

propriatorship, of eminent domain. This was the family's land, my place. My first real awareness of that feeling came, when I took some friends to Brunswick Beach for a week. We had good times, they were good people, but they didn't understand - how could they? - that the shack was a shrine and their uncaring presence almost a desecration. I understood, and my holiday was marred by a touch of guilt.

Eventually the railway was blasted through and, soon after, the highway. Now camp was truly accessible. But not just to us few originals. Property changed hands as owners who had hung on through the decades were able at last to realize their capital gains. Cabins and shacks became summer homes, the almost empty beach rang with the summertime cries of children playing. But still the skunks would visit and the squirrels scoot up and down the trees. The cedar waxwings came and the raven blatted their annoyance at the world in general. The Steller's jays swarmed in cheeky blue droves, next door to the shack whose cedar shakes had weathered by now, became subdued and handsomely moss-covered, a piece of the landscape.

Behind the scenes, the road brought a sufficiently of labor. A water system became necessary to serve the numbers who tired of trudging, buckets in hand, to Magnesia Creek. We all pitched in, digging trenches, heaving boulders, discovering unsuspected muscles. How we sweated to bring basic amenities to Brunswick Beach (migod, was it already 25 years ago?) The day of the bugs was done- electricity came in, and telephones. We knew as we worked that we were altering Brunswick, making it something other than it had been, but something-we hoped- not all bad, even though we had fleshed out much of the turn-of-the-century developer's plans. The time did come, however, when those of us who had labored so hard could relax and enjoy the little luxuries we had created. We could indulge the sense of having earned our ease, of having earned our place.

The first year I wintered at Brunswick, my family was, I think, the only one in residence. There came a dark and howling night- a full Squamish was blowing- when I was relaxing with a certain smugness. This place was mine, I had earned it through sore muscles and sweat and by habitation, too. My children- asleep now in the loft of my mother's cottage- were the fourth generation of our family to play on Brunswick Beach, to turn rocks and squeal delightedly at scurrying crabs. - Four

generations- a heady claim in this late-born land. It was



mine, the family's, I felt, by right of half a century's living. No one, could deny that claim.

As I mused there came an intrusive sound in the noisy dark. Someone was knocking on the door. Alone, away out there as it still was to me, I was slightly apprehensive as I opened the door. Two men were there, roughly dressed. I was on guard as they explained.

Their car had broken down on the highway. They'd seen our lights. Did we by chance have a telephone? I relaxed and asked them in. In the full light, I saw that they were Indian, an old man and one much younger.

They phoned. A friend would arrive in half an hour or so to help them out. Yes, they'd very much like a cup of coffee. And the old man talked. He was Louis Miranda, (as I later learned, a chief of the Squamish people). He remembered, he said, when he was a boy his people every year journeyed from the Capilano River to the mouth of the Squamish. One of the overnight stops for their flotilla of canoes was this side of the point, in its shelter, right about this spot where we sat drinking coffee. It had always been thus, he said, in the memory of his people.