wild edibles and medicinal plants. Emphasis was on learning to live simply and in harmony with nature. Local residents Barry Perrin and Bonnie Chapman combined their teaching, awareness, and life skills to create this successful experience.

* * * * *

Are you more likely to meet your neighbours while running errands in Langford than in the Highlands? The following articles about neighbourhood gatherings may inspire you to find ways to get together with your neighbours and enjoy a slower pace close to home.

Book Group

Two couples formed a book discussion group in January. They meet once per month to talk about a novel they have all read during the previous four weeks. Recently they read a short play aloud. So far new works have been chosen by association with a work previously discussed. For example, a Greek tragedy was chosen after the discussion of a novel based on a Greek myth. Members of the group say these get-togethers are rewarding, thought-provoking, and a lot of fun, too.

Neighbourhood Walk

Some residents of Ross-Durrance and Millstream Lake Road (north of Munn Road), have begun weekly traffic calming walks during Rush Hour. Commuters are reminded by a friendly presence on the road that they are driving through a community and are encouraged to proceed at a neighbourly pace. Most commuters have responded positively by slowing down and returning the smiles and waves. A side benefit of the walks has been the opportunity for neighbours to connect in an informal, unhurried setting. This is proving to be so agreeable that it may even become the main reason for having the weekly walks. ❀

IN PIONEER TIMES

EXCERPT FROM HENDERSON'S B.C. DIRECTORY, 1910

MILLSTREAM

A post office in the Esquimalt district, 5 miles north of Colwood and 10 miles west of Victoria.

Postmaster—Fred S. Mitchell.

Ambery Wm farmer
Bernard George farmer
Carto George miner
Colburn John farmer
Dixon Wm Joseph farmer
Dumbleton Charles D farmer
Edwards John farmer
Elliott Charles logger
Foster Robert farmer
Gregory Frank Thomas farmer
Hanbury Charles farmer
Hewitt Wm George laborer
Millington William O farmer.
Mitchell Fred S postmaster
Oates Robert farmer
Philips Henry G M farmer
Phillips Henry steamboat man
Pike Charles farmer
Pike Henry farmer.
Rountree Wm A miner & farmer
Stewart John farmer
Vellacott James J miner

IN MEMORY

Frank Pellett

Victoria lost a link with its past when longtime Highland resident Frank Pellett died in April. Born in 1916 on the site of the newly rebuilt Sir James Douglas school, he was probably one of the last babies to be delivered by "The Old Doctor", 91 year old Dr. John Sebastian Helmcken, son-in-law of Sir James Douglas himself, and Fort Victoria's much loved pioneer physician..

Courtesy Albert Pellett

Frank Pellet's father had come to Victoria with the British Navy about the turn of the century, before the Canadian navy took over the Esquimalt base. His mother arrived from England with her family in 1905. His father died very young and Frank left school at thirteen to work for $1 a day at B.C. Window Bakeries in present day Market Square. , He began as a "pan boy", starting at 5 a.m. each day to grease the bread pans and wash up after the bakers. The list of his workplaces over the years reads like an industrial and business history of Greater Victoria: Drysdale Sash & Door, Langford Building Supply, Jogindar, Green's lumberyard near where Mayfair mall stands today, and finally Capital Iron on Store Street. He drilled the excavations for the naval housing development at Belmont Park, and at one time worked on the old B.C.Forest Service coastal vessel, Nesika.

In 1945 he married Ethel Quick whom he met on a visit to Cranbrook, and the following year they moved to the Highlands where he lived for the rest of his life. In those early days, having no motor vehicle, he bicycled down the gravel road to Langford for a lift to his work at the dockyard. To get to the dentist or visit a friend, his family would walk wherever they needed to go.

Always a keen sportsman, Frank played rugby and sculled with the James Bay Athletic Association. His great love was the outdoors, so weekends and holidays often saw him off with his three sons, David, Albert, and Mick on hunting and fishing expeditions .

At the age of 81 on April 10, Frank Pellett died at his home on Millstream Road and was buried in the family plot in Ross Bay cemetery. ❀

Marguerite York

She was christened Nora Ellen Marguerite Hartley, but Highlanders knew her as Marguerite York, or simply Mrs. York, for she represented an era when polite formality was more the order of the day. Born in Victoria in 1913, she grew up in Fairfield and attended Sir James Douglas school. During World War II, she held a job at Yarrows Shipyard, and in 1945 she married Loyd York. Shortly afterwards they moved to the Highlands, to a house built originally as a hunting lodge by William Rowntree (or Rountree), an early Highland builder, miner and farmer. They had three children, Suzan, who now lives in Saskatchewan, David, who died in an automobile accident in the sixties, and Fred, a Highland resident and owner of York Excavating Ltd.

Marguerite York remained in the Highlands for the rest of her life, caring for her family and tending her small garden. Though a delicate-looking woman, she was a person with inner fortitude, and her small, immaculate figure was often seen walking all the way to Langford, dressed for town despite the rough gravel road. Her husband's barbershop and pool room occupied the building on Goldstream Avenue that dates from pioneer times and now houses the Cloth Castle. He was a keen outdoorsman, one of those earlier Highland lay engineers, who built the dams that dot this district, forming ponds or small lakes on the creeks that drain our rugged landscape. Two of Loyd's dams are still in existence. The third was built, with permission, by the bridge on Finlayson Arm Road. When the streams rose that winter, the bridge was nearly taken out. Loyd was ordered to blow up the dam, but the water rushed through, causing such a rapid rise in the creek that houses downstream were nearly flooded out!

After her husband died in 1971, Marguerite York lived on quietly in the family home until she died April 7 at the age of 83. ❀

Larry Taylor

Born and brought up in Winnipeg, Larry Taylor lived in several parts of Canada during his working life. But it was the first two years of his university student days, spent at Royal Roads Naval College on Esquimalt Lagoon, that drew him to the coast when he retired from his engineering career in 1984. He completed his degree at the University of Manitoba, following in the footsteps of his engineer father. It was Jack Taylor who designed the spillway around Winnipeg, the engineering marvel that gained national and international news coverage this spring when it saved the city, as it had several times before, from the rampaging Red River.

Courtesy Sheila Taylor

At a university dance, Larry met Sheila Schultz, a lab technician and science student from Brandon, Manitoba. They married in the spring of 1954 and began the itinerant life of an engineer working for large industrial companies: with B.A. Oil in Oakville, Ontario, with B.A., and Liquid Air in Montreal, Dow Chemical and Catalytic in Sarnia, and with Stearns Rogers in Calgary.

Devoted to his work while on the job, Larry loved spending time off with Sheila and their two boys, Scott and Bruce, skiing near Calgary, and camping in New England on summer holidays while living in Eastern Canada. He was a keen photographer, and when they left Calgary for Victoria in 1984, Larry and Sheila purchased the Japan Camera franchise at Canwest.

In 1994 they sold the business and Larry finally retired. He enjoyed a game of golf, but his first loves were his dogs and cats and the lovely garden he developed surrounding their house, tucked away among rocky outcrops and forest, high above Millstream Road.

Larry Taylor died on March 31st. He was 66. ❀

Job Kuijt

In conversation with the editor (Part two)

Job Kuijt: Very soon after starting to work that summer I met Jean Taylor, Tommy's eldest daughter. We fell in love immediately and we got married after Christmas. So that was very fast. What was even faster was that in '61 we had *three* boys! The twins were born in January and David was born on Christmas morning the same year. Some years after that, when I went to Berkeley, we adopted our fourth son, Tony.

Highlander: That was unusual, on top of three boys of your own. What led to that?

Courtesy Job Kuijt

Job's four sons, Steven, Tony, David and Ian, taken about 1965—the first time Tony had seen snow.

Job Kuijt: Well, it was in part at least that we thought that three boys of pretty well the same age, was not a good number. You know, a young child doesn't play with two other children at the same time. He plays with one; that means that the third one is left out. So that was basically our philosophy, but then when we started to think about adoption—in those days there were far more children put up for adoption than there were people who would take them. It was exactly the opposite from now. So we felt that we could probably do this and therefore since there was a need, we probably should. We weren't feeling terribly noble about it. We had the need to have lots of kids around. So we adopted Tony, who came from Oakland, when he was three and three quarters, I think, which meant that now we had four boys all within sixteen months of each other—part of a basketball team, I guess. It has worked out well.

That year was an incredibly tumultuous year for me, both professionally as well as personally. Personally because of Tony coming in and the various interviews involved in that. But professionally because I was denied tenure at UBC in a very, very bitter contraversy. I had been on staff for almost seven years by that time. I received the letter while I was in Berkeley on a Guggenheim fellowship, writing a book on parasitic flowering plants. I had outpublished everybody in the department. The new Botany chairman at UBC, who had come in to succeed Tommy Taylor, had sat in on one of my lectures and he had commented that I was a very good teacher. I had no problems of any personal nature with either the new chairman or anyone else. I was on the best of terms, and yet—it was the end of the first week of December—I received the letter from the new chairman saying that I had been denied tenure. I cannot tell you how big a shock that was in my life. It was the last thing that I ever expected. There was no reason stated.

Highlander: Were they not required to give you a reason?

Job Kuijt: No. That was a little loophole, we discovered. It was a very nasty business. A firing required a reason to be stated, but denial of tenure did not. I tried desperately to find out what the reason was. I talked to various people in the department in a very careful way, not prejudicing anybody. I talked to the new chairman. He would not tell me, he referred me to the dean. I talked to the dean. The dean said, this was the business of the chairman. I got bounced back and forth. I appealed through the faculty appeals committee. They interviewed the new chairman, and a lot of other people. By then I had to go back to Berkeley. I couldn't hang around. I have *never* been told the reasons. But it bothers me all the time. It will until the end. It was the biggest professional disaster of my life—a terrible thing. They were under legal obligation to give me *one year* to find a job, and that was one of the most terrible years of all.

Highlander: So does this mean that they wouldn't continue to hire you even without tenure?

Job Kuijt: No. I had to get out. That's what it means. Denial of tenure means that you get one year to find yourself another job and you're out. So here I was with four young kids, and the ground suddenly opened up under me. It was a terrible year. People are understandably wary about hiring an academic who has been denied tenure — especially if they don't know the reasons. So it was impossible for me to find a job for awhile, until finally the University of Lethbridge advertised, and I applied. It happened that this university had just been started in '67, and the only people on the staff were young PhDs right out of graduate school, and they didn't know what the academic world was all

about, and therefore they invited me. And as soon as I was there, there was no problem. I was appointed within days. In fact, within a year of getting there in '68, I was promoted to associate professor and the year after that I was chairman of the department!

Highlander: How did you find Lethbridge. Were you glad in the end to be there?

Job Kuijt: Well, it was a very small department of course. At the same time it was exciting, because it is a unique experience to be part of a really young university that is just beginning, to be in on the ground floor. They were good years on the whole. I have never felt completely comfortable in Lethbridge because I like the mountains. I wanted to be on the coast, in the forest. I'm a forest type—an ape! But it turned out that Lethbridge was a splendid place to raise a family—something about the size of the community. When we got there I believe it was something like 35,000 and when I left I think it was 55,000, so it has grown very significantly. The city is not large enough to have any major crime, but it is large enough to have the major things of civilization that you want to make use of, like good movies—you know, cultural life. It is a city that is very much focussed in outdoor life. The mountains are nearby—only an hour and a half into Waterton Lakes which I began to love very, very quickly.

So I continued my work at the university, my mistletoe work and work on other parasites as well.

Highlander: I think of you, Job, as a classical botanist, in the sense of your work having a very narrow focus. And in these days of the generalist—when for example ecology, which is a very broad science, has such a high profile, it seems unusual to find a truly classical botanist. What I'm interested in is—how do you see the pursuit of a very specific area, a quite narrow focus? What is behind my question is the sense that there may be something very important— while we as a culture are increasing our understanding of the broad ecological relationships in nature—there may be something important about some scientists pursuing a very narrow focus and learning just about everything one can know about a particular aspect of nature. Do you see what I'm getting at?

Job Kuijt: Alright, I agree with that. Let me try to enlarge on it from my own point of view. And that ties in with conservation or at least my views on conservation. From the general point of view of humanity and the environment, I am a profound pessimist, I really am. Every time I go to South America, I see that pessimism re-enforced. I think the tropics are totally out of control, and that is where most species are. Very few people realize that every year there are at least three thousand different species or organisms that are going extinct. You know, that is an *awful* lot, because extinction is final. It is truly final. The finality of extinction is one of the most overpowering things that I can think of. There are times when ... I remember a specific instance—I was in Stockholm, in the museum, going through plant material from Brazil, and I came upon a sheet of a mistletoe species that originally had been collected near Rio, two hundred years ago. It has never been collected again. This was the only sheet in existence. The species simply does not exist any more. It makes my heart go cold. That's only one out of three thousand *every year*. So if I try to look into the future, I see a future one hundred, two hundred years from now, where in the tropics at least, there will be a desert, a desert not in the climatological sense, but in the sense of an incredibly impoverished area. Very few species left. Even when my kids are my age, the number of species will, in all probability be reduced by twenty percent. That is at the current rate of extinction, and of course the rate of extinction is increasing. So that's a conservative estimate. It's a terrible thought.

That is the overall picture that, even though it's painful as hell, I have accepted, that there's nothing that you and I can do about it. So as an academic botanist with a specialty in this case in mistletoes, what's my best course? I've decided that the best thing I can do is to register what there is now and what there probably will not be a hundred years from now. And that's what I'm focussing on. It's the only thing that I can visualize that I can do and that is what drives me, that I am trying very hard to register, to document all of the species that I can find at this point, so that posterity will have some idea of what there has been.

I don't do it through field work, because the sad thing is that the forests are now so difficult to get to. I was in Brazil last spring, for example, and as I said, I want to register what there has been. It is in the big collections in Rio or Sao Paulo and so forth that you find all the unidentified material that's been collected over the last hundred years. If you tried to locate that material in the field you'd have to travel for days or weeks to get to the edge of the forest. You need transportation, you need money. Not only that, you need local people to guide you. By law you need to have local people before you can collect things, it becomes horrendously difficult and expensive, and not necessary. You go out there and what do you find? You find the common weedy species in most cases. So I go to the museums where there are great unidentified stacks in the herbaria, the plant museums where such records are kept, where people hope that someone will come along and do something about them.

Highlander: So is that why you spend a lot of your time in South America?

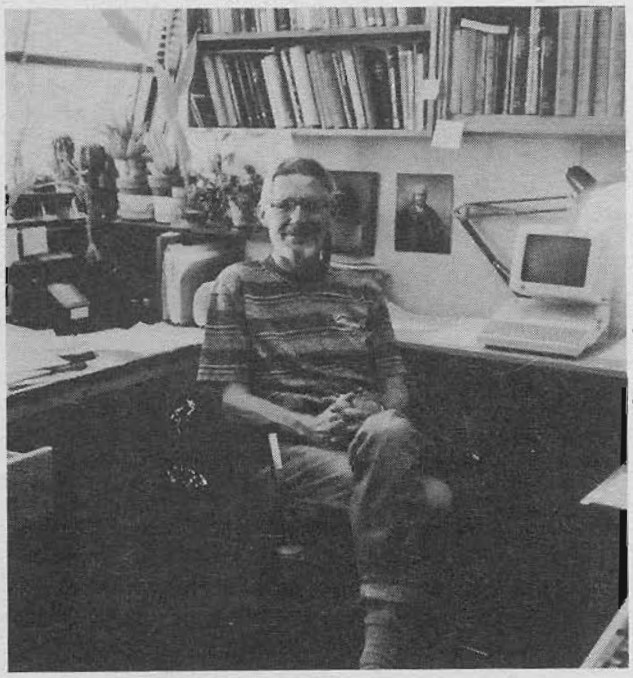
Job Kuijt: Not just in South America, but also in the big museums in Europe and in North America where tropical American things are located.

Highlander:: Well, that's a pretty worthy goal.

Job Kuijt: Yes., I think it is a very important thing to do, after all these years. I'm really the only one with this specialty in the western hemisphere. I'm not trying to be Calvanistic, and talk about duty , but I feel an obligation to return something for

having had a marvellous life here in Canada.

Highlander: When you have that ability, that knowledge, and nobody else does...It must be wonderful to feel that you have an important purpose. We could all do with that, and not all of us have it. I've always admired your passion for what you do. I suppose that without someone like you, these herbarium specimens would just moulder away uselessly?



Courtesy Job Kuijt

Job in his office at UVic

Job Kuijt: Yes, or they would be totally misidentified and in the wrong places and of no use at all. It's a painstaking job. A lot of it is routine. You know you go through stacks of rather dull species, but at any moment you might see something that's totally wild and exciting. And it does happen regularly; you suddenly see that here is a totally undescribed species, a remarkable species. You drop everything else of course, at that moment and you describe and illustrate that thing which is totally new.

Highlander: So what you've found is a pressed, dried specimen, with some notation as to where it was found and when, and not much more than that?

Job Kuijt: Not much more than that. Sometimes you get a note on fruit or flower colour. There's usually an indication of what kind of soil, what kind of environment, but you see for mistletoes that's not terribly important because they're growing parasitic on trees. They are not necessarily identified, or, if identified it is likely to be wrong.

Highlander: Are there a lot of these in museums in Spain or Portugal because of the early explorations?

Job Kuijt: No, there's hardly anything in Spain or Portugal, because the Spaniards and Portuguese were not strongly interested in the natural history of these places. Now, I'm exaggerating a bit. There was an early expedition by Ruiz and Pavon from Spain. The king sent them out to investigate, and they did a lot of good work. Some of it was published but the material was ignored and financial support collapsed and so forth. You know, Spain and Portugal have not been in good shape in the last two hundred years. Instead, the major collections are in the United States and in Britain. To some extent, on a localized basis, in Stockholm, in Göttingen, in Munich, in Brussels. Many, many people collected them. You should see the huge file of collectors I have. There are some major collectors. For example a man named Martius from Munich was financed by the king of Bavaria in the late eighteen-thirties to go to Brazil, and he travelled around and collected vast amounts of material.. That is the major collection for Brazil. His own personal herbarium was eventually located in Brussels, but the professional herbarium is in Munich. So that is what takes me to Munich and Brussels. Because in many cases those were the first documented occurrences of the species. And once in awhile you run into a famous name. There is one species in a genus that I'm working on, that grows on the Galapagos, and yes, there is Darwin's name. There's a collection that Darwin made on the Galapagos at about that same time. So that's always exciting.

Highlander: I'd like to take you back to Lethbridge and your life there.

Job Kuijt: Yes. I was in Lethbridge, on the staff for twenty years. I got there in '68 and left in the fall of '89. As I said, it was a very good place to raise the kids. In Lethbridge also, we adopted our daughter, Nicola. She is partly of Indian origin. Her mother was a Meti. She was born in Calgary. She's a marvellous person; we have a very close relationship. We home-schooled the boys until Grade 7. It was very, very informal and I suppose some people would say, insubstantial. We did not provide much in the way of instruction. We had materials around. We basically were guided by the early '70s philosophy of the free school in Vancouver. When we were in Vancouver they were in the original free school with Tom Durrie. So in Lethbridge they basically played at home. We had books around, and gym equipment, we took them on trips. Their allowance was treated as mathematics. We talked to them a lot. And of course, Jean was a certified teacher. So it was an experiment but on the whole, I think it worked wonderfully well. I would not recommend anyone to do that now. First of all, the times are different, but secondly, we had an unusual situation, with four boys so close together. Nikki went to school from the beginning, because she would have been by herself, and that's not good. I have no doubt that we did the best we could for the kids and if you saw them now, I think you would agree.

Highlander: So you left Lethbridge in '89?

Job Kuijt: Yes, our divorce took effect in February '90. This was a truly traumatic thing. It's sort of

funny to look back now, and see the symmetry of my life in Lethbridge. It started with my biggest professional disaster, and it ended with my biggest personal disaster. You can see, I like symmetry—as I said, I'm a visual person. But it was a truly traumatic thing I was devastated by it. I came out here not knowing if I was going to have enough money to build my own house, and when I came I did not know whether I was going to be living at Teanook, and Teanook has always been heaven to me. My wife's parents had bought Teanook years before to retire to and for their children and grandchildren. And you know, for all these prairie years and before, we looked forward to coming to Teanook eventually and building a house, so to see that all swept away was a major part of the disaster, until I found out that by B.C. law I had a right to some of Teanook, and that was a revelation.

I lived in the trailer for two winters. That was a challenge. It really wasn't all that unpleasant, but it was at times depressing. The trailer was just seventeen feet long and there was only one spot where I could stand up straight—in the little vent, you know. And I had a dog and a cat. But oh, to live at Teanook! In the meantime I was designing my house and whenever I did get depressed, I went over to where the house is now and I thought about it and the design sort of jelled in my thoughts. And now I am so pleased with the house, I have yet to see one that I would trade for it.

And of course the gardening is such a large part. You know, one of the reasons that I never felt comfortable in Lethbridge is that you really cannot garden there. I had something of a little native rock garden with some of the minute little coulee plants, the little legumes. But there are severe limits to what you can do. The big, bearded irises are hardy. They will survive the winter, but they may not survive the chinook. Every two or three years in the spring or early summer, the big, fat, strong stalks of the iris would come up, and the flowers...then two days of heavy chinook and all the iris stalks would have broken off. And that's so depressing. Even growing vegetables is very difficult because of the drought—the dry wind—you have to water like you wouldn't believe. The clay gets heavier and harder all the time in the summer. You can't mulch because the mulch will blow right to Saskatchewan. So it's heaven to be here.

One of the incredible things about this place is that I have an artesian well that overflows for much of the year. Let me tell you the story of the well. When my basement had been dug, a decision had to be made as to where the well was going to be, and it happened one morning that the contractor and the driveway man and the well driller came at the same time and met with this ivory tower professor who wanted to have a well drilled. They asked me where I was thinking of having the well and I said "I want it right there" and then there was this silence while they looked at me and the well driller said "Have you had it divined?" Now it happens that I don't believe in that sort of thing, but I didn't necessarily want to get into an argument with these practical people. They have their prejudices with regard to professors already, why exaggerate them. So I said no, I hadn't had it divined because I wanted it *there*—that seems the logical place. "Well, are you going to have it divined?" I said "No, because that's where I want the well." "Well, you could lose a lot of money, that way." I finally said, "Listen, you guys, you may believe in divining. I do not. I'm paying the bill. I want the well there." They obviously thought I was stupid and didn't really want to go that way. And the driveway man finally said, "Listen, I know how to resolve this," and he broke off a branch from a tree, and walked across the area and I'll be damned if the branch didn't dip right down. But he said "Wait a minute, let's be sure" and he walked at right angles over the same spot and it dipped down again, and that's where they dug and it and the water gushed out like you wouldn't believe!

Highlander: And are you a believer now, Job?

Job Kuijt: Well, the thing is, afterwards they said "You know, you're good at this, you could make money that way." So that's how I ended up with an artesian well.

Highlander: Well, I think *you* were divining all along. What made you decide to put the well *there*?

Job Kuijt: It was close to the house, and it looked like. . . .I don't know.

Highlander: Well, I do believe in these things and I think you must have had some kind of intuition .

Job Kuijt: Well, that level is not that far above the lake and therefore I thought it wouldn't really make all that much difference as long as you stayed off the rocks, because after all the water down below must be continuous with the lake water.

Highlander: But the lake is not an artesian well.

Job Kuijt: True, but besides that, as you go up my driveway, the land in that gully continues to go up, so that means that from the creek that is across the road there must be some water that comes that way. So I did think of that sort of thing and it seemed the logical place to be. It doesn't overflow all year, it runs until June, but of course on that south slope it's ideal for gardening. I do water during summer but I have plenty of water. I'll never run out.

Highlander: So leaving Lethbridge seems after all to have been a good move for you—an opportunity to pursue your mistletoe work in a way that you couldn't have with academic commitments.

Job Kuijt: Absolutely. Except for the one course that I teach at UVic in the fall each year, it gave me the opportunity for full time research, and this is something that I have really looked forward to for years. It's been marvellous. As to publications, I've been more productive than ever before. These major projects are really coming along quite well. If I have another ten years or so, I'll actually get them finished. I'm very, very pleased. ❀