



Arnie on Perkins' Peak, West Chilcotin, 1997 (Photo by Susan McNeney).

In Memoriam
Arnold A. B. Feast
1952 – 2005

It is with great sadness that we announce the passing of Arnold Feast, archaeologist and aviator.

He was the pilot of a single-engine Beaver float plane that went missing on February 28 on a flight from Campbell River to Bute Inlet. Despite a large-scale search effort involving the RCMP, the Coast Guard, the Royal Canadian Navy, and volunteers from Campbell River Search and Rescue, neither Feast nor his plane was found. In July, his plane was found, but neither Feast nor his passengers were located. They are officially presumed dead.

Arnie, as he was known to friends and colleagues, was born in Ontario in studied archaeology at McGill University in Montreal and at the College of William and Mary in Virginia. While he worked on a variety of prehistoric archaeological projects, Arnie was most passionate about Canadian historical archaeology. He spent many years working for Parks Canada in Cornwall, Ontario, a period he often reflected upon with great fondness. He enjoyed the scale of historic archaeology in central Canada, where he worked on projects involving massive architectural features such as forts. Arnie subsequently came to British Columbia where he was involved in a variety of cultural resource management studies. He juggled archaeology and flying jobs in BC, where he worked for Millennia Research Ltd., Antiquus Archaeological Consultants Ltd., and Norcan Consulting Ltd.

Despite his long-standing interest and professional involvement in Canadian archaeology, there can be no doubt that flying represented an even greater passion for Arnie. This is a passion he took from his father, who served on a torpedo bomber in the Royal Canadian Air Force during World War II. Many of us who worked with Arnie can recall instances where he was seen watching airplanes overhead instead of looking at the ground for artifacts and features! He was a superb field surveyor and an absolutely

incredible navigator—a skill no doubt honed as much through flying as through fieldwork. His field notes always began with the date, hour, temperature, precipitation, wind direction and speed, cloud cover and ceiling height. A true aviator at heart, even when on the ground.

Those of us who knew Arnie will remember his kindness and generosity. He was articulate and funny, honest and straightforward. He did not suffer fools gladly, but he was quietly self-effacing, and was a patient tutor to those he saw could benefit from his experiences. He was almost always grumbling and muttering, which was part of his charm. He was never afraid to admit his own shortcomings. He gave, and expected, respect. He made a real impact on our lives. We are so grateful and so sad.

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of Earth
 And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
 Sunward I've climbed and joined the tumbling mirth of sun-split
 clouds—and done a hundred
 things
 You have not dreamed of wheeled and soared and swung
 High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,
 I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung
 My eager craft through footless falls of air...
 Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue
 I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace
 Where never lark, nor e'er eagle flew—
 And, while with silent lifting mind I've trod
 The high, untrampled sanctity of space,
 Put out my hand and touched the face of God.

High Flight (the Pilot's Creed), by John Gillespie Magee Jr.,
 Royal Canadian Air Force, 1941.

Simon Kaltenrieder