Carolyn Heilbrun argues in her 1985 article, "Woman's Autobiographical Writings: New Forms," that in contrast to men's autobiography, which is "shaped by the contemplation of their own singularity" and expresses "the wonder [the author] feels before the mystery of his own destiny" (Gusdorf qtd. in Heilbrun 14), women's life writing has been, until very recently, "radically different" from men's, "scarcely deserv[ing] the name of autobiography" (14). Heilbrun places women in Gusdorf's "pre-autobiographical" era, in which "singularity was hardly to be boasted of" (14), and notes that in their autobiographies, even accomplished political or public women fail to emphasize their own importance and refuse to offer themselves as a model. Instead they depict themselves in a "female variant of the high tradition of spiritual autobiography" (Heilbrun 16), the only acceptable mode in which to express achievement. Furthermore, in "The Other Voice: Autobiographies of Women Writers," Mary G. Mason distinguishes between the patterns of men's and women's autobiographies: "Nowhere in women's autobiographies do we find the patterns established by the two prototypical male autobiographers, Augustine and Rousseau; and conversely, male writers never take up the

archetypal models of Julian [of Norwich], Margery Kempe, Margaret Cavendish, and Anne Bradstreet” (21). “Nowhere” and “never”—this is strong language, indeed, needed perhaps to make her point that certainly in general, there appear to be different patterns established by men’s and women’s autobiographies. In the classic male autobiography, the subject, like American Henry Adams in The Education of Henry Adams, becomes a universal everyman, a “representative of the time, a mirror of his era” (Brodzki and Schenck 2) in which maleness and humanity are conflated. In Augustine’s Confessions, the author presents himself as an analogue to God, and Jean-Jacques Rousseau, in his Confessions, boasts of himself as unique. As models for women’s autobiography, these self-aggrandizing patterns seem to be insufficient because they attribute an importance to the self that does not tend to reflect most women’s experience.

In the introduction to Life/Lines: Theorizing Women’s Autobiography, Bella Brodzki and Celeste Schenck characterize the most pervasive attribute of women’s life-writing as the “delineation of identity by alterity,” that is, self-definition in relation to significant others, whether they be children, friends, husbands, or lovers (8). This characteristic is evident from the earliest examples of women’s autobiography right up to the present day. For instance, in the short, twenty-four-page autobiography of Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle, first published as a part of her husband’s autobiography in 1656, the author states her wish that future readers not err “in not knowing I was daughter to one Master Lucas of St. Johns, near Colchester, in Essex, second wife to the Lord Marquis of Newcastle; for my Lord having had two wives, I might easily have been mistaken, especially if I should die and my Lord marry again” (Mason 20). In the work of a twentieth-century writer, editor Faith Evans notes in the introduction to Rebecca West’s autobiography, Family Memories, that West

“uses [the members of her family] to express her own feelings and ideas. Indeed, her very identity seems at time to fuse with theirs” (1). This is a pattern not typically undertaken by male autobiographers; nor do women usually adopt the patterns of the above-mentioned male writers.

One of the problems of studying women’s autobiography has been the lack of a model that takes into consideration these differences between men’s and women’s self-writing. In The Female Autograph, editor Domna Stanton presents a pluralistic “collage” (vii) of essays that “undermine[s]” the generic boundaries which have hindered studies of autobiography by producing lists of characteristics by which various modes of self-inscription are categorized. She breaks apart the word “autobiography,” excising the “bios” to highlight a move away from autobiography as a narration of “a life” and a move towards the discovery of how women’s texts “*graph the auto*” (viii). Indeed, Stanton adds a new element to create the word “autogynography,” which she incorporates into the interrogatory title of the opening essay, “Autogynography: Is the Subject Different?” In spite of the recent fervent study in the area of autobiography by Mehlman, Bruss, Spengemann, and Lejeune (4), to name a few, Stanton finds that women’s writings—both primary and secondary sources—are still conspicuous by their absence. She concludes that the term “autobiographical” has been used to valorize men’s writing (like that of Augustine, Montaigne, and Rousseau) but to denigrate women’s writing: “women could not transcend, but only record, the concerns of the private self” (4). Important in Stanton’s work on autogynography was Estelle Jelinek’s generative Women’s Autobiography: Essays in Criticism, which gathered from “disparate places” essays to form a “whole” so that such writing could be seen as a “distinct school of criticism” (Jelinek qtd. in Stanton 5).

Although Estelle Jelinek's text provided a matrix for later theorists and purported to form a "whole" from disparate pieces, the theory of women's autobiography, like theory elsewhere, is characterized by disjuncture and non-cohesion, with a rich panoply of voices articulating differing positions. For example, in theorizing "the politics and possibilities of women's self-representation" (ix), Leigh Gilmore looks at the potential for the interdisciplinary study of women's autobiography and its presence in discourses other than literary criticism, where it has been largely ignored. In contrast to some other theorists, Gilmore does not see women as a single social group which produces narratives of "shared 'female experience'"; she "cannot locate female identity and experience in a unitary, transhistorical female experience and female body and claim those as unproblematical and unifying grounds of meaning" (xii). Although she recognizes the political and practical benefits of "interpellat[ion] as 'woman' or [as] a member of the category 'women'" (xiii), she agrees with Judith Butler's proposition that such grouping may unintentionally ignore significant differences. In constructing an "autobiographics," Gilmore considers not only the history of self-representation as constructed by autobiography, but also the "contemporary discursive histories of specific autobiographical texts" (xiii). In doing so, she rejects the "psychologizing paradigm" (xiii) adopted by many feminists and literary critics, including Mary Mason. This paradigm, which "reproduces the ideological tenets of individualism" (xiii) states:

Men are autonomous individuals with inflexible ego boundaries who write autobiographies that turn on moments of conflict and place the self at the center of the drama. Women, by contrast, have flexible ego boundaries, develop a view of the world characterized by relationships (with priority frequently given to the mother-daughter bond), and therefore represent the self in relation to "others." (xiii)

Gilmore argues instead that autobiography, as opposed to simply having an experiential base, is written in the context of discourses that construct “truth, identity and power” (xiv) and in this process, construct a gendered subject. Interested in how women have navigated the waters of those various discourses, Gilmore does not assume they all move through them in the same way: both “women” and “autobiography” refer to many disparate and irreconcilable experiences and varieties of representation. In Gilmore’s economy, these terms “come to represent diversity as a natural and stable identity” (xiv). She seems to apply this diversity to the genre itself: the autobiographical is that which “resists static identity categories” (233).

*What sort of diary should I like mine to be? Something loose knit, and yet not slovenly, so elastic that it will embrace anything, solemn, slight or beautiful that comes into my mind. I should like it to resemble some deep old desk, or capacious hold-all, in which one flings a mass of odds and ends without looking them through. . . . The main requisite . . . is not to play the part of censor, but to write as the mood comes of anything whatever.*¹³

Virginia Woolf, Diary, 20 April 1919

Moving from the broad field of autobiography—a field which seems to be broader than ever before—I want to consider a sub-genre, the diary. Diaries have often been looked

on as merely a source of information about an author or era; they have also been viewed as second-rate literature. Generations of critics have virtually ignored both women's autobiography and women's diaries because "the *bios* [has not] been culturally significant and because the self-representation [has not] been aesthetically significant by androcentric criteria" (Smith 8). These works were often "misread and labeled inferior because they do not conform to . . . normative prescription of theme and structure" (9, 10). However, like other forms of women's life-writing, diaries play a major part in the recovery of female history: "[w]ithout distortion by an intermediary they reveal what women take to be true about themselves, their world, and its representability" (Blodgett 1).

In her introduction to Capacious Hold-All: An Anthology of English Women's Diary Writings, Harriett Blodgett points out that although each diarist has a unique voice (1), and her own style, readers find "certain recurrent female attitudes and experiences" because the diarists all write from within the parameters of life in a "male-dominant culture" (2). Blodgett argues that women's diaries "show certain commonalities, the impress, as it were, of female conditioning" (2). Some of these characteristics of female existence in a patriarchal culture, which find expression in women's diaries include reticence, self-devaluation, desire to serve others, and conflicts over female roles with male power (2). In fact, the circumscribed conditions of women's lives may have contributed directly to the keeping of diaries: actors on no stage other than the home, "women noted the minutiae of domestic affairs . . . the serial record of personal memorabilia that gives us a sense of the diarist too" (3).

This is certainly true of Ada Sykes' diary: the daily reports on weather, chores, food supply, correspondence, and other particulars of life on the frontier constitute the "minutiae

of domestic affairs” (Blodgett 3). In addition, religious fervor played a part in the development of diary writing; in the late sixteenth and the seventeenth century, the diary of conscience, precursor of the secular diary, centred on introspection, and provided a way for religious men and women to record their “derelictions of duty” (3). By the eighteenth century, the letter diary was in vogue; daily entries were sent to a recipient, with the writer keeping a copy as a diary (5). Often women missionaries, or others who emigrated for various reasons, wrote lengthy letters back home as a daily record of their activities. These letters, meant to be read by at least one other person, and often by a community of interested friends or sponsors, formed an almost-daily inscription or diary, as in the case of Mary Percy Jackson, the doctor who emigrated in 1929 from England to Northern Alberta, and her contemporary, Anglican missionary Monica Storrs, whose “letters” are preserved in God’s Galloping Girl: The Peace River Diaries of Monica Storrs, 1929-1931 and Companions of the Peace: Diaries and Letters of Monica Storrs, 1931-1939.

The most personal or private form of life-writing, the diary is nevertheless often written in circumspect language, the writer always conscious of others who might find and read the entries, initially written by the author for the author. For example, historian Lillian Schlissel notes that the silence surrounding reproduction and childbirth is very evident in the diaries of women who made the overland journey from the American Midwest to the Oregon Territory in the latter half of the nineteenth century. She suggests that for many of the men who went west, the journey was the physical expression of a new start and a break with the past (104). They were young, reaching maturity and eager to accomplish something. The journey became a dramatic rite of passage to adulthood (Schlissel 105). However, for the women, this kind of journey did not fit in with their natural life cycle. The rigours of the

overland journey could not be considered normal for a pregnant woman. As a consequence, the diaries of the men on the journey seldom mention the birth of their children, but the mother's diaries always do: "Saddled two horses and started to read . . . a lady in a wagon party two miles back . . . found the lady quite comfortable in a bed in a wagon with a little daughter--perhaps an hour old" (106). Although the birth is mentioned as commonplace, it is often also shrouded behind a veil of "not telling" (Schlissel 108). For example, Adrietta Hixon, a young girl who crossed the continent, was surprised by the arrival of a baby brother on the Trail. In her diary, she first records that "Father did some washing and extra cooking that day" and then, "Later that evening, I heard Father ask Mother what she thought about going on the next day. She answered, 'the baby and I can ride as well on this feather bed as not'" (109). Often, as is true in the case of the birth of the Sykes' baby, Mary, the recording of the birth is the only overt mention in the diary that a woman was pregnant.

According to Helen Buss, diaries are by their nature very personal, "only minimally constructed for public readers" (Mapping 23). In decoding diaries, she uses historical material not available to the diarist to decode significances in the writing; on the other hand, the diarist had access to certain personal information about herself that is not explicit in the diary, but "which led her to encode certain presences as silences in her text" (23). The reader's responsibility is to "mitigate the silence that male-centred language [and by extension, customs, cultural codes, and social relations] imposed on women's real lives" (24). In Read This Only to Yourself: The Private Writings of Midwestern Women, 1880-1910, Elizabeth Hampsten notes that repetition, number of entries, and silences and gaps must be read as clues from women who wanted to have their voice heard: "[w]e must interpret what is not written as well as what is, and rather than dismiss repetitions, value them

especially” (4). This thesis provides another way for Ada Sykes’ voice to be heard; my imaginative participation in her life through poetry interprets the silences and gaps she left us. Virginia Woolf notes of diarist Elizabeth, Lady Holldan (1770-1845), what is typical of many women diarists: “it was not the purpose of her diary to follow her feelings closely, or indeed to record them at all, except to sum them up now and then in a businesslike way, as though she made a note in shorthand for future use” (qtd. in Blodgett 7). These characteristics are evident in the diary of Ada Sykes. The purpose of her diary is not to record her feelings, but to set down in summary fashion the highlights of each day. Although many entries seem the same, with details about the weather, food, visitors, and chores, these repetitions make plain to readers the kind of life that she lived.

The theory of women’s autobiography, like the writings that it describes, is multifaceted, varied, and in some cases, very personal. Like the “deep old desk” or “capacious hold-all” that Virginia Woolf wished her diary to resemble, the theory of life-writing now contains “a mass of odds and ends” that has been variously characterized as “solemn, slight [and] beautiful.” Just as Virginia Woolf’s diary speaks to us about her life, theory itself is a “voice” which offers “enabling potential” to readers, giving a way of seeing the variegated threads of the tapestry that is women’s autobiography.

Chapter Two

Mapping the Ground: The Diary of Ada Sykes

British historian Katherine Storr focuses her 1996 study on two diaries which a friend had “serendipitously purchased in a car-boot sale” (9). Laurel Thatcher Ulrich, author of the Pulitzer Prize-winning A Midwife’s Tale, a book based on the eighteenth-century New England diary of midwife and healer Martha Ballard, says she found Ballard’s diary “by accident”: having some spare time while researching another project, Ulrich went to a library to look for a certain item, and while there, found the Ballard diary: “two fat volumes bound in homemade linen covers” (Kahn-Leavitt). With similar fortuity, I first learned about the diary of Ada Sykes at a lecture given by Dr. Theresa Healy at the University of Northern British Columbia in Fort St. John in March 1996. This chapter provides historical details about the Sykes family as well as an analysis of Ada Sykes’ diary. In addition, I will argue that this diary has certain features common to pioneer women’s diaries, and that Ada Sykes’ life is representative of a character type well-established in both Canadian history and Canadian literature.

Ada Sykes was born Ada Adelia Countryman on November 19, 1886. The Countryman family was descended from Johann Friedrich Guntermann, who emigrated to England and then to upper New York state from the Palatine region of Germany in the early 1700s (Countryman 1). His grandson, Jacob, a United Empire Loyalist, settled along the St. Lawrence River near Cornwall, Ontario, in 1784. Jacob’s grandson, John J., cleared land farther away from the river as land along the water highway was scarce. Because of increasing scarcity and higher costs of land, John J.’s son, David, crossed back into the

United States, following the migration to Minnesota for cheaper land (275). He married Alice Roberta Peake on October 4, 1875, in Ninniger, Benton, Minnesota (274). Alice Roberta Peake was born October 15, 1860, in Hamden, Delaware, New York, the daughter of Roswell Lawrence Peake and Sarah Adelia Robinson (274). David eventually gave up farming and worked for the railway laying track out to Washington state. In 1898, when Ada was 12 years old, her mother, father, two sisters and a brother left Wisconsin to help build the railroad grade for the Great Northern Railroad. They lived in a converted boxcar, moving along as the grade pushed west, ending in Monroe, Washington (Marrington 1). David and Alice Peake Countryman had fifteen children (see Ill. 4, page x). After David's death on March 28, 1915, in Monroe, Washington, Alice married recently-widowed Benjamin Silas Sykes, Sr., the father of Benjamin Silas Sykes, Jr., who had married her daughter, Ada Adelia (see Ill. 16, page xviii). Alice Peake Countryman Sykes died on October 17, 1916, in Monroe, Washington, at the age of fifty-six.

Benjamin Silas Sykes, Sr., was born on May 11, 1848, the fourth of the eight children of James Sykes, Sr., born on March 4, 1825, in Yorkshire, England, and Rebecca Broadbent Sykes, born about 1829 (Nelson, *The Ranch*). The family emigrated to America in the 1840s, settling in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, where James Sykes worked in the iron industry. James Sykes, Sr., served in Company 1, 8th United States Infantry from 1861 to the end of the American Civil War (para. 2). When Benjamin [Sr.] was two years old, his family moved to western Wisconsin. When he was twenty-one, Benjamin moved to eastern Minnesota to take up a three-year apprenticeship in the wagon-maker's trade (para. 3). On April 11, 1871, Benjamin [Sr.] married Nancy Jane Van Buren (see Ill. 1, page viii). In 1872,

they moved to western Minnesota, near Marshall, where he practiced his trade of carpentry. Both were active in the Methodist Episcopal Church (Nelson, *The Ranch* 2, para. 1). The Sykes children were born while they lived there: Cullen (Feb. 16, 1872), Elmer (Feb. 19, 1879), Cora Rebecca (about 1884), Benjamin Silas [Jr.] (Feb. 13, 1883,¹³ in Marshall, Minnesota), and a daughter who died before she was named (Nelson, *The Ranch* 2, para. 1; see Ill. 20, page xxi).

In July 1887, Benjamin Sykes, Sr., packed up his family and left Minnesota by covered wagon, this time heading for the town of Roslyn, Washington, where he homesteaded 80 acres. After two years there, the family homesteaded about 12 miles (18 kilometres) from Snohomish, Washington, and four miles (seven kilometres) from the nearest road (Marrington): “A wagon could be taken to within four or five miles of [Ben’s] place, but provisions had to be transported the rest of the way on the backs of the men, and it was several years before a wagon road was completed to his home” (Nelson, *The Ranch*, para. 3). In 1901, Ben and Nancy moved again, this time near to Monroe, Washington. The Sykes’ farm was located about 8 miles (12 kilometres) outside of Monroe on Woods Creek Road, which runs north through the property (Wagner, personal communication; see Ill. 2 and 3, page ix). The Sykes family settled “farther up the stream than any other pioneer” (Nelson, *The Ranch*, para. 3). The part of Woods Creek that runs through the property between the house and the barn¹⁴ was called Sykes Springs (see Ill. 14, page xvi). From this spring, the town of Monroe got its water for some time (Wagner, personal communication). Ben [Jr.] and his father, Benjamin Silas Sykes, Sr., who was a journeyman carpenter,

worked full- time in the construction business in Monroe during their years there, helping to build the first school in the area (Nelson, *The Ranch*, para. 3).

Ada Countryman met Benjamin Silas Sykes, Jr., in Monroe, Washington, where both their families lived. They married on March 22, 1905, and remained in Monroe until 1910 (see Ill. 7, page xii; Ill. 8, page xiii). According to Ron Marrington, Ben Sykes, Jr., had heard reports of numerous fur-bearing animals in the northern part of British Columbia. Leaving his wife and two children in Monroe with his parents, he crossed the border on July 6, 1910, heading north. By train from Vancouver he headed up the Fraser Canyon to Ashcroft, which at that time was at the end of the railroad. Freight going north from there was hauled by three wagons in tandem, pulled by ten horses in a string (Marrington, "Sykes," 1). Ben hired on as cook and ended up at Soda Creek, where the paddle-wheeler *Chilcotin* was being built. Because of his background in carpentry, he helped with the construction. After the vessel was completed, Ben Sykes worked as a deckhand, but on its first return trip, the boat was wrecked in the Fort George Canyon. At that time, "[r]ather than wait for repairs, he sent for his father" (Marrington 1).

On September 1, 1910, Ben and his father bought a canoe and supplies for the winter and headed up the Fraser River to Garnet Creek, about seventeen kilometres west of where McBride now stands. They spent the winter trapping (see Ill. 5, page xi, and Ill. 11, page xv), and in the spring, when the ice went out, they paddled farther upriver with their furs to Tete Jaune Cache, a native village of about forty people (Marrington, "Sykes," 1-2). While Ben took the furs by packhorse to Hinton, Alberta, his father stayed at Tete Jaune Cache and built a log cabin and a small store (see Ill. 13, page xvi). When Ben returned, he had supplies

for the trading post. They traded and sold goods to the local residents as well as the many prospectors working the river sandbars (Marrington, "Sykes," 2). In addition to operating the trading post, Ben and his father trapped and big-game guided until the railroad reached Tete Jaune Cache in 1914 (2). On July 10, 1911, Ben's family, including his mother, joined him. By this time, Alice¹⁵ had been born. Ben Sykes met his wife, his mother, and his three children, Bessie, David, and Alice, who at that time was only five months old (see Ill. 6, page xi). Ron Marrington says his grandfather, Ben Sykes, was an "amazing man. They went in with nothing and they lived off the land. There was nothing there; they were some of the first to arrive in that area" (19 Jan. 2003). Ben Sykes had built an open raft, perhaps eight-by-twelve feet or twelve-by-sixteen feet. On this they loaded their few possessions, and along with the children, set off down-river: "Grandfather wouldn't take them through the rapids, so my grandmother had to take the children off the raft, and walk downstream along the river bank past the rapids where my grandfather picked them up again" (Marrington 19 Jan. 2003).

Shortly after that, Ben's parents moved downriver about ninety kilometres to Dome where they built another trading post. Ben moved his family by raft about 250 kilometres downriver to Slim Creek, where they homesteaded, supplementing their living by guiding and trapping in the winter: "They'd go up on Red Mountain—rich people from the States" (Marrington 19 Jan. 2003). Ron Marrington says Ben Sykes was "a poacher. He always knew where the game warden was. He'd shoot a moose and sell it for \$10 a quarter. He left it in the woods, frozen, until he needed it. . . . He sold a lot of meat" (19 Feb. 2003). Logging also brought in some cash: "Ben logged the homestead and floated the logs down river to the big mill at Penny" (Marrington 2). Ben Sykes was also a prospector. Ron Marrington

remembers seeing, at his grandparents' house when he was a boy, a "Vaseline jar full of gold that he [Ben Sykes] had taken from the river" (19 Feb. 2003).

Ada Adelia Sykes and her husband, Benjamin Sykes, were among early settlers along the upper Fraser River in the area just upstream from the Fraser's Grand Canyon. This area of Lindup, Penny, Bend, and Dome Creek was the site of many small logging operations and sawmills over the years starting in the early 1900s. Today, the townsites are situated beside the rail line which follows the Fraser River in a northwesterly direction.

In order to understand how Ada Sykes spent her days, I needed to analyse the diary. In an interview with Laurie Kahn-Leavitt, Laurel Ulrich says she began her study of Martha Ballard's diary "by counting things." In her effort to manage the amount of material with which she was working—Ballard's diary comprises 9,965 entries covering twenty-seven years (Ulrich 9)—she made a data collection form and ticked off activities that were in each entry: for example, brewing, spinning, trading, baking, church, and of course, deliveries. According to Ulrich, "[t]he counting was tedious and it was difficult. But it gave [her] patterns, it gave [her] the structure of [Ballard's] life and it gave [her] a framework for interpretation" (Kahn-Leavitt). Following this system, I first counted the number of diary entries (see Fig. 1). Most of the entries are consecutive; however, there are some gaps.

Because I was working with a small number of pages (see Appendix C, Diary of Ada Adelia Sykes, 1912-1915), I chose first to color-code the entries in Ada Sykes' diary, using different colored highlighters for various topics. The threads I initially followed were: place names, people's names, weather, cooking, other indoor chores, outdoor chores, writing or receiving letters, personal pronouns, and Sunday. The color-coding provided an immediate

visual impression of how Ada Sykes spent her time, and a picture began to emerge of what her days were like.

The Scope of the Diary

No. of entries	1912	No. of entries	1913	
13	Aug. 19-31	30	Jan. 1-30	Jan. 31 is missing
30	Sept. 1-30	24	Feb. 1-24	
31	Oct. 1-31		Feb. 25-28	No entries
30	Nov. 1-30		March-July	No entries - at Henningsville
31	Dec. 1-31	1	Aug. 17	Mary born
			Sept.-Dec.	No entries - at Henningsville
	1914		1915	
	Jan.-Feb.	31	Jan. 1-31	
1	March	28	Feb. 1-28	
1	March 31	31	Mar. 1-31	
1	April 4	30	Apr. 1-30	
	May-Aug.	11	May 1-11	
1	Sept. 24			
1	Sept. 30			
4	Oct. 1, 3, 4, 5			
1	Oct. 17			
2	Oct. 18, 19			
12	Oct. 20-31			
30	Nov. 1-30			
31	Dec. 1-31			
220		186	Total = 406	

Fig. 1 Days covered by Ada Sykes' diary

In addition to color-coding the activities recorded in the diary, I also created a data collection form, listing the entry dates down the left-hand column, and various motifs across the page to the right. This time, I further separated some categories; for instance, instead of the broad category "indoor chores," I counted references to food, baking, cooking, sewing, children, writing letters, receiving mail, and washing/ironing. Among "outdoor chores," I

listed hunting, working on buildings, sawing or chopping wood, gardening, and working on the land. A total is provided for the number of times a motif is mentioned in each month, as well as a cumulative total from month to month (see Fig. 2).

Data Collection Form for May 1915

May 1915	Wthr.	Food	Bake	Cook	Clean	Sew	Child.	Hunt	Wood	Build	Store	Place	Name	Letter	Mail	Sun	Gard.	Land
1	1	1	1		1			1					1					
2	1	1										1		1	1	1		
3	1	1	1	1				1					1		1			
4	1							1	1				1				1	
5	1					1			1				1					
6	1							1									1	
7												1		1				
8	1		1		1			1										
9	1	1										1	1		1			
10	1								1								1	
11	1							1					1					
Total	10	4	3	1	2	1	0	6	3	0	0	3	6	2	3	1	3	
Cum.	376	71	89	23	13	46	34	165	73	26	38	56	126	48	65	35	12	

Fig. 2 Data Collection Form for May 1915, showing monthly and cumulative totals for various activities recorded in Ada Sykes' diary.

Following are the results of this analysis:

- there are 406 entries in the 23-page typescript
- from the start of the diary on August 19, 1912 to the end of 1912, no days are missed
- January 1913 is complete except for Jan. 31
- for the rest of 1913 and most of 1914, there are only several entries, covering months at a time
- consecutive daily entries resume in October 1914
- entries for 1915 are consecutive from January 1 to May 11, the final entry in the diary
- there are 21 different places named (See Fig. 3)
- there are 62 people mentioned, counting Ada (See Fig. 4 and 5)

- 35 times Sykes mentions that it is Sunday (one of which is not)
- 113 times she mentions letters: writing letters (48) or receiving mail (65)
- almost every day (376 out of 406 entries or 92.6 per cent) contains a weather report
- 167 times she mentions indoor chores other than cooking or baking: washing/ironing (74), cleaning or scrubbing (13), patching or sewing (46), caring for her children (34)
- 112 times she mentions either cooking (23) and baking (89), usually itemizing what she cooked that day, for example, bread, pies, caribou tongue, beans, or a cake for a special occasion such as a birthday; in addition, she mentions meals or groceries 71 times
- 292 times she mentions outside chores, such as sawing or chopping wood (73), hunting (165), gardening (12), and preparing the land (42). Sometimes the entry states that Ben went hunting; other entries specify, by use of the personal pronoun “I,” that it was Ada herself who shot a bird or sawed wood.

Place Names in Ada Sykes Diary

42	114	These numbered places were points along the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway line, which followed the Fraser River. The numbers indicate the number of miles along the route from the Alberta border. Summit (not mentioned in the diary) is Mile 1. Tete Jaune Cache is 49; Tete Jaune Station is 52 (Wheeler 1).
53	133	
60	154	
66	160	
83		
Beaver River		Henningville
Bend		Linthrop or Lintrop
Cranberry Marsh		Moose Canyon
Dome Creek		Penny
Garnet Creek		Sandcreek
Guilford		TG

Fig. 3 Place Names in Ada Sykes' Diary

People with whom Ada Sykes Corresponded

Albert	Elinor	Jenny	Tom
Agnes	Ethel	Laura	Vina
Chrissie	Eva	Mary Moffatt	Eatons
Cora	Hookers	Mrs. Middy	The Aluminum Co.
Edna	Hugh	Stella	Hudson's Bay Co.

Fig. 4 People with whom Ada Sykes Corresponded

People in Ada Sykes' World

Baker	Dr. Gray	Gus	Mrs. Coolic
Boscome	Dr. McDougall	Harry	Narboo, Mc
Charles	Dr. Smith	Jasper	Narboo, John
Clark	Elmer	Joe	Peterson
Cook	Eng.	McCabin, R.	Rose
Cullen	Eric	Melaas	Ross
Curly	German	Mr. Melsin	Rover, Bill
Daneil (sic)	German Imberi	Mrs. Martin	Scullit

Fig. 5 People in Ada Sykes' World

Despite the many rich historical details and personal stories related to me by various family members, readers are given very little information in the diary about the Sykes family or the friends and neighbors who visit or correspond with Ada. The paratextual handwritten note on the cover of the typescript gives Ada Adelia Sykes' date of birth as August 19, 1886 and date of death as December 31, 1977 (see Ill. 21, page xxi). In addition, in the diary, Ada Sykes announces the birthdays of the family members: Ben, February 13; Bessie, February 24; David, January 14; Alice, February 9; and Mary, August 17, 1913 (see Ill. 15, page xvii). A Penny for Your Thoughts, a 250-page history of the Penny area, gives the ages of the children in 1912: Bessie, 5; David, 3; and Alice, 1 (165). The birth order rather than the children's exact ages is decipherable from the entry for February 21, 1915, in which the

writer lists the children from the oldest to the youngest: “Bessies [*sic*] shoes size 1, David 10½, Alice 8½, Mary’s 4½” (123). Ada Sykes also tells the date of her tenth wedding anniversary as March 22, 1915. She married Benjamin Sykes when she was 18 years old, in 1905, with Bessie, David, and Alice being born in 1907, 1909, and 1911, respectively (see Ill. 17, page xix).

The main characters in Ada Sykes’ life are her husband, Ben; her four children, Bessie, David, Alice, and Mary; her mother, with whom she corresponds; her father, whom she visits in Monroe, Washington; and Ben’s father, referred to as Pa.

One of the features of the diary that first attracted my attention is the sparseness of the entries, which are, for the most part, consecutive day-by-day entries written in a very terse style, with no extra words, saying only what is necessary. This form could be the result of several things. One might be the sheer lack of energy. Like women today, pioneer women were very busy. As in other pioneer or settler societies, women in early British Columbia were expected to “produce children and perform the back-breaking domestic work of pioneer life: both functions were indispensable to the survival of the settlement” (Meen 116). In the interior of the province, gender roles were not as clearly defined as in major centres of settlement:

Women did every kind of farm work, including the heavy labour of clearing land. Family farms not only needed women to cook, nurse, run the dairy and the henhouse, raise vegetables, make clothes and join in the work of the harvest, but often depended on the income women made from selling their butter and eggs. . . . Women’s skills could be the key to family survival. (Meen 116)

Ada Sykes not only took care of her three children—she had three when she first moved to Penny in 1912, but eight by the time she left in 1924 (see Ill. 18 and 19, page xx)—and made

the meals, pies, cakes and bread, but also helped her husband with outdoor chores such as hunting, shooting game, and chopping wood. Coupled with a lack of energy, Ada Sykes may simply have run out of time. In her article, "Lifelines," Jean Mallinson says writing a journal is a "triumph" because it means "leisure, or at least a pause long enough to open the diary and begin writing" (59). In addition, there may have been a lack of materials. We know that the Sykes family was one of the first families in the Penny area. Lighting was probably by oil lamps and supplies would probably have been conserved as much as possible. In addition, she simply may not have had an abundance of paper.

Another influence on the form of the entries may be the fact that Ada and Ben Sykes were storekeepers. According to the local history, A Penny for Your Thoughts, "[t]hey operated a store or trading post there, selling and trading to the scows and construction camps" (165). The construction crews were clearing the right-of-way for the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, which finally reached Penny in 1913. On August 28, 1912, Ada Sykes writes that they "[s]old some tobacco" (106) and on October 14, "[s]old hunting knife \$3.50 (109). Ben Sykes hunted and sold or traded meat to the camps (see Ill. 9 and 10, page xiv). For instance, on September 2, Ada records that "Ben went down to camp, traded 1 bottle of brandy for 9 big cans of milk, 7 lbs. butter, 4 lbs. cheese, about \$9.00 worth" (107). Ben sold a moose quarter for \$10 and a hide for \$5 (111). In the undated entry after the entry for February 24, 1913, Ada notes that "in March [they] sold the store" (116). The diary has the look of a ledger, a daily accounting of transactions. For example, the entry for August 29, 1912, reads: "Raining again. Shot 3 birds before breakfast. Clear again. Started down river

at 12.30 Sold rubber shoes, got bread, went to Dome Creek, stayed all night. Rained in the night” (106).

In Reading Between the Lines: The Diaries of Women, Betty Jane Wylie states that typically, women’s diaries often do not mention events that were going on in the outside world at large. Ada Sykes’ diary follows this pattern. For instance, the diary spans the beginning of World War One, yet Ada Sykes never mentions it. Research about women’s diaries shows that the “domestic details of a woman’s life are more interesting and pertinent—to a woman—than the external events of the world at large. . . . Even today, women seldom write about world events as they live through them. They focus instead on the minutiae of daily life and on relationships within the family and community” (Wylie 93).

However, some “domestic” details are startling by their absence. According to Betty Jane Wylie, women have a “terrible reticence” when discussing the functions of their bodies, even to themselves, that is, in a diary meant mostly for themselves (94). Ada Sykes is no different from generations of previous women diarists, aware and suspicious of a possible but unintended audience. For instance, she suddenly announces, “On August 17, 1913, Mary was born” (116). Up to this point in the diary, there is no explicit indication that she is even pregnant. Since Mary was born in the middle of August, Ada would have become pregnant around the middle of November 1912, and possibly suspected she was pregnant by the end of December.

In Mapping Our Selves: Canadian Women’s Autobiography in English, Helen Buss argues that pregnancy and labour are not fit subjects for public discourse, which in patriarchal societies, centres on men’s activities. Buss states that women had “never been

given permission . . . to express emotions and thoughts that centre on this important female activity. In this regard the language is insufficient to [their] needs” (44). Perhaps, then, as Buss elsewhere suggests, “the bodies of mothers are in their texts” (“Listening” 201) but only subtle clues remain. As is often the case, “the thing not said can speak to the reader the loudest” (201). Although there is no overt indication of Ada Sykes’ pregnancy in her diary, there may be some clues in what she has written. For instance, on Sunday, January 19, 1913, she writes, “Ben took Mrs. Martin home.” Perhaps this woman had been visiting, and Ada Sykes had confided in her about the impending birth. Mrs. Martin may have been someone on whom Ada Sykes could have called in an emergency. In addition, on February 21, 1913, Ada Sykes writes: “I made my dress” (115). This is the only time in the diary that she mentions sewing a dress for herself; it may have been a maternity dress to see her through the rest of her pregnancy. Then on February 24, the Sykes went up river on the ice to Henningsville [sic]: “Found Pa and Bertha well, surprised them.” Their arrival would have been a surprise, as there was no way to alert people to an impending visit: people just “dropped in” on one another. It would be my guess that she surprised them with the news that she was pregnant. When the baby was seven and a half months old, Ada Sykes traveled with the baby, Mary, to Monroe, Washington, to visit her parents, spending the summer there. Mary was thirteen months old when they returned to Guilford. Ada Sykes had been away from her husband for five and a half months.

From the time Ada Sykes wrote her diary in the early years of the twentieth century to the time I wrote letters from Headwaters Ranch home to my parents, not much changed in the manner in which pregnancy is detailed in women’s life-writing. I still approach the

mention of the impending birth of my second baby obliquely, as in the following passage from July 7, 1976: “Fred and I are fine, too. I went for a check-up this week, so far I’ve only gained two pounds. Every day, I get an egg, and milk at every meal. I have been given many clothes, dresses and jumpers that should fit me right to the end. The women here are real good about sharing their maternity clothes.” I avoid the harsh guttural of the sound of the word “pregnant,” but refer instead to having “maternity clothes.”

Also typical of women’s diaries is an emphasis on food. Betty Jane Wylie says that in many women’s diaries, food becomes a symbol of the woman’s care for and nurturing of her family (214). In my own letters from Headwaters Ranch, mentioning the quantity and quality of food was a way of assuring my family that everything was all right. In the first letter after our arrival, dated July 20, 1975, I write: “The food is very good here—fresh, cold cows’ milk, real home made butter, and lots of hearty vegetables. We had egg foo young for lunch on Saturday and today we had banana pudding. We are well looked after in this area!” (131).

A month later, on August 16, I give further assurances:

We have 3 big gardens this year . . . We have fresh lettuce almost every day, plus all sorts of “greens”—beet greens, radish greens, turnip greens—these are all cooked and eaten like spinach. We also have some kale. This is a plant that looks like real curly lettuce. It is a fresh winter green. We don’t harvest it now, but in the winter we can dig under the snow for it, and it is perfectly all right—the snow doesn’t harm it. Last weekend, 15 girls went to a farm near Ft. St. John and picked 1150 pounds of green beans. We canned these and got 920 jars of beans to eat this winter. Some were quart jars, some—half-gallon. We eat lots of potatoes here; also lots of bread. Each day’s cook team makes 25-35 loaves of bread; 15 loaves get used up at one meal! Often we have corn bread or biscuits with our soup. (139-140)

On August 31, I explain that “[m]oose season opened last week and the two men who went hunting brought back a thousand pound moose. Yesterday we had moose-burgers, and today we had moose steaks. Besides the fresh meat we also canned 63 qts. for the coming winter.” (145).

Preparing foods for the winter occupied our thoughts and time as we sought to provide for our families. On September 15, 1976, I write:

The big activity around here for the ladies lately has been berry-picking and jam making. The picking is very slow work but if you find a good patch you can just sit down for a couple of hours and pick in that one spot. I collected 4 cups of blueberries and mixed them with about 1/2 cup of cranberries (these are the main two kinds) and got about 36 ounces of jam. You just boil it all together with a bit of water and 4 cups of sugar (about a cup/sugar for each cup of berries). The cranberries have their own natural pectin which causes the jam to thicken on cooling: that’s why we mix the two kinds. One lady here, a real “pro” at berrying, already has 7 pints made for the winter. That’s when we really appreciate it. For my first attempt, mine turned out pretty good. (156-7)

Ada Sykes’ pioneer experience, although removed in time from mine by sixty years, encompasses many of the same daily activities. She also fixes a variety of wild game, including birds, rabbits, ducks, and geese. According to Penny historian Jack Boudreau, the birds are grouse and the “water rabbits” are beaver (52). In addition, Ada Sykes records the baking she does for her family, including bread, biscuits, pies (blueberry, apple, pumpkin, and mince), cookies, and cakes for special celebrations. Other foods include stuffed heart and sauce, caribou tongue, dumplings, bean soup, and rice.

Eliane Silverman suggests that baking bread “symbolized for the women their mastery of women’s work” (101) and is an activity that binds women together through generations, “link[ing] frontier women to a collective memory of centuries of other women. The work became more meaningful when they could locate their work in the traditions of

women” (101). However, for some settlers who came from middle-class backgrounds, baking bread was a skill they had to acquire once they arrived in Canada, for they may have had limited experience of it in their former home. For instance, Esme Tuck describes her first bread baking experience: “Fortunately Spencer knew how to toss off a good loaf as I was not very quick at picking up the art. Sad to relate even the hens refused unconditionally to eat the first lot that I made. We of course, could do nothing with it” (63). She goes on to say that although her humiliation was hard to take, it was “as nothing to that of a fellow countrywoman. Her initial attempt was so solid that she quietly took it outside and jettisoned the whole batch, without saying anything to her husband about it. Imagine her mortification when she came on him later using it under a jack with which he was raising a small building” (63). Esme Tuck describes the care with which the dough had to be handled in cold weather: “When the thermometer dipped way below zero, we wrapped the pan up in layers of warm material and stood the ungainly bundle on a hot water bottle in a large box. . . . With too few nightclothes, it became chilled. With too many, it got yeasty and overflowed its banks” (62).

Although Ada Sykes took part in outdoor chores as well, baking and preparing food play a large part in the recorded version of her life in Penny. Like the frontier women whom Silverman interviewed, who “recalled baking with more warmth and enthusiasm than they felt for any of their other work” (101), Ada Sykes diligently records the number of times she baked and prepared food for her family. Several times, however, she mentions a lack of food, perhaps voicing a parent’s worry about providing for a family of three children. For instance, on September 16, 1912, she writes “Ben got no moose today” (107), and again on September 19, “Ben went after moose . . . Ben got back, got no game yet” (108). On January 5, 1915, she reports that “Ben went hunting. Pa looked at traps. . . . Ben got back at 3

o'clock. Got no game" (121) and on January 6: "Ben and Pa went hunting, got no game" (121).

Similar to other women's diaries, Ada Sykes' diary shows variations in the spelling of the names of places and people. For instance, in the February 24, 1913 entry, Ada Sykes refers to going up-river to Henningsville (116). According to the history of the postal service of the area, the name of this post was actually Henningville, named after Henning, a contractor on the Canadian Northern Railway (Symons 128). It was located at Mile 49,¹⁶ three miles downstream from Tete Jaune Cache, the head of navigation on the Fraser River, and was a continuation of the supply warehouses that started in Tete Jaune Cache (Symons 28). Ada Sykes also uses variations of Penny (Penney), and Narboo (Narboe).

In the diary entries, Ada Sykes does not display her emotions. In the sparse entries, everything seems to get the same emotional weight. For instance, the November 16, 1914 entry reads: "Nice day. Ben and Jasper went up on mountains. I got in wood and covered potatoes. Mary burnt her hands. Cold yet today, snowed on mountains" (118). According to Ron Marrington, the cabin had a very large wood-burning stove that went through the wall from the kitchen to the bedroom area so that the whole house would be heated. Mary fell against the hot stove (Marrington, 19 Feb. 2003). Ada Sykes mentions the incident again two days later: "Baby awful cross with burnt hands" (118). At this time, Mary is a fifteen-month-old toddler. On November 25, Ada reports "Mary's hands doing fine" (118), and on December 2, says "Mary's hands nearly all well" (119). Another example of the lack of emotion is found in the entry for April 8, 1915, when Ada writes "Ben went down got mothers [sic] letter telling of Papa's death. A nice day. I patched some" (126). She

expresses no regret but merely enfolds the news of “Papa’s” death in the telling of the weather and her everyday activities.

As I read the diary, I was interested in knowing if the kind of life Ada Sykes led was representative of pioneer women’s lives. In her book, The Pioneer Woman: A Canadian Character Type, Elizabeth Thompson states that the pioneer woman character had its beginnings in history, not literature, drawing from the actual pioneer experiences of women like Catherine Parr Traill and her sister, Susanna Moodie, who settled in Upper Canada during the early nineteenth century, and who created a new life and a new social mythology for themselves. Far from family and friends, they were forced to learn new domestic skills and to redefine their roles within the family and society. Part of this redefinition concerns the gendered division of labour. In many entries, Ada Sykes uses no names or personal pronouns, so it is difficult to be sure who performs the action; for instance, on September 6, 1912, she writes: “Fried out fat, got three gallons. Then worked on house. Then made dutch oven and had supper” (107). However, on September 9, 1912, after describing several activities without ascribing them to any particular person, she specifies who performs the action: “Cloudy again. Went over river and cut big cedar tree. Got half enough lumber to cover our roof. Brought it over in canoe. While there Ben shot 1 bird and I shot 2 ducks in the river” (107). On September 16, 1912, she and the children take down the tent and clear the brush away from the site (107). On numerous days (for example, September 24, October 29, and December 17, 1912) she “sawed wood” (108, 110, 112). It is Ada Sykes who gets the Christmas tree on December 24, 1912 (113). In addition, on January 9, 1913, she “chopped out steps” (113). On November 23, 1913, she reports: “Ben and I sawed down tree” (118).

Ron Marrington says his grandmother was a “crack shot” (see Ill. 12, page xv). She had been raised in Minnesota, which at that time was similar country to northern British Columbia. “They had moose, bear, lots of game. It was a wild country” (Marrington, 19 Feb. 2003). He tells the story of his grandmother’s solution to the problem of noisy bears across the river: “Slim Creek was about twenty feet wide and two feet deep, maybe a little deeper because it was springtime. Across the creek on the other side from their homestead, in the cottonwoods, there were three bears raising heck. Her kids couldn’t get to sleep because of the noise the bears were raising so she went and got her gun and shot two of them right out of the trees, across the river” (19 Feb. 2003). After Ben and Ada Sykes left the Penny area and moved to Abbotsford, British Columbia, they joined the Abbotsford Rod and Gun Club, winning many medals for their shooting. Marrington also said that his grandmother had a trapline that she worked while Ben was away hunting and guiding.

However, it is not just Ada Sykes who created a new role for herself in helping her husband with outdoor chores; Ben also helped Ada with indoor chores such as baking, washing, sewing, and cleaning: on November 17, 1912, Ada writes that “Ben made some cookies” (111); perhaps it was a treat for her birthday on November 19. According to grandson Ron Marrington, Ben Sykes was a “fantastic cook. He could take a fifty-pound sack of flour, toss in the eggs and milk and mix up a batch of pancakes right in the flour sack, then throw them in the frying pan” (19 Jan. 2003). On February 19, 1913, “Ben washed” (115) and on November 5, 1913, he “cleared land and helped wash clothes, cooked beans and beaver tail for dinner” (117). “Ben made D[avid] a pair of mittens” on December 8, 1914 (119), and on December 18, 1914, “Ben cleaned upstairs in the forenoon” (120).

According to Elizabeth Thomson, the Pioneer Woman is one who is self-assured and confident, one who adapts cheerfully to adverse circumstances, one who is capable and active in an emergency, and one who plays a vital role in pioneering (4). So by the end of the nineteenth century, even though the pioneer days in Eastern Canada were virtually over, and the pioneer woman there was becoming a figure from the past, she was firmly entrenched in Canadian literature.

I believe that Ada Sykes is this type of woman. Her diary portrays her as a calm, strong woman. She never complains, neither does she use her diary to vent her frustrations with her family, her husband, her children, or the harshness of their way of life. Although Ada Sykes pioneers later than Traill and Moodie (during the first decades of the twentieth century) British Columbia at that time was still being settled and northern British Columbia was still being pioneered.

In Mapping Our Selves, Helen Buss's work on Canadian women's autobiography, the author presents pioneer women in three different roles: as daughter, as wife, and as mother. Unlike many male diarists who record themselves in public events and as part of the world at large, women diarists document themselves as being central to the family unit. Following this paradigm, Ada Sykes mentions herself in these three roles. She does motherly things for the children; for example, washes their hair, sews clothes for them, and takes care of them. She is a helper to her husband, working alongside him to build the homestead and the store. And she relates to her parents and Ben's "Pa."

Why did Ada Sykes keep a diary? It may have been as validation of herself as a person. The diary begins as the Sykes family started out for a new home in the wilderness, upriver from Henningville where they had operated a store. Perhaps it was, as Mallinson

suggests, a way, “in an alien environment [to] provide the thread of one’s hidden sense of life. It is an assertion of self” (59). On the other hand, Ada Sykes may have seen diary writing as an aid to memory, so she could in later life accurately recount her “early days” to her grandchildren. With her meticulous entries, she becomes more than a recorder.

According to Canadian author Jane Urquhart, “the women are the people who pass the stories down through the generations in any family” (Naves 9). Perhaps Ada Sykes felt that weight of responsibility. Furthermore, although there is no overt editorializing, the diary may be in some way subversive, providing Ada Sykes with a venue to express things that perhaps she does not feel the freedom to say explicitly. Finally, she may have kept a diary because she was a writer. She corresponded with her friend, Bessie Boudreau, from 1924, when the Sykes moved away from Penny, to the end of her life.¹⁷ Indeed, the original poem that appears as the final poem in Chapter Three (92) attests further to her desire to express herself in the written word.

Chapter Three

“All of a Piece”: The Diary and the Poems

Celeste Schenck theorizes the association of poetry with autobiography, using the textile metaphor of both kinds of writing being “cut from the same bolt” (281), suggesting a chiasmic interchange between the two terms: “Certain forms of women’s poetry and autobiography can be read coextensively, in a manner that profitably destabilizes the theories of mainstream autobiography and calls into question the patriarchal determination of genre theory more generally” (281). In her essay, “All of a Piece: Women’s Poetry and Autobiography,” Schenck rehearses a long and clearly-defined genre history that dates back to Aristotle’s Poetics. She notes that instead of simply being marked by esthetic values, genres have been politicized along lines of race, class and gender, and despite the fact that “contemporary theory has all but effaced genre as a category of literary interest in favor of a borderless *écriture*” (283), generic hierarchies are still considered by critics. Schenck contends that although the “French word *genre* includes and even connotes gender” (285), gender inflection has not been incorporated into Western genre theory, an omission that feminist critics have addressed. Initially, these critics focused on the marginalization of women into non-canonical genres; then, they critiqued the masculinist bias of some genres (285). Further, feminist critics have examined women authors’ “use of genres dominated previously by men, and the predominance of women writers in certain genres such as the gothic” (286). She argues that because of their parallel concern with subject formation, certain kinds of women’s poetry and autobiography should be read coextensively as related discourses, which will undo exclusionary, limiting, hierarchical generic prescriptions.

Schenck cites “ample precedent” for the conflation of poetry and autobiography, attributing to James Olney the first use of what he calls the “poetic-autobiographic metaphor”: “art, both autobiographic and poetic, mediates between the transient world of sensation and feeling, of event and emotion, and a constant, stable realm of pattern and significance” (287). She concurs with Heilbrun that “the most remarkable autobiographical accounts” of women writers have been “tucked away into other forms, other genres” (289). Schenck examines the work of Emily Dickinson, Adrienne Rich, Colette, Zora Neale Hurston, Maxine Hong Kingston and Claribel Alegria, and concludes that because both autobiography and poetry rely on voice—“that vital evidence of the female subject at the heart of her own discourse” (305)—they can be profitably read coextensively and recuperatively, not necessarily as unified discourses of female subjectivity (305).

In The Better Half: Women’s Voices: A Collection of Women’s Voices Inspired by their Diaries and Poetic Monologues, Betty Jane Wylie introduces each diary writer in two or three lines, then follows with a poem based on the diary. The poems—arranged by themes such as marital relationships, work, travel, ordeals, self-absorption, and ritual codes—give a flavour of each writer’s life as revealed in her whole diary. Betty Jane Wylie’s work, which covers a broad range of diarists—from Sei Shonagon in tenth-century Japan to Janina Bauman, a Polish Jewish teenager in the Warsaw ghetto during World War Two—gives an alternate voice to women’s thoughts privately penned in diary or letter form.

In Women and Poetry: Truth, Autobiography and the Shape of the Self, Carol Muske, herself a poet, notes that Adrienne Rich’s poetry was a “call to arms [that]

reconstituted the female literary ‘self’” (4). While some male critics “reviled” Rich, “women read her passionately, changing their lives on a line from one of her poems” (4). This “enabling potential of one woman’s voice for another’s” is explained by Blanche Gelfant: “women writers have common roots . . . they inspire and give strength to each other; that when one finds or recovers her voice, she enables many others to speak” (qtd. in Zauhar 111).

As one to whom it is left to “pass the stories down” (Naves 9), Helen Buss introduces each section of Mapping Our Selves with a short autobiographical passage in which she relates memories of her own female ancestors. These autobiographical passages allow readers to place Buss’s critical practice within the context of her sense of her own identity as critic, writer and woman. Following this precedent, I will relate a story about my pioneer grandmother. Alice Jane Beaven, who lived with my family until I was about five years old, was the oldest person I had ever seen. Her white hair was wavy and either short or always worn tied back in a bun. Her face was brown and leathery-looking, but instead of being smooth like leather, it was deeply lined like parched ground. She usually wore a black dress and her thick ankles always ended in what I called “old-lady” shoes—black, lace up, with a fat squat heel. Often under her breath, she sang what I now know to be a song originally penned in the thirteenth century as a six-voice round: “Sumer is icumen in, Lhudé sing cuccu.” Like Ada Sykes, my grandmother was a Canadian pioneer, making a life for herself in Saskatchewan after her husband died a short time after his return from the Boer War. She often talked about her days “out West” but she was unable to do what Ada Sykes or Daisy Phillips did, that is, leave us a written record of her life, because throughout her ninety-one years, she never

learned to read or write. A government official signed her passport for her: “Bearer does not write.” What she passed on to me is neither diaries nor letters, but a character that is exemplified by the strong women who settled the west and the north. Reading Ada Sykes’ diary has been for me a discovery not only of her life, but in a sense, of my own.

Margaret Atwood’s The Journals of Susanna Moodie offers a well-known example of poetry created from the “same bolt of cloth” as autobiographical writings. In the “Afterword,” Margaret Atwood states that the poems, many of which were “suggested by Mrs. Moodie’s books” and are able to “be read in connection” with them, “have detached themselves from the books in the same way that other poems detach themselves from the events that give rise to them” (63). Similarly, the original poems “suggested” by Ada Sykes’ diary can be read in conjunction with the diary, or, alternatively, can be “detached” from the specific originary incidents and enjoyed as a set of poems about pioneer life. The poems “map” a layer of Ada Adelia Sykes’ life different from the layer mapped by the diary. Together, the diary and the poems provide a “relief map” of the contours of her life.

Save for the final poem, the original poems that follow arise from my reading of the diary of Ada Adelia Sykes. I have arranged the poems chronologically; they follow the course of the Sykes’ life as the family moved to set up home in the interior of British Columbia. Through the poems, I wish to provide a simple embellishment to the brief daily writings of Ada Sykes. Although events in her days were constituted with words, worries, emotions, energy, effort, and interaction with others—as in all our lives—most of these enlivening aspects are missing from the written words of the diary. The entries are pared down to bare facts sparsely written. One of the purposes of the poems is to

bring back to life the details that create a fuller picture, and to interpret the silences and unwritten words in Ada Sykes' life. Conscious of my position as both reader and writer, I have not sought to ascribe to Ada Sykes thoughts that might be out of step with her place or time, but only to engage with her writing as a ground for my own. I bring to the reading of her diary and the writing of the poems my own "pioneer" experience of somewhat similar living conditions.

If the poems could be said to have a theme, it would be home and family. They start out with descriptions of the move to the Penny area and the labour of building and moving into the family home, and then they bear witness to the daily activities of providing for the family and relating to friends. Although the poetic "voice" of Ada Sykes is aware of the gendered nature of life and work in early twentieth century British Columbia, at the same time, it speaks of opportunities of creating new roles for both men and women. The poems are a celebration of the spirit of adventure and the spirit of life that undergird the Sykes' pioneer experience. The diary entry appears in italics before each poem based on a diary entry.

In addition, I have also included original poems based on the life of Alice Jane Beaven, my paternal grandmother. Because of the small amount of information I had on my grandmother's life—her passport, one or two photographs, a few vivid childhood memories, and my visit with my father's aunt, Florence Wilson—it seemed more appropriate to explore her life in poetry rather than in a non-fictional or critical context. To distinguish these poems from the diary poems, I have placed them at the end, setting them with the margin at centre page.

The final poem was written by Ada Sykes herself. Although the year the poem was written is unknown, even to her grandson, Ron Marrington, it seems the poem was written after the family's move from Penny to Abbotsford in 1924.

It is my hope that my voice and Ada Sykes' voice will enable each other.

August 19, 1912 - We left Sandcreek at 10.45. Stayed at 53 a few minutes. Had dinner at 1. Got to 66, stayed all night. Got there about 2 and got in groceries.

Starting Out

Distance names this country
Slaps numbers on a map
Miles from Somewhere
Or Nowhere

We make our watery way
from number to number
Mile after mile
trees wave to us from shore
like friends we leave behind
watching us slip away on the river
No matter—farther downstream
their relatives line the banks
to welcome us to their home

We drag with us
Those things that possess us
Suitcases filled with the past
Our hopes a small satchel
Kept close for when weather's foul

Staying and leaving
Eating and sleeping
We breathe the air of new adventure

*August 20, 1912 - Left 66 at 8.30. Sun shines, everything fine. Had dinner at Murrays.
Went up a slough looking for ducks and rested awhile. Went through death rapids a-flying.
4 o'clock passed the big steamer. Camped on Beaver River all night. Got 2 birds, 1 rabbit.
Lots of mosquitoes.*

Sun Shines, Everything Fine

The woods ring with the alarm of morning
Striped chipmunks sing out: sun shines, everything fine!
Jays dance along the branches
Gray squirrels chatter their applause
As they plan raids on stocks of berries
Mosquitoes gossip rudely
Filling the air with their spiteful buzz

We join them in their noontime nap
Watching clouds puff by

Soon the water spins white—
I'm an eagle skimming the surface
Talons in the froth
My heart churned by rushing streams
Feathers plumping a cushion of air
Between me and deep water

August 21, 1912 - Started 8.30, sun shines. Everything lovely. Saw one canoe at 83. Had dinner on an island, stayed all night at Garnet Creek. Got traps and saw geese.

Travelling Light

Headed south already
 Strong wings beating endlessly
 Toward more hospitable climes
 Their deep call a friendly overhead wave
 An early departure the sign of an early winter
 The shorter days beckon them southward
 Turning from the bite of the gales that chase them
 Thousands and thousands of miles to go—
Makes our journey seem as nothing

August 24, 1912 - Sunday. Had breakfast. Had a spat with Harry, divided the things, took him down to the store. Got some groceries, came back home again.

Mathematics

When words multiplied
Piled one on top of the other
Adding useless tonnage

We divided the things
Jettisoned the friendship
Subtracted one from the team

August 26, 1912 - Started down river at 10.45. Camped and got two ducks got dinner, dried bedding, put up hammock. Alice is sleeping in it. Put up tent.

Tent and Hammock

This is my home
A tent in the wilderness
When it rains we are careful
Not to touch the roof
Bowing our heads like a family at prayer
Ben stooping slightly
The lantern making a golden halo around us

Alice swings in a small arc
Cradled between two forest giants
Sunlight mottles her dreams
Of play and joys of green

The sun is a chandelier at breakfast
At supper candlelight shadows flutter on shining faces
Like the eyelids of a child who pretends to sleep
In the distance
The susurrations of the river symphony
Whisper to the edge of the dusk-dark night

September 3, 1912 - Sun up high. Ben went hunting but only got 1 bird. Cleared ground, felled tree, started house.

Coming Home

We cut a thin slice out of the forest
And wedge in house and porch
Gun, canoe, children's voices
Whack of axe on trees
As outside becomes inside
I skin the logs tearing bark from flesh
Exposing white limbs
Till I'm surrounded by long tendrils
Wasting nothing, the children gather the streamers
To start a morning fire
Our house grows up from the ground
It is a living thing

September 9, 1912 - Cloudy again. Went over river and cut big cedar tree. Got half enough lumber to cover our roof. Brought it over in canoe. While there Ben shot 1 bird and I shot 2 ducks in the river. Had dinner, had my picture taken on canoe with ducks and gun, then worked on house.

Reflections

Behind me
Trees grow downward
Into the glassy surface
Of the river

I stand on the stacked lumber
Feeling tall and proud
Duck heavy in my hand
Gun pointing down now

The scent of cedar
Rises from the rough wood
Roof under my feet
I'm on the top of the world

September 13, 1912 – Sun up, had breakfast, going to work on house. Moved in house today.

No Doubt

No doubt it's a grand house
I sing to Bessie
More than logs and chinking
Windows and doors
More than a roof and four walls besides
This is home
It's what we've come for
Meals like you never tasted
Fresh hot bread
Moosemeat and bear liver
Dredged in flour, fried till crisp
We'll spread the table
Feasting on love and hard work

September 20, 1912 - Fine day. All went after moss for house. After dinner Ben went down to camp. I washed some today.

Whisper of Tearing

The softness of the earth
Takes our weight
Bears us up with a slight groan
Chin at their knees
The children bend close to the ground
Plucking moss from its nest
At the base of the pines
Small roots cling to moist black earth
Until the whisper of tearing
Signals it is ours
At the cabin, small fingers chink out daylight
Even after we wash
The smell of green clings to our hands

Winter will pound like a mallet
Driving an ice-sharp wind
Kept out by the soon-brown moss

September 22, 1912 - Sunday again. Awful thick fog lay around all day. Saw gasoline boat go by.

Fog

It will drift in
Rolling over the threshold
Curling itself up in the corner
Like an old grizzled dog

It carries the smells
Of pine sap and dank leaves
The undersides of stones
Slough water and gasoline

In heaven there is no fog
Nothing to cloud the eye or chill the bone
The river of life—unlike the Fraser—
Sparkles beneath a glorious sun

October 7, 1912 - Raining again. Ben went to set marten traps. Got water rabbit.

Marten Traps

Like us
Martens cushion themselves
Against the cold
With moss-lined homes
In hollowed-out cabin-cozy trees

Females
Carry twins or triplets
Nine months
Born in April by now
Are big enough to survive alone

Bones
Of mice, rabbits, squirrels, and birds
Litter their front yards
Hallmarks of cunning patience
And murderous swiftness

Soon
Their sable coats will be thick and soft
Descending from the treetop chase
Tripping along their runs
They will step lightly into Ben's traps

October 21, 1912 - Fine day. We went over river and cut cedar tree, got lumber for floor and porch. Skows went by, gave us a lot of groceries.

Porch

A porch with roof and railing
Is a fine thing
A dry place to stack firewood
Closer to the house
Than the big pile at the far side of the yard
To hang ax, saw, hammer
Traps, rope, bucket
To set boots and shoes
So mud will harden and die
To wash clothes on a rainy day
To hang blankets to air
The railing makes an inside outside
Marking the edge of "ours"
A smile on the front of the house
Inviting friends and strangers in

But a porch needs a rocking chair
For the lady of the house
To sit and sip lemonade
On a hot summer day
To entertain her guests
In white ruffled shirtwaists
Parasols dangling from smooth hands
Offering small cakes from a china tray
Gossip poured out
Like the steaming tea in floral mugs
Or to hold the children on her lap
Rhyming them a bedtime story
The creak-creaking of the rockers
Just one of twilight's forest airs
Or for gazing at the stars
Cassiopeia the lady in her chair

November 5, 1912: Cloudy and raining. Ben went hunting. (I washed, baked bread and sewed.)

Adventuring

These log walls
(enclosing my life in afterthought)
Are the world

The continent of the kitchen
Is mine to explore
An adventurer
I set forth
Wooden spoon in hand
Lewis-and-Clarking over mountains
Through rivers
Day by day I conquer
New territory
Bringing back a great cargo
Of valuable goods

Setting my sights
Getting my bearings
Unrolling my maps
Thawing the ink
To add a new mountain
Or river or tributary

Melting snow
Careful not to burn it
Plunging through cold water
Hanging out the flags
That claim this territory
As my own

Forging alliances
Between warring nations
Bringing together
Those that were divided

I am the peacemaker

(Ben goes hunting.)

January 12, 1913 - Sunday, cold and sun shines. Men sawed wood, said was 40 below zero yesterday.

If ever

If ever there was a place
Where hell could freeze over
This is it

The cold snaps
At my forehead
Gouges my eyes
Pounces on my neck

Its gelid fingers
Unwrap scarves
Unbutton buttons
Unlace laces

In its grip
Frosted breath
On my neck
I am undone

If ever there was a time
When hell could freeze over
This is it

Nightest of night
When even stars
Are too cold
To stay in the sky

Colder dawning
Heel of day's hand
Pressing the frigid air
Into the flesh of the earth

Noonish glow
Sundogs howling
Crystal knives
Slicing icy air

January 19, 1913 - Sunday. Ben took Mrs. Martin home. Sunshine a little.

Planning Ahead

Like two school girls talking
Heads bent close
Faces steamed by mugs of hot tea
Shy at first then laughing
She patting my hand
Nothing to worry about!

Middle of August
Best time of year here, she says
Not too muddy
Not too cold

I picture my mother young
Twenty-seven years ago
A voluminous dress shielding me
In my hiding place
I think of Bessie and Alice
But I can't see them grown-up
I think of sewing soft garments
Knitting woollen caps with ribbons
Little mittens
I think of Ben beaming
Nesting the tiny baby in his big hands

Right now
I don't think
Of how hard it will be

October 3, 1914 - On October 3 Pa killed a bear and Oct. 4 ben went up after the meat and Pa came bak with him

Nothing Lost

A fine rug that bear will make
A heavy robe for winter sleeps
A bear hug on a cold winter morning

Fine meals too
The delicacy of the liver
Cut in bite-size morsels
Dredged in flour and spices
Fried in the sizzling fat
Till golden brown
Slabs of meat
Velvet gravy in a volcano of potatoes

Bet that bear
Wished he'd gone to sleep
When the first frost nipped

October 21, 1914 - Nice day. I baked bread and washed and at 12:30 I saw a bird and shot it, also cooked beans.

Special

Our kitchen table is a sturdy place
A friendly, family place
 Breakfast lunch dinner
 Cutting sewing baking
 Reading writing counting
Scratches beautify its surface
Heirloom hieroglyphics
Tell tales of gatherings
Children's voices rest in the wood
Whispering beneath the surface
Pressed there during many meals

November 14, 1914 - Cold and snow. Ben and Joe & Jasper went after moose. Got groceries from Penny. I baked bread and wrote to mother.

Daily Fare

Weather
Hunting Food
Baking

These circle my days
Drawing me in a spiral
A whirlwind that eddies
And spins me round and round

Weather wreathes our cabin
Cold seeping through the walls
Fog hiding us from the river
Snow blowing and billowing
Sun creating crystal shimmers

Up on the mountain
The men follow tracks
Reading the trail
Like a map
The large dark body
Crashing through brush

Thick slices of soft fresh bread
Dumpling islands floating in dark gravy
Potatoes, apples, turnips
Milk, butter, eggs
The food of love

The circle of a large bowl
Gathers the basics:
Flour, yeast, water, salt
Rising, breathing, growing

I punch it down
Form the loaves

Share the aroma of life

November 16, 1914 - Nice day. Ben and Jasper went up on mountains. I got in wood and covered potatoes. Mary burnt her hands. Cold yet today, snowed on mountains.

Facing Things

God help me I pray
When I hear her scream--
Tiny hands flung out as she fell
Into the iron volcano
Oh God she's too small for this
I'm too small for this
I scoop her up in one arm
My other fist breaking the ice crust
On the rain barrel
I plunge her hand
Beneath the cleansing flood
The shock of the cold
Yanks her breath away
Stops her tears

David and Alice
Crying because I'm crying
Bessie comes running
Her mouse-voice quavers
Her thin fingers on Alice's shoulder
Come, she says
Turning them towards to door
Help make some tea for Mama
Some tea for Mama

Mary nestled on my lap
Two white fists
Swaddled round and round
The small flowers of the curtains
Brings healing to her hands

Once again I wear my stone face
A granite mask grinding me away
God help me I pray

November 18, 1914 - Warm day. Ben and kids got in wood. Baby awful cross with burnt hands.

Watching Over You

Lying on my back in the snow
I slowly raise my wings
Air sweeps under them
And I feel the lift
My legs swish side to side
And I'm clothed in a celestial gown
I feel the cold gusting at my neck
And think of it as gold dust
Falling from the halo
The shape of the angel
And the shape of my body
Are the same.

November 19, 1914 - My birthday. Snowed 5" in the night. I wrote to Jenny. Ben went over to Guilford after mail. Cloudy and rain a little. Ben got back at 3 o'clock, got Cora and Hookers letters, also two others.

Celebration

Millions of snowflakes
Dusting the earth with diamonds
Applaud as I gather in wood
Pines murmur as I pass
Whispering soft "hallos"
Tapping me on the shoulder
Clapping their approval
Soft-bodied mice trip lightly
On worn paths through faded grasses
Searching for winter's buried rest
Grouse beat their wings
Lurching under low branches
Giving a rhythm to this day

Bits of news crackle onto the page
To leap from the envelope
When it is opened
Twenty-eight is great!
I am twice as old
As this century
And will not last as long
Today, I celebrate life!

November 22, 1914 - Sunday again. Windy and thawing. Lay around all day reading and talking about my neighbors.

Voices

The wind is up
Whispering at the chimney
Carrying voices
Brings neighbors' news

My voice
Drifts towards the stove
Seeps into the firebox
Rises on the updraft

I see it escape

The black particles
Falling on the roof
Are words from this page

December 8, 1914 - Sunshines, bright. Cold all night. B & J stayed all night. B & J & B went after meat now. Got back at 1 o'clock. J stayed to dinner. Baker went home after dinner. Ben made D a pair of mittens, cut wood.

Artist

His little hand presses flat against the brown paper
Ben traces a mitten shape around David's fingers and thumb
Adding half an inch for seams and some for growth
He lays the pattern on the soft brown hide
Cuts carefully just outside the drawn line

Shadows on his face, his hands, his work
In silence he sews
Joining the flaps with measured stitches
The curved needle piercing the layers
Creating two small pockets for smaller hands

The cold barks at the door
Ben pulls on his boots, coat, mitts
Lifts the axe from its place on the porch
Swings easily back into the rhythm
Of cutting the cold

January 1, 1915 - Cloudy but nice. New Years Day. Ben sawed wood and I made steam pudding and roast heart. Cracked nuts and ate them and baked bread.

No Day I Know!

I'd like to take a holiday from bread
I'd rise late
Stretch like a lazy cat in the sun—
For breakfast—sausage, eggs, but no toast—
Because I'm on a holiday from bread.

I'd fill my morning writing letters,
Playing with the children,
A bit of mending, a walk to the creek,
Cracking nuts and eating them along the way.
It would be delicious
Not to have those loaves
March across the counter
Day after day
Mixing, rising, punching down
Shaping, baking, cooling—
All routines of the past
Remembered fondly—
The aroma of the fresh-baked loaves
Filling the kitchen with its magic . . .

What is a day without baking bread?
It's no day I know!

January 7, 1915 - Warmer today. Ben went to look for moose, saw cariboo tracks. Pa looked at tracks. I made bread and cakes.

Tracks

Impressions in the snow
Announce the direction and rate of travel
Size and age and kind of animal.
Ben and Pa read these woodland jottings
Like a book
Following each turn in the plot
The answer eluding them till the end.

The men's boots leave prints
Through the trails
Around the house
At the woodpile
But who reads their story?

My fingers make tracks in the dough
Lightly I press it and turn it and toss it

January 12, 1915 - Sunshine. I took kids down the creek. Ben sawed wood. Pa looked at traps.

Dead of Winter

Under our feet the creek sleeps
Below the bottom buried by mud
Creatures dream of teeming life
Waiting for warmth
To shake them from near-death

Branches cackle in the crisp air
We slide on the ice
Hands and feet warm in mitts and boots
Our feet tap-tap-tap a message
To all creek dwellers

April 8, 1915 - Ben went down got mothers letter telling of Papa's death. A nice day. I patched some.

Mending

There's no one else to do it
I fix hurts and cuts
Kiss bruises
Bandage dolly's arm

Knees wear through
Elbows too
But a patch makes new
A stitch in time—

Now Papa's gone
And the hole still gaping
Is too big for me to patch

April 15, 1915 - A most lovely day. McNarboo helped pull stumps, planted dalihas.

Sacred Labour

The earth is rich and soft and warm
As I dig little trenches
To cradle the tuberous roots
They seem to sleep
But are feeding feeding
The sun calls them
Stirring pushing reaching
The pale green of leaf and stem
Unfurls like tiny garden flags
A harbinger of color held in check
Waiting to run wild
By the door all summer
Pinks and yellows, oranges, reds
The round faces
Full moons on the ground

Laughing till the first frost

April 17, 1915 - Nice day. Ben went with Mc and Pa up on mountains, stayed all night. I baked bread.

Rising and Baking

Standing on a chair
In the warm kitchen air
A wood spoon in her hand
Bessie bakes bread

Her small sausage fingers
Kneading a lump of dough
Beside my strong fingers
Kneading a lump of dough

Roll it and toss it
And mark it with a B
And put it in the oven for Bessie and me

Eight big loaves march across the shelf
Cover them with the bread cloth
Tuck in your two little loaves

Good girl, Bessie, just like Mama
Turn it, push it, fold it over
Turn it, push it, fold it over
Turn it, push it, fold it over

The loaves rise
Breathing in, breathing in, breathing in
Till they're about to burst
Punch it down, punch it down, punch it down
Roll it, shape it, pat it
Don't eat it yet!

Polly put the kettle on
We'll all have tea
Sukey, take it off again
They've all gone away

Bye baby bunting Daddy's gone a-hunting
Gone to get a rabbit skin to wrap the baby bunting in

Nanny's Passport

A small navy folder
Gold crest on the cover
Pages tea-washed
Passport to life
I stare in wonder at your cross X
Made with a hand
Firm enough to separate
The halves of the nib
Drawing the brown ink
To the outer edges of the lines

Did you ever dream
The ink would seep up
Through your fingertips
Staining your hands a dark brown?

Or did you know
They would yield their whiteness
To many hours of pulling weeds
Under the strong sun?

My Grandmother's Hair Was Silver-White

It wasn't that blue-white
You see on elderly women with fur coats
Nor the hideous violet tint
Of the Florida snowbirds

My grandmother's hair was silver-white
Wavy but tied back in a bun
When she was young
She was Rapunzel

A thick rope for a prince to climb
Spliced to the nape of her neck
But he lost his hold
And sank beneath the grass

When only one twin survived
She buried the small box
In the prairie
That was his father

Bound up her heart
In the tiny garments
Stanching the flow of blood
And took up the life that was left

When my father was old
His hair was silver-white

Ancient Round

You were the oldest person
I had ever seen
Your face brown leather
Or parched ground deeply lined
The blackness of your dress
Relieved by the flowers planted on your apron
Thick ankles
Ending in old-lady shoes
Black lace-up squat heel

Sumer is icumen in, Lhudé sing cuccu

For seven centuries women have sung
The song your mother sang to you
The song you sang to my father
The song you sing to me

*Groweth sed and bloweth med
And springeth the wudé nu*

Your spirit escapes your lips
Imprinting itself on my life

Epilogue: Under Yonge Street, Toronto, July 2002¹⁸

From St. Clair we scream south
Surprised by the brief splash of sunlight
As we emerge in Rosedale
On your lap you clasp a large straw bag
That holds your life: keys, change purse,
Tissues, napkins, cigarettes, lighter,
Haiku scribbled on the back of an envelope,
Lipstick, mirror, peppermints, stamps.
We are on a pilgrimage
Seeking the wise woman of the family.
Like novitiates, we go over the catechism
Of questions we have rehearsed

Pulling out of Union Station
We discuss inheritance
Not money because there is none
But soul and spirit
Heart and attitude
I vote for the combo
A pre-disposition maybe
But also environment
It's nature/culture all over again

Even though I don't drink
I don't refuse her offer
Of a strawberry daiquiri
After all, she's ninety-one
And it's thirty-five degrees out
Soon white wine with the salmon mousse and lime salad
Sounds fine to me

Back in the easy chair
She intones a litany of names
People and places—
I remind myself
It's my father she's speaking of
His wives before you
His loves before his wives

Back on Liberty Street
We wait quietly for the bus
Our hearts aswirl with images

The Mountain Stream

Oh where do you come from you dear little stream?
Running swiftly and clear in the glen,
You bring happy memories of days that have been
When I was a youngster of ten.
Barefooted I played by a stream bright and clear
Where fishes and frogs were my friends.
And what would I give to be back there again
And away from the city of men.
In the days of my youth I knew not the pain
That this world is so full of today,
I would gladly go back to that clear mountain stream
Away from the big citys ways.
But time turns not back for rich or poor
And the best we can do is forget.
So let us help someone to see the bright side of life
As it come to us yet.
To that clear mountain stream, I now bid farewell
Glad of the happiness then,
And hope that some youth will know how I played
When I was a youngster of ten.

Mrs. B. Sykes
Abbotsford, B. C.

Conclusion

In July 2002, I visited my father's cousin, Florence Wilson Lake, in Bowmanville, Ontario, where, at ninety-one, she lives by herself since her husband, Harold, died two years ago. Her mother, Isabella Wilson, was my grandmother's sister. Florence maintains her home—cooks, bakes, cleans, shops, visits friends, still drives a car. My mother, who had met Florence once before, made the two-hour journey from Toronto with me. We boarded the GO train at Union Station, transferred to the GO bus at Oshawa, then wound our way along historic Highway 2 through rural Ontario to Bowmanville, where the bus dropped us at the corner of Liberty Street. It was a hot day, and my mother, who is eighty-one, took about a half-hour to walk the two blocks south on Liberty, past the hospital, then left on Prince Street and along the block to Florence's house. Florence welcomed us in, served us lunch, and told us stories. Stories about her own life. Stories about my father when he was young. About a first wife I never knew he had. About love letters and law suits. About boarders and baseball. Stories about my grandmother. We had brought photographs from our family album, hoping she could identify the people who were unknown to us, and she didn't disappoint us. The names were ones I had heard often when I was growing up, when my father would talk about his days out west or "up the Gat" where the family owned property along the Gatineau River. Old-fashioned names like Aunt Viney, Aunt Bella and Uncle Silas, Uncle Bob and Uncle Duncan. And with every name came more stories.

For many families, perhaps most, such stories told around the table will never make it into life-writing. They are the stories we wish we had paid more attention to when we were younger, when parents, grandparents, aunts, uncles, and cousins gathered

at dinner time, at holiday celebrations, and at family reunions. The words drifted above the table, above our heads, and were gone.

Once written down, however, personal experiences and family stories become a primary source for future generations seeking knowledge about their past. A rich resource, life-writing in its many forms connects us with the stories of our past. Family members and future descendants are probably not interested in the arguments of various theorists about self-identity, representation, or postmodernity. It probably does not occur to them to be concerned about theoretical discussions on the stability of the self. The names of Georges Gusdorf, Carolyn Heilbrun, Leigh Gilmore, and Sidonie Smith mean nothing to children and grandchildren seeking knowledge about their families' past. As suggested by Harriet Blodgett, they are more likely to be interested in an "imaginative participation" (11) in the lives of their grandparents or other relatives. Especially amid the uncertainties of early twenty-first century capitalist society, people can gain a sense of identity and security from knowing their own family background and details from the lives of their ancestors. Women's life-writing is one window on the daily transactions that make up family life.

This thesis has examined the theoretical underpinnings of the study of women's life-writing. Beginning with Gusdorf's general definition of the characteristics of autobiography, I have followed the various theorists as they explore the *auto*—the self—inherent in autobiography; the *bios*—the lived life—of the writer; and the *graphie*—the act of writing or creating—the writer's life, that are all part of the autobiographical act. The wide range of positions taken up by these theorists shows that diversity is certainly a hallmark not only of the study of women's life-writing but also of women's life-writing

itself. Becoming aware of this diversity has softened the edges of my belief in a unified group called “women.” Although I have had some experiences similar to those of Ada Adelia Sykes and of my paternal grandmother, and although my days still consist of elements such as working, cooking, homemaking, and parenting—activities that make up the days of women all over the world—I now see the importance of accounting for diversity when comparing women’s lives across centuries and cultures. There may be similarities, but there are differences that must be taken into account.

This thesis has also introduced a diary written by one woman as she built up a new life for her and her family in the northern interior of British Columbia in the early part of the twentieth century. Working from this diary, I have offered, through a critical analysis of women’s life writing and through the original poetry presented here, an imaginative interpretation of the life of one woman. Interest in her life and historical context has led me to an interest in my own family background. I have reflected on my own history, starting with the life of my paternal grandmother, through to my experiences at Headwaters Ranch, and this reflection has been deepened by the embellishment in poetry of Ada Sykes’ diary. This process has in a sense created a relief map of my history. At this point, mapping the ground takes on a new level of meaning; for me, it is the ground—the stay, the foundation—of my history that I have mapped.

Notes

¹ The Modern Language Association International Bibliography from 1991 to 2002 lists almost 200 published articles, dissertations, and books under the categories of women's life writing, diaries, journals, narratives, and autobiography. Fewer than 50 items under the same categories were indexed between 1963 and 1990.

² The original diary is held by Ada Sykes' grandson, Terry Sayce of Duncan, B. C.

³ In accordance with the practice of modern feminist biography, I will use Ada Sykes' full name whenever she is mentioned. For more information, see Reinhartz, page 16.

⁴ Tuck, Esme. A Homestead Saga of the Peace River Valley, 1919-1957. Ts. M 1254. Spencer and Esme Tuck Fonds. Calgary, Alta.: Glenbow Archives, 1957.

⁵ Jennie McLean Fonds. Ms. 773. Calgary, Alta.: Glenbow Archives, 1908.

⁶ Current research supports Elizabeth Hampsten's position. In "Biobehavioral Responses to Stress in Females: Tend-and-Befriend, Not Fight-or-Flight," Shelley E. Taylor et al suggest that, "[a]lthough fight-or-flight may characterize the primary physiological response to stress for both males and females . . . behaviorally, females' responses are more marked by a pattern of 'tend-and-befriend'. Tending involves nurturant activities designed to protect the self and offspring that promote safety and reduced stress; befriending is the creation and maintenance of social networks that may aid in this process." See *Psychological Review* 107.3 (July 2000): 411-429.

⁷ Admittedly, the diary of Ada Sykes is not as long or as detailed as some well-known writings by pioneer women, for example, Roughing It in the Bush by Susanna Moodie, Lost in the Backwoods by Catherine Parr Traill, or other examples of life-writing cited in this thesis. Ada Sykes' style is different from that of these writers and other women

diarists, lacking both length and rich imagery. In an effort, however, to question the tenets of canonicity and to challenge the boundaries of “literature,” I would like to consider such differences in style in a non-hierarchical manner—that is, one is not “better” than the other, merely different—and suggest that Ada Sykes’ diary nevertheless deserves critical attention.

⁸ The photographs included in this thesis are placed, as much as possible, in chronological order. They depict the narrative of several families: the Sykes family: Benjamin Silas, Sr.; his son, Benjamin Silas, Jr. and his wife Ada Adelia Countryman Sykes, and their children; the Beaven family: Alice Jane Wilson Beaven; and the den Ouden family: Fred, Pamela, Diana, and Jadon at Headwaters Ranch.

⁹ According to local historian Marilyn J. Wheeler, “the accepted pronunciation in the locality is ‘Tee Jon’.” See The Robson Valley Story, page 15.

¹⁰ Carolyn Heilbrun, Writing a Woman’s Life, page 12.

¹¹ Sidonie Smith and Julia Watson list fifty-two genres of life narratives in their glossary of selected genres of life narrative, with brief definitions of the features of each type, in Reading Autobiography: A Guide for Interpreting Life Narratives.

¹² I have included in this chapter a critical overview of theories of autobiography (as opposed to concentrating exclusively on diaries) because a knowledge of autobiography as a genre seems to provide a broad base for understanding other forms of life-writing. In addition, in Chapter Three, I bring the two forms together, arguing that some autobiography can be read “co-extensively” with the autobiographer’s poetry. In fact, this thesis is a demonstration of this idea—my original poetry, based on the diary of Ada Sykes and written in her “voice,” can be read co-extensively with the diary itself.

¹³ Virginia Woolf, quoted in Capacious Hold-All: An Anthology of Englishwomen's Diary Writings, frontispiece.

¹⁴ On her web site, Maureen Nelson gives Benjamin Silas Sykes' birth date as Feb. 13, 1882; however, his Death Certificate lists his date of birth as Feb. 13, 1883.

¹⁵ The barn is no longer standing; it burned down some time ago, according to Siobhan Wagner. The house is still standing but is not in good shape.

¹⁶ Alice (Sykes) Marrington passed away February 2, 2003, one week short of her ninety-second birthday.

¹⁷ According to local historian Marilyn J. Wheeler, for a short time, Mile 49 was known as Henningville. See The Robson Valley Story, page 6.

¹⁸ Ada Sykes' long correspondence with her friend, Bessie Boudreau, attests to the importance of female relationships in her life. In addition, of the seventeen people mentioned in the diary with whom Ada Sykes corresponds, thirteen of them are women.

¹⁹ This poem is patterned on Margaret Atwood's "A Bus Along St. Clair: December," the final poem in The Journals of Susanna Moodie. In her poem, Margaret Atwood resurrects Susanna Moodie, who, having spent her early life in the Canadian wilderness, reflects on the modern cityscape—present life—as "wilderness": a "wilderness of wires" (60) and "the centre of a forest" (61). In "Epilogue: Under Yonge Street, July, 2002," I address a similar theme: the storykeepers of the family can guide us through the wilderness of our past to help us establish ourselves in the present. The "you" in this poem is one of the family storykeepers; the "wise woman of the family" is another.

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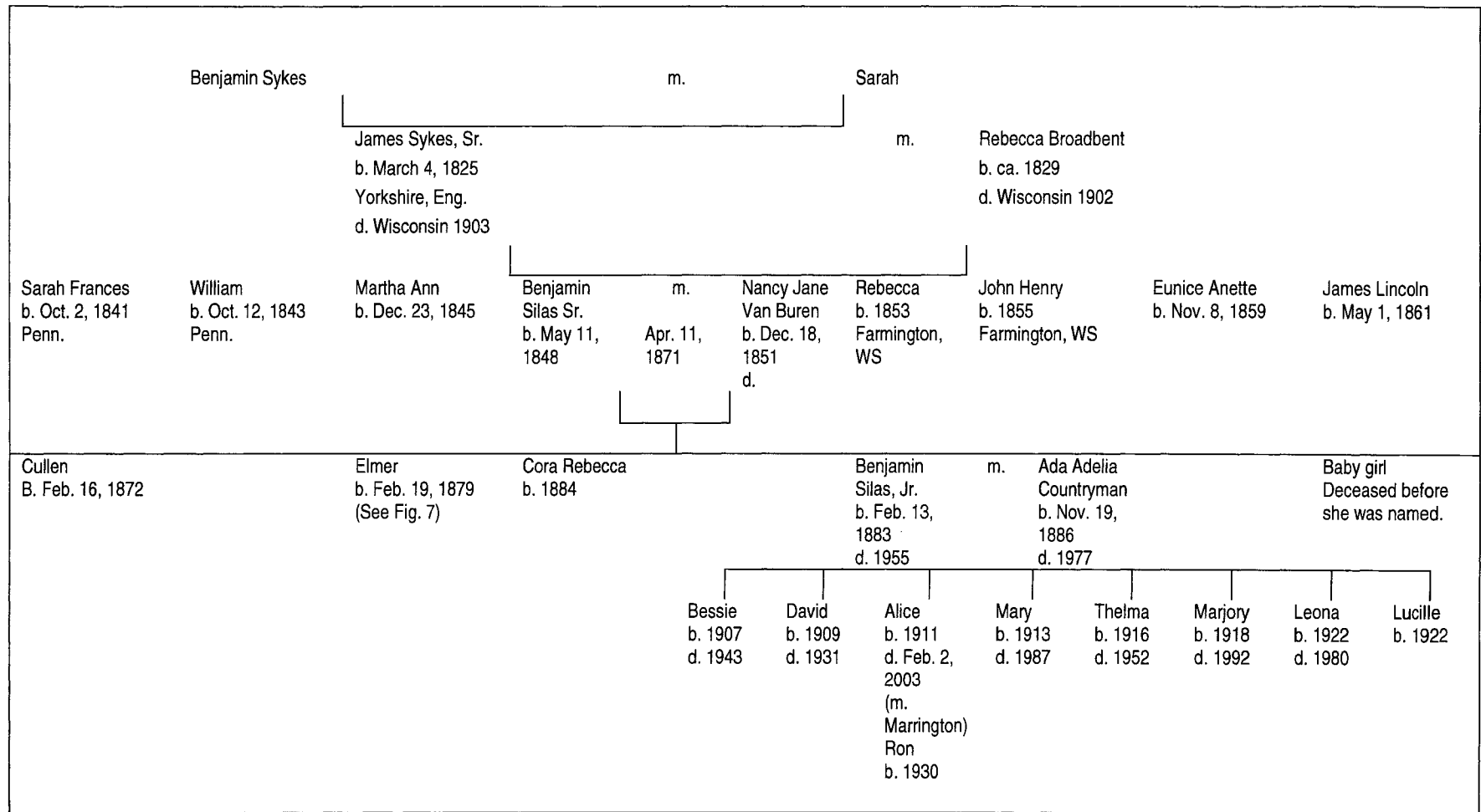


Fig. 6. The Sykes' Family Tree

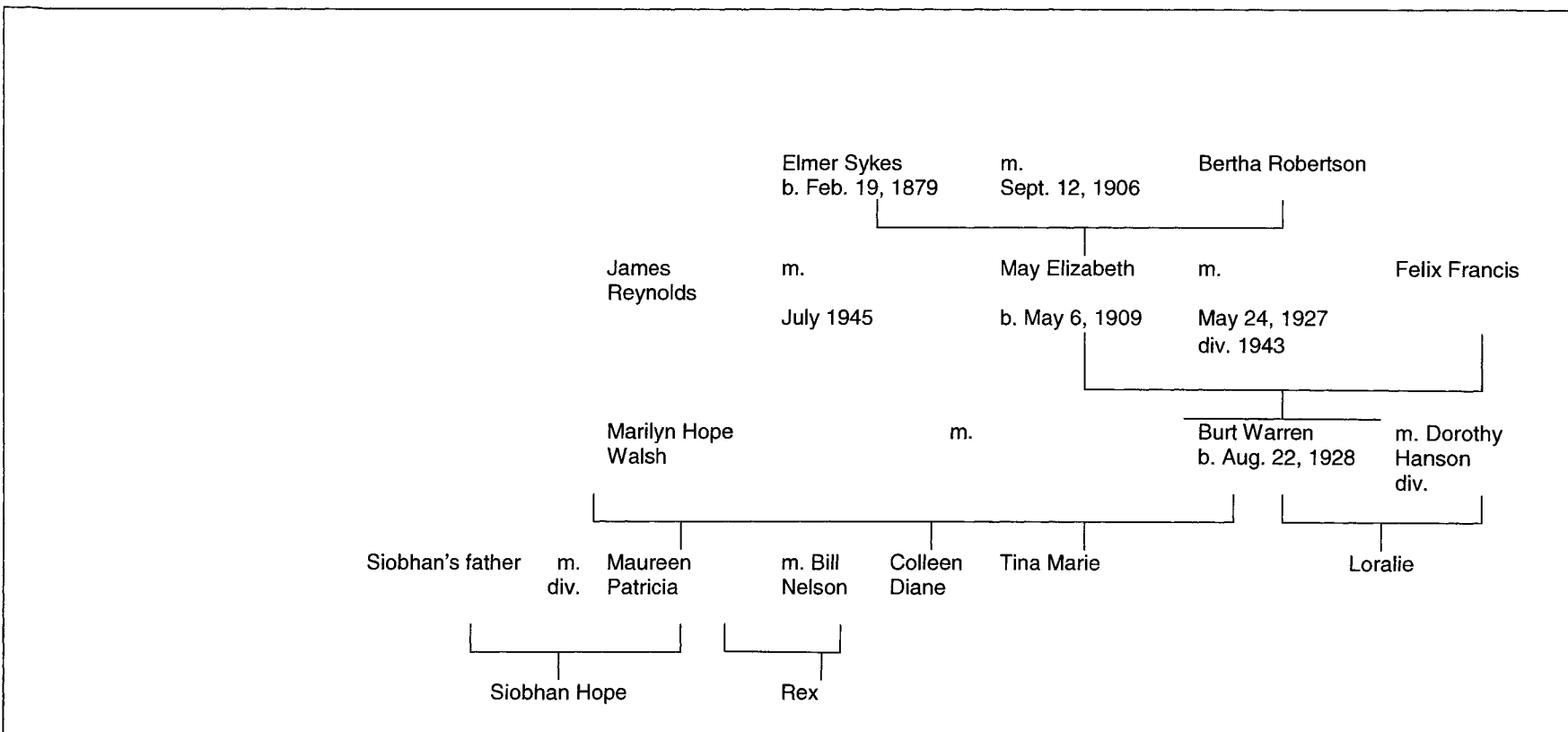


Fig. 7 Elmer Sykes' Family Tree

Appendix C The Diary of Ada Adelia Sykes, 1912-1915 (used by permission).

August 19- We left Sandcreek at 10.45. Stayed at 53 a few minutes. Had dinner at 1. Got to 66, stayed all night. Got there about 2 and got in groceries.

August 20- Left 66 at 8.30. Sun shines, everything fine. Had dinner at Murrays. Went up a slough looking for ducks and rested awhile. Went through death rapids a-flying. 4 o'clock passed the big steamer. Camped on Beaver River all night. Got 2 birds, 1 rabbit. Lots of mosquitoes.

August 21- Started 8.30, sun shines. Everything lovely. Saw one canoe at 83. Had dinner on an island, stayed all night at Garnet Creek. Got traps and saw geese.

August 22- Started fine. Passed game warden at 114. We walked a half mile through woods. Ben and Harry went through rapids. Had dinner below rapids. Passed gasoline boat in Moose Canyon. Struck a rock, did not hurt boat. Camped all night in old campground. Rained all night.

August 23- Started and went away, but had to stop, the fog was too thick. Burns Meat boat went by while we were waiting. Raining again. Got 1 bird, 12 o'clock the conveyer went by. 1.30 got dinner at 133. Got to the mill, stayed all night, had supper. Breakfast at Cullens. Raining some.

STEAMSHIP S.S. CONVEYOR

August 24- Sunday. Had breakfast. Had a spat with Harry, divided the things, took him down to the store. Got some groceries, came back home again.

August 25- Sunshine and nothing to do. River gone down fast. Thundering some at 3.30, looks like rain.

August 26- Started down river at 10.45. Camped and got two ducks got dinner, dried bedding, put up hammock. Alice is sleeping in it. Put up tent.

August 27- Clear morning. Ben went up for salmon. I wrote two letters. Saw some tracks down about 2 o'clock, looks like moose tracks. Saw three boats going down. Heard five shots, about 5.30 heard three more shots. Ben got home 6 o'clock. Got 1 salmon, about 4-5 pounds and one duck.

August 28- Bright morning. Sold some traps. Went up to mill and got some groceries. Posted two letters and had dinner at Cullens. Came home. Raining a little. Sold some tobacco and got supper. Bird flew over tree, shot her, fell right by supper, built fire, to bed.

August 29- Raining again. Shot 3 birds before breakfast. Clear again. Started down river at 12.30. Sold rubber shoes, got bread, went to Dome creek, stayed all night. Rained in the night.

August 30- Big boat went by. Raining again. Stayed all day and night.

August 31- Left Dome Creek. Saw Daneils boat. Got dinner at Bill Rovers camp. Rained hard while there. Started down river again. Big boat passed us below Slim creek. Camped on left side. Stayed all night.

✓ September 2- Sun shines. Did some washing, put bedding in the sun. Had dinner. Ben went down to camp, traded 1 bottle of brandy for 9 big cans of milk, 7 lbs. butter, 4 lbs. cheese, about \$9.00 worth. Sun shines all day.

✓ September 3- Sun up high. Ben went hunting but only got 1 bird. Cleared ground, felled tree, started house.

September 4- Sun shines, worked on house. 4 skows passed by. Dog smelt something on other side. After supper went to bed.

September 5- Sun shines. Ben went down to Cranberry Marsh. Maybe seen moose. Got back, went up river, got a big piece of bear. Lots of fat. Got 1 bird.

September 6- Fried out fat, got three gallons. Then worked on house. Then made dutch oven and had supper.

✓ September 7- Fine day. Went hunting, got 6 birds with five shots, shot two heads off at once. Had dinner worked on house the rest of the day. Saw moose tracks while hunting.

September 8- Sunday again. Rained some in the night, clear this morning. Cut trail to slough. Shot 2 birds. Rained some more, cloudy.

September 9- Cloudy again. Went over river and cut big cedar tree. Got half enough lumber to cover our roof. Brought it over in canoe. While there Ben shot 1 bird and I shot 2 ducks in the river. Had dinner, had my picture taken on canoe with ducks and gun, then worked on house.

September 10- Sun shines, hot. Worked on house. Ben went hunting before dark, got 1 bird.

September 11- We went again over the river and cut cedar tree. Split lumber brought it over in boat, had dinner. Worked on the house.

September 12- Fine day. Had breakfast. Ben went hunting, got a big black bear, got home at 4.30. Sold hide at camp. Got 2 loaves of bread. Skinned meat, got supper, went to bed at dark.

September 13- Sun up, had breakfast, going to work on house. Moved in house today.

September 14- Fine day. Worked on house. Eight skows went by, one gasoline and some little boats. After dinner went over river, got some lumber, made table, traded bear meat for pepper, potatoes, flour & milk.

September 15- Sunday again. Nice day, put up heater, fried out fat. After dinner we all went up river for a ride. Saw the old timber cruiser going up the river.

September 16- Fine day. Ben went hunting. The children helped me take down tent and clear in front of cabin. They carried the brush away. Then I nearly croaked with the stomach ache pains. I cooked beans and

October 6- Sunday.
Had popcorn for lunch.

October 7- Raining again. Ben went to set marten traps. Got water rabbit.

October 8- Fine morning. Ben went to look at bear traps. Got 3 birds.

October 9- Fine day. Ben went to set traps on his trap line. Saw moose, shot it, then followed the blood on bushes. Came home.

October 10- Rained in night. Ben went early after moose. I washed some. Ben got no moose.

October 11- Ben went up to slough. Set some traps after dinner. We all went to alook at Grizzly bear tracks on sand, close to cabin. Coming back shot 3 birds by cabin. Ben shot 1 bird more.

October 12- Fine day. Ben set and baited 54 traps. Caught 1 mink. I washed some. Gave children a bath. 1 bird.

October 13- Sunday again. Two skows went by, they gave us 1 pail of jam, 4 big tins milk, 4 lbs bacon. Ben went to Elmers.

October 14- Ben went hunting. Bright morning. Sold hunting knife \$3.50.

October 15- Fine day, Ben went back to look traps on creek, got 1 mink. I wrote to Bertha and Fred.

October 16- Rained in night. Ben sawed wood. Sold watch. Went down river to set and look some traps. Skow men gave him a lot of stuff, and meat boat went by.

October 17- Raining again. Ben went down to 60. Some men ate her Ben got home 5.30, got a stove and a lot of groceries from skow mer

October 18- Set up stove, looked at traps. Got 3 ducks for bait. Sawed wood.

October 19- Fine day. Went on trap line, got 1 rabbit, 2 weasels. Shot 2 birds. I washed some, baked bread.

October 20- Sunday. Nice day. Shot 1 bird while eating breakfast by the window. Saw skow go by. Got 10 lbs crackers, beef heart and tongue from skow men, made one pie and cake.

October 21- Fine day. We went over river and cut cedar tree, got lumber for floor and porch. Skows went by, gave us a lot of groceries.

October 22- Ben went on north trap line.

October 23- Fine day. Snowed in night. Ben went on new line, shot 2 muskrats. Got 1 letter from mother.

October 24- Fine day. Ben went down to 60. Meat boat went by. Got Alberts letter.

- ✓ October 25- Fine day, looked at traps, got 1 mink, 1 mukrat, 1 water rabbit. I washed, baked bread, got groceries from the skow.
- ✓ October 26- Fine day, got six birds. Ben went on trap line. Got 3 weasels, and 1 water rabbit. Two men stayed to supper.
- ✓ October 27- Sunday. Fine day. Got 1 letter from Agnes. Two skows gave us a lot of groceries, potatoes, onions. Got a bird dog from them.
- October 28- Sent Hugh a letter. Fine day. Ben went on trap line in fore noon. After dinner went hunting, got 5 birds, 2 rats. Men stayed to dinner. Made Alice some pants.
- October 29- Fine day. Ben set some more traps. I washed and sawed wood.
- October 30- Fine day. Froze on river. Looked at traps on slough. Got 1 mink, 2 muskrats.
- ✓ October 31- Fine day. Went down to camp. Got potatoes and some stuff from skow men. Two men stayed to dinner, gave us some cornstarch.
- November 1- Fine day I washed and Ben went on trap line south, got 1 marten, 3 weasels, 3 birds.
- ✓ November 2- Ben went with Dr. Gray and Mr. McDougall hunting on the mountains. They stayed all night.
- ✓ November 3- Sunday again. Snowed 3 inches in night. Ben and men got home. They paid him \$15.00. The skows gave him \$35.00 groceries.
- November 4- Fine day. Ben got 3 birds. I made cookies and pies.
- November 5- Cloudy and raining. Ben went hunting. (I washed, baked bread and sewed).
- ✓ November 6- Nice morning. Ben went to look at rrap in slough. Got 1 otter, 1 water rabbit, 1 weasel, 1 muskrat. 4 men stayed to dinner. Afternoon got 1 rat.
- November 7- Nice and snowing a little. Ben fixed hides in forenoon, afternoon, went down to camp. While gone got 2 muskrats, 1 bird. I sawed wood.
- ✓ November 8- Ben started on trap line saw moose shot him with manser. Sold quarter for \$10.00. Got 1 letter from Sandcreek. Got 1 marten in 2nd trap line. Snowed 8 inches in the night.
- ✓ November 9- Nice day. Ben looked at traps in slough. Got 1 weasel, 1 big eagle measured 7½ feet from wing to wing.
- November 10- Fine day. Sunday. Made a suet pudding for dinner. Got rice from camp.
- November 11- Fine day. Ben went on south trap line. Got 9 weasels, 1 marten, 4 cariboo shot with manser on the dead gallop.

November 12- Snowing a little. Ben went on north line and got 1 mink, a big one, sold another quarter of meat for \$10.00.

November 13- Fine day. Ben went down to slough to reset traps. On this day I sewed and sold \$1.50 lunches.

November 14- Fine day. Ben went up to 154 with a quarter of moose meat, didn't sell any there. Afternoon sawed wood. Bessie and Alice was sick with a breaking out.

November 15- Ben went down with traps to slough, traded kettles at camp.

November 16- Cloudy. Ben went up to skin cariboo. The mail carrier went to hunt and stayed to supper here.

November 17- Sunday again. Raining today. Ben made some cookies and got moose hide.

November 18- Raining. Ben went out to south line got 4 weasels, 1 water rabbit, brought home hind half of cariboo. *no gr on carcasses*

November 19- My birthday. Raining again. Ben skinned meat, stretched moose hide, went down to camp, got pickles. Sold otter hide.

November 20- Snowed all day. Ben sawed wood, stayed around all day. Sold water rabbits. Baked bread, washed.

November 21- Nice day. I washed. Ben went on north line got 2 good marten, weasel, 1 bird.

November 22- Nice day. Snowed in night. I washed again. Ben went down to camp sold moose hide \$5.00.

November 23- Windy and raining. Ben went down to 160 with his boat after groceries for some men. Sold quarter of meat to them for \$10.00. I made cookies and pies.

November 24- Nice day so far. 2 skows went by gave us some groceries. Ben went down and got his boat he left last night.

November 25- Nice day. Ben filed his saw and 1 for another man. I sewed some.

November 26- Fine day. Ben went on south line, brought back some meat and his hide, got 3 weasels.

November 27- Nice day. Ben went on north line, got nothing. Got some pineapple from cook.

November 28- Fine day. Thanksgiving. Ben went to look for moose. I made mince pies.

November 29- Fine day. Ben sawed wood. One scow went by gave us slab of bacon, tea. I washed some, in evening Ben went down to camp after mail, but got no mail.

November 30- Fine day. Ben sawed wood. I baked 2 mince pies and then we made Bessie a pair of pants.

December 1- Nice day. The river froze over in the night. The mail carrier was here in the afternoon.

December 2- Snowed about a foot. Ben filed saw for men working on right of way. Worked in snow shoes.

December 3- Snow about 2 ft. deep. Ben working on snow shoes. Ben sick most of the day. I baked bread.

December 4- Ben went out to look for moose, but snow too deep. Came home, sawed wood. I made Bessie two pair of drawers.

December 5- Snowed in night. Ben working on snow shoes. I made two pies, a pail of cookies.

December 6- Fine day. Ben started on line, followed moose. Got three letters from camp, Mama, Agness, Albert.

December 7- Fine day. Rained in night. Ben worked on snow shoes. I made fruit cake for Christmas.

December 8- Sunday again. Nice day. Ben went down to 160 after sugar. I made cookies, sent Edna a letter.

December 9- Fine day. Cold in night. We all walked over river on ice and slid on slide. Took pictures of us sliding. Ben went hunting.

December 10- Nice day. Ben went on south line, got 1 marten, 3 weasels. I washed some today. Saw sick mam go by.

December 11- Nice day. Froze hard in night. A moose came up close to cabin in night. Dog barked at him. Ben went on North line, got 1 marten, 1 weasel. I washed again, baked bread and 2 pies.

December 12- Fine day. Ben went up after meat. I baked cookies.

December 13- Fine day. We all went over to camp, stayed to dinner got a letter from Jenny.

December 14- Fine day. Ben went hunting, shot at 2 moose, saw 3 more, got no game. Got home nearly dark.

December 15- Sunday again. Made 2 pies, 3 little ones sent Jenny a letter. Snowed a little.

December 16- Nice day. Ben went after moose, got one big one about 12.45. We all went out, had our pictures with moose, built a fire skinned moose, got home 5.30.

December 17- Nice day. Ben went down to camp, sold $3/4$ meat. I sawed two blocks of wood.

December 18- Snowed hard all day. Ben took $\frac{1}{4}$ down to 160 to Dr. Smith. I baked bread and cookies, cooked heart and sauce. I sawed 2 blocks of wood.

December 19- Snowed a little. Nice day. Ben took meat over to camp in forenoon. I washed and made pies. Afternoon Ben shot 3

moose. I sewed some.

December 20- Nice day. Ben took meat over to camp, took out inards of moose.

December 21- Nice day. Ben went down to camp, got mothers letter, and some groceries from trapper.

December 22- Sunday, snowed a little. Ben skinned moose, sawed some wood.

December 23- Nice day. Ben went hunting with a man, got 3 moose. I made cookies, two pies. Snowed a little.

3 moose

December 24- Ben went down to camp, got cabbage, strawberries and other things. I baked bread, made candy, got tree.

December 25- Christmas Day. Had a good dinner. Ben sawed wood. Man here for dinner.

December 26- Nice windy day. Ben went down to Eng. with meat, got mail, got telephone message.

December 27- Windy. Ben got ready to go to go to Sandcreek in the forenoon. Afternoon he went.

December 28- Windy day. Men cut wood, stayed to dinner. Snowed a little.

December 29- Sunday again, snowed hard nearly all day.

December 30- Nice day, fried out fat, made Bessie an underwaist.

December 31- Snowed and wind blew hard. I baked bread and read some.

1913

January 1- Snowed all day. Men brought over some flour.

January 2- Windy and snowing. I washed.

January 3- I patched some. Sun shone a little and it snowed some too.

January 4- Cold in night, sun shone in forenoon. I washed some.

January 5- Sunday, colder than Saturday. Men cut wood. Sent Mother a letter. Men said Sat. was 14 below zero.

January 6- Snowing today. Cook came over said they would move today. Alice was sick.

January 7- Snowing again and all night. David is sick today.

January 8- Snowed hard all day. In night got cold.

January 9- Still cold. I chopped out steps.

January 10- Colder yet. I made David a pair of red drawers in forenoon, did some washing. Sun shines bright.

January 11- Colder today, sun shines. Baked bread.

January 12- Sunday, cold and sun shines. Men sawed wood, said was 40 below zero yesterday.

January 13- Warmer and snowing again. Men brought over groceries and cut some wood.

January 14- David's birthday. Warm and sun shines. Men brought rest of groceries. I baked bread and cake for his birthday.

January 15- Wind blew hard all day and night.

January 16- Cold day. I washed some. Had bean soup dinner.

January 17- Went over to slough. Sun shone.

January 18- Got Vina's present and Agnes baby picture. Ben and Elmer got home at 7 o'clock. Colder.

January 19- Sunday. Ben took Mrs. Martin home. Sunshine a little

January 20- Nice day. Ben and Elmer cleaned off roof, set rabbit snare, shot 1 rabbit.

January 21- 1 rabbit, baked bread.

January 22- got 1 rabbit. Snowing.

January 23- Cleaned off roof again. Sawed wood. Still snowing.

January 24- snowing again. Ben and Elmer went down to camp, got 1 letter from mother. I washed some.

January 25- Snowing like rain. Ben and Elmer went after meat. Snow awful soft.

January 26- snowing hard. Ben went over to camp. I made dumplings for dinner.

January 27- Snowed some. Ben and Elmer went hunting, got 1 moose.

January 28- Rained all night and day. Boys fixed snow shoes.

January 29- Ben went on north line, got 1 weasel, 1 moose too. Elmer fixed snow shoes.

January 30- Nice day, Elmer sawed wood, Ben was awful tired today. Got dinner and I sewed on David's waist.

February 1- Ben and Elmer went down to camp. Sent some letters, got no mail.

Feb. 2- Nice day. Ben and Elmer went over to camp with meat, got some groceries too. Had stuffed heart for dinner. Afternoon Ben and I went on snow shoes.

February 3- Nice, sun shines bright. Ben and Elmer went down to 60 to get a moose for Dr. Smith. Got 1 moose, got \$40.00 cash.

February 4- Nice day. Ben worked on snow shoes. Elmer sawed wood. I baked 3 pies and bread.

February 5- Nice day and cold. Boys stayed around house, sawed wood.

February 6- Cold yet. Ben and Elmer went on south side of river chas moose down to Eng. camp, then Elmer shot him, broke hind legs, then E shot him in head. Had dinner at Eng camp.

February 7- Cold yet but sun shines. Got 1 rabbit. Ben and Elmer wer down to camp, sold quarter of meat. I finished my washing.

February 8- Nice sunshine. Got Hugh's letter. Ben set 7 snares, sawe wood all day. Men went by making road for teams.

February 9- Nice day. Snowed in night. Got 1 tarmagin, 1 rabbit. Layed around all day.

February 10- Nice day. Ben and Elmer sawed wood, went after meat. I baked bread too.

February 11- Nice day. Ben & Elmer went, just hunting meat, chased on moose on to the mountain, got home at dark. I made 3 pies, cooked be

February 12- Raining. Ben filed watch. Hunted for rabbits. One hous and sled went by on river.

February 13- Raining yet. Ben's birthday. Made 4 pies. Lay around all day.

February 14- Raining. Ben and Elmer went down after mail, got none. Got oil and peas.

February 15- Raining yet. Ben shovelled off roof. Ben & Elmer went just hunting, got no game. I made 2 cakes in the afternoon. Ben and Elmer shovelled out canoe.

February 16- Foggy in night and mornig. Ben & I went to look for rabbits.

February 17- Nice day. Scullit came over to see us. Ben and Elmer went up slough, set some traps. I made David a pair of pants. I baked bread.

February 18- Nice day. Ben and Elmer went on north trap line, set more traps, got lweasel, 1 tarmagin. Snow plow went by on river.

February 19- Sun shines. Ben washed, then we all went sliding.

February 20- Nice morning. Had dumplings for breakfast. Did some mor washing. Ben sawed wood. Elmer went down after mail - got mother's ar Bertha's letters.

February 21- Sunshine all day. Ben and Elmer went down to camps. I made my dress.

February 22- Sunshine. Ben went over to camp after filing saw. Teams went by on ice.

February 23- Same as before.

February 24- We all came up river on ice by team. Got to Henningsville Saturday night. Found Pa and Bertha well, surprised them.

The rest of the summer we lived at Henningsville. On August 17, 1913 Mary was born. We lived there all winter and in March sold the store and on March 31st I left Henningsville for Monroe.

Got to Monroe, Washington April 4th, spent the summer at father's and left Monroe on September 24th. Got to Guilford Sept. 30th. Ben was there to meet me and Pa was waiting on the bank at the creek. We left the boat at the creek and went home, was dark when we got home. Ben and Pa got supper by candlelight.

The next day Pa went up on his trapline and Ben went over for the boat and trunks.

On October 3 Pa killed a bear and Oct. 4 Ben went up after the meat and Pa came back with him.

On October 5th Pa went up on this line and Ben sawed wood and cleared land and dug potatoes. Curly came with deer. Nice weather.

October 17th- Ben started up on mountains with stove and met Pa. They came back and Sunday October 18th they went down to our old cabin and at 2 o'clock Narboo Bro. came and it rained and at 4 o'clock Ben and Pa came back. Narboo's stayed all night and Pa and Ben went up on mountains Oct. 19th and I stayed home with children and dog.

October 20- Cloudy and sunshine. Rain a little and we stayed in house most of day.

October 21- Nice day. I baked bread and washed and at 12.30 I saw a bird and shot it, also cooked beans.

October 22- Nice day. I baked bread, washed and Ben not back yet. Made some little cakes, stayed outdoors with children and Ben got back at 3.30. He got 3 birds, 1 weasel.

October 23- Ben went down to Narboo Bros. got bacon. Nice day. He got bacon. I made two pumpkin pies and cooked stuffed bird for supper. I and Bessie ironed.

October 24- Nice warm day. Ben and Bessie and David went after mail. Got one letter from Mother and Bertha one too. Put up heater.

October 25- Nice day. Ben & family went over to station, got no mail. Mrs. Coolio went away. Ben got apples and oranges on train, got home at 4.20.

October 26- Cloudy today. Ben and Jasper went up on mountains. I sewed some and looked upstairs for things in boxes.

October 27- Sunshine all day. I washed mountains and came back. Ben got 4 birds.

October 28- Sunshine all day. Ben & Jasper got back today. I baked bread and washed.

October 28- Frosty, sun shines all day. Ben and Jasper got back. Got two birds. I baked bread and biscuits.

October 29- Nice day. Ben helped me wash and he pulled a lot of stumps with the capson and kids. It rained a little at night.

October 30- Cloudy and sunshine all day. Ben and kids pulled stumps all forenoon and all afternoon we burned and clear land and Ben went at 4 o'clock to set 2 traps for water rabbits, clothes got dry.

October 31- Sunshines. Rained hard all night. Ben got one big water rabbit. Put paper on wall all forenoon and cleared land in afternoon. I made a cake and ironed.

November 1- Sunday. Cloudy. We all went down to Penny and then came over to the station, got two letters. Mother's and Stella's. Had our dinner on the riverbank. Got a bird on the way home.

November 2- Cloudy and sunny. Ben set more traps and in afternoon cleared alot of land and burned brush. Shot one rabbit on other side of river. Snowed on the mountains.

November 3- Nice day. Snowed in the night but all went off again. Ben looked at traps, got one water rabbit and one bird.

November 4- Cleared land, washed Pa's underclothes, made cookies.

November 5- Nice day. Ben cleared land and helped wash clothes, cooked beans and beaver tail for dinner.

November 6- Nice day. Ben cleared land. My headached awful. Pa came down today. I made pumpkin pies.

November 7- Snowed a little. Ben went up to 42 after geese, got 1 at 5.45. Got one rabbit. I scrubbed and set bread.

November 8- Nice day in forenoon. Ben and I went down to Penny, got onions. Pa stayed with kids. Got home at 2 o'clock. Rained hard all afternoon, didn't go after mail.

November 9- Nice day. Ben & Jasper and Pa went up to cabin, stayed all night. Snowed up there 4" in night.

November 10- Ben got home at 5 o'clock -got 2 big moose. I sewed so Ben stayed all night. Pa & Jasper didn't get anything.

November 11- Nice day. Ben went up on mountains, skinned moose and packed it to cabin. I sewed some today.

November 12- Nice day. Ben & Jasper got home at 1 o'clock, brought meat. I washed my skirt and waists.

November 13- Nice Day, but cold, freezing in creek. Ben & Jasper and Joe went to skin moose and got back for supper. Joe stayed all night I washed.

November 14- Cold and snow. Ben and Joe & Jasper went after moose. Got groceries from Penny. I baked bread and wrote to mother.

November 15- Sunday again. Got mother's letter. Ben took meat over to Guilford, got home at dark, got no groceries from Ross. Cold yet.

November 16- Nice day. Ben and Jasper went up on mountains. I got in wood and covered potatoes. Mary burnt her hands. Cold yet today, snowed on mountains today.

November 17- Snowed in the night, nice day, warm too. Ben and Jasper got back at 3.30. I baked a cake and ironed some.

November 18- Warm day. Ben and kids got in wood. Baby awful cross with burnt hands.

November 19- My birthday. Snowed 5" in the night. I wrote to Jenny. Ben went over to Guilford after mail. Cloudy and rain a little. Ben got back at 3 o'clock, got Cora and Hookers letters, also two others.

November 20- Nice day. Thawing. We washed in forenoon and afternoon. Ben took pictures of moose and house. Sawed wood and piled it up.

November 21- Nice day. We put down carpet in other room. Ben made pack rack for himself. I baked bread and pies.

November 22- Sunday again. Windy and thawing. Lay around all day reading and talking about my neighbors.

November 23- Nice morning. Ben and I sawed down tree and took picture of me in tree. Afternoon it rained and I made Alice black pants and Ben skinned moose head. Wrote to mother, sent pictures.

November 24- Nice morning. Ben went to Guilford after flour and mail. Afternoon windy. Ben got flour and Pa a letter. *I ironed. Still awful windy.

November 25- Snow all gone. Wind blew hard all night. Nice morning. We sawed down 3 trees. Ben cleared land, nice all day. Mary's hands doing fine.

November 26- Thanksgiving Day. Nice and warm. Ben cleared land all day. I made mince meat and stayed out by fires with baby.

November 27- A lovely bright day. Ben helped Jasper build house and I was here for dinner. Afternoon I took children down to his house stayed until Ben came home, made 3 mince pies.

Missed November 28.

November 29- Sunday and snowing again. Ben is going over to Guilford. Sent mother a letter also the Hudson Bay one for milk and butter. Got shoes, got no mail.

(November 28th)- Saturday- Ben helped Jasper on house, snowed a little. I made 3 pies, one chocolate cake, washed B.&D.&A. hair. Wrote to mother.

November 30- Monday- Ben helped Jasper in forenoon. German here

for dinner. Cold in forenoon, snowed all night. Ben fixed gasoline lamp. Mended stockings for children.

1914

December 1- Snowing a little. Ben sawing wood. Made Bessie a pair of jumpers, also Alice a pair of pants to put over her clothes when outdoors. In evening strung beads, to bed at 11.50. Moonlight night.

December 2 - Bright, cold morning. Ben has gone hunting. Mary's hands nearly all well. Ben got back at 1 o'clock but saw no game. After dinner started to work on pantry, worked till 10 o'clock. Moonlight night.

December 3- Cold and clear. Ben finished work on pantry. I baked bread and cleaned up dishes. Ben saw flag and filled his packsack to start on mountain in morning.

December 4- Cold and snow. Ben started up mountain at 7.15. I washed and got some wood. Snowing. Made a cake.

December 5- I made 4 pies, 4 little pies too. Baker was here. Ben got back after dark. Shot one moose, got heart for supper. Cold all day, snowed at night.

December 6- Snowing some. Ben started over to Guilford after mail. Wrote mother a card. Ben got back at 12.30 didn't get over river. It is nearly froze across. Made a sled to go after meat. A bright day.

December 7- Cold last night. Ben & Jasper & Baker went up and skinned moose, got it part way home, got home at 5.30, had supper here. I baked bread and sawed some wood. Sunshine all day, clothes got dry outdoors.

December 8- Sunshines, bright. Cold all night. B & J stayed all night. B & J & B went after meat now. Got back at 1 o'clock. J stayed to dinner. Baker went home after dinner. Ben made D a pair of mittens, cut wood.

December 9- Cold as need be today. I ironed and wrote to Hookers, Eric and Ben wrote too, also to Eatons. Ben and kids walked across creek on ice. Jasper came up but too cold to go after meat. Ben going after mail today. I sewed on nightgowns and Ben got no mail. Went sliding after he came back with kids.

December 10- Cold yet. Clark got house. Ben went hunting, got two heifers, got home at dark. I sewed and patched.

December 11- Ben and Jasper skinned meat. I cooked heart. J. was here for supper.

December 12- Cold yet. Ben and Jasper got meat out, got home at 8 o'clock. Got sack of sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ case of milk, also jam. J. stayed all night. I wrote to Agnes.

December 13- Cold yet. Ben and Jasper went up to store, got kitten, also groceries.

December 14- Cold yet. Ben went after his engine. I sewed and patched. Ben worked on his engine in evening.

December 15- Cold yet. Ben went over to Guilford, got mothers, Coras, Crissies and Lauras letters and card. Got Pa 4 letters as well. Jasper and German went after meat, stayed here all night. I sewed some today.

December 16- Cold yet. We washed some. Pa came down and J. Was here for dinner.

December 17- Warmer today. Snowing a little. We washed and Ben sawed some wood. I baked pies and bread in the afternoon.

December 18- Warmer today. Ben cleaned upstairs in the forenoon. Afternoon he went to Narboo brothers place. I wrote mother and sent package too.

December 19- Snowing some. Pa fixed ladder. I cleaned house and baked a cake.

December 20- Warmer today. We washed. Pa looked at traps.

December 21- Snowing today. I gave kiddies a bath and Pa wrote to Cullen, Elinor, Stella.

December 22, 1914- I cleaned house and hung curtains, washed windows and scrubbed. Pa went to meet Ben and it snowed hard all day. They got home at dark.

December 23- Snow deep. Ben and Pa went over to station after things and Narboo Bros. came back with them. Snow about 3' deep.

December 24- Ben and Mc Narboo went over to station, got rest of goods and Bertha's cards. I baked bread, pies and cakes.

December 25- Had a tree. Christmas Day. We had a fine dinner, spent the day eating, sleeping and reading. Very warm.

December 26- Narboo went home. Ben and Pa worked on snow shoes.

December 27- Sunday again. Stayed around home all day, cracked nuts and ate apples.

December 28- Cloudy today. Ben worked on snow shoes. Pa washed some. German came after stamps. A dull day.

December 29- Dull day. Ben and Pa finished snow shoes and Ben sawed wood. I stoned raisins.

December 30- Still dull. Ben and Pa went hunting, got no game. I sewed on Alice's dress. Snowed a little.

December 31- Still dull. Ben and washed. Sun shone a little. Cold in night. Made three pies.

January 1- Cloudy but nice. New Years Day. Ben sawed wood and I made steam pudding and roast heart. Cracked nuts and ate them and baked bread.

January 2- Cloudy, snowed a little last night. Ben sawed wood. Pa looked at traps. I patched stockings and other things.

January 3- Sunday- Ben went after mail, got Evas, mothers, Ednas and Jennies letters, also package. Gave children a bath Saturday night. Snowed Sunday evening.

January 4- Colder today. Ben and Pa went down to Penny with meat. Got flour, jam and macaroni. I darned stockings. Mary was sick at her stomach at night.

January 5- Colder today. Ben went hunting. Pa looked at traps. Baked cherry and apple pie, also biscuits for dinner and meat. Ben got back at 3 o'clock. Got no game.

January 6- Everything warmer today. I washed and baked bread. Ben and Pa went hunting, got no game.

January 7- Warmer today. Ben went to look for moose, saw cariboo tracks. Pa looked at tracks. I made bread and cakes.

January 8- Warmer and cloudy. Ben and Pa started after cariboo at 7 o'clock. Morgan came at 5 o'clock. Ben and Pa got back at 6, got 4 cariboo. Morgan stayed all night. Snowed hard nearly all day.

January 9- Sunshine nearly all day. After dinner Ben and Morgan went over to Guilford. Patched David's pants.

January 10- Cloudy and snowing some. Morgan went up to Bend. Ben fixed hide. I made pumpkin pies.

January 11- Ben went up to Bend and Pa and Jasper went after cariboo. Ben came home with them at 7 o'clock. Snowed too.

January 12- Sunshine. I took kids down the creek. Ben sawed wood. Pa looked at traps.

January 13- Cold in morning. Ben started down to Penney, but water on ice, came back, made sled. I patched.

January 14- Cold in the morning but snowed before night. Ben went down to Penny got flour, soda and gasoline. David's birthday, made ice cream and cake. Patched some too.

January 15- Sent mothers letter. Warmer. Ben sawed wood and I baked bread and ironed some. Wrote to Fred.

January 16- Warm today. Ben sawed wood. I patched and sewed some.

January 17- Sunday. Ben took meat to Penny. Got mothers, Agnes and Ethel's letters, took Mary for a ride.

January 18- Snowing all night a little and all day. I baked bread and pies and noodles. Ben worked on hide.

January 19- Snowed bad. German was here for dinner, also Morgan. We washed too.

January 20- Warm and thawing some. Ben burnt some wood around tree.

January 21- Cold all day. Ben went down to Penney, got Stella's and Hookers letters.

January 22- Warmer a little. Ben went up to bend, stayed all night. I ironed some.

January 23- Ben got home before supper, warmer today. I scrubbed and baked bread. Cooked cariboo tongue. Ben got 3 cans of milk and \$10.00. Wrote to Mary Moffatt.

January 24- Sunday again. Ben started down to Penney but met Mc Narboo and came back home. Mc stayed all night. Warm in forenoon and snowed a little, cold at night.

January 25- Mc started home. Ben went down to Penney. Got 100 of flour and 2 small cans milk, cocoanut and four coffee. Traded Macaroni to Clark. Warmer. I sawed wood.

January 26- Sun shines. Ben took meat to Bend. Clark cut wood. I made 12 buttonholes.

January 27- Cold night. Ben stayed all night got home at 7 o'clock. Got 6 little cans of milk, dried apples and I made some pumpkin pies, 2 blueberry pies and cake. Sun hot, cold at night.

January 28- Ben went hunting, got no game. I sewed and patched stockings. Sun hot, cold at night.

January 29- Sunday. Sun hot. Ben and I washed. Ben cut wood. German Imberi was here.

January 30- Sun hot. Ben went after bear traps, got none. Got coal oil. I ironed, made cake. Cold night.

January 31- Ben went down to Penney, got Tom's letter, none from home.

February 1- Warm and thawing. Ben went hunting, got one moose. I baked bread, pies and cake.

February 2- Awful warm and thawing. Ben sawed wood and went after meat. I wrote to Edna.

February 3- Cloudy and warm. Ben and I took children and went after meat. Ben sawed wood and burnt down trees.

February 4- Ben went down to station below Penney, got fruit and groceries. A lovely day too. I cooked rabbits for supper.

February 5- Ben sawed wood up creek. A nice day.

February 6- A nice day too. Ben sawed wood. German went after meat and stayed here all night. I baked bread and cake.

February 7- Sunday. Awful warm and thawing a lot. Ben went after mail but got only fur list.

February 8- Cloudy today. We washed in forenoon, in afternoon Ben sawed down big tree.

February 9- Alice's birthday. Made pudding. Ben sawed wood and burned tree limbs. Cloudy and snowed in evening.

February 10- Snowed in night. Ben sawed wood and burnt brush all day. I baked bread and cake.

February 11- A nice day. Ben sawed wood and felled trees. Pa went up on mountains.

February 12- Snowed all day. Ben fixed water can. His Pa got back. I patched some.

February 13- Sun shines. Ben's birthday. He went down to Linthrop, stayed last night. I baked bread and patched. Gus got game.

February 14- Midday Sunday. Ben and McNarboo got home. Got mothers and Crissies letter, also moccassins. Mc stayed all night. Ben got 50 flour, 6 tomatoes, 2 butter.

February 15- Sykes went with Mc home. Ben fixed slide. I slid with children. Nice day.

February 16- Ben and I felled trees and he burned stumps and tree. Snowed at night. Nice day till 4 o'clock.

February 17- Snowed in night and tree fell. Ben's Pa got back from Narboos. Ben burnt brush. Nice day.

February 18- Sun shines hot. We washed in forenoon and afternoon Ben burnt stumps and cut wood.

February 19- Sunshines hot. Ben and his Pa fell trees and burnt brush. I baked 4 pies and cake and bread.

February 20- Sun shines hot. Ben and Pa burned brush. Ben fixed Charles saw. I ironed and patched. I wrote Bertha. Pa wrote to Bascome and Elmer.

February 21- Sun shines hot. Ben went down to Penney, got Cora's, and Mary M. letters also Eatons goods. Bessies shoes size 1, David 10½, Alice 8½, Mary's 4½. Got a letter from Jasper and Tom. We went down as far as Clarks place on the creek.

February 22- Sun shines. Ben went hunting, got no game. Ben got back at 2 o'clock, cleared land by burning stumps and limbs.

February 23- Ben and Pa cleared land. A nice bright day.

February 24- Bessie's birthday. Ben and Pa burnt trees and Ben went over to Guilford, got no groceries. I baked bread and Bessie made some little cakes for her party. Nice day.

February 25- Ben and Pa went up the mountains. Sun shine all day, rained at night a little. Ben worked on stumps and cut wood.

February 26- Sunshines at 11 o'clock, but foggy in the morning. We washed in forenoon, got all dry. Made pumpkin pies. Ben set new fires and the Germans came in afternoon for meat.

February 27- Foggy in morning. Ben and kids went up to set traps. I got blankets on the line. I scrubbed. Ben went to Guilford. Got mothers letter dated January 18.

February 28- Ben went down to Lintrof and Penney. Got Ednas and Mrs. Middy's letters, got groceries and Ben's father got back. Nice day.

March 1. Midday, nice. Ben cleared land and after sawed wood. Took Mary's picture in the evening. Burnt his hand.

March 2- Nice day, but snowed a little, we washed and Ben sawed wood. I made cake.

March 3- Nice day. Clothes got dry and Ben and kids went to Guilford. I baked bread, cake and prunes.

March 4- Rained all day and night. I made two pair of pants for Bess and Alice.

March 5- Sunshines bright. Mr. Melsin was here for dinner. Ben fixed pictures by sunlight.

March 6- Rained some. Ben's Pa got back 4 o'clock. I made apple pies. Wrote to Mary Moffatt, Crissie, Jennie, Hooker Photos too.

March 7- Narboo came over with Ben from Penney, got Cora's letter with marriage. Nice day.

March 8- Sun shone from 7 o'clock. All day bright. Thawing fast. Ben went to Guilford. Pa went to lake. Coyotes around.

March 9- Sunshines. Ben went hunting, brought back moose. Got slide, got skunk all over him. Ben cleaned yard, had sore hand yet.

March 10- Nice day. Ben and Pa went hunting. Ben got a little moose. Got home 3.10.

March 11- Sunshines a little. Ben and his Pa went up after moose on sled. Took pictures.

March 12- Washed. Ben went up to Melaas with meat. Nice day, rained in evening.

March 13- Nice day. I scrubbed and Melaas was here. Ben sawed wood.

March 14- Ben went to Bring mail, got mothers letter. I sent one to Ethel. Got SS papers too. It rained hard all night.

March 15- Raining hard all day. Ben fixed engine. I ironed. Cleared up at night.

March 16- Froze hard in night. Ben, kids and I went over to Germans got flour. Got boat brought it to Clarks place. Bens Pa went on mountains.

March 17- Cloudy, but warm wind. Ben sawed wood and cleaned head. I baked bread and cake and darned stockings.

March 18- Awful warm, sun shines all day. We washed and Ben went over to meet train, train didn't come. Ben got back 6.30, also his Pa too. Clothes all dry.

March 19- Ben fixed hides to go to T.G. I ironed. Many sick yesterday and today.

March 20- Sun shines hot. Ben went to T.G. I baked bread and cake. Mary better today. Warm and thawing.

March 21- Sunday again. Sun hot. Creek opening up fast. Took Mary for a ride.

March 22- Warm sun. Our wedding day, been married 10 years today. Ben not home yet. Got big black fishes. Mr. Melaas was here for dinner, he brought pickles over and got meat receipt.

March 23- Sunshines warm, and wind warm too. I washed and got the clothes dry and sprinkled, ready to iron.

March 24- Sunshines. I ironed in forenoon, in afternoon made 12 buttonholes in black pants, also washed Bessie, Davie, Alices' and my hair. Ben not home yet.

March 25- Sunshines hot. Patched some. Ben got home at 4 o'clock.

March 26- Sunshines hot. Ben and Pa went over to station, got no groceries. McNarboo came back. Mc stayed all day. We made ice cream. I scrubbed. Ben sawed wood.

March 27- McNarboo went home. Ben & Pa went to get groceries, got them home in boat. A lovely day, sun shines.

March 28- Sunday. I had to bake bread and cake. A lovely day too.

March 29- A lovely day. Ben went hunting, got a cariboo and one fish. His Pa went up on the mountains. After Ben got back we built fires and cleared land. The Germans came and helped, stayed to dinner and all afternoon. Helped split wood too.

March 30- A lovely day. Ben went up, got cable and stone and windows up by the landing. After dinner Clark and Ben went after meat. I baked bread and pies.

March 31- A rainy and sunshiny day. We washed. German brought letters Ben fixed his pail for him, then they split wood.

April 1- Rained all night and rained at times all day. We saw a big flock of geese at noon, flew over garden. Ben made Davids pants and

started pack sack. Fixed my shoes too.

April 2- Rained all day and night. Ben sewed on pack sack and I made Mary two permicoats and did patching too.

April 3- Sunshines and showers. Ben helped to start ice in creek, it went a sailing down stream. He burned and cleared all day. I cut his hair, also baked bread and cake and meat and peaches.

April 4- Sunday again. Sun and rain all day. Lay around all day. Looked at creek and read stories too.

April 5- A lovely, hot day. Ben and I cleared land. Bens Pa got back at noon, he lay around all afternoon. We worked on land, ice in river went out the 2nd of April.

April 6- A lovely day. Ben cleared land all day. His Pa helped some too. I washed in forenoon. Made ice cream afternoon, set out pre-plants.

April 7- A lovely day till 5 o'clock. then a big shower came. I baked bread and cake. Ben and his Pa cleared and burned. I ironed too.

April 8- Ben went down got mothers letter telling of Papa's death. A nice day. I patched some.

April 9- A lovely day. Ben and Pa cleared land. Clark was here. I patched some.

April 10- A lovely day. I baked bread and Ben cleared land. Made beans and sauce.

April 11- A beautiful day. We started to Penney, got mothers letter. Sent her one too. Narboos came back with us, ate dinner on the river bank.

April 12- A lovely day. Ben went down after fertilizer for garden. I made five pies. Ben fixed hot bed after he got home. Rained a little.

April 13- Ben and his Pa went up creek, got a live coyote in trap. Afternoon we pulled stumps, nice day.

April 14- A lovely day. Ben burned stumps and we washed and cleaned the yard. McNarboo came to go trapping. I made fig cake for supper.

April 15- A most lovely day. McNarboo helped pull stumps, planted dalihas.

April 16- A lovely day. Ben and his Pa went to look at traps. McNarboo took pack up to snow line. Ben got duck, cooked it for supper.

April 17- Nice day. Ben went with Mc and Pa up on mountains, stayed all night. I baked bread.

April 18- Sunday. A lovely day. Ben got home 11 o'clock. Looked at traps at creek. Went for a boat ride got one water rabbit.

April 19- A lovely day. Ben spaded ground. Caught 2 fish on set line. Shot one goose flying over our house at 5 o'clock in morning. Fixed his engine. I wrote to mother.

April 20- Rained and snowed some. Cloudy. Ben worked at spading and caught one trout in creek. Wrote to Eva and Bertha. Stella a card.

April 21- A nice day. Ben looked at traps, got one good otter. I worked around house.

April 22- We all went down to Penney, Guilford. Went up to Malas for supper, got home 9 o'clock. A nice day. Got Mrs. Middy's letter and papers.

April 23- John Narboo came over. I scrubbed and we washed in forenoon. Ben looked at traps, got big water rabbit.

April 24- A nice day. Ben got one big water rabbit. John Narboo came for supper and stayed all night. I baked two chocolate cakes and 2 pies, raisin and fig.

April 25- Sunday. A very nice day. We went up river to Dome Creek. They buried the man that drowned today. We got potatoes, sent Eatons letter. Got home at 10 o'clock at night, got supper and went to bed.

April 26- Cloudy and raining. Ben, Bess and David went to look at traps. Saw a bear and Ben shot him. Got 10 lbs of grease, got home for dinner. Afternoon Ben took traps up in slough, brought them home, got one big and one small rabbits. I fried out fat.

April 27- Ben gone to set and look at traps. I made 3 pumpkin pies, patched stockings too. Sun and cloudy. Clark got meat.

April 28- Ben spaded and planted peas, onions and radishes and parsnips out in front. I washed underclothes and cotton blanket. Nice day. Got potatoes up too.

April 29- Raining. Ben went up creek, got 2 small water rabbits. I made 4 mince pies, gave Clark one of them.

April 30-Raining. I washed. Ben fixed land for potatoes.

May 1- A lovely day. I hung up clothes and scrubbed made four pies, mince and peach. Joe was here for dinner and supper and breakfast. Ben good water rabbits (4), cooked meat. I baked bread and beans and ironed too.

May 2- Sunday again. Nice day. Alls well. We went to Penney, sent Freds letter, got no mail. Awful windy on water, got home at 5.45, got supper. Ma

May 3- Nice day. Mr. Reed brought Jennies letter and seeds before breakfast. Ben looked at traps, got 1 small water rabbit and one grizzly bear in forenoon. McNarboo came at noon, he shot a big bear and wanted dog. I baked 3 mince pies and fig cake, cooked beans and prunes, cooked bird.

May 4- Nice day. Ben and Mc went after bear. Clark planted potatoes and sawed wood. I planted turnips and carrots.

May 5- Nice day. Clark cut wood. I mended clothes. Ben got home.

May 6- Hot day. Ben worked at garden. We washed. Got 1 water rabbit.

May 7- Ben went up to Bend, got home 8.15. I wrote to mother and the Aluminum Company.

May 8- Nice day. I scrubbed, made pies. Ben got big black bear in trap.

Peterson came home with us. Got Rose's letter.

May 10- Raining a little. Ben set out lettuce and cabbage and beets. Peterson cut wood and cleared land.

May 11- Nice day, a little rain. Mc and Pa came down. Ben looked at traps.

Headwaters Ranch,
Link Mountain, B.C.

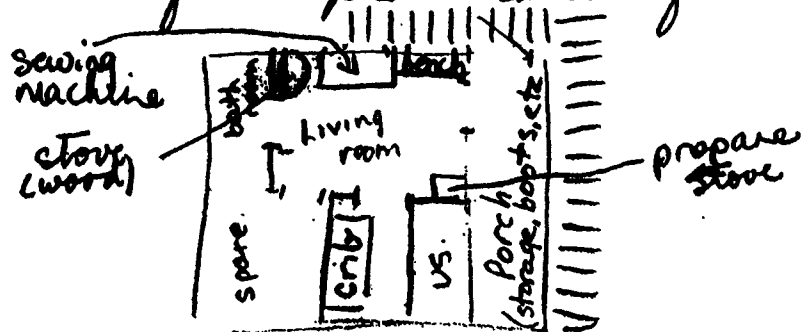
VOG 280,

July 20, 1975.

Dear Daddy and Mom,

Well, here we are at
Headwaters Ranch. This place
is really beautiful to behold.
Everywhere you look are tall,
straight evergreens and green
fields and rolling hills. We
are situated in a valley and
the scenery is just so alive
with activity and life.

We are in a lovely cabin.
The floor plan is as follows:



As you can see, there is an enclosed porch the length of the house which now has boots and other things stored there. When it rains we take off our boots here so as to keep the inside house clean.

Fred set up my sewing machine right under the window, so I would get plenty of good light. I tried out my machine yesterday and it works fine. We have a propane 2 burner stove for heating our kettle (which we bought with the money you gave us: \$15-)

We sleep in the same room as Diana even though there is more room because she has never slept by herself. Probably after a while, we

will go into the other room.

The sheep barn & goat barn is right behind our cabin and so everyday as they go to pasture they come trooping right by our door. Diana stands in the porch and watches them. Some of the lambs wander over to our front yard and Diana even pets them!

The food is very good here - fresh, cold cows' milk, real home made butter, and lots of hearty vegetables. We had egg foo young for lunch on Saturday and today we had banana pudding. We are well looked after in this area!

It was raining when

we arrived, and very muddy but as soon as the sun comes out it all dries up. It was 72°F yesterday and sunny. We were out visiting till 10^{30} and the sun was just going down.

Diana is doing very well. Everyone says how well she talks for her age. She has learned to say Tabernacle, and knows that it is the place where we eat and meet. She gets excited at seeing the animals and of course ~~tells~~ us what they all are called. She has an excellent memory and picks up the children's names really quickly. She is fitting in really well.

5.

Well, supper is at 5³⁰ and it is now 5⁰⁰, so I'd better close. I tried to call you the minute we got to the Pink Mountain Motor Inn but because of the 3 hour time difference you weren't at home or at work. Mom, I called your office & missed you there but talked to Mrs. Smith! You'll find that call on your bill! Sorry about that!

Well, we send you our love, and hope to hear from you soon.

Love,
Fred, Pamela &
Diana!!

Monday July 28/75.

Dear Daddy & Mommy,

I hope you have received my first letter dated July 20. We really like it here. Diana right now is watching out our front door, as all the sheep come in from pasture. Her farm vocabulary is increasing day by day to include the names of the sheep and horses - Poncho, Kate, Rocky etc. She is thriving & grows in the nursery & when I am cooking and is starting to enjoy being with the children. She has a piece of paper now on the floor and is writing one picture for Grandma and one for Grandpappy - please note circles, straight lines and little strokes!

Diana is doing very
 well as she is being
 trained out of diapers and
 into training pants. She only
 wears diapers at night,
 and so this is quite a
 saving at wash day. Most
 days she goes through the
 whole day in the same
 pair, so I am really
 quite pleased. She says
 there is a big girl now.
~~The~~ The days are warm -
 70-75° F, and nights are
 cool - 50-55° F. ~~but~~ dress
 for just
 at present as we
 have to get
 to the kitchen soon,
 and I promised Diana a
 snack (Choc. milk & cookie!)
 before we go.
 I'll write again -
 love from
 us three!
 Fred, Me & Diana.

#3

Saturday Aug. 2, 75.

Dear Mom and Dad,

It seems impossible that this is August already, but the calendar page has turned again, and the time sure goes by quickly. Every day is full of things to do.

You might think that life here is difficult without any of the modern conveniences, but it isn't! Things such as washing & cleaning may take longer, but we have the whole day to do it in. There is no pressure of a 9-5 job, but only working with people who are your brothers and sisters in the Lord. I spend two days a week in the kitchen, which are long days. There are 180 people here to cook for, so we start right after breakfast

cleanup to cook for lunch. Our noon meal is the main meal of the day, and at 6⁰⁰ p.m. we have soup and bread. There is always plenty of food, and the men sure appreciate the meals.

After these two kitchen days, I have a day off. I usually do my wash. I use rain water when it has been raining. We catch it off the eaves in a 45 gal. drum. 'Hately the drum has been full!' If it is dry, then I have to use creek water. Also on my day off, I try to teach Diana and read to her and take a walk to the goat barn. She was over there once when the goats were being milked; we have seven milking goats. This

Saturday, Aug. 16, 1975.

Dear Mom and Dad,

It doesn't seem like we've been gone for a month, but it will be just that in a couple of days. The days just seem to fly by so quickly here. My days are pretty well filled up, what with cooking, cleaning, gardening, etc. Our evenings go like this:

Monday, free, Tuesday & Thursday: meeting, Wednesday & Friday, free.

Saturday - tape - Sun. "young people's" an informal meeting for whoever wants to come.

Of course, free just means you are free to do whatever else you have to do - mending, reading, knitting, etc. For Fred, it usually means chopping wood, or hauling water!

2.

We have ~~4~~³ big gardens this year which the Lord has really blessed. We have fresh lettuce almost everyday, plus all sorts of "greens" - beet greens, radish greens, turnip greens - these are all cooked and eaten like spinach. We also have some kale. This is a plant that looks like real curly lettuce. It is a fresh winter green. We don't harvest it now, but in the winter we can dig under the snow for it, and it is perfectly all right - the snow doesn't harm it. Last weekend, 15 girls went to a farm near Ft. St. John and picked 1150 pounds of green beans. We canned these and got 920

jars of beans to eat this winter. Some were quart jars, some half-gallon. We eat lots of potatoes here; also lots of bread. Each day's cook team makes 25-35 loaves of bread; 15 loaves get used up at one meal! Often we have corn bread or biscuits with our soup. Fred bought some jam and peanut butter, crackers, butter, sardines, and coffee, tea, etc. for our cabin. Sometimes before going to bed we three have a little snack. Dissa loves this. She is learning to ~~we~~ love what is provided for her.

Did I tell you in my last letter that I was going to be a school teacher?

4.

I will have a pre-school class of 3 and 4 year olds, just 4 children, Monday to Friday from 10 AM till noon. This doesn't seem like much but it is quite a challenge because there are no prepared teaching materials. I am really depending on the Lord so I can teach these children properly. The textbooks that are used in the school for grades one and up are published by "Rod and Staff" publishers, a Christian company. The books are written in a way as to teach the children about God's creation. They have Bible memory verses as a part of their homework, and the lessons

5.

stress such principles as obedience to parents, politeness, sharing, responsibility, etc., all while teaching the three "R's"! These are really fine books, ^{and} are what Diana will finally use. Why not teach them from the very young years the ways and principles of the Lord? In the city schools they teach them, filling their minds with the ways of the world.

Well, Fred and I are just sitting here in the cabin as I write.

Diana is asleep, but not for long. We would like ~~to~~ to hear from you both.

We got a letter from Mrs. den Buden, telling us

6.

Of the birth of Marylou and
Jerry's baby girl, Angela,
on the 28th of July. They must
be very happy.

Please write soon.
Keep thinking about coming
to visit! We'd love to
have you. You can see the
Rocky Mountains in the
distance!

Very much love,
and lots of kisses,
Fred, Pamela & Diana.

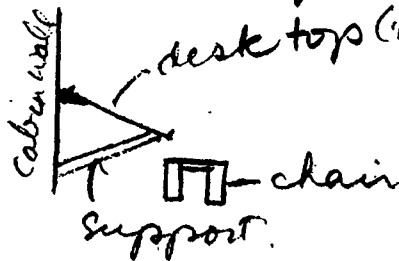
P.S. Please send Patsy's address,
Deb's also if she has one.

Headwaters Ranch,
Pink Mountain, B.C.,
VOC 2B30
August 31, 1975.

Dear Daddy and Mom,

I was so glad to get your paper bag letter, I couldn't care less if it was written on a Kleenex so long as I hear from you all.

Fred and I are just sitting in our cabin having a coffee and a piece of cake left over from lunch. Fred just finished making a desk for Diana that folds down from the wall. He painted the top with black-board paint (except that it is green) and so she has a chalk board and desk for reading and coloring all in one. It looks like this:



It is really quite ingenious and Diana likes it already.

On Friday, all three of us went into town with Ross to do some shopping. It is a two hour ride over fairly good road - when it is dry - which it was. It is not a very large town compared to Montreal, but they have the stores one needs. Food and especially fruit is quite expensive but we always keep some things here in our cabin for snacking i.e. coffee, tea, sugar, coffee mate, chocolate mix for Diana.

Fred also buys those cans of sardines and kippers to eat with bread or crackers. Most of the time snacking is just for the fellowship because we are very well fed here - there is always plenty. Moose season opened last week and the two men who went hunting brought back a thousand pound moose. Yesterday we had moose-burgers, and today we had moose steaks. Besides the fresh meat we also canned 63 qts. for the coming winter.

Prices here are about the same except some things which are more expensive. All our needs are met by the farm, but we buy our own laundry soap and toilet paper, which helps out because then those who can't afford their own can use what the farm buys. Nothing is wasted here - even table scraps go to the chickens and pigs. The garden teams have been going berry picking - cranberries are in abundance in the fields and on the hills. As a matter of fact, right now I am eating cake with cranberry icing, which was left over from lunch. There are some raspberries, blueberries and Saskatoon berries - they are similar to blueberries.

School here on the farm starts in two weeks - Sept. 15. I am teaching Grade One and Kindergarten - in the

same room. There are three pupils in
 a kindergarten and one in Grade one. Right "
 now I am trying to organise a curriculum
 for the kindergarten. This is more or less
 up to me - just so long as it prepares them
 for the Grade one work next year. Once
 school starts, a bit earlier, in fact, next
 Sunday, I am relieved of kitchen duties so
 as to have enough time with Diana
 plus to do wash, sewing, etc. I have
 set up (week by week) a plan of Diana's
 "school-time." We sort shapes, find missing
 shapes, do phonics exercises, color, paste,
 etc. so she is getting a good background
 for pre-school class next year. She
 has learned to sit with her hands
 folded on her desk waiting for instruction.
 She is very bright and catches on to things
 quickly. She has many lessons in
 obedience to learn but she is learning
 daily that the result of disobedience
 is that someone always gets hurt (usually
 her!) If she runs and falls, she gets
 hurt. If she touches something and
 it falls on her, she gets hurt. Sooner
 or later she will get the message. We
 love her and therefore don't let her
 get away with much - what we see
 we deal with!

Well, all this has been about us, what about you two? Daddy, please write! Mommy, please write!! How can we know how you are? While in town the other day I tried to call you but being Friday night, you were probably out shopping. We'll try again!

Well, this is about all for now. Be assured that we are just fine and that everything we need is available to us, whether right here or else in town. Diana is getting more beautiful every day and Grandpappy still talks about and plays with the shells you gave her. When asked where you are, she says, "In Montreal." Keep thinking about coming in the spring or ~~when we can~~ we'd love to have you write soon.

lots of love and kisses,

Fred, Pamela + Diana.

XXXXXX
 OOOOOO
 XXXXXX

Sept. 13, 1975.

Dear Daddy & Mommy,

~~Just~~ We received with many thanks your recent letter. ~~two~~ Even though we are far ~~from you~~ in miles, we ~~think~~ miss you very much and ~~wish to~~ hear how you all are ~~doing~~ Everything here is just fine. There hasn't been a cloud on the horizon for the past four days. By the middle of the afternoon it is 88° F. even though it was 30° F. at 5:00 A.M. when I got up. Our cabin is warm in the morning - 68°.

This is the nicest weather since we arrived. Last year at this time there was snow on the ground. We pray daily for clear skies and warm weather so we can get all the crops harvested.

The men on the Building Crew have begun a major project - a barn to house cows and horses. It will be 40 feet tall and 120 long.

sections will be aside in the middle. I had concrete for part of the ^{very small} foundation and flooring. Also ~~the upper part~~ ^{the lower part} will have a hay rack ~~for~~ lifting the hay to the ~~top~~ ^{top}. I will take a few months of work for those 6 or 8 men to complete it.

Last weekend Fred built us a bed and it looks very nice in our room. My white bedspread really brightens up the room. For the first time, Diana has her own room and doesn't mind at all. Of course, if she wakes up, I can hear her right away.

I start teaching school on Monday. Today I talked with the parents of the children I will be teaching just to start the air as to disciplining

February 23, 1976

Dear Daddy and Mommy.

Diana was delighted to receive her present today in the mail. Nothing could have been nicer for her. That 79¢ will bring her many hours of coloring fun. She says thank you to Grandma & Grandpappy.

We have moved into our new house! It is just beautiful inside. It is a two-storey house - made of wood, lumber, not logs. Downstairs are 3 bedrooms and a large (12' x 14') living room. upstairs there is another smaller sitting room and 3 more bedrooms. There is also a bathroom on

2.

each floor. All the floors are covered with linoleum, pale green upstairs, rust downstairs. Everyone here likes our house and says it is so bright and sunny. Diana loves her room, too.

~~I~~ January here was very mild = 40°F to 50°F above zero during the days. Now we are back to cooler days around 10° - 30°F . It has been very clear and sunny most days.

We had a convention here last week; 650 people came, mostly from surrounding farms like Mendwaters. Things were crowded but nobody minds very much.

We all just enjoy listening to the Word of the Lord as it is preached. We had special pre-school classes for the 2 and 3 year-olds during the morning meetings. We taught them about sheep and shepherds. They did make little sheep out of toilet paper rolls covered with real wool from our sheep here - really cute. Diana liked the classes very much.

Diana learns many songs and Bible stories in nursery time. She goes in the nursery while I teach school every day. In addition, I teach her verses to

4.

impress certain principles
on her. Right now she is
learning John 14:15. "If you
love me, keep my command-
ments. When she was learning
to eat, I taught her Psalm 81:10-
"Open thy mouth wide and
I will fill it!"

I wrote to Patsy but
have not heard from her
since. I guess she's pretty busy.

Well, this is about all
for now. Write again
soon. I'll write again, soon,
too!

Love
Fred, Lorne &

xxxx Diana
0000 hugs & kisses
xxx for Grandma & Grandpappy!

Headwaters Ranch
June 14, 1976.

Dear Daddy and Mommy,

Thank you very, very much for the birthday cards and money which you sent. The mail arrived on Saturday (12th) so they arrived before the actual day of our birthday. I cut out the basket of buttercups for her and now that and her cards are on her trunk in her room where everyone can see them. We have not been to town yet so have not spent the money. When we do we'll let you know what we got.

Fred is away right now for 10 days. Twelve of the men from the farm went to work for the Forestry department. They are planting seedling trees where the lumber companies have cleared them. They are fed very, very well and are paid very well. The money they make will go to the farm to pay for major expenses like gasoline, machinery parts, grain etc. Any overtime they make is for themselves.

Well, thank you again, and we hope to hear from you soon.

Love and kisses from
Pamela and Diana.

July 7, 1976.

Dear Mom and Dad,

I just had to write you a short note to show off my new writing paper that Patay made and sent me for my birthday. Isn't it nice?!! She sent a blue tie-dye T-shirt for Diana, good size; it should fit her next year, too.

We all are doing just fine. Diana is growing up quickly. She has graduated from wearing a bib - she leans forward when she eats →

2.

so she doesn't drip on her clothes. She eats off a plate instead of a bowl and uses a fork, quite well. At night, she just wears training pants, no rubber pants. Most of the time she goes right through the night, although occasionally she calls me in the middle of the night to put her on the potty. All in all, she is fine! Fred and I are fine, too. I went for a check-up this week, so far I've only gained two pounds. Everyday,

3.

I get an egg, and, milk at every meal. I have been given many clothes, dresses and jumpers that should fit me right to the end. The women there are real good about sharing their maternity clothes.

Well, please write and keep us posted on how you all are. We'd like to hear from you once in a while!

much love,
Fred, Pamela + Diana
xoxxo

0
Mrs. MacAnabama.

Headwaters Ranch,

Pink Mountain, B.C., V0C 2B0.

Sept. 15, 1976

Dear Daddy and Mommy,

Thank you so much for the package which arrived today. Diana was very excited about the clothes. She quickly set about sorting into piles for play, body meetings, too big etc. It was like we had been on a giant shopping spree. Thank you also for the cookies - Fred wants to know how you knew his favorite kind?! - and animal crackers for Diana. She scurried to put them on her shelf right away. The perfume also was a lovely surprise! Thank you, thank you again.

Daddy, that's exciting to hear that your office may move to Ontario. Although Pincoot has been very nice for these past 10 or 11 years (could it really be that long?!). Maybe a move is just what you two need, now that all of us children are gone. You would be nice and close to Patay and the Russes near London. Fred used to lived in London before they moved to Quebec. I hope it all works out. Keep us posted, please.

The big activity around here

2. for the ladies lately has been berry-picking and jam making. The picking is very slow work but if you find a good patch you can just sit down for a couple of hours and pick in that one spot. I collected 4 cups of blueberries and mixed them with about $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of cranberries (these are the main two kinds) and got about 36 ounces of jam. You just boil it all together with a bit of water and 4 cups of sugar (about a cup/sugar for each cup of berries). The cranberries have their own natural pectin which causes the jam to thicken on cooling: that's why we mix the two kinds. One lady here, a real "pro" at berrying, already has 7 pints made for the winter. That's when we really appreciate it. For my first attempt, mine turned out pretty good.

Daddy here's the report on our grain harvest. To feed all our animals till next spring when they can go out to pasture again we need about 20,000 bales of hay. Most of this comes from share cropping but this year we had planted 37 acres of

our own land here at H.R. We had a lot of rain this summer but we prayed and believed God to bring forth an abundant harvest. In these parts farmers think any upwards of 30-35 bales per acre very good and you're doing good if you get that. Well, from our 37 acres we got 4300 bales of very good quality hay! Also we had rye over 5 feet tall. The men have been working very hard this week to finish everything up.

Hay in the field is going at \$3/bale, so we are saving much by our plentiful harvest. Also at Mile 200, only 50 miles north of here, they have 6 inches of snow on the ground already, but this farm and our valley is aglow with yellow poplars against bright blue skies of autumn. We are all praising the Lord for this.

I am not teaching this year, but will be on a regular kitchen schedule: Mon: kitchen; Tues: off; Wed: AM: Wool class; PM off; Thurs: kitchen; Friday: off Sat: off Sun: off. As the winter comes I'll only go half days to the kitchen, just as much as I feel I can do. One morning a week will be devoted to a Bible Study for everyone, as soon

as the days get short and cold enough to warrant a more relaxed work schedule for the men.

Diana is learning to be very helpful and is looking forward to helping me do many things when the baby comes. She is willing and eager to share everything with the baby, even her animal crackers!

Mommy, by now you should have gotten a call from Sheryl Eno, right? She will be leaving Mtl. on Oct. 11 for H.B. and so you could send something small. Of course, when I sent that message with her I didn't know you would send all those goodies in this pkg. you just sent, so I'm not really expecting anything. Although there is one thing: a book - How To TEACH YOUR BABY TO READ by Glenn Doman - Random House. If it's available in paperback, Classics could find it for you. Could you look around or ask Patsey to?

Well, this is all for now. Everybody is doing fine here. Diana keeps saying maybe Grandpappy will come here to see her!

Love
All B us!

Headwaters Ranch,
Pink Mountain, B.C.,
October 20, 1976.

Dear Daddy and Mommy,

I was so excited for you all at your good news in your last letter of Sept. 23rd. Daddy, your car sounds so-o-o nice - would it survive a trip out to H.R.? One of the girls here, Diane, just got a SEIKO watch from her parents. They are very nice watches. I'm sure yours will serve you ~~very~~ well for many years.

As for your moving, I think it is tremendous! Please keep us up to date on your plans. Are you going to get a smaller place, a bit easier to take care of? Mom, you should think about that, you know. Then you would have more time for all your other activities, plants, etc. Maybe a library would be near you, or a shopping plaza, or something.

Daddy, it's good to hear you are keeping well and gaining a bit of weight. It must be all that original cooking. Does Mommy experiment with new

recipes, and desserts and things? Tell her to make some fudge and send it so we can sample some of her culinary successes.

The weather here has been GLORIOUS for over a month, almost two. That saying, "Make hay while the sun shines," has its origin in the farming foundation of this country. We have had "hay-making" weather, clear, blue skies warm days 75°. All the leaves are off the trees here. They are only at their peak of color for about a week, and by the end of September, they are all gone. Now, the branches are a drab grey against the dark green of the evergreen trees.

Mommy, in Fort St. John, there is a store run by the Girl Guides called the Girl Guide Thrift Shop. It is a second-hand clothing store, with things for a dime to a dollar, more or less! Last time I was there, I got for Diana a nice little pleated

2.

skirt, brown plaid (45¢), a brown cardigan (20¢) and a Buchanan kilt for 80¢ which is a bit big for her but will definitely fit her next year. The items are always nicely cleaned and laid out on shelves & racks. Whenever we are looking for something for our children, the women at the Ranch, always, check out the Thrift Shop before heading for the Bay!!!

Diana started pre-school on Oct. 4. Two of the oldest 3 year-olds started then (Diana and another girl, Shiloh). For the first two weeks they went every morning, 8 - noon, but now Diana just goes when I'm on schedule - Monday, Wednesday & Thursday. The classroom has been fixed up beautifully, with one white wall, red linoleum. There are little tables and chairs for the little people. Everything is on a small scale, so they can handle it themselves. They learn to answer the door politely.

and say, "Please come in and have a seat." There are little brooms to keep the room clean and little aprons to wear while they clean. They learn to wash their own snack dishes, and do useful things. Diana likes it very much. Patsy could tell you all about the thought behind the method, Montessori. They have many different activities that they "work" with not play with! such as bead sorter, puzzles, rods that show size progression, moveable alphabet (letters about 2" high that they lay out on a mat when learning to spell) — all lovely things that teach. To buy the materials from the Montessori Foundation is very expensive, but we have made most of our own things and adapted many of the original ideas to suit the materials we had available. Diana loves it, imagine her in pre-school!

Now, before I forget: we got your surprise bag of books for Diana (plus pops)

That was very enterprising of you, Mommy, to go to a garage sale like that! Books are always appreciated. Your choice was very good! - appreciate the thought - no goblins, ghosts, witches, etc.

To answer your questions:

- 1) Bunting Bag - I have a new-born size that Ross' wife gave me, brand new and Diana's old one to carry on from Pere. so I don't really need a bunting bag. I'll keep thinking of something for Grand-baby.
- 2) Radio - very nice thought, but I don't think we'd listen much to it. However, when you mentioned dishes, I thought of something we would use if we had it - a frying pan, 9" or 10". Right now, I have a pie plate from the Tabernacle kitchen, but on the propane stove, it ~~set~~ scorches really easily because it's so thin. We use this mostly for frying bread into toast,

6.
or making bannock. Would you consider this?

Since you are always asking what you can get us there are two ideas -

1) for Diana - a blanket sleeper.

size chest 21"
height 30" from shoulder to heel.
18" " " " bottom.

probably \$7 or 8. Prob. CSS 3 or 4 ^{Canada Standard Size}

2) for Fred - a down filled vest - should run around 15" no more than 20" or you've found the wrong thing. They are often red or green, quilted, long in back and front or else wind goes right up. (or just long in back) zip up front, or sometimes snap.



front



side view

back.

The only reason I mention these things is because you always ask.

Whatever you send, or wherever you send anything please do not send it airmail. Send it parcel post, it doesn't take that much longer and would only be around \$2-3.

Well, keep well, and write again: we always enjoy your letters. Diana asks, when a letter comes, "Is this from your mother or Daddy's mother?" Then she wants to hear what is in the letter! Say Hi. to Patsy & Deb for us.

Love.

Fred, Pamela & Diana

xxx
ooo
xxx

Headwaters Ranch,
November 7, 1976.

Dear Mom and Dad -

Just a short note - no new news
over here.

I want to knit Pat & Russ
some mitts for Christmas. Now, the
colors of wool I have are royal blue,
bright green, red, dark brown, and grey.
What colors would go with their
winter jackets? Please write and let
me know right away as I will have to
get started if I want to mail on time.

Also - be on the lookout for any nice
calendars either going out (1976) or
coming in (1977) - banks, etc. We
keep them and make books for the
children. Thanks very much.
No hurry on this item.

All is fine here - 6 weeks to B-day.

Love,

Pamela.

①

H. R.
February 14/77.

Dear Daddy + Mom,

Sorry I haven't written for a while, but somehow the days + weeks seem to slip by so quickly. There is a convention coming up on Feb 24 which lasts 3 days. So far there are over 600 people coming. We do extra baking - bread, granola + cookies, also roasts, so this preparation is taking a lot of time. I will be teaching some children's classes at the convention, and have that to prepare for also.

Jadon is doing fine. He is getting big.

He laughs & ²smiles alot now. He sleeps through the night, well, from 9³⁰ or 10^{pm} to 6³⁰ or 7³⁰ AM. Sometimes I don't feed him till I get to the tabernacle for breakfast which is 7⁰⁰ AM. Every day Diana gets to hold him on her lap for a few minutes. She wants to know when he'll be old enough to play with her!

Fred comes home from Ft. St. John on the weekends only. Diana & I miss him & he notices a real change in Jason when he gets here. I'll be glad when spring gets here, then it will time to go to the Canton Convention &

Montreal. ③ Please understand
that all our plans are
tentative. Things could
change at the last
moment. We never know
until we go when we are
going. Sound familiar?!!

We are free here to
come & go as we please.
We have 3 good meals
a day, a nice house,
no rent, no bills to pay.
There is no pressure
from any person to
give any money for food
or anything. We are only
encouraged to move as
we feel God's spirit

④
speaking to us to move,
in regard to giving money,
etc. Of course, we do
have a work schedule,
2 days a week in the
kitchen, half day in Wool,
half day in nursery for
mothers. But if you
didn't show up, no one
would bawl you out.
If you didn't show up
consistently, someone might
just check to see if
something was wrong, or
maybe they would just
wait till you came to talk
to them. They wouldn't
fine you or ask you to

(5)

leave the farm. I guess I'm telling you all this so you don't ever think that the people here are taking all our money & pressuring us to give it in any way. When there is a need for money for gasoline or a food order, one of the elders just makes the announcement...

we need to get a food order. If you feel to give for this, just give your money to anyone of the elders. No one knows or keeps record of who or how much

is given. ⑥ Everyone is believing God to supply for us and so far He hasn't let us down. We have never had to go hungry, and although we are not served many "delicacies", we are all healthy + so are the children here. I hope this perhaps sets your mind at ease concerning this.

Well, this is all for now. Write soon.

Love,
Fred, Pamela,

Diana & Jason.
X X X O O O X X X

HR.
March 7, 1977.

Dear Daddy + Mommy.

Did I ever write and say Thank you for Dian's present of dusting powder and soap? If not, Thank you. She keeps it on her trunk which is sort of like a dresser top for her since she doesn't have a dresser, only a captain's bed with drawers. She has a 2-way magnifying mirror, her soap dish, dusting powder and a tray with containers, that her barrettes, etc., go in. She thinks it is very nice to have her own powder, just like Mommy's.

Here are our tentative plans for our trip:—

2.

We'll fly out of Ft. St. Jn.
on Saturday March 26.
and arrive Sat P.M. or Sunday
in Mtl. We'll stay until
April 5. On that Tues. P.M.
we'll leave for Canton, Ohio
with Julio & the folks from
Mtl. going to the convention.
and then after the Conv.,
we'll drive back here with
the folks who went from
here in the van. This seems
pretty sure. Hope it fits
in with your plans.

Mary Lou may have her
baby while we are there
She's due right about that
time.

Jason & Diana are doing
fine. All Diana talks
about is going to Mtl. to

3.

See Grandma + Grandpappy
and going on a plane. She
prays for you both every
night. She remembers your
eyes, Mommy, and is very
excited about our visit.

Every time she colors a
picture or pastes and
cut-out, she wants to send
it to you, but I hold her
down, or your house would
be full of papers, which
you don't need at a time
like this.

Jadon is getting big!
Diana wasn't as big as he
is now until she was about
5 months old! His face is
very round. He smiles +
laughs now and pays
attention to pictures on
his wall, etc. Wait till

4.

you see him! Everyone
says he looks like me.
He is a very good boy. He
sleeps from 9 or 9³⁰ at night
till 6³⁰ or 7³⁰ in the A.M.

I am still just nursing him,
I don't want to start him
on solids till we get back
from our trip. Even then,
as long as he sleeps the
night, I won't hurry him.
He'll only be 3 mos. old.
He is so big, I think he
is older!

It is almost time for
spring break-up, although
we have a large CAT
clearing some land. If it
thawed now it would
hinder the work, so a few
more weeks of cold and

5.

then for sure it will
thaw. Most of the days
are around 40° F. The
sun shines every day.
On Sat. it snowed but
only ~~an~~ inch or 2, then
it cleared right up. It
has been a very mild
winter. It shouldn't take
the ground too long to
dry up because there's
not too much snow left
to melt.

Well, take care of
yourselves. Don't rush
around & tire yourselves out.
Give our love to Debbie.

P.S. Did Deb get
the pkg. I sent
her?

Love
Fred Pamela &
Diana + Jason.

H.R.
May 4, 1977.

Dear Daddy + Mommy,

I was so glad to get your change of address card in the mail today. I was wanting to write before but was unsure of exactly how long you would be in Pinckney. I'm glad you found a place. Write + tell me about it.

Jadon + Dianna have both recovered from their trip. We took Jadon to a doctor here in Ft. St.

John last week to check on his head again. He gave us a cream for it and said it wasn't contagious. So everything seems O.K. there.

The snow is all gone - it was when we got back. We haven't had any rain,

2.
except for a private line
there, as the land is divided
up. Plowing + planting are
well under way. They +
barley in the fields -
grain is still in the
greenhouse stage.
Beauregard likes to be
at the early May. The
greenhouse children will
have a different program
for the summer, probably
more outdoor activities.
This is the reason for
baby animals here - goats,
pigs, lambs, cats, + chicks
the first week of June.
Beauregard makes expeditions to
the various barns to see
them. She is not afraid
to put the little ones,
which is an improvement

3.

over last year.

Thank you once again for the lovely visit we had at your house. Your hospitality and generosity were really appreciated. We felt at home, even though we have not lived there for almost 2 years. Diana was saying her prayers the other night and out of her own thoughts asked the Lord to take you safely to your new home. I guess He did!

About the things we forgot - Fred's bathrobe, Diana's sweater, Jason's sleeper (all on the washline when we left), the envelope of Patsey's, & the one of

4. tea strainer
the pictures I cut out
that's all I can think of
now - please just let me
know their whereabouts &
when you will send - no
hurry!

But. Very important:

Did you find a small
dark green bag from
Sears with 9 pairs of
rubber pants + an envelope
in it with some change.
I bought these for someone
here & cannot locate them.
I am anxious to know if
I left them or lost them
somewhere else. If it is
not too confusing - could
you let me know.

Well, this is about

5.

all for now. Keep us
posted and tell us
all about your move.

We love you and
think of you all the
time.

Love,
Fred, Samela,
Diana + Jadon.

P.S. weighed Jadon at M.D's -
15 pounds at 4 months!

H.R.

May 12, 1977.

Dear Daddy & Mommy,

The pictures you sent
are gorgeous!! We are
going to frame the one
of Jason and Grandpappy.
I showed them all around,
of course.

Summer is almost
here. Diana will continue
in a pre-school type
program all summer. I
am going to be an
oversight for that program.
there are four oversights.
I'll work 4 half-days
on that and 1 day in
the kitchen. Summer is
very busy on the farm,

especially when haying
begins - the men work
till dark 10 p.m. Even
now we have 2 shifts on
the tractor & ploughs -
so as to seed before
May 17. That's the deadline
if we want the barley to
mature.

Jadon is getting large!
He eats Pabulum 3 times
a day and an egg yolk
in the morning also.
No wonder he's growing.
He can't sit up yet but
he sure can smile. When
he is on his tummy
he holds his head up.

3.

He hasn't rolled over yet but it is coming soon!!

Happy Mother's Day, Mommy. Please send measurements of dining room table & I will send you your mother's day present.

Please let me know about Sears pkg with rubber pants.

Write soon - keep me posted.

Love
Fred, Pamela,
Diana & Jason.

H. R.

June 20, 1977.

Dear Gramma & Grandpappy,

Thank you for the Little Books you sent for Diana. They are thought-provokers and good Conversation-starters. We can go on from them to see what we are thankful for, etc. The Bible has a promise in Prov. 22.6: Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it. This is what we are trying to do with Diana & Jason (later). Whatever

2.

a child learns before they are 8 years old, will probably be with them for life. Even these little books present God as the Creator of all things - animals, seasons, friends, etc. This is a concept that will always be with Diana, even when she is older and comes in contact with ~~of~~^{other} ideas and theories. The Communists and Catholics know the value of this principle.

3.

of educating the children. I think we can make this principle work for God, because it is His principle!

This is from Diana -
"Last night 3 baby goats were born, Lad, Lady and Lucky. Thank you for the visit at your house. We blew bubbles and played with Klee Klay at preschool today. Mommy was in preschool with me today."

Love
Diana &
Gadon

Concerning pictures →

4.

of our trip, we have:

3 enlarged

Jadon on your bed
Grampappy & Jadon in kitchen
Diana on Debbie, Fred &
Jadon behind

Reg size

Jadon in seat on Dining Room
Table

Pam dressing Diana

(Pam blue dress, D. red plaid
Jadon & Debbie face to face
Jadon + Pam

Daddy at Clarke

Fred, Diana + Pam at Dining
Room Table

I have put them in
our album. Diana looked
like Jadon looks now

in some of her baby
pictures.

I got my hair cut.
Short!



I like it!

Well, write if you
get a chance. The next
letter I write will go to
476 Vine St!

Congratulations!

Love

Jamela

Diana's preschool class
picture. - She's in the middle!